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FOREST AND STREAM.

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ANGLING, SHOOTING, THE KENNEL, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY,
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AND THE

INCULCATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST
IN OUTDOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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THE BOY AT PLAY.

WHILE the formative stages of a man's character are mostly in the years from early boyhood to the transitional period when the boy becomes the man, there are still many important stages in his mature years thereafter. The emergence from boyhood to manhood profoundly affects the man's being, yet it does not make a line of separation between the two stages of life.

The man is merely an older boy, with much the same character, mannerisms, likes and dislikes observable in his boyhood. His fondness for sport, both as boy and man, are likely to undergo no change at all; however much man and boy may vary concerning other traits, in this respect they are as one.

It is commonly believed by the general public that the years of boyhood are years of playfulness, much of which is frivolous, and all of which is unmeaning; and on the other hand, that the years of manhood should be devoted to stern effort devoid of all playfulness.

Nevertheless there are certain classes, having a true education of life and the best way to live it, who know that play is essential to the best development of children, both mentally and physically, and also that all work and no play checks the further development of the man, and hardens and narrows his character, if it does not permanently sour it.

The play so essential to the development of the boy is equally essential to the recreation, diversion and change of thought to the man. It has its use throughout life. Of course, the man may take his diversions with more sedateness, more skill, and with more thought of cause and effect, yet in the matter of beneficence to mind and body, the play of man and boy are as one.

Man and boy are organisms of superabundant energy. The boy is filled with unbounded curiosity and experimental activity. If he is checked in one line of effort he forthwith breaks out in some other line. If checked completely, he frets, becomes ill-tempered, his energies have no vent, and his development then is at a standstill. Accordingly as his energies are given play in a wholesome or unwholesome environment, he may become a model man or of the class colloquially called tough. If entirely checked in all his natural impulses to action through his boyhood, he may mature into a nonentity.

But, with mature years, the need of play does not end. The old boy needs his hours of relaxation and diversion quite as much in a way as does the young boy. In particular is this true of the man who belongs to the class which suffers most in the struggle, the brain workers. The mind, when at work, draws on the powers of the whole body for its support, and, for its best working, the ancients many centuries ago knew as we know, that a sound mind needed a sound body. The latter is not the product of hours, days, months, years incessantly devoted to work at the desk. It, on the contrary, is the result of varied contemplation of pleasing thought, of the exercise of all its parts in proper changes from gay to serious, with proper physical culture therewith. To devote its action to one line of thought, no more conduces to its general soundness than the constant use of one hand conduces to the general development of the body. Varied activity is essential to either. Of this some must be recreative.

For the training of mind and body, as it concerns the individual and his own best interests, and as it concerns the interests of society of which he is a member, there is no better field of activity for boy or man than the sports of field and stream. In these sports there are situations which contribute to the development and exercise of physical courage; self-reliance, endurance, patience

and inventive power in surmounting obstacles are in constant requisition.

To the boy the energies thus applied afford a useful schooling in qualities essential in later serious life. He by success acquires confidence in himself and in turn is not timorous in assuming the initiative. He learns to think and to act for himself.

To the man who shoots or fishes, or who, better yet, does both, there comes by such recreation a rest of mind and upbuilding of body.

Who has not remarked the bright eye, the ruddy color, the assured carriage and vigorous stride of him who has had an outing devoted to fin or feather, and noted the health and energy thus displayed in contrast to the humdrum, listless manner of action exhibited before the outing.

The old boy needs his playground quite as much as does the young boy. He needs it for his amusement and for his best well being. More playgrounds for the old boys mean fewer sanitariums and still fewer inmates; fewer doctors and still fewer patients; fewer dyspeptic minds and still fewer dyspeptic stomachs; and healthier and happier men, women and children. Cherish and maintain the playground for the old and young.

THE TRAMP AND THE REMEDY FOR HIM.

THERE is in this country an army of tramps, estimated to be 45,000 strong. It is disseminated over the land, and lives on the community. It contributes nothing to the work and wealth of the land.

Podgers had a theory that the tramp, individually and collectively, might be converted into a highly useful element of society if he were put to work at building roads. In a paper read before the Massachusetts Association of Relief Officers, Prof. Francis G. Peabody, of Cambridge, has advanced a like recommendation. Taking as a motto the principle enumerated long ago by the novelist Fielding, "The only remedy for idleness is work," Prof. Peabody finds the solution of the tramp problem to consist in the provision of work for the tramp, and urges that in America we should adopt the system of tramp colonies which prevails in Germany, Holland and Belgium. In these countries the tramp is subject to arrest and conviction, but is treated not as a criminal but as a ward. There are tramp colonies, established at a distance from cities, where work of various kinds is provided, and to one of these colonies the convicted tramp is sent. Here he is given something to do, and is paid something for his work. But he is not confined; he may run away if he will, but if he runs away and takes to tramp's life again, he is promptly arrested and sent back to the colony. In short, the tramp is provided with work, and is not permitted to live without work.

The system is one which we would do well to adopt in this country. As Prof. Peabody points out, the work provided should be of such a character that it would not come into competition with labor, and there are numerous enterprises which might be set on foot without involving any competition. For Massachusetts Prof. Peabody suggests the digging of the long-projected Cape Cod canal, and the replanting of waste lands with trees. "Forestration," he truly says, "is a kind of industry which cannot bring any profit for a whole generation, but which may be not only commercially profitable, but of immense service to the future welfare of the State. I have looked at those barren districts on the elbow of Cape Cod, where for ten or fifteen miles there is hardly a house and hardly a tree—a region once covered with a superb forest—and I have sometimes pictured these wards of the State as reforesting this region. It is an occupation which could not bring suspicion to the most-zealous trade unionist, but might be the physical redemption of the State, and the physical and moral redemption of many a man."

As for road building, the field of useful labor is without limit. The increase in land values brought by good roads in any State in the Union could be estimated only in hundreds of thousands of dollars, and this could be produced at comparatively slight expense, were the tramps put to work; indeed, the cost of tramp labor on road building would be less than the community now expends in maintaining the tramps in idleness. Then there is the great irrigation work to be done in the arid West; the tramp will do that, too, if only he be set to it.

Director B. E. Fernow, of the New York State College of Forestry, has issued a reply to the charge that the Adirondack tract under its control was being improperly managed. The territory given to Cornell by the State was a tract which had been denuded of its valuable trees by the lumbermen, and the problem thus presented was to make provision for the reproduction of the valuable species. The college, says Mr. Fernow, is doing what it is set to do. It is harvesting from an area from which the valuable part has been already removed, the old, decrepit hardwood crop which is rotting and becoming less and less valuable, and is replacing it by a young, vigorous crop of better composition. It is doing this by trying to make the old crop pay for the new; that is, carrying on the experiment like a business venture.

That Maine proposition of taxing visiting sportsmen is not a new one. It was broached two or three years ago, and among the most powerful protests against it we published at that time was one from a Massachusetts correspondent, who was deeply stirred at the thought that he, who had been a Maine boy, should be required to pay for the privilege of revisiting his native State on a hunting expedition. This is a phase of the question which has wide application, for there is a multitude of the sons of Maine scattered over the Union who go in the autumn to breathe its air again and immerse themselves in its mighty woods. And it is not to be wondered at, but is one of the most natural of consequences, that they should feel affronted at and resent the alien stamp which would be put upon them by the imposition of a non-resident tax.

Something of the same feeling is shown by most men, even though they be not returning natives of the State, when they are obliged to pay a non-resident hunting tax in any one of the States which now exact licenses. They feel that thus to be discriminated against is to be treated as foreigners, not as fellow citizens of a common country, and in so far as this feeling is engendered the non-resident taxing system is in spirit un-American and undesirable.

What are the ethics of a case like this? A hunter went down to Maine to get the head of a moose to adorn his den. As is the custom and the rule with tenderfeet who visit Maine, he put himself under the guidance and control of a registered guide at \$3 a day and found. In due course the guide showed him the moose with the antlers. The aim, as the hunter believed, was true; and the bullet, as he was convinced, went home; but the moose disappeared. The hunter wanted to follow in the direction the game had gone, believing that shortly they would come upon the dead moose; but the guide poohpoohed the suggestion, and dissuaded from further pursuit. The hunter returned to his home. The mail the next day brought word from the guide that he had found the killed moose, whose chase they had abandoned, and that he had secured the head, and would sell it to the hunter for \$25. The affair has the look of sharp practice on the guide's part. While in a court of law the hunter could not make good his claim to the head, inasmuch as he had not actually reduced it to possession, yet having been found by his own guide, who should have found it at the time, it was justly his and should have been restored to him without the \$25 demand.

As was pointed out the other day, the FOREST AND STREAM gives more than twice as much reading in a year as the largest of the four-dollar magazines. And it does this at a trifling cost of less than eight cents per week. In no other way may one secure for himself so much of the best outdoor literature at such slight expense.

Major Holman F. Day tells us that the story of the Maine woods, which he relates to-day, is an entirely correct and veracious statement of the events as they occurred; and it is because of this quality of truthfulness that the story has interest and value.

A general invitation is extended to attend the meeting of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association at Burlington, Vt., Jan. 22. The President is Jno. W. Titcomb, of St. Johnsbury, Vt.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A Cry in the Night.

A Story of the Maine Woods.

I PLACE this on record as the most remarkable story that has ever come out of the Maine hunting woods—and I know considerable about the stories of the Maine woods. If it were not vouched for so eminently I would not tell it. It would be too much for credulity and wouldn't be worth the telling. I believe it, for I know the men who tell it to me, even though they cannot explain it. They believe it and do not try to explain it, for they feel they cannot. Here it is. If the thing seems too much to believe, then don't believe it. But the facts are facts just the same.

On the north side of Boarstone Mountain, in the town of Ellitsville, in Piscataquis county, Maine, lives Trustum H. Brown, who calls himself "The Mediator." He entertains the harmless vagary that he is the mediator between man and God. For some fifteen years since his retirement to the wilderness of northern Maine he has been writing what he calls a new Bible, and he has a mass of manuscript piled a foot high. By the way, I have examined The Mediator's manuscript considerably, and it is far from being balderdash. Much of his writing indicates real thought and considerable ability. The Mediator is in no sense of the word a crazy man despite his hallucination on the subject of religion.

Brown has a bit of a farm and raises potatoes and vegetables enough to last him through the winter. He traps a little and hunts a bit and never goes hungry.

Early in December, just after the first snow of the season, he discovered one morning the fresh tracks of a moose near his house. By the manner in which the creature's great feet had splayed into the snow, Brown saw that the moose was a big one. In his capacity of mediator he asserts that there are ten thousand spirits about him all the time. He alleges that he asked one of these spirits to tell him how big the moose was, and that the spirit skipped along ahead and then came back and rendered him the information that the moose was none other than the Ambajesus Giant that had defied the rifles of the hunters for years. The spirit further declared, so Brown avers, that the moose didn't have much of a start.

So The Mediator tied on his snowshoes, grabbed his rifle and a bit of a snack, and started away on the lope into the forest. That was early in the morning. Well, The Mediator scuffed along till noon without coming up with the moose. But the tracks still continued fresh, and his spirit guide, so he says, kept breathing into his ear that the animal was almost in reach. He ate his lunch of cold venison as he walked, for in a stern chase of a moose no time is to be wasted. His keen woodman's eye noted that the clouds hung low and were massing darker and darker. Had he not been so confident that the moose was just ahead of him and would "yard" at the coming of nightfall, he would have abandoned the chase. But his hope toled him on.

At 4 o'clock it was dusk, and still the splay tracks were stretching on ahead of him. Then he could see them no longer, and regretfully he brought to in a ravine and abandoned the chase for the night.

He had not reckoned on the long pursuit, and therefore he had not provided himself in the usual cautious manner. Above all, he had not brought his woods axe.

Only a man accustomed to the woods realizes how serious an omission this is. The Mediator was able to collect some dry kye or limbs that had dropped from the trees and he hewed off some low branches with his hunting knife. He kindled a bit of a fire at the foot of a tree. He did not dare to go to sleep, for the cold was raw and piercing. So he stood and turned himself before the fire like an animated spit, moving constantly to keep awake.

In the morning there was nothing left of his provender except one flat-chested biscuit. Had he not been unduly fired with zeal to catch that moose he would have retraced his steps. But he felt that probably the animal had yarded a little way ahead and so on he went. He did come across the trampled place where the moose had spent the night, and with its great teeth had ripped off the twigs and bark. By the mighty reach The Mediator saw that the animal was a monster, and on he drove eagerly in a skurry of snow from his broad shoes. Still those monstrous splotches in the snow kept trailing away ahead of him.

Then some unkind weather sprite joggled the clouds overhead. The snow commenced to come in the fine, driving flakes that indicate a protracted storm. Then, and not till then, did the reckless hunter turn about. But before an hour had passed the snow, driving faster and faster, covered his tracks. Night came on again. Once more he lighted his fire, and, dizzy for want of sleep, staggered about it, struggling to keep awake. The Mediator is nearly seventy years old, but his lithe little form is inured to hardship by many years of woods life. A less experienced man or one with less vitality must have succumbed.

The snow came down damp and heavy, and the sagging boughs above kept dropping clumps down on to his shoulders and into his neck.

At the first lightning that showed that morning was approaching, he ate the last crumbs of his biscuit and started away. But the snow drove hard in his face. He was weak with hunger and sick for sleep. His limbs were stiff and his whole body ready to sink with fatigue. Accustomed though he was to the woods, it is not surprising that in a few hours he knew that he had lost his way. But still he kept on, hoping that he might come across some trail or water course, his chief hope of rescue, some logging camp.

The snow ceased in the afternoon, but a sharp and driving wind succeeded. It flung the drying snow and shrieked with it through the trees and clearings. The fine particles cut his face like the dust of a sand storm. Few men have made a fiercer struggle for life than he. It is probable that partial delirium overtook him, for he in-

sists that he could not only hear his spirit guides, but could see them as they flocked about him and beckoned him on.

At dusk he was in a country wholly unknown. There were mountains off to the right, but he did not recognize the peaks nor the surroundings. About an hour after the dark came down, with the wind still driving the snow into his eyes, he came out into a section that he recognized at last. It was "The Gulf." This is a cañon about three miles long, through which the west branch of Pleasant River rages. The walls are precipices. But along the north side skirts a wood road leading to camps miles above, and into this road The Mediator staggered.

Now, he was desperately weak. But he knew that if he could round the foot of the cañon and scramble for three miles up the side of the first Chairback he would come to Long Pond, where there were camps.

It was now a race for life. He stood his dear old rifle against a tree and hung his cartridge belt on a limb. Then he cinched the belt around his thin waist and started. He was in a half-stupor when he came down to the frozen ford at the foot of the cañon. He crossed, and striking the corduroy road that leads up the first Chairback he plowed on. He fell a dozen times, but he had sense enough left to struggle up and dig to his task again.

When he made Long Pond his strength was nearly gone. But he knew that across the pond lay Hall & Davis' sporting camp, three miles away. The wind was still driving the snow, and he miscalculated his route across. When he came to shore he peered in all directions and listened. There was no glimmer of light anywhere, and no sound indicating that any camp was near. His knees were doubling under him by this time. His strength was gone; his eyes would not stay open, and he gave up. He stumbled and crawled up on the shore and fell across a log. His tongue was swollen in his mouth and his throat was dry. He says that he tried to shout but he could utter no sound but a gurgling whisper. Then he became unconscious.

Now comes the strange part of the story.

There was at the Hall & Davis camps at that time a hunting party from the town of Dexter. Among them were N. E. Meigs, the leading clothier of the place, and Walter Abbott, one of the proprietors of the large Abbott woolen mill. Mr. Meigs had been out that day with the party, and in trying to cross the pond had frozen both his ears, so bitter was the cold. He would have perished had not his guide beaten him to make him walk. He had desired to lie down and go to sleep on the snow, and had begged the others to go away and leave him.

On this evening he was lying in his bunk wondering whether or not he was going to be able to save his ears. They were wrapped up and were aching fearfully, and Mr. Meigs wasn't taking the most intense interest in any outside matters. The others were playing pitch-pede before the fire.

Suddenly Mr. Meigs raised himself on his elbow and cried, "I hear some one shouting for help."

The others stopped their play and listened. Beyond the moaning of the wind in the chimney and the sigh of the big trees outside there was no sound.

"Folks with frozen ears can hear 'most anything," remarked one of his comrades.

"But I certainly heard some one shout," persisted Meigs.

"Do you believe for a moment," said his friend, "that a man with his ears done up like a pound of pickled tripe could hear a sound that we didn't?"

The clothing man admitted that it didn't seem very probable, but still he persisted in his opinion strenuously. At last one of the guides went to the door and shouted into the night. There was no response.

"It couldn't have been," he said, returning.

"I don't want to be stubborn in this matter," said Mr. Meigs, "but I do think that we ought to make some investigation. I can't go to sleep with the notion that some poor cuss is out there in the cold. Somehow or other I can't reason myself out of the notion that there is something the matter outside, and I wish you would look it up. I'd go myself if it were not for my ears."

After poking some fun at the persistent man arguing from his nest in the bunk, two of the guides put on their outer clothing and went out.

"Of course it may be that some one has dropped into the water hole down here a piece," said one of them, "but as that's more than a mile away it don't stand to reason that you could have heard any shouting with your ears done up in that manner."

In the course of fifteen minutes one of the men came running back, and those in the camp heard him pulling the moose sled out of the lean-to.

"There is something the matter after all down at the water hole," he cried to those within. "Ed was ahead and he hollered back to me to bring the moose sled."

And in a little while they came tugging into the camp a stiff figure that the guides, as soon as the man was in the lamplight, recognized as Mediator Trustum H. Brown, of Ellitsville.

At first they thought he was dead. But they undressed him and set him bodily into a tub of ice-cold water. They rubbed him with snow and after some work he commenced to revive. Then they poured whisky and brandy down his throat, and at midnight he was sitting up and telling them his story.

In two days he was all right and lively once more, and it may be stated here while I am on the subject of recoveries, that Mr. Meigs saved his ears.

Now The Mediator swears that the sound he emitted when he sank down on the log was only a whisper. Even a shout as loud as a foghorn would scarcely have been heard a mile away by the men inside a log camp heavily banked with snow.

That the sound should have been heard by a man with his ears frozen and wrapped in bandages is more curious still. But for that I have authority that cannot be disputed. Both sides have told me their stories.

They do not try to explain it—neither will I.

But, as I remarked in the first place, I set this down not only as one of the most remarkable stories of endurance that the Maine woods have ever reported, but as a mystery that is almost uncanny.

HOLMAN F. DAY.

A Tennessee Outing.—II.

THE snapping of the wood fire was the pleasant sound that recalled me from dreamland next morning. The Doctor was already up and had about completed his morning toilet.

"Five thirty," said he, when he saw me stirring, "heavy frost and clear as a bell."

The favorable and welcome weather report set me to moving in earnest, and the early breakfast announcement found me ready.

The oatmeal, with real, rich cream—the kind that tastes right, as well as looks right; the town article generally doing only the latter—had about determined me to repeat the dose and skip down the bill of fare to coffee when the culinary goddess entered with a large dish of country sausage, friend brown.

Bless my life! what an aroma pervaded the atmosphere as soon as it passed the threshold.

No disturbing doubt as to the pedigree of that sausage. Simmering, bubbling, sputtering in the rich, brown gravy, every cake a beautiful rich brown and the size of an honest man's dollar, it was a sight to cause one to forget both moderation and caution, and eat to repletion, though the morrow brought a sad reckoning. I was well on the way with my second sausage—that might or might not lead to repentance (for my department of the interior rather lords it at home)—when Uncle Bill, the colored man of all work, put his head in at the door and briefly announced:

"Hen hawk out heah gittin a chicken, Doctor." The Doctor passed this report on to me for action, accompanied with an appealing look.

Telling Uncle Bill to wait a moment, I secured my gun and accompanied him out to the chicken yard, where the chickens were protesting vigorously, but where I did not expect to find the hawk still lingering. As we passed from behind the house and came in view of the rear fence, there sat the hawk, a long, slender, piratical looking rascal; apparently enjoying the confusion and excitement he was causing among the chickens, that were running about seeking shelter in the yard. It was rather a long shot, but as I knew he would dart down and keep the fence between us, as he flew off, I did not try to approach any nearer. He pitched from the fence when I fired, and believing him safely disposed of, I returned to the house, leaving Uncle Bill to investigate and report. I had just resumed my interrupted breakfast when the girl, coming in with hot rolls, announced "De hawk ain' dead, an' Uncle Bill got de gun an' goin' aftah him agin." The fact that Uncle Bill had my gun, my new gun that I would hardly let a friend handle with ungloved hands, and probably had never heard of a "hammerless," caused me to hurry out again, and in the lot near the hen house I found the privileged character in question turning the gun over and over looking for the hammers. "Here, give it to me, Uncle Bill," I said.

"How you goin' shoot it," he inquired, rather suspiciously, as though he suspected some trick. Not caring to enlighten him on that point, I inquired for the hawk.

"Dah he, sah; rite oveh dah settin' on de groun'."

And looking in the direction indicated I saw the hawk sitting erect and defiant, but evidently wounded.

Throwing the gun in position for ready wing shooting, I walked toward the bird.

"Dat neah 'nough, sah," said my sable assistant. "Yo' kin git him from dah." Then, as I approached nearer, he called excitedly: "He goin' fly, sah. He sho' goin' fly. Shoot, sah, shoot!"

Then he did fly, and waiting until the wings were spread full, and the distance right, I cut him down, and fully completed the job of making him a good hawk.

Wing shooting was rather a novelty to Uncle Bill, and the easy shot was, in his eyes, a great feat.

"Hi, dat good, sah!" he shouted. "Dat is de way to do um. I'd sho' give fifty cents if I could do dat way once."

Being out for recreation, and not business, I let this opportunity to turn an honest penny slip by, and returned to the house, when, without further interruption, I finished my breakfast. The air was still and cold, but the sun shone warm; and by the time we got well out in the bird cover most of the frost was melted, leaving a dampness in the ground that was excellent to retain scent.

Old Jack felt too good to stay on the ground, and went to work at a pace that no other dog could have kept for more than a half hour.

We found our first covey on the side of a steep ridge, and got one and mussed up the feathers of another bird on the flush.

The wounded bird was the first bird shot, and seemed to be coming down all right, so I attended to another with the second barrel, only to see the first bird recovered sufficiently to fly out of sight over the next ridge.

I hate to see a bird going bravely on that I have tried my best to stop and have help fill the lean and hungry look of my game pocket; but with a keener and more lasting regret do I see one going off in a wounded or maimed condition; and hence it is my invariable rule to keep shooting at the first bird shot at until both barrels are fired, unless the first be sufficient. Retrieving my dead bird, I crossed over the next ridge in the line of flight taken by my wounded bird, and was fortunate enough to locate it. The dog pointed, just over the ridge, and going to him and following his line of vision, I saw the bird in the weeds about three feet from the end of his nose. There was a thicket near, and when I flushed the bird it flew toward that, in an uncertain, fluttering way, owing to being badly wing-tipped, and as it was shoot quick or see it go into the thicket, I did the former, but attempted a bit of fine work by holding high, endeavoring to get the bird with the outside edge of the charge only, so as not to shoot it up badly.

I drew the bit of fine work too fine, and the bird went into the thicket untouched by that shot, and after crawling and scrambling through brush and briars for fifteen minutes longer, after a bird that I had two fair shots at, I had the humiliation of seeing it run into a brush pile and caught by the dog.

Returning to the open we got among the scattered birds and put up four, killing all but three of them.

Jack got on his dignity again and began to look in-

different. I tried to explain to him that my shells surely must be open to grave suspicion; and that once my gun had caught, failing to reach position; and that one was a turning shot, and that my foot really did slip as I swung to it, but all this was but talk, and it was birds that the arbitrary fellow demanded.

I devoutly hoped that the next one would be easy, so that I might, at least, win back my dog's good will, however I might continue to regard myself, but it was not.

It was an old veteran, and he lay right under the dog's nose until I had walked around them twice, and then flushed behind me and taking the wind swung off on a curve like a rocket.

Being a bit rattled by the run of hard luck, I pulled past him, when I turned, but quickly recovering held fairly, with a six-inch lead, determined to get him or exhaust the battery, and at the crack of the gun had the pleasure of seeing him take a header for terra firma, and two minutes thereafter Jack and I had again resumed our peaceful and friendly relations.

The cover was heavy, and the birds lay close; and another dog would not have found many of them, but the dog put up four more birds with promptness, which were put down with dispatch—all but the last—and he hit running, after getting the entire broadside, and was trailed a full fifty yards before finally consenting to join his companions in the game pocket.

Going over the ground once more to be sure that none had been overlooked, and finding nothing, we sought the nearest fence to do a bit of resting. The valley in which I was located, like many of those in East Tennessee, was not unlike the bed of some vast river.

Narrow and bounded on each side by hills—"knobs," as they are locally known—sometimes running a straight course for miles, and again winding in and out among the hills, it was both fertile and beautiful. From my seat, the fence being on a slight elevation, I could see for several miles straight down the valley, over cultivated fields, with an occasional house, barn and outbuildings, all quite substantial and in good repair.

It was a rural picture of great beauty, and also of grandeur, as the hills framed it in on all sides; while over their tops towered the great mountain peaks, now blue in the morning sunlight.

This picture, with variation of detail, is seen again and again in this section; the valleys always fertile, the mountains always grand.

"Smiling valleys" is good poetic description, and applies to some lands, but in this picturesque country they laugh outright. Don't condemn this as a bit of enthusiastic word-painting of a sportsman intoxicated by a too deep indulgence in ozone—straight; or the prejudiced statement of a native booming his own section; it is neither the one nor the other, but is only a just tribute to a beautiful country, and falls far short of doing it justice.

The traveler through this section can verify the fact and never leave the railroad, or get out of a parlor car.

The great southern railway system, from Chattanooga to Bristol, nearly 250 miles, runs through a valley of great fertility and beauty, and affords a fine view of some of the grandest mountains east of the Rockies. But what has all this to do with bird hunting, says the man who always asks first, "How many did you get?" Well, very little, to such an one, but

"To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms,"

it has its place; and that place is the inner chamber of his heart, from the open door of which issues forth his truest thoughts and his noblest deeds. The man whose sole object in hunting is the game, should never get past the huckster's stall. He can never accomplish enough to offset his sins of omission.

When well rested, I dropped off the fence and made for a stubble field half mile away. No need to tarry by the way, as Jack had hunted out all the intervening territory while I loafed and viewed the beauty of the goodly land.

We found fur en route, and the good old dog almost broke his neck trying to keep his eyes on me and the rapidly receding rabbit at one and the same time.

I made no effort to prevent its safe retreat, as there was no one near by to bestow it on, and although the rabbits in this section are about the size of other rabbits, when killed, my experience had led me to think that half hour in my game pocket over the hills made them large as sheep.

We crossed the upper and were working back through the lower end of the field when we again found birds.

It was a small covey, but the birds were large and strong flyers, and Jack and I both shook out a reel when two of them consented to stop at the call of my right and left. The survivors went into a field of corn, yet ungathered, and it looked as if the shooting would be a bit rough, if we found them at all, but fresh from our recent success we bravely sallied forth.

At the fence surrounding the field I found a small darkey, who seemed to be waiting for me.

He promptly responded to my look of inquiry: "I is Jeff, suh. Unc' Bill say yo' wan' a boy to tote yo' rabbits, an' I cum to see if I will do."

I told Jeff that he probably would answer when I got any rabbits to "tote," and he fell in line, in the rear, and we moved on.

The first bird was a single, which flew straight away, but at tremendous speed. He showed a bit mused after the first, and fell dead to the second barrel at a distance that would have been out of bounds in a match.

Then an easy was missed, with both barrels; two more going off before I could reload. Then another single was found that was kind enough to fly straight, and not too fast, and then we could find no more of them.

My department of the interior then admonishing me that it was near the noon hour, I concluded to refrain from further slaughter of game and viewing of scenery until after dinner.

It was spare rib and back bone for dinner, and had I not intimated that sausage was the very acme of good living, I would gladly try to tell how delicious they were. Suffice it to say that the dinner engendered in my mind the wish that all of the hog not sausage could be back bone and spare rib.

The boy Jeff joined us at the kitchen, as we started

out after dinner, and we were soon back in the open working out a bit of sedge grass that promised well for fur.

One rabbit was jumped as we worked up a dry branch, but he was on the side with the boy and offered no chance for a shot.

The old dog rustled another out of a thicket, a little further on, and as he dashed across a bit of open in the grass, he gave me a remote possibility which I improved, and then Jeff looked like he thought we were accomplishing something.

We hunted on then for quite a while without finding game. Clouds had begun to gather, and the short day bid fair to be made more short by the obscuring of the sun, and yet we had not found a bird. A little longer we worked with no change of luck, and then, concluding to give it up, started back toward the house.

Passing through a field of very thick, high corn, I saw Jack roading some distance ahead, and working up to him found he was following two fine birds that had become separated from the covey, and were leading him a long distance, refusing persistently to lie. Getting them in line, I fired, killing them both, on the ground.

Yes, on the ground. Potted them—nothing less. I did it because I feared I would not get a shot, and I wanted the birds.

A few years ago a little woman made me a promise which, through good and evil report, through dark and bright days, she has kept as the martyrs of old kept the faith.

I had promised to send her some birds the next morning and needed those two to fill the quota, hence the necessity. To shoot a quail on the ground I deem a disgrace to any sportsman. I blush for the deed but glory in the motive, and will do it again under like circumstances.

One more rabbit was all we could add to our bag. I did not shoot him sitting.

The Doctor was waiting by the genial log heap to welcome me as, tired and hungry, I reached home.

LEWIS HOPKINS.

Sea Rack.

In Two Parts.—Part Two.

WE pass Cape Despair on our way to the turning point, Grande Riviere, and grope inward toward that harborage in the dark of the evening. Arizona and I occupy our favorite seat behind the smokestack; all the other passengers are forward, singing. Then something happens. We feel the after part of the ship lift slightly; there follows a grinding sound, the vessel lurches over to the starboard, and the engines stop. A woman screams.

"Now, what does that mean?" Arizona asks quietly. "I fancy we are on a reef," I answer. "You're not frightened, are you?"

"Not a bit. I made up my mind when we left Montreal that we should be drowned."

"Well, we're not going to be drowned this time, for the shore is not half a mile from us, and we have the life-boats."

"I saw you put your finger through the bottom of one of them the other day. You know they're no good."

"We have a wooden hull under us; we can't sink."

The steerage passengers come tumbling up, all talking at once, and evidently frightened and bewildered. We get up and go forward to where the cabin passengers stand. One woman is clinging to her husband's arm and crying, "No, no, dear; stay by me!"

"Ah'm to get ma cot (anglice coat), Ah'm tellin' you! Ah'm cold!"

"No, no!" she rejoins; "you'll not be needin' your cot. Stay by me!"

He sits down and hugs himself, his wife clinging to him.

"Sing!" a man says to his wife.

"I couldn't!" she gasps. "I'm terribly frightened."

"Sing!" he says, sternly.

She lifts a tremulous, uncertain voice, and begins bravely, "A Life on the Ocean Wave," everybody joining in. At the end of the first stanza she is crying, and can sing no more, but the other voices carry the song along. Then a woman's voice, with a trace of tears in it, begins "Captain, Captain, Stop the Ship, I Want to Get Out and Walk!" That makes everybody laugh. Presently the two cabin-boys, who have excellent voices, start up a song among the steerage passengers aft. All in all, it is a company of men and women to be proud of. The panic was only momentary; coolness and cheerfulness came quickly on its heels. It is so dark that we can see nothing but the lines of the ship itself. When the engines start up—we cannot tell whether they are working forward or backward—the ship swings slowly round and round on her heel. The engines stop again, and again the ship lists over to the starboard. The reef still holds her fast. It takes perhaps half an hour to work her free—and when she is free and the anchor plunges down and we know we are to lie where we are for the night, oh, what a sensation of relief comes over us! It has been an exceedingly bad quarter of an hour for every soul on the ship, the captain included, as it seems by later talks. We are rolling heavily in the gulf swell as we turn in for the night. Everyone goes to bed, all save two, it seems, who pace the deck the night through, too agitated for sleep.

Next morning we go into Grande Riviere and lie up at the wharf, all the passengers going ashore for a ramble over the beach. From Mal Baie on, the day following, we have a heavy sea, and the now empty ship rolls and pitches so furiously that we cannot even sit fast, but have to cling to the benches for support. We are bringing back some oil, but not enough to steady us. Aside from the captain, two mates and two engineers, we have only two seamen—both the stokers having deserted the ship. It looks like blowing big guns, and unfortunately we are on a lee shore—the wickedest shore, too, that fancy might conceive. We long ardently for the quiet and the shelter of Gaspé Basin—but that is yet a long way off. We stop for an hour at St. Pierre in the

shelter of a reef with a lighthouse on it, and then on again. St. Pierre and Mal Baie, it seems, are French Protestant settlements. A girl who comes on board at St. Pierre gives us some interesting information. The fishing all along this coast is done under contract to the "merchants." These are mainly Frenchmen from the Island of Jersey who own the little warehouses and most of the fleets. The fishermen are paid for their catch so much the draught—a draught being 214 pounds—and they in turn pay the merchants rental for boats and tackle. Pay takes the form of orders on the stores—which, of course, means robbery. Yet, the people are happy and contented, and in some degree prosperous. Sun-dried, or salted, fish is sold by the merchants at so much the quintal.

It is an evidence of how the ship pitches, even in the shelter, that a passenger who comes aboard at St. Pierre, is taken violently ill within ten minutes. We reach Gaspé Basin before midnight, and remain there until the dawn. Our cook deserts us here, the grounding of the ship on the reef having probably unnerved him; and one of the cabin-boys is put into the galley in his place. The young man who has been our "chambermaid" so far, is pressed into service as a stoker, the two engineers finding it impossible to carry on the work without help. The remaining cabin-boy, consequently, has to perform the double duty of waiting on table and caring for the staterooms. Beatty, the steward, comes out strongly, and the passengers suffer nothing in the matter of their material wants.

All the passengers who came aboard at Gaspé are seasick. We of the older order feel consequently a proud complacency in our sea-legs and our great appetites. Tumbling seas, great headlands, balmy air, is the order of the day. It is the most leisurely ship and ship's company imaginable. The captain will spend fifteen minutes in towing some fisherman to a point where he can reach his home against the wind. We stopped for an hour to-day while Gordon and Duncan mended the winch. The handling of cargo is amusing: there isn't the slightest hurry about it; time is of no consequence. Nobody in this country seems to be in a hurry.

Sunday morning, and how the wind blows! The ship labors and plunges, making perhaps five miles an hour. Mountains, crags, shaggy spruce and gray rock!—that is the coast. Then comes a gorge, probably marking a river-course, with shoulders of great hills shutting in the vista from the seaward—and at the foot on a little flat space a few white cottages with the surf leaping high before them. A passenger desires to land. The whistle blows, the engines stop, the ship beats round into the trough of the sea, and a speck of a boat puts off through the surf and struggles outward to us, shoving up the spritsail when clear of the white leap of the water. When it reaches the ship, the men are wet from head to foot. They lay hold of the rope which runs lengthwise of the ship, a line is flung to them, down come the sprits, a ladder is lowered, the passenger clammers down, his trunk is tumbled after him, unintelligible adieux are shouted, and the engines start up again, the ship edging gingerly away from a long reef which shows its teeth close by. At one place the villagers ask the captain to be pleased to wait until after mass before taking their shipment; at another, to be good enough to attend until the tide shall come in and float the boats off. To neither of which polite requests does he accede. He, at least, has some remote notion that time is worth something.

We discover a notable example of a Frenchman with legs full of words. Two boats lie off the shore waiting for us, each with two barrels of oil to deliver. The captain does not stop beside them, but, probably for sufficient reason, runs a little beyond. As they come toward us, the men laboring at the sweeps, one of them begins to scream abuse at the captain. The more he screams and the longer he toils at his sweep, the angrier he becomes; and by the time he reaches us he is beside himself with fury. It seems to be a very insanity of rage that possesses him. Never for more than a moment does the flow of voluble and limitless invective pause. If he should fall in a fit, we would not be surprised. He is the angriest man I ever beheld. An Anglo-Saxon chokes and stutters when he is angry. Language cannot express his feelings; they require action. The Gaul is different. The captain stands by the wheelhouse quite unmoved. He gives a quiet order to his men on the main deck, the result of which is that the two barrels in the quiet boat are taken on board, while those of the stormy boat are refused. When the angry man understands what has happened—a boat-hook carrying home the information—then, oh, then we hear invective to marvel at! When he pauses for a moment for want of breath, the captain shouts "Bow-wow!" and again, "Bow-wow!"—which only adds fresh fuel to the Frenchman's wrath. Even after his voice will no longer carry across the distance which separates us, we can see that he is still screaming.

Another day's run and Arizona and I decide upon making a venture landward—to wit, to lie at Sous-le-cap and be picked up by the Petrel on her next homeward trip. As we near this point, the north shore comes into view, a faint blue line in the far distance. The sea has gone down, the sun is warm, the air still, and we sit on the hurricane deck without overcoats or wraps. I tell Arizona to listen to what the engines are saying to each other in the new quiet. One says, "Shove-her-along, shove-her-along;" and the other replies, "Doing-it, doing-it." Arizona says that is nonsense; but she listens, nevertheless, and after a time says she can hear the words quite plainly.

"Which shows," I remark, "the utter mendacity of such as sail the sea."

"You mean that I'm not telling the truth?" she asks indignantly.

"By no means; merely that one of the engines isn't—and that the other is backing him up."

It is night when we reach Sous-le-cap. That is not the name of the place, but, for reasons which seem sufficient, I use it in preference to the other. There is a letter on board addressed to Donald McIvor, Sous-le-cap; and as we can get no information on the ship, we decide to go straight to this individual and ask him where we may obtain accommodations.

"He'll speak with a horrible Scotch accent that you could crack nuts with," Arizona says; "but at least it will be English, of a sort."

It is a well-to-do place, apparently, with a good wharf and a string of houses fringing the base of the cliffs. The village proper, we are told, is on the other side of the cliffs, perhaps a mile away. There is actually a calèche in waiting when we step off the ship; and this we engage at once. Mustering my best imitation of French, I desire to be driven to the house of Mr. Donald McIvor; and five minutes later, Arizona and I are clutching each other as the calèche climbs the hill, fearing that at any moment both driver and horse may roll backward upon us. But it is nothing to that which is to come. The descent on the other side seems like a sheer fall through space, punctuated by bumps that send us clear of the seat.

"Ball-and-cup!" I gasp.

"Battledore and what's-his-name!" she answers.

"Is it dangerous?" I cry to the driver.

"Je m'en répons!" he replies serenely.

The night is dark as pitch, there is never a lamp to light the road, and the beast of a French pony goes down the hill at breakneck speed. But we get to the bottom at last, celebrating that fact by a bump which knocks the breath out of us and leaves us quite speechless for a moment.

"Put up the umbrella," Arizona says. "It's raining."

"No," I reply, "I think that is mud. Thunder of heaven (to the driver), look out for the mud!"

"It is nothing, monsieur," he says, and lays the whip over his pony.

Another five minutes of bumping, swaying, and mud-pyrotechnics, and we are at our destination. I jump out and open a gate leading to a little cottage lying close to the water of a bay. In answer to my knock, a substantial matron opens the door.

"Does Mr. McIvor live here?" I ask.

She says something in French, and calls to someone in the kitchen. A short and burly man of middle age, in his shirt-sleeves, thereupon appears.

"I want to see Mr. Donald McIvor," I say.

"I am Donald McIvor," he replies in French.

"Don't you speak English?"

"Unhappily, not a word. What would monsieur wish?"

I tell him I want board and lodging, and ask him if he will be good enough to direct me where to go. He turns to the stout matron, his wife, who at once informs me that she can provide for us. In five minutes Arizona and I are installed, having speedily come to terms with madame. The house is a wonder of cleanness and order—floors covered with strips of rag-carpet and walls adorned with pictures of saints.

In the morning we are awakened by the trumpet-blast of a cow in the roadway. We get a vista of old trees and greensward through the open window, and the air is fresh and sweet. After breakfast our calèche driver of the night before appears. Monsieur and madame might like a drive: he knows places of ravishment—ah, heaven, yes!

"How long a drive?"

"All day long, if monsieur wishes. Madame McIvor could put up a nice lunch in a basket."

"What is your name?"

"Dugald McPherson."

"Do you speak English?"

"Ah, unhappily, no!" But then monsieur speaks the French so perfectly!

I retire to the kitchen and consult the mistress. In ten minutes Arizona and I are in the calèche with provisions enough under the seat for a party of six. It is a wonderful drive. Great hills, mighty mountains, stretches of valley dotted by quiet homesteads. Every farmhouse has its garden of old-fashioned flowers—peony, dahlia, larkspur, hollyhock, poppy, sunflower, sweetpea, nasturtium, geranium, mignonette—and the roadway is lined with color; pigeonberry, bluebell, columbine, blueberry, mustard, wild sweetpea, marguerite, buttercup, everlasting, Canada thistle, blooms of purple, of yellow, of red, of blue. Quaint farmhouses, some of them thatched, everyone with its out-of-doors oven of stone and clay, and everyone with a dog on the doorstep, little and fat and of no possible breed, either too lazy or too polite to bark. We catch a glimpse of an interior here and there, one big room taking up the whole of the ground plan, with two huge four-poster bedsteads, a stove almost as huge, spinning-wheels and cloth-loom.

The road we follow is something to make one's hair rise—straight up a mountain and straight down again, with scarce a point of vantage to hold by and take breath. The little Canadian pony, sure-footed as a goat, picks his way down slowly and surely, looking a little bunch of chestnut beneath us. When he is well down, with only a hundred yards or so of hill left, he lifts his pretty little head, straightens his strong little back, and is off like a stone from a catapult. It is a veritable flight, exhilarating, alarming, something to be boasted about and avoided in time to come. Two minutes later we are at the foot of another huge hill; the driver and I jump out, Arizona crouches at the bottom of the calèche, the pony humps his back and puts his head down, and the climb begins. It is almost sickening to look back and think what might happen if the pony balked under his task. But he never flinches for a moment. He is all courage and strength and kindness. Half way up, the driver halts him and we stand on the forward spokes of the wheels to hold the calèche. When at last we reach the top, horse and men are sorely blown, and Arizona is laughing. Then I pick a great handful of blueberries and hold them under the little animal's pendulous lips, and stand talking to him while he gratefully slobbers them. Occasionally he makes a lower sweep with his under lip and embraces a finger of two—but he never bites. At the next summit he looks round for his English friend who speaks such droll French and provides such delectable fruit—and I am there, ready for him.

Everything is made on a grand scale. Nature is in a heroic mood here—nothing in little, everything huge. Beetling crags, mountains running away into dim blue lines, ridge above ridge; great wide valleys, so wide that at last the eye will no longer focus anything before the lift of the next mountain begins. And oh, the wonderful stillness of the forest! No birds, nothing but the low,

intense hum of insect life and the occasional chatter of an indignant squirrel. Spruce, juniper, birch; rocks and moss and fern—and a big, palpitating stillness!

Home again to the sweet-smelling, quiet house! How these French Canadians love flowers! Flowers everywhere, within and without, making a glory of color and smell. And the manners of the people! Nothing in our experience is quite so soothing and caressing as their way with us. They are amiable over faulty articles, muddled genders and moods and tenses grown worse confounded. It is always, "Monsieur speaks marvelously"—which might be construed into a biting sarcasm if the dear, primitive, simple souls were not too kind and innocent for sarcasm. The household library consists of La Sainte-Catherine, Saint-Antoine de Padoue, and two or three Government books on agriculture and unclaimed bank balances—not an extensive list nor a wildly exhilarating one.

"You pay compliments like a Frenchwoman," I say to Mrs. McIvor.

"I am not a Frenchwoman," she responds quickly; "I am a Canadian."

Donald McIvor's notions of materia medica are novel and interesting. For asthma, cut a lengthwise slit in the skin of the upper arm and slip in a green pea. After the wound is healed and the pea safely embedded in the tissues, exemption from asthma for the rest of one's days follows. For rheumatism, a mixture of good whisky and soap—but whether to be taken internally or otherwise, I fail to clearly understand. Ice to the head in sickness produces a rush of blood, and always results fatally. Donald has buried three wives by that misadventure, and is in a position to speak with authority. Mustard to the feet, on the other hand, equalizes the flow of blood, and generally saves the patient.

It is delicious to wake and listen to the quiet. At the foot of the garden is a stretch of twenty miles of salt water, sending up a gentle murmur like the distant rustle of silk. A cow trumpets in the faraway, and the crows over in the cottonwoods hold early mass. Faint odors float in from the garden. There is just enough of chill in the air to make one appreciate good, thick blankets. Clear, bright sunshine announces the advent of another perfect day.

After breakfast we are off for a walk down the road. How courteous the people are! Not servile at all, but just innately polite. The men, slouching along, pipe in mouth, step aside to let us pass. We cry bon jour to a boy and he plucks off his cap and makes us a handsome bow. They are, for the most part, swarthy-skinned and good-looking people, notably clean. A literal people, as we have discovered—so matter-of-fact that it is dangerous to venture a joke with them. One of them was telling me of a wonderful catch of cod, and I smiled and said if any other than he had told me, I might have been skeptical, for fishermen were proverbial liars. The poor man was quite overborne by the imputation. He protested, he smote his breast, he called the saints to witness. His earnest gravity made me grave, as his urgency made me ashamed. I felt my levity to have been misplaced. It was like being rebuked by a child.

Now, here is the history, in little, of Sous-le-cap. A Highland regiment was disbanded here a hundred and fifty years ago, and the colonel was given all the land from a certain river to the sea—a huge tract—and was known thereafter as the Seigneur. His followers married French Canadian women and settled down as his tenants, paying him twenty cents an arpent per annum as rent. Under the old English principle of primogeniture and entail, this great tract descended through many generations without being parcelled; and most of it is still so held by the present day Seigneur. And the old rental of twenty cents the arpent—certainly not an exorbitant price for such fat land—survives as well. Yet, human nature being what it is, there are not wanting those who cry the Seigneur a greedy rascallion. One woman whispers to me that he is known as Mange-le-monde, having fully earned that title by a lifetime of rapacity. He will have his twenty cents! Think of it!

The tide is out, and Arizona and I are standing on the beach looking up at the crags. While we are still looking, we discover that the tide has turned and hemmed us in on both sides—so swift and stealthy is the sea. It is coming in like a millrace now, eating up the beach in huge mouthfuls, as a hungry boy eats a cookie. For twenty feet above us, the rocks are covered with slime, marking the height of the tide.

"We'll have to climb the rocks," Arizona says, quite calmly, "and they look slippery."

We hurry along the beach to where a jagged point of rock comes down into the sea. It is covered with bushy, slimy seaweed and a peculiar submarine plant which looks like the claws of a hen's foot, each claw full of water—certainly the maximum of "slitheriness."

"It's sheer cliff beyond this," I say, "a hundred feet high, and a cat couldn't climb it."

"Well," she responds, "we've just got to climb it."

She puts her foot into the slither and goes through it without a slip; but I, being of clumsier build and anything but sure-footed, come presently down on all-fours, and perform the rest of the transit much as a seal or a loon might—utterly without dignity. Then we come to a perpendicular wall of rock. Arizona finds a crevice to put a toe into and a shrub to hold by, and the next thing I know she is ten feet above me, lying on a ledge of rock and laughing. I scramble after as best I can, using what strength I have in lieu of the agility I lack. In a few minutes we have got beyond the slither, but are still in a position much better fitted for a goat than man. The tide has completely covered our spur of rock and is mounting rapidly—but we are beyond its reach. We cling to jagged rocks and bits of bush, moving an inch or two at a time, and going higher and higher. At last we come to a foot-wide ledge slanting gradually upward, and upon this move in easier posture; but it is terrifying to look down and realize what one false step might mean. After a time we come to a little level space upon which Arizona throws herself.

"I feel seasick," she says.

"You are a wonder of courage," I answer. "I was half afraid the whole time."

"And I was wholly afraid. I fancied you slipping over every minute and being dashed to death on the rocks."

We reach the summit at last, and lie there in the quiet which comes after danger. From out a clump of scrub, two keen eyes regard us—the eyes of a hawk.

One day Arizona says, "I want to get good and lost. Let's strike into the forest anywhere and see what happens to us."

We follow a deep-rutted wagon trail leading upward to the woodland, and when we reach the outskirts, sit in the shade to rest. A charrette, drawn by an ancient horse and directed by a small boy, presently coming up with us, Arizona climbs in and I take up the march by the roadside. The boy is going to where some woodcutters are at work, perhaps a mile up the mountain. When he reaches his destination, we leave him and, following a path, continue up the mountain. When we are far from the woodcutters, the path dwindles into nothingness; and we have to prospect for another. That found, we follow it blindly, sometimes having to creep on hands and knees to get through. It is a dark and inexpressibly silent forest—a forest without end, seemingly. Where the trail ends, we grope for another. After a time, we have completely lost our bearings, with nothing but the slope of the mountain to guide us. Once, when Arizona is far ahead of me, I having stopped to fill and light my pipe, I catch the faint sound of another footfall, and shout to her to stand where she is and wait. Just as I catch up with her, a big man with an axe in his hands comes through the bush to where she is standing. "Gracious!" she says afterward, "I was terrified when I saw that man!" He is a good-looking, gentle-faced fellow, who touches his cap to us and answers all my stumbling questions obligingly. But he does not throw much light on the vital question of where we are. We leave him and go on, following a path which runs snakewise, to end after a furlong or so in nothingness, like all the others. These innumerable, criss-cross forest paths suggest just one thing—the runways of animals. A path made by the foot of man would inevitably lead somewhere: these lead nowhere. The forest is netted with them. They are like the mesh of a spider's web—bar the regularity.

"Observe," I say to Arizona, "that we have seen no animals; and yet these paths are not of man's making. Do you suppose for a moment that no animals have seen us? We are watched by a dozen sharp eyes this very instant—eyes that hate us and fear us."

"Don't be horrid!" Arizona says. "Think how we are to get out. We are completely lost."

"Good and lost, you mean."

"It doesn't seem so much of a joke, now. What are we to do? If we could see the sun, I believe we'd find it setting. It's only twilight in here and we can't see five yards in any direction. I'd hate to have to spend the night in this dreadful place. There isn't even a bird to be friendly with—nothing but nasty eyes looking at us that we can't see."

"If we follow only paths leading downward, we are bound to get out," I say comfortingly. "Come along."

Another prospecting search and we find a downward trail. Following that for perhaps half a mile, we discover that it is again taking us upward. We abandon it at once, and grope for another. Little by little we work downward, constantly at fault, but never abandoning the general plan. At last we strike upon a wagon trail which ultimately carries us clear of the forest and sets us upon our homeward way. I look at my watch. We have been good and lost for something over three hours.

There is so much to interest and delight us in quaint Sous-le-cap that time slips by unnoticed, and the Petrel comes in sight on another homeward voyage all too soon. We know half the people of the village—the dear, simple French folk with the Scottish names—and it is like parting with lifelong friends to leave them. But, alas, our holiday is ended! The Petrel carries us, laboring sorely with the river current, to Montreal. From that we strike into Vermont, and so homeward to New York, the heat intensifying with every mile. We feel as though we were creeping into a furnace, and when the Grand Central Station is reached, that the furnace door has slammed shut upon us.

WILLIAM EDWARD AITKEN.

A Winter Picnic.

A friend from Princeton, this State, just called and described a picnic he and his wife enjoyed yesterday on the banks of a frozen lake.

"We had the surrey hitched up, put in a small camping kit, took with us some provisions, put in a long, wide strip of canvas, a pair of heavy blankets for the horses, and stuffing a handline and hooks into my pocket, we were off for Spectacle Lake."

"It was a beautiful day, and we enjoyed the ride over the hard, smooth roads immensely. Arrived at the lake the horses were unhitched and snugly blanketed and led into a protecting growth of jack pine."

"The canvas was tied around the three sides of the surrey, leaving the opening to face the fire I was to build from convenient logs on the edge of the lake."

"The fire started slowly, but when the logs caught fairly the glow from same extended to the canvas covered surrey, making it as warm as one's sitting room at home."

"I built a small cooking fire, cut through the ice and dipped out enough water to fill the coffee-pot. I turned the making of the coffee over to my wife, and baiting my hook with some salt pork I sallied out upon the ice, and in a few moments had a hole cut and my bait in. Strike number one and strike number two resulted in sufficient bass for our dinner. I scaled and prepared them on the spot, and soon had them frying in the skillet with some salt pork."

"Adjourning to the surrey, we enjoyed our fried bass and hot coffee, with further trimmings brought from home, and were as happy and comfortable as if the birds were singing and the water rippling upon the beach—with the thermometer 75 degrees in the shade."

"And if next Sunday is bright and clear we will try it again."

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

Rab.

"I am a son of Mars,
Who have fought in many wars;
And I show my cuts and scars
Wherever I come.
This here was for a wench,
And this was in a trench,
While welcoming the French
To the sound of the drum."

—Burns.

In the garden, under the hollyhocks, lies the mortal part of a noble fellow and gentleman. I say mortal part advisedly, for I am persuaded he had another part which somewhere still lives. He was a Scotchman, of the clan Collie, and he carried in his small body the heart of Bruce—the heart of Bruce, of which we read:

"But thicker, thicker grew the swarm,
And sharper shot the rain;
And the horses reared amid the press,
But they would not charge again.

"Then in the stirrups up he stood,
So lion-like and bold,
And held the precious heart aloft
All in its case of gold.

"He flung it from him far ahead,
And never spake he more,
But—'Pass thee first, thou dauntless heart,
As thou wert wont of yore.'"

He came to us a six weeks' old puppy, white and fleecy as the lambs he was designed by nature to protect. From the first discipline sat ill upon him. It was hard for him to "mind." Even when years and experience had taught him the comfort and wisdom of compliance and the general futility of resistance, he obeyed—when he had to—with protesting shakes of his head and squirmings of his body, eloquent of his aversion to authority. It was hard for his proud and stubborn spirit to do even what he wanted to, provided he was bidden to it.

He had his "ways." He would never eat from a stranger's hand, nor away from home, nor, if he could help it, anything but meat. He wanted that cooked and cut fine, and he invariably left the last piece on the plate. He was given to taking solitary strolls, calling on children with whom he had a playing acquaintance within a radius of a half-mile from home, but for the most part pursuing his way with dignity and with no object apparent to the rest of us. If by chance he met any of his folks on these occasions he recognized them by a slight drooping of the ears and a faint smile, but at once resumed the stern austerity of mien which he carried at such times and went on, paying no further attention to them. We never knew on what high design his soul was bent. Sometimes he would disappear for several days, and would give no explanation of his absence on his return. He never explained nor asked permission. He did what seemed best to him and let it go at that. After a while we ceased to expect an explanation. Sometimes, after these absences, friends would tell of visits paid by him during them, but he never told. Once he came home with a bullet hole through his leg, and held up the leg to be bathed and dressed. We always thought he got this wound during one of his frequent courtships, for he was an ardent and persistent wooer, and frequently received unmistakable tokens of disapproval from the families of his innamoratas.

He did not care much for bones, but generally carried them a quarter of a mile away, to his private burial ground, down by the bridge over the mill ditch. We never knew that he afterward exhumed and utilized them. If not, there must have been a canine Klondike there for several years. He always walked when performing this rite, as burial processions should, slowly and solemnly, and if detected and called to, returned and deposited the bone in the yard and thenceforth ignored it.

If anything could have endeared him to the family more than his general virtues and conduct did, it was his objections to my violin playing. As was characteristic, he met trouble more than half way, came and lay down by the music stand, squinted, wrinkled his face, shuddered, groaned, whined, and when it became wholly intolerable, went out in the yard, to remain till the dreadful noises were over. Chords seemed to annoy him most. He enjoyed a high reputation as a musical critic with the rest of the family.

Generally he was serious minded, but a spirit of drollery sometimes possessed him when, if he thought he was alone, he gave way to strange, whimsical antics, more kitten than dog-like, and emitted odd little sounds, invented to express his mood. His eyes were all black, without visible pupils, sober and softly luminous, except in excitement. His coat was creamy white, except on the back and tail, where it shaded into seal brown. A creature of prouder and more gallant bearing never trod.

Like Spartacus, for twelve long years he faced every form of man or beast his experience could furnish, and never yet turned tail except to the pig. Pigs are scarce where he lived, and he flushed his first pig in the swamp grass. She was a sow with a litter of little pigs, and we considered it no shame that he bolted out of the swamp with every bristle as erect as the sow's own. Once in the open, where he could inspect the new, uncanny, noisome beast, his self-possession promptly returned.

We never heard of his hurting a cat, but he despised and loved to tree them. One evening in the dusk I saw a kitten in the road in front of me, and spoke kindly to it, advancing with intent to pet it. Fortunately he came up, the kitten vanished in the grass and away they went in wild flight and pursuit toward the lake. When he came home a half hour afterward it was instantly apparent that he had overtaken the kitten and that it had turned out to be an undomesticated polecat. We could not very well skin him nor bury him. Besides I owed him a large debt of gratitude. So we took him out to the barn, soaped and scrubbed him, put cologne on him and did all we could to forget about it, with slowly increasing success as time wore on. But eighteen months afterward, whenever he had a warm bath, the faint, sweet fragrance of the skunk exhaled anew. My Welsh neighbor was not so fortunate as I. He petted his skunk, and

had to attend the Eisteddfodd in his old clothes, his wife having buried the others in the garden.

The great storm of 1896, that swept from British Columbia to the Caribbean Sea, came up, and for the share of our household blew down a chimney. His mistress was alone in the house, with no help within call. While the storm bellowed outside, the flames burst out and the smoke rolled through the house he stayed right beside her, looking up in her face with love and sympathy, encouraging her with his courage, his "dauntless heart" unmoved by the fire, so terrible to beasts. When the danger was over she wet his coat with her tears, and often afterward declared that but for him she would have given up the effort to save the house.

Our affairs were his affairs, our friends his friends, our enemies his also. When we were sad he was sorry, and when we were glad his spirits rose too. Whatever we did he stood beside, and his eager little soul shared in it. And now he lies asleep under the hollyhocks we had to plant over again because in his dissatisfaction he exhumed them when they were planted first.

Dear, proud, stubborn, whimsical, provoking little friend! Is that the last of him? When the light died out of his beautiful eyes, was the brave and tender soul extinguished too? When his loving, faithful heart stopped beating, did the life and spirit go out like the candle in the wind?

The liar, the hypocrite, the traitor, the false friend, the coward, the sneak, the selfish, the cruel, the ungrateful, the malicious, the mean, the ignoble, the idle, the petty, the sordid, the nasty, the worthless—all the vile of human kind, shall they have life immortal? But my loyal little lion-heart, who lived his life nobly, simply and naturally, who never had a mean thought nor did a vile thing, who was in all ways a credit to the Hand that made him—was his short life the end of him?

EDWIN WHITEHEAD.

A Walk Down South.—X.

IN one book and another one reads about Bedford, Pa. As Raystown it was noted for Indian scares and massacres; during the whisky rebellion Bedford was prominent; later bandits, counterfeiter, the Underground Railroad and John Brown's Raid contributed to its court and other records. But not until I was in the place did I realize that my route led into such a nest of the remarkable. I was hunting for a story about certain negroes before the war—not the least exciting sport. I found traces of it inside of five minutes after I entered the place. My pack came off and the search for history began. One trail took me to Judge Longnecker, and a right, happy lead this was, for both the Judge and his son came as near being old friends and acquaintances as could well be, for persons I never met before. They have the FOREST AND STREAM regularly.

Old newspaper files was one branch that had to be searched. It was curious to read under the head of "A Sad Accident," "A Melancholy Tragedy," etc., how in the 1820's, '30's and '40's, this and that man shot his dearest friend mistaking him for a deer or bear; how the did-not-know-it-was-loaded contingent blew the heads off sisters and parents, and how the careless man sent himself out of the world cleaning loaded weapons. It was plain to see that the breechloader hasn't all the blame attached to it for foolishness.

Being papers published far back in the woods, there were items in which wild beasts played an important part. "The editor" ate pieces of bear and deer venison killed by esteemed fellow townsmen. Of women who slew bears, catamounts and wildcats with axes in the hen coops there were a plenty. The 'coon hunters then, as now, made strange discoveries—skeletons in trees, dens of counterfeiter, and (in some remote State), pots of gold and precious stones.

Of snake stories there were many. One monster reptile was the "largest that ever crossed the pike," judging by the trail he left, at least in printer's ink. Also the wicked glitter of snakes' eyes had its attractions and fascinations then, as now; birds felt helpless before it, squirrels behaved in agitated fashion under its influence, and men, even editors, were strangely moved by the "awful electricity."

Bedford has not got over its sporting days yet. Two masked robbers boarded a railroad train near there a while ago, and tried to rob the paymaster. The paymaster shot one of them dead; the other escaped. The dead man was a negro resident of the town. When the negro's father heard of it, he said:

"That yer learned Bill a good lesson."

The hunt for the other robber was an exciting one. A man was captured at last and put on trial in the November term of the U. S. Court at Bedford. The trial was the chief topic of conversation during my stay at Bedford. I saw later by the paper that the man was convicted and sentenced to fourteen years' imprisonment.

'Coon hunting is Bedford's favorite sport. One story I heard seemed unusual. A party of eight hunters and several dogs went out on Will's Mountain last (1900) fall. They carried bottles of whisky, considering that a necessity. They were joined by a man whose bottle was larger than theirs, and who drank more in proportion. Early in the night this man became well nigh helpless. A long rope which had served as a dog chain was tied around his neck and the others in the party took turns in leading him. They started game, and all hands ran down the mountain in pursuit. The incline was steep. Suddenly one man shot out into space with a yell of horror. Then there was a loud splash below somewhere. The others, unable to stop, followed after. The one who was towing the ninth man succeeded in stopping at the brink, but he was pushed over the edge by the lunger in the rear. That was only a brook. All got out safely, then went back in to find a missing bottle. Then everybody gave chase again, but to find the 'coon was difficult, especially with one man so helpless that he had to be carried at the last. They came to a deep mill pond, and there they gave out. They could carry the man no further. To leave him where he was would be almost murder, for he would probably wander down grade into the water and drown. A consultation was held. Many expedients were proposed. Then one suggested a scheme. It was acted upon. The rope that was fast to the man's neck was

tied to his ankle, and then the ankle was hoisted three feet high on a tree trunk and securely fastened. The man's knife was taken away, and also his property. They reasoned that a man who was sober enough to untie himself would be sober enough to keep out of the mill pond. They left him there. He did free himself after hours of work and much loud language. This is a favorite story among the 'coon hunters.

Deer are hunted over setters, which point the game, for Bedford shooters. In practically no other way could deer be legally killed in Pennsylvania. The still-hunter must be a good one to get his game in the regions through which I have come. Very few deer are in the immediate vicinity of Bedford.

On Monday morning, Nov. 18, I left Bedford on a search for data. I left my pack in the village, and carried only my camera and some extra films. It was cool and delightful. The difference between walking unladen and with the pack was vast. In the first hour I made five miles, noticing only the tail of a gray squirrel in the road, a flock of what I took to be turtle doves in a distant tree, and that the hills under the morning sun were exceedingly beautiful.

It is not possible to describe the various scenes along the roads I followed. Literally at every step the view changes—and oftener. One's mood has much to do with it. The brightest, balmy sun will not enlighten a dull mind or fill hungry stomach, nor does a driving mist decrease the pleasure of my tramping if only there is no worry. I find that I worry most when I am hungriest, but such worries usually prove to be imaginary when analyzed.

The most striking feature of the Pennsylvania I saw was the long ridges. They reach away for mile after mile, and engross one's attention almost from morning till night. Everything else has to give way to them. It is with difficulty that one glances to the reflections in streams, to the individual trees, or to details of any sort, from the great masses which lead the gaze up and on to the blue and misty distances. I have found myself off the roadway more than once simply because I saw nothing else but the long, brown mountains. The temptation to climb them and follow along the backbone is always present. Where the road does not give a view of one of these ridges, it is like discovering the loss of a compass back in unknown woods. With such constant guides as the Bald Eagle Ridge and Wills Mountain to keep me right, the occasional necessity of looking at a signboard at the forks of a road makes a chuckle come. The signboard seems so small and insignificant when compared to fifty miles of mountain.

I went from Bedford to Cessna over the same road I came in on. At Cessna I saw the old woman who said I was big enough to work, and saw her husband, who did not nod to me till he looked back into the kitchen, like a boy about to do some forbidden thing. I turned to the left at the tree-sheltered, frame schoolhouse, and walked rapidly along a valley side hill road toward Fishertown. A man that I overtook was a hog-sticker on his way to a farm, where he had some large shoats to kill. For killing and cutting up a pig he received 50 cents, and in the course of a day he killed from five to seven animals. He was a soft-voiced man, who looked far away when he spoke. He reminded me of a butcher up in the Adirondacks, who said he felt ashamed every time he killed a lamb, but took comfort from the numbers of tough old bulls he'd slaughtered.

The little brook near which the road ran, was ice-scaled at every dead water, and the distant hilltops showed a covering of snow. The report of a gun told of a hunter abroad. It was ten miles to Fishertown and five miles to Pleasantville. A couple of miles short of the latter place I ate dinner in a big brick farmhouse, and then went up on a ridge, according to directions, to follow a stony woods road for a mile to save a mile walk around the foot of the elevation.

At Pleasantville Morris Walker, whose father, Old Benny Walker, kept a station on the Underground Railroad before the Civil War, remembered a couple of stories of the sort I was after, and said it was no use to go over the Alleghany range to Somerset county, as I wanted to do, if it was worth while.

Walker said that turkey hunting would be good as soon as the snow drove them off the mountains, but as yet the birds had not put in an appearance. The film of snow a few days before had not showed the track of one of them near Pleasantville, so far as the hunters could find.

I returned to Fishertown and stopped at Azariah Blackburne's house for the night. He is an old Quaker with a wonderful memory as to dates and events. On my way through in the morning I had seen him. When I returned at night he had several tales to tell of events in the 1840's which he had recalled.

On the following morning I started for Bedford, but Squire Penrose, at the cross roads a few rods on my way, said I ought to see two men at Schellsburg, ten miles off my road. I went to Schellsburg, seeing a fine farm country with too many brick houses on the way. Neither of the men I wanted to see was in town, but by chance I was able to go through five years of a newspaper file beginning in 1819, so the extra walk was not wasted effort. Incidentally, I heard of three other pedestrians—two men and a woman—who had wagered that they could walk from some New England town to San Francisco and pay nothing for their keep. They were "dressed spick and span," the woman who kept the inn at Schellsburg said, and carried canes. She suspected that the one in dresses was a man, so garbed that sympathy might be excited toward them. They got nothing there—and said it was the first place they had been treated thus and so. One of the county commissioners at Bedford gave them a great "send-off" I learned later. The long pikes and fine roads of southern Pennsylvania are favorite thoroughfares of pedestrians. But those who ride bicycles enjoy life better in that region.

At 3 P. M. I left Schellsburg for Bedford, nine miles away, along a macadamized road. The views were the finest I have seen anywhere since I started, on a similar length of road. I stopped on every elevation to look back at the snow-covered Alleghanies, and to look along every line of the compass. In no direction was there anything to give one a sense of disappointment. Even the telegraph and telephone lines in sight did not seem to mar the beauty, why, some one else will have to figure out, un-

less their hill-climbing feats made the poles serve as measuring rods by which the vastness of the country could be scaled.

The pike led through gaps, over ridges, along side-hills, sometimes close to woods of pine and oak, but usually far from them. I stopped at one place to take a photograph—it was an odd streak of luck, for that picture, I learned later, was from Tull's Hill, at the foot of which a family of ten or eleven persons were massacred in 1778 by the Indians.

I had gone only four or five miles when a man in a carriage came along, and for the first time since I started from Northwood was I reluctant to take a ride. It was a fine walking day, and if I had followed my feelings I would have walked clear into Bedford. It seemed best, however, to make haste, so I rode.

My route from Bedford south was down the road to the Bedford Springs, the summer resort. The old mill where John Brown held his meeting before starting south to disaster at Harper's Ferry was the first place of interest to me. The location, at the bottom of a wooded valley beside a rippling stream, was fit for historic associations. The long hillside hotel a few rods further on was not obtrusive. Only one person was there. He was the caretaker. I asked him if the mill I had seen was the one where John Brown had been. He said he didn't know, but nothing of that sort had occurred in his time. It seemed that old John Brown and James Buchanan, the most notable visitors at Bedford Springs, must have lived in vain if they depended on summer resorts to preserve the memory of their deeds.

The road forked at the upper end of the hotel grounds and I turned to the left there, and for miles went up Shover's Valley. This was once a runaway of escaped slaves. They came to "Virginia," a freed slave settlement up on the side of Evitt's Mountain, then over to Fishertown, the Quaker settlement, and on to Old Benny Walker's. In the valley many slaves were recaptured and carried back, shackled in wagons. The stories of those days may still be heard from the old gray-bearded men, but the younger generations know little of them—"it was before their time," and usually they don't care what happened then.

Many of the freed negroes have moved away. More than 350 are buried on Evitt's Mountain in two cemeteries. But their old log cabins, put up without a plumb line, and merely guided by a sense of the square, still stand, some with white occupants, some vacant. At one of the former there was a man stretching a raccoon's skin on a board. He said he "treed it the night before."

Apple growers are covering the farms there with orchards which give the valley a wilder appearance than its reality warrants. Some of the farms are posted against trespassers of the hunter sort. At intervals along the road there are openings through which one sees the valley, beautiful as nature and suggestive of its romantic history—suggestive of the old-time fugitives from injustice—and, from justice as well, for counterfeiters, highwaymen and horse thieves once dwelt there at intervals during their extraordinary careers.

At 3 P. M. I was past the head of Shover's Run. The road ran up grade a little steeper than heretofore. Suddenly, as I walked into a patch of woods, the grade turned. The next instant I sat down on a log. I was at the top of another divide. Behind me was the Juniata and Susquehanna watershed; before me was the Potomac. The thought made me breathe as fast as if I had been running a race—and the sensation was very much as if I had won it. Nevertheless, as I went on for a mile further, the down grade was not so steep as that my spirit followed. The change was due to the reaction, I suppose.

Five miles further on I came to Centerville, and remained there all night. Some bad men lived there once, but "they are dead now; let by-gones be forgotten," as I was told. I left there on the following day, wondering how much of local history has been written here and there on the same principle.

The weather had been growing colder, and as I started away from Centerville, gray clouds were driving over from the northeast. Occasionally a dash of sleety rain fell, but it was not at all a hard day to travel, the roads being hard. At 10 o'clock it began to snow quite hard. By noon I was wet from the hips down, while the ground was covered and white. I stopped at a farmhouse about noon. It proved to be the post office of Hale. A marriage near by was the leading topic of conversation. A girl had advertised for a lover, got one and agreed to marry him before she saw him. Three days after he appeared she wedded him. That was something for the region to remember and to discuss.

When I started on again the snow was still falling, but I enjoyed the experience in spite of the physical discomfort due to wet and wind, comparing myself somewhat conceitedly to the wandering winds and the driven clouds.

At 1:35 o'clock P. M. I crossed the Maryland-Pennsylvania line. Somehow the notion had taken root in my mind that Maryland would be warm and balmy when I got to it. As a matter of fact, there was an inch and a half of snow on the ground, and whenever I stopped to rest I shivered with the wind—blown cold in less than a minute. In this fashion did dreams of Dixie's Land fail in the realization. I stopped about two miles from Cumberland under a ledge of rocks beside the road, buried my feet in the dry leaves there and wrote in my notebook:

"I am far from home. Wet, cold, with catarrh coming on. Stiff-fingered. A northeast rain and snowstorm. I walk with rubber blanket over my head—keeps me partly dry at least. I am pretty tired and a bit homesick." With such feelings as these words indicate I entered the Southern States.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

New Jersey Export Fines.

Two New Jersey sportsmen, August Reinhold and Joseph G. Walling, of Keyport, went shooting on Christmas, and bagged fourteen quail and three rabbits. On Friday of last week they set out for New York with the game to present to friends in the city. Game Warden C. M. Hawkins arrested them as they were boarding the ferry boat, and before a Jersey City justice of the peace preferred against them a charge of violating the non-export law. They were fined \$20 each.

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Natural History.

A Squirrel Friend of Mine.

TRAPS and guns, swords, sticks, darts and rocks, things innumerable, are employed in the hunting, bringing down and catching of game, big and little, but the average hunter does not go after squirrels with nothing but his rapid feet to pursue and his bare hands to secure them.

In the spring of '99, while driving in Kansas with my husband, we had reached a stretch of prairie road, skirted on either side by rows of cottonwoods, planted in early days, for the Kansas upland is by nature unwooded. As we drove on, a little fox squirrel darted across the road. "Hold the horses," said my husband, "that is a young fellow. I can catch him."

And he did. He got the little frightened creature cornered in a pile of leaves, down branches and other rubbish, and soon brought him to the carriage. He gave him to me, with instructions to cuddle him in my lap under the robe, and assured me that he would soon grow quiet.

After a few moments of nervous energy, expended in trying to get away, he went to sleep and did not awake until we reached home. He was so young that it required but a few days of petting and feeding to make a bold, saucy chap of him. He was not only one of the family, but the one of the family. We gave him the ten-roomed house for a cage, and he proceeded to keep up a game of hide and seek with us. He slept in the folds of the portieres, rolled himself up in towels, aprons or any scattered garment that he happened to find. At night we placed him in a box, but he never took kindly to it, trying always to hide away. One night we hunted him unsuccessfully, nor did we see more of him until breakfast, when, hearing the clatter of dishes, he bounded down the front stairs and up in some one's lap, for his share of food. The next night we watched him go to the sewing room upstairs, and followed him. For some time we could not find him. Then he was "brought to earth" in a box of silk and velvet pieces, snugly rolled up in a round ball, with one wicked little black eye turned up to us. The next night we found him in a hanging bag of scrap pieces. Each night we found him in a new hiding place, for he never slept in one of his retreats after he had been discovered in it.

In the summer, when we went to New England, we took Bunny with us, and he became a traveler, both by land and sea, for he went from Boston to Portland, Me., by boat.

There is no space to tell of Bunny's constantly changing saucy capers and adventures, but one noticeably funny incident happened before he himself became one of the chief factors in the squirrel hunt. He was very fond of coconut taffy, and one day, while he was feasting on it, he was given a little sliver of tobacco. He was in a large bird cage at the time. He ate the tobacco, and inside of five minutes his eyes grew glazed and he slowly crept to a bed of grass that he had made and stretched himself out at full length on his stomach, the most forlorn, abject looking little wretch one ever saw. He was sick for several hours, and he would never again touch taffy, which he evidently thought was the cause of his sorrow.

It was on our return to the West that Bunny made his record in the capture of a squirrel. We were in the park in Atchison, and I had been left to guard the squirrel, while the rest of the party wandered about. He was in a covered lunch basket. Hearing a singing noise, unlike anything I had ever heard, I looked up and saw what I supposed to be Bunny dancing about on a bench near by. I sprang to the lunch basket, to find my squirrel safe, and then noticed that the stranger on the bench, though a fox squirrel, was much larger than mine. I walked a few feet from the basket, which the strange squirrel soon approached and smelled. I went to it, when he scampered down the hill and disappeared around the foot of a hickory. I took Bunny out of the basket, walked up to the tree, and stood peering about. Soon the singing noise that I had heard before again attracted my attention, and I looked up to see the squirrel coming slowly down the tree. With fast-beating heart and the fierce expectant joy of the huntsman, I held Bunny close to the tree for a decoy. Would the other one be decoyed? Yes. Slowly he descended, came close to Bunny and they smelled and rubbed noses with a curiosity and satisfaction so absorbing that I cautiously raised my right hand and grabbed the stranger, not by the back of the neck, but around the back and stomach. Undoubtedly he was surprised, but no more so than I was, when he immediately turned and buried his cruel little white fangs in my forefinger to the bone. I held to him, screaming for my party to come.

With a squirrel in each hand and an imprisoned finger I could do nothing alone, but with help he was placed in the lunch basket, while one of us carried Bunny, who we were afraid to leave with the wild one, who was old, large-sized and fat. We took him home with us, but as he cut the fringe off of a new couch and whipped the little squirrel inside of ten minutes after we had turned him loose, we gave him his freedom.

In the fall Bunny got in the habit of standing on his hind feet, and with his front feet against the screen, of looking wistfully out of doors for many minutes at a time. We loved him, but we could not see him pining for freedom, so we opened the door and let him out. He played in the trees for hours, but finally came back, to be let into the house. After this he went out every day for a play in the trees.

As the fall days advanced, he developed a trait that showed the inborn instinct, for it was not taught him by any squirrel mother. We noticed, one day, after giving him a nut, that, after pretending to gnaw it a while, he watched his opportunity, and sneaked off, soon returning for another nut. He did the same with apples, corn and other food. Upon investigation we found the folds of a tent that had been laid in a back room, full of corn, nuts, pieces of apples, cracker, cake, etc.; and we found similar things in all kinds of out of the way places. A prune that was given him was slightly nibbled and hidden in the stocking basket.

Though he was born in the spring and had no squirrel-mother-love-instruction on the subject of winter, his animal instinct told him of the approach of cold weather, and he was preparing for it.

One day he was in my up-stairs bed room with me, and was playing on the sill of an open window, when he jumped to the roof of a bay window, from thence to the small limb of a tree, near by, down the tree and to the ground. He did not return, as was his wont, although we searched out of doors and called. When the children retired for the night, Bunny was in their bed, under the covers, peacefully sleeping. He had, doubtless, run up the tree, leaped to the roof, into the window, across my room, the hall, and the children's room, and had put himself to bed. We had him for more than a year. Then, in one of his out of door rambles, he wandered too far away and never returned.

The true sportsman, although he loves to shoot, must, of necessity, love nature, and understand the habits of the game he seeks.

Though something of a shot myself, and fairly well acquainted with the birds, cotton-tails, Jack rabbits, occasional prairie chickens and quail of our Kansas prairies, I was little familiar with the shy and timid squirrel of the West; and I was delighted to study the specimen we had. He was as cunning and playful as a kitten, as mischievous as a monkey, and as interesting as any of our denizens of wood or plain.

ADELAIDE SCHMIDT WAYLAND.

KANSAS.

The Pumas.

AMONG a number of interesting papers recently published in the Proceedings of the Washington Academy of Sciences by Dr. C. Hart Merriam, is one on the pumas, which has especial interest for all hunters and naturalists as being the most recent and fullest contribution to our knowledge of these great cats, which, as the country becomes more and more full of people, are gradually disappearing before the advancing waves of civilization.

The pumas, or cougars—as is well known—form a strongly marked group readily distinguished from the other cats by their large size, slender build, long tail, unmarked body and the relatively small head. They are confined to America, where they range from Southern Patagonia northward over nearly the whole of South and Central America, Mexico and the United States, reaching their northern limit in southern Canada—in Ontario on the east and British Columbia on the west. During the last hundred years the range of these animals in the United States has become greatly restricted, and they have been exterminated over large areas. With the possible exception of the Green Mountains of Vermont, they are not now known to inhabit New England, though formerly occurring in several of the States there. A few are probably still found in New York, and they occur in Florida and in the lowlands of Louisiana and in the mountains of the West.

The puma is an animal of many names, of which puma, cougar, panther, painter and mountain lion are some of the best known. Mention of them occurs in all early works on exploration and natural history, and in 1771 Linnæus named the Brazilian species *Felis concolor*. This has been the term commonly used for all pumas of whatever region up to within a few years, but in 1890 Mr. Chas. B. Cory recognized the Florida puma as a distinct species, and in 1897 Dr. Merriam himself described two new forms from the West, one from the northern Rocky Mountains, and the other from the north-west coast region. Still later, it came to be believed that there were other forms of cougar which had never been described.

When recently, Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, presented to the U. S. Biological Survey the series of twelve skulls of the Rocky Mountain cougar or mountain lion, taken from animals killed by him in January and February of the present year, Dr. Merriam was led to compare these skulls with others from different localities, and gradually to a study of such specimens from various parts of North and South America as could easily be brought together. The present paper is the result of this study.

The skulls collected by the President form a series of unusual value, not only because each is accompanied by precise notes of the color, measurement and weight of the animal from which it was taken, but also because the examination of so large a series from a single locality shows the nature of the differences resulting from sex and age, enables the student to judge as to the kind and quantity of individual variations, and sets a standard for comparison with other members of the group, thus furnishing a means of estimating the probable value of particular cranial or dental peculiarities observed in single skulls from remote regions. A discussion of the variations presented by the Roosevelt series of skulls shows surprisingly little individual variation with the sexes.

In the cats it is generally the case that the male is the larger and more highly developed. This is true of the pumas, and Dr. Merriam declares that in these animals the male alone attains a complete specific differentiation. By this is meant that the distinctive characters of the skull of the various forms of the puma are fully developed only in the males; the skulls of females of different forms resemble each other so closely that they are distinguished with difficulty.

Among the peculiarly noticeable characters of the skulls in the several members of the puma group is the degree of elevation and depression of the face and frontal region. The extremes of such differences are shown by the Patagonian puma of the Southern Andes, and the puma found in the Puget Sound region. In the South American species the skull is long and low, and the face slopes strongly backward, while in the northwest coast form the face rises abruptly, the frontal region is highly elevated and swollen, giving to the animal a face very different in appearance from its South American relatives. Again, in the Western form—from the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific coast—the skulls are massive, with heavy under jaws, and contrast strongly with the same parts in the Brazilian puma, while the animal of the Andes has huge teeth, strikingly different from those of the Central American region.

Most of the cougars present two color phases, and

these color phases seem to have no relation to season or to age. One of these is usually redder than the other, though the difference is not always easy to define. Mr. John Fannin, Curator of the Provincial Museum of Victoria, declares that on Vancouver Island the brown color is the common one and the red is rather rare. On the mainland of British Columbia the red is more common.

In the case of the Rocky Mountain species—which Dr. Merriam has named horse killer (*hippolestes*)—Mr. Roosevelt describes the colors of the cougar as red and blue, and of those which he killed, six animals were red and six were blue.

Dr. Merriam in the paper in question enumerates and describes eleven species and sub-species of cougar, which he calls:

ADIRONDACK COUGAR, PANTHER (*Felis cougar*, Kerr).

The material for the study of this form is very limited, since the animals inhabiting Pennsylvania, New York, New England and the higher Alleghenies have almost altogether disappeared from the face of the earth. One, killed in 1881, was shot in Barnard, Vt., and is now in the State collection at Montpelier.

FLORIDA COUGAR (*Felis coryi*, Bangs).

This is the Florida form characterized among other things by a rich, rusty, reddish color and large size.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN COUGAR, MOUNTAIN LION (*Felis hippolestes*, Merriam).

This is the form commonly found in the Rocky Mountains of the West. Its skulls are larger and more massive than those of other members of the group, except the Pacific coast form, and the sagittal crest, or bony ridge, running lengthwise along the top of the back of the skull, is enormously developed. One of the males belonging to President Roosevelt's series is a giant, and has the largest skull of any puma Dr. Merriam has ever seen. In the flesh this animal measured 8 feet in total length, and weighed 227 pounds.

PACIFIC COUGAR (*Felis hippolestes olympus*).

This is the cougar found in the coast region of British Columbia, Washington, Oregon and California. Like many birds and mammals of coasts, it is darker than its near relative which occupies the Rocky Mountains. The skull is large and massive and the frontal bone much swollen.

MEXICAN COUGAR (*Felis hippolestes aztecus*, Merriam).

This is a large and powerful beast, yet decidedly smaller than the Rocky Mountain form, and now first described. It is very much paler than the red Florida cougar. It is found from Arizona south through Mexico.

BRAZILIAN PUMA (*Felis concolor*, Linn.).

Dr. Merriam's description is based on two skulls, which on the whole are lighter and smoother than those of any of the North American forms.

NORTH ANDEAN PUMA (*Felis bangsi*, Merriam).

Is similar to the Brazilian form in the skull characters, but with some color differences.

CENTRAL AMERICAN PUMA (*Felis bangsi constaricensis*, Merriam).

This is a new sub-species based on two skins from Costa Rica, presented by the World's Fair Costa Rica Commission in 1893. The Central American puma, while generally similar to *F. bangsi*, is very much darker and redder, particularly on the belly, which is red like the sides with only a narrow white line down the middle.

ANDEAN PUMA (*Felis puma*, Molina).

This form has the skull and teeth large and massive, and is grayish in color, instead of being fulvous. It inhabits the high mountains.

SOUTH ANDEAN PUMA (*Felis puma patagonica*, Merriam).

This is another large form, gray in color, with large and massive skull and teeth. As its skull is described, one would imagine it to be low and long rather than high and round. It comes from the base of the Andes.

SANTA CRUZ COAST PUMA (*Felis puma pearsoni*, Thomas).

This puma is described as being clay color, as having a short tail, and the back of the ears and the toes very pale. It comes from the coast region of Patagonia.

It will surprise many people, who have not given attention to the subject, to learn of the existence of so many forms of puma on the American continent. Yet, as we all know that animals vary with the conditions of their lives, it was to be expected that different regions of the two Americas should have developed forms of cougars which differ widely one from another.

Yet opportunities seldom occur to compare members of a single group from regions as far apart as Canada and Patagonia and the Atlantic and Pacific.

Christmas Trees.

BARRE, Vt., Dec. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the last issue of *FOREST AND STREAM* mention was made of the destruction wrought by the Christmas tree industry upon our forests. While every effort should be put forth to preserve our infant forests, there is, however, another side to the Christmas tree traffic, as observed by me in this State. The trees which are harvested would in no way help to benefit the coming generation in way of building material. The pasture land that is now used for grazing is fast growing up to scrub or dwarf spruce, which would in ordinary events be cut and burned to keep it for pasture. Many owners of forest land have at least the protection of the young growth, and in cutting simply weed out, giving space for the more vigorous growth for those remaining.

The children of this age should reap some of its fruits. There are thousands of little ones who are not privileged to play beneath the growing branches and breathe in the perfumes of the forest air. There are, too, older members of the family made quite as happy as the little one, and the fragrance of the spruce carries them back to boyhood days on the farm. The Christmas tree is to the child of to-day what the stocking was to the child of the past. Who would have those memories wiped away? I believe there is a more monstrous steal from our forest along other lines than the yearly cutting of stunted evergreens.

B. A. E.

The Porcupine's Quills.

MONTREAL, Que.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Though the birth of the *FOREST AND STREAM* was not many decades ago, and it has not yet arrived at the period of being even middle-aged, it is in some respects a mature giant. In its columns many old-time beliefs have been thrashed out, in many were found only chaff, while in a few were found well-developed grain, well worth the threshing. It has cleared up the mystery about the panther's scream, and has decided that the panther does scream—that is, those east of the Rockies can do so, though their hearers' hair cannot rise nor their blood curdle.

It has taught us that the silver gray or black fox are mostly of the masculine gender, if a few are of the opposite sex they are always sterile.

The "hoop snake" has been declared a "myth," and the snake with a stinger or horny spur in his tail—Well, some years ago we expected to have thrown some light on this subject, and have sent a specimen of such a tail to the natural history editor of the *FOREST AND STREAM*, but our ducky stable boy found the specimen in the buggy and threw the "no account snake's tail" out for the ducks to gobble down. The Rev. Horace Jones, one of our readers, can vouch for this, as he was present at that time, as we cannot show the tail, we make no public claim that it had either stinger or thorn, though we privately know that it had some such a thing, and that it used its tail "mighty queer." At the time that we killed it we were both sober, and not given to optical illusions, though the writer once in the winter saw a black and tan hound running that neither gave tongue nor left a track in the deep newly fallen snow.

Let us have more light on the following question: Can the common, every-day hedgehog "throw his quills"? If so, How does it do it? and How far can it throw them? We here make a claim that they can do this, and throw a shower of a dozen or more at the same time. To back us up in this statement, we can quote as authority a well-known United States fishery official, a gentleman who is a close observer of what he sees in the woods, as well as on the streams, and is one not given to making rash assertions, quiet, unassuming and a most dangerous opponent at a game of chess. Regarding this quill-throwing, in one instance the animal was clinging to the body of a tree some seven or eight feet from the ground, and it discharged its darts fully fifteen feet from the tree by giving a muscular "whack" with its tail against the tree. Who else has observed this fact? STANSTEAD.

[The myth that the porcupine can discharge its quills to a distance is one of very great antiquity, and, like many myths, it has at its foundation a grain of truth. The porcupine's defensive armature lies in the quills scattered over its body, and above all, thickly implanted in its tail. When threatened by enemies, it uses the tail as a weapon, thrashing and jerking it about from side to side. To the great danger of any living creature that may be within reach of it. Now the quills of a porcupine are so loosely inserted in the skin that they become detached very easily. They are sharp-pointed and barbed, and so stick into anything that they may be roughly brought in contact with. Any one who has ever poked a porcupine with a stick will remember that in a very short time many quills were found with their points buried in the stick. The violent thrashings and blows given by the tail of the porcupine which is defending itself, loosen many of these quills, which often are thrown short distances, but never more than a few inches, since the quills are far too light in weight to carry any distance. The fact is that quills may be—and often are—shaken from the tail of a porcupine and fall near it. Stanstead in the last sentence or two of his letter explains precisely the way in which these quills are loosened and then fall to the ground. It is interesting to notice that the thrashing of the porcupine's tail against wood, or the ground or leaves, is accompanied by considerable noise, and that the quills rattle against each other. It has been suggested that this sounds like a challenge and that it is also a warning.]

A Maine Fox Farm.

BOSTON, Dec. 28.—The ravages of the great freshet were many in the hunting and fishing regions of Maine. Deer were seen swimming for their lives at several points along the overflowed intervals and marshes on both the Kennebec and Androscoggin. At Moluncus they evidently attempted to cross the stream above the dam, where it had been solid ice for two or three weeks before. They broke in, and guides and lumbermen say that they fared hard in the icy water.

Elijah Norton, of Dover, Piscataquis county, Me., has a novel farm at that town, only a few minutes' walk from the village. He raises nothing on it but foxes. It is a rocky, hillside pasture and piece of woodland, surrounded by a high wire fence. The fence, or a continuation of it, is sunk into the earth four or five feet, to prevent the foxes burrowing out. In this direction it has proved a success, for in the three or four years the farm has been run, not a fox is known to have escaped. Mr. Norton has silver grays, Alaskan blues and a few of the common red foxes in the inclosure. He raises these animals for profit, and so far the fox business has been a success, although the original Alaska blues and silver grays cost a good deal of money. He has about fifty animals in all now, the different breeds being kept in separate inclosures. They have become quite tame, and will come at the whistle of their owner, to be fed. Some very high prices have been received by Mr. Norton for fox pelts, especially the silver grays, single skins counting well up into the hundreds of dollars.

SPECIAL.

A Strong Calf.

NEW YORK, Dec. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* During a recent visit to the Southern Cheyennes in Oklahoma Territory I was told by an old Indian, Wolf Chief by name, of an odd incident of buffalo hunting in the old days, which seems worth repeating.

In 1868, while running buffalo on Crooked Creek, a tributary of the Cimmaron River from the north, the Cheyennes killed a very large cow. They skinned her, and after the hide had been taken off opened the carcass. It contained a very large calf, and those who were

butchering dragged the sack containing it off to one side and left it there.

When they had finished cutting up the meat, some one noticed that the sack moved, and cutting it open found that it contained a big living calf, which at once began to breathe.

Wolf Chief's son worked over the calf, rubbing it dry and taking off the false hoofs, and before they got through with their work and were ready to move away the calf stood up and raised its tail over its back. This showed the strength and spirit of the calf.

Nothing like this was ever seen by the Cheyennes before.

G. B. G.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in *FOREST AND STREAM*.

A Hunting Trip to Catfish Lake.

FRANK TWEED is an enthusiastic hunter and fisherman, is a good farmer, provides well for his family, and in fact, possesses all the qualities necessary to make a man a good neighbor and a good citizen. His house is everybody's home.

It was Christmas week, and Frank had his full share of visitors from town and county, mostly relatives. As soon as he could excuse himself he came over to my house and invited me to go with him on a camp hunt, saying that he would be gone about a week, and that he had invited Mike Man, Dan Parker and Paul Monro to go with us. These boys were our relatives, and clerks in grocery stores in the town of Kinston when not in school.

"I want to start this afternoon," he said, "for I never was so tired of fools and 'pop crackers' and 'squealin' horns' and drunken hypocrites in my life. I want to get where truth is—in the woods." I left the preacher at my house, and he was complaining of indigestion when I left. I encouraged him to stay till we returned, which he promised he would do, as a kindness to me. But I do not think he wanted me to leave, at least he did not encourage me any to go.

"What did he say?" I asked.

"Why, he asked me if it would not make us all sick camping in the woods?" I told him there was not half as much danger in getting sick from camping as there was from eating so much rich food."

"How did he reply to that?"

"Oh, he said, 'Don't you think it cruel to kill the pretty deer?' I told him it was no more cruel to kill deer to eat than it was to wring a chicken's head off, and that was done every Sunday morning before church, and nothing said about it. He changed the subject a little then by telling me that, 'he had read in some State paper that it cost more to keep the dogs of the State than all the preachers were paid.' My wife (who had all the while been listening) then asked, 'What answer did you make?' Why, I told him we must keep hounds or the foxes and minks would destroy all the poultry. And quoted these lines from Scott to help me out:

"The slow hound wakes the fox's lair,
The greyhound presses on the hare.
* * * * *
Man only mars kind nature's plan,
And turns the fierce pursuit on man."

He asked no more questions then, but told me he was very fond of venison, and especially the liver, and if we killed a deer to be sure to bring the liver with us. I assured him that he should have the liver, and he might look for us in a week or sooner."

Catfish Lake, for which we were bound, is very secluded. The state owns it and 100,000 acres that adjoin it, so that no one could prevent us hunting on it. The lake is about ten miles from any railroad, and three miles from any dirt road, with only a very dim path (over tussocks and briers) leading to it. Consequently, there is not much hunting done around it, and there is plenty of game, which was my main reason for going there. We concluded to take only four hounds, the oldest and best trained—Roosevelt, Major, Hot Stuff and Potlicker. In about two hours we were in a covered farm wagon behind two lively mules, with Roosevelt chained to the wagon and the other dogs running loose, heading for Catfish Lake.

It was about dark when we arrived in Kinston. We found Dan, Mike and Paul ready and waiting for us. They had prepared enough cakes and canned food to last their healthy young appetites at least two weeks. Boys at their age have good appetites. I was once a boy, and know.

We were soon on the road again, and when we were out of town we stopped to eat supper and feed the mules. (Teams ought to be fed at their regular time if you expect them to hold out on the road.) We soon had a bright fire of dry brush, and when the coffee had boiled we began eating a supper that surpassed anything we had seen during Christmas. Try it, you dyspeptics, and get well and live.

When we started on, Tweed thought it best to fasten the other dogs, as they would probably run off after something, and we would lose much time in getting them back again. However, he concluded not to tie Hot Stuff, but would let him go loose, and he said that he would take the lantern and walk ahead of the wagon and hunt some.

"What do you expect to catch, Uncle Frank?" asked Mike.

"Well, I don't know; a coon, possum or a polecat. I want to walk some, anyway, if Mr. Mewboorne will drive the mules. You youngsters can come with me."

I understood Frank. It was more to amuse the boys than anything else. I well knew that his possum hunting days (as well as mine) were past. That is sport only for boys. I can never forget the hunts with the old slave negroes on my father's farm when I was a boy. The very thought of those happy days thrills my soul with joy. I know I enjoyed them as much as Lipton does his yacht Shamrock.

"How are they blotted from the things that be."

Frank and the boys had not gone more than a mile be-

icre I heard the old dogs "callin' to de tree," as the negroes used to say. He was barking to a tree in the field near the road.

"Come here," said Frank. "Now look right over my shoulder. Don't you see his eyes?"

"Lord, yes!" said Mike.

"Let me climb the tree and shake him out, and let's have a fight."

I hallooed to them to shoot it and let's be moving, as we had no time to lose; beside, the tired dogs were howling and trying to break loose to get to the fun.

"Let me shoot," they all said at once.

"Fire away," said Frank.

And they did, and out dropped two large coons; one they killed; the other ran off, and Tweed and the boys (who had forgotten to shoot it) were running with all their might after it. The dog soon had it.

"Hang them on the outside of the wagon," I told them, "and let's be going." Which they quickly did, and were soon inside the wagon and were sound asleep, leaving Tweed and myself to drive.

The next morning at 9 o'clock found us at Jim Benders', our stopping place. He gave us a cordial greeting, and asked us to put our mules in his stables. We unloaded the wagon, putting the things in his barn, except those we intended to take with us to the lake.

"Those are very fine hounds," he said. "I would like very much to have them, but I can't keep them through the summer season. As soon as a dog learns to run deer here he goes into the lake and a 'gator is sure to catch him."

The boys were busily engaged preparing the things we were to take with us, arranging them so that they might be easily carried, folded in the tent fly, and swung on a pole.

"Mr. Benders, we must have a cook. Where is Bill Burnett?"

"Bill? Why, yes, he is about the yard somewhere."

He called for him, and the brother in black soon made his appearance. He came up wiping his greasy mouth and said, "Why, ain't dot Mr. Mewboorne? I'm glad to see you; ain't seed you now gwine on three years. Chris'mas gip. Mr. Mewboorne, whar you bin all dis time?"

I told him I had been home at work, but had come down to hunt, and wanted him to go with us to the lake and cook for us.

Then we set out. It was hard work. Light things become heavy when they have to be carried a great distance on the shoulders. But the old adage, "There is no excellence without labor," will apply to hunting and fishing as well as to anything else.

The boys, for a wonder, had not said one word about being hungry, and walked down to the lake shore with Tweed, who presently returned and remarked that he did not expect to find so large a lake as that. He thought that it was so beautiful that it was a misfortune that it was in the wild woods, where no one but hunters could see it.

There were perch in the lake, and while Bill and myself were putting up the tent, the boys caught thirty-one, weighing about 50 pounds. Frank told Bill to begin supper, and to clean about fifteen fish, for he was fish hungry.

While we were preparing supper the boys came in and reported that they had found a boat. Bill explained that some gentlemen from the North had come last winter to fish and hunt deer, and hired some one to bring it in with an ox and cart. They did not hunt any; they could get no hounds, he said; 'gators eat all the good hounds every summer. "Mr. Mewboorne," he said, "if you been down here den wid dem nice dogs dey gin you fifty dollar piece fur 'em. Dey no mo' care for money dan fur pine straw."

As soon as we were through breakfast the next morning, we lost no time in getting ready for the hunt. This part of it was left entirely to me; not that I was any better deer hunter than Tweed, but I knew these woods better, for he had never been here before.

Now, to kill deer successfully—and I am only speaking of eastern Carolina hunting—you must have what we call "standers," for the deer, as soon as he is jumped, starts instantly for a lake, river or even the ocean (if near it), as that is his only means of protection from the dogs. I have run many a deer into the ocean surf, and hidden behind the sandbanks and shot it when it came out.

My first work was to show two of the boys where to stand. I directed Dan to a large oak near the lake on an open glade, 300 yards east of the camp, and told him if he saw the deer in the distance, to be perfectly still to prevent the deer from seeing or smelling him. That was all the instruction he needed. I then gave Paul pretty much the same instruction, sending him on the lake west of the camp to a small beech tree near a ravine, about a quarter of a mile.

I was to handle the dogs and do the driving. It is against the rules of deer hunting to have more than one man in the drive, because that is not treating the standers fairly, and Tweed knew it; but he moved that the rules be suspended, as deer were more plentiful than they were where we usually hunted. To this the boys agreed, and Tweed and Mike went with me.

We left the camp, leading the dogs till we came to the "beech ridge," about three-quarters of a mile, and turned them loose. We had not gone far after leaving the small path before Tweed called my attention to an old rotten log that was torn all to pieces, and asked me what did it. I told him it was a bear, and that they did it to get bugs and worms to eat.

Presently Mike found a dead sapling, and wanted to know what did it. Tweed told him that it was a "deer scrape." "And what's that?" said Mike. Tweed then explained how the bucks (in the month of October) would rub the velvet and skin off their antlers.

While we were explaining to Mike about how the bucks shed their horns every year in the month of February (for he had never seen a deer of any kind in his life), the dogs began trailing a cold scent. Suddenly we heard Roosevelt where the scent was fresher, and when Tweed heard him in the lead his face brightened up, and he said, "Listen to Roosevelt; that deer will be up in a minute."

And he was right, for in a moment the dogs were all running. I sent Tweed and Mike to my left, so they

would not intercept Dan and Mike. Soon the dogs separated, and I knew that there were more deer than one before them.

I then listened for guns, and soon heard Dan shoot twice. Roosevelt had turned in the direction of Tweed and Mike, who was nearly in sight of me.

Presently I heard Mike shoot and squall at the top of his voice, "Run here! I've got him!" Tweed told him to hush. In about five minutes I heard Tweed shoot, and the dog stop running about where I heard Mike.

I was not long in getting to them, as the woods were thin, being anxious to see what they had both killed. Tweed had shot at a skulking deer and missed. Mike had killed a fine "peghorn" buck and was sitting astride of it when I arrived, and patting Roosevelt on the head and saying, "Oh, you good dog; you brought him right straight to me, didn't you, Colonel?"

"Up with him! Let's be going," said Tweed. "I am anxious to see what Dan shot."

When we arrived at the camp, Dan, who had become tired waiting for us, had called the negro and they had brought the one that he had killed (a fine fellow, too). I don't think I ever saw finer antlers; there were five pegs on each beam.

It has been said—and believed by many—that they have a peg for each year, but that is not true, for I killed one with beams 13 inches long and not a peg on either.

I asked Bill if he had heard Paul shoot. "No, sir, boss; but I hear him holler plenty. Dat him holler jess den."

We did not understand it, and Mike, Dan and myself went to see, leaving Tweed and Bill to dress the deer while we were gone. We found Paul in a pretty bad plight; his face and hat were covered with mud, his hunting coat torn badly.

"Why didn't you come to me?" said he. "I have hollered myself hoarse."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Let me tell you: I saw something swimming from the other side of the lake; and it was coming directly to where I was standing. I just hid myself behind this old tree that you see there that has fallen into the lake and waited for it to come on the land, thinking all the time that it was a big otter, so that I might shoot it. And it swam right into the thickest part of that old tree-top and stopped and hid, and to my astonishment it was a big buck."

"Why didn't you shoot him?"

"Let me tell you: I wanted to take him alive, and I ran down to the boat without letting him see me and got that small rope and made a noose and walked out on the log and put it on his horns; then made this end fast to this small tree. I then began to pull the rope. I says, 'Old fellow, come out of there.' And he came, lunging and jumping. I thought he would break the rope, and I caught him by the hind legs. He kicked me about ten feet and jumped on me, hung his foot in my pocket, tore my coat, and bruised me up pretty badly. Next time I shall shoot him. I did not know the things were so strong and mean."

"Where is he now? Which way did he go?"

"There he is in those briars, a sullen old rascal."

One of the dogs had missed us and taken our tracks and was barking at my heels. The deer became frightened at the dog's voice, and made a desperate struggle for his freedom, broke the rope, and was gone in a moment, and the dog after him.

We ran for the boat, for I believed he would soon be in the lake again; and I was not mistaken, for in he plunged, but it was too far to shoot, and I had to leave him for the others. When we got him to camp, Tweed said, "Bully for you! Three bucks hanging up at once. That is enough. We have had sport enough for one hunt, and to kill another deer would be murder."

"Let's get out of here. How is it to be done, Bill?"

"Use bin lookin' fur Mr. Benders. Soon as you gemmens git frew dinner I go git old buck ox and cart. I car' these things out here. Dese woods dry now."

While we were eating dinner, we heard some one "haw" and "gee," and saw Benders with his ox and cart.

We began packing up, and in a few hours were out on the main road near the Benders' home. We drove into the grove where we had left the wagon, and in a short while were ready to move in the direction of Kinston, with three fine deer and two coons hung to the rear of the wagon, and the liver for the parson.

"Come again," said Benders, as we were leaving, "and I will go with you. Write me when you will come, so that I may be ready."

We thanked him, and I blew my horn for the hounds that were standing at the kitchen door. We were soon moving homeward, with the boys singing,

"A hunter's life is a life for me."

"Won't we astonish the Kinston folks when we drive in!" said Mike.

"So we will; I am astonished myself, for it is not often we have such success."

"It will prove to them," said Tweed, "that all hunters and fishermen are not liars."

"I wish we had brought some of those large perch," said Dan.

"I put ten large ones in an old sack," said Mike.

All right. We will wash them off nicely before we get to Kinston, and hang them out so that they may be seen. One of you boys drive. The mules know the road. I'll get back there and take a nap."

LEVI A. MEWBOORNE.

Live Decoy for Wolves.

CALUMET, Mich., Dec. 20.—A L'Anse correspondent of the Mining Gazette tells that Wendelin Krisch, the trapper from Nestoria, was in the Baraga county seat the other day with two more wolf scalps to get the bounty. When asked how he got so many wolves lately, he said that he caught a large wolf a short time ago in a trap and kept her alive, as she was not hurt. He chains her up a short distance from his cabin and her howls bring the other wolves from miles around, and he quietly sits in his shanty and shoots them. He says that he has found the hides and bones of several deer that the wolves have killed lately near his place.

F. A. L.

A Moose Steak that wasn't Moose

WHEN Bassford was a boy he lived in Maine. In those days the season for moose was a long, open one, and in the village butcher shop moose steaks were as cheap as beef. From eating moose Bassford advanced into hunting moose, and the juicy steaks cooked over the camp fire in the wilderness are things not smothered in his memory.

In the '50's Bassford struck out for the West, landed in the village of St. Paul and might be virtually said to have built up the city, for being an architect, and a good one, it came to pass that our best buildings were to be designed by him.

Next to successfully competing for a structure, Bassford loved best to work some joke upon his fellow man. Quick-witted and with a ready tongue and a fund of humor simply immeasurable, he has turned the laugh on so many that few are there of his acquaintances in town but who have "something coming" to Bassford.

A few days ago I dropped into Bassford's office. "Just the man I want to see. You come home with me to-night and you have dinner with me. Clark has just sent me that parcel right out there on the window sill keeping fresh and cool, and guess what is in it. Moose steak. I won't ever trust it to the cook, but I will take it in hand myself and I'll do the broiling. I'll just light up the gas range, 'fire' the cook for the time being and I'll broil that steak as I used to back in old Maine State forty-odd years ago. We'll have a regular hunter's supper—broiled moose and baked potatoes. You can't buy game in the market, and it is some time since I have had any, and I am just longing for a taste of that wild browse flavor, that the moose has. Now say you will come." The temptation was great, but I had to forego it because of a previous engagement.

I met Bassford the next day, and he had a dejected look upon his face which instantly gave place to a broad grin, followed by an exclamation, "The boys did up the old man in great shape this time. I set my mouth for that steak. I took it home and I broiled it to a turn, set it swimming in the choicest 40-cent butter, and retiring from the office of chef I took my seat at the head of the table. All being served, I helped myself. Upon taking my first mouthful one of my boys said, 'Pa, don't you taste that nice, wild browse flavor? Isn't it delightful?' 'Browse nothing,' said I, 'this is just plain, ordinary, packing-house steer; no moose about it.' And," he went on, "that's the way the boys worked me and did so to the queen's taste. But that is not all, they sent up a good section of a fat hog, nicely trimmed up, to Kennedy and marked it a black bear roast, with their compliments, and Kennedy never got onto it. How many others they die up I do not know, but I'll admit that they got good and square with me this time and no mistake."

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

The Tenderfoot Out West.

HARRY M. was making money, and making it fast, too, but he was doing it at a cost of nerve tissue I could tell by the drawn look, the sharp, metallic tone of voice, and the mouth shut tight as a box trap. I made it my way to see him often at lunch, and he knew what I was after, well enough, but I lay low and waited my time. One day he dropped his papers and blurted out: "I am off with you this fall; I can't stand this any longer. I'm going. There's my hand; now get in the game." He is great on handshaking; if he promised me his head and shook on it I'd expect to get the head.

Well, I landed him in South Dakota, two days before the law was off, and put him in the hands of my guide, whom I call "Peck's Bad Boy." The guide kept him from "burning" while I got ready to do as he said, i. e., "Get in the game." He was a genuine Tenderfoot out here on the grass and stubble. Back East he goes out nights alone. The morning of the first of September we were up betimes; yes, he was up several minutes before old betimes got the sleepy seeds out of his peepers, and went charging down stairs after hot coffee, and was using "landwidge" that smelt like the old sulphur matches they had when I was a boy. Once fairly out doors where he could look "good," he swelled up and poured forth such a paean of praise of it all; why, he fairly bubbled with joy at being alive, and his eyes shone like "a fifer's muster morning." Then the dogs pointed, and he tore over the side of the wagon with "Let me at 'em! I'll lop 'em!"

Peck and I sprinted, and caught him in the nick of time; he fired at the rising birds and claimed he shot 'em all. "There, got one, got two, got three!" he yelled, and then Peck collapsed, and between time asked what brand of repeater he was using now. At which he blushed like a girl, and he will see the back of his neck at the same time he sees forty years again.

There were some ducks in the slews, and he pestered Peck and me until we took him to one, though we were getting chickens right, left, and straight away. Now, a duck raised in South Dakota is always in a hurry; he never lingers nor loiters on even a short journey, but bats the air solar-plexus blows, and fades away faster than a ghost. We put him in a good place and turned them down on him. He burned a lot of ammunition, but he had another guess coming on a duck. He is apt to jig back hard to get what he wants, and by and by he "let-er-rip,"—two black powder shells at once. His head flew back, one leg up in the air, and when he got into line, all in one piece like, he remarked to me: "I guess I ain't over much on ducks; but say, I'm dead medicine on a shikepoke." After which I went over and comforted him, and taught him all that holding ahead two, four and six feet was tommyrot and worse. The man who holds ahead stops his game; and if you think you can do that and hit a South Dakota duck going down wind you have another guess coming. I have seen as many try as the next man, and I never saw a good shot on the hold-ahead-plan yet, not one, and I have converted a few into the swing-with-pull-and-swing-all-the-time plan. I may shoot ahead, can't say; but I can hit a duck any place three out of five times, and there are just a few in the "deestrick" that cannot. He listened patiently and soon after began to crack over some, and at the last got his pair, at which he fairly beamed, and

it's my belief the biggest sort of a rise on grain never warmed the cockles of his heart so much as did that. He got sort o' bigoty, and Joe and I proceeded to trim him. We put it to him hard to shinny on his own side. That is, if you are on the left side, shoot on that side only, not cross to center or right. When he did not do it, we swore point-blank that he had never touched a feather, no matter what. He got hostile after a while, and we put him out alone and he had that over-anxious feeling and missed clean. Then I gave him his "Need-ins," as Peck called it, and he did the best work I ever saw a green hand do. To use his own words, he got into the game.

We had all sorts of weather, but by the use of our heads, backed by a long experience of my own, we did a lot of shooting and had a royal old time. Even then, when the outing as a whole was the best of all the many we have had by sea and land, North, South, East and West, the words of the old mossback farmer were at times spoken, as they alone seemed to be appropriate; which words were: "Wall, they is naow an' ergin days when pork won't bile; that is, 'twon't du its hainsum er ez pooty ez 'twill t'other days."

We had one little bit of a time with a teal duck that will go to prove the hang-on of Dakota fowl. Harry shot a teal on the pass that came down on to ground with a bump and a bounce; the dog got it, and I gave its neck a twist or two and threw it down in the pile. About half an hour after it fluttered out of the pile and took wing, the dog and I after it hot foot. I could not shoot for the dog, and that duck got into the lake, a good hundred yards away.

We kept the trail hot every day when it did not rain after sport of some sort, and while we did not slaughter nor go in to break any records, each day was, as Harry said, "worth the price of admission," and when the good-by time came, each had a complexion not found in drug stores.

Appetite and digestion such as they alone have who see the stars fade before the sun, who follow afield with dog, gun and boon companions until daylight fades into a purple afterglow and the perfect day ends with the pipe, song and story, and we hear these last words spoken—"Good night." PINK EDGE.

P. S.—After this game was over I got into another one with a lady and a minister in the same game. "But that's another story."

California Anti-Sale Law Upheld.

FOLLOWING is the text of a decision recently given in a California case where the point at issue was the validity of the law forbidding traffic in game:

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

The Hon. Carroll Cook, Judge.

In the matter of S. Kenneke, on Habeas Corpus.

Decision.

The issues presented in this case are few—in fact, but one. That it, the validity of Section 626k of the Penal Code, as amended by the Act of the Legislature approved March 28, 1901. (Statutes 1901, page 820.)

The question is presented to this court upon a writ of habeas corpus, a complaint having been filed against the prisoner charging him with a violation of such section, and a warrant issued thereon. The prisoner has sued out this writ of habeas corpus, claiming that said Section 626k, upon which the complaint is based, is void, because unconstitutional.

The section in question reads as follows:

"Every person who buys, sells, offers, or exposes for sale, barter or trade, any quail, partridge, pheasant, grouse, sage-hen, ibis, or plover, or any deer meat, whether taken or killed in the State of California, or shipped into the State from any other State, Territory, or foreign country, is guilty of a misdemeanor."

It is contended by petitioner that the Legislature in passing said section of the Code has discriminated against a certain class in the community. It is claimed to be class legislation and that it affords privileges to one class of the community, namely, to those who can hunt for themselves or hire some one to hunt for them as against another class who have not the time or the means of indulging in such pastime or of employing others to procure game for them.

Respondent cites several cases from the Eastern States wherein similar laws have been sustained, but if a decision of this question rested solely upon the cases so cited, I hardly feel that I would be justified in accepting them as authority. The identical question here presented has, however, been passed upon by our own Supreme Court, and a statute almost identical in language has been held by the Supreme Court of this State to be valid and within the power of the Legislature to enact. Until, therefore, the last mentioned decision shall have been overruled by our Supreme Court, it is my duty, as well as that of all Superior Courts of this State, to follow, as the law of the State, that decision, irrespective of any opinion I myself might have as to the validity of this statute.

The case to which I refer, is the case of *Ex parte Maier*, 103 California, pp. 479, 483. The statute, the validity of which was called in question in that case, was Section 626 of the Penal Code as it was amended in 1893. The case was decided by the Supreme Court in August, 1894; that Section reads:

"Every person in the State of California who shall at any time sell, or offer for sale, the hide or meat of any deer, elk, antelope, or mountain sheep, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor."

The learned Justice who wrote the opinion in that case, after devoting some space to a construction of the statute and decided that it meant not only game killed within the State of California but also that which had been killed elsewhere and brought into the State, proceeds to discuss the question of its validity, and in that portion of the decision uses the following language:

"Nor do we think that in giving the act this effect it contravenes the constitution of this State as being in excess of the police power of the State. The wild game within the State belongs to the people in their collective sovereign capacity; it is not the subject of private owner-

ship, except in so far as they may elect to make it so; and they may, if they see fit, absolutely prohibit the taking of it, or any traffic or commerce in it, if deemed necessary for its protection or preservation, or the public good, * * *

While it is true that the power to regulate is not the power to destroy, in its absolute sense, it is, nevertheless, true that the right to regulate frequently and as a necessary sequence carries with it the right to so control and limit the use or enjoyment of private property as to amount to its destruction."

In coming to the conclusion which our Supreme Court did in that case it quotes with approval from the decision in the case of *Wynehamer vs. The People*, 13 New York, 378, the following language:

"The protection and preservation of game has been secured by law in all civilized countries, and may be justified on many grounds, one of which is for purposes of food. The measures best adapted to this end are for the Legislature to determine, and courts cannot review its discretion."

As I before stated, in the *Maier* case, our Supreme Court has held valid a statute almost identical in words with the one here in question, and as that decision must be accepted, and is the law of this State until overruled by the Supreme Court itself, there is nothing for this court to do but to follow it, and so following it the statute here in question must be declared to be valid.

For these reasons the writ herein is dismissed, and the prisoner remanded. CARROLL COOK, Judge.

A Curious Shot.

IN 1873 Troop F. of the Fourth Cavalry, which I at that time belonged to, was stationed at the head of the Sabonal River, in southwestern Texas. There are a great many mountains here about the head of the river, and these mountains were full of deer then. I was quartermaster-sergeant of our troop, and often had as many as five or six deer hung up around my kitchen. We shot then in sight of camp more than once.

One afternoon in December the captain had us out giving the horses exercise, and while we were riding up a little valley about a mile from camp, three deer were seen grazing about 200 yards further up the valley.

The deer saw us at about the same time we saw them, and taking the alarm, ran into a lot of bushes that were growing just at the foot of the mountain on the right. The captain halted us and told some of us try a shot at those deer. I and a trumpeter, who were riding just behind him, got off our horses to try this shot, and moving to the front, we began to load.

Our arms at that time were Sharps' carbine and Colt's army pistol, both of them .45 caliber; but as the pistol cartridge was a little smaller than the carbine cartridge it could not be fired out of the carbine except the way I fired mine this time.

I carried my cartridges, both carbine and pistol, in a small leather pouch, and being in a hurry now to load, I got hold of a pistol cartridge and did not notice it until I had it shoved into the gun; then, not wanting to waste any time in taking it out, I next got a carbine cartridge, and pushing it in, forced the pistol cartridge forward out of the way, then closed my lever. I knew that there would be no danger in firing the gun as long as both these cartridges touched each other. We were ready to fire now, and the captain told me to fire first; so kneeling on one knee, I took aim at the only part of any of the deer that I could see, a patch about as large as my hand, that showed through the bushes; I took it to be the shoulders of a deer that was lying down, but could not tell much about it; the bushes were thick there, and none of them were in leaf yet.

I fired, and two deer ran out and began to climb the side of the mountain. The trumpeter fired at them, but missed both of them. As we had seen three deer go in there, mine must be there yet; so the captain sent the trumpeter and a man up to get that one. The deer was brought in soon after, and I examined it now to see where I had shot it, and found that I had hit it just behind the right shoulder, and that the ball had not gone clear through. One of our packers who did our butchering for me opened the deer, and I started to look for the ball, but found the pistol cartridge instead. It was this that had killed him; the carbine ball had not hit him at all. The cartridge was in about the same shape now that it had been in when I put it in the gun, the only mark on it being a bruise on the point of the ball where it had struck a bone.

I was anxious now to find out why this cartridge had not exploded; it must have been struck right on the primer by the carbine ball when it was being driven out of the gun, and the only reason that I could think of to account for its not exploding was that the cartridge must be defective, though I had never seen any of them misfire. I determined to find out, so putting it in my pistol I took it down on the river bank, and taking aim at a tree, fired, and found the cartridge to be all right; there was nothing defective about it, and cutting the ball out of the tree, I kept it as a memento for years afterward, and was sorry now that I had not kept the cartridge. I told this story to an old hunter once, only to be told that I had better keep that tale to give to some tenderfoot; he had done too much shooting himself to swallow it. But I have given it here exactly as it took place. CABLA BLANCO.

ERIE, Pa.

Wild Celery.

NEW YORK, Dec. 11.—Wild celery does not produce seed, but must be propagated by roots or cuttings. It grows abundantly on the Chesapeake Bay, and our suggestion to parties interested would be to get some one in that neighborhood to collect some roots for them. J. M. T.

Georgia Quail.

HOTEL LITHIA, Tallapoosa, Ga., Dec. 16.—Chas. Sawyer, of Boston, just returned from a day's hunting with twenty-seven quail and two turkeys. Mrs. Sawyer got eleven quail. She had never fired a gun till last month. How is that?

The Range of Shooting Game.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va., Dec. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Naturally it gives us a satisfaction to read from the pen of one whose experiences and opinions harmonize with our own, especially in discussing disputed points.

Mr. Hardy's recent article in *FOREST AND STREAM*, "Moose Hunting and Small Bores," is packed full of sound sense and sensible theories, which gives it a place along with other of Mr. Hardy's writings in the pages of my highly prized scrapbook.

What deserves special mention in this article is that referring to the over-estimation of distances at which game is killed. Certainly no point in the narration of hunting experiences is so exaggerated as that of the distances shot. So common is it that we scarcely think of commenting when we read of some one killing game three, four or even five or six hundred yards; and many people with whom I have talked, and who have killed a considerable amount of game, scarcely ever mention any shot as being less than 200 yards, and anywhere from that up as high as their conscience will allow. Ordinarily I have a rule of my own of dividing distances thus given by about two, and then sometimes it is too high, as I have reason to know. I fully believe that three-fourths of the deer I have killed have been shot at less than 50 yards.

Certainly much of the exaggeration of distances is due to a lack of judgment in estimating distance.

It is human nature to try to reflect credit upon ourselves, for any achievements of our own, but just why the idea prevails that the longer distance at which game is killed, the more credit is due the shooter, is where I get lost. The true and original type of the American hunter is the Indian. Perhaps no race of people has ever existed which is their equal in woodcraft. From our first knowledge of them their whole time and ambition was devoted to the study of wild animals, from the standpoint of how they could most successfully capture them, upon which depended the existence of their tribes. Since an Indian then in his native state is the superior of all other people in hunting and woodcraft, he might be termed the ideal hunter, from whom we all could profitably take lessons. Who ever heard of an Indian boasting of a long shot?

The Indian's standard of a good hunter is not how far he can kill his game, but how close he can get to it, and when I read an account of a hunt where big game was killed at a short distance, I think, "That must have been a good, stealthy hunter to get so close." If the standard for good hunting was "How close can I get to my game?" rather than "How far can I shoot it?" much less wounded game would be left in the woods to die.

In speaking of Indians hunting, one of their singular customs has come under my observation of which I have never heard any one speak, and many may not know.

Some of the very best hunters among the Sioux Indians carry with them two small sticks about four feet long to use as a rest when shooting. They usually carry them in the same hand in which they carry their gun, and with wonderful quickness when they go to shoot they cross them a few inches from the end, lay the gun in the crotch thus formed, grasping the sticks with the hand where they cross, and resting the lower end on the ground, thus forming a sort of tripod, on which to rest their gun. It is amusing to watch the actions of expert Indian hunters as compared with white hunters.

If, while going through the woods, they suddenly come upon and startle any big game, and it gets out of their sight before they get a shot, instead of standing and looking regretfully after it as most of us would do, they dash off after it on a fast run, and generally manage to get a shot before it gets out of reach.

EMERSON CARNEY.

The Proposed Maine License.

THE annual meeting of the Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association takes place Jan. 7, when it is understood that the principal subject of discussion will be that of requiring all non-resident sportsmen, who hunt in Maine, to pay for a license to do so. The feature will be advocated by several noted game protectors, their argument being that the money is needed for the better protection of game and the propagation of fish. It will also be opposed by men of influence in Maine legislative affairs; possibly encouraged by the railroads and transportation people, as well as hotel and camp keepers, their argument being that a license fee will tend to keep hunters out of Maine. They will argue that hunting and fishing in that State already costs more than in Canada, where guides and board are much cheaper than in Maine. Those most interested will do well to remember that the Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association, although containing many leading fish and game protectors, as well as lovers of the rod and gun, and being an influential society as well, does not always carry every measure through the Legislature that it advocates. It eats a good dinner once a year at least, and talks a good deal, but does not carry through all the nonsense it proposes. Then again the Maine Legislature does not meet for a year, and matters and relations frequently change in less than a year, even in a State as full of laws as Maine.

The further restriction of the quantity of fish one may take in that State will also be a topic of discussion. A movement of that sort is needed very much, and will meet with the support of all reasonable lovers of the rod and reel. SPECIAL.

Long Island Ducks.

THE season has been a remarkable one for Long Island ducks. The fowl have been present in greater supply and for a longer period than has been known in any season in recent years. Practically every one who has been ducking on Long Island waters this season has got a good bag of birds, and the rule has applied to the whole length of the shore line.

Ducks at Orinoco.

A NEW YORK party returning from Doxey's, at Orinoco, N. C., report having had excellent duck shooting at that point. The fowl have been abundant this year all along the Carolina coast.

Shooting.

From the Nineteenth Century.

SOME little time ago I ventured to dilate on the joys of fly-fishing, and now would fain attempt to appreciate the pleasures of shooting.

But my pæan must be in somewhat a lower key. Shooting and fishing have each their own peculiar charms; and fortunately it is not often that the two compete. But no shooting can, in my opinion, vie in interest or in skill with a really good day's dry fly-fishing, or compare in excitement or emotion with a day's salmon fishing, in which salmon are hooked, played, lost and landed—days the anticipation of which causes one

"To go to bed and weep for downright sorrow
To think the night must pass before the morrow."

The fisherman is born, not made; few persistently fish unless they are keen. But among those who shoot every grade exists between real keenness and intense boredom. I have heard of one eminent statesman who, noblesse oblige, annually rearing his proper quota of pheasants and shooting his three heavy covert days, was on one occasion overheard near the end of the second day fervently thanking heaven that two days out of the three at least were over! On the other hand, it is related of another premier, Lord Derby, that having on one occasion gone down to Heron Court to shoot a wild swan, he was followed by a peremptory summons to town to deal with urgent dispatches relating to European convulsions. He, however, entirely declined to budge until he had shot his swan, a feat that was not accomplished until the third day.

Fish swim and feed in the same way that they did three or four hundred years ago; are caught to a large extent in the same way that they were half a century or more ago—the "dry fly" for certain trout, and some improvements in rod and tackle being the only innovations. But "shooting" as a science is scarcely more than a hundred years old. And during those hundred years the method of shooting, the weapon and its adjuncts, the system of cultivation, nay, even some habits of the game, have all radically altered. Thus the sport of shooting has no classic that can compare with that of fishing. Walton's masterpiece, published in 1653, remained a text book for three hundred years, and will be delightful reading for all time. Its nearest compeer is perhaps Col. Hawker's book "On Shooting," which came out in 1816. Brought up to date from time to time, this book was used and was useful as a text book for some forty years; but is now entirely superseded, and probably seldom read. And while much as regards fishing can still be usefully learned from Davey, Scrope and others of fifty or sixty years ago, for shooting we must go to the newest text book, to the Badminton Library, to the "Fur and Feather" series, to Payne-Gallwey's "Letters," or to the innumerable sporting books of the present day. These last have, however, one persistent fault, somewhat discouraging to a novice, namely, that the vicissitudes of sport are too much ignored, blank days are non-existent. The author or the pupil under the eye of the master always (in print) gets his right and left and the difficult bird back; rises and lands his salmon and trout, many and large. And if the sportsman is after big game—Selous, and the author of "Short Stalks" excepted—when the crack of the rifle is heard the beast (like Fennimore Cooper's Indian) invariably falls dead at his feet.

Out of some fifty pages of the "Gentleman's Recreation," published in 1770, descriptive of "fowling," only four are devoted to the use of "the birding or fowling piece." This weapon, though manifestly far less effective than the calls, nets, springs, strings and snares which are elaborately described, is recommended as probably more effectual than "lime rods and intoxicating baits for taking of fowl." "In using this weapon you should," says the author, rather shoot "not at a single fowl, if you can compass more within your level; and if on a tree, hedge or the ground, seek the convenientest shelter you can of hedge, bank, tree or the like, to be absconded from the fowls seeing you, which is very offensive to them; and being within shot and a fair mark lose no time, but let fly."

Hawker's book and diary of a hundred years later give a very interesting description of the style of shooting in vogue during his earlier years, and the difficulties under which it was conducted.

"Oct. 1, 1817. Had again to contend with many strong parties in the lawless part of Wherwell Wood and manœuvred so that I beat them all put together with only one brace of pointers. Considering the very bad breed of pheasants, this was one of the best days I ever enjoyed; bagged eleven pheasants, three partridges, and one hare."

"Oct. 6, 1817. Two partridges and four snipes. Tried the effect of the detonating gun at birds which 'duck the flash,' and found it to answer admirably by killing dabchicks swimming at a considerable distance."

"Oct. 7, 1819. Heard a cock pheasant, which now-a-days is like a wild beast on my property, and in half an hour came home with two fine old cock pheasants, I having found another with the one reported, and bagged them both."

Most of the shooting questions that troubled our forefathers have long ago been solved. For instance, as late as in his edition of 1844 the Colonel discusses at considerable length and with his wonted profusion of italics the question of whether or no "you should when a covey gets up, after firing the first barrel take down the gun and present it afresh." He recommends "another way as more expeditious; it is never to take the gun from the shoulder, till both barrels are fired, and thus the first as well as the second bird may be suffered to fly to a proper distance." He also argues that it is more expeditious and really safer to advance on a point with the gun cocked rather than as the "old school" advocated, "never allowing the gun to be cocked till after the bird has risen!"

Indeed, what a marvelous change has occurred in the development of the sporting gun in little more than half a century. First, the flint fowling piece gave place to the "detonator," that to the percussion gun, which in its turn was superseded by the breechloader. And here the snap has taken the place of the lever action, the hammer gun has given place to the hammerless gun; the pin-fire cartridge has disappeared; black powder has been entirely ousted by the numberless "nitros." Yet it is evident that with their flint guns built by Manton, the "king of gunmakers," their moleskin or cord trousers,

their blue or green coats, their stiff hats, their stocks and their shoes, their shot belts and their powder flasks, our ancestors enjoyed their limited sport as much as does the modern sportsman with his modified choke-bore hammerless ejector, his loader and his shooting stool, his knickerbockers, waterproof boots and tweed cap, his smokeless powder and his hecatombs of slain.

But still, in all this, as in everything else,

"The good of ancient days let others prate,
I think it lucky I was born so late."

Heavy bags, formerly a rarity, are now a commonplace. White, of Selborne, a hundred years ago, considered it reprehensible and unreasonable that parties of sportsmen should kill "twenty and sometimes thirty brace of partridges in a day." The largest bag that Hawker, in 1814, had ever seen bagged by one gun was twenty-three brace, working four relays of dogs. From such maximum totals as these, and proportionate ones for grouse, driving and preservation have developed the astonishing bags of 400 brace and more of partridges and 1,000 brace of grouse in a day, while pheasants have been multiplied a hundredfold.

Large bags and heavy days are pleasant—very pleasant, I freely confess, but the fashion of "big days" has no doubt to a certain extent spoiled the taste for small days. All the same, I am not sure whether some of one's pleasantest recollections are not connected rather with such days, in which companionship was not lost in a crowd, and in which the gratification derived from each individual shot was not instantaneously obscured by another. One special day, though long past, I still remember. An exquisite December day; a pleasant companion. A dozen driven partridges well killed, half that number of lovely cock pheasants, a rabbit and two woodcocks was all we shot. Curiously enough, I had seen both woodcocks running toward me, an unusual sight, and shot them as they turned back over the wood.

On the other hand, it is, I admit, pleasant to remember a brief—all too brief—succession of "rights and lefts"; or (to be marked with a white mark) the five grouse that with two guns were got out of a straggling pack, firing as fast as one could aim. Indeed, it is not the heavy bags so much as the really difficult and sporting shots that give the pleasure. Thus boisterous weather, though it reduces the bag, will, if fine, probably add to the day's satisfaction. Wind in moderation is always an advantage out shooting; rain is always an abomination, especially to those of us who are unfortunate enough to have to shoot in spectacles.

There are of course beastly days out shooting as well as delightful days. Fortunately, however, both fishing and shooting, one is disposed, I think, to recall the agreeable, to let the disagreeable fade from the memory. To forget the day when the rain poured, the chill wind blew, the birds went wrong, the beaters were possessed, and when one shot vilely; and to remember the lovely day, the masterly management, the obliging birds, the straight shooting.

The grouse (wrongly, as Yarrell says, called "Scoticus"; it should be "Britannicus") is, as we know, found nowhere in the world except in the British Isles—thrice fortunate isles. The "nut-brown" partridge is a delightful bird—well groomed, natty, cheery, with a cheery call, sporting, intelligent and spirited. It is indigenous to Great Britain, and is found also in other parts of Europe. The more gaudy Frenchman was first brought over at the time of Charles II.—perhaps one of the many Stuart intrigues with France. But it was not introduced in any profusion until near the end of the eighteenth century. Handsome as is handsome does, and it was soon found in those days when partridges sat to dogs that the propensity to run on the part of the Frenchman was bad for the dog, bad for the temper and bad for the score. And even now, in these days of driving, he is a poor creature compared to the English bird.

The pheasant, if not exactly indigenous, is certainly effectually naturalized; and though originally from the Caucasus, may, after a thousand or so years of acclimatization, be looked upon as truly British. Tradition has it that the pheasant was brought into Europe by the Argonauts! It was probably introduced into England by the Romans. It certainly preceded the Normans. "Pesant hen and pesant cock" appeared in King Harold's bill of fare. Thomas A'Beckett is popularly supposed to have dined off a pheasant the day he was murdered. In the time of Edward I. the price of a pheasant was 4d., while woodcock (it makes one's mouth water) were but three farthings a pair. Two hundred years later pheasants had risen to 12d., a piece and woodcock to 1d., while snipe could still be had at 3d. a dozen. As long ago as the time of Henry VIII. the pheasant, as it still does, apparently led to a "tip," though on a somewhat lower scale than now. "Rewardes for bryngyng of p'sents" appears in L'Estrange's "Household Book": "It'm to Mr. Ashley svnt for bryngyng of a fesaunt cocke and iiij. woodcocks ye XVIIJth daye of Octobre, in reward iiijd."

Personally, I should put grouse driving at the head—and well ahead—of the forms of shooting with which I am here dealing. "The water fowl are the subtlest of birds, and have the greatest regard to their own safety;" and so a wild duck is perhaps the most sporting bird that flies; and the sudden drop of its long neck as it falls headlong from a great height sends a glow of satisfaction through the shooter. But then, alas! how seldom does a day at duck come in one's way. Woodcock shooting, as such, I have never experienced. But the occasional woodcock,

"—when first he comes,
From his long journey o'er the unfriendly main,"

adds a distinct fillip to a covert day. Snipe, with their zigzag flight—"when I shot zig they flew zag, and when I shot zag they flew zig"—are good fun; but, though I don't exactly know why, they are not quite such fun as they ought to be. And, after all, in England snipe seldom or never constitute a whole day's shooting.

Why is grouse driving so enchanting? Nerve, judgment, skill, observation, decision, are essential requisites to success; and if there be a proper response, a call on any of these reserve forces has its distinct satisfaction. Keenness and desire have not yet been blunted; good (shooting) resolutions have been accumulating. The

dreary London pavement and the exhausted London atmosphere have at last been left behind. The gentle exercise refreshes the body; the lovely, far-stretching, bracing, limpid surroundings soothe the brain and rest the eye.

There you stand, waiting for the birds to come. At first somewhat careless and casual, the while guns are loaded, cartridges and paraphernalia conveniently disposed, sods altered, foothold trodden level and speculation indulged in with your loader as to the likelihood of the particular butt being a lucky one. Far away on the distant hill a tiny white speck or two mark the line of beaters; but all is as yet still and motionless. Suddenly a shot from a neighboring butt at a bird or a covey prematurely flushed by a flanker, puts every sense and nerve on the alert.

"But see our 'sportsman' when the steam is on,
And languid Johnny glows to glorious John."

Soon some moving black dots are distinguishable circling round in the distance or a flash of wings is caught as birds top a mound and disappear into the hollow. The heart beats rapidly, the gun is grasped more tightly, the foothold is made more secure. "Will they come to me—yes—no—no—yes—and no" again, as they curve up to the right and stream over a neighboring butt some way off. A grouse drops, and the quick eye takes in the fall of the bird an appreciable time before the slower sound of the shot reaches the duller ear.

And now it is "yes," and the fresh pack comes well over the butt, high and fast. A rapid and proper selection is made, the aim is straight and true—pleasure and satisfaction reign supreme. Or it may be—darkness and despair—that, flustered and indecisive, too soon or too late, the shots are taken, and the birds pass unscathed; or, worse still, one is seen to be wounded, but not unto death.

And so on through successive drives, each one differing from the last; each one (let us hope) with its satisfaction; each one (we may fear) with its disappointments. Yet we console ourselves by knowing that a fast-driven grouse is not an easy bird to kill; and that if it were always satisfaction and never disappointment, both shooting and fishing would lose much of their charm. After each drive comes the "pick up"—not the most attractive part of the day. Then comes luncheon, by no means the worst part of the day; and the little strip of paper is brought in on which is penciled by the keeper "Killed 179 grouse."

Partridge driving, too, is very delightful, but nevertheless it is tamer, roots instead of heather; more cramped, a scrubby hedge instead of a well built butt; less exciting, for the birds come swishing over you unannounced, and there is little of that preliminary view of the rapidly approaching bird, which adds so appreciably to the charms of grouse driving. On the other hand, while the grouse goes faster, he swerves less, and the partridge, as a rule, gives you a greater variety of shots. Further, it is less easy to judge where he will come; and when he does come, you have less time to make up your mind where you will take him. All this, and the fact that you are hampered with hedges, lanes, beaters and other guns, makes the average driven partridge, to my mind (though contrary to the prevailing idea), a more difficult bird to kill than the average driven grouse. In broken country, and in a high wind, it is another matter.

Walking grouse is also most excellent sport with the scatter gun and spike-tailed dog, which latter, as the arm chair student observed, has "been taught to indicate the near presence of game by pointing at it with his tail." It is, to my mind, the most sociable form of shooting; there is plenty of time for rational conversation. It is, too, a fascinating sight to watch the dogs, especially if two are working together, ranging and quartering, or drawing up to running grouse, which, with heads down and bent backs, are rapidly but invisibly creeping before them through the heather. Equally pretty is it to see the veteran drawing up to the doubtful point of the younger and less trustworthy dog; when, half hoping, half afraid, his tail instinctively stiffens, though the tip still dubiously vibrates. Then comes the definite point, the heart-beating pause, broken by the whirr of wings. Unless, however, the birds are very wild or the day stormy, the grouse rising to a point is, compared to the driven grouse, easy to kill.

The distant view, the gorgeous heather bloom enchant the eye. It is a varied scene—the picturesque little cattle, the active mountain sheep swinging their undocked tails; the blue hare lolloping along till out of shot, and then sitting up to observe the proceedings. The wheat-ear adds its splash of white, the mountain lark rises abruptly from the heather and drops as abruptly further on, the hawk hovers and swings away, the peewit settles not far off and rises hastily out of shot, a flash of black and white, the wily curlew, utters its half indignant, half complaining, penetrating call. "But, Lord!" as Pepys would say, it is hard work sometimes on a hot day early in August, when still out of condition; and an occasional pause "to admire the view" is by no means unacceptable.

Then there is the Covert day; and a revolution has taken place in the method of shooting the pheasant. In early days the pheasant was shot in the tree. "You must be provided," says one authority, "with a good spaniel that will range well about, and when he hath peached the pheasant, to bay soundly, which will cause them to keep the perch the better; then hearing whereabouts he is, make up to him as privately as possible, and having espied him (being at a reasonable distance) make your shot; and for your dog's encouragement, let him bring it you, and make much of him." Later, the pheasant was simply walked up in line in the woods or flushed with a dog out of the hedgerows and thickets. Hard work it was, too, with very little result; for instance, we read, "Breakfasted by candlelight, walked hard all day in a deluge of rain, bagged three cock pheasants; gloriously out-manœuvred all other shooters, came home very satisfied and dined off one of the birds."

This is all very well, yet a pheasant is surely but a miserable beast when he flusters up in front of you in the covert, and who, if you needs must shoot, falls before he has got under weigh, inert, a mass of feathers—utter waste of good material. Little better is he when he

sneaks out at the side of the covert and flies flopping with much beating of wings, low across the plow—often missed for all that! But what a glorious bird he is when he rises gradually above the trees, and coils high, fast, motionless and straight over the forward guns and falls crumpled up, dead as a stone. And what a sporting bird he is when, standing back, but little more than a glimpse of him is caught as he passes swiftly over the interval between the trees.

Pheasant shooting, as now practiced, is no doubt, from egg to larder, a somewhat artificial sport, and is much dependent for its pleasure and success on fine weather and some wind. Moreover, it requires no little care and management on the part of the master and keeper so to arrange the beats as to coax and coerce the covert-loving pheasant into obeying the directions conveyed to it up to the very moment it exchanges its legs for its wings. But lovely woods, autumnal tints, and autumnal freshness, glinting sun and ever-varying shades,

"Where the infant frost has trodden
With his morning-winged feet;
Whose bright print is gleaming yet,"

good companionship and fast-flying birds, make a combination singularly attractive.

Of course, in its earlier days, like everything else, the misnamed "battue" came in for its share of ridicule and condemnation. But the ignorant objection to the system has gradually diminished, and it has come to be recognized that the sport is one involving to a high degree both generalship and marksmanship. Indeed, a totally different view of game-preserving prevails to that which existed when "man-traps and spring guns" were legal, when men could be sent to Botany Bay for poaching, and which either to buy or to sell game was a penal offense. It is now recognized as a harmless amusement that gives pleasure in various ways to large numbers of persons; and which adds appreciably and gives variety to the food supply of the country. The "village constable, the village shoemaker, the village baker," no longer—as in the days of Sydney Smith's philippics—poach or desire to poach, though often enough, as beaters or spectators, they enjoy the sport. The individual poacher has practically ceased to exist. The poaching gang—promoted and paid by some Fagin of a game dealer—may still remain; but such enterprise neither deserves nor receives any public sympathy. And I am convinced of this (I speak merely as a sportsman), that the "Hares and Rabbits Act of 1880," anathematized as it was at the time, has tended, whatever its intention, to the salvation of shooting at a minimum of loss to the sport; the last visible and aggravating cause of hostility has disappeared.

In what does the pleasure of shooting consist? Not in the danger—though that is considerable sometimes. Nor much in the anticipation of the unknown—number and size—which is a large part of the attractiveness of fishing. Nor, as in fishing, on the individual contest between the intelligence of the man and the sagacity of the creature. Nor does the pleasure of a particular day depend entirely on the personal skill evoked—on how one shoots, though this undoubtedly constitutes a large element in the satisfaction, or the reverse. The pleasure must be largely due to the irresistible attractions of sport—the aboriginal killing instinct, as White, of Selborne, has it. To this must be added the outdoor exercise, the varied surroundings, the sociability of the sport.*

I doubt whether the art of shooting can be learned at all from text-books. "Shoot well ahead," you are told, an obvious truism. But how much? There's the rub. Our mentors talk vaguely or dogmatically of an allowance of feet and of inches at varying distances of yards. One old author, writing sixty years ago, lays it down that for a certain side shot at 30 yards you should, with a common (detonating) gun aim 4 inches ahead; with a percussion gun, 2 inches! And similar, though not equally precise, instructions are profusely showered on the beginner. Quite useless, for you do not carry a measuring tape in your pocket.

"I'm thinking you borrowed a good bit off that bird"—i. e., shot well ahead—is a cheering criticism to receive. To kill of two fast birds not the one aimed at but the one behind is a shock, but a useful lesson. The converse does not often happen to one, though I have heard it related of one of our first-rate shots who had been killing fast "Englishmen" in magnificent style in a high wind, that he missed successively three or four "Frenchmen" that followed—they were too slow, he shot ahead. On the other hand, I remember once being consulted out grouse driving by a man who could not understand why he always missed his birds. He gravely assured me that he had come to the conclusion that he was shooting too much ahead of them. That fault, at least, I was able confidently to assure him was not his nor any one else's failing.

It is very difficult to explain, I think, how one does shoot, for at least I speak for myself. I do not know exactly how I do shoot, or, speaking generally, why I kill or why I miss. As far as I can judge, except where the bird is coming straight at me, or is dropping abruptly away from me—in both of which cases, I think, there is a certain amount of deliberate aiming—I do not consciously aim; that is, I see nothing but the bird, and do not see the gun or the rib of the gun at all. The eyes, fixed on the bird alone, direct the brain how to instruct the hand, and will brook no intervention. Thus it comes about that occasionally the eye, intent on the rapidly moving bird, does not notice some intervening object—a rock, a tree, a branch—and the trigger being pulled at the moment, the shot is lodged, not in the bird, but in the intercepting object. This seemingly dangerous absorption applies alone, however, I think, to unexpected inanimate objects. Experience and memory are, or should be, sufficiently strong safeguards to prevent the

gun "following round," or the trigger from being pulled at a risky moment. Indeed, it is wonderful how quick and unerring is the observation of the brain out shooting. It is marvelous, for instance, how the eye, now busy with another bird, notes the fall of the first. Yet sometimes hand and eye are not quite in accord. A bird at which one is aiming may be seen to receive its death-blow from another gun, or again, one may apprehend that the aim is not true; and yet in neither case is the brain always able to instruct the hand sufficiently quickly to prevent the pull of the trigger.

Less than a hundred years ago, it was said of Norfolk—even then with a sporting reputation—that it contained but two good shots. Naturally the imperfections of the weapon rendered accurate shooting a matter of the very highest skill and calculation; and would probably have made the killing of the "driven" bird of the present day almost an impossibility. "As far as I can learn at Manton's and Egg's," boasts Hawker in 1815, "my having this wild season bagged fourteen double shots successively (walking), is the best shooting that has been accomplished in England." "The art of shooting," he says, however, in a later edition, "has of late been so much improved that, although but little more than half a century ago, one who shot flying was viewed with wonder, we now frequently meet with schoolboys who can bring down their game with the greatest dexterity."

Even within my own observation—now extending over more years than I care to remember—accuracy of shooting has very much improved. A "gun" who a few years ago would have been considered a fine shot would now be but one of the ruck. Bad shots there still are; some so shockingly bad that they would be encouraged with the remark, "You're not exactly hitting 'em, but you're frightening 'em more nor you were." But such are a diminishing quantity, and one has not so often to wonder "what on earth becomes of the shot." The fact is that more care is taken in the fit of the gun and the gun itself is handier and shoots better. Then the modern explosive carries the shot more quickly up to the object than ever did the old black powder, thus simplifying the aim, while the smoke no longer obscures the vision. The ordinary man gets, moreover, more shooting than he used to; and all these causes combined enable him to make better practice, though the bird itself has, in most cases, been made a more difficult object to hit.

What actually constitutes a "fine shot"? The proportion between cartridges and game killed is but one of the elements—any decent shot who counts his cartridges and therefore picks his shots will probably do as well. It is much more than that. Such a one appears to have an intuitive knowledge of the sport. He is always on the alert; never flustered nor over-prepared; always cool and collected. He knows where the birds are most likely to come; he obviously judges his distances rightly and takes his birds exactly at the most killing moment. He never "dandles" his gun, as does the poking shot, but handles it gracefully and swings free and loose. He fires rapidly, yet with judgment. He kills his birds clean and dead. He marks his birds accurately, and often those of his neighbor. Nay, he actually understands when the guns draw for places how to move up one or even two places, after each drive, without getting himself befogged in an arithmetical puzzle. He seems to vary but little one day compared with another, or one part of the day compared to another part—and, to be free of that disheartening dry rot that sometimes overtakes and depresses one. It is a real pleasure to see him shoot and to shoot with him.

There is much legitimate and laudable ambition in shooting as in other sports—to like to do well, to like to do better than another, to wish even to excel. Unfortunately, in shooting, perhaps more than in any other sport, rivalry often leads to jealousy, selfishness and want of consideration.* To "wipe the eye" of your neighbor—in earlier days less elegantly if more expressively described as "wiping the nose"—unless in the case of a bird coming directly from him to you, is best not done. To take other people's birds—unless done accidentally, and followed by a suitable apology—is a pernicious and temper-destroying habit. To kill birds (either inside the covert or elsewhere) which if left will obviously make a more sporting shot for another gun, may be within the letter, but is outside the spirit of the sportsman convention. And let us hope that, whatever may be your sins, at least the damning cry of "Let 'em rise!" will never be directed at you.

There is (to paraphrase the saying) a great deal of human nature in the sporting man. He is a wise man who knows his own birds; both to kill and pick up. He is a sensible man who is generous rather in leaving than in taking a bird. He is a companionable man who is content with the place assigned him, and who does not persistently suffer from "cursed bad luck" with the birds. If the sportsman be all this, he will also certainly be a safe shot, for he has observed much and learned much.

And, speaking of danger, it is a matter of wonder that far more accidents do not occur out shooting. It has been calculated that in the British Isles some 300,000 persons (of whom a quarter of a million take out either "game" or "shooting" licenses) shoot more or less in the course of the year; and it has been estimated that no less than fifty to sixty millions of cartridges are annually fired. Yet the accidents are few and far between. We have all had escapes; others perhaps may have had escapes from us. I have myself seen one fatal accident; I was nearby when another one occurred; the two within four days of one another. But the actual accidents, great or small, that have come within one's own observation or knowledge are, I think, extraordinarily and providentially few.

And yet we have, on the one hand, our dangerous and our careless shots among us; and, on the other, we have the loitering beater and the ignorant "stop," who so often manage to occur in the unexpected spot. "He shot round me," was the graphic description given me of a reckless shot—"he shot round me, he shot above me, he shot below me, he shot at me; I was, as I may

*Jealousy and rivalry are certainly sometimes carried to excess. The only remark—a fact—made by a "gun" who, in the middle of a splendid partridge drive, badly shot his neighbor, was, "What a—misjudge, I should have been cock score this time."

say, like the Burning Bush, 'in the midst of fire, yet not consumed.'" Lord Cardigan, of Balaclava fame, was once heard abusing his keeper for extravagance in using men instead of boys for "stops." "Beg pardon, my lord," was the matter-of-fact reply, "but your Lordship will remember that last year you shot down all the boys."

The biggest authenticated bag secured at one shot of which I have ever heard, consisted of one rabbit (the cause of the shot), one beater, one onlooker (a French cook), a boy and a dog. I once shot nine snipe at a shot—but this was in South America—they were on the ground, and they were shot for the pot. I have read of a sportsman (not Baron Munchausen) who shot a bumblebee and a butterfly, right and left; and indeed sometimes a large bumblebee does, for an instantaneous second, look uncommonly like a distant advancing grouse; just as, when on the alert for partridges, the fieldfares, breasting the hedge, often cause a nervous twitch of the gun.

Curious circumstances sometimes occur out shooting. A friend walking in line down a turnip field, saw a startled hare running fast and straight toward him up a furrow. He stood still, waiting for her to turn, but the hare, with its peculiar vision, did not see him and ran her head plump against his shin, killing herself and very seriously bruising his leg. We have all seen a hen pheasant (never a cock) frightened and confused, kill herself against a tree; and two flustered partridges out of a covey often hang blindly against one another, to the destruction of one or both. I once saw two trout do much the same thing. They darted simultaneously at my dry fly from opposite sides, knocked blindly against one another, and darted back each its own way, frightened and perhaps hurt. The same day I walked into a brood of half-grown pheasants. Up they got all round me, and the old mother hen, blundering along in a terrible fluster, knocked against one of the chicks and broke its wing.

I do not want to dwell on the dark side—and unfortunately there is a dark side to shooting. The sport may be "fun," but it has also its element of cruelty. A well-killed bird, it is true, suffers no pain; it has lived its little life, and its death is sudden and painless—a death to be envied. But the poor wounded bird—it is saddening to see, and horrible to think of.

It may be fairly said that the better the shot the less the cruelty; the worse the shot the greater the cruelty; and, humanly speaking, no one ought to shoot until he can shoot well. The good shot—unless wickedly tempted by his proficiency to fire very long shots—kills far more often than he wounds; the bird flies into the center of the charge. The bad shot, on the other hand, wounds as often as, perhaps more often than, he kills, for he catches the bird with the outside pellets, he hits it behind and below, and not in a vital spot. Moreover, he is more likely to misjudge distances, or on the off-chance of killing, to indulge in that gratuitous form of cruelty—the long shot. This comparison holds true, I verily believe, except when birds are coming at a terrific rate down wind; then, while the bad shot does not touch a feather, the good shot wounds a larger proportion than usual.

But though there be some cruelty in connection with sport, it tends rather to preservation than to destruction. The wild beasts of Africa—it is good news—are being brought under judicious and sportsmanlike regulations. And, thank heaven! however futile may have been the crusade directed against the thoughtlessness of feminine fashion, public interest has been awakened, and healthy public opinion has been directed toward the preservation of our rarer birds; and the wanton slaughter of the migrants and even of the hawks, the owls and the jays is becoming less gratuitous and less possible.

Though no doubt the aim and end of shooting is to kill, the sportsman ought not only to be a "shot," but an observer as well, a bit of a naturalist, a lover of birds. "What does the pony boy think about all day," asked a friend of mine of his keeper, struck with the figure motionless for hours, and wondering how the liveliest day was passed. "Thinking about?" in a tone of surprise, "awee! he's just thinking how best to lead his pony." But, while shooting, one can be thinking about something else besides how best to shoot—and will shoot with the greater skill and the greater pleasure from the powers of alertness and observation thus engendered.

And what interesting touches of nature come under observation. The wonderful instinct of self-preservation given to birds is seen to advantage. One notes the imitative coloring; the power of creeping invisibly and hiding unseen, where apparently nothing could be concealed, and any movement would betray. I once saw a striking instance of the power of concealment in a wounded bird. Shooting in Uruguay, I shot a duck, which fell wounded into some shallow reed-girt water. I had no dog, and diligent search failed to find the bird. Suddenly, by mere chance, my eye caught sight of the beak, the color of the reed, laid flat up against a reed stalk, exposed only as far as the nostrils, the whole of the rest of the bird being kept sunk under water. Then nothing is more graceful to watch than the flight, the soaring, the hovering and the swoop of one of the hawk tribe. I was told by a friend who witnessed the incident—and I would have given much to have been there—of an eagle which was seen bearing aloft a leveret. On a sudden, startled by the noise of a shot, it dropped the quarry, but before the leveret reached the ground, the eagle, swooping down like lightning, recovered its prey in midair.

Then the behavior of the game birds themselves; the varying calls and flights of the larger birds; the twitter of the smaller birds, their original and delightful little ways, give much to notice and to enjoy. The migrants, some coming, more going, induce speculation on the mysteries of migration, and on the fabulous rapidity of flight.

But an end of this. Old Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," truly remarks that, though sport may, on occasion help to "ease one of a grievous melancholy," yet that "some dose too much after it; they can do nothing else, discourse of nought else." So it was three hundred and seventy years ago—it stands true even now.

SYDNEY BUNTON.

*January 30, 1818. I had some very fair game shooting in Norfolk, though with parties (as is the unpleasant custom of this county and Suffolk), I kept no account of what I killed, which I seldom do on such days. Though I have never yet been beat by anyone in any country that I have ever seen, still, this style of shooting leads to a jealousy that I detest; and as I consider more than two guns a party for fun and society, and not a party for sport, I reckon all the game shot as much a general concern as a fox when killed by a pack of hounds, though certainly I killed far more than anyone else.—Hawker's Diary.

Calendar Time.

THIS is the season when catalogues—many of them beautiful and artistic and all of them useful—are issued in great numbers.

One of the most beautiful of those which have recently come to us, is that sent out by Messrs. E. I. Du Pont De Nemours & Co., of Wilmington, Del., which is commemorative of the hundredth anniversary of the founding of their business. The calendar itself, with its adornment of life-sized cock quail and woodcock, is beautiful, and not less interesting is the commemorative historical insert which represents the century, divided into four periods. These periods are illustrated by Perry's victory on Lake Erie, and by representations of the civilization period, the industrial period, and the period of to-day. Messrs. Du Pont De Nemours & Co. will, while the edition lasts, send these calendars to sportsmen who may apply for them, but will show preference to those applications in which postage to the amount of three cents is inclosed.

The Marlin Fire Arms Co. have issued a desk calendar, small and convenient, which is offered to any reader of *FOREST AND STREAM* who will send the Marlin Co., of New Haven, Conn., one cent to pay postage. The calendar is adorned with pictures of many wild creatures, and is very attractive and useful.

The Peters Cartridge Co., of Cincinnati, O., has issued a sportsman's calendar for 1902. It is adorned with various shooting scenes. The most striking part of the calendar is a series of circles made up of the heads of Peters rim and central-fire metallic cartridges, and heads of Peters shotgun shells. Between the outer circles and the next are excellent pictures of feathered game; between two other circles are the heads of furred game, consisting of caribou, cougar, moose, elk, deer, bear, antelope, and lynx. The center piece is the head of a bighorn, or mountain sheep. The heads of the cartridges are in gold. The calendar is handsome. It is the purpose of the Peters Cartridge Co. to distribute this calendar to the trade, whence it may be obtained by sportsmen. Those unable to secure it in this way may obtain one by inclosing six cents for postage to the Peters Cartridge Co., Cincinnati, or to the eastern office, 80 Chambers street, New York.

Wyoming Elk.

We are permitted to print the following extract from a private letter: "When I got over on Wind River, just after I left my friends, two men had recently been tried before Justice Green on complaint made by Chas. Yarnell for killing elk for their ivories. They found three large pairs on them, and in one place Mr. Yarnell found seven bull elk that they had killed, and from which they had taken nothing but the ivories. I think they were hunting in the section where I was, as I found one five-point bull killed not long before, and only the ivories taken. Well, the justice fined them and they left the country. So you see the game wardens were not very plentiful on the Gros Ventre and Black Rock, where I hear they killed these elk, and also on the Park timber reserve. If a man is a game warden he has got to ride and keep track of such men."

This is undoubtedly the case recently referred to by Mr. W. Worrell Wagner, and, of course, it is quite uncertain how much of this elk killing for their tusks is going on all the time. It seems clear enough that the work of game protection in Wyoming is inefficiently done, and it is certainly an economic mistake for the residents of that State to permit violations of the law such as are continually being practiced. An income-producing piece of the State's property is being taken by individuals instead of being preserved for the benefit of the State at large, an operation analogous to the pilfering of the State treasurer by a thief.

Game at the Boston Show.

BOSTON, Dec. 21.—More than 150 game animals, including deer from Germany and Africa, and several score game birds, among which are partridge from Armenia and Bulgaria, black game from Scotland, have already been received here for the third biennial exhibition of the Massachusetts Sportsmen's Association, which opens for a three weeks' run in Mechanics' Building on Washington's Birthday.

It is the intention of the directors to make the coming show broader in scope and more abundant in features than anything of the kind ever attempted in this country. Heretofore only the game of America was exhibited, but this time, unless well-devised plans miscarry, there will be a large collection of foreign game birds of the kind that promise well for reproduction in this country.

In order that the aquatic sports may be better conducted, the entire floor space usually given up to the exercise ring at horse shows, will be occupied by the artificial lake. The directors of the Association are Paul Butler, Eben D. Jordan, T. Jefferson Coolidge, Col. Butler Ames, Capt. S. D. Parker, John E. Thayer, Francis B. Crowninshield, Col. Percy Parker, Thomas W. Lawson, John T. Burnett, Samuel J. Elder, John C. Watson, E. J. Wardwell, Francis Skinner, Jr., Edward Read and C. W. Dimick.

Headquarters of the Association is at 216 Washington street. The manager is Mr. Charles W. Dimick.

Maine Non-Resident Tax.

Editor Forest and Stream:

What's the matter down in Maine? Are they really so poor? They do not seem able to pay for their own game wardens, and are thinking of seeking aid from others who are fortunate enough to go within their sacred forests. Commissioner Carleton thinks that the fishermen and hunters going to Maine spend \$3,000,000 in the State every year, and Congressman Powers places it at \$6,000,000. It is estimated that for each deer killed it costs the sportsmen \$200, and \$500 for every moose. The number of deer killed is variously estimated at from twelve to thirty thousand this year. And still they are

not satisfied. In fact, they are talking of jewing us down to the tune of \$10 license for every sportsman that enters their precious wilds. I am a landowner in the State, and have a camp on one of the lakes. I pay my taxes and camp license, but would rather sell out than seek the aid of brother sportsmen from other States.

To come directly to the point, it is an outrage, and should not receive the support of any Maine sportsmen.

The hunters and anglers from outside of the State spend about five times as much on their trips into the woods as the natives do, and nine-tenths of it is spent in the woods.

The thing for the Maine Legislature to do it to put commissioners in who are able to handle the situation. The same amount of money and considerably more brains would work wonders. Let them not antagonize the guides as they do. Rather work in harmony with them. It is done in other States; and can be done in Maine if they get rid of a figurehead or two.

POCKWAKAMUS.

The Elk and the Order of Elks.

THERE was published in our issue of Dec. 14 an article relating to the destruction of Wyoming elk for their teeth, to be used by the members of the Order of Elks. Mr. Wm. B. Mereshon, of Saginaw, Mich., sent this article to Geo. A. Reynolds, the grand secretary of the order, and has received in reply a letter in which Secretary Reynolds says: "Upon my return home I find yours of the 16th, inclosing a clipping regarding the wanton destruction of the noble animal from which the fraternity which I represent takes its name. I sincerely thank you for your interest in this matter and for your information will say that two years ago our lodge at Cripple Creek, Colo., took up this matter vigorously and caused widespread publication of their findings through the daily papers of the Western States, and also issued a circular to the several lodges of our fraternity, many of whom indorsed their action. The Grand Lodge of our order at the last session, held at Milwaukee, Wis., in July, 1901, also passed a resolution condemning the wholesale destruction of the elk, and our Western brothers said that they would take the matter up through the legislators of the several Western States and endeavor to have laws enacted for their protection."

Massachusetts December Snipe.

MILTON, Mass., Dec. 26.—On Dec. 17 I killed two English snipe near Milton, Mass. The marsh was entirely frozen up, with the exception of a small creek of running water. Is it not rather late for these birds?

A. W. MERRIAM.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in *FOREST AND STREAM*.

J. S. Van Cleef—A Tribute.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I never met Mr. Van Cleef, but felt acquainted with him through your columns. Every writer puts his own personality into his writings, and so before his readers. Whether intentionally or not makes no difference, the law holds. And often what one reads (or may read) between the lines is more important than the lines themselves. It is rightly claimed that the Scriptures contain "revelation by character in action." It is just as true that character in action constitutes a man's revelation of himself, and nowhere does the real self come out more clearly than in travel and in the scenes and experiences of camp life. So, when these are truly described there is a revelation.

Who, for example, could read Mr. Van Cleef's description of the Beaverkill in early days and the careful Sunday observance of those anglers who then frequented it and not feel the moral uplift of contact with those noble men? And here is just the point of greatest significance, the element of chief value, in Mr. Van Cleef's correspondence in your paper. His writings were wholly fine and reverent in tone. Such also were the characters with whom he loved to associate. They constituted good company, to which he introduced us, and I have been thinking that any sportsman—no matter how successful with rod and gun—who fails to grow thus fine and reverent in character, has missed the main benefit of life in the woods—is, indeed, by so much as he lacks in this regard not "a true sportsman." Is not the real standard of "true sportsmanship" right here rather than in the method of taking game?

I have often noted in your columns a strain from other writers similar to that from Mr. Van Cleef. This it is that makes *FOREST AND STREAM* welcome in so many homes. May that note always be prominent in the paper, and may it never lack correspondents who shall always write their woodland melodies in that key! We want to be worthy successors of Robinson and Van Cleef. It is incumbent on us never to write a line which passing across another mind will leave a stain. The characterization of Van Cleef may serve as a standard—wholly fine and reverent.

JUVENAL.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 30.

The Hearing of Fishes.

THERE are three phases of sense in fish particularly interesting to the angler. Their exquisite powers of hearing, seeing and their subtle, abnormal sensitiveness to atmospheric influence. With all our experience and study it is doubtful if we have arrived at anything like a full estimate of the acute sensitiveness with which fish are endowed. I devote this article to hearing. By hearing I must obviously be understood to mean their power of appreciating the vibration caused by sound, the conductor being either solid, aerial, or liquid. A day dawned some years ago when I said in my heart, "What an utter fool I have been all these years in not believing that fish could hear us talking!" It was a few days after Marconi suc-

ceeded with his first wireless message, and when the X-rays were booming. Those facts were a revelation to me, opening up channels of fact and theory with regard to many things beside my favorite pastime, which seemed to make my understanding stagger. But the subject in hand is its relation to sound penetrating water. What did the working of those astoundingly delicate instruments prove to us? Two things. That vibration is the one means of communicating impressions, and that neither solid nor liquid is any obstacle to its passage, although they may more or less retard it. The influence of vibration penetrates indefinitely. There is no extravagance in asserting that scarcely a limit can be set to which sound as well as light may not travel to a receptive faculty sufficiently adapted and sensitive to receive the impression. It all depends upon how far the conditions may or may not be favorable for its transmission. In man it detonates the ear drum, and in that way when we are under water we discover little intelligible meaning from sounds. But the same vibrations are undoubtedly received by the exquisitely sensitive hearing intelligence of fish—if I may use the term—in a different and far more impressive way. By intelligence I mean an instinctive recognition by their bodies of some disturbance, just as man recognizes a passing breath of air. It takes the form of feeling. I came to the conclusion that I would make a few experiments. Space for the relation of them at any length is out of the question. But here are one or two facts. A friend entered into it with me, and we bethought ourselves of certain well-known trout in our preserve which were "always there." Then we placed thatched hurdles a day or two beforehand, so that the fish might get accustomed to them in such a way that we could approach close to their haunts without being seen and watch the unsuspecting trout through a small hole cut in the straw. When one was not at home, the other generally was. My friend undertook the row-making, I the observation.

From the sound of a gunshot 500 yards away, which made our trout distinctly start, to the breaking of a twig three yards from the fish, which did the same, we tried all kinds of sounds, shrill and dull, and at varying distances, and the sum of our experiments convinced us of this—That our sensitively organized friends felt the displacements of molecules through ether, which we call sound, and the further vibrating disturbance through what we call water—which I verily believe conducts sensation to the fish as readily as glass permits the penetration of light to this paper—in proportion to the distances and the character of the sound, but that they did hear, or feel rather, and with incredible quickness, too, was conclusively demonstrated. What they heard and were not alarmed at I cannot tell, but when they were alarmed it was evident enough by the same kind of start they give when their chief enemy suddenly peeps over the bank. In only two cases could I discover actual fright, the fright that sends them down—a gunshot behind the hurdle, and a heavy stamp of the foot near by. It is noteworthy that the shrill sounds seemed to startle them most. For instance, a policeman's whistle at ten yards sent one out into the stream as if looking about for some source of danger, whereas a shout at the same distance caused no detected movement. Their way of shifting a little further from the bank when they have an inkling of danger is a very pretty side movement, well-known, no doubt. It seems for the purpose of watching the bank at a better angle. The common manner of showing their alarm was by a sudden quiver, sometimes followed by a sinking down an inch or two, as much as to say, "What's up?" I very much doubt if I ever crept up to my peephole without being detected, and yet I was careful, for, if you notice, a trout once on the qui vive gives no sign of alarm at a second movement or noise. Once prepared he is immovable till he suddenly darts off. You may throw your greatcoat at him, and he either braves it stolidly or bolts clean away. Five minutes' perfect stillness and they settled back to confidence, and then were again easily startled. I fancy the laws of refraction had something to do with it, and that even from the sky they sometimes perceived my movements. I had often suspected this before. Another conclusion: I believe they heard much they appeared not to. A sudden smack of the hands together, and there was a decided quiver, but a bird rattle, began very softly, and gradually brought up to its very loudest, and no notice seemed to be taken. But doubtless, like ourselves, however loud the noise, the gradient robs it of its startle. However fanciful it may sound, of this I am thoroughly convinced, that water is such an immediate transmitter of vibration to fish that they recognize sound from the air nearly as quickly as man. It is no argument to say we do not when in it. We have no need. Fish have. And because they have they are providentially endowed with supersensitiveness to that particular nervous influence among others. Man is absolutely obtuse in many of his senses compared to the lower animals. What is the range of man's eye, for instance, compared with that of the vulture? The frightened whale that kept spouting frantically puzzled Captain Preslow, but it didn't his Eskimos, who put the end of an oar to his ear till he heard what the whale heard, the propeller of a steamship. An hour after a thin, black streak from the steamship funnel appeared on the horizon, and accounted for the whale's uneasiness. If forty miles are nothing to a whale, why sit in your boat talking and laughing, upsetting your bottles and your brains, and fancy your fish forty yards away don't hear all of it! Neither is it any argument to say if they heard they wouldn't feed. That they feed while listening to your yarns only proves that they are hungry, and take risks, just as a bird will pick up your crumbs knowing you would catch him if you could.

I will hardly go so far as a friend of mine. A fellow-lover of quiet was one day fishing with me a favorite spot from a boat for pike. I had just said: "Now I believe we shall hit 'em." "Let's be off," he said suddenly. "Why?" I questioned. "Why! because you mustn't give your thoughts tongue like that. So-and-so and so-and-so have been here so often, and chattered so much, that every fish in the place knows the English language."

I claim no authority to inform. I simply draw deductions from certain reasonings and inferences from my own experience, and state them, more with the object of suggesting than the desire of instructing.—J. Berryman in *London Field*.

An Alligator on 'Change.

THERE are bulls and bears in every board of trade, but the New Orleans board is, perhaps, the only institution of its kind in the world in which a full-grown alligator has entree to the trading floor. Marc Antony has been a sort of honorary member of the New Orleans Board of Trade for fourteen years. He was a tiny chap, a mere baby, when he came into the possession of Henry H. Smith, secretary of the board. He was only eight inches long then, and was turned loose in the secretary's office and given the run of the building, where he spent most of his time dozing in cosy corners, whence he would frequently dart out and scare some nervous visitor to the verge of delirium.

His environment seemed to agree with him, and he grew like a country boy, until he is now over six feet long, and as grave and sedate as any member of the board. As Marc was born in captivity and never knew the joys of freedom, or of association with his kind in the boundless bayous and lagoons, he has few of the traits of the alligator in its native state. His countenance has acquired a grave cast, like that of a grain speculator on the wrong side of the market.

As Marc grew large he was placed in a cemented and inclosed area in the rear of the secretary's office, but as the door was frequently left open he would get lonesome and a yearning to mingle in the excitement on the trading floor would come to him, and he would crawl into the room. Even now, if the door is not kept closed, he will wander into the big chamber and appear to be looking at the market quotations on the blackboards. After a while, apparently satisfied with the condition of the markets, he will go back to his legitimate apartment and attempt to turn on the water faucet with his tail.

Some time ago there was a negro porter employed at the building who was very proud of the alligator, and was always anxious to put Marc through his paces for the edification of visitors, especially those from the North, where alligators are seldom seen. One warm day last summer two men from Boston drifted breezily into the Board of Trade. The porter saw an opportunity to exhibit his pet to an appreciative audience, and with all the dignity he could assume ushered the visitors back where Marc was dozing in the sun. After admiring the alligator's classic, saurian beauty, one of the men noticed there was no water for him to get into and remarked to the porter:

"I had an impression, you know, that alligators are amphibious."

"Amfibulous," said the negro, "w'y, boss, dat 'gator's as amfibulous as he kin be. He'd eat a man in a minnit."

Back in the alligator's private apartments there is a water pipe. When the water is turned on he will lie with every indication of being at peace with all the world. But unless the aperture of the drain pipe is closed the water runs off as rapidly as it falls. Marc learned long ago that to retain water enough in the gutter to get any sort of satisfactory bath this drain pipe must be closed. He evidently reasoned the matter out, and now when the water is turned on he closes the drain pipe with his tail and keeps the water in the gutter until he has taken his bath. If the water is not turned on when he thinks it should be, he tried to climb up to the faucet to turn it on.

He hibernates in the winter, and as soon as the northern winds begin to chill the air he crawls under the building and is seen no more until the balmy air of the Southern springtime lures him from his retreat. While he is doing the hermit act he neither eats nor drinks. But with the warm, lazy days of spring he emerges from his hermitage and takes up the old routine of life where he had left off months before. What the bluebird is to the Northern farmer, Marc Antony is to the members of the Board of Trade. When he appears in the spring they know that they may pawn their overcoats with perfect safety, for winter is gone.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Salt Water League Bills.

THE League of Salt Water Fishermen of New York will have introduced in Albany this winter two amendments of the fish laws, as follows:

Section 69. It shall be unlawful for any person or persons, corporation or corporations, to erect or to maintain any pound net or pound nets in any of the tide waters within the jurisdiction of this State, including the waters of the Atlantic Ocean within three nautical miles of the coast line of this State, the leader of which shall begin at a point less than one thousand feet from the shore at low water mark; said leader shall not have a mesh in size less than five and a half inches and the pocket of said pound net shall have a mesh not less than three inches.

Section 70. All persons and corporations owning, leasing or controlling any pound nets shall raise the pockets thereof on Saturday before the hour of noon, weather permitting, and said pockets shall remain so raised as to render them incapable of retaining any fish until the hour of midnight between Sunday and Monday.

Section 67. No person or persons, corporation or corporations, shall willfully take with purse or shirred nets in the manner in which menhaden are taken; any pogies, bluefish, weakfish, or any other kind of food fish in any of the tidewaters within the jurisdiction of this State, including the waters of the Atlantic Ocean within three nautical miles of the coast line of this State, either on his or their own account and benefit or on account or the benefit of his or their employer or employers; provided that nothing in this act shall be construed to prohibit the taking of such food fish as may be useful for food for the men employed in the operation of such purse or shirred nets.

Section 68. No person or persons, corporation or corporations, shall either on his or their own account and benefit or the account and benefit of his or their employer or employers render for oil or convert into any kind of fertilizing material any food fish so unlawfully taken.

Cousin Trout (*Leucisci pulchelli*).

Do you know the "Chivin" which is mentioned by Thoreau in his "Maine Woods" (1857) as associated with the brook trout of the upper west branch of the Penobscot? On page 53 of his book he speaks of a "shoal of white chivin (*Leucisci pulchelli*), silvery roaches, cousin trout, or what not." They had several local names, it seems. In another place he says: "Among their cousins, the true trout, took their turn, and alternately the speckled trout and the silvery roaches swallowed the bait as fast as thrown in." He instances individuals of both kinds which weighed 3 pounds. In the course of his narrative he speaks of having met with various species of *leucisci*. Will you tell me if these fish, so seldom referred to and so little known, are not a sub-species of *Coregonus*? I am not familiar with them, but assume that they have the

adipose dorsal fin, which would relate them to the trout. Or, are they cyprinoids, of the variety known in Connecticut streams as dace? The nomenclature of that early period cannot always be depended upon to identify specimens. As they grow heavy and take bait, it is well enough for anglers to become acquainted with them, and I hope you will look up recent ichthyology and establish their status.

CHUCK-A-LUCK.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Feb. 4-6.—Providence, R. I.—Rhode Island Kennel Club's annual show. George D. Miller, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Jan. 20.—Grand Junction, Tenn.—United States Field Trial Club's thirteenth annual trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.
Feb. 10.—Grand Junction, Tenn.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials. Theo. Sturges, Sec'y.

Self-Hunting Delights.

COLONY, Okla., Nov. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: A little incident of the prairie seen here recently seems worth telling of. A few days ago I was driving up the valley of Cobb Creek and saw a big red setter dog come over the hill and range the ground before him, and a little after a black setter came along the hillside below him. Both were hunting, and I expected to see a gunner following, but instead of this there came in sight a big black pup, which was working busily in the grass. In a short time it was apparent that the dogs were self-hunting.

After they had worked along for some little distance the red dog in the grass began to make game, while the black dog was ranging through a cornfield in the stream bottom, and much nearer the road. The pup was pottering along after the red dog. Suddenly the red dog made game violently, then pointed and an instant later started a rabbit, which he chased down toward the road—and the black dog—while the pup raced after, yelling with excitement. The black dog at once saw what was going on and raced across, endeavoring to cut the rabbit off, but as he could not see it on account of the corn stalks, he missed it—only by a little, however.

The rabbit, going at good speed, dodged along under a wire fence, which somewhat delayed the dogs, and crossed the road behind my wagon full thirty yards ahead of them. It disappeared in a thick patch of timber, with the dogs in hot pursuit, and the pup uttering despairing yells a long way in the rear.

While it lasted it was quite an exciting race.
KANSAS FARMER.

Dogs and Property.

THE following, taken from the Atlanta Constitution, sums up the result of a suit at Jackson, Miss., for the value of a dog as follows:

The second case on record in the Supreme Court of Mississippi wherein the railroad company is sued for the value of a dog was reversed and remanded yesterday, and the owner of the canine failed to get damages. The case was that of the Mobile & Ohio Railroad vs. W. R. Holliday, and in his opinion Justice Calhoun stated that a dog has no right to block a highway of commerce when it has an opportunity to get out of the way. The evidence showed that the canine in question had strayed away from home, met a train going in the same direction, took possession of the middle of the track and held it for a distance of about 500 yards in advance of the locomotive, being finally run down and killed. It was further shown that the engineer did not know the dog was on the track.

In a previous decision the Supreme Court made the celebrated ruling that "dogs are property," but Justice Calhoun now rules that there can be no presumption of value, and that the overwhelming majority of canines have no pecuniary worth, especially when they stray about.

Brunswick Fur Club.

THE Brunswick Fur Club will hold its thirteenth annual winter hunt at Barre, Mass., Jan. 6-11, 1902.

The club will make its headquarters at Hotel Barre, where the rates will be \$1.50 and \$2.00 per day, the latter price being charged for single rooms. The hounds will be comfortably kennelled close by the hotel, and fed at the expense of the club.

The annual meeting of the club for the election of officers and the transaction of other business, will be held on Wednesday evening, Jan. 8.

The week will be passed in fox hunting, and every lover of the chase will be heartily welcomed. All who come are urged to bring their hounds and aid in making this hunt one of the best ever held in New England.

BRADFORD S. TURPIN, Secretary.

ROXBURY, Mass.

All communications intended for *FOREST AND STREAM* should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Yachting.

Designing Competition.

IN view of the continued and increasing interest in yachting, a designing competition will be opened in the columns of *FOREST AND STREAM*. In America the yachting season is comparatively a short one, and such a competition as has been determined upon will serve to stimulate the interest in the subject during the winter months. The competition is open to both amateur and professional designers. Three prizes will be given for the best designs of a yacht conforming to the following conditions:

- I. A pole mast sloop.
- II. 25ft. load waterline.
- III. Not over 4ft. draft (with centerboard hoisted).
- IV. At least 50 per cent. of ballast outside on keel.
- V. 5ft. headroom under cabin carlins.

All abnormal features must be studiously avoided in the design; and the construction, sail and cabin plans should be of the simplest character. It was our idea in laying out the conditions of the competition to make them simple as possible, so as not to hamper in any way the designer, and yet convey to all that we wished to produce a safe, comfortable cruiser on which two or three amateurs could live with comfort for a period of two or three months and cruise along our eastern seaboard from New York to Halifax with safety. A centerboard boat of moderate draft was decided upon, as so many more harbors would be accessible to a boat of that type.

DRAWINGS REQUIRED.

- I. Sheer plan, scale 1in. = 1ft.—showing center of buoyancy and lateral resistance.
- II. Half breadth, scale 1in. = 1ft.
- III. Body plan, scale 1in. = 1ft.
- IV. Cabin plan, scale 1in. = 1ft.
- V. Sail plan, 1/4in. = 1ft., showing center of effort.

The sails should consist of a jib, mainsail, spinaker and balloon jib. No topsail will be carried.

A table of offsets and an outline specification must accompany each design. The drawings should be carefully drawn and lettered. All drawings should be made on white paper or tracing cloth in black ink (no colored inks or pigments should be used). The designs must bear a nom-de-plume only and no indication must be given of the author. In a sealed envelope, however, the designer should inclose his own name and address, together with his nom-de-plume. All designs must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York City, not later than Feb. 28, 1902. All drawings will be returned, but postage should accompany each.

The *FOREST AND STREAM* reserves the right to publish any or all the designs.

The prizes offered are as follows: 1st prize, \$25.00; 2d prize, \$15.00; 3d prize, \$10.00. Mr. Theodore C. Zerega offers an additional prize of \$10.00 for the best cabin plan. Honorable mention will also be made of meritorious designs.

Mr. Clinton H. Crane, of the firm of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, has kindly consented to judge the designs and make the awards. Mr. Crane's professional standing is so high that he needs no introduction, and every confidence will be put in his ability and fairness.

With the Night Coast Patrol.

The life station at North Scituate Beach, says the Boston Transcript, nestles snugly behind the breakwater and a re-enforcing ridge of beach stones which the tide has thrown up. Yet in the sixty-mile gale from the east it shuddered and seemed to crouch to earth as if fearing the awful uproar of the sea. The Thor-hammer blows of the breakers thundered almost on its walls, and the spindrift, torn in driving sheets of spray from the wave crests, spun itself into wool that fled shuddering inland and beat with imploring touch on the windows, as if seeking shelter. Foam-frothed green waves rolled high over the breakwater and gullied the ground to right and left of the station with cumbrous foam, but Capt. Brown, 60 years old, straight and strong, gray haired but keen eyed, faced the tempest without and watched the mist-blotted sea for what he hoped not to find, a vessel in distress.

He welcomed me, storm-driven and drenched, as he might have a shipwrecked mariner. "Most craft have had warning of the gale and run for shelter," he said. "You're the only wreck we've had so far. Come in. The boys are at supper."

Sturdy, square-shouldered, heavy-limbed men are these of the life-saving service. Picked for strength and courage, subjected each year, before going to their station, to a searching physical examination, they come to their work fit in every sense of the word. He who works well eats well. The Government "finds" the coast guard in shelter, fuel, light, raiment and appliances for their work, but they have to provide their own food, and right well do they do it. A royal dinner I shared with the six surmen, a jovial crew. Two were just in from the beach patrol to the north and south, two more to go out after supper for a six-mile struggle with the surf and the roaring gale, while the other two went in their places at 8 and 12 and 4 the next morning. Yet little recked they of danger and discomfort past or to come. Before them was the table, loaded with steaming viands, and they made the most of it.

After dinner, Dick and I, rubber-booted, clad in oil-skins and sou'westers, stepped from the station door into the pulse of the gale, Dick to make the usual sunset patrol trip north to the box at the Glades Point, I to go with him as far as I could. It was already dusk, and the mist of the storm shut off all but a brief view of the sea. It was time for low tide, but the great shoulders of the hurricane pressed the water high upon the beach, and toppling combers rode over the sea wall and with the foam sent sand and salt spray singing inland and cutting our faces. We struggled northward, a little back from the crest of the beach where the high-running surf made travel difficult as well as dangerous. Rows of beach cottages gave us partial shelter, and we paused behind

DON'T SHOOT

Until you see your game, and
see that it is game and
not a man.

the Mitchell-house at the end of the row where there is a break in the sea wall allowing entrance to the beach with carriages in fair weather. Now there was no beach, but a swirling, thundering mass of foam, extending to the mists which shut off the horizon an eighth of a mile out. A group of bath-houses nestled here far above the ordinary water-mark. Already the foam of the breaker swirled around them, but, large and strongly built, they stood firm.

"Guess they'll ride it out," I shouted in the ear of my companion. But he shook his head.

"Summer people haven't any idea of what it is like down here in the winter," he said; "them's Miss Tridner's bath houses, and North's and Sumner's. They built 'em big and strong and put 'em way back, but it ain't no use. The next high tide will get 'em any way with this gale on, but it looks as if they wern't going to wait for that." A sweep of his arm showed me a great can buoy torn from its mooring on some shoal, riding in from the sea. Eight feet by four, built of heavy-riveted boiler iron, with a 500-pound shot hung to its foot and dragging a chain of 10-inch links, it bobbed and danced like a cork in the foam. Then a mighty roller caught it and sent it hand-springing up the beach. Its dragging chain swung like a whip and ripped the foundation posts from beneath the bath houses with a single blow. The receding surge of the great roller lifted them and they sailed majestically out to meet the next great wave, exploded under its lifting rush, and were flung in shattered fragments at our feet.

A mile further on the Glades' rocks shoulder back the sea and rise twenty to fifty feet above its level. On the summit of these the gale hooted and roared to the diapason of the surf that made the solid ledges tremble and sent the white water whirling around where we stood leaning desperately against the tempest. Dick grasped my arm here and pointed seaward. I looked, expecting to see the form of a vessel in the gloom, but it was better than that. A slant of wind seemed to have lifted the smothering mists far out.

There may have been a brief break in the western clouds, for a glow of sunset light shone through and lighted up a scene of tumultuous glory. At our feet lay the inner Osher rocks, beyond them the outer Oshers, then Chest ledge, the Willies, and Minot's beyond all, with the lighthouse looming gray in the gloom. From our feet to the light, three miles away, the foam spread a writhing, surging surface that showed no sign of dark water, no color but white. Now and again the white tumult leaped about Minot's light as a dog jumps about his master, clear to the lantern and sent masses of white spray wreathing the tip of the dome above, 105 feet above tide water. What of the light-keepers in this quivering tower? With the storm shaking their home like a reed in the wind, with the granite beneath them fairly leaping under the blind crash of seas, could men still pursue the even round of routine duty?

A white flash shot from the tower and winked a wide white wink at me, then with its eye glowing dull red meantime Minot's flashed an answer in its number, one, four, three. Twice I got the signal, then mists shut down again for the night, a gust smote us with spray, and we took refuge behind the summit to leeward for a brief space.

Here I left Dick to go the balance of his way over the storm-beaten ledges to the key post a mile beyond at the tip of the Glades, crawling in spots on hands and knees, peering and listening ever seaward, watching with devout care that no ship might be in peril, and he passed by the coast guard, while I fought my way back to the station alone. It is only thus that one realizes the terrors that beset the patrolman's path.

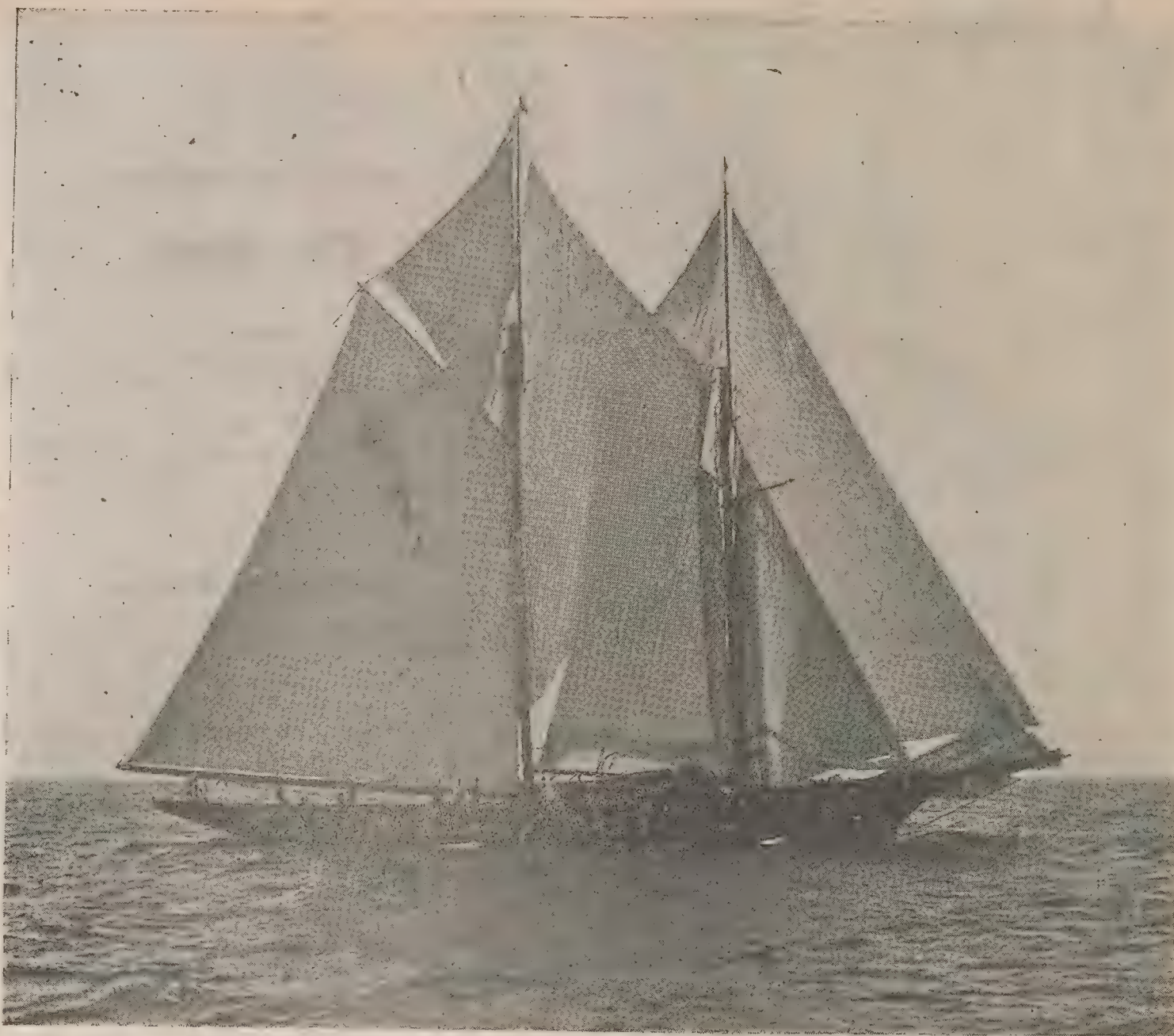
Big Jack Murphy, the No. 1 patrolman who has been with Capt. Brown since the station was established fifteen years ago, was the man to take me with him on the 8 to 12 watch to Scituate harbor, the worst beat on the Atlantic coast. It lies most of the way along a pebbly ridge thrown high by the surf, with low, flooded marshes between it and the highland a quarter-mile inland. The patrolman must make his way along this ridge. On the sea side the surf jumps at him. If he turns shoreward drowning awaits him on the marsh. Jack took his patent torch in his inside pocket, his lantern in his hand, his watch swung over his shoulder by a strap, and we sallied forth. There was a half mile of beach cottages set on the pebbly ridge. The rising waves hammered at their piazzas; from house to house we dodged and then made the open ridge beyond which whirling streamers of kelp tangled our feet. Every now and then the lantern went out and Jack lighted it again with much care. There were times when we had to go without its light and did not do badly, for though the clouds were dense there was a full moon behind them. Jack watched the sea with care and scanned the surf continually. It was enough for me to do to watch Jack and keep the path that he found safe. A wild and eerie place was that ridge; ghosts seemed to spring up from the sea and flutter across to drown in the marsh; once things blew by me in the gale, brushing my shoulder with goblin-like cries, and I clutched the big surfman's arm, but he leaned his face to my ear and yelled in it the single word, "Brant," and I knew. A half-mile further and a single cottage stood alone. No words can picture the desolation of this cottage in that winter gale. The road that led to it across the marsh was a fathom deep under water. The wind sobbed and screamed about its eaves and the surf sent tons of pebbles slamming against its front and rending its walls. Behind it we rested a bit.

"Unless we get a slant of wind by midnight," shouted Jack to me, "this house will go. So will those others up the beach. They can't stand this hammering. You want to watch out sharp on this next half mile. It's the stony path, and it's no good place to be in daylight, let alone a night like this."

The stony path is strewn with boulders the size of a cask. It lies low and is swept by the sea, while the flooded marsh waits behind it to drown you. It was a case of scramble, wade and dodge here. Scramble over the boulders, wade the smaller waves, dodge the big ones; and in the middle of it the patrolman stopped short.

"What in God's name are you stopping here for?" I tried to yell to him, but the wind stopped my mouth like a gag.

He peered seaward intently, then drew his torch from beneath his oilskins, struck the handle sharply, and held



ENDYMION.

Photo by James Burton, New York.

it up. A red flame sprang from it, burned in spite of wind and deluge of rain, and lighted up a little space with its glare. I did not know what Jack saw, but what I saw was a most enormous white wave rolling majestically landward straight for us. High over its fellows it reared, and it bore on its front a dark line. Jack saw it soon after I did, and holding his torch high with one hand he seized me by the collar with the other and dragged me back far enough, but none too far, for the great wave surged nearly to our waists as it frothed by, and only by bracing against the boulders could we prevent going back into the undertow. Then I saw what the dark line in front of the wave had been, for it struck the highest boulder on the stony patch with a ranting crash and rolled over into the marsh a floating log riven from stem to stern by its impact with the beach.

When the stony path was trodden and we had reached shelter again, Jack spoke. "I think it was a fisherman, bound in," he said. "They don't show very good lights, but whatever it was she was too near shore. She tacked out all right when I showed the flare. The log? Oh, they come once in a while that way. You can't look out for them very well. We wouldn't have seen it at all if the flare hadn't been burning. If they miss us it is all right, we've nothing to say. If they hit us we can't say anything. Come on."

We reached Scituate harbor after a while, passed the wrecked pilot boat Columbia, thrown high upon a beach cottage three years before that very night with all on board drowned, and dodged through the surf to the disused lighthouse at the foot of the breakwater. Here Jack watched the sea long and earnestly. "Since the big storm three years ago," he said, "the Fourth-Cliff men can't get up here. The sea washed out the beach so they can't get north of their station. It isn't our beat, but I always watch here as long as I can for fear something might go in just below the harbor and I'd miss it."

Nothing could show the simple, earnest faithfulness of the life-saving service men better than this. This was not in his district. No watch was required of him below the harbor. Yet he put in what time he could spare here in the tempest and desolation lest some ship be in distress and escape his vigilance.

While we watched, the surf cast something up at our feet, then snatched it away and played with it. Jack gave a great start at sight of this great object. He watched it in the dim light narrowly, then with a sudden agile rush into the breakers, a gripping of his feet on the beach against a whelming swell, and a surge back to safety again, brought it in. Then he laid it at my feet, lifted up his head and swore. The thing was limp and draggled. It had legs and arms and hair. But it was only the simulacrum of a man, an image that the sea had deftly rolled of seaweed, a kelp kelpie, cunningly fashioned to tempt the surfman within reach of the surf.

"That sort of thing makes you mad," said Jack. "You can't pass it, for it might be a man. You would hate to find it one, yet when you take chances on your life to bring it in and find it's only a bunch of seaweed, it makes you swear because it isn't. Come on, we'll be late back at the station."

Endymion.

The splendid photograph of Endymion that appears in this issue was taken as she came up Lower New York Bay on the day of the second race between Shamrock II. and Columbia. She was greatly admired by the thousands of spectators on the excursion boats that were going down to the race as she swept along with all her light canvas drawing. This famous schooner now has a world-wide reputation as a cruiser, and her record time from Sandy

Hook to the Needles was thirteen days fifteen hours and forty minutes. A complete description, together with her cabin and sail plans, appeared in our issue of March 9, 1900.

50-Foot Cruising Schooner.

THE extreme type of lightly built racing yacht has caused considerable reaction in the designing and building of yachts during the past few years, and yachtsmen are to-day looking for more wholesome and substantial craft in which to do their racing and cruising. The accompanying plans of a 50ft. over all cruising schooner are of a very interesting little craft. She was designed by Mr. Charles G. Davis, of Bayonne City, N. J., for Mr. D. McLewis.

The design shows a boat of great power and stability, but still she should be driven at good speed by the small sail plan. The schooner rig was chosen for its handiness and snugness in bad weather. The fore topmast has been dispensed with—a very sensible move.

Every pound of ballast will be stowed inside under the floor. This is done as the designer has found that inside ballast is more beneficial in wide, shallow boats, and gives the advantage of being able to remove it when laying up for the winter or jettison in case of getting aground.

The owner had the interior laid out to meet his own views. There is 5ft. 8in. headroom under carlins. Mr. McLewis, the owner, having cruised for several consecutive years on the Gulf of Mexico, and knowing full well the peculiarities of that sheet of water, where the neighboring rivers are shallow and the seas off shore are short and steep, the boat's draft was limited to 2ft. 6in., and she was given considerable freeboard. It was very essential that the boat should be able to claw to windward in good shape to make her of material use in navigating the narrow channels of the rivers, where only short tacks could be made. Her centerboard has been arranged by her designer to lower 2ft. at the forward end, as well as dropping at the after end like the ordinary board.

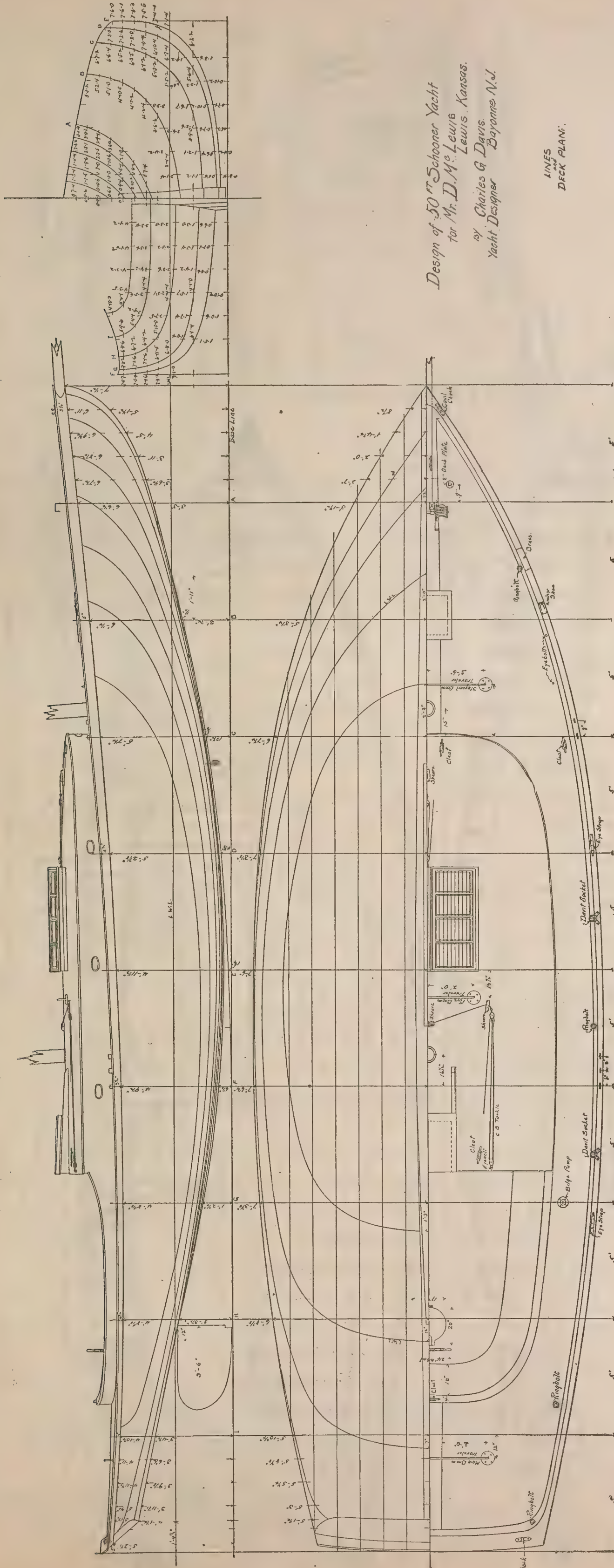
The yacht is now being built by the Tampa Steam Ways, of Tampa, Fla., and every effort is being made to complete her in time for her owner to get some winter sailing. Her dimensions are as follows:

Length—		
Over all	50ft.	1in.
L.W.L.	33ft.	0in.
Overhang—		
Forward	8ft.	1in.
Aft	9ft.	0in.
Breadth—		
Extreme	15ft.	0in.
L.W.L.	14ft.	3in.
Freeboard to Top of Rail—		
Forward	5ft.	0in.
Aft	2ft.	10in.
Least	2ft.	6in.
Draft—		
Extreme	2ft.	6in.
To rabbet	2ft.	2in.

The plans and the specifications which follow are so complete that little description is necessary, and when the boat is finished she will be a very solidly built and perfectly fitted little ship. The sail and spar plans, as well as a detail of the centerboard, will follow in the next issue.

Hull Construction.

Keel—to be a clear, sound timber of maderia 8 x 16in. moulded as shown on plans with rabbet cut in it for garboards and dovetail notches mortised into it for heels of frames and floors at least 1 1/4in. deep. To be scarfed



Design of 50' Schooner Yacht
for Mr. D. M. Lewis
Lewis, Kansas.
by Charles G. Davis,
Yacht Designer

LINES
and
DECK PLAN.

FIFTY-FOOT CRUISING SCHOONER.—DESIGNED BY CHARLES G. DAVIS, 1901.

to stem and riveted with $\frac{7}{8}$ in. galvanized iron bolts clinched on rings. Aft to have deadwood bolted down on top of it with $\frac{7}{8}$ in. galvanized iron through bolts. A slot for centerboard 4in. wide the length shown on plans to be cut through keel.

Stem—to be of maderia sided 6in., moulded as per plan, and fitted to keel with a lock scarp. Frames to be boxed in and rabbet cut for garboard. Face of stem outside of rabbet to be pointed off on angle of planking to within 1oin. of deck, where it is to be left square for gammon iron to rivet to.

Deadwood—of maderia sided 1oin. and tapered same as keel. To have rabbet and mortises cut to receive the heels of frames same as keel. Sided 1oin. and moulded 6in. of maderia.

Stern Timber—to be securely bolted down on top of deadwood with the same bolts that go through keel and deadwood, to be rabbeted for plank and mortises cut for frames.

Stern Post—of maderia sided 4in., moulded as per plan. Hollowed on after end to receive the rudder post to be let through keel where rudder port is to be cut. Secured to deadwood and keel with $\frac{3}{4}$ in. galvanized iron drift bolts.

Rudder Port—to be built of 2in. yellow pine, riveted to stern post and a false post aft of it that is mortised into stern timber. All seams caulked, payed and puttied.

Centerboard Case—to be built as per plans. Posts to be of 4in. maderia, both set vertical and doweled to keel with maderia dowels. Trunk logs 3in. thick and 12in. in depth, bolted to keel and posts with $\frac{3}{4}$ in. galvanized iron rod clinched on galvanized iron rings. A strip of canton flannel payed with white lead to be laid between keel and trunk logs and up each side of the posts. Sides of case to be built up with 2in. yellow pine, doweled together with $\frac{3}{4}$ in. galvanized iron.

Stop Waters—of white pine, to be bored for and driven in through all seams that cross the garboard seams, and wherever else is necessary to insure a tight seam.

Transom—to be of 2in. yellow pine, backed inside with maderia. Moulded as per plan with edges rabbeted to receive plank so no ends show on face of transom. To be secured to stern timber by a natural crook knee of maderia and riveted with $\frac{3}{8}$ in. galvanized iron rod.

Plugs—All fastenings that show on the outside of hull to be countersunk at least $\frac{1}{2}$ in., and plugs of maderia or yellow pine, as the case may be, dipped in paint and tapped in. In all varnished work plugs to be dipped in glue.

Frames—to be sawed out of selected grain maderia 3 x 3in., spaced 16in. apart on centers. Properly beveled and riveted together if gotten out in parts. Bevels changed between frames Nos. 19 and 20, an intermediate frame between frames Nos. 10 and 11, and another between frames Nos. 22 and 23 for chain plates to rivet to. Heels to be cut dovetailed.

Floors—to be riveted to the after side of frames Nos. 1 to 19, and forward side of Nos. 20 to 27. To act as a key to lock the dovetailed heel of the frames into the dovetailed mortises, cut in the keel as indicated at frames Nos. 24 and 25. Mortises cut in $1\frac{1}{4}$ in. deep. Size 3 x 2in. sided, maderia.

Clamp—of yellow pine $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. sided by 6in. moulded, to be sprung in against inside heads of timbers level with line of topstrake. Nailed to frames at upper edge and secured along lower edge by $\frac{5}{8}$ in. rivets or galvanized iron carriage bolts and nuts with heads let in flush on outer face of frames, and going through frame clamp and shelf. Clamp to be worked in one length if possible.

Shelf—of yellow pine 2in. sided, 3in. moulded, worked in one length and riveted to lower edge of clamp so as to form a ledge for deck beams to land on.

Breast Hook and Quarter Knees—of maderia, to be fitted as shown on plans and securely riveted with $\frac{5}{8}$ in. galvanized iron rod.

Bilge Clamp—of yellow pine 2 x 5in. in one length, riveted to each frame with $\frac{1}{2}$ in. galvanized iron rod.

Deck Frame—as per plan, beams to be of yellow pine, planed smooth for painting, $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. moulded by 2in. sided, cut with a crown of $\frac{3}{4}$ in. to the foot. Extra heavy beams worked at aft end of cockpit, where there is a 3in. one. Aft end of cabin a $4\frac{1}{2}$ in. beam. Forward end of cabin a 3in. one, and just forward of this a 4in. one, at aft side of mast partner with a 3in. beam at forward side.

Sill—Heavy fore and aft sill pieces 3 x 4in., let into heavy beams at each end of cabin and cockpit, and toe nailed to same. Ends of short carlins all dovetailed into sills, and outer ends of all carlins and beams spiked to shelf with $\frac{3}{8}$ in. galvanized iron. Sill to be drawn in and held with tie rods of $\frac{5}{8}$ in. galvanized iron, as shown, riveted on rings through shelf and clamp before planking is put on.

Hanging Knees—to be worked in and riveted to forward beam at fore mast, heavy beams at forward and aft ends of cabin and cockpit.

Breast Knees—also worked in as shown on plan at heavy beams and securely riveted with $\frac{1}{2}$ in. galvanized iron. All knees to be natural crook.

Deck Circles—to be cut out of $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. yellow pine and bolted in.

Mast Partners—to be riveted in between beams as shown on masts.

Filling Pieces—as indicated on plans, to be worked in between beams under seam, where deck plank will meet partner planks. Where travelers go through deck, at davits and at bitts.

Planking—Face of frames to be first faired up so there be absolutely no shims required to pad them out to the plank. Plank to be worked in narrow strakes and hollowed on the inside to fit frames aft in overhang. To be worked without butts, in single lengths, with a good caulking seam. All fastenings to be of galvanized iron bored for before driving in. Heads countersunk and holes plugged. Planking to be of clear-grained, long-leaved yellow pine. All loose knots reamed out and holes plugged.

Covering Board—of yellow pine, in one length, 5in. wide, $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick, steamed at bow end and bent to shape of edge of boat.

Pardner Planks—of yellow pine, $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick, to be fitted in center of fore and aft decks, galvanized, nailed to beams and filling pieces with holes plugged.

Deck—to be of white pine, $1\frac{1}{2}$ x $1\frac{1}{2}$ in., laid with the sweep of the side, with edge grain up. Nailed to beams

with $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. galvanized iron nails, heads sunk $\frac{1}{4}$ in. and holes plugged.

Caulking—seams of planking to be caulked with cotton, well rolled, deck with several threads of cotton-wicking twisted, then seams paid with white lead well rubbed in and puttied.

Limbers—A half-round limber to be gouged out of each frame and floor just clear of the keel or deadwood, and a corresponding quarter-round plowed out of garboard so the two leave a good open limber hole for bilge water to drain to pumps.

Rail Stanchions—to be of maderia, $2\frac{1}{4}$ x 2 in., let through covering board alongside every other frame and riveted to same. To vary in height fore and aft as rail tapers toward the stern.

Rail—to be of maderia 4 x 1 in., half-round on each edge, let over the heads of stanchions.

Bulwark—to be of $\frac{3}{4}$ in. yellow pine, nailed to stanchions, with scuppers $\frac{1}{2}$ in. high left under same aft.

Frame of Cabin House—to be of $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. yellow pine well bolted together, with lodge and hanging knees as indicated. Companionway framed in after end and frames for cabin windows where shown.

Cabin Beams—of yellow pine, $2\frac{1}{4}$ x 2 in., cut with a crown of $\frac{3}{4}$ to 1 in., chamfered on lower edges and spaced as shown on plans.

Large Cabin Beams—4 x 4 in. and 3 x 3 in. at main mast, etc., as shown on plans. Kneaded with breast and hanging knees of maderia.

Skylight and slide hatch to be provided for as per plan.

Cabin Top—to be laid of matched (tongue and groove) white pine $\frac{7}{8}$ in. thick, with tongue and groove worked close to underside. Nailed into beams with flathead nails. Heads countersunk and puttied. Top planed off and painted lead color, then covered with canvas No. 10 oz., sized and painted two coats of color.

Skylight—to be maderia 4 x 4 ft. inside. Top movable, so skylight may be set to open either way. To have four glass lights $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thick in each side, protected by a brass rod grating over same. Fitted with quadrants for holding lids up.

Side Lights—Six brass side lights in cabin to be fitted three on each side, as shown. Size of opening in lights to be 4 x 7 in.

Companion Slide—of maderia to be fitted and made perfectly watertight.

Bits—of maderia 2 x 5 in., to go through deck and be kneed to keel. To be set 4 in. apart at deck, where they go through a maderia filling piece between deck beams.

Cabin Sides—to be of $\frac{3}{4}$ in. white pine boards bent around on the outside and stayed up on the inside with $\frac{3}{4}$ in. cypress staving.

Mouldings—A $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. yellow pine half-round moulding to be nailed around edge of house over end of canvas, and a quarter-round where cabin side joins decks.

Centerboard—to be 3 in. thick, of the shape shown on plan. Top and bottom boards of same to be of maderia, balance of yellow pine, riveted together every 18 in. with $\frac{7}{8}$ in. galvanized iron rods. To be scored on bottom edge, and forward and aft edges to take 1 in. round iron rod, which is spiked on every 9 in. with $\frac{3}{8}$ x 4 in. spikes. This rod to have an eye welded into forward end for hoisting board. Straps as shown on plan, after one for hoist, forward one to slide up and down behind a slide, screwed and riveted to hanger as shown on plan. Hanger makes it possible to remove centerboard when afloat by removing three bolts and lifting hanger off of the permanent bolt shown at forward lower end of case, then dropping whole out of the case. Edges of board to be beveled off to thickness of iron rod 1 in. Board carefully planed off, sandpapered and painted before being shipped.

Cockpit Floor—of $1\frac{1}{2}$ x $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. white pine, same as the deck, laid on beams $2\frac{1}{2}$ x 2 in., with slant of $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. aft, so water will drain to two $1\frac{1}{4}$ in. lead pipe scuppers cut through aft end of cockpit and flanged over on outside of plank under overhang.

Coaming—to be built up the same as cabin side, with $\frac{3}{4}$ in. white pine bent around outside and $\frac{3}{4}$ in. cypress staving inside, capped with an oval-shaped cypress cap rail.

Seats—in cockpit to be built in 16 in. wide of cypress.

Fore Hatch—20 in. square, to be framed and built where shown on plans, of maderia, fitted with all necessary hooks, hasps, etc.

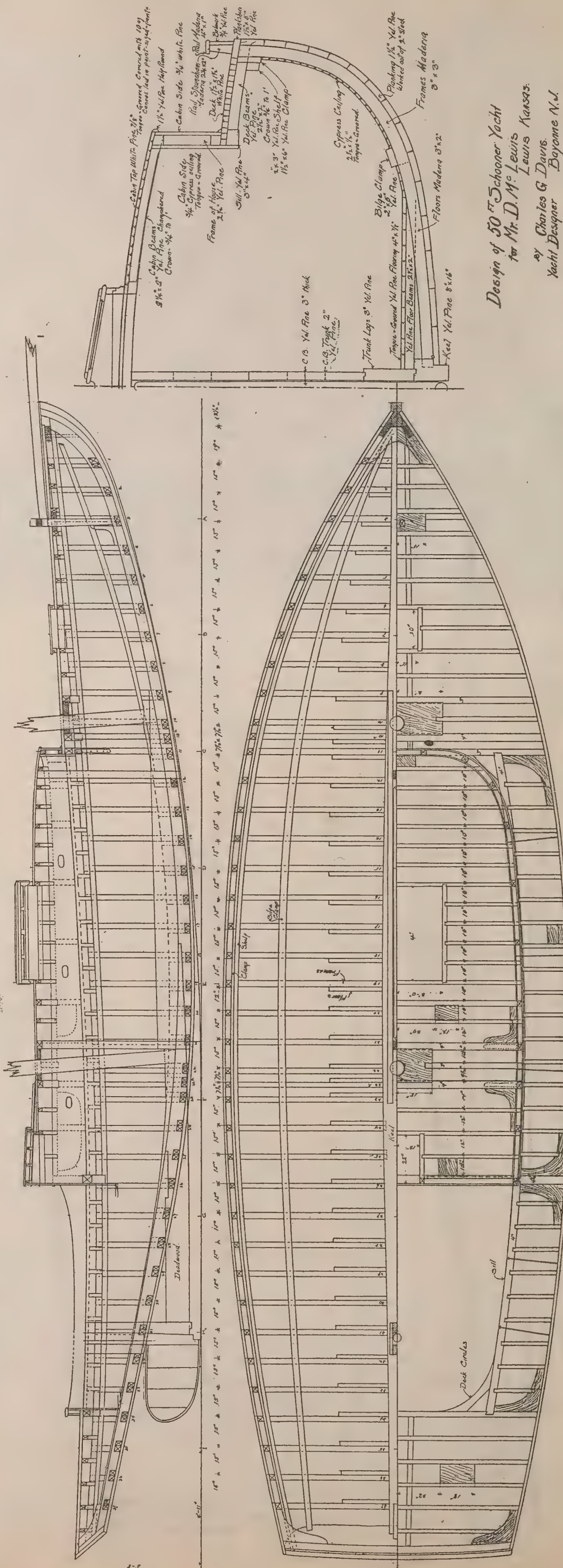
Finish of Hull—Planking to be caulked, planed off, sandpapered; seams payed and puttied. Above waterline to be painted a prime coat of lead and two coats of white. Below waterline no prime coat of lead, but three coats of best copper paint. Bulwarks to be painted white, three coats inside and out. Rail and stanchions three coats of varnish. Decks to be caulked, planed, sandpapered, payed and puttied, then given three coats of wood color paint. Cabin sides and mouldings white. Cabin top same as deck. Cockpit decks painted same as main deck. Inside staving of cockpit and seats varnished, also aft end of cabin house and hatches and skylights. Inside of hull carefully cleaned of all chips and sawdust, given one coat of lead.

Interior Arrangement—to be as laid out on plan, of cypress, finished in hard oil. Floors of 1 in. yellow pine, as shown, with all hatches necessary to get at plumbing and storing of ballast. Main saloon, lavatory and state-room to be square-raised panels, using dark cypress for the stiles and rails, and light for the panels. Galley and fore-castle to be finished in cypress staving $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide, chamfered edge.

Fore-castle to have transoms; with lockers under, as shown on plan; an ice box, double thickness, ground cork lined, and zinc sheathed inside; fitted with drain to bilge, racks, etc., and a dish locker. Then a zinc-lined store compartment, with two-hole Primus cook stove, a galvanized iron sink, with lead pipe drain leading out through planking, well flanged and tacked outside, and a pipe and faucet for running water from two heavy tin-lined copper water tanks placed in bow forward of bits as large as can be got in there, connected to each other and to pipe with valve, leading aft also, to filling plug in deck.

Centerboard Case—to be paneled to match bulkheads, etc.

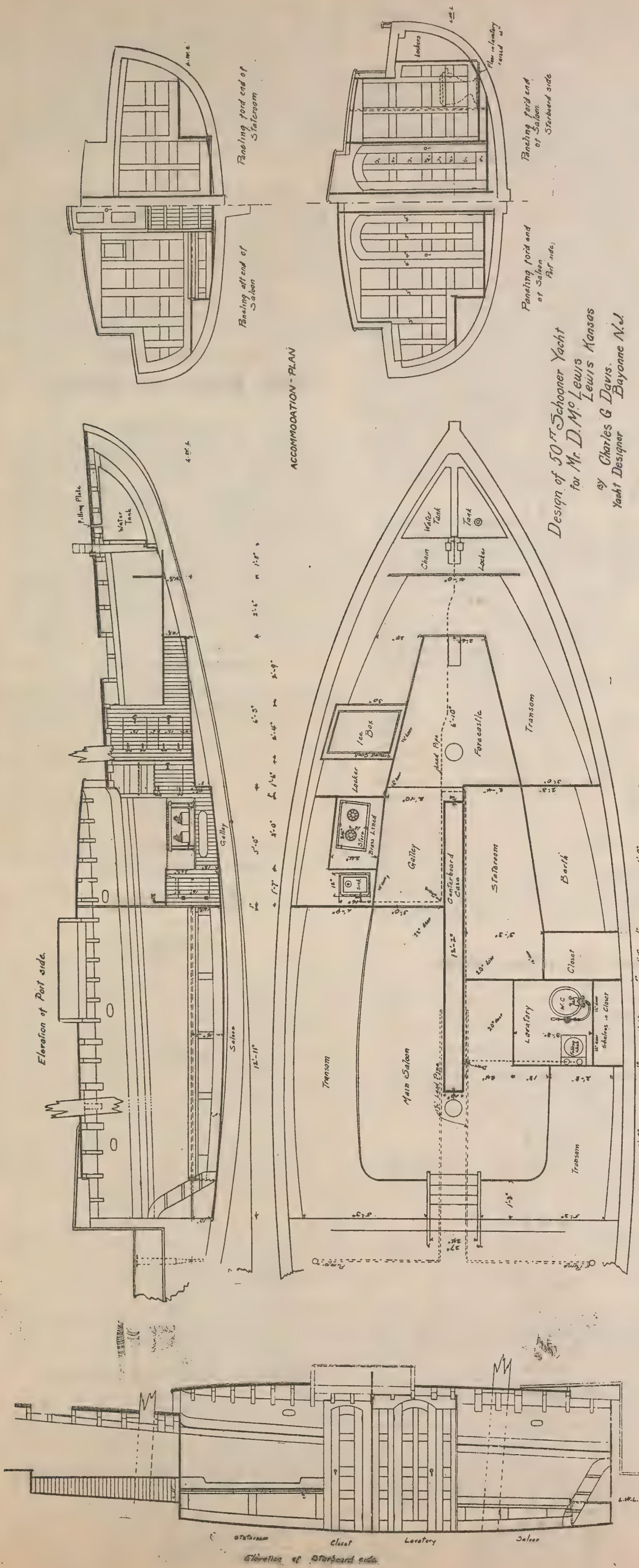
Stateroom—to be arranged as per plan. Large double berth, with top 5 in. above waterline, lockers under. A



Design of 50' Schooner Yacht
for Mr. D. M. Lewis Kansas.
by Charles G. Davis, Kansas.
Yacht Designer Boyane N.J.

CONSTRUCTION PLAN.

FIFTY-FOOT CRUISING SCHOONER—CONSTRUCTION PLANS.



large, full-length clothes closet, with door 16in. wide built in at aft end, fitted with shelves and hooks.

Lavatory—with floor raised 4in., fitted with closets under deck, having shelves for linen, etc. Folding lavatory connected to tanks in-bow to pump fresh water, and w.c. and lavatory both discharging outboard. Closet to have proper sea cocks for shutting off water.

Saloon—to have transoms, as shown; tops of same just level with waterline. Face paneled, tops pine, with hatches cut.

Hardware—to be approved by owner. All knobs locks, strike plates, hinges, hooks, etc., to be heavy cast brass; hinges loose pin brass. All polished, with proper rubber buttons for doors to strike on where they come against bulkheads. Heavy strap hinges and catches for ice box.

Plumbing—to be of best quality heavy lead pipe; drain cocks fitted in both elbows of water pipe, as indicated on plans, and connections made with unions, to be readily removed.

Pumps—Two 3in. (inside) copper bilge pumps to set flush in deck, connected to bilge, as shown, with two 1½in. lead pipes wiped on to pumps, with screens over ends in bilges.

Rudder—to be the shape and size shown, with 4in. diameter maderia rudder post bolted to a yellow pine blade, made up as shown, tapered from 4in. to 2in. at aft edge. Bolts to be ¾in. galvanized iron (four in number) to go through all parts and riveted at ends. A bent maderia edge piece to cover the end wood. A brass pin 1in. diameter to be driven into lower end of rudder post and set into a socket of brass on end of keel.

Steering Gear—to be of the Gardner patent, securely bolted on a bed of maderia; to be 17in. x 20in., with 24in. galvanized iron wheel with mahogany spokes.

Windlass—to be a galvanized iron, Gipsy style, size D (6in. length of head, 5in. diameter of head outside end), bolted to bitts at heel of bowsprit. Maderia heavers to be supplied.

Anchors and Cables—Builder to furnish two galvanized iron anchors; one 35lbs. and one 80lbs., fitted with three-strand manila cables; one 3in. circumference, 50 fathoms long, one 4½in. circumference, 75 fathoms long.

Travelers—of 1½in. hard brass, to go through deck beams and set up on under side with nuts and washers.

Davits—Two pairs of galvanized iron davits, fitted as indicated on plans, of pattern approved by owner, whether folding or plain.

Our Boston Letter.

Boston, Dec. 30.—Most important of this week's yachting news in the East comes the confirmation of the dissolving of the Burgess Y. C., of Marblehead, and the absorbing of its membership by the Boston Y. C. Friday evening there was a well-attended meeting of the Burgess Y. C., at which it was unanimously voted to accept the invitation of the Boston Y. C. to join in its membership. As it was expected that all of the members of the Burgess Y. C. could not attend the meeting, cards were previously sent to each member so that the general opinion might be obtained. The result was only what was expected, and now that the matter is settled, there seems to be general satisfaction among the members of both clubs. While it may be deplored that such a monument to the memory of the great designer, as an active racing club, should pass out of existence, it is admitted that the advantages gained by the co-operation of the membership of both clubs will be many, and that the racing classes of Marblehead will be made larger, instead of smaller, as would have been the case if these two clubs had entered into active competition. It is expected that work will soon commence on the new station of the Boston Y. C. at Marblehead. Some difficulty was experienced in getting a permit, for the officials of that historic town are as staid as the village itself, and it is not often that they will countenance improvements which are to be made by non-residents. But their objections have been overcome, and it is now expected that the new station will be ready for occupancy in June.

The annual meeting of the Corinthian Y. C. will be held at the Parker House, Wednesday evening, Jan. 8, when the following officers will be balloted for for the ensuing year: Com., John O. Shaw, Jr.; Vice-Com., D. C. Percival, Jr.; Rear-Com., Butler Ames; Sec'y, Everett Paine; Treas., J. B. Rhodes; Meas., Parker H. Kemble; Executive Committee, Frank E. Peabody and W. H. Rothwell; Regatta Committee, George W. Mansfield, W. W. Keith, D. H. Follett, Frank Brewster and George H. Mayo; Membership Committee, Percival W. Pope, Frederick Estabrook, Herbert S. Goodwin and Charles D. Wainwright; House Committee (two years), William G. Farrell. All of these officers will be re-elected, with the exception of Measurer Parker H. Kemble, who will take the place of Charles B. Stebbins. Annual elections will come thick and fast for the next two weeks, the following being the dates of annual meetings of some of the clubs around Boston: South Boston Y. C., Wednesday, Jan. 1; Boston Y. C., Wednesday, Jan. 8; Hull-Massachusetts Y. C., Saturday, Jan. 11; Winthrop Y. C., Tuesday, Jan. 21; Quincy Y. C., Saturday, Feb. 1; Eastern Y. C., Wednesday, Feb. 12. The clubs in Dorchester Bay not mentioned will probably all have their elections in January or early in February.

Secretary A. T. Bliss has just published in pamphlet form the records of the yachts of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts, including the records of each race and the table of percentages. As this is the first time that the corrected list of percentages has been given, I have sent it in full, for the readers of FOREST AND STREAM interested in Massachusetts Bay racing, so that it may be preserved for record. Following is Sec'y Bliss' list:

Class C—25ft. Open Yachts.									
	Starts.	1sts.	2ds.	3ds.	15%	Bl.	Total.	Average.	
*Thordis	6	3	2	1	465	.77 1-2	
Hostess	3	2	1	200	.67 1-7	
Hustler	4	1	..	2	1	..	185	.46 1-4	
Romance	7	1	2	2	..	2	300	.42 6-7	
Widgeon	2	..	1	1	100	.28 4-7	
Theodora	4	..	1	..	3	..	140	.27 1-2	
Carrie M.	2	..	1	..	1	..	80	.22 6-7	
Acme	1	1	35	.10	
Class D—25ft. Cabin Yachts.									
*Calypso	19	11	2	3	3	1	1,330	.72 12-19	
Flirt	19	7	7	3	2	..	1,290	.67 17-19	
Chewink	9	1	4	4	500	.50 3-4	
Early Dawn	20	3	4	4	9	..	835	.41 3-4	
Areyto	4	1	1	1	..	1	200	.20	

	Starts.	1sts.	2ds.	3ds.	15%	Bl.	Total.	Average.
Marion	4	..	1	..	3	..	110	.11
Jingo	2	..	1	..	1	..	100	.10
Little Peter	5	1	3	1	80	.08
Tarpon	4	1	2	1	65	.06 1-2
Cyrella	2	2	..	30	.03
Class S—21ft. Cabin Yachts.								
*Mildred II.	14	7	4	1	1	1	1,010	.72 1-7
Opitsah III.	16	5	2	6	2	1	870	.64 3-8
Tabasco III.	8	2	4	..	2	..	490	.50 3-19
Privateer	13	4	2	1	6	..	655	.50 5-15
Zaza	7	3	1	1	2	..	430	.45 5-19
Eaglet	19	..	7	5	6	1	720	.37 17-19
Harriet	4	1	2	1	265	.27 17-19
Coquette	7	2	4	1	130	.13 13-19
Freyja	6	1	4	1	95	.10
Tarpon	2	2	..	30	.02 3-19
Class L—21ft. Open Yachts.								
Hostess	1	1	100	100
Circe II.	1	1	100	100
Bud	1	1	100	100
Tacoma	2	1	..	1	135	.67 1-2
Cleopatra	2	..	2	130	.65
Problem	1	1	..	15	.15
Class K—21ft. Knockabouts.								
Sintram	2	2	200	100
Runaway Girl.	3	..	2	1	165	.55
Pompelia	4	1	1	1	1	..	215	.53 3-4
Idol	4	1	..	1	2	..	165	.41 1-4
Tunipoo	1	..	2	65	.32 1-2
Indian	2	1	1	..	50	.25
Scapegoat	1	1	..	15	.07 1-2
Theresa	1	1	..	15	.07 1-2
Class T—18ft. Open Yachts.								
*Fantasy	5	5	500	100
Plunger	3	2	1	265	.88 1-3
†Dauntless	3	2	1	265	.88 1-3
†Circe II.	2	1	1	165	.66
Lobster	5	1	1	2	..	1	235	.47
Hector	4	..	1	1	1	1	115	.28 3-4
Cathryn	1	..	1	65	.26
Pioneer	3	1	1	1	50	.16 2-3
Class I—18ft. Knockabouts.								
*Malillian	10	7	..	2	1	..	785	.78 1-2
Aspinquid	13	5	3	2	1	2	780	.60
Bacchante	12	2	4	2	3	1	575	.47 11-12
Comforter	8	2	1	2	2	1	335	.41 7-8
Miladi	6	..	3	1	1	1	245	.37 4-6
Ayaya	7	..	2	1	4	..	225	.32 1-7
Bonito	2	1	1	165	.25 5-13
Kittiwake	3	..	1	2	135	.20 10-13
Susan	2	1	..	1	135	.20 10-13
Trouble	3	1	2	..	130	.20
Nethla	3	..	1	..	2	..	95	.14 8-13
Oriana	4	1	3	..	80	.12 5-13
Mustang	2	..	1	..	1	..	80	.12 5-13
Helene II.	4	3	1	45	.06 12-13
Oom Paul	3	3	..	45	.06 12-13
Dazzler	3	3	..	45	.06 12-13
Lobster II.	3	3	..	45	.06 12-13
Barbara	3	3	..	45	.06 12-13
Class X—15ft. Open Yachts.								
*Vitesse	7	6	1	665	.95
Toss	7	1	6	490	.70
Dorothea	2	1	1	165	.47 1-7
Melodie	1	1	35	.10
Elsa	1	1	35	.10
Knt-Elp-It	1	1	35	.10
Only One	1	15	..	15	.04 3-7

*Championship winners. †Measured out of class.

Another new one for the Y. R. A. restricted 21ft. class has just been ordered from Crowninshield by Livingston Davis, of the Corinthian and Manchester yacht clubs. She will be 8ft. 2in. beam and will carry 760 sq. ft. of sail, and her minimum allowance of ballast will be 2,398lbs. The 21-footer designed by Small Bros. and now being built by Pendleton, of Wiscasset, Me., is not for W. F. Bache, as was previously announced, but is for Charles W. Chapin, of the Boston Y. C. It is understood that Mr. Bache favors the 21ft. class, but will not build for it while he still owns the H. O. 25-footer Hanley.

At Lawley's the 104ft. steam yacht is in frame. The Davis 30ft. yawl is half planked. The lead keel has been run for the Adams 21-footer, and the keel box is ready for running the lead for Arnold Lawson's 46ft. schooner. Some changes are to be made on the construction plan of this boat. She is to have double planking of mahogany on her topsides. The Lippitt bronze 60-rater has been laid down, as has been a cruising 35-footer, designed by Tams, Lemoine & Crane, for H. A. Morse.

Fenton, of Manchester, has finished the 21-footer designed by Burgess for Sumner H. Foster. He has the Adriance 21-footer, designed by Burgess, about half planked, and has started the 21-footer of the same design for T. K. Lothrop, Jr. He has two 25-footers of Crowninshield design started.

Small Bros. have sold the 21-footer Circe II, owned by Mr. F. L. Pigeon. She was originally built as a Quincy cup challenger, but in 1900 her ends were pulled up and she sailed in the 18ft. class. This year she entered the same class, but her ends settled and she was measured out of the class.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Yacht Club Notes.

An interesting little pamphlet has been received at this office, which contains the official reports and summary of prize winners of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts and rulings of the Executive Committee for the season of 1901. The matter was compiled by the secretary of the Association, Mr. A. T. Bliss.

The Morrisania Y. C. held its annual meeting on Monday, Dec. 23, and elected the officers and committees for the year 1902. There were two tickets in the field, and the independent one was successful with the exception of the Commodore, to which office J. Harry Curtis was elected by the regulars. George J. Stelz was elected Vice-Commodore, Frank Ruehe, Rear-Commodore; George T. Charleston, Treasurer; T. Frank Dooley, Financial Secretary; Arthur W. Haire, Recording and Corresponding Secretary; J. Schroeder, Measurer; Ernest Kiel, Steward, and C. S. Staudenbaur, Sergeant-at-Arms.

Board of Directors—George J. Oakes, two years; George Ollweiler, two years; H. Hassell, O. Craighead, W. Hansen.

House Committee—Charles Loock, E. Hose, A. Butler, L. Jackson, G. T. Charleton, Robert Nafis.

Regatta Committee—H. J. Bartro, Louis Englert, Frederick Kaiser, G. Grasseley, V. E. Bauer.

Membership Committee—W. Horlocker, F. Foth, S. Rosenfeld.

Auditing Committee—A. Mörsstadt, E. Ruehe, George Stelz.

Mooring Committee—J. Deckert, C. Staudenbaur.

Press Committee—J. Schappert, E. Delevante, A. Patterson.

Library Committee—L. Fried, A. A. Crosbie, W. L. Coultas.

Nominating Committee—A. White, John Schmitt, F. J. Oakes.

One of the brightest publications that has come to our notice in some time is the new Australian yachting paper. It is called White Wings, and is devoted to aquatic sports in general, and yachting in particular.

As was stated in these columns a few weeks ago, the Yachtsmen's Club has been reorganized and the annual dues have been reduced to six dollars. This puts the club within reach of all yachtsmen, and as much benefit is to be derived by belonging to it, the institution should have the hearty support of all those interested in yachting in the vicinity of New York. The following circular has been received from Mr. Edward MacLellan, 90 Water street, New York city:

At a general meeting of the club, held on Nov. 20, it was decided by a vote of more than fifty of the members that, on account of the club quarters having been dispensed with, the dues should be reduced to six dollars annually, to commence with Jan. 1, 1902.

Under the reorganization, the only expense entailed will be the rental of a lecture room for the night of each "talk," printing, and the petty expenses of secretary and treasurer. The rearrangement of dues has been based on a series of six lectures, one in each month from December to May inclusive, beginning with that of Mr. William Gardner, on Monday, Dec. 30, at the Hotel Manhattan, his subject being "Cruising and Racing Yachts." This will be followed by talks on Sails, Yacht Design and Construction, Marine Engineering, Nautical Instruments and their Uses and other subjects of equal interest, each by an expert. Detailed notices will be mailed members in good season, covering fully the matters to be talked upon.

The reduced dues should result in our doubling our membership this winter, and it is hoped that each present member will propose one or more new ones. The series of talks arranged for will be worth double the amount of our dues, for the reason that, being to an extent of a technical character, and by men thoroughly conversant with their various subjects, the knowledge so gained, cannot easily be had in any other way.

The Pavonia Y. C. held its annual meeting on Tuesday, Dec. 24, and the following officers and committees were elected: Com., Stephen A. Cooper, yawl Proteus; Vice-Com., Charles F. Lyne, steamer Lancet; Fleet Capt., John Wright, sloop Naomi; Meas., A. P. Curtis; Fleet Surg., Dr. W. J. Parker; Fin. Sec'y, William F. Tobin; Cor. Sec'y, F. L. Haeupfner; Treas., L. Mittelsdorff; House Committee, A. F. Roe, William Willis, Dr. L. H. Russ, D. A. Woodruff, and Charles A. Wake; Trustees, G. Van Horn, D. Allen, George W. James, Dr. O. F. Coe and Charles Steurer; Anchorage Committee, G. Van Horn, R. H. McFarland and Dr. O. F. Coe. The new 600ft. dock and landing stages, as well as the new marine railway, have been completed.

For some years past the property which the Indian Harbor Y. C. occupied has been owned by Mr. Charles T. Willis, and the club rented it from him. The members have now decided to buy the property and buildings. The price to be paid is just under \$75,000. In addition to this amount, \$15,000 are to be expended in improving and beautifying the house and grounds. A first mortgage of \$50,000, and a second mortgage of \$40,000 are to be placed upon the property to cover the amounts expended. The amount of the second mortgage has already been subscribed by the members. The first mortgage is held by Mr. Willis. The club house is located at Rocky Neck Point, Greenwich, Conn., and is one of the most beautiful locations on the Sound. The club now owns about three acres of land, a club house, carriage house and two cottages. It also acquires a dock built by the town at an expense of \$6,000 before it was ascertained that the town had no title to it.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Mr. Charles G. Davis, of Bayonne City, N. J., has gotten out plans for an auxiliary cruising schooner for Mr. F. W. McCullough, of Norfolk, Va. The boat is intended for the hardest kind of off-shore cruising, and will be very substantially put together. There is full headroom under a flush deck, and the accommodation will consist of stateroom, bath room, engine room, galley and fore-castle, in addition to a large saloon. The boat will be equipped with a 16-horse-power Globe gas engine. She is 61ft. 5in. over all, 46ft. 3in. waterline, 15ft. beam and 7ft. 6in. draft. The displacement figures out at 90,944lbs., and there are 1,852 sq. ft. of canvas in the lower sails.

Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane have sold for Rear-Com. C. F. L. Robinson, N. Y. Y. C., the English cutter Hester to Mr. Cleveland H. Dodge. Mr. Robinson took Mr. Dodge's 46ft. cutter Wasp in part payment for Hester.

The house-boat George D. Purdy, owned by Mr. Thomas A. McIntyre, of New York, was burned off his winter home in Onslow county, N. C. The boat was valued at \$27,000, and she was insured for \$5,000.

The house-boat Thetis, which is laid up at Tebo's Basin, South Brooklyn, caught fire on Dec. 25 and was damaged to the extent of \$2,000. Thetis is owned by Mr. Hiram W. Sibley, of Rochester, N. Y. The fire was caused by an overheated stove.

Word received from Beaufort, N. C., states that the 60ft. gasoline launch Ouananiche, owned by Mr. William D. Edison, went ashore on Cedar Island and was abandoned. Mr. Edison, his wife and several friends were on their way to Florida by the inside route. The first open water was met with after leaving Beaufort, and it was then that the trouble began. More or less difficulty had been experienced with the boat from the moment she left New York, and the above mishap was the climax of a series of accidents. No lives were lost, and it is not known whether the boat can be saved.

At Gil Smith's yard, Patchogue, L. I., there are several boats now being built. Among them is a catboat for

Mr. John Masury, of New York. She is 19ft. on the waterline. A member of the Pentaquit Corinthian Y. C. is having a racing catboat built. Her dimensions are 36ft. over all, 23ft. waterline and 9ft. 6in. breadth. Mr. Smith is building a cutter from designs made by Messrs. Gardner & Cox for Mr. Hollister, a member of the Shelter Island Y. C. This boat will be 44ft. over all, 25ft. waterline, 9ft. breadth and 6ft. draft. This craft will be the second cutter built by Mr. Smith, for, although he has been building boats for years, his work has been confined to centerboard boats, owing to local conditions. The first keel boat he built was the 25ft. cutter Nerwasi, owned by Mr. A. H. W. Johnson.

Mr. Vaughan D. Bacon, of Barnstable, Mass., is working on the designs for a number of new boats that will be built during the winter. Among the orders is a cruising yawl for use on Barnegat Bay. This boat will be 32ft. 6in. over all, 21ft. waterline, 9ft. 6in. breadth and 2ft. draft. Also a fast cruising launch for a San Francisco yachtsman. This boat is intended for outside work, and is of the service boat type. She will be strongly built and will have a 20-horse-power gasoline engine. Her dimensions are: 46ft. over all, 40ft. waterline, 8ft. breadth and 3ft. 6in. draft. Mr. Bacon has also an order for a cruising keel yawl 50ft. over all, 35ft. waterline, 13ft. breadth and 7ft. draft.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Iroquois Rifle Club.

THE New Year's Day shoot and opening shoot of its new gallery range, given by the Iroquois Rifle Club, 1710 Jane street, Pittsburgh, Pa., Wednesday, Jan. 1, 1902, has the following programme: Continuous Prize Match.—Open to all. Conditions: Off-hand on the German ring target, having a 2in. bull and 1/4in. rings. Distance 75ft. Any .22cal. rifle. Entrance per target of 3 shots each, 35 cents, or 3 targets for \$1. Re-entries unlimited. The best three targets of each shooter will count for prizes, of which only one is obtainable by any one competitor. In case of ties, the next best single target will count for place.

First prize, \$10; second, \$7; third, \$6; fourth, \$5; fifth, \$4; sixth, \$3; seventh, \$2; eighth, \$2; ninth, \$2; tenth, \$2; eleventh, \$2; twelfth, \$1; thirteenth, \$1; fourteenth, \$1; fifteenth, \$1.

Sighting shots will be permitted. Rifles and ammunition can be procured at the gallery. Five shooting ranges will be in operation, and a cordial invitation is extended to all members of the rifle shooting fraternity to participate in the initial shoot inaugurating the public opening of the finest and best equipped indoor rifle range in the United States. Shooting from 10 A. M. to 10:30 P. M. The shooting committee is as follows: O. L. Hertig, A. J. Huebner, A. F. Hofmeister.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, at Four-Mile House, Reading Road, Dec. 22. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the standard target. Strickmeier was declared champion for the day with the good score of 89. Weather, cold and cloudy. Thermometer, 20. Wind, 2 to 4 o'clock, strong and gusty:

Strickmeier	89 85 82 81 80	9 10 8 6 6—29
Gindele	87 86 84 83 80	8 10 8 9 7—42
Payne	84 84 82 82 81	7 8 8 8 7—38
Roberts	83 82 76 75 75	10 6 9 5 8—38
Odell	84 72 71 70 69	9 5 7 7 6—34
Nestler	82 82 80 80 80	8 10 8 7 6—39
Speth	79 79 77 .. 75
Lux	77 76 69 69 69
Uckotter	74 74 73 71 70	8 5 8 5 6—32
Tepf	76 64 63 58 55	3 4 7 9 7—30
Hoffman	70 65 64 62

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

Jan. 1.—Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club's New Year's shoot.

Jan. 1.—Towanda, Pa.—New Year's tournament of the Towanda Gun Club. Live birds and targets. W. F. Dittich, Sec'y.

Jan. 1.—Sistersville, W. Va.—Sistersville Gun Club's shoot. Ed. O. Bower, Sec'y.

Jan. 1.—Ossining, N. Y.—New Year's Day Live-Bird Handicap shoot of the Ossining Gun Club. C. G. Blandford, Capt.

Jan. 14-17.—Hamilton, Ont.—Twelfth annual tournament of the Hamilton Gun Club. W. M. Clendenen, Sec'y.

Jan. 20-25.—Brenham, Tex.—Brenham Gun Club's tournament.

March 31-April 5.—Blue River Park, Kansas City, Mo.—Grand American Handicap at live birds. Ed Banks, Sec'y, 318 Broadway, New York.

May 6-9.—Interstate Park, L. I.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap at Targets. Edward Banks, Sec'y; Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.

May 13-16.—Oil City, Pa.—Annual meeting of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. F. S. Bates, Cor. Sec'y.

May 30-31.—Union City, Ind.—Spring tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club. O. E. Fouts, Sec'y.

June 3-5.—Cleveland, O.—Tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League, under the auspices of the Cleveland Gun Co.

June 9-13.—Rochester, N. Y.—Forty-fourth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game.

June 10-11.—Muncie, Ind.—Indiana Trapshooters' League's annual tournament.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot, every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The calendar for 1902 of the Peters Cartridge Company, of Cincinnati, is particularly well composed, and artistically portrayed. The different cartridges of the firm, for rifle, pistol and shotgun, are shown in head-end views, and form concentric circles, and between the circles so formed are excellent portraits of wildfowl, game birds and heads of big game. The title, "Ahead of All," is suggestive of the multitude of cartridge heads and game heads displayed. The general effect is very pleasing. Send six cents for postage to the Peters Cartridge Company, or to their Eastern manager, Mr. T. H. Keller, 80 Chambers street, New York, if you desire one.

On Thursday, Jan. 16, 1902, there will be a live-bird shoot at Interstate Park, the main event being 20 birds, entrance \$10, trophy solid gold watch and chain, for which there will be deducted from the purse, \$50. Balance of the entrance money to be divided 40, 30, 20, 10 per cent. Handicap distances, 25 to 32yds., high guns.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Forester Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., Dec. 25.—Forester Gun Club's biggest shoot this year was held to-day. A drizzling rain kept the shooters busy trying to keep it off the top of their gun barrels. Very hazy light.

The live birds were very fast, and kept the man at the score guessing where they came from or where they were going to head for when he called pull. Good warm club house. Good wholesome lunch at noon. The shooting continued until dark. Thirteen shooters entered the handicap at 7 live birds, and fifteen faced the target traps, and every shooter acknowledged a good time. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	15	10	10	10	10	10
Beach	6	8	11	7	7	6	7	9
Hayes	5	5	12	6	8	9	8	7
James	4	4	10	4	4	6	4	6
Bradly	6	8	12	10	9	7	8	9
Weller	9	8
J J Fleming	7	8	12	10	8	7	6	7
D Fleming	5	10	10	6	9	7	9	3
Bright	1	5
Felger	8	9	10	7	6	5	..	1
Tarleton	7	4	9	5	4	2
C Smith	6	6	13	8	4	8	7	6
Ivins	13	7	5	4	6	7
Disbrow	11	6	7	3	5	8
Bloodgood	11	6	8	6	6	..
Trobrige	11	7	6	5	5	..

Poultry was won by Disbrow, Hayes, Bradly and Bloodgood. The live-bird scores follow. Sweepstakes, optional entrance, 7 birds:

Weller, 28.....0010210-3	Foster, 27.....0*000*1-1
Winans, 28.....1110221-6	Kugler, 27.....0012201-4
D Fleming, 27.....0101122-5	Colquit, 29.....0220222-5
C Smith, 28.....1201102-5	Felger, 27.....0201102-5
J J Fleming, 29.....1200210-4	James, 27.....2100221-5
Trobrige, 28.....0221112-6	Beach, 27.....2201200-4
Hayes, 29.....2200211-5	

Three birds, 28yds. rise, one money:

Hayes	212-3	Colquit	222-3
Beach	210-2	Trobrige	112-3
James	210-2	Weller	212-3
Bradley	02w		

East Side Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., Dec. 25.—The Christmas Day shoot of the East Side Gun Club was devoted to live-bird competition. Nos. 1 and 2 were at 7 live birds each, handicaps. No. 3 was the club shoot at 10 live birds, in which Messrs. Piercy and Schorty were high scores, with 9. The scores:

Geoffroy, 30.....1102211-6	2202112-6
Piercy, 30.....2122211-7	1121112-7
Hassinger, 29.....1011112-5	2121122-7
Schorty, 30.....0222121-6	2221222-7
Knevels, 30.....2222202-6	2122212-7
Hawes, 27.....1100101-4	0111001-4
Bill, 28.....2222201-5	2220201-5

Club shoot, 10 birds, handicap:

Geoffroy, 29.....012201212-8	Fischer, 27.....220001222-7
Piercy, 29.....2122211-9	Perry, 27.....121011110-8
Hassinger, 29.....111221002-8	Colquit, 29.....2222222-7
Schorty, 29.....112122210-9	Jones, 27.....0012001122-6
Knevels, 29.....121022202-8	Leithausen, 27.....110112010-7
Hawes, 27.....0*1001200-3	Reibold, 27.....222002122-8
Koegel, 29.....110201122-8	Perment, 29.....212012002-6

WESTERN TRAPS.

Nonpareil Gun Club.

Burnside Crossing, Ill., Dec. 28.—At Watson's Park to-day the Nonpareil Gun Club held a quarterly club shoot. G. Roll had two straights and won first. Graham won second, and Amberg third of the quarterly prizes. In the money the winners of first, second and third were Alabaster, Roll and Amberg in the order named.

Steffens2122222210222-14	Barto11222120221111-14
Shaw11220212222122-14	Wade02022112222112-13
Roll1211212122222-15	Amberg222222211122-15
Leff22220200022112-11	Alabaster121222121111-15
J Graham20212212212222-14	Ed Graham2202202222222-13

Ties on 15, miss-and-out, for first, second and third moneys:

Roll2211122221222122*	Alabaster12221111212111222
Amberg222222220	

Ties for first, second and third quarterly prizes:

Leff20	Amberg222222220
J R Graham0	E S Graham222222222

Dec. 27.—Fifty-bird match, H. S. Blake vs. O Von Lengerke, for birds:

O Von Lengerke.....222*2*22*22222222222220-20	
H S Blake.....22222222222222222222-25-45	
	22222222222222222222*21-23
	202222220021222222222222-24-45

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Dec. 21.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the sixth shoot of first series. Dr. Meek won Class A trophy on a score of 11 out of 12. A. Marshall won Class B trophy on 8. C. H. Kehl captured Class C trophy on 5.

The day was a bad one for pigeon shooting, being just above zero, and a sharp wind blowing across the traps. The birds were hummers, and almost every bird, the moment of being released, started promptly for Milwaukee, and at a gait which would discount all schedules, and for aught we know, many of them kept up the gait until they got there.

The attendance was not up to our usual standard, but was good, considering the extreme cold:

No. 1	No. 2	No. 3
Dr Shaw202222222*22-9	102*2-3	222*2-5
C H Kehl*210101002*0-5	202110-4	01*002-2
Dr Meek1212*112221-11	112112-6	..
T W Eaton*011*011022-6	021200-3	100110-3
E Eaton*2020*10101-5
A Marshall112*22*2210-8	..	101022-4
Dr Huff0*00301222-8
J McDonald*0*0012*0112-5	..	122*11-4
Dr Mathews121210222*1-10
S W Ross000020101*11-5	..	122010-4
C J Ross11011011011111-5	..	0100*1-2

Dec. 25.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of our annual Christmas pigeon (turkey) shoot. Notwithstanding the gloomy, threatening and chilly weather, nineteen members came out to participate in the festivities of the occasion, and seven members each carried home a fine turkey, seven events being shot off—six of 5 birds each and one of 10 birds. The pigeons were in the main a fast lot, with an occasional sitter and semi-occasionally a genuine screamer. About 400 birds were used, and all went merrily as marriage bells:

No. 1	No. 2	No. 3
C P Richards.....2101122121-9
Ward022112*00-6
A McGowan120120122-8
Kissack222212*112-9
M B Richards.....2*20101200-5
Barnard1101*11*22-7	20210-3	22121-5
Dr Meek112112111-10
Kehl212*0-3	0*100-1	21102-4
T W Eaton21001-2	121*1-4	21*10-3
Nusly12111-5
Lowry12111-5

No. 4. No. 5. No. 6. No. 7.

C P Richards.....21012-4	20111-4
Ward12200-3	01022-4
A McGowan01022-3	11222-5	12222-5	12222-5
Kissack12200-3	11222-5	12222-5	12222-5
Barnard1211*4	11111-5	122*1-4	00111-3
Dr Meek02101-3	0*110-2	02100-3	1100*3

T W Eaton.....11111-5	11121-5	11011-4	12111-2
Nusly20*22-3	11112-5	101*1-3	1*011-5
Jones01122-4	1*022-3	20221-4	..
Monighan11001-3	10220-3	01102-3	..
Gardner*2112-4
Drinkwater22221-5	21000-2	01000-1	..
Barnard12211-5	22211-5	011*1-3	..
Lowry10122-4	0212*3	20111-4	..
Kehl22101-4	2*101-3
Eaton111*1-4
Nusly1*021-3	01011-3	Jones12111-5	..
T W Eaton.....*2102-3	21101-4	Monighan1111*4	..
Nusly21212-5	00212-3

Dr. J. W. MEER, Sec'y.

Mississippi Valley Notes.

The St. Louis shooting fraternity celebrates New Year's Day this week with an open live-bird programme at Dupont Park. The event of the day is a 25-bird sweep, with a long list of entries, and all extra time will be filled in with shorter events.

Alf. Gardner, manager, has just issued a snug little pamphlet programme, announcing the "Sunny South Shooting Tournament," at Bernham, Texas, the week of Jan. 20 to 25 inclusive. Three days are devoted to live birds and three to targets, the former being arranged under the high gun plan of division of moneys, and the latter on the Rose system, at the ratios of 5, 3, 2, 1. The events are well chosen and supplemented by liberal added money, aggregating in all over \$800. The whole programme and prospectus has a promising, prosperous, sportsmanlike appearance, and one can readily believe from it, as Mr. Gardner assures the reader, that this will be a big and happy meeting of the devotees of trap-shooting in the South and West.

The Jerseyville, Ill., Gun Club celebrated the advent of the new year with an open target and pigeon shoot.

Mayor A. W. Young, of Alton, inaugurated during Holiday week a novel method of supplying meat in abundance for the city's poor during this festive season. He issued a proclamation calling for volunteers to go on the 27th to a place in Macaun county, where rabbits abound, all to chase cottontails as a charitable enterprise. The C. P. & St. L. Railroad people furnished transportation to the gunners. The response to the call was generous as to numbers, and wagon loads of bunnies were the result of the day's work. The farmers in the locality selected for the hunt entered heartily into the spirit of the thing, and facilitated the hunt in every way possible. The subsequent feast was one of the happiest that the poor in this bailiwick have ever been offered.

President J. R. B. Van Cleave will call the directors of the Illinois Gun Club together early in the new year, to arrange for the next annual meeting and tournament, to be held at Springfield in May.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Dec. 28.—There was a good attendance at the grounds of the Brooklyn Gun Club to-day. The main event was a handicap at 50 targets for a cup. Two tied on a maximum score of 50, Messrs. McKane and Caunitz. In the shoot-off the former won.

Wright, 12.....1111101110011011110110-17	
McKane, 10.....0011111110011011110111-13	
Caunitz, 15.....1111000110101100111100-17	
Rider, 10.....11111001111101101101010-18-50	
Super, 10.....0101011111101111011011-19	
Welles, 4.....11000100001001111011000-12-41	
	01111111101101101111101-20
	11010111011011011001000-15-45
	111111110110111111101-21
	1111110011011111101001-19-44

Shoot-off, 25 targets:

McKane, 5.....1111101101100111011111-25	
Caunitz, 8.....11010001011001011000010-20	

Sweepstakes:

Super17 16 29	Wright14 14 ..
McKane14 15 ..	Morris9 11 ..
Caunitz11 16 ..	Welles18 39
Rider13 13 ..	

No. 1 was at 10 singles and 5 pairs; No. 2 was at 15 singles and 5 pairs; No. 3 was a match at 25 pairs.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O., Dec. 27.—The trophy shoot of the Cincinnati Gun Club, held to-day, was conspicuous by excellent competition. Of the twenty-four contestants, one made a straight score, and five more killed 24 out of 25, as follows: Trimble 25, and Phil, Hicks, Young, Werk and Spencer 24 each. The birds were first-class. The weather was cloudy; no wind. A silver cup and \$40 went to the winner. There were six high guns, one for every four entries.

The conditions were 15 pigeons, \$15 entrance, handicap. The scores:

Du Bray, 31.....22222022222*22222222212-23	
Phil, 31.....22222222222222222222212-24	
Morris, 31.....2210222222012222222201212-21	
Mackie, 29.....2222222222222222222222220-22	
Osterfeld, 28.....001*01121210*1112212221-19	
Harry, 28.....*0221*2222222222222222222-19	
Gambell, 29.....2221212222220021201100121-21	
Farmer Jones, 29.....0012002020202020w	
Rhoads, 31.....22222222222222222222222-22	
Schuler, 29.....211*10*2011201222112211221-20	
Waddell, 28.....212222222002210220201222*19	
Hicks, 29.....2222222222212211222112221-24	
Alkire, 32.....11212221122122202111210-23	
Robertson, 30.....22222220222*22222222222-23	
Trimble, 30.....22222222222222222222222-25	
Young, 32.....22222220122212222222222-24	
Ahlers, 30.....10022212122212221222120222*21	
Dick, 28.....200210112121210221211122-21	
Werk, 28.....222021221221212222222222-24	
Herman, 28.....211021222201122120221201-20	
Ward, 31.....2222222221101122120022112-21	
Spencer, 30.....20222222222222222222222-24	
Kohler, 27.....*011211121222001122102-18	
Heyl, 29.....02212121*121122122112-22	

Event No. 1 was for practice, at 25 pigeons:

Du Bray, 31.....222222212212222122202122-24	
Schuler, 29.....22122221112221222*2-24	
Gambell, 29.....21211011222112*12221222-23	
Morris, 31.....2222222*121201222121112-23	
Ackley, 28.....2221211211212212012111-23	
Robertson, 30.....222222212222221122120202-23	
Heyl, 29.....221122122122122222221112-23	
Jay Bee, 29.....212121012121*0222222222-22	
Ahlers, 30.....22110*02212121222110111-21	

Event No. 2, 15 birds, two high men out:

Gambell, 29.....22122221222222-15	
Schuler, 29.....22112221112122-15	
Morris, 31.....212021222222212-14	
Heyl, 29.....220121111111*13	
Ahlers, 30.....12222020*122022-11	
*Fredericks, 28.....20121010121221-12	
*Shot for practice only.	
Match race:	
Gambell, 29.....222221212-10	Morris, 31.....22122*2022-8

Richmond Gun Club.

SILVER LAKE, Staten Island.—The Christmas Day shoot of the Richmond Gun Club was devoted to both targets and live birds. The next shoot of the club will be held on New Year's Day, to which all are welcome. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	25
G Bechtel	3	9	6	10	7	10	8	10	5	9	6	9	8	10	6	9	15
F Schoverling	4	11	7	10	10	12	8	11	4	13	6	9	8	10	6	9	18
A A Duke	10	9	12	7	11	8	12	7	9	11	5	10	8	11	12		
F G Crystal	3	5	8	5	9	6	9	9	4	7	2	4	4	12			

Fifteen live birds, 23yds. all, 30yds. boundary:

A A Schoverling	202222022222222-13
Geo Bechtel	21200012002012-8
F W Schoverling	21200021202122-11

A. A. Schoverling, Sec'y.

Mr. J. L. Head, of Peru, Ind., well known in active trapshooting circles as a successful promoter of shotgun competition in its most sportsmanlike features, has resigned an important position with the Wabash Railroad Company, to take a position with the U. M. C. Company, commencing Jan. 1. His territory will be Michigan, northern Ohio and Indiana. Mr. Head is himself a trapshooter of rare skill, but in addition thereto he has a thorough knowledge of the sport in all its details. He has for some years past been the leading spirit in promoting an important annual tournament in Peru, which has been conspicuous by its success and good fellowship. He acted as a member of the Handicap Committee of the last G. A. H. at live birds, and won the respect of all his associates

FOREST AND STREAM.

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No. 846 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

BONDING GAME IN STORAGE.

THE only recommendation relating to game in Governor Odell's message is one which urges the provision of larger opportunities for the dealers in game. The Governor says:

The seizure of a large amount of game in cold storage during the past summer, and the possible conflict of our laws with those governing commerce between the States, brings up the question whether, while aiming to preserve our game, we should not also protect the innocent purchaser thereof. The provision against possession of game by an individual or a corporation after the closed season begins is proper.

But it seems that if a system of bonding for such game as may remain in possession of a dealer at the close of the open season were provided for that we should do more for its protection than by any attempt to ferret out and destroy it under conditions that are at least questionable.

I would recommend that authority be given the Forest, Fish and Game Commission to thus bond dealers and warehousemen. This would serve two purposes. It would protect those who are honest and who do not desire the destruction of their property, and it would bring about voluntary recognition of our laws. The penalties against killing out of season could then be more strictly enforced. There would be no claim made that the supply came from outside, because no one would care to run the risk of seizure and the expenses incident to the trial in attempting to establish this fact, and the duties of game protectors would thus become simpler and the laws easier of enforcement.

As for the Governor's suggestion that the New York law restricting the sale of game and forbidding possession of it in the close season may be in conflict with the laws governing commerce between the States, it needs only to be said that the point has repeatedly been passed upon by the courts in a number of States, and the constitutionality of the State law has been upheld. In the special circumstances which prompted Governor Odell's suggestion, the seizure of an enormous quantity of game in this city, the fact was established by the express tags attached to the articles that a large proportion of the seized game had come into the New York market from States whence its export was forbidden by the local State law. Now the Supreme Court of the United States, in the Geer vs. Connecticut case, has declared that when a State forbids the taking of its game for export, such game can never become an article of interstate commerce. Thousands of the birds seized in New York having been exported unlawfully, fell within the category of the game defined by the Supreme Court as that which could not become a lawful article of interstate commerce, nor subject to the control of the interstate commerce law. We need not worry ourselves therefore with any apprehension that the New York law which forbids game dealers to have in cold storage barrels and crates of quail exported from Indiana in defiance of the Indiana law conflicts with the interstate commerce act.

The real and only interstate factor here involved is that of interstate comity. The fact is, and it must be reckoned with in discussing this subject, that because of the almost universal existence of the non-export game prohibitions, it is impossible for the marketmen of New York to have any considerable amount of game in their possession which they have come by lawfully, and the question for us to decide is whether the New York market, under cover of the further protection which would be afforded by this bonding system advocated by Governor Odell, shall become in larger degree than before the receiving market for contraband goods. The practical working of the bonding system would presumably be that which is suggested by President Bootman of the Arctic Freezer Company, in the interview quoted elsewhere. Under cover of a small lot of bonded game, the dealer would sell with greater freedom in close season. But even were this not to result, and were all the game on hand at the close of the open season to be put into bond and kept for another year, the system would not be wise. The present law which forbids the possession of game in close season has this purpose, that the dealer shall confine his supply to what can be disposed of in the open season. If at the end of the period for selling he finds himself loaded up with an over supply, that is simply a result of his own bad judgment. No law compels any game dealer to lay in a larger supply than he can dispose of in the permitted period. If any change is made in the New York law, let it be for the further restriction of game selling, not in encouragement of the traffic.

With a population of 76,000,000, and constantly growing larger, and with narrowing game fields, we have adopted

the principle in this country that the wild game is no longer to be considered a commercial commodity. This principle has been incorporated into the laws of most of the States. What we need, therefore, in discussing any change of the situation in New York, is to follow in the general line of legislation adopted by the country at large, and to make it more difficult instead of more easy to deal in game.

ANIMALS AND SUICIDE.

THE daily press, contributing constantly to the general sum of human information, is nevertheless not free from a proneness to foster the marvelous, or at least give currency to it when it can be so circumstantially set forth as to have a reasonable chance for public belief. This is particularly true of the recountals of happenings which are not susceptible of proof, or of such matters as are outside the bounds of common knowledge. Thus the sensational and periodic appearance of the sea serpent holds a place in the view and wonderment of the people, for a longer or shorter time, accordingly as the public will give credence or wonderment. Cardiff giants, by virtue of pen and ink, become exemplars of real giants. A dog in a fit, running blindly and senselessly about, becomes in the press report a mad demon running amuck and doing all the malicious damage within his powers. Given a certain lot of circumstances, if of a novel kind, the average reporter is not backward in appending to them his own sensational conclusions, if by so doing he can add to their interest and to the consequent sales of his news matter. If he has a mental reservation or disbelief in his own story, the public is none the wiser concerning it if he does not inform them of it. The list of fakes and myths might be extended *ad infinitum*, but we will consider in particular only one which seems to be growing in favor as a news subject, and which seems, by its steady growth, to be accepted as a standard theme. This is the alleged suicide of animals. This story is a fair example:

Anton Wolsieffer to-day brought to town a rather unusual and very curious freak. In the top of a cottonwood tree on his place hung an oriole's nest, and the other day Mr. Wolsieffer noticed the body of a male oriole suspended at the side of the nest. He made an investigation, and found the lifeless and weather-beaten corpse of the oriole hanging by a piece of string. From appearances, the bird had become entangled in the string—a part of his nest—and, failing to break his bands, after a hard struggle, had died. The string holding the bird is looped around the neck, and it looks very much like a clear case of suicide.

When one pauses for a moment to weigh this mentally, the absurdity, not to say silliness, of the conclusion is self-evident. The writer assumes as proven that the bird had a knowledge of life and death, that it had a knowledge of the means by which death could be produced, and that by a premeditated act it ended its own life. The reasonable probability that the bird accidentally became entangled and was strangled by the piece of string is entirely ignored, for the reason that the story of a little bird killed by accident would excite no interest, while the story of a bird suicide would be quite the reverse. This story of the little bird in itself is of no special importance if it was the only story of the kind, but is one of many concerning the deaths of dogs, horses and other animals domestic and wild. The favorite manner of suicide in dogs, as the story goes, is by drowning. The dog is perforce melancholy for a day or two, then when taking his bath he plunges his head under water, drowns himself, and the world is no more to him. The fact that dogs have apoplexy, heart failure and other diseases, and are subject to sudden death as are all other animal organisms, is not taken into account in the story of the suicide, nor is the further fact considered that a dog does not know of death, nor how to produce death; nor even if the dog did know this, could the observer know of what the dog was thinking or purposing in this respect. The horse, in the suicide story, generally dashes out his brains against the wall or jumps off the dock. But the horse, too, is subject to brain disorders. That he could deliberately, from premeditation, commit suicide is not reasonable, nor is it reasonable that the average man could possibly know a horse's premeditation in such an event even if the horse had any.

It is much better to deal with dogs and horses and other animals as they really are. They are quite marvelous enough as created without attaching to them any artificial marvels of the imagination.

The plea which Mr. Dall de Weese makes for a game code for Alaska should have the immediate attention of Congress. Outside of Alaska the game conditions prevailing in the Territory are not generally known. The popular belief is that the country is so rough and the game is so protected by natural barriers, that the species are in no immediate danger of extermination. The actual state of affairs is on the contrary this, that with the tremendous influx of population into the Territory and the unrestricted slaughter of game animals for food purposes, the supply has been diminished at an alarming rate. Mr. De Weese is well qualified to state the facts and sound the note of warning. He himself has seen the old conditions and the change to the new. As a practical sportsman in the field he has studied the situation, and he writes as one who has been deeply stirred by the inconsiderate and often useless and wanton killing of species whose stock at best is scanty. As he pictures the game situation in Alaska to-day, it is clear that some remedial legislation should be provided without delay. Whether or not the specific recommendation which Mr. De Weese makes shall be assented to, there can be no question of the importance of doing something and doing it now. The very fact that these Alaskan game fields are so remote from Washington and so are likely to be overlooked by Congress, should stir the friends of game protection to immediate action.

There is a better way of administering the Adirondack and Catskill forests owned by the State than preserving them forever untouched by the axe. They should be exploited according to the established principles of practical forestry, as commonly pursued in European countries. Professor Fernow's definition of forestry as tree farming puts the case in a word. New York should farm its forests. We believe that the intelligent public sentiment is with Governor Odell in his forestry preserve recommendations. It would be a tremendous mistake to restore the conditions which existed before, and which prompted the adoption of the clause in the constitution declaring that the forest should never be cut; but popular information and appreciation have grown so rapidly since then that the people would sanction a wisely framed system of administration for the public forests. There should be available and discoverable in the great State of New York a forestry administrative force equipped with the scientific knowledge, the business ability and the integrity and conscience to convert the public lands into a revenue-yielding resource.

It is one of the well-pronounced qualities of angling that it is in a peculiar degree the delight at once of youth and of old age. The born angler—for our Walton tells us that a true angler is born, not made—may for a period in his life forego the rod; but there is certain to come in later years a time when he takes it up again, and you will often find him a gray-haired veteran on the very streams he frequented in his youth. He may not find them all his fond fancy has painted them as seen through the vista of the vanished years. The fish may be not so numerous nor so large nor so active as his memory of the old days would demand, but the pursuit has in it the same recompense as before, and the old angler is no whit behind the youngster in his capacity of enjoyment of the sport. What else is there in all the realm of outdoor sports which has this lasting quality which belongs to fishing?

The Maine game warden who engineered the prosecution of a partridge snarer in the imposition of a fine of \$700 now has a snarner in an Illinois warden who has arrested a woman for the possession of a pet fawn given to her last June as a wedding present. Such antics as these have only one effect, which is to foster a feeling against the game laws. They work just as would the actual imposition of a "penalty of \$500 or a year in prison" which the New York street car signs declare to be the punishment for the offense of spitting on the floor of a car. The Maine justice, of course, dismissed the grouse killer; but the Illinois justice gave the woman the option of killing her pet or sending it out of the State.

It is intimated that the New York Forest, Fish and Game Commission's forthcoming report will contain a recommendation of the adoption of a non-resident license for shooting game.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A Tennessee Outing.—III.

I BORROWED the Doctor's almanac, next morning, to get right on the day and date.

When off on a hunting trip, day and night are about the only periods of time that I keep the run of until I round up a week and pause to "remember the Sabbath day."

It was Saturday and the rain had set in.

After breakfast I hunted up the boys' den and selecting one of Henty's books settled down to be a boy again till the rain ceased.

The hero was just breaking home ties preparatory to going forth to carve out for himself a name and fortune, when the Doctor came in, opening wide the door for Uncle Bill, who followed with a load of straw.

"I am going to burn out our chimney," he explained. "Have had the straw ready for some time waiting for a rain."

Ever ready for a novel experience, I laid aside my book and prepared to enjoy this new game.

Uncle Bill carried his load of straw to the big fireplace, where the fire had burned low, and pushing it well in, began to work it as far up the chimney as he could with a stick. My expectations were not great, and for a few moments it looked as though the affair was to be very tame, but such was not the case. After the straw became well ignited, there commenced a roaring which rapidly increased in volume until it sounded like distant thunder and shook the windows like a mighty wind, and then "the deluge."

For the next half hour Uncle Bill, the Doctor and I— together with a neighbor hastily summoned and sent to the second floor—had a veritable "hot corner" on chimneys.

The fire poured down in great coals that broke and scattered out over the carpet, getting the lead on us and burning holes in spite of our best efforts. Uncle Bill and I with brooms, and the Doctor with a bucket of water.

Finally, when we were all about exhausted, and hot as harvest hands, the roaring ceased and the falling debris came in smaller lots, and at longer intervals.

I had begun to wonder how often the pleasant practice of burning out chimneys was indulged in well regulated households, and how I could arrange to absent myself from any future participation therein, when the Doctor returned from a trip to the yard, where he had gone for a survey of the roof, and thanked me heartily and sincerely for my valuable assistance in helping save the house. He then assured me, as did Uncle Bill, that I had seen a remarkable and unusual chimney burning, such as neither of them, in all their experience, had ever seen. The chimney had not been thoroughly cleansed by former burnings for two or three years, and had become very foul, and, becoming well ignited, had burned with unprecedented and unexpected fury.

On examination we found that the intense heat had burned loose the cement lining, which, to the amount of several wheelbarrow loads had fallen in the fireplace; while the roof was covered with soot and cinders.

"Had that chimney caught fire before this rain, you would have to worry with the problem of which you would prefer to sleep in, the barn or smoke house," said the Doctor.

When Uncle Bill had cleared away the debris, and our good fire was going again, the Doctor commended me on the coolness shown during the exciting incident, but I could claim no great amount of credit, as I did not know anything very much out of the usual was happening until after it was all over. I was like the old lady from the country, who, on her first ride on the railroad, was on a train that left the rails and brought up suddenly in a ditch.

Disengaging herself from the mass of more or less injured humanity in the forward end of the car, where she had been thrown by the shock, she limped back down the aisle peering under seats, occasionally identifying and pulling out one of her several articles of baggage. A rescuer approached and asked her if she was hurt.

"Hurt?" said she, in a surprised tone. "No, I guess I ain't hurt none, but I can't find my box of lunch no where."

"You should not mind the loss of your lunch, madam, but should be giving thanks for your wonderful escape from injury in the awful accident we have had," was the reply.

"Accident! Accident, you say? Well, now, I did think the pesky thing stopped awful sudden, but I 'sposed that was the usual way."

The rain continued to fall all day Saturday, and it was Monday before I resumed hunting again.

The rain had not affected the cover to the extent I had hoped, but conditions were somewhat improved, especially as to the weed pollen which had caused the dog much discomfort in the first dry days. The morning hunt was greatly enjoyed, and the bag fairly good, although we only worked out two coveys.

At noon the young Doctor, who had taken my friend's practice off his hands, and who had been anxious to go out with me, but heretofore prevented by his professional engagements, announced that he had arranged for the afternoon off and would join me, if agreeable.

Assured of the latter fact, we got away in good time; the Doctor armed with the only weapon he could find—a 12-gauge hammer gun, with one barrel out of commission, and a pocket full of shells loaded with No. 4 shot and black powder.

"My role is large and audience appreciative," said he. "I have not fired a gun for years, and never killed a bird on the wing in my life."

After getting well under way, I watched the Doctor from the tail of my eye for some time, with the usual suspicion that the veteran accords the tyro, and was pleased to see that he handled his gun with care.

We crossed the meadow where the larks were, on the way to our hunting grounds, and I suggested to him that he try a shot, if it offered, as practice.

Several flushed wild, but finally one lay until the Doctor approached quite near, and gave him a fair shot.

He did not make a kill, but the business-like way in

which he conducted the effort augured well for his ultimate success as a wing shot, is he persevered.

We found our first birds in the corn jungle that had worried me so in my earlier outing.

They flushed rather wild and scattered out well as they rose.

I selected my birds, killed the first, but saw no result from my second—quite a long shot. I had heard the roar of the Doctor's duck load, but was rather surprised at his quiet announcement that he had killed a bird.

My bird (I thought) that he shot in the direction of and saw fall and thinks he killed. We moved up on our game, and as I approached Jack, who was with the bird I had seen fall, the Doctor turned off to the left, saying that his bird was over there. I then changed my mind and jumped to the conclusion that I had killed my second bird, after all, and it was that bird, instead of the first one, that the Doctor had thought he killed. But without hesitating he passed by the line of my second shot, walked on a short distance and picked up his bird.

And right heartily did I commend him, and gladly did I note the fact that by no possible chance could either shot fired by me have killed that bird, for being a fellow the most generous, self-sacrificing, honorable, high-toned sportsman that ever went gunning, and even so much as a fairly good shot, he cannot without certain mental reservations believe that a beginner has, by any chance, killed a bird that falls anywhere near in line of his own shot.

We followed the covey, but could only find two or three birds, I getting another and the Doctor cutting down a row of corn with his ounce and one half of 4's sent a little low after a fast flying brown beauty.

We routed a rabbit out of a bit of very thin weeds, in the next field, giving me a fair shot. As Jeff was ambling along in our rear, taking very little interest in the proceedings up to this time, I concluded to try to awaken his interest, so opened fire on "Bre'r rabbit."

The first shot went wide, but the second bowled it over. "Why did you not kill it the first shot?" said my friend.

"Didn't shoot where it was," said I, somewhat embarrassed by the question, and yet flattered that the Doctor thought me skillful enough to always shoot where I wanted to.

I have used a gun for many years, but have never arrived at that point of perfection where I could not miss a fair average of shots.

Others have done so, and I have met them a few times, but sad to relate always on their off days, when they were the victims of some awful "if" or unforeseen "but."

I had rather have my bird tied down at twenty steps than to know that so sure as I shot at it, I should certainly kill.

The very soul of all sport is the uncertainty attending it, and by that token many of us can count our sporting privileges incorporeal hereditaments, for it is not alone the biggest fish that get away.

Shortly after the rabbit episode our dog found a fine covey of big, strong flying birds in an open bit of stubble.

They lay well, and seemed determined to let us walk right over them, but finally boiled out of the ground at our very feet with a most disconcerting roar. My companion presented arms and threatened them seriously, but failing to get on a bird to his entire satisfaction did not fire. I weeded out my full allowance, a couple.

The survivors scattered along a branch at the lower end of the field, where we followed them, expecting some good shooting at single birds, but on reaching the place where they had gone we found it a very deep gulley, with almost precipitous banks covered with brush and briars.

Only one bird did we succeed in routing out, and he broke cover on the Doctor's side, and saved his wish-bone by a very speedy retreat.

Concluding to try further on, we made for some promising looking cover in sight on the next farm.

"Dey won't let yo' hunt ovah dah, suh," said Jeff, as we started to climb the fence.

My companion did not hesitate, but dropping over the fence called back: "Come on, it's all right."

I had some misgivings, but presuming that the Doctor knew better than the boy, followed on.

At the far end of the field we came to a thicket where a man was doing some clearing, and calling the Doctor's attention to him, requested that he make the proceedings regular by getting permission for us to hunt.

He proved to be the owner of the land, who evidently did not recognize my companion when he first called to him, asking if he had any objections to our hunting on his farm. But when he supplemented his request with the information that he was "the Doctor," the old fellow promptly and cordially granted it.

What a fine thing it is, I thought, to be held in such high esteem by our fellowmen as this young man; who has but to mention his name to a churlish neighbor to be accorded privileges denied to all others. Proof positive of what a life of self-sacrifice and devotion to our kind may achieve. But just here the Doctor broke in on my reverie with this practical explanation:

"That old rascal owes me a bill for professional services that is getting pretty well frayed around the edges, and knows better than to refuse me permission to hunt on his land." My further moralizing was along the line of how little we really know of the motives controlling others' acts.

Some pretty stiff hills loomed up on the route we were traveling, and as our tramp had been quite extended, my choice was the low lands, but a passing native assured us that a covey of birds used on the steepest hill confronting us, and at it we went. We toiled to the apex, and though we found no birds were fully rewarded by the grand view it afforded of the surrounding country. Down in the valley on the other side was the cabin home of Jeff's mammy, and as we approached it, our young retainer was minded of a message he bore:

"My mammy say she wan' yo' to come see huh, Doc-tah—pleas, suh—she feelin' bad."

I expressed my entire willingness to sit on the fence and rest while the Doctor made his call; so assuring me that it would be brief, he went on to the cabin.

"Which way you-all goin' now, suh?" said the boy, who showed unmistakable signs of fatigue.

I indicated another steep hill, beyond which I knew lay good covers. He said nothing for several minutes, but seemed to be thinking deeply.

Finally, as one who has solved a difficult problem, he looked up and said:

"I got to go now, suh. I don't promis' mammy dat I'd com' back an' he'p hur wid de washin'. (The sun was not more than a half hour high.) Assuring him that I thought we could get along without him for the short time left us to hunt, I gave him the rabbit and a bit of silver, and bid him go. The Doctor returning soon thereafter, we resumed our hunt, and succeeded in finding one more covey of birds.

Down in a deep ravine between two steep hills, old Jack rounded them up, and when we found him, in the high weeds, was down on a beautiful point.

Side by side, the Doctor on my left, we moved down on them, and, flushing, they flew straight up the hill in front of us.

The Doctor (coolly, as if killing with a gun was the method he had practiced all his life, and with the skill of an expert) selected a bird at the extreme left of the covey and bowled it over with his one barrel, while again drew a pair.

The sun was dropping behind the mountain, and we concluded that we had better strike for a "light in the window" that was dimly seen down the valley, so did not follow the birds.

We had enjoyed the day, but, tired and hungry, felt that now the best part of it was to come—supper.

LEWIS HOPKINS.

A Good Shot—And a Bad One.

I.

THE saw mill whistle blew for quarter time. The machinery stopped, and Jim stepped off the carriage. He strolled over to the long, narrow window that extends laterally, one sash high and a half-dozen in width, along the side of the mill's upper story. The window was open; he placed his back against the sill and stretched out his arms, on either side, along it, to rest—while the machinery rested—during the changing of saws.

II.

Down below, a man suddenly dashed into the engine room, rudely jostled the Boss in his haste.

"What's the matter?" growled the Boss.

"Man fainted," and the hasty one proceeded to fill a pail at the cold water faucet.

"Huh!" with a downward inflection, the shadow of a growl still lingered in the voice of the Boss. "Le's go see!" This to a bystander with whom he had been conversing.

III.

The man at the window had collapsed. He lay in a heap upon the floor. Around him stood the Boss, the bystander, the man with a pail and the rest.

"Lay him out straight," said the Boss. It was done. The Boss looked closely at his face.

"That's no faint—he's dead," said the Boss; "that's heart disease; go for the doctor!"

The "hand" addressed went—the doctor came.

"It's apoplexy," said the doctor. "All the symptoms are present except frothing at the mouth. In death by apoplexy there's generally frothing."

IV.

They carried him into the mill boarding house. He was an unmarried man, thank God, they said; but where he lived or where he came from they did not know. Driftwood, he—just a piece of human driftwood! Anyway, they would give him a decent burial; they all "chipped in."

They would remove his clothing and perform for him his last ablution. That was the decent thing to do, they had heard. They loosened the rough woolen shirt, they raised his head and slipped the garment off—and then he who stood behind, supporting the recumbent form, cried out, and his cry voiced surprise, terror, anger. "Look here!—blood!—he's been shot!"

"Yes, blood!—shot!—call the doctor!"

The doctor recovered the bullet: it was a .44-40.

V.

Whence came the bullet?—that was the question all asked, but none could answer. At the moment the unfortunate man had been stricken there was no noise about the mill—yet no one had heard the report of the rifle; the bullet must have come from a long way off.

"The bullet has taken a downward course into the man's body," said the doctor.

"What slant?" asked the Boss.

"About so," and the doctor indicated the angle with his lancet.

"Ump! She flew pretty high," the Boss declared.

"Yes, it described not quite a half-circle in its flight."

The Boss was evidently thinking. He asked: "Which way did that bullet go after it hit—right or left?"

"Its course is from right to left."

"How much?"

"About so," said the doctor, again illustrating with lancet.

"Well, lay the poor devil out." There was no growl in the voice now. His eye—the Boss was never known to weep—his eye was kindly and mellow, though.

VI.

The mill was rattling and roaring again; the great circular tearing and snarling; the mill had lost no time because a man had died—not all the hands had dropped their work to clear away this bit of useless driftwood—enough only to dispose of him decently.

The Boss walked back to the mill. The "boys" instinctively shuddered as they saw him go up to the window and stand in the very spot where Jim had fallen. He stretched his arms along the sill; he slouched, just as Jim had, except that he faced out. He looked up; he looked to one side; he seemed to be measuring something with his eye.

"'Bout in line with that lone birch," he muttered, as he took a compass from his pocket and carefully noted the course. Then he went down and out, motioning to a man to accompany him.

Eighty rods northwest of the mill ran the precipitous face of a bluff seventy feet high, on the edge of which stood the lone birch—a big, white tree standing before a dense growth of evergreens, like an officer appareled in

silver at the head of a regiment of green-coats. The Boss and his companion made their way to this tree, and looked back at the mill, and glanced at their compass and nodded. Then the Boss led the way at a swinging, measured stride, running by compass; he was pacing.

The top of the bluff extended for a mile or two in a wooded table land. Suddenly the Boss halted and looked around about him. "Ought to be 'bout here, I guess," he said. "Stand here, Jake, while I take a circle." Then he began to walk around Jake in ever-widening circles. Half an hour later he hallooed. Jake moved forward in almost a direct line, perhaps two hundred yards, and there stood the Boss with a dead crow in his hand. He pointed to its head; the upper half had been carried away. "A mighty good shot," said the Boss, "and a mighty bad one."

A few yards further on they found an empty brass shell shining among the dead leaves. The Boss looked up and pointed, "That's where this black fellow sat—on that dead branch—and here's where the man stood who shot him—and the poor devil down in the boarding house."

E. H. HOTCHKISS.

A Walk Down South.—XI.

It was raining when I came down the road past a side hill lime kiln over the brink into Cumberland, Md. Beyond the city I could see a bluff dimly, though it was not far away. The city is upward of three miles long and only a few rods wide. The stone pavements, the close-set building and other "citified" things made me feel uncomfortable. I did not feel any better when the head waiter of the hotel sneaked over to the head clerk to see if I was to be served with a meal there. But I was "squared" by the clerk, and ate a hearty supper in spite of the fact that I was ill dressed. I had come in wet to the skin, and had to change the bicycle suit for long trousers, which, with a flannel shirt, did not conform well to existing conditions thereabouts.

Cumberland is on the dividing line between the North and the South. I presume that it has the characteristics of both sections. Leastwise, I saw considerable that was novel to me, and heard more. For the first time I heard the pure Southern dialect. It was exceedingly sweet and musical to my ears. The rising inflection was very pronounced—far more so than in central and southern Pennsylvania. The snatches of conversation that I overheard when a Northern and a Southern commercial traveler exchanged experiences were most interesting. The mere tones of the voices were something of a revelation to me.

I had glimpses of a new type of man at Cumberland, too. I have seen men who suggested a shotgun, others like old flintlock rifles, one or two that seemed like a Gatling gun. I now saw a man who seemed to be a knife personified. His eyes were deep set and black, his complexion dark, his hair black, his movements alert, graceful as the wind. He was sheathed in the gentlest behavior and most cultivated manner I have ever seen, and yet I could not think of comparing him to anything but a lean blade with a black glitter along the edge. Perhaps I have described a stage villain, but I didn't mean to. The men of this type have none of the brute in them. Indeed, their appearances come nearer to suggesting sensitive honor and courageous dash than any other sort, to my mind. Sixty miles further south, at Moorefield, W. Va., I saw one of these knife-like men speak to a light-haired, no-account of the same age—say twenty-eight or so. The no-account fairly shivered, and though I did not hear what was said, the tone of voice on one side was keen, on the other a whine. One good quality the knife-like ones seemed to lack conspicuously, that was the endurance.

O. C. McKay, of Cedarville, Va., was at the hotel in Cumberland, and he told me about the country toward which I was headed. I wanted to go south along the western side of the Alleghanies. He said that there were twenty-two inches of snow in Pocahontas county, W. Va., through which I could not wade. He said, however, that along the east side of the ridge I might get through. Then he laid my route for me up the South Branch and south fork of the South Branch of the Potomac River through the county seats of Hampshire, Hardy, Grant and Pendleton counties, West Virginia. He warned me that while the eastern slope was several degrees warmer than the western, I would climb up all the way to Highland county, Virginia, and, of course, go into a colder climate every perpendicular yard I ascended. It helped me much.

"Het's a pretty jubeous look around," an old darcy said the other day—so I thought, when I came out of Cumberland on Monday morning, Nov. 24. The day was blustering, and gray clouds swept overhead. Under the pack it was not very cold, but to stop and rest for long meant a shiver if I sat down. Eighty rods from the trolley car that took me to South Cumberland was the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal, which reaches only to Cumberland, however. I wanted a ride on a canal boat, so I went up half a mile to an open lock, but the first boatman wouldn't take me down, so I started on the towpath, having lost a couple of hours. I met a boy peddler a mile below the bridge coming up. He had gone down more than two hours before, but was on his way back to take to the public road. He had been ordered off the towpath four or five miles below, and as a result lost several hours and covered a dozen useless miles. His voice broke when he told about it. His pack was heavier than mine, and he was twenty pounds lighter than I at least. He said "they wouldn't let him cross at the locks," nor follow the path further for fear of his scaring the mules. He kept on back, and I kept on ahead, for I wanted to see the kind of a man who would make a boy walk twelve miles heavy laden for nothing.

Two miles below I saw a man lying beside the towpath. His legs and arms were drawn up, his head curled into the grass and a double-barreled shotgun was beside him on the ground. I thought it was a tragedy, and rolled him over to see where the shot entered, but saw no blood. I threw open the gun then and found that it was not loaded. To make sure, I took a smell of the fellow's breath. I left him then. I got dinner at a farmhouse out in the field toward the Potomac. A farmer owned a mile or so of the Potomac bottom there. Two daughters and a son have divided the land, and Farmer Crites, a

mountaineer from Highland county, Va., married one of the girls, put up a house on his wife's portion and is adding wealth to the capital. He talked West Virginia mountaineer English, to which I listened for the first time. I carried a "right smaht load." The weather was bad. "Yes, indeed. This yere land is good, it's so."

Down the towpath a way a canal boat was tied to the bank.

"How ah yo'?" said the captain. "Takin' a leetle wahlk? Huh! Well, seh, hit's right smaht of a ways down to Green Spring. You'll find cleveh peepeel that-away; yass, seh. One time me an' two otheh fellehs went up theh Shenandoah Valley buyin' mewls. We stopped at an old fahmer's house, an' asked could we all stay fur theh night. He said as he wasn't prepehed to accommodate travelahs. Well, we said we would sleep on theh flooh. We hed ouh blankets. No, sah, he said he was afraid of bugs. That made we all pretty mad, and one of ouh pahty was a man who didn't cyah for anything at all. He said, 'We haven't any moh bugs than you hev, and we ah goin' to stay yere whetheh you want us to or not.' The old fahmer went into the house and come out again to say he'd be ready to keep us in a little. I saw some boys going across the fields on horseback pretty fast, but didn't think nothing of it. Pretty soon 'bout fifteen or twenty fahmers come along the road, all ahmed with Winchestahs and shotguns. Hit looked kinda jubeous, hit's so. But I knowed one of the pahties theh, and we fixed it up all right. Then that yere fahmer tried to sell we uns a team of old mewls, hit's so."

It was eight miles from the bridge to the first lock (No. 75). I sat down on the porch of the tender's house beside the path, using my pack for a seat. The wind was blowing colder, and flakes of snow came out of the north in stinging fashion from time to time. In five minutes I was getting ready to shiver. Then a woman came out of the house. She jumped when I spoke, but pointed across the lock to the tender's shanty, where her husband could be found. I found the tender not the ugly man I had expected from the peddler's story. The peddler had not come so far down as that. Undoubtedly some merciless joker had turned him back.

The tender was Stephen Harper. He said I could stay at his house as long as I liked. So I put my pack indoors and then sat down to enjoy the hot, soft-coal stove fire. Supper that night consisted of beans, ham, bread and peach, cherry or cream butter, and oatmeal and milk for dessert. It was delicious and ample.

After supper I went out to watch a canal boat go through the lock. The wind was stone cold, with a charge of sleet now and then. The boat ran into the lock, steered by a gaunt woman, around whose head was wrapped a woolen shawl. Her cotton skirt flapped like a flag in the wind. She held the tiller with one hand and put the other into the flames from a soft-coal brazier—a six-quart iron flower pot on three legs. The flare from this fire cast shadows in all directions, while sparks flew for yards down wind in a dusky cloud of smoke. Out of the galley window amidships stuck a sunbonneted head for a moment, lighted by a dim lamp and the red heat of a stove. I had a glimpse of tin cups, and caught the odor of coffee. Meantime the stern gate closed and the boat began to settle in the lock. Two boys, the oldest not seventeen, stood waiting, bent by the cold and blowing on mittenless hawk-talon fingers. In five minutes the swing gates opened. "Hike! Hike!" yelled the boys, and the three invisible mules down the path, hitched tandem, hauled the rope taut and the boat moved slowly on, guided by the black, gaunt witch at the tiller, who swayed now to port and now to starboard, enveloped in smoke, sparks and flame. For a few moments instinct said she was in her element. I entered the watch shanty.

"A woman astern!" snorted the old tender. "It's a nice night for a woman to be out there."

He had been a boatman for twenty years, and he knew that the figure I saw was a woman shivering in the bitter wind.

We sat in the shanty for a while, waiting till some oysters in their shells laid around the rim of the stove cooked. They opened in a few minutes, and then we snatched them one by one from the rail and ate them as they sizzled. I'd never eaten roasted oysters before. My supper had been a large one, but I ate a couple dozen of fine large Chesapeake Bay oysters and regretted that I could not eat more. The shellfish are brought up on the canal boats in tubs of salt water. They were unexpected and exceedingly good.

"There used to be lots of ducks killed along the canal," Harper said, "but they aren't so plenty as they were once. Years ago a deer was run into the canal by dogs down below here. It was just ahead of my boat, and I shot at it with a navy revolver, but couldn't get it. After a while it found a place to climb out and started up the mountain, and then a man there shot it with a rifle. Nearly all the boats have a gun or two on board."

In a cage bird in the dining room was a handsome fellow—a Kentucky cardinal, I think it was. Right after New Year's it begins to whistle, and after a while when the migrants arrive, rescuers of the same species come to the cage and "fight" the prisoner. Of a canary in the same house I heard a similar touching story. Every spring thistle birds bring straw and twigs to the cage with which the captive builds a nest.

On the following morning I boarded one of Captain J. G. Lynn's nine prop-and-cross-tie boats bound for Old Town, Md. Old Town is one of the places where Brad-dock's army stopped to camp when on its way to defeat near Pittsburg (Fort Duquesne). Across the river is Green Spring, reached from Old Town by a rope ferry or a rowboat, according to the load.

Captain Lynn belonged to the Confederate army, and his company took Crook and Kelly out of Maryland. He ranged all through the Alleghanies from the Potomac southward, and knows the region all through. He fought over many of the ridges, hunted men and was hunted where a great deal of game has been killed since then. He approved of my route.

Riding on this canal boat was a novelty. Several years ago I rode fourteen miles up the Honesdale, Pennsylvania, Canal, but that was a different region. The Delaware River was rugged and beautiful; save for Indian traditions that portion of the stream which I saw, was tame in history. On the Potomac every hill, every valley, and many of the houses stood for a legend—on one

a hunter had heard a lost runaway darcy's prayer for a guide, from another scouts had spied on opposing armies; old earth works might still be seen. The region seemed to glide by—trees, cornfields, rock ledges, hills, valleys and mountains all slipped past. There was no tremor of a steam engine, nor creaking of blocks. Neither were there waves or noisy winds. It was traveling of the sort that makes one listen for the clock and strain to catch the sound of a creaking tiller. I was tempted to go on to the Chesapeake Bay. But at Old Town I crossed the Potomac in a rowboat, and after a dinner went to the railroad station.

I went to the railroad station because I felt the need of haste. A snowstorm might delay me for days if it came at the wrong time. While I waited for a train to take me to Romney, eighteen miles up the South Branch, I saw three hunters cross the railroad track behind some little painted shanties. They fired at and killed three rabbits the dogs routed in a few minutes there. Then they came to the store. On their backs were three or four rabbits apiece. I was told, however, that Romney was nearer the game country, and that one could get hotel accommodations at "reasonable" rates—say a dollar a day.

Twilight came early and lasted long. The mountains cast shadows across the valleys long before it becomes dark. I rode through the gathering gloom up a valley, getting glimpses of the real South—the South that one sees in picture books. Log houses and brick mansions, wide fields in which corn stood shocked. Once I saw Topsy and a white girl standing side by side.

It was almost dark when I entered a hotel at Romney. The first thing I saw was a muzzleloading Colt's revolver on the window sill—loaded. I thought I was getting into a "rough" country then.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

Camp-Fire Stories from Canadian Woods.—V.

The Counterfeiter's Cave.

(Continued from the issue of May 11, 1901.)

WHEN old John Meyers died, leaving as a legacy his history of the treasure cave, some few of those residing in the neighborhood where old John lived, after searching in vain and failing to find the cave, conceived the idea of not only manufacturing the silver but coining it as well.

During their researches a veritable cave was discovered situated at the head of Long Lake and about four miles easterly from the foot of the Great Massinau. This cave was secretly known to only a few, was found by the merest accident, the entrance to it was naturally so well concealed that scores might pass within a few feet of its mouth without discovering it. Here some of the more daring spirits formed the plan and carried on the operations of counterfeiting silver money for several years.

The cave was supposed to contain considerable antimony, as specimens of this mineral were there afterward discovered; galena and silver existed in this and the adjoining townships, though not discovered until recent years. The presence of these minerals was presumed to have been known to those daring "courières du bois." Counterfeiting at that time was a hanging crime.

Yearly or half yearly expeditions under the guise of hunting, fishing, or trapping were made to this cave to replenish their exhausted exchequer, the parties taking every precaution to conceal their intentions and disguise the object of their undertaking.

For how many years this counterfeiting was carried on, how much money was coined, or who all were engaged in the transactions will never be known.

Whether from exhausting the supply of antimony, or whether their coins were too easily detected, it seems the enterprise did not pay. Operations were abandoned, the entrance to the cave was closed up, the secret was buried, and probably would never have become known to the public but for a circumstance and an enterprise many years after which cost some of the parties dear.

In the year 1865 two partners, "Oram and Howie," had established a paper manufactory on the river Trent and in the neighborhood where some of these parties lived.

About this time the idea of counterfeiting was revived among a few of the old parties from the successful operations of a gang in the western part of the Province and the neighboring States, with whom they had placed themselves in communication.

Howie being a genial off-hand sort of a fellow, two of the parties approached him with a suggestion that if they could show him a silver mine which, with a little capital to develop it, would make them all rich, would he invest in it? Howie replied that he had not a great deal of capital, but if they showed him a good thing he would find funds to develop it.

They took him to a lonely spot away in the northern part of the county, and, like Satan of old, who took another upon a high mountain to show him his possessions (while the poor devil hadn't a foot of land of his own to give), they likewise had no mine to disclose. But they then and there acquainted him with their scheme for coining money. They assured Howie that they could turn out \$500 to \$1,000 per day, but they required a little capital to complete the plant with new and improved machinery, and some business man to distribute the money. They showed him some United States half dollar pieces, but they were badly made and of so brittle material as to be easily broken. They, however, showed some twenty-five cent pieces better made and of superior material. Howie concluded there was more money to be made by betraying the parties than by joining their enterprise. He accordingly communicated with the Government and a detective was sent to his assistance. Aided by this detective, whom he introduced as a Mr. Stratton from New York, and one who was willing to enter into their plans, a scheme was laid to entrap the counterfeiters which was well planned and successfully carried out. Four of the parties—two Quackenbush brothers, Stickles and Potter—were sent to the penitentiary for various terms of years, there to ruminate over the uncertainty and slipperiness of things mundane, and

to moralize on the divine dictum that "the way of the transgressor is hard."

The Long Lake cave remained a secret until a few years ago. For years after the Quackenbushes were sent to the penitentiary, and during the period of the gold excitement in the latter part of the sixties, no suspicion of this cave was entertained, although a syndicate purchased the "big rock" and adjoining territory.

Prospecting was carried on and search was again instituted for the mythical "Meyer's Cave," but without practical results. During the past few years prospecting has been pursued for asbestos, galena, silver and mica. Some mica mines have been opened at the head of the lake and carried on with success. These things caused a stir in mining circles and once more the Meyer's cave illusion was revived. Some conjectured that it was located further to the west, and either on Loon or Partridge Lake. Others considered Long Lake or Marble Lake the favored locality, while a retired druggist, who possessed means as well as faith, and had obtained an authentic copy of old Meyer's instructions, began operations at the "big rock."

It so happened about this time a resident of the town of Peterborough became acquainted with a man in Michigan who had been one of the original parties carrying on coining operations in the Long Lake cave years ago. This person had left Canada years before the Howie-Quackenbush affair took place, but, on account of the notoriety which some of his old comrades had obtained, he gave this country a wide berth, lest his name might become mixed up in their confidential disclosures to the detectives, or referred to in their transactions.

From this person was obtained a description of the cave, with directions where to find it. He also mentioned one Jesse Ireland, if alive, somewhere in Ontario, who could assist him. The lot was located and secured, and a company formed to carry on mining. Prospecting went on briskly and a search instituted for the whereabouts of Ireland. Considerable blasting was done on both sides of the river, test pits were sunk at different places, but the stubborn rock refused to give up its secret, and no cave was discovered. However, just as work was about to be abandoned, Ireland was located, as a hotel keeper, at the town of Port Perry.

It appears that Ireland, when a lad of about twelve years of age, had been taken by the parties in the capacity of cook on one of their excursions to the cave. They secured his silence, but managed to keep him in ignorance of the real object of their visit, or of the serious consequences which might result from their acts. For a consideration Ireland was induced to assist the miners in finding the cave.

Following the directions already received, he carefully examined the locality where prospecting had been carried on. Years had elapsed since he had been there; then he was a lad, but now an old man. The virgin forest had been cut away, frequent brush fires had swept over the land, new growth of timber had sprung up, and the face of the country was changed. He was puzzled as to the exact locality. Having returned by the circuitous route before mentioned, he said that he must find the old trail to satisfy himself before proceeding further with his search. "That the old trail followed up the river through Marble Lake to the Massinai, thence through that lake and up the river at its head, where it turned off to Mink Lake. That, at the south of that lake, and alongside of a stream were two large rocks, upon one of which would be found certain marks. If his supposition proved to be correct, then he was on the right spot, for the old tree with marks upon it pointing to the mouth of the cave could nowhere be found."

Old lumbermen who had shantied in the vicinity and cut timber around Mink Lake, and who were thoroughly familiar with that locality, told him the country had been cut over, burnt over, and no such rocks as he described were in existence. He, however, persisted, and following up the trail as mapped out by himself, on the south side of Mink Lake, some twenty miles from the supposed locality of the cave, he found the two rocks, and upon scraping the moss from one of them, there were revealed the marks sought for. Being thus assured he returned to resume the search.

The entrance to the cave which had been used by the counterfeiters was very small, admitting only one person at a time. It had been, when abandoned by them, carefully covered up with stone and other debris and thoroughly concealed, and when Ireland came to look for it, it was overgrown with underbrush.

Taking a crowbar and sounding at the bottom of one of the test pits, Ireland struck several heavy blows; at length the crowbar went through, showing that had the prospectors gone only four inches or so further they would not have required his services. The opening was easily found and the debris removed. Ireland remembered that on his former visit the cave had been damp and the air very bad, causing every one of the party to be laid up with sickness upon their return home. Birch bark and other inflammable material were ignited and thrown in; after this the discoverers descended. Here was found unmistakable evidence of an occupation long ago; the initials of some of the old habitués were found cut in the rock and implements coated with rust lay scattered about. But the dies and other counterfeiting implements had been left in a corner of the cave, over which a portion of the roof had become detached and had fallen, burying them beneath tons of rock.

Mining operations were therefore prosecuted with more vigor but with indifferent results. One result of finding the counterfeiters' cave was to stimulate prospecting throughout this vast region between the settled townships and the great corundum belt. Some good mines have been opened, but the country has been as yet merely scratched over. Rich leads of gold, silver, galena, antimony and mica, etc., await the prospector and the enterprising capitalist. The lakes and streams abound with different kinds of trout, while bear, beaver, mink, otter, martin and deer roam through the forests. Partridge are plentiful, and no portion of Ontario affords finer scenery, greater facilities, or easier access to the sportsman, to the artist, or to the prospector.

It now remains to determine, if possible, upon what basis the story of "Meyer's Cave" rests.

The writer has it from grandchildren of old John Meyers now grown gray, and they positively affirm that the old man made two trips to the treasure cave; that on

the first occasion he brought specimens of native silver from which their grandmother had made up rings and other articles; that they had seen these articles in their young days; that the old man died firmly believing such a cave as he described did really exist; that the Indians had taken him into the cave; that he had seen it, and had brought away specimens of silver and that, had his canoe not capsized, causing the loss of his effects along with the silver, substantial evidence of its existence would have survived his decease. It is certain that he related his story with an earnestness which carried conviction to others. Like the lost mines of California and Arizona, there must be a grain of truth out of which to manufacture even a fable. It is possible that caves exist in the rocks and mountains which surround the Massinai. May it not be possible that the Indians furnished the specimens and the crude old hunter was taken to some cave now filled up or concealed by falling rock and deceived as to the nature of the substance which he saw?

I leave this subject for the curious to conjecture and for the enthusiast to continue his search.

Such is the history of "Meyer's Cave" up to the present. More money has been wasted, more time lost, more discussion, theory, conjecture over this "will o' the wisp" than has been expended upon all other illusions which may have cropped up since the settlement of these midland counties of Ontario.

E. B. FRALECK.

The Hermit of Moxie.

THE death of the hermit of Moxie tract, a section of timberland and lake in the northern part of Somerset county, Maine, has been reported by the tote team driver of Lane & Murphy's crew, whose logging operation is a few miles above.

The hermit of Moxie has for many years "enjoyed" a rather peculiar reputation in Maine. In the first place he has been the most persistent poacher in that section, but the character of the man and of his poaching has been such that the authorities have not been anxious to stir him up. Secondly, the hermit has won more considerable notoriety as the proud possessor of several hundred cats. It has been stated by some lumbermen that at times he had about him nearly five hundred of the felines. But as no one to my knowledge ever had the opportunity or the patience to count the grimalkins, I will not vouch as to the number. But the man who found him dead states that there were nearly two hundred cats on the premises when the recent gruesome discovery was made.

The hermit of Moxie had vowed himself to the self-set task of keeping those cats in meat. Therefore he was a poacher. When the cats were hungry he killed a deer. Even if the hermit had been arrested he would have been a burden on the State in the insane asylum. And the cats would have become wandering nuisances in the woods.

The discovery of the hermit's death was made in the following manner: The tote team driver, on account of a "riffle" in the ice of Moxie Lake, found it necessary to make a detour of a mile or so out of the "bushed" road across the ice.

In making the circuit of the dangerous place he passed near the island on which the hermit has lived for many years. A dog accompanied the team. Suddenly the canine sniffed in the direction of the island and set off full tilt across the snow on a trip of investigation. He approached the island, so the driver noticed, in a zig-zag course, occasionally snuffing at tracks in the snow and then lunging ahead with a short yelp. The driver knew all about the hermit and his cats, and understanding that the dog had wended the colony kept on without thinking especially of the matter. The dog disappeared among the trees surrounding the little cabin of the lone resident. In two minutes there was a mingled sound of yelping and caterwauling that made the teamster's blood run cold. Out of the woods on to the level surface of the lake came rushing the dog. He was leaping, twisting and rolling. On him stuck cats of all kinds. More were following, looking for a chance to dig in a clip. As soon as he had torn loose from one bunch another group was ready for the attack. Now, the driver liked his dog, and he didn't want to see him made into ribbons or Hamburg steak. So he halted his team, seized his whip and started for the battlefield. The dog kept on coming and met him half way with a dozen of the persistent cats hanging to him. The man drove into the ball of dog, snow and cats and by vigorously lashing all concerned managed to disentangle his pup and to send the cats scurrying back to the camp.

The dog was badly damaged. One of his ears was nearly clawed off and blood was oozing from his nose and back. He licked the wounds that he could reach and lay in a melancholy manner. The driver decided to walk up to the cabin and remonstrate with the hermit.

Furthermore, the driver thought it rather strange that the hermit hadn't appeared at sound of the conflict. When the dog noticed the direction in which the driver was going he sneaked back to the sled. He had investigated cats all he cared for that day.

About the cabin the man found cats strolling and "merapowing" dismally. The animals seemed to be in distress. Cats receded from behind trees as he approached. Many of them scratched hastily up the clawed corner posts of the camp and perched on the roof, growling and spitting at him. Occasionally slashing with his whip to intimidate such of the creatures as made a far-off stand and humped their backs at him, the driver approached the camp and knocked on the little door. There was no answer from within. The door was pierced by a small hole, evidently designed for a latchstring, but the string had been pulled in. Therefore the bar within could not be raised.

After some effort the new arrival was able to peer in at the dingy, cracked glass as his eyes became accustomed to the inner darkness. All about in the room the eyes of cats, green and amber with reflected light, glared at him. Many of them were wailing pitifully. Others growled and spat. They were of all shapes, colors and varieties. The hermit himself lay in his bunk, his face toward the light, and after a minute of scrutiny, followed by repeated pounding on the glass of the window, the driver decided that the old man was dead. Several of the cats were

perched on the body intently surveying the stranger, and, as the man continued to pound, more of the animals hopped up, as to a refuge from threatened danger.

The driver decided not to brave the possible dangers of entering, and posted back to his team. When he arrived at the camp he reported the matter, and after tea that night a number of the crew took lanterns and went down to the hermit's cabin. In the night the scene in and about the place was doubly grisly, cats scampering here and there with shrill or hoarse waulings, and the glow of their eyes appearing from behind every tree.

The old man was indeed dead, and had evidently been dead for some days. Food piled beside him on his chair—or rather bones and the remnants of food—indicated that probably he had been confined to his bunk by illness for some days before his decease.

While the men were in the camp one of them set his lantern on the stove. It was decided that the cabin should be cleared of the cats, their entrance hole stopped up and the matter reported to the authorities. But while the men were shooting the cats out, one of the stampeding creatures leaped over the stove, knocked off the lantern and the spreading, blazing oil ignited the browse of the hermit's bunk. The men tried to put the fire out with snow, but the blaze drove them out and the camp was destroyed, together with the body of its inmate. The cats fled into the woods and climbed the trees, shrieking like demons. A few of the animals were burned in the fire that destroyed the old cabin, but the most of them are at large in the woods there at the present time, at least such as are able to survive.

It is stated by those who have called in times past at the hermit's cabin that he was a French Canadian who tramped through from the Megantic region many years ago and built a cabin on Moxie. He brought several cats with him, and during all the years he has lived there has devoted himself to the task of rearing and feeding the animals.

Many of the cats have wandered away into the woods and have scattered all over northern Somerset. Loggers in northern Penobscot have seen cats around the camps that were undoubtedly strays from the hermit's colony. Some of the animals are not larger than the common house tabbies. Others are much larger and can almost be called wildcats. Northern Maine woodsmen and hunters assert that any domestic cat taken into the forest will in a short time develop wildness and will commence to shun the fireside and the ordinary comforts that felines enjoy. The common cats cross readily with the "black cats" of the woods and with the coon and even with others of the smaller folk of the forest. Therefore some of the types that are met with in the woods of Maine would puzzle the naturalist.

Cooks in the logging camps say that nearly every morning they find cats on the roof of the camps, nestled around the funnel for warmth. Sometimes after the men are gone into the woods the cats can be cajoled into the dingle—or camp shed—by scraps of food. But the animals are always on the alert, and will suffer no one to approach.

One cook tells me that nearly a dozen of the cats made their home on the roof of the camp and in the edge of the clearing all winter last season. There was an open place at the brook near by where he got the water for the camp. He relates that several of the cats developed great dexterity in fishing. A cat would squat for a long time at the edge of the ice, perfectly motionless, staring into the water. All at once she would make a dab and out she would hook a fish, flapping on the ice.

Others of the cats catch squirrels and rabbits, and in fact most of them, descended from the domestic tabby of indolent, luxurious manners though they may be, show that they are perfectly well able to take care of themselves in the woods when it comes to a fight for subsistence. Once in a while one is captured, and the fur is found to be much closer than the covering of the ordinary cat.

In this connection it may be stated that a trapper near Nahmakanta Lake captured several fisher cats and mated them with the halfwild cats of the woods. He succeeded in raising some half-breeds that produced a good quality of pelt and has carried on this unique industry for some time. He makes money enough for his simple wants—mostly tobacco and pork and beans. As there are also one or two goat farms in operation in northern Maine, it is consoling to think that when the paper mills have cleaned off all the spruce and hemlock there will still be opportunity for further industry on the much hacked acres.

HOLMAN F. DAY.

Adventures in Tropical America.

VIII.—A Dangerous Road.

WHILE traveling among the interior mountains of Central America exploring for mines, and in some haste to reach a district where some good finds were being reported, I came to a place where all the road had been washed away by unusual rains, and my only way to go on was over a little used trail, well known to be rough and dangerous. I preferred this, however, to turning back, and gave little heed to tales of accidents and death told by my guides.

At first the way was only rough, not dangerous, but presently we came to a steep mountain side, where a fall would mean destruction. A little further on the trail became so steep that I determined to walk down and drive the mule ahead of me; but she would not go, and I had to mount and ride before she would undertake it. This was rather a novel ride; the mule could not take a step it was so slippery, she simply set her feet and slid from one bend in the trail to the next, and then turned carefully, and slid on down; it was coasting on mule back, interesting, but rather hard on the mule, and when we reached better ground she was so frightened that to manage her was difficult. Further on the trail became soft, a sticky red clay, in which the mules sank almost to their knees as they struggled on down the mountain. The trail was very imperfect, only a narrow strip trodden out by passing animals, and the first thing I knew my mule was standing on a small log that had been placed to mend about 12 to 15 feet of the track where it had broken away. Here two or three animals had been killed,

FRANCIS C. NICHOLAS.

EDWIN WHITEHEAD.

PINK EDGE.

PERRY D. FRAZER.

CARLOS S. HEAD.

CLARKESDALE, Miss., Jan. 1.

After the patient has been bitten, as soon as possible

the stalk of the weed should be pounded or mashed and steeped in cold water, and the patient should drink the tea thus produced. The weed should be bound tightly to the wound. A profuse perspiration should follow this treatment, and very shortly the swelling in the part affected should gradually subside, and ultimately the patient should entirely recover. I do not write the foregoing from hearsay, but my father years ago employed a farmhand at Lake George, who was bitten three different times, and once so long was the treatment deferred that the skin had parted over the wound from extreme swelling; but each of the three times the man was thoroughly cured.

It has always seemed strange to me that this weed has not come before the notice of the profession, but apparently it has not. It is certainly far ahead of whisky and well worth investigating. I trust this may prove of some use to some of your readers, who may be in a position to look the matter up and eventually see just how much virtue the weed may contain.

J. THOMSON GALE.

Animals and Men.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A discussion, maintained under the above title, between your able contributors, Mr. Christy and Coahoma, has been of interest to me, for I have given the subject some thought, as will appear by a reference to recent articles in your columns. With Coahoma's intelligent handling of Mr. Christy's extended argument, I find myself in entire accord. I recognized but little of the so-called "talkability" in animals, and what exists partakes largely of the character of gesture, or forms of bodily movement. I, however, feel impelled to go beyond Coahoma, and perhaps along a divergent path, for he gives no consideration to a species of intercommunication that I think is common to both animals and men. That animals project, to some extent, by a mysterious faculty, their states of consciousness upon one another, I have much reason to believe; and, also, that the same faculty exists exceptionally in human beings under the name of thought transference. Granting its existence, we should infer its more active development in creatures having no other means of interlocation, for the acquirement of the power of speech would tend to the supercession of the obscurer faculty. Usually thought transference in our species is associated with an unwonted stimulation of the individual consciousness, and so does it also seem to be with animals. For instance, it is an established fact that when one of a large and widely scattered school of whales is struck, every leviathan within sight from the vessel's masthead appears to become at once sensible of the misfortune of its companion. The stampeding of a heard of wild cattle or horses, the apparent instantaneous diffusion throughout the entire mass of a sense of danger possessed by a single individual, is not unlikely, oftentimes, due to the operation of the same faculty. So, too, when a dog is thrashed by a larger canine, and goes to a friendly quadruped of the victor's size, and the two thereupon set off and amply avenge the chastisement, there is no theory other than clairvoyance that will satisfactorily account for the evident impairment to the larger dog of the wrongs of the smaller. All illustrations of the assumed existence of the faculty naturally admit of another explanation; thus the stricken whale may emit a sound that is inaudible to his human enemy, but which may be readily transmitted through the water to his distant companions. It is known, however, that the whale's sense of hearing is far from being acute, and, therefore, the theory of submarine communication by sound is unsatisfactory. Similarly the apparent simultaneous movement of a school of fish, all rising together to feed, or changing their course in exact harmony when in rapid motion, may be by virtue of a similar power of mutual introspection.

It is often remarked of an intelligent dog that it has a species of divination, of intuitive apprehension of its master's wish or command before it is fully spoken; this and other like instances of acute anticipatory perception may not depend upon the understanding of the incomplete sentence, or of the lip movement or gesture, but of a reading of the thought that is seeking expression. This assumption should not seem improbable, a thought is as much the result of mechanical force as is sound, and the latter has been audibly whispered across the Atlantic without wires.

Although the theory of a direct transfer of ideas or states of consciousness from one brain to another lacks scientific demonstration, I am led to entertain it because it affords an explanation of animal phenomena otherwise inscrutable. The extended and devious migrations of fish fry must seemingly be influenced by a perception of remote objects that is akin to that involved in thought transference. Of these migratory phenomena I have given some account, and if they can be intelligently accounted for upon some other theory I should be glad to accept it.

A. H. GOURAUD.

A January Kingfisher on Long Island.

NEW YORK, Jan. 6.—Editor Forest and Stream: While skating at Oakland Lake, Bayside, Long Island, yesterday, I was considerably astonished at hearing the unmistakable "rattle" of a kingfisher, and a moment later saw the bird fly out of one of the large trees on the border of the pond.

It seemed hard to realize that a kingfisher could find sufficient food at this time of the year, when the ponds are so generally ice-locked, but he looked to be in good condition and apparently as much at home as though it were summer and not Jan. 5, 1902.

ROBT. B. LAWRENCE.

Musk Ox in Chicago.

THE musk ox captured as a calf last March east of the Mackenzie River by Capt. Bodfish, of the whaler *Beluga*, has been received by Mr. C. E. Periolat, of Chicago. On the way to Chicago the musk ox was taken to Topeka, Kan., where Buffalo Jones pronounced its identity; and it was given the name of Olive Jones, in honor of his daughter. Speaking of the designation of musk ox, Mr. Jones said: "I desire to file my protest against such a name of this grand animal, and I defy the keenest nostrils

of human beings to detect the least suspicion of musk about the animal. I have killed them of all ages and sex, and have subsisted entirely for weeks at a time on the flesh of the musk ox, but have never discovered musk or any unpleasant odor about them. Whenever I hear the name 'musk ox' it reminds me of the George R. Peck's version of the naming of Garden City, Kan. He said it was named 'Garden' because there was no garden, and 'City' because there was no city. So it is with this misnomer. It was called 'musk' because of no musk, and 'ox' because there were never any such oxen."

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Protect Alaskan Game.

Editor Forest and Stream:

THIS is a subject that appeals to every "true blue sportsman," every lover of animal life and all those who throughout our entire country see beauty in nature, embracing forests, plains and mountains. For while the woods, plains and mountains are naturally beautiful, we all agree that they are much more grand and life-like when the wild animals and birds are present. There are now several organizations doing good work toward the preservation of wild animal and bird life; there is much yet for us to do; to resolve is to act, so let us be up and at it.

For twenty-seven years of my life I have taken my fall outing, embracing the greater part of North America. I have made trips in recent years to various parts of our mountains, where I hunted eighteen to twenty years ago, and it is appalling to note how rapidly the wild animals are disappearing. While I am but forty-three years of age I have seen in this short period the extermination of our buffalo. At the time of my first trip west, there were millions. The antelope at that time were thousands; they are now reduced to dozens, here and there. There were also elk yet upon the plains, now there are none. There were bison in our mountains within twenty-five miles of the place in which I am writing. I doubt if there are twenty wild bison now in the United States. I have seen thousands of deer in Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, Utah, Mexico and Colorado, where these numbers are now, comparatively, reduced to one, three, five and twenties. The "highhorn" mountain sheep that were then in hundreds are now reduced in like ratio with the rest.

When I was hunting in New Brunswick in 1896, I was told by good authority that these conditions were not quite so bad there, and that the enforcement of their laws was the safeguard there as well as in Maine.

My observations during my four seasons' hunting in Alaska, in the light of past experience, foreshadows that without stringent laws and their rigid enforcement the big game of Alaska is doomed to as rapid an extermination as took place upon the plains and mountains of Colorado. I will narrate one instance from my diary: When in the Kenai Mountains, Alaska, on the 23d day of August, 1897, Mr. Berg and myself, while sitting together on a mountain side, with the aid of a field glass counted 500 wild white sheep (*Ovis dalli*), all within a radius of six to eight miles, ten here, six there, then twenty to thirty in another locality. Can a true hunter or a lover of nature imagine a more beautiful sight? Look! here and there were grand old towering mountains, all snow-capped, some furrowed with gaping canyons, some separated by a mighty glacier, others with a gradual slope, carpeted with nutritious grass, upon which these beautiful denizens of the snowy mountains of the north loitered about in groups, either feeding or resting. I was in these same mountains again in 1898, and my wife accompanied me there again in 1899. I wanted her to see what had at that time never before been woman's pleasure to see. I was in these same mountains again this season, 1901, and there is no question about the *Ovis dalli* decreasing in numbers; it is perceptible. If mineral should be discovered in these mountains, and with no laws to protect this animal, they would be exterminated in a very short time. In 1899, when passing through a section where a so-called sportsman had been hunting, I found four carcasses lying on one small hill; nothing having been touched, the heads of horns being too small and the work of skinning and preserving too great.

In 1899 myself, wife and party killed but four sheep, two killed by her. We could have killed a hundred. This season (1901) we killed but one, as we needed it for meat, also one bull caribou.

The natives are very destructive of sheep. I have seen them in parties of their own shoot a sheep and if it ran off wounded or fell over a low cliff, they never went after it—"too much work—shoot more." When in my party I never allow a native to carry a gun. The conditions I have mentioned regarding sheep extermination will likewise apply to moose and caribou.

Now, then, dear reader, if all I have said about this transformation of game from plenty to almost extinction is so perceptible in one man's short life, we all can see its finish in a very few years, unless we act quick, while there is yet time.

Alaska is a new country, and a good portion of it is uninhabitable for man, and in this respect it is thus more suitable for game and there is less excuse for its being slaughtered on account of the country not being desirable for the use of home-seekers. I am sorry to say it, although it is true, that where the climatic conditions are favorable for the advancement of civilization and the tiller of the soil, just so sure is the doom of the game in that land; remote and inaccessible localities and game preserves that extend to winter feeding grounds excepted.

It is not necessary that big game be slaughtered to furnish the "meat-stuff" in Alaska, for where a man can go, a pack train can go along; then it is made possible for the wagons, then railroads. Neither is it necessary that game be slaughtered for the native food supply, yet let them kill what they will actually use, and if our Government would thoroughly instruct the missionaries and priests of Alaska to intercede with the natives on behalf of the game, much good could be done. Teach them the

wrong in killing the female and the young of any and all animals. I have talked this with natives in my camp, and noticed that it was hard for them to conceive it; yet constant teaching will have its effect. I believe that some such laws as I hereafter mention would be effective in Alaska, if enforced.

My twenty-seven years of experience in hunting have convinced me that the "market meat hunter" is the most destructive to big game. Where mining localities are remote from railroads or steamship transportation, "meat stuff" is correspondingly expensive, hence if game abounds the meat hunter finds a profitable business, and is always on hand. Make a law and enforce it where it is a penal offense, coupled with a fine of one hundred dollars, for each offense where a party or parties offer for sale or barter the flesh of any game animal or bird, any spot or place in Alaskan territory. The same law apply to any and every company or individual attempting to ship or transport game flesh of any kind out of the territory. Make a non-resident license law requiring every sportsman going to hunt and hunting in Alaska to pay fifty dollars for that privilege, and that this sum allows him to take out of the territory only one specimen of each species killed by him, the same law to provide license fee of \$100 which would give the sportsman a hunter taking out the license the right to kill and transport two specimens of each species of animal killed by him, and that he is not allowed to take out more than the quota. The money thus paid to the district game commissioners, who may be the nearest postmaster, where the hunting is done; and this money to be used first for the prosecution of a person or persons violating this law, and any surplus that might accumulate in one year over \$300 to go to the native school fund of the district.

Make a law that gives an open season only on game from August 15 to November 1, with a fine of one hundred dollars for its violation. This law should apply to natives also, as well as non-residents, except where the animal is shot absolutely for immediate food necessity.

Make a law that prohibits sportsmen or other person from employing natives or other men to kill big game animals or birds, for in so doing most of the meat is wasted and the heads shipped out and sold.

Make a law prohibiting the killing of the big brown bear (*Ursus middendorffi*) on Kadiak Island for a period of five years. This will in no way be an injustice to the natives, as this island now contains so few of the bear that hunting them is no longer profitable, and neither do the natives depend on this for support.

Negotiations should be commenced with Great Britain to implore them to pass some such laws to coincide with ours that would govern that part of the Yukon territory in British Columbia that joins Alaska.

I know full well what objections will be made to such laws by fur traders, hide and head hunters, but is it right that the grand old bull moose or bull caribou or the great old ram "*Ovis dalli*" be shot down by a native paid for so doing by a so-called sportsman, and only the head taken from the carcass and that shipped out and sold? I say, is it right that this should be permitted for the gain of a few individuals at the expense of all the big game of that country, as well as of the lovers of nature and the true blue sportsmen not yet born, to all of whom we are responsible?

Let us all act now and use our influence to have some measures appertaining thereto properly brought before the coming session of Congress, with an earnest appeal for their enactment.

I have talked several times with the Governor of Alaska, Hon. J. G. Brady, regarding this subject, and I urged me to formulate some practical measures and I would give it his support.

CANYON CITY, COLO.

Outing of the Ozark Club.

MEMPHIS, TENN., Dec. 1.—Editor Forest and Stream: Frost, the advance guard of Father Winter, has arrived, mantling the earth with its blanket of gray, sending the squirrel racing to its den with choice nuts for winter store; sending the sap down to the roots of the trees, and turning the dark forest into a kaleidoscope of yellow, bronze and gold. The hunting instinct had been gradually but surely rising, until Nov. 11 I threw down books, pens, papers, all the infernal tools of toil, and swore I would be free once more.

The members of the Ozark Lake Hunting and Fishing Club had gathered from afar at Memphis, Tenn., to go on the annual deer hunt. The preserve of this club is famous for its successful outings, and hence the local sportsmen are always interested in the outcome of the annual deer hunt. The names of members who booked for this year's hunt were as follows:

From Nashville—Governor Benton McMillin, Dr. Duncan Eve, Dr. J. Y. Crawford and Dr. W. W. Core.

From Memphis—A. B. Wingfield, A. H. Murray, Pag M. Patterson, Albert Swind, and Philip Fransioli.

From Union City, Tenn.—John H. McDowell, Fults Haward, J. S. Glover, D. A. Edwards and Harry Edwards.

From Rives, Tenn.—Bob Wade, Frank Caldwell, Joe Shores, Oscar Clemmons, R. J. Barnett and John More.

From Newberne, Tenn.—W. J. Flatt and Ed. Brady.

From Rosedale, Miss.—O. Y. McGuire. Last, but not means least, Judge M. D. Smallman, of McMinnville, Tenn., the Socrates and Diogenes of the party.

The day before the party met in Memphis, Judge Smallman telegraphed Gov. Benton McMillin "that he was sick and asked that someone be appointed to sit on the McMinnville bench," as circuit court was in session. The good natured Governor appointed an unsuspecting "Solomon" to go and relieve Judge Smallman, and on Judge, with his hand on his stomach and many groans and protestations of pain, excused himself to his constituents and to the poor cusses he was trying, and jumped on the first train headed toward Memphis. The Governor met the Judge in the corridor of the hotel and remarked "that he was the perdest looking sick man I ever saw." The Judge smiled one of his winning smiles and winked and said nothing.

Supplies all bought, the party and saddle horses were on board the steamer Kate Adams at 5 P. M., bound down the river to the preserve.

About half way, at Sunflower Landing, we picked up F. G. Bobo, R. E. Bobo, Jr., Frank Harris and M.

Blackwood, who had their horses and the famous pack of hounds belonging to R. E. Bobo, of Bobo, Miss. Mr. Bobo has the reputation of being the best bear hunter in the State of Mississippi, and keeps the only pack of bear hounds in this country. His sons and son-in-law, Mr. Blackwood, accompanied us, and all are expert hunters of both bear and deer. We arrived at the club house, which is on the bank of the river in Arkansas, at the mouth of the Arkansas River, at 2 P. M., Nov. 12.

All the boys were as lively as crickets, and such yelling, joking and laughing from old settled, dignified men you never heard. To see governors, judges, chancellors of universities, eminent physicians and attorneys, and men of all callings laughing and playing like school boys, and mingling with each other in unrestrained social enjoyment was extremely pleasant; for it showed that each exterior contained a warm heart and joyous soul, ready to go out toward its fellow beings and commune with them in untrammelled social intercourse.

At a meeting held that night, Captain John H. McDowell was unanimously chosen captain and director of the hunt.

Nov. 13 dawned bright and cold—ideal hunting weather. All were in the saddle early and the men were soon on their proper stands. F. G. Bobo, R. E. Bobo, Jr., Harris and Blackwood did the driving with about twenty of their hands. The drivers had not gone a quarter mile from the club house when the dogs jumped a large doe. R. E. Bobo, Jr., and Harris both got snap shots, but did no harm. The doe ran through D. A. Edwards' stand and he fired at her three times, but did not stop her. She continued on her way and was killed by

out, the threat was sufficient to bring them to terms, and they brought in a verdict of "guilty, with recommendation to the mercy of the court." The court announced that it possessed no such qualification, and proceeded to sentence the prisoner. The sentence was "all cost," which the court assured the prisoner would break his back, and the very worst punishment that could be inflicted on a hunter. However, as Capt. John H. McDowell is strictly temperance the sentence did not hurt him.

Nov. 14 dawned bright and clear. Frost enveloped the earth like a mantle of snow. The twigs snapped under foot with a gingery twing, the geese honked as they flew from river to lake, and all nature smiled upon as ardent a lot of hunters as ever emulated the example of the Goddess Diana.

All were on stands early, waiting in expectancy for the cry of the hounds, and did not wait long. Old Rock, belonging to Uncle Joe Jones, opened on trail before he was out of sight of camp. Then the combined packs of Uncle Joe, Bobo and Geo. Lacey broke into full cry. The deer was up and running for its life. It jumped up so close to the line of standers that all heard the music. And music it was. All the Euterpean strains of enchanted music, melodies from throats of songsters like Calvé, Eames and Sembrich, sounded harsh when compared to this.

Oh, if I could drag some of you hide-bound business men into the forest, and let you hear such melodies as these, the scales would drop from your eyes, the marrow would warm in your bones, the young blood would go coursing through your veins again, and you would go

when it realized its position." We had lots of fun at the Doctor's expense.

Some of the boys brought in geese and more ducks and quail.

Next day Philip Fransioli and Uncle Joe Jones each killed a deer.

Mr. J. M. Avent, of Hickory Valley, Tenn., had come down on the last trip of the steamer with his horses and with fifteen fine hounds. Mr. Avent has the reputation of having the fastest fox pack in the State.

Our luck continued to be as good as could be desired. We had three or four chases every day and seldom failed to kill a deer. We started five deer the last day we hunted in less than one mile of the club house. We had been gone about eight days and all declared the hunt a grand success; as we had killed twelve deer, twenty geese and many ducks and quail. Our culinary department had been under the able supervision of Mr. Philip Fransioli, who is a hotel keeper of many years' experience, and the club was unanimous in extending him a vote of thanks for his able service.

Our club owns in its own right 5,000 acres; and we are making arrangements to buy 10,000 acres more. We are in the center of an uninhabited wilderness, sixty miles long by twenty wide. The lands are all wild and valuable only for the timber on them. We own the exclusive hunting privilege on a large section of country, in the center of which is a lake seven miles long by one mile wide, with smaller lakes here and there. We have made arrangements to sow the small lakes with yonkapis and wild rice, and the open places with wheat and peas. So we shall soon have the finest place for wildfowl as well



THE OZARK CLUB HOUSE.



AFTER THE HUNT.

Gov. McMillin is on the right of the picture.

Mr. Albert Swind about two miles from where she had started. Mr. Swind had gone down the river hunting geese, and heard the dogs coming and ran in ahead of the pack and killed the deer with No. 5 duck shot.

The dogs soon had two more deer on the run. One, a large buck, swam the lake a mile wide and escaped. The other, a yearling buck, almost ran over Capt. John H. McDowell and was killed. Capt. McDowell now started with the drivers, and soon the dogs treed something in a brush pile. When we reached them we found it was a coon. Capt. McDowell dismounted and shot the coon to get the dogs away, but in doing so he laid himself liable to Judge Smallman's court, as it was against the rules to shoot small game when deer hunting. We now started to camp, and on the way an otter ran within thirty yards of Mr. Blackwood, and went into the lake before he could shoot it. When we reached the club house we found that Oscar Clemmons and Frank Caldwell had brought in ten mallard ducks, which they had killed on the lake. Two deer, ten ducks and quite a number of quail made up the first day's bag.

We found that Uncle Joe Jones and his son, Luther, had arrived during the afternoon, bringing their fine pack of dogs with them. They live about twenty-five miles from the club house, and own a number of fine dogs, and also keep some of the club dogs; for we do not allow a dog to be kept on the preserve. We now had quite a number of skillful hunters in camp, and plenty of good hands.

That night we had lots of fun at Capt. John H. McDowell's trial for killing that coon. As soon as the business meeting was over and the day's record written up, Judge Smallman appointed big Frank Caldwell, who is six feet two inches tall and weighs 250 pounds, as sheriff. He is the exact counterpart of Polyphemus the Cyclops, excepting that Polyphemus had one eye in the middle of his forehead, and Frank has two natural eyes and good ones. Anyway, he is fierce looking, and it takes that to be a good sheriff.

Capt. John H. McDowell was arrested, charged with the crime of killing a coon in front of Mr. Bobo's dogs, which was very injurious to the mental, moral and physical qualities of the hounds. Now, anyone who has hunted knows that the moral character of a hound is one of his main attributes, and to sully his character in such a manner is a crime indeed. Anyway, the court thought so, and what the court thought had to go. Dr. Duncan Eve, Dr. J. Y. Crawford, Dr. W. W. Core, John Mores and W. J. Flatt were appointed jurors.

Capt. McDowell made a noble defense of his case, and brought in such unimpeachable testimony as Uncle Joe Jones to prove that he had not injured Mr. Bobo's dogs by killing the coon. He even proved that the character of Mr. Bobo's "Black Gyp Venus was no good anyway." However, with the able prosecution of Attorney-General A. H. Murray and the copious suggestions of the court, a very damaging case was brought against him. The court instructed the jury to bring in a verdict of guilty. They, however, could not agree and were ordered back with the injunction "to agree in five minutes or go to jail." Now, as the jail is one of the dog pens, and a juror is liable to have to be disinfected when he comes

back twenty-five years and be young again. There would be no more Ponce de Leon's seeking the "fountain of youth." You would all be young. Uncle Joe Jones is seventy years old, and he rides his horse in the chase like a man of thirty.

The deer passed near Mr. Fulton Howard, who fired at it, but failed to stop it. It then ran so near the club house that one of the colored servants named Bob Edwards grabbed up a rifle and killed it. It was a magnificent buck, and weighed over 200 pounds. Page M. Patterson got the horns, which had eight points and a very wide spread.

We soon had another deer on the run, which proved to be a large doe. She ran through D. A. Edwards' stand and he killed her.

R. E. Bobo, Jr., and A. H. Murray killed a goose each, and a number of ducks and quail were killed by members during the day.

Nov. 15 dawned beautiful and clear, frosty and calm. Æolus had his winds confined to his ægean caverns, and Solaris smiled upon us. In fifteen minutes after the start the faithful hounds of Jones, Bobo and Lacey jumped a large doe. She ran near Gov. McMillin, but not sufficiently near to shoot. He turned her to Dr. J. Y. Crawford and he fired both barrels. Then such yells of triumph you never heard. The whole crowd knew what had happened. Gov. McMillin and Capt. John H. McDowell rushed to his assistance, as they were afraid he would hurt himself. Gov. McMillin said he was afraid to approach at first. With arms waving and body gesticulating he was brandishing his bloody hunting knife aloft, and crying at the top of his voice: "I got him! I got him!" It proved to be a she, however, a big, fat doe. The proudest man in the State of Arkansas at that moment was Dr. J. Y. Crawford. The hounds were now taken to the north end of preserve and soon had a large buck on the jump. After some chasing, which afforded great pleasure to the listeners, he was finally killed by the combined efforts of F. G. and R. E. Bobo, Jr., Frank Harris and Mr. Blackwood. He was a big fellow and had eight prongs on his horns.

The hunt continued, and you know in deer hunting the unexpected always happens. The dogs soon jumped another deer and ran him across the Arkansas River, clear out of hearing. All standers were patiently waiting and Dr. Duncan Eve was sitting on a log musing, with his gun on the ground near him. He was thinking of those virile students at Vanderbilt University, who were all rejoicing because he was deer hunting down in Arkansas. When lo! a monarch of the forest with a "chair on his head" walked calmly out within twenty steps of our sedate chancellor. The buck looked at the Doctor and the Doctor at the buck. The Doctor thought that Orpheus was near with his lyre and that the sweet strains had "caused the beasts of the forest to forget they were wild, and the streams to cease to flow." The buck took a different view of it, and with one bound sprang into the bushes and was gone.

The Doctor managed to fire both barrels of his shotgun and cut a sapling in twain fifteen feet from the ground. He explained this high shot by saying "that he had under-shot the deer as it jumped twenty feet high

as for large game. Deer, turkeys, and quail are very plentiful, with some bear on the north end of the preserve. Geese fly over by the thousands, and also ducks, and when our lakes are sown down with their natural food, our club will excel for fowl the famous Wapanocki Club near Memphis.

Our members are limited to sixty. We now have fifty enrolled on our books. We have ten more shares, one share to the man, to sell to the right parties. All money paid for stock goes to the purchase of land and hunting privileges. We require reference from those desiring to buy stock, as we are compelled to have a majority vote of members to elect a member. We do not run on long lineage ancestry, but must know that a man is a gentleman, because this is a club composed exclusively of that sort of people. If you desire any information I will send you a copy of constitution and by-laws and treat you as courteously as you could wish. We are not begging for members, as the man who gets into this club will make handsomely on his investment, as well as break into the finest hunting club in the South.

The outing terminated and all took the steamer for Memphis, scattering to their homes from this point. We brought six large deer back with us, having consumed six at the club house. All departed for their homes declaring the hunt a grand success, and swearing by all that is sacred to meet again, if possible, next year.

Thus terminated the second hunt of the Ozark Lake Hunting and Fishing Club, and all were benefited and more strongly cemented in the eternal bonds of "Fidus Achates."

A. B. WINGFIELD, Sect'y.

California Quail for Stocking.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Dec. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Owing to the fact that there are many requests made by people living in various parts of the Eastern States for California quail, to be used for purposes of propagation, and these requests or inquiries are seldom made to the State Board of Fish Commissioners, who have the sole authority to grant requests, or issue permits of this character, may we request that you give the matter publicity through the columns of your paper. We do not mean by this to invite applications, but to call the attention of those who desire California quail, that they make their applications to this Board, where they will be given careful consideration.

CALIFORNIA FISH COMMISSION.

CHAS. A. VOGELSANG, Chief Deputy.

An Iowa Prairie Chicken Case.

ALGONA, Ia., Jan. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On Aug. 31, 1901, ex-Judges Hubbard and Trimbull, of this State, were caught by our game warden, Riley, with three prairie chickens. They had just come into Ledyard in the north part of this county, from a morning's shoot. They contested the case in the justice court. The justice fined them, and they appealed to the District Court, but did not let the case come to trial. It has cost them about \$150.

JOHN G. SMITH.

A Novice's 'First' Quail.

ON Thursday afternoon, Dec. 5, I boarded the 3:34 train at East New York bound for East Quogue, where I had secured the services of Mr. Harry Coster as guide for a couple of days' quail shooting; as I had never shot at quail before, my feelings were rather unsettled at the prospect in view.

After a journey of about three hours I finally arrived just as the family were at their evening meal. I found Mr. Coster to be a young man of twenty years, very sociable and withal a good sportsman.

We were out by 8 o'clock Friday morning, and started to drive to Good Ground, as Mr. Coster knew of some nice coveys there. About 200 yards from the house we passed over a bridge, and there in the creek sat a broad-bill. He took flight and pitched about 200 yards down stream. I alighted from the wagon, slipped in some No. 4's and started off to stalk him. Three medium sized pepperidge trees aided me in getting within about 55 yards of him; I then stepped into the open and had just taken two paces when he jumped, only to drop back an instant later at the discharge of my rifle barrel. A good omen, truly.

Arriving at Good Ground, we hunted several likely places without success. The guide returned for the rig while the dog, Sport (a liver-colored pointer eight years old and weighing about 70 pounds), and I continued along the edge of the woods. Mr. Coster, by a short cut, got ahead of us about 25 yards, when, whirl! up rose a bevy of probably fifteen just at the edge of the woods. I thought at first that they were robins, but upon hearing Mr. Coster's exclamation, immediately realized my mistake, and managed to cripple one which had curved from the woods when he flushed, and was on the point of disappearing over the tree tops. He toppled over and we hastened in to secure him, Sport pointed, and the bird started to run. We started to pursue him, intending to capture him without firing, when, presto! he took flight and escaped, followed by a charge of No. 7½'s from my gun. We did not succeed in finding him again, so started further in the woods to look up the rest. We had just started when a partridge jumped from under a pine, and was away like a flash, followed by an ineffectual shot from each gun. We hunted that woods about two hours, and Mr. Coster killed one quail, although we each had three shots.

We then drove about a half-mile further, and tying the horse, started across a pasture to the woods. Passing through some scrub pines into a stubble, I flushed a pair almost under my feet. I killed my bird, which quartered to the left, but Mr. Coster missed his, a right quarterer. He marked it down, but we failed to locate it. You can imagine my feelings when I gathered in my first quail, a fine cock weighing 7½ ounces. As it was then after 1 o'clock, we started home for dinner.

After dinner we walked north about a half-mile, and a large covey flushed wild about 150 yards away in the center of a wheat stubble. We followed them into the woods, and had about seven shots, each without result excepting a handful of feathers, which I knocked from one of the lively fellows as he passed between two pines. The woods were exceedingly dense, which made only quick snap-shooting possible.

Just about dusk I succeeded in killing a single bird, making our total three quail for the day.

With an earlier start on Saturday we went north, and after a half-mile walk along the road turned to the right along a creek, hoping for a shot at a black duck. We then hunted a wide territory without finding a bird, came back to the road, crossed over and hunted over a couple of miles with the same result. Things looked decidedly gloomy as we came back to the road. Walking along the road we again came to the creek, and there, right in the highway, found fresh tracks in the snow. Putting the dog to work, he took us into the low ground by the creek, then lost the trail and wandered aimlessly about, the guide going one way and I another. The guide finally flushed them and killed with his first gun, but waited too long for the second, although he centered his bird. Sport then pointed a single bird, which flushed before I came up, and Mr. Coster wing broke it. It fell among a lot of thorns in a marshy place, and we were unable to find it.

We then followed the rest of the covey across the road into the woods, and although we put up two, were unable to secure a shot on account of density of the thickets. We recrossed the road and started toward a clump of large pines, where a covey lived, as the guide put it. Sure enough, after hunting half-way around it Sport came to a dead stop at the foot of a tall pine. We waited a full minute enjoying the point, and the antics of old Sport, whose fore feet were on lower ground than his tail end, and caused him to change his position, but without breaking his point. I then stepped forward, when, with a rush and a roar, up jumped a covey of eight or nine. I had a good chance for a double, but only killed with the left. Mr. Coster only secured one shot, but killed his bird. I marked down a pair of birds in an adjoining field, and started to find them. One jumped from under my feet and whirled back for the woods. I missed with the right, but with the report of the left he came down like a rag, while a bunch of feathers floated away to leeward.

We failed to find the other, and started to look up one which Mr. Coster had marked down in a meadow. He flushed him, missed with his right, and shot his left just as I dropped the quail in the woods.

We discovered a large opossum in the woods, which weighed about 12 pounds, and killed it, then left the rest of the quail for "seed" and went to dinner.

After dinner we went north again, and I missed one which I did not see rise, but just chanced to see as it was disappearing. After some time Sport again pointed in the wheat stubble where the covey had flushed the night before, and Mr. Coster killed the bird.

We then went down by the creek, hoping to find the survivors of the morning passing over the creek. We found two single birds among some dense scrub pines, but did not get a shot. It was now rapidly growing dark, and we turned toward home. Shortly after Sport "made game" at the base of a short, wide-spreading pine, but before he located them for a point they flushed. We each secured a single shot and bagged our bird, making a total of eight for the day and eleven for two days, which

is considered a fair bag for this part of the country, although more birds are often killed in two days' shooting. Of these birds I killed six for a total of twenty shots. With this result on my first trip as a novice I am quite well content.

This is a good quail country, with lots of birds, as their tracks in the snow attested, but we did not seem to be very fortunate in locating them.

I have only words of praise for old Sport, who, in spite of his weight and years and sore toes, did slow but positive work, for he rarely made a false point and never flushed once. I cheerfully recommend Mr. Harry Coster as a young man who will do his best to secure game for his patrons.

The weights of six of these quail were: One 7½ ounces, one 7 ounces, both males, and four females, 6½ ounces each.

W. H. EMMONS.

Hunting Deer in Upper Michigan.

HARTFORD, Mich.—On Nov. 6 Stephen Stowe, of Hartford, with Dr. Bope and Fred Kelly, of Lawrence, left Hartford via the Pere Marquette Railway at 1:45 P. M. for Baraga county to hunt deer. They arrived at Nestoria the next day; the trainmen got orders to let them off at Tioga, four miles from Nestoria, so the train stopped at Tioga, where the only thing to designate a station was a cedar post with a board nailed upon it with "Tioga" painted upon it in large letters. They soon had their tent up within fifty yards of the railroad; the tent was a 10 x 12 with 3-foot side wall. There was about 6 inches of snow upon the ground. They put up their stove and got nicely settled by dark. The next morning bright and early they were out for deer; but after hunting all day they concluded that the day's sport consisted in getting very tired. They had a good bed, for they had found a small stack of marsh hay and had appropriated enough to make them comfortable. Here Dr. Bope had his first mishap while cutting out some of the hay from the stack with a hatchet—he cut a 4-inch gash in his new rubber boot. He enjoyed at least one wet foot during the entire time, and at one time a fairly good "plunge bath." The Doctor was fated to have trouble. The next morning while splitting kindling for a fire, a stick flew up and took a piece of skin about the size of a quarter off his nose.

The second day Kelly shot a fine buck within twenty-five rods of the tent, it being his first deer. Bope heard him shoot, and ran up, wanting to stick the deer with his fine new hunting knife, which he had bought in Chicago on the way to the north. Kelly let him try his new knife. After two or three attempts they failed to "draw blood," and the professional man gave it up. The two started to find Stowe, the experienced hunter of the party, and they thought he could bleed the deer. They took his track at a lively trot and soon came up to Stowe and told him their trouble. He told them the deer had probably bled internally, and so it proved. The ball had gone through its lungs and all the blood was inside. They soon had him hung up and they were off again, but got no more deer that day, and although hungry for venison, Kelly did not want to cut into so fine a specimen, but wanted to take it home. Stowe said, "Never mind, I'll kill one to eat."

The next morning very early they were off, and hunted until about 3 o'clock, and Stowe had got back to within eighty or a hundred rods of the tent when he saw and killed a nice fat fawn. But he was too tired to drag it in to camp. He went on to the camp, where he found Kelly and Bope, who had been in long enough to be rested, and told them that if they would go and get it they would have some venison for supper. They soon had it at the tent, and a portion of it cooking. It was very fat, and the fumes of roasting venison soon delighted the camp with its appetizing odor.

Saturday brought a couple of land-lookers, here called "cruisers." They put up their tent close by ours, and we all went out Sunday morning. Kelly and Stowe got in about dark, but no Bope put in an appearance. The cruisers came over and said they had heard a gun and two sharp whistles. Kelly went out, took a short look for Bope, and fired his gun, but heard nothing. We made up our minds he was surely lost, so we all went outside and fired several shots, and after a short time we heard a shot in reply, but we could not agree in the direction from which it came. Kelly went down the railroad in one direction, and the rest of us went the opposite way. We had planned signals with our whistles so we could communicate and blew our whistles, but got no response. Then we took our lantern and compass, and with Stowe leading in the direction from which he thought the sound of the shot came, we entered a large cedar swamp, and on a small island we found Bope corralled. He had attempted to get out of the swamp, but had only made a circuit of the island. He had tried to start a fire, but his matches were wet, and he had shot away all of his cartridges but one, which he had kept for case of need. About 8 o'clock we got him back to camp. He said he had often been glad to see folks, but he had never before seen friends who looked quite so good to him as did Stowe and Kelly that night.

Monday we got our second fawn, which Stowe, standing on the railroad, shot at six times to kill with a .45-90. He counted the rails, and it was sixty-seven lengths of T rails from where he stood to the place where the deer was when he hit it, which would be about 350 yards.

Wednesday we killed two fine bucks with very nice heads. Thursday another fawn was added to our string. All these deer were killed within a radius of two miles, taking the camp for the center. The next day we visited a beaver dam, where all the work was fresh. We found where they had cut down popples 6 inches in diameter and then cut them off in sticks of about 4 feet in length and dragged them through the snow to the creek, making a track in the snow that looked like the track made by dragging a deer through the snow. We brought some of the sticks home with us, and also some of the chips which were made in the cutting, showing that the beaver exercises the same judgment that a human does in chopping, cutting in from both ways and then taking the chip out with his teeth.

On Monday we got two more deer in a rolling, burned district which we were crossing, and when we were not on the lookout for deer. Stowe said he was walking along

hastily to get across, when he was startled by the snout of a deer close by him. Turning in the direction of sound, he saw a large doe's head. She was looking him from over a log and had no doubt scented him. He had only the head and the upper part of the neck for mark, the rest of the body being hidden by the log. He fell dead, and as she fell a large buck rose up out of bed near her and stood looking in wonder at his fallen mate, with his side toward Stowe. We send you a bullet, which was found in the hide on the further side of this fine fellow when he was dressed; you can judge something of the force of the shot by the condition of the bullet. And now having killed our eight deer, we must up our minds we would go home.

To show how the railways wait upon the hunters in northern Michigan, we call attention to the fact that a day of our stay the section men carried our mail to us from the post office for us. The agent at Nestoria asked to have the 3:40 freight stop and take our venison, with merely a request that we be on hand to help load it. They notified us that the passenger train which came through an hour later, would stop for us. We sent our deer home via the Duluth & South Shore & Michigan Central, while we returned by Chicago.

Mr. Stowe is the champion deer hunter of this community, and has for several seasons hunted in the Upper Peninsula. He has never hunted with a guide. He says he would as soon hire a man to guide him in court and where to find one's sweetheart as to help him find deer and tell him how to kill it. He uses a .45-90 Winchester, and has never lost a deer that he has hit with yet. He says there were very few hunters in the woods this fall, not nearly so many as last year, and that a mile from the railroads you will find no hunter's track. He says he thinks the deer are increasing in number.

SULLIVAN COOK

The Pioneer Club Hunt.

THE great annual hunt of the father of all of the western clubs came off on time, with everything prosperous. The weather concurred with the spirits of the hunters, for the sun came out from the mists of the early morning and shone with that richness which is only seen in southern Kansas and in Italy.

This was on November 19, last, and ready were hunters with their favorite rifles and ammunition to a to the loads of good things, tents, bedding and trail dogs which were already placed in the special of the K. & T. R. R., for their use and comfort.

These supplies deserve more than passing notice, they were not of the ordinary variety or material—they were absolutely nothing too good for so good a set of fellows.

The cook stove, a good baker, and the Sibley heat for tents, were easily painted red by the pine knots of the mountains.

The cooks were the equals of the implements and supplies, as proved by the pastry that followed the hot biscuits, hoe cake, turkey cooked in 'steen ways, and famous venison loaf—any wildness of the game was tamed by the bastings and the other fine arts of the chef. Preparations were none too great, for the whole Indian Territory was to be captured with twenty guns.

The chief beginning, however, was made at Joplin, Mo., where the best Elk lodge rooms in the country were easily dislodged and forced to retreat.

The "House of Lords" was also vanquished in single file front face attack, but the Woman's Exchange at meal time stood the strain of the knife-and-fork battle.

Arkansas was unmolested through respect for its reputation and the ammunition was economized for the skirmishing in the Cosharties and Kimichi Mountains.

Camp located, a busy time ensued in filling ticklers, erecting log bedsteads and stocking the commissary tent from the contents of the wagons which had shaken the for thirty miles or more over rough mountain roads.

It was soon found, however, that the country furnished ticks which filled themselves, also furnished gamy brown turkey and the wily deer, which continually restocked the emptying larder.

The roll-call of the club showed that the following members had found their way to the secluded camp, selected by Guides Reed and Henry—the Choctaw-friendly Indian, viz.: Captain Joe Hotchkiss, Hon. O. Brown and C. K. Leinbach, Sheriff Bennett, Doc Maser, Messrs. Don Venable, Reiley, Lonekes, H. Miexell, Charley Workman, Roundtree, Steele, Rhoda Copeland, Smith, Alexander Schreck, the writer here and the (should-have-been-first-named) caterers, W. Main and Phil. Conrad. These latter were the thrice-daily attractions eagerly hunted for and always equal to the occasion. No people ever lived better in camp than those of this worthy club, and none ever regretted having been "too late for the wagon" more than did Cols. E. wards, Rasbach and Greene, who did not arrive till the club broke camp, which occurred earlier than intended for the true sportsman's reason that game enough had been killed.

The score stood, seven deer and seventy-eight wild turkeys, beside wildcat, wolf, etc., all well tamed by the trusty rifles of the sturdy huntsmen.

Some incidents of the hunt were visits of curious Choctaws and of members of other camps, who were always well treated, except with what the former especially wanted and called "lemon," but wanted it from a bottle of reddish hue. They doubtless referred to the extra gotten from traders and which is known in prohibitive States as cold tea, Magnolia, and Calamity Waters, etc.

Stories of the finest landscape views; escapes from the close views of bear, panther and other "varmints." "How I got him," "How I missed him," "How I didn't find him," were numerous and often exciting.

This Choctaw country is rough and rugged, traversed by the Kimichi and Coshartie Mountains, which are intersected by rapid streams of the purest water.

Abundant grass and acorns add to make it a natural home for deer and turkey, and the addition of elk would make it the grandest location for a preserve on the continent. This portion, at least, should be set aside, on allotment or other disposition of the Choctaw territory to the Government, for game alone. It seems good for the purpose and that only, and even the forests proclaim it for the oaks, pine and holly are of little commercial

value, and the scattered remnants of the race inhabiting it do not thrive as does the game, but are dwindling away, and even their songs are sadder than the poem of the "Deserted Village" or the story of the "Last of the Mohicans."

The cabins and the clearings are mostly deserted and overgrown with weeds; but the American eagle screams as loud and is as proud there as on the cliffs of the gold-bordered Sierras.

Let us preserve this area for posterity to prove that we were not fully bent on turning everything into our money bags or over to Mammon.

With the Yellowstone Park in the Far West and the Appalachians on the Atlantic border, the great Central States are entitled to this. It would be especially adapted to the preservation of the fast-disappearing elk of America, which I have demonstrated, in a preserve here in Michigan, to be thrifty, to propagate and stay when not too much disturbed. My herd has increased satisfactorily and they are a great attraction to the people for many miles around.

JOSHUA HILL.

PONTIAC, Mich., Dec. 30.

In Rhode Island.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Jan. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Rhode Island open season for land game birds closed Dec. 15, and the open season for rabbits ended Jan. 1, thus finishing the hunting season as looked upon by sportsmen generally, although some fox hunting and duck shooting will be indulged in throughout the winter by those whose tastes run in these directions.

The bird season just ended has been a most favorable one for the birds, having been, during the first weeks, so extremely dry as to give excellent protection to birds from the pursuit of dogs, the scent being very difficult to pick up or follow over ground covered with loose, dry leaves as was the case with all woodland during the greater part of this year's open season. This difficult condition was succeeded by a week of extreme cold and snow with a surface so slippery as to discourage all but the most persevering hunters. These stages of drought and cold, together with a good many days so warm as to be uncomfortable in the woods, made up a season of unusually light hunting, this being still further accomplished by the scarcity of the king of New England game birds, the ruffed grouse. These birds were found to be scarce at the opening of the season, and no material increase of number was discovered as the weeks went on, so that men who have in previous years found the pursuit of partridges remunerative during the hunting season, were obliged this year to give up the sport and return to their regular work for a day's pay.

Quail have been very plentiful; and a flock of about twenty-five birds was seen but a day or two ago, before the close of the season, close by the side of one of the main thoroughfares leading out of this city, the quail being within the city limits when seen. One sportsman, who lives a short distance out, said he knew of seven flocks of quail not far from his home, and it will need only good winter weather to make large numbers of quail a reasonable certainty another year. Heavy snows are destructive to quail, far more than the most skillful hunters.

Rabbits have been numerous and the two falls of snow within the season made the capture so easy that boys living on the outskirts of the city have been able to get several rabbits in a couple of hours upon more than one occasion without any dog.

Water fowl are very numerous this winter in Narragansett Bay and its tributaries, but just now the cold weather is sending them nearer the shores for feeding grounds. In the waters adjacent to Pappaosquaw Point large flocks of black ducks, white-wing coots, whistlers and old squaws can be seen every day, some feeding in the tide courses, while other large flocks seem to be continually on the wind. White-wing coots at present are more plentiful than black ducks, yet quantities of these birds have been shot by gunners. The gunners have used sailboats in getting within range of the ducks, but naphtha launches seem to be the best means of getting close to the flocks while feeding.

W. H. M.

Some Experiences with Deer.

REVERE, Me.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. John Brown and son Ernest were in the woods of Maine during the recent heavy snowfall, and found deer hunting very laborious sport. They remained two weeks, and secured four bucks that weighed 647 pounds. They hope to avoid a recurrence of similar conditions by going earlier next season. They do not employ a guide to pilot them about, preferring to rely upon a compass. Mr. Brown, Sr., is an old hand at hunting, and never hesitates to follow a wounded buck or doe. He knows that the tiny magnetic needle will guide him safely homeward out of the densest of swamps.

He has some fine heads of caribou from Mt. Katahdin, which he secured on former trips. He is a persistent and dogged man in the woods, and always likes to start from camp before daybreak, while the deer are moving about. During the day they are usually hid away behind some dense growth of evergreens, and cannot be approached by the most stealthy of trailers. They always sleep with both eyes wide open. It is very nice, and gives one more courage to go deep into the woods with a companion. But you can get more shots and see more deer by playing a lone hand.

One must not expect to obtain a very close view of a wary buck or doe while tramping about in dry leaves, snapping twigs and talking to a companion at intervals. Put a lunch into your pocket, don't forget your compass, find a commanding position on a good hardwood ridge, there sit down and wait. You then can detect the least sound made by anything within good shooting distance. Of course one gets chilled by remaining in one position a few hours, but by using a small amount of soothing syrup you can regain the proper temperature.

That there are exceptions to almost every rule was proven upon our trip last month. We went over the hardwood ridge about 3 o'clock one afternoon. We were talking quite loudly, kicking up dry leaves, breaking branches and making other noise. Upon reaching a high

knoll, we saw a doe bounding away to the left of us. We did not fire at her on account of the distance. We were not expecting any deer in that exact locality, hence our lack of caution.

Upon looking to the right of us, there we saw only about twenty yards away, a buck that had remained a silent watcher during all of the commotion. He made no attempt to get away. It was a sight long to be remembered. His proudly arched neck and defiant bearing indicated combativeness to the highest degree. We had invaded the solitude of his forest retreat, and broken up the tete-a-tete with his better half, and he was anxious to give battle to the intruders. It seemed like a sacrilege to harm him, but he fell with a tiny .30-30 through his brain. And the youth who fired the lucky shot never had had a rifle in his hands previous to that trip.

Thus one can see how difficult it is to lay down any hard and fast rules in deer shooting. Deer are roaming about in all kinds of places, and you never can tell when you will blunder on to one.

I was on the same ridge one day in November, 1900. I had been waiting about two hours and was thoroughly chilled. I had both hands in my pockets, and the rifle butt resting upon my boot. I had turned partly around for observation, when upon resuming a front position I was almost petrified by seeing a magnificent buck stolidly gazing at me, and only about twenty feet away. I experienced all the sensations of the real tenderfoot. My heart tried to get out of my mouth. I felt my hair leaving my head, and I thought I was going to choke. The buck kept his gaze upon me for all of three minutes. I was shivering all over, and knew, or felt, that if I made an attempt to get the rifle up, he would take some violent exercise and quickly get beyond my trembling aim. I began to hope that he would turn his head, and thus afford me an opportunity of knocking him out. But he failed to meet my requirements. He was apparently satisfied that I could not harm him, for he began to nibble very quietly. After he walked about fifty or sixty feet from me, feeding all the while, I did manage to get the rifle up, but his fine eye detected the movement, and he instantly began to bound away, and was thoroughly safe from harm in about one minute. I had traveled about 350 miles to get a shot at a deer, and he had walked right up to me, and "I never touched him." This was my first venture after deer, but I shall always feel childish over it. When I got back to the house that evening Al laughed and said, "Why didn't you up and let him have it?"

On another occasion when out looking for deer, a doe and her two lambs came up to within a few feet of me. They stopped short, gazed at me intently for a few minutes and proceeded to feed. I remained as steady as I could, although I know I was shaking badly. My rifle I had laid down beyond my reach. They made a beautiful picture as they stood, the doe in the center, and all three with necks craned, and their wondrously beautiful eyes gazing upon the trembling object that wanted to shoot but did not have his rifle. I have always been pleased to think that I was not the one to break up such a loving group.

A rifle report will not cause a deer to run. I have seen one of our boys fire five times in succession at a buck that could not locate us. He remained motionless through the fusillade, and jumped only when the sixth shot grazed him. It is the moving object that startles them quicker than the rifle report.

While driving along the banks of the East Branch, on our way from the depot to the house, we saw a buck and doe on the opposite bank. Billy and Frank jumped from the buckboard, hastily slipped in a few shells, took aim in an excited manner and both fired. The deer raised their heads for to gaze at us, then proceeded to feed. The boys failed to harm them. Billy, in his excitement, had put in some miniature cartridges that only carried half-way. They wanted to remain right there for the rest of the day; but Al told them they might sit there for a year and not get such a chance again.

Various times after that day we took the canoe and paddled up river, moving with the dexterity and stealth of typical sons of the forest, but were never able to gaze upon even a white flag.

Frank was very enthusiastic in his methods of hunting. He did not care how hard he worked, or how many miles he traveled.

He started over the ridge one morning and kept on going till he found himself in a cedar swamp about five miles from the house. He neither saw nor heard a deer during his long trip. He climbed a lofty spruce tree to take observations. Directly ahead, and about five hundred yards away, he located a hardwood growth. He descended, and worked cautiously toward the ridge. He heard some branches snapping, and he began to have hope. After a little careful reconnoitering he located a fine buck pawing the leaves in his search for the toothsome beechnut. Frank whistled low, the buck raised his head, only to drop it the next instant. The deer weighed 173 pounds dressed. Frank feels proud over the fact that he raised the buck and left him hanging about four feet clear of the ground. He says he could have raised him five feet higher just as easily. He was afraid of foxes molesting the carcass during the night. He is not out of his teens, and any one who has tried to lift a dead buck in the woods will agree that it is no child's play to elevate your deer.

Four of us went out the next day, and we had a sample of toting out deer over a swamp road that will long linger in our memories. Our path for two miles was over cedar stumps, windfalls, boulders, rocks, water holes, bog holes, tangled tops left by the swamper, and pitch darkness to cheer us on. After we had done this beautiful form of exercise for two hours, we bethought us of a torch. We stripped the bark from the white birch trees, rolled it into a compact mass and fastened it into a split sapling. Our torch would last about five minutes, when we would insert more bark. Thus we battled with difficulties for four hours in the darkness, until we finally reached the main road. We were a jaded quartet upon reaching home. But we got the buck out, and Frank, at least, was happy.

Early next morning we started for the bog, five miles away. We took possession of a deserted logging camp, and all hands proceeded to put it in shape. A family of hedgehogs were apparently the last ones that occupied the place, and had eaten everything that had the least taste

of food or grease on it. A fine spring near at hand was discovered, and added much to our pleasure. We soon had the bunks piled high with fragrant balsam boughs that would lull and soothe the most jaded of mortals. We had a stove, but no pipe for it. We soon had a pipe, made of large apple cans, which were plentiful outdoors. It was not elegant to look at, but it filled the bill.

It was refreshing to see the boys swing their axes in their efforts at felling trees for firewood. We wanted heavy logs that would last during the night, and we soon had a good supply. We had snow the first night, and the heat from inside melted it as soon as it touched the roof. All night long the little streams poured into our bunks and kept us dodging about like chipmunks. The dry cedar splits of our roof would catch fire every few minutes, and we would take turns in throwing snowballs in our efforts to save our home. The fragrance of the balsam boughs did not soothe us very much that night.

Upon going outdoors in the morning we were surprised to see all the deer tracks not more than ten feet from the camp. We did not think they would approach so close to us while we were making so much noise. After a refreshing breakfast of bacon and eggs, with piping hot coffee, we felt ready for the chase; singled out some of the biggest tracks, and did not go very far before we sighted our game.

Brown as usual got the first buck. It was not very large, but had a fine head. I contrived in some mysterious way to get a good sized doe, but it was not owing to my steady nerve. Dudley followed on the track of a large buck, which led him across the bog, and into a cedar swamp. He had not gone very far before he noticed the tracks of a lucifer following close upon the deer trail. He followed cautiously for about half a mile through the swamp, then gave it up. He had no desire to get too close to an "Injun devil." When we tumbled into our bunks at nightfall we slept as we had not in many a year.

The pure and bracing air of the woods had given us voracious appetites, and our food supply was soon diminished. But the folks at the house had not forgotten us, and sent in fresh supplies on the third day. Al and Seth had tramped the five miles, each with a sack of good things to eat. Al shot a doe while on his way in, and it certainly was refreshing to hear him tell of it in his cool and matter-of-fact way.

When any of the boys shot a deer, we fledglings felt it incumbent upon us to go into hysterics over the affair, but the genuine son of the forest never becomes enthused. He simply kills his deer and wastes no words in describing the event.

We enjoyed every moment of our two weeks' stay, and were loth to leave. The fragrant air of the pine woods is a most wonderful rejuvenator, causing one to move and act with renewed vigor and life. One can tramp from daylight till dark without a sense of weariness. Drinking deep of the sparkling waters from the woodland brooks adds in no small measure to one's health.

"Only to him whose coat of rags
Has pressed at night their royal feet,
Shall come the secrets, strange and sweet,
Of royal pines and beetling crags."

"No greed of gold shall come to him,
Nor strong desire of earthly praise;
But he shall love the silent ways
Of forest aisles and arches dim."

—Nessmuk.

One of our most enthusiastic companions was W. Estey, of the Art Preservative of Boston, and as he is an old-timer at hunting, he had no trouble in securing his legal quota of deer.

We are already making plans for our trip next fall, and find fully as much pleasure in anticipation as in the fulfillment. Frequently communing with nature tends to elevate the mind, and build up and restore impaired vitality.

JAY PEE.

'Game' Sale Out of Season.

In an interview, with a New York Times reporter, Pres. J. V. Bootman, of the Arctic Freezer Co., said:

"The Governor's recommendation would give us protection and prevent such seizures as that to which we were subjected last summer. Game comes to us in boxes and barrels, and we have no way of knowing that the boxes and barrels contain game except by breaking into them as the State's officers did. Under the law as it exists our business is liable to be overturned by State officers at any time. It is just as unreasonable for them to come in here and turn our place upside down looking for stolen game as it would be for them to go into a furniture store looking for stolen goods. We would welcome a system which would provide for the bonding of game, for then we would get our money for storage, and not be in danger of being raided and hauled up in court, as we are now.

"But I do not think the establishment of bonded warehouses for game would lessen the amount of game sold out of season. The people who want game out of season and who have the money to pay for it, will get it despite any law that can be framed. It is a singular fact that while it is the wealthy class who raise the howl about the game being destroyed, and hunting spoiled, it is they also who are indirectly the cause of the game laws being violated, because it is only the wealthy class that can afford to buy game out of season."

"How much game is sold out of season in New York?"

"More than is sold in season. The reason for that is that there is a bigger profit in selling it out of season than there is in selling it in season, and therefore the majority of dealers arrange to hold it until the time when they can secure advanced prices.

"The trouble about the Governor's plan would be this: Men who deal in game would put a small amount only of their holdings in bond, and, having made this show of apparent good faith, would then proceed to dispose of the rest of their game illegally. There is no difficulty about getting an abundance of game in a number of States during the close season in New York."

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The 'New York' Forest Preserve

From Governor Oakes' Message.

UNDER Chapter 94 of the Laws of 1901 the various commissions having to do with the Forest, Fish and Game Departments were consolidated under one head. I became convinced after the passage of the appropriation bill carrying an item of \$250,000 for the purchase of Adirondack land at the last session of the Legislature that the amount of money necessary to carry out the scheme of ultimate purchase of the entire preserve was of too great a magnitude to be hastily sanctioned.

A bill was passed by the Legislature and approved by the Executive in 1893 which provided that agreements might be entered into between the State and owners of lands in the Adirondacks, limiting the kind and size of timber to be cut, in return for which exemption from the State and county taxes upon such lands was given. The restriction was that nothing but soft wood above 12 inches in diameter should be cut. This provision has never been accepted by any considerable number of land owners. For the purpose of ascertaining the sentiment upon the subject communication has been had with the owners of the greater part of the land in the Forest Preserve. I am convinced from such correspondence that if the law were amended to prohibit the operation of acid factories and the cutting of timber below 10 inches in diameter in return for the assumption by the State of all taxes, that the ultimate object aimed at in the preservation of the forests could be accomplished without any great expense. Such land now owned by individuals consists of about 706,514 acres of forest land, 1,080,204 acres of lumbered land, and 107,767 acres of denuded, burned and waste land. This property probably could not be purchased for less than \$5,000,000. Under the provisions of the present law, when the State purchases the land it assumes all taxes. In addition to this, under our Constitution, no public land can be lumbered. If therefore all property now owned by individuals and corporations were purchased the result would be the destruction of the lumber and wood pulp industries, which are among the most valuable we have.

The work in the Adirondacks should be pursued scientifically. Mature timber should be cut and denuded land, so far as possible, replanted. And if the agreement here outlined were entered into with individual owners for restriction of lumbering and the replanting of their lands, a continuous growth and source of supply would result, without fear of condemnation or encroachment. There would be no desire to lumber without thought of the future. In addition to this, by the leasing of small camp sites a revenue and protection would result, and the Adirondacks would soon be converted into a health resort and a recreation park for all who might desire to enjoy it. Suitable restrictions providing for free ingress and exit could be placed in such leases.

I recommend, first, that the present law be amended so as to permit an agreement with owners to restrict the cutting of timber down to ten inches in diameter instead of twelve, and that acid factories be prohibited; and that a Constitutional amendment receive your sanction this year, looking toward the scientific forestry and leasing of the State lands. These suggestions, if adopted, would furnish revenue for the building of roads in the forests, and for other items of expenditure made necessary in the care of the preserve, and would, I am certain, bring in almost all of the private lands without cost to the State.

A Deer Hunt.

I HAD been hunting and trapping on the border of Maine and New Hampshire for four weeks and had had very good luck trapping, but had not succeeded in getting a good shot at a deer.

The most valuable piece of fur I shot was that of a mountain fisher cat. I was deer hunting and was tired after a long walk up the steep side of Bear Mountain, and sat down to rest. I heard something running through the dry leaves, and looking up saw two very black animals with short ears and long tails coming toward me. After coming within a good gun shot one of them ran up a tree, and thinking that was my best chance I fired. Down he came and began clawing and biting everything he could get at. The other one started off on the run, and I fired three more shots at it, but they all missed. I then went up to the one I had hit and killed it with a revolver.

In all the time I was there I did not carry a shotgun into the woods with me, as there was really only one animal I was after and that was a deer. The day before I was to come home I started out to take up my last fox traps. The woods were full of partridges and this once I thought I would take a shotgun with me, as I had given up all hopes of getting a deer that fall.

I left home about three o'clock and followed an old logging road that ran back on to the mountain. I was walking along slowly when I heard a stick break in front of me, and looking up saw a large buck deer walking right down the road toward me. In an instant I stopped, broke down the gun, pulled out the two charges of fine shot and put two heavy charges of buckshot in their places. The deer came walking along slowly and would stop and browse in places where there were bushes. Every minute I expected he would see me and run. He kept coming nearer and nearer, but yet he was too far to risk a shot. When he was about seventy-five yards away I began to slowly raise the gun, when he turned right around so his side was toward me and I aimed and fired. When the smoke cleared away I saw him go tearing through the woods and noticed that one of his hind legs was broken, as it only dragged along on the ground as he ran. I went to the place where he stood when I fired and there I found some blood and it was all along his track on the snow.

After a deer has been severely wounded, if the hunter starts immediately to follow it the animal will run as long as it has an ounce of strength, but if not further molested it will only go a short distance and then lie down.

It was growing dark fast, as the sun sets behind the mountains early in the afternoon, and so after taking up my traps I returned home and told the folks I had decided to stay one more day, as I had wounded a deer

and did not want it to die in the woods where nobody would get it.

In the morning I got up early and saw that it was snowing very hard. I thought I could not find the deer again, as the tracks were all covered up with snow. I went out to the place where I had fired at him and started in the direction he had gone.

After going about a quarter of a mile I started him and soon came to the place where he had spent the night. The snow was all tramped down and covered with blood. He only ran a short distance and then began to walk, but the underbrush was so thick I could not see him. He soon laid down again, but started as I came up. This time I saw him, but did not get a chance to shoot. He would only go a short distance and then lie down and rest till he heard me coming, when he would start again. After following him this way for perhaps three miles the tracks suddenly stopped. They were very plain in the snow and came into a little opening, where they ended. Going a little to one side of the trail I started back and only had gone a short way when I found some tracks going in nearly the opposite direction. Going back to where the tracks stopped, I found that the deer had walked out into this opening and had then made a long jump to one side over some bushes, and then started on the run. Deer often double on their tracks this way when followed, and sometimes it is almost impossible to find the trail again.

I did not see the buck again until almost dark, and by that time we were away up on the side of Mt. Kearsarge. I heard a brook in front of me and went toward it to get a drink. It flowed through the bottom of a ravine, and as I came to the edge of the bank I looked across to the other side and saw the deer climbing up the steep, rocky slope. I rested the rifle against a tree and aiming at his neck about half way between the head and shoulders pulled the trigger.

He threw up his head and fell, but the bank was so steep that he rolled to the bottom.

I climbed down over the steep rocks and found him lying in the edge of the water. I bled him and began to skin him at once, for the sun was already behind the mountain and I was a long way from home.

After removing the hide I cut out the head, and taking that in one hand and the rifle in the other, with the skin over my shoulder, I started for home, but it was long after dark before I came out of the woods on to the road.

HOWARD D. BROOKS.

WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS.

Maine's Proposed License.

BOSTON, Jan. 6.—Seldom has a mere proposition created more interest among Boston hunters and fishermen who go to Maine than to require non-residents to pay for a license to either hunt or fish in that State. While it is remembered that the Maine Legislature does not meet till next winter, the fact that the license question is to be discussed at the annual meeting of the Maine Fish and Game Protective Association this week has drawn out a great deal of criticism of Maine methods, as well as a good deal of feeling. The friends of the license method must remember that they are to deal with a feature that will operate in more ways than one. Said a wealthy gentleman yesterday, who annually spends a good deal of time in Maine each year with rod and reel: "I hope they will make non-resident hunters and fishermen buy a license, and I only wish they could make their own citizens pay for hunting and fishing. I shall be pleased if they pass a license law for sportsmen who hunt and fish in that State; hope that they will make it high enough—\$10 or more—high enough to keep the ordinary duffers out of that State. I believe that the better class of sportsmen will all agree with me and be glad to buy licenses. It will do much for the protection of fish and game in that it will prevent thousands from going in to Maine at all, and there will be more fish and game left for those who buy licenses."

This gentleman is not alone in his opinion. It is a fact that the cost of going into Maine on shooting and fishing trips is already great, compared with other outings, and that a great many are already prevented from going there by the cost. Then there are a great many who do go with whom the matter hangs in a balance, as it were; they go, but add the cost of a license and they are forever done going into Maine. The fish and game interest of Maine should approach this matter very carefully. If those who will favor the license system at the association meet could spend a few hours with me in visiting Boston sportsmen, who are merchants, business and professional men, their ideas would be a good deal broadened, and they would see that there is another side to the question. They would see that even those who have been in the habit of visiting that State annually for hunting or fishing are not obliged to go there, and that the matter of being obliged to pay for a license may do much toward deciding that they do not go there at all. Said a resident of Maine, who is much interested in fish and game and its protection, to me a short time ago: "Our trouble lies in the inefficiency of our commissioners and game wardens. Give us a set of game protectors who are willing to be in the woods, instead of around the best hotels, smoking the best cigars at the State's expense, and we shall have money enough for fish and game protection in the appropriations annually made. If the desire is to protect big game, make a law preventing guides from shooting such game. It is a shameful fact that nine-tenths of the game carried out of Maine by sportsmen is shot by their guides. Some of the more noted of these guides are simply deer slayers for the men who employ them. Put sportsmen on to the game they actually shoot themselves, and two-thirds of the game that would otherwise be killed each fall will be left on the hoof. The law now on the statute books is sufficient to punish these guides for shooting more than two deer in a season, but who enforces it? The commissioners know that the most of the game killed is killed by the guides, guides that they have licensed, but no steps are taken to stop the slaughter. Sportsmen cannot be expected to go back on the guides, for it is through the guides that they are all able to take out their two deer apiece; to brag about to their friends, and then send to the market. If the desire is to protect the fish, let the

commission look out that the stripping of all the brooks, the trout nurseries, of small trout each spring is stopped. The commission has of late years closed most of the streams flowing into the Rangeleys, Moosehead and other waters; closed them by edict only, for nothing is done to see that they are not fished; closed them against the honest sportsman who will not fish a closed stream; closed them for the dishonest guides and residents to strip of all the fish at the first opportunity. Maine does not lack in game and fish protective laws; she does not lack for means with which to enforce the laws, so much as she lacks energy, put in the right direction, toward enforcement. I am not personally against a license law for non-resident sportsmen, for it will stop hunters and fishermen from coming into our State, and thus leave more of spoils for our own people; but it is un-American and not in keeping with New England ideas. If the railroads and other transportation companies do not fight a non-resident license law to the bitter end, I shall be much mistaken."

SPECIAL.

Slaughtering Elk for their Teeth.

IN a recent number of FOREST AND STREAM appeared an article descriptive of the methods of the elk tooth hunter. What the hide hunter did for the buffalo can be done again for the elk by the tooth hunter.

To think of this already fast-disappearing animal being hunted simply for the two desirable teeth in its upper jaw, its body to be left a prey to the coyotes upon the plains, is certainly a "sin and a shame."

If there were not a market for the coveted teeth the elk tooth hunter might work along the line of wolf skin bounties, or some other meritorious occupation might be found by him; but as long as there is demand for elk's teeth as watch charms, so long will the tooth hunter keep at his trade.

If I understand the situation, the members of the Order of Elks, a benevolent and protective order, purchase these teeth when made into watch charms. Now, if this is the market, the thing to be done is to bring argument and influence to bear of such a nature as to cause the demand to cease, and this being done, there will be just one class of elk hunters less in the field, and one incentive less for hunting this game.

Among the readers of FOREST AND STREAM there must be some, perhaps many, influential members of the "Order of Elks." If they would appeal to their brother sportsmen in the order no doubt steps might be taken to discourage the use of the elk's tooth emblem by the order. When the demand for these teeth is such as to warrant the pursuit of this noble game for the sake of the two coveted teeth, and the teeth only, it does seem as if some effort at least might be made to remove the incentive for such useless slaughter.

Perhaps if the main lodge of the order, which I understand is in New York, were approached on the subject something might be done to discourage the use of this elk tooth emblem and thus remove at least the market for the man who kills the elk, and removing the two teeth leaves the game to rot or feed the carrion seekers, as the case may be. Undoubtedly thousands of men, lovers of the rod and gun, are members of this organization, and an appeal to them may result in some general action by the association advising and suggesting the discontinuance of the emblem in question being used by the members in future.

I think the article referred to by me noted the fact that the two tooth hunters had slaughtered twenty-seven (perhaps many more undiscovered) elk from which nothing had been taken but the two teeth in each case.

When it is illegal for dealers to handle game, the occupation of the market-hunter ceases, because he cannot dispose of the result of his labors, and he turns to something else for a living. Now, if to-morrow the Order of the Elks should bodily and individually discontinue the use of the elk's tooth as an emblem, the killing of elks would not cease, but certainly one cause or incentive for their wanton and wasteful destruction would be removed.

Will not some reader of this appeal who is an Elk take up this matter and see what can be done to make the hunting of this noble game for their teeth an unremunerative occupation?

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I noticed in the FOREST AND STREAM for Dec. 14 that Dr. Doherty and his hunting companion had registered a complaint against some pot-hunters whom they had found killing all the elk for their teeth. While reading this account I kept wondering what these fellows wanted with a collection of elk teeth, or why any one else would want them bad enough to pay two dollars apiece for them. The conclusion told me who needed them. Then I had to stop and laugh.

A few days before this I had seen an account in a local paper of some more elk teeth. A member of the society of Elks belonging to a lodge in Connellsville, Pa., had made the discovery by accident that the elk tooth that he had been carrying around with him as an emblem had never seen an elk, though it had cost him a dollar or two. He had let it get too near a fire, and it had gone up in smoke—it was only celluloid. His brother members now took a look at their elk teeth, only to find that they all had come from the same shop.

Now, why could not this society, the B. P. O. E., adopt that celluloid elk tooth and let the elks take a rest, until some one hunts them who will use more of them than two teeth? These fellows that the doctor met won't need them then, they can reform now and go wolf hunting; that game warden won't say a word to them if he catches them shooting wolves. I know it. A wolf hunter is not a member of the best society, even in the West, but he does not trot in the same class with a pot-hunter. I was never ashamed to be found with a wolf hunter as my companion. I have hunted a few wolves myself, but I would hate to be met in a pot-hunter's company.

CABIA BLANCO.

ERIE, PA.

Long Island Quail Weights.

AMAGANSETT, N. Y., Dec. 26.—I killed four quail yesterday, two females and two males. Three weighed 8 ounces each, one weighed 7½ ounces.

D. C.

Massachusetts Dec.

NORTH BEVERLY, MASS., Dec. 30.—The past season has been a very favorable one for pond shooting in this vicinity. The stand at Wenham was for the first time equipped with live geese decoys, and forty-seven geese were shot.

Among the peculiarities of the flight was the first appearance of redheads in any numbers. This bird has always been rather common on Cape Cod and outlying islands, but on the North Shore I have found it very rare. The stand secured twenty-nine this fall, and others were observed. The flight was between Oct. 19 and 25.

The pintail is another duck which has never been seen in numbers as this year. This is also a bird more common to the eastward. Nine were secured and many more observed. They appear to be the shyest duck the stand gunner has to cope with, often circling about the pond for five or ten minutes and paying but little attention to the live decoys. We observed one male canvas-back with a bunch of pintail.

A spoonbill was shot on Oct. 8, this being the first one ever taken at the stand. He was with a small bunch of black ducks, evidently from the salt meadows.

Mallards were more numerous than usual, fifteen being shot. In former years three or four has been the highest ever taken here.

Fifty-nine ruddy ducks were secured, against only fifteen of last year. Black ducks were also more plentiful than last year, but bluebills, whistlers and buffheads were scarce.

The best day happened on a big northeast in November, when three guns bagged twenty-six geese and seven ducks. A score of twenty-six ducks was reached on two different days in October.

Can it be possible that a portion of the duck and goose flight is passing further to the westward than usual? Our notes for the year seemed to indicate some such change.

It would be interesting if other Massachusetts pond gunners would report their luck from year to year.

J. C. PHILLIPS.

The Maine Season of 1901.

THE annual report of the Maine Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game is in the hands of the Governor. The Auburn station hatched 114,000 brook trout, 170,000 landlocked salmon and 25,000 other fish last winter. There are now 300,000 brook trout eggs and 520,000 landlocked salmon eggs in the hatching troughs of that station. Cobbosseecontee station hatched 140,000 brook trout and 168,000 landlocked salmon. At that station there are now 200,000 brook trout eggs and 40,000 landlocked salmon eggs in process of hatching. At the Caribou hatchery there were 194,000 brook trout, 1,100 brown trout, 125,000 landlocked salmon and 17,000 whitefish hatched. The Sebago station hatched 185,000 brook trout and 118,000 landlocked salmon for the season.

Under the head of big game, the Commissioners say:

From the best information we have been able to obtain from the annual reports of guides, sporting camp proprietors, transportation companies and others, 317 moose have been killed legally and 96 illegally, making a total of 413 moose killed in the State this year. A large majority of those killed illegally were cows and calves.

From the same sources of information we learn that 10,320 deer have been legally killed this year. We have no reliable data to show the number illegally killed.

There is no indication of caribou returning to the State.

The number of bears killed by parties guided by registered guides is 97.

I also understand that the above estimate and compilation of the number of deer killed does not take into account the number of deer killed by residents legally—a vast number. It is not an unreasonable estimate to put the whole number of deer slain in Maine for the season of 1901, legally and illegally, at 20,000 to 25,000.

SPECIAL.

The Season's Bag.

GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y., Dec. 25.—The bird season closed with us about Dec. 1 on account of the weather. My score this year was twenty-nine woodcock and seventeen partridges. It required some hunting to bag them. On account of the heavy crop of beechnuts the partridges were scattered, and we had hard work to find them.

J. H. D.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Angling for Cod.

In New York Fishing Waters at Coney Island and the "Banks"—Methods of Capture.

ONE day a passenger on one of the fishing steamers, evidently making the trip for the pleasure of the sail, asked one of the deck hands how far it was to the land. He replied, "Not far."

Arriving on the grounds, anchor was heaved, the steamer came to a stand and all commenced to fish excepting the foreigner, an Englishman, who, after an hour's patient waiting, took himself to the pilot house.

"Say, Cap," he inquired, "when do we land at the Fishing Banks?"

"We are on them now, sir," was the reply.

"Why," exclaimed the passenger, "do you call these waters Banks? I thought your boat was bound for some land resort, where I could get off, walk about and rest. Instead I find myself out upon the ocean with a lot of bloomin' idiots, all a-fishing, creating a big fuss and making the decks gory with the blood and slime of cod-fish."

The disappointed traveler was compelled to endure it all until late in the afternoon, when anchor was shipped and the boat headed for home, but to this day he cannot understand why the ocean should be called the Fishing Banks.

There are others, some to the manor born, like him.

In 1832 Captain Lyman Bebe, of New York, commanding the fishing smack Mary, discovered a noted fishing ground about twenty miles east from Sandy Hook. This was the "great cholera" year, and the scourge was making such progress it became the main topic among men. Naturally Captain Bebe decided to call his find the "Cholera Banks," and the name clings to those fishing grounds to this day. Another reef of rocks in the sea famous for excellent fishing, are known as the Fishing Banks. These grounds extend from off the Highlands of Navesink, past Long Branch to a point nearly opposite Squam Beach. Both of these fishing waters are favorite resorts for a certain class who reach them by excursion steamers built for the convenience and use of fishermen.

During the summer—in fact, during the whole year—several steamers daily visit these Fishing Banks, which are really numerous submerged, rocky reefs, while above and all about them is the ocean.

Thousands of fishermen, the German element largely predominating, are their patrons, and these seldom fail of making good catches of sea bass, blackfish, porgies, cod and other varieties of deep-sea fish. During the fall and late into the winter the principal fish sought by these jolly, good-natured citizens, is the cod, which runs to good size, often so large as 40 pounds or more, but the average fish is about 10 pounds weight.

A good description by a newspaper artist who, visiting the Cholera Banks for the first time, says: "Starting so early in the morning that my eyes are still heavy with unexpended sleep, I soon found myself on the steamer in company with a hundred more fellow passengers, some of whom are heavy eyed and inclined to grumble about the hour of starting, while others are cheerful and full of excitement at the prospect of the day's sport. Down the bay, through the Narrows, across the Lower Bay and out to sea steams the craft on which we are embarked. past the lightship and twenty miles due east from Sandy Hook she runs, and then begins to search for the banks. The pilot takes ranges by several of the big hotels along the south shore of Long Island, a man in the bow takes soundings, and, if the day be clear, the steamer is soon brought to an anchor directly above the reef, and a hundred eager lines are dropped overboard. Once at anchor the fun and trouble begin. It is fun to catch fish, but seasickness is among the saddest of human experiences. Many who have bravely endured the pitching to which the steamer has been treated ever since she left Sandy Hook succumb at once to the motion that succeeds it as soon as she comes to anchor and rises and falls with regular, ceaseless monotony on the land swells.

"Apart from these and ridiculing their wretchedness stand the regulars, smoking short pipes, hauling in fish, making cruel jokes upon the condition of the novices and thoroughly enjoying themselves. They bait their hooks with skimmer clams, skillfully toss their leaden sinkers far out, let run their line and haul in sea bass, blackfish, fluke, cod, weakfish, porgies or whatever else comes to hand. Once in a while a line goes whizzing through the water with a wild rush, there is a protracted struggle and an ugly customer in the form of a shark, either breaks the line and escapes or is hauled on board amid much rejoicing."

The first catch of the day is always watched for with the greatest interest. Other points to be scored are the largest catch of the day in numbers and weight, and the heaviest fish.

On the homeward trip the fish are cleaned, sorted, weighed, examined, passed about for inspection and commented upon. Special lots are put aside for those at home and distribution among friends, and often those making very large catches raffle them or present them to the steamer's crew.

These cod are captured in immense quantities in pounds and traps along the coast of Rhode Island and Massachusetts. Many of its haunts are undisturbed by fishermen, and its importance as a food fish increases with years.

In the fall of 1896, for the first time in about twenty years, the cod appeared and were taken by angling with hooks and line from the Iron Piers at Coney Island, and in small boats fishing near the shore, and in the waters of Gravesend Bay. They returned this fall in greater quantities, and will continue to return to these waters each fall and winter season for perhaps seven years, as is their habit in any given waters they once enter.

These fish differ from the large cod of the deep sea. These of the smaller species are really rock cod, called so in this section, while in Southern waters, notably in the vicinity of Charleston, S. C., and Pensacola, Fla., they are known as rock blackfish.

Experienced cod fishermen use a short, heavy, two-piece rod, with butt of ash, and lancewood tip, ball-bearing wood reel to hold 600 feet of strong, but not necessarily thick, linen line. The hooks, Nos. 4, 5, 6 and 7 Sproat, or Kirby, Limerick, are tied to tarred snells, and the bait is "skimmer clams," of which cod are especially fond; a very heavy sinker is essential. These fish are not, however, over-particular regarding their diet, almost everything goes. They have been caught containing silver watches, nails and closed pocket knives. Recently in the stomach of one was a silver buckle of a lady's garter. The writer caught one which, on opening, had inside a portion of a cutlet, the bony part of a chop, and a piece of apple pie, which the cod had swallowed as the particles fell from the kitchen window of an excursion boat.

Another curious thing about cod is that when taken just before the approach of a storm, they have been found to contain big stones, which the fishermen declare they use to anchor themselves during the storm and the sea's swell, which after the storm has spent its fury they eject from their stomachs and swim away, happy in the knowledge of their wisdom.

T. BIEDINGER.

Bass Flies and Entomology.

IN FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 21 last, I referred to a new and promising bass fly sent me by Mr. N. P. Howell, of Newark, N. J., and explained that it had been designed from insects which appeared in great numbers for a few days in June at Belgrade Lakes, Maine, which were eagerly devoured by the bass. Having expressed a hope that some of these insects would be properly classified, Mr. Howell, who had specimens still by him, sent them to the Smithsonian Institution, and has kindly forwarded

me the reply of the assistant secretary, Mr. Rathbun, who says, "I am informed by Mr. W. H. Ashmead, assistant curator of the Division of Insects, that the specimens which you transmitted on Sept. 20 have been identified by Mr. D. W. Coquillett, Custodian of the Section of Diptera, as representing the species *Bibio pallipes*, Say. He states that no figure of this species appears to have been published as yet, nor is he aware that anything is known regarding the early stages of the fly, although other members of the genus have been reported as feeding upon the roots of grasses and plants. The specimens will be added to the Museum collection in your name."

This is simply another instance to be added to the many on record in which fresh contributions to our knowledge of natural history have resulted from the intelligent observations of cultured anglers. Would it not further contribute to the important study of fish food, if either the New York State Fish Commission or some similar body procured specimens of *Bibio pallipes*, and published a figure of them in colors? It would certainly be of interest to entomologists and anglers.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, Canada.

San Francisco Striped Bass Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: Tuesday evening, Dec. 17, 1901, will long be remembered by local bass fishermen who met at Good Fellows' Grotto under the auspices of the San Francisco Striped Bass Club, to show their appreciation of the genius of Mr. Albert W. Wilson, the well-known authority on striped bass fishing, for having furnished them with a trolling spoon which has proven itself the greatest killer to date, and, so far as sportsmen are concerned has relegated the succulent clam to its original use—chowder—as it will be seldom used in future for bait.

Mr. Wilson is very expert in the preparation of fishing tackle, and has during the past twenty years done much for the encouragement and satisfaction of sportsmen; at the same time he has been experimenting with all kinds of spoons and lures, but not until the present discovery was any real success achieved in this line.

The meeting was called to order by the president of the club, Charlie Breidenstein, who appointed Mr. George M. Mitchell chairman. Mr. Mitchell, in a few well chosen remarks, introduced the orator of the evening, Mr. Osmond W. Jackson, whose address was a masterpiece of faultless diction. He called attention in detail to the patient and persistent efforts of Mr. Wilson in prospecting for bass, meeting with so little success for so many years. During all this time scarcely anything was known of the habits and haunts so far as this coast was concerned. He knew the Fish Commission had transplanted them to this coast in 1879, but where they had gone or the habits they had acquired was to be learned. How he visited week after week the various sloughs, rivers, bays and straits of the State and after locating this beautiful and powerful fish, he was not content until he had discovered a lure which could be depended upon to bring them to gaff, and he labored patiently until he gave to the anglers of this coast the spoon which will furnish from time immemorial grand sport, at so little expense; in fact, it is now called the poor man's sport.

The presentation consisted of a "Testimonial and Award of Merit," accompanied by a purse. The scroll, with the fac-simile signatures of the donors, was beautifully executed, and undoubtedly it will grace the wall of the home of the recipient, and be shown with pride to his many friends as the token of appreciation of San Francisco anglers.

Mr. Wilson made a happy reply, and even on this occasion could not refrain from giving the boys a few gratuitous pointers which were well received.

C. B. Hollwood, James A. Pariser and M. J. Geary were very felicitous in their remarks, the trend of all seeming to lead to the climax of joy in the abolishment of the clam as bait. The toast of the evening—the health and prosperity of the guest of honor—was responded to most heartily, when by one accord the whole company rose to their feet and in this position drank to his health, joining in the chorus "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

Great credit is due Messrs. G. M. Mitchell, Osmond W. Jackson and W. F. Shattuck for their untiring efforts in bringing the occasion to such a successful conclusion. Mr. G. Luttrell had charge of the decorations, and they were most appropriate. An enlarged Wilson spoon was suspended from the ceiling with one of McFarland's monstrous bass on the hook. Rods of the most approved pattern with the necessary tackle for actual warfare were displayed with spoons attached to bass of goodly proportions, and the forsaken clam was there, also, in great profusion, with humorous epitaphs inscribed by the club artist, "Bill" Ashcroft, showing that now they were a thing of the past as a bass lure.

JAMES WATT.

Congress of Fisheries at St. Petersburg.

CONSUL GENERAL HOLLOWAY writes from St. Petersburg: The International Congress of Fisheries and Fish Culture, at its last session in Paris in 1900, decided to hold the next session at St. Petersburg. The imperial Russian Society of Fisheries and Fish Culture has received imperial sanction and has completed arrangements for an exhibition, to commence on January 28, 1902. The congress will open on the 22d of February, and both will close March 8.

The exhibition is open to Russians and foreigners. Among its objects are to determine the actual condition of sea and fresh water fisheries, and of other similar pursuits; to acquaint producers and consumers with the various products of fisheries, and with methods of preparing and preserving the same; to exhibit the gradual development and actual state of artificial fish breeding, as well as the various aspects of amateur fishing and angling; to promote scientific research in the interests of fisheries.

The congress will discuss questions pertaining to the present position and needs of fisheries and fish industries from scientific, economical, technical, industrial, and commercial points of view, and will also consider measures for the improvement of these branches of industry.

W. R. HOLLOWAY, Consul General.

Forestry, Fish and Game at St. Louis.

DR. TARLETON H. BEAN, Chief of Department, sends us this classification, as adopted for the World's Fair at St. Louis in 1903:

Forestry—Department K.

GROUP 112—APPLIANCES AND PROCESSES USED IN FORESTRY.

- Class 653. Collections of seeds. Specimens of indigenous or exotic forest products. Collections of plants.
 Class 654. Special implements for gathering, preparing, testing and preserving seeds; drying houses. Implements for nurseries. Equipment for tree culture and forest industries.
 Class 655. Processes of culture in nurseries. Processes of culture and of the management of forests.
 Class 656. Forest topography. Forest botany. Geographical distribution. Maps and statistics.
 Class 657. Forest works; manipulation of lumber; keepers' houses; saw mills, tracks for hauling timber; sanitation.
 Class 658. Terracing, replanting, turfing, etc. Planting to hold the surface of dunes.

GROUP 113—PRODUCTS OF THE CULTIVATION OF FORESTS AND OF FOREST INDUSTRIES.

- Class 659. Specimens of forest products; logs, cross and transverse sections, etc.
 Class 660. Wood for cabinet work; wood for building; wood for fuel; wood that has been worked; construction timber; lumber; staves. Dye woods, barks, etc.
 Class 661. Cork; textile barks. Tanning; fragrant and resinous substances, etc.
 Class 662. Products of forest industries; coopers' stock, basket work, grass work, wooden ware, wood wool, corks, kiln-dried wood, wood alcohol, charcoal, raw potash, etc.

GROUP 114—APPLIANCES FOR GATHERING WILD CROPS AND PRODUCTS OBTAINED.

- Class 663. Appliances and implements for gathering the products of the soil obtained without culture.
 Class 664. Mushrooms. Truffles. Edible wild fruits.
 Class 665. Plants, roots, barks, leaves, fruits obtained without cultivation and used by herbalists, in pharmacy, dyeing, manufacturing, manufacture of paper, oils, or for other purposes.
 Class 666. India rubber; gutta percha. Gums and resins.

Fish and Game—Department M.

GROUP 120—HUNTING EQUIPMENT.

- Class 720. Arms for trophies; copies of ancient weapons. Missile weapons; bows, cross bows, etc.
 Class 721. Sportsmen's arms and accessories; sportsmen's ammunition.
 Class 722. Hunting equipment; appliances for training dogs.

GROUP 121—PRODUCTS OF HUNTING.

- Class 723. Collections of wild animals; menageries.
 Class 724. Original drawings of land and amphibious animals and birds. Collections of birds and eggs.
 Class 725. Skins and furs in the rough. Skins prepared for the furrier. Taxidermist's work. Undressed feathers and bird skins.
 Class 726. Horn, ivory, bone and tortoise shell.
 Class 727. Musk, castoreum, civet, etc.

GROUP 122—FISHING EQUIPMENT AND PRODUCTS.

- Class 728. Aquatic life. Scientific collections and literature. Specimens (marine and fresh water) fresh, stuffed or preserved, in alcohol or otherwise. Casts, drawings and representations. Aquatic birds, mammals. Aquatic plant life. Fishing grounds.
 Class 729. Floating appliances used in fishing. Nets, tackle, boats, devices and implements for sea and fresh water fishing. Nets, traps and appliances for fresh-water fishing. Gear of every description.
 Class 730. Anglers' apparel of every description; rods, reels, lines, etc. History and literature of angling.

GROUP 123—PRODUCTS OF FISHERIES.

- Class 731. Fish curing and canning establishments. Products from fish oils, roes, isinglass, whalebone, spermaceti, etc.
 Class 732. Sea and fresh water pearls and pearl shells, mother of pearl, manufactured; sponges, corals, tortoise shell, etc.
 Class 733. Appliances for preserving and transporting fish. Antiseptics for preserving fish.

GROUP 124—FISHCULTURE.

- Class 734. Marine fishculture; fish, crustacea, mollusks, radiates, etc.
 Class 735. Fresh-water fishculture; installation, equipment and processes used in pisciculture; fishways; culture of leeches. Marking of introduced fish for identification.
 Class 736. Aquariums. Culture and breeding grounds. Food for fish.
 Class 737. Acclimatization of fish; diseases of fish; chemical investigation of waters in their relation to aquatic life. Processes of rendering polluted streams innocuous to fish life.
 Class 738. History of fishculture; statistics of the results of fishculture; literature.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Feb. 4-6.—Providence, R. I.—Rhode Island Kennel Club's annual show. George D. Miller, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Jan. 20.—Grand Junction, Tenn.—United States Field Trial Club's thirteenth annual trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.
 Feb. 10.—Grand Junction, Tenn.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials. Theo. Sturges, Sec'y.

A Precocious Puppy.

MCDONALD, Pa.—I beg leave to challenge the foreign or American land with a twentieth century puppy. I question if the past century has seen his equal or will the present produce another so phenomenal as Todd Upperladdy at his present age. Todd was whelped July 25, 1901, and from his English breeding, combined with good care and free country life, he has grown to be a large, thrifty pup and a phenomenon. He never hunted with a broken dog, but his record the latter part of the hunting season will show that he is a natural born shooting dog. His first beginning, Nov. 29, was pointing single birds, making in all that afternoon nine of the stanchest points no veteran could excel; holding some points from five to ten minutes, until I could call the remainder of our hunting party there to witness the puppy perform. Then I would walk by him, start the bird and kill it. The pup would bring it to me, and none of our party could get it from him.

The following day, Saturday, Nov. 30, the pup pointed his first covey, and a more beautiful sight is seldom pictured than this baby standing there as firm as a rock, taking an occasional glance around at me and straining every nerve trying to speak. Finally I started them, and two singles hit the earth. Thirteen single bird points he made in the remainder of the day. I killed fourteen, the pup retrieving all. He is improving every day, both in range and speed. Please note, however, that I have nothing of this kind for sale, nor am I soliciting.

AUSTIN C. WOOSTER.

Of Interest to Americans.

THE Sun, under date of Jan. 4, published the following dispatch from London, England:

"The American customs officers have earned much notoriety of late by the thoroughness of their methods, but even this, apparently, does not make them proof against deception.

"The Stockkeeper and Fanciers' Chronicle to-day prints disclosures which seem to show that persons connected with the English Kennel Club have been actively engaged for some time in defrauding American importers and customs officers by giving false pedigrees of dogs. These offenses were committed in connection with the certificates which are issued exempting dogs with a pedigree of three generations from customs duties.

"Heretofore the official certificates issued by the English Kennel Club have been recognized as reliable. Recently the desk of one of the employees of the club was examined while he was at home on sick leave and several fictitious pedigrees were discovered on the regular consular forms. Further investigation showed that the frauds had been going on for some time, one dealer gaining £150 by a single fraudulent transaction of this kind. "Mr. Jaquel, Secretary of the English Kennel Club, writes to the Stockkeeper that a committee which investigated the matter discovered a few instances where false pedigrees had been issued, and in consequence thereof certain employees of the club had been dismissed."

Westminster Kennel Club Judges.

THE judges for the Westminster Kennel Club's twenty-sixth annual dog show, Madison Square Garden, New York, Feb. 19, 20, 21 and 22, 1902, are as follows:

- St. Bernards—Mr. John Keegan, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Great Danes—Mr. J. Blackburn Miller, New York.
 Pointers—Mr. F. J. Lenoir, Greenwood, Mass.
 All Setters, American Fox Hounds and Chesapeake Bay Dogs—Mr. Wm. Tallman, Greensboro, N. C.
 Collies—Mr. John Black, Harrisburg, Pa.
 Poodles—Mr. H. K. Bloodgood, New Marlboro, Mass.
 Bull Dogs—Mr. W. C. Codman, Providence, R. I.
 French Bull Dogs—Mr. Francis G. Lloyd, New York.
 Boston Terriers—Mr. R. C. Dean, Charlestown, Mass.
 Beagles—Mr. Geo. B. Post, Jr., New York.
 Dachsunds—Mr. Jos. Graefle, New York.
 Fox Terriers—Mr. Jas. A. Caldwell, Jr., Penlynn, Pa.
 Irish Terriers—Mr. Singleton Van Schaick, New York.
 Scottish Terriers—Mr. W. P. Fraser, Toronto, Canada.
 Newfoundlands, Greyhounds, Bull Terriers, Dalmatians, Whippets, Skye Terriers, Bedlington, Black and Tan, Yorkshire, Maltese and Toy Terriers, Pomeranians—Mr. F. S. Bellin, Minneapolis, Minn.
 Bloodhounds, Mastiffs, Russian Wolf Hounds, Deer Hounds, Griffons, Old English Sheep Dogs, Airedale Terriers, Toy Spaniels, Pugs and Miscellaneous—Mr. R. F. Mayhew, Clifton, S. I., N. Y.

Points and Flushes.

An Associated Press dispatch recounts that "The Atlantic City Kennel Club was organized at that city on Jan. 3 and plans formed for the holding of an annual kennel show on Young's ocean pier. The Marine Building will be fitted up for the show, which is planned for the week preceding Easter. T. F. Terry, a director of the New York Horse Show and an officer of the Philadelphia Dog Show Association, is interested in the project."

Horse, Dog and the Man.

THE horse and the dog had tamed a man and fastened him to a fence;

Said the horse to the dog, "For the life of me, I don't see a bit of sense

In letting him have the thumbs that grow at the side of his hands—do you?"

And the dog looked solemn and shook his head and said, "I'm a goat if I do."

The poor man groaned and tried to get loose, and sadly he begged them: "Stay!

You will rob me of things for which I have use by cutting my thumbs away!

You will spoil my looks, you will cause me pain! And why would you treat me so?

As I am God made me, and He knows best! Oh, masters, pray, let me go!"

The dog laughed out, and the horse replied, "Oh, the cutting won't hurt. You see,

We'll have a hot iron to clap right on, as you did in your docking of me!

God gave you your thumbs and all, but still the Creator, you know, may fail

To do the artistic thing, as He did in furnishing me with a tail!"

So they bound the man and cut off his thumbs, and were deaf to his pitiful cries,

And they seared the stumps, and they view their work with happy and dazzled eyes;

"How trim he appears," the horse exclaimed, "since his awkward thumbs are gone,

For the life of me, I cannot see why the Lord ever put them on."

"Still, it seems to me," the dog replied, "that there's something else to do;

His ears look rather too long to me, and how do they look to you?"

The man cried out: "Oh, spare my ears! God fashioned them as you see,

And if you apply your knife to them you'll surely disfigure me!"

"But you didn't disfigure me, you know," the dog decisively said,

"When you bound me fast and trimmed my ears down close to the top of my head!"

So they let him moan and they let him groan while they cropped his ears away,

And they praised his looks when they let him up, and proud indeed were they.

But that was years and years ago, in an unenlightened age! Such things are ended now, you know! We have reached a higher stage!

The ears and thumbs God gave to man are his to keep and wear, And the cruel horse and dog look on and never appear to care.

—S. E. Kiser in Rider and Driver.

Yachting.

Designing Competition.

IN view of the continued and increasing interest in yachting, a designing competition will be opened in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. In America the yachting season is comparatively a short one, and such a competition as has been determined upon will serve to stimulate the interest in the subject during the winter months. The competition is open to both amateur and professional designers. Three prizes will be given for the best designs of a yacht conforming to the following conditions:

- I. A pole mast sloop.
- II. 25ft. load waterline.
- III. Not over 4ft. draft (with centerboard hoisted).
- IV. At least 50 per cent. of ballast outside on keel.
- V. 5ft. headroom under cabin carlins.

All abnormal features must be studiously avoided in the design; and the construction, sail and cabin plan, should be of the simplest character. It was our idea in laying out the conditions of the competition to make them simple as possible, so as not to hamper in any way the designer, and yet convey to all that we wished to produce a safe, comfortable cruiser on which two or three amateurs could live with comfort for a period of two or three months and cruise along our eastern seaboard from New York to Halifax with safety. A centerboard boat of moderate draft was decided upon, as so many more harbors would be accessible to a boat of that type.

DRAWINGS REQUIRED.

- I. Sheer plan, scale 1in. = 1ft.,—showing center of buoyancy and lateral resistance.
- II. Half breadth, scale 1in. = 1ft.
- III. Body plan, scale 1in. = 1ft.
- IV. Cabin plan, scale 1in. = 1ft.
- V. Sail plan, 1/4in. = 1ft., showing center of effort.

The sails should consist of a jib, mainsail, spinnaker and balloon jib. No topsail will be carried. A table of offsets and an outline specification must accompany each design. The drawings should be carefully drawn and lettered. All drawings should be made on white paper or tracing cloth in black ink (no colored inks or pigments should be used). The designs must bear a nom-de-plume only and no indication must be given of the author. In a sealed envelope, however, the designer should inclose his own name and address, together with his nom-de-plume. All designs must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York City, not later than Feb. 28, 1902. All drawings will be returned, but postage should accompany each.

The FOREST AND STREAM reserves the right to publish any or all the designs.

The prizes offered are as follows: 1st prize, \$25.00; 2d prize, \$15.00; 3d prize, \$10.00. Mr. Theodore C. Zerega offers an additional prize of \$10.00 for the best cabin plan. Honorable mention will also be made of meritorious designs.

Mr. Clinton H. Crane, of the firm of Messrs. Tams Lemoine & Crane, has kindly consented to judge the designs and make the awards. Mr. Crane's professional standing is so high that he needs no introduction, and every confidence will be put in his ability and fairness.

American Y. C.'s New Classes.

THE American Y. C. is making a great effort to promote small boat racing among its members, and to that end two one-design classes have been formed, and better racing will be had at this club than has been seen for many seasons past. Races will be held on every Saturday and on holidays. The following official notice has been issued relating to the new boats:

"Encouraged by the success of the one-design class during the last summer, your committee have deemed it advisable to put before the members of the club two additional classes, both larger and of greater cost, for the ensuing season.

"Plans and specifications have been obtained from Mr. B. B. Crowninshield for a 21ft. raceabout, the dimensions and construction of which are to be, briefly, about as follows: Length over all, 33ft. 5in.; length on waterline, 21ft.; beam, 7ft. 6in.; draft, 5ft. 6in. Estimates have been procured from a number of prominent builders, and your committee have decided to accept the estimate of Messrs. Rice Brothers, of East Boothbay, Me., of \$1,000. This estimate includes delivery of the boats at Milton Point, Rye, and their acceptance by the designer, on or before the first day of May, 1902. The builder is called upon to insure the boats up to the time of their delivery, and a penalty is imposed upon him of \$7 a day for every day after May 1, 1902, if he should fail to deliver them on that date. In addition to the above cost, there will be a charge of \$25 on each boat for the personal supervision of Mr. Crowninshield, and there is also a total sum of \$150 for the design, which latter sum will be divided pro rata among the members ordering. The design and specifications of this boat are in accordance with the Long Island Association rules for the 21ft. raceabout class.

"Already five members have agreed to take one each of the 21ft. class boats, Messrs. T. L. Park, Oliver Harriman, Jr., Howard Willets, Stuyvesant Wainwright and William H. Browning.

"The second design, obtained by your committee, is from the Milton Point Ship Yard, and calls for a boat of which the dimensions and specifications are, approximately:

"Length over all, 25ft.; length of waterline, 18ft.; draft, 3ft. 3in.; beam, 7ft. 6in.; sail area, 420 sq. ft.

"The builders agree to deliver this boat by May 15 for \$450, provided orders are placed at once for at least five boats. As the Milton Point Ship Yard is located close by the club, and naturally much interested in the success of the class, your committee believe that the boats will be built in the best possible manner, and sold at a price very close to the net cost. This boat will be built to sail in the 18ft. class of the Long Island Sound Racing Association rules, and will be made of the best materials and copper fastened throughout. They are designed with a special



SOLEDAD.

Built by E. A. Brooks, Guantanamo, Cuba.

view to speed, and will be both non-sinkable and non-cap-sizable.

"The designs and specifications for both of these boats are at the office of Mr. Stuyvesant Wainwright, No. 81 Fulton street, New York city, and members who are interested are earnestly urged to call as soon as possible and inspect them. It is the intention of the club to hold races every Saturday and holiday, and also for the small class built last summer. Suitable trophies will be given for each race and a special prize for the winner of the greatest number of points in twelve races.

"We most earnestly ask each member of the club to give us his ideas and assistance, and to join with us in making next season the commencement of a new era in small boat racing for the American Y. C. Those members desiring to order a boat are requested to do so at once."

Our Boston Letter.

BOSTON, Jan. 6.—With the addition of the new Y. R. A. 21-footer, which is being designed by Crowninshield for Livingston Davis, of the Corinthian and Manchester yacht clubs, there are now fourteen new ones assured for next season's racing. Crowninshield and Burgess have five each, Small Bros. have two and Hanley and Fred Lawley have one each. It is expected that this class will take the place of the raceabout class in Marblehead and vicinity. The raceabout class has been gradually thinning out, and up to this time it is not known that one new one is to be built for Massachusetts waters. Crowninshield has orders for seven raceabouts, but all of them are for New York parties. It is expected that this class will be raced some at Marblehead, but there is no likelihood of its being patronized so extensively as in former years.

The 25-footers, which form the class of the largest boats that are raced in the Y. R. A. circuit, will always command a certain amount of attention, but there are not nearly the new boats ordered for this class that have been ordered in the 21ft. class. In all it is expected that five 25-footers will make their first appearance this season, and one of these is now considered doubtful. It was understood that D. C. Percival, Jr., had ordered a 25-footer from Herreshoff. This was indeed welcome news, for the Massachusetts designers are only too anxious to have a try with the Bristol wizard, but from all that could be gathered at Bristol last week, there is no M. Y. R. A. 25-footer in sight there. This is no reason that one will not be turned out, and Massachusetts yachtsmen are still hoping that she will make her appearance before the opening of the racing season.

It is expected that there will be a big fleet in the 18ft. knockabout class, although there are not nearly as many boats building as were turned out last winter. One or two of last year's boats have been sold, and have left Boston waters, and it may be possible that others will follow, but there will still be enough left to make up quite a respectable class; and it is expected that the racing here and in Duxbury Bay between these boats will be just as keen as ever. The class should be faster this year than it was last, but that will not necessarily follow. It was expected last year that the class would be faster than it was the year before. The only new boats that had been built under the restrictions were those that raced in Duxbury Bay, and their construction was much heavier than the restrictions called for, and it was thought an easy matter to get away with any of the old boats; but much to the surprise of many, Malillian cleaned out the whole fleet nicely. Malillian was formerly called Spider, one of the original Duxbury Bay boats, and had but an indifferent record in those waters. She was sailed most of the time last season by a clever professional, and this may have accounted for her good work, but this year no such claim can be made, for the 18ft. knockabout fleet is to be Corinthian.

The annual meeting of the South Boston Y. C. was held at the club house last Wednesday evening, when the following officers were elected: Com., Simon Goldsmith; Vice-Com., Edwin Shuman; Rear-Com., D. N. Palmer; Sec'y, W. H. French; Treas., Thomas Christian; Trustees for three years, D. F. Carew and W. F. Cogan; Regatta

Committee, Franklin O. French, V. B. Johnson, E. J. McKee, C. W. Nordwell and F. D. Perkins; House Committee, G. P. Field, Thomas Harrison, W. W. McKee, M. J. Lynch and W. J. O'Brien. The treasurer announced that the finances of the club were in excellent condition, and the secretary announced that the membership was 347, and that several applications had recently been handed in. The new west wing of the club house has been practically completed, and will soon be ready for occupancy. There will be four new bowling alleys and a very roomy billiard room.

Crowninshield has an order for two raceabouts, one for Slocum Howland and the other for Samuel C. Hopkins, both of Catskill, N. Y. He also has an order for a four-masted coasting schooner, which will be built in Maine. She will be of large tonnage, and will be equipped with every modern improvement. He also has an order to turn out a design for a standard tender, which will embrace every possible requirement that is asked of a yacht's tender. Designer Crowninshield has always been an ardent racing man, and it will be regretted that he will not get into the game very extensively this season. He is now designing an 18-footer for his own use, which will be built by Brown, of North Haven, Me. This boat will not be built to conform to any particular set of restrictions, but will be used entirely for afternoon sailing.

Fred Lawley has an order for a 35-footer for W. H. Hart, of Philadelphia, and another for an auxiliary 30ft. cat for W. S. Hills. In the east shop the 30-footer for Bancroft C. Davis is planked, and the 104ft. steam yacht is about half planked. Several smaller boats have been started. The frames are being turned out for the Lippitt 60-rater. She will be built in the west shop.

John Stuart, of Wollaston, is building two 25ft. launches to be used on Lake Winnepesaukee. They will be very thoroughly built and will have cedar planking, copper fastened. They will have a summer house, curtains rolling in the frames to afford protection in heavy weather. The interior finish will be white oak and cypress. There is also a 26ft., a 22ft. and a 21ft. launch under construction. These will be fitted with mahogany trimmings. He has orders for a number of mahogany and cedar power tenders.

Small Bros. have an order for a 50ft. waterline cruising schooner for C. C. Warren, Commodore of the Sandusky Y. C., and President of the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes. She will have auxiliary power and will be a model cruiser in every detail. Below decks she will be very roomy and well cut up. She has moderate overhangs and the design is altogether very pleasing.

There has been received as yet no challenge for the Quincy cup, and it is desired that this trophy should not pass into oblivion as a racing fixture. Boats for the unrestricted 21ft. class have not been built in recent years except to compete for this cup, and there does not seem to be any disposition on the part of Massachusetts yachtsmen to build this winter. It has occurred to me that it would not be the most impossible thing in the world to make some arrangement by which the boats that compete in the trial races to select a challenger for the Seawanhaka's cup can all become challengers for the Quincy cup and race for it after their first races have been finished. This might stimulate interest to such an extent that one or more boats would be built by Massachusetts yachtsmen.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Soledad.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Inclosed are a few photos of a 25ft. l.w.l. shallow-draft sloop which may be of interest to some of your readers, for I have built the boat from one of the designs published in your paper (Feb. 2, 1901), and working to the instructions also published in your paper for "Small Yacht Construction."

The photographs you will find very bad, as we have no decent photographer here, and also the boat had not yet been painted above the waterline, which makes her look dirty and rough, though really she is very fair and smooth.

The design was published by you in your issue of Feb. 2, 1901, as a 25ft. shallow-draft sloop, designed by Thomas

Clapham. The only alteration that I made in the design was to deepen the draft 8in. more, and getting by this a little more headroom in the cabin, which is rather shorter than in the original plan, only having two berths and a separate galley and lavatory.

Except the planking, which is of spruce, the boat is built entirely of a native timber called "majagua," which is quite as strong as oak and no heavier, and if anything easier to work and to bend.

This week I am going down the coast for a few days' cruise, and on my return will try to find time to send you a short article with some pictures. We have very rough water and heavy storms most of the time around this part of the island, and this, together with the fact that there are very few Anglo-Saxons here, is responsible for the very few yachts to be seen in these waters.

This is my first attempt at boat building, and it speaks well for your designs and instructions, which enable a novice to turn out a craft that not only can beat anything in these waters, but is also a good sea boat.

E. A. BROOKS.

CENTRAL SOLEDAD, Guantanamo, Cuba, Dec. 18.

New Rules to Govern Centerboards.

THE new rule recently adopted by the Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound and the Seawanhaka Corinthian and Larchmont yacht clubs rather favors a moderate draft centerboard boat of light power. To provide for this the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. has drawn up some special rules to cover centerboards. The following circular has been sent out by Mr. Allen E. Whitman, the Secretary of the club:

The attention of yacht owners is particularly solicited to the fact that the new rule of measurement, adopted at the last annual meeting, will be in effect in all the races of this club in the coming season, for which entries cannot be received until the required measurements have been obtained.

A copy of the new rule contained in the club book of 1901, and a statement of the measurements required by it is supplied herewith.

Yachts shall be rated for classification and time allowance by racing measurement, which shall be determined by adding to half the load waterline length, half the square root of sail area, and a quantity expressed as L. and by dividing the sum of these quantities by 1.1.

On all yachts launched after July 1, 1901, there shall be placed by the owner or his agent, on every vessel to be entered for racing, marks on each side of her to indicate the waterline, and other marks vertical to and 3in. above first named marks. These marks shall be placed immediately over the largest cross section of the submerged part of the yacht.

The owner shall furnish to the measurer a certificate of the draft to the waterline as above indicated, and shall also include a statement of any greater draft, and whether the same is at a place or places forward or aft of this point. The certificate shall also state the measurement of the yacht's greatest breadth on the load water-plane, and the area of the submerged section when measured to the marks at the waterline, and also to the marks 3in. above it. These marks shall be kept on hand at the club house and supplied to all who require them; they shall be small disks of non-corrosive metal, each having a hole in the center through which it may be secured to the side of the vessel by a pin, the center of the latter to indicate the point measured to.

In the case of metal hulls a cross such as can be made with a cold chisel may be used, the intersection of the lines to indicate the point measured to. The measurements furnished by the owner to be subject to verification by the club's measurer when called in question by protest, or when required by the Race Committee.

Any yacht launched before July 1, 1901, whose measurements, made under the rule of the previous year, brought her within the limits of a class, shall continue to be eligible to race in such class, although when measured under the rule of 1901 she may exceed the limits of such class, or may fall below it, and all such yachts shall be

rated for time allowance at their actual measurements.

Yachts launched after July 1, 1901, shall not be entitled to time allowance except from yachts launched prior to that date whose measurements may exceed the class limit. Such yachts shall allow time to smaller vessels launched before the date named.

When the measurer shall have to measure, draw and compute, the area of the midship section, or other under-body dimensions of a yacht, the charge for the same shall be, for a cabin yacht, twelve dollars, and for an open yacht six dollars.

It is proposed that all yachts launched after July 1, 1901, shall be treated as having been built up to the limit in each class, and that the new measurements shall apply in all racing after Jan. 1, 1902.

It will be seen that some of these measurements can only be obtained when the vessel is out of water, and that the necessary marking must be done at such a time.

As much measuring has to be done in preparation for the earlier races, it is earnestly requested that where the services of the club's measurer are required, that he be given the earliest possible intimation, together with information as to where the vessel is laid up or is otherwise out of water; this should be done weeks in advance if practicable.

At the next meeting of the club the following rules as to centerboards will be proposed:

Yachts may have the use of centerboards, excepting as these are affected by the provisions which follow:

Centerboards shall not have more weight than is needed to insure their sinking into proper position for use, and this limit shall be considered as reached when the centerboard has a weight 25 per cent. greater than that of the water displaced by it.

Centerboards weighing less than 150lbs. shall be exempt from the provisions of this rule.

Vessels having in use centerboards of the prescribed weight at, or prior to, July 1, 1901, shall be exempt from the foregoing specified requirements.

Owners of centerboard yachts shall, when required, certify to the measurer that the centerboards used are within the limitations stated.

50-Foot Cruising Schooner.

IN this issue we publish the sail and spar plan, as well as a detail of the centerboard of the 50ft. cruising schooner, the lines, construction and cabin plans of which appeared in our last issue.

The measurements of the spars are as follows:

Foremast—	
From stem at L.W.L.....	5ft. 0 in.
Length above deck.....	35ft. 4 in.
Diameter at partners.....	oft. 8 in.
Mainmast—	
From stem at L.W.L.....	20ft. 0 in.
Length above deck.....	49ft. 1½ in.
Diameter at partners.....	oft. 9 in.
Bowsprit—	
Length over all.....	17ft. 9 in.
Length outside gammon iron.....	12ft. 9 in.
Diameter outside gammon iron.....	oft. 6 in.
Fore Boom—	
Length.....	14ft. 0 in.
Diameter.....	oft. 4 in.
Fore Gaff—	
Length.....	13ft. 6 in.
Diameter.....	oft. 3½ in.
Main Boom—	
Length.....	27ft. 6 in.
Diameter.....	oft. 5 in.
Main Gaff—	
Length.....	15ft. 7 in.
Diameter.....	oft. 4½ in.
Staysail Boom—	
Length.....	12ft. 3 in.
Diameter.....	oft. 2½ in.
Areas—	
Mainsail.....	646 sq. ft.
Foresail.....	352 sq. ft.
Staysail.....	140 sq. ft.
Jib.....	180 sq. ft.

Total area lower sails..... 1,318 sq. ft.

Spars and Rigging.

Turnbuckles—to be fitted to bobstay, rin. in diameter, and to bowsprit shrouds, ½in. diameter, to be of galvanized steel.

Standing—to be of the sizes specified on plan. No iron.

Rigging—Eye-bands to be used for shrouds, but a shoulder worked on mastheads with maderia cleats and cheek pieces, and upper ends of rigging spliced with long eye, parceled, served and covered with pig skin, passed around mast and resting on cleats.

Bobstay, ¾in. diameter; bowsprit shrouds, ¾in. diameter; jib stay, ¾in. diameter; headstay ¾in. diameter; two fore shrouds, ½in. diameter; three main shrouds, ½in. diameter; topmast stay ½in. diameter; foot ropes, ¼in. diameter; quarter lift strop, main, fore and staysail boom strops, ½in. diameter; all of galvanized steel wire rope.

Shrouds turned into lignum-vitæ deadeyes 3in. diameter; set up with 1¼in. circumference tarred lanyards.

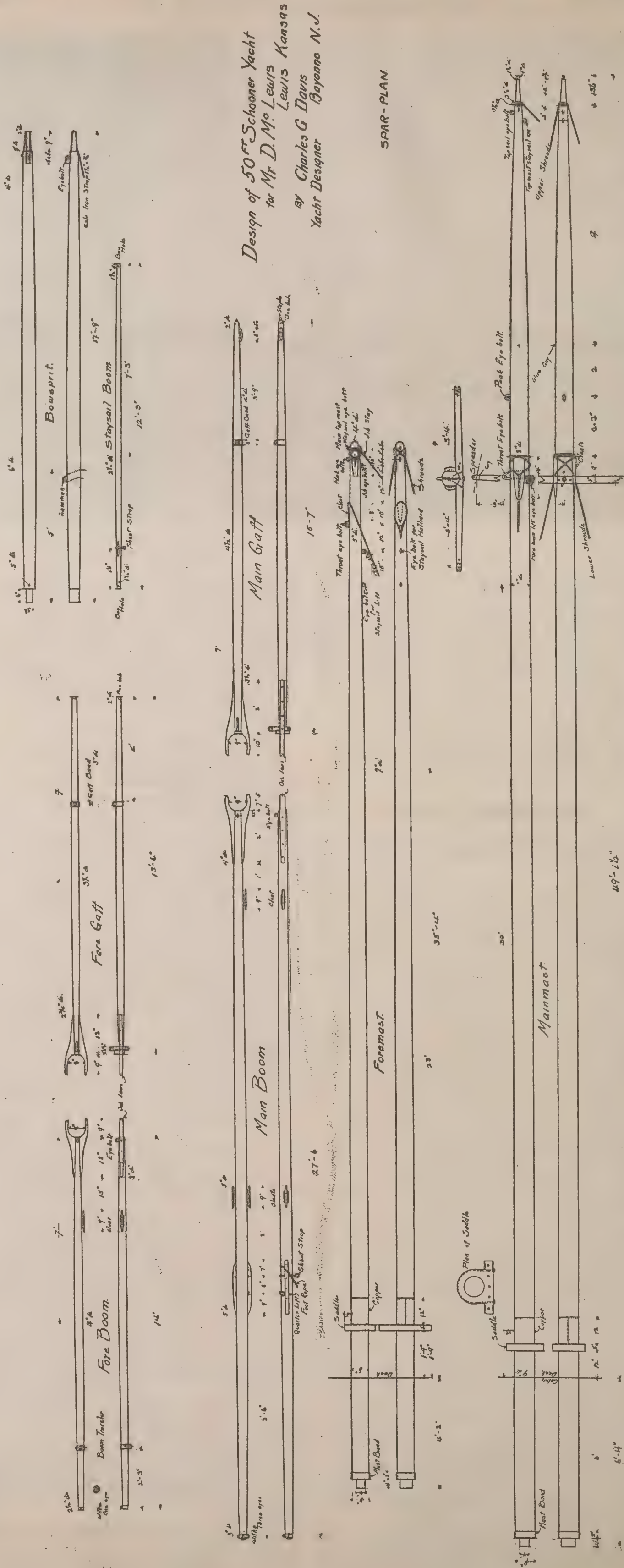
Spars—to be of clear, seasoned, straight-grained spruce, worked to the lengths and diameters shown on plan, and fitted with all necessary eye-bolts, cleats for rigging, lacing eyes, saddle, etc. Well sandpapered and given three coats of spar varnish.

Sails—to be of rooz. duck, double bighted, with hemp bolt ropes, galvanized iron thimbles and cringles. Two reefs in fore and three in mainsail. All sails to be pickled, made mildew proof.

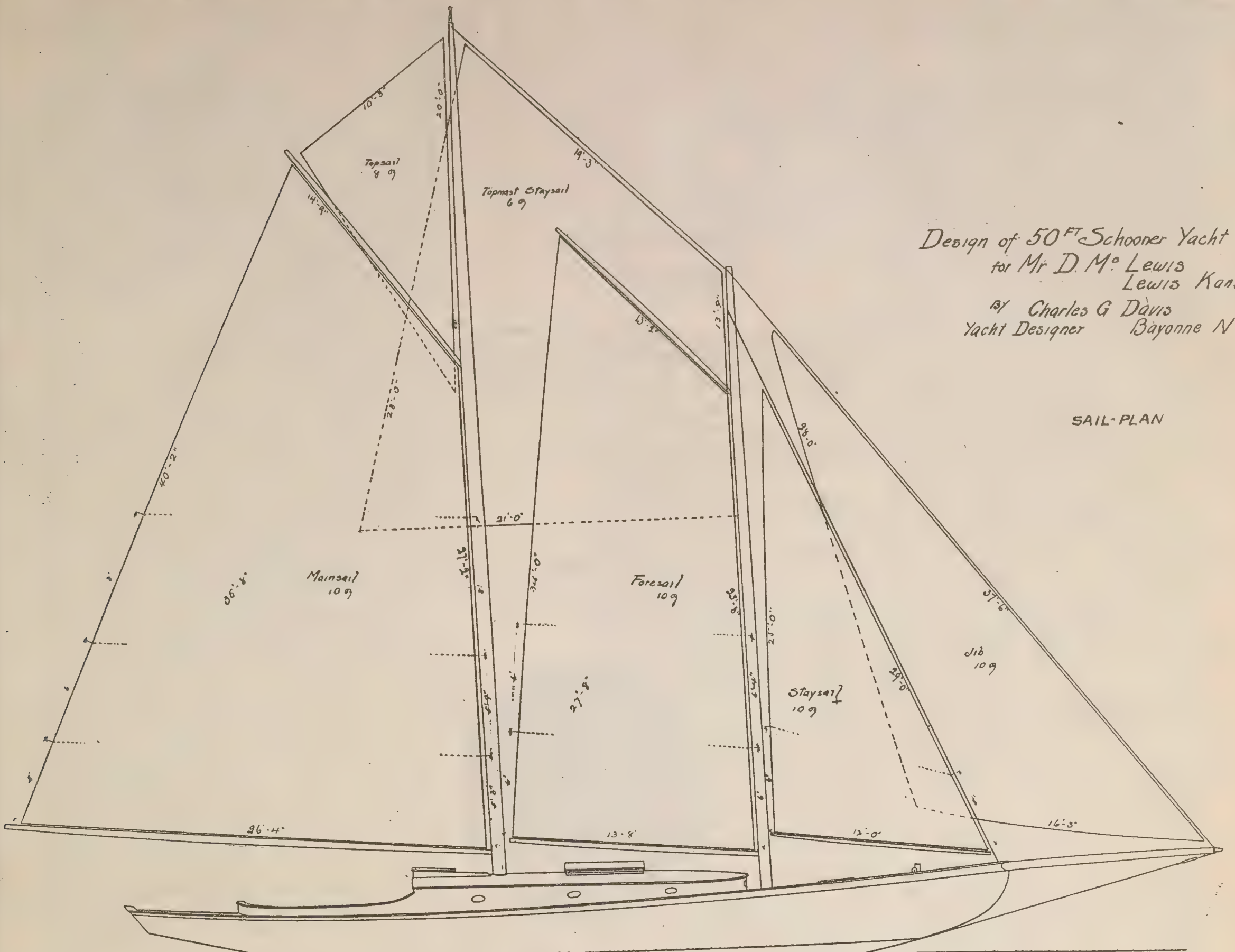
Running Rigging—to be of best quality four-strand manila bolt rope, of sizes specified on plan. All to be spliced, served and rove off by builder.

Peak Halliards (Main)—to be 1½in. circumference; eye spliced in end, served, rove through double block at masthead, and single block on gaff end; belayed on saddle at foot of mast.

Throat Halliards (Main)—to be 1½in. circumference, spliced into iron grommet, shackled to single block at



FIFTY-FOOT CRUISING SCHOONER—SPAR PLAN.



FIFTY-FOOT CRUISING SCHOONER—SAIL PLAN.

gaff jaws, rove through double block at masthead and belayed at saddle. Size, $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. circumference.

Topsail Halliards (Main)—to be spliced into $\frac{3}{8}$ in., shackled at end, rove through a single block at topmast head and belayed on saddle. Size, $1\frac{1}{4}$ in. circumference.

Staysail Halliard (Main)—to be spliced into $\frac{3}{8}$ in. shackle at end, rove through a single block at forward side of topmast head and belayed on saddle. Size, $1\frac{1}{4}$ in. circumference.

Quarter Lifts (Main)—to be spliced into thimbles at lower ends and shackled to strop under boom with $\frac{3}{8}$ in. shackles, rove through blocks each side of mast under rigging and come down inside of shrouds to within 6 ft. of deck, where they have another thimble spliced in to hook tackles into. Size, $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. circumference.

Topsail Sheet (Main)—to be 1 in. circumference, with 5-16 in. shackle spliced in end, rove through cheek block on starboard side of end of main gaff, then through block on tail-rope at jaws of gaff and belayed at saddle.

Staysail Sheet—to be 1 in., with sister hook spliced in end, rove through block on end of main boom and belayed at cleat on main boom near mast.

Main Sheet— $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. circumference, to have eye-splice in end, served large enough to span main boom, rove through double block on main traveler, through block (single) on main boom; lead from traveler block and belayed at large cleats on deck each side of cockpit.

Reef Tackle—of 1 in. three-part tackle, hooked into eye at end of main boom, into cringle of sail and belayed at cleats just inside main sheet on boom.

Fore Peak and Throat Halliards—of $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. circumference, rove the same as main.

Fore Sheet—of $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. circumference, spliced into grommet, shackled to tail of block on traveler, rove through double block on boom and single on traveler and belayed at cleat on boom near mast.

Fore Boom Lift—to be 1 in. circumference, shackled to end of fore boom, rove through tail block on wire pennant, hung down forward side of mainmast and belayed on saddle at foot of mainmast.

Staysail Halliards—to be $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. circumference, shackled to single block at masthead, rove through single block with large shackle in head of staysail, through block aloft and belayed at saddle on foremast.

Jib Halliards— $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. circumference, rove the same as for staysail.

Jib Downhaul—of 1 in. circumference, rove through single block at end of bowsprit, with sister hooks spliced in end and belayed to cleat on heel of bowsprit.

Staysail Sheet—to be shackled to block on boom, rove through single block on traveler, led from block on boom to bullseye set in deck at heel of mast, belayed at saddle. Size, $1\frac{1}{4}$ in. circumference.

Jib Sheets—to be $1\frac{1}{4}$ in. circumference, shackled to eye-bolt in waterways, rove through a single block on a long

pennant from clew of jib, through a bullseye in deck, and belayed to cleat on deck.

Staysail Boom Lift—of 1 in. circumference, to be rove the same as for foreboom.

Blocks—to be of galvanized iron, patent sheave, with ash shells, of proper sizes to take ropes specified. Such blocks as are needed for quarter lift tackles, etc., and not shown on the plans are to be furnished by builder.

Side Ladder—of maderia, with galvanized iron catch over rail to be made and furnished complete.

Boom Crotch—for main boom to be supplied, and all necessary ring bolts for securely lashing booms when sails are furled.

Stops and Sail Covers—to be supplied. Stops to be of heavy canvas, with rope ends long enough to give two or three round turns. Sail covers of waterproof canvas, to fit snug over sails when furled, with bags for stowing same when unbent. Reef pennants to be furnished.

Mast Hoops and Jib Hauls—to be furnished by builder and sails bent on to spars.

Lacing Eyes—of galvanized iron, screwed into top of booms and spaced so as to come clear of the grommets, seized on to the foot of sails. Wire lacing lines to be furnished for same.

Beads—to be furnished for jaws of both gaffs.

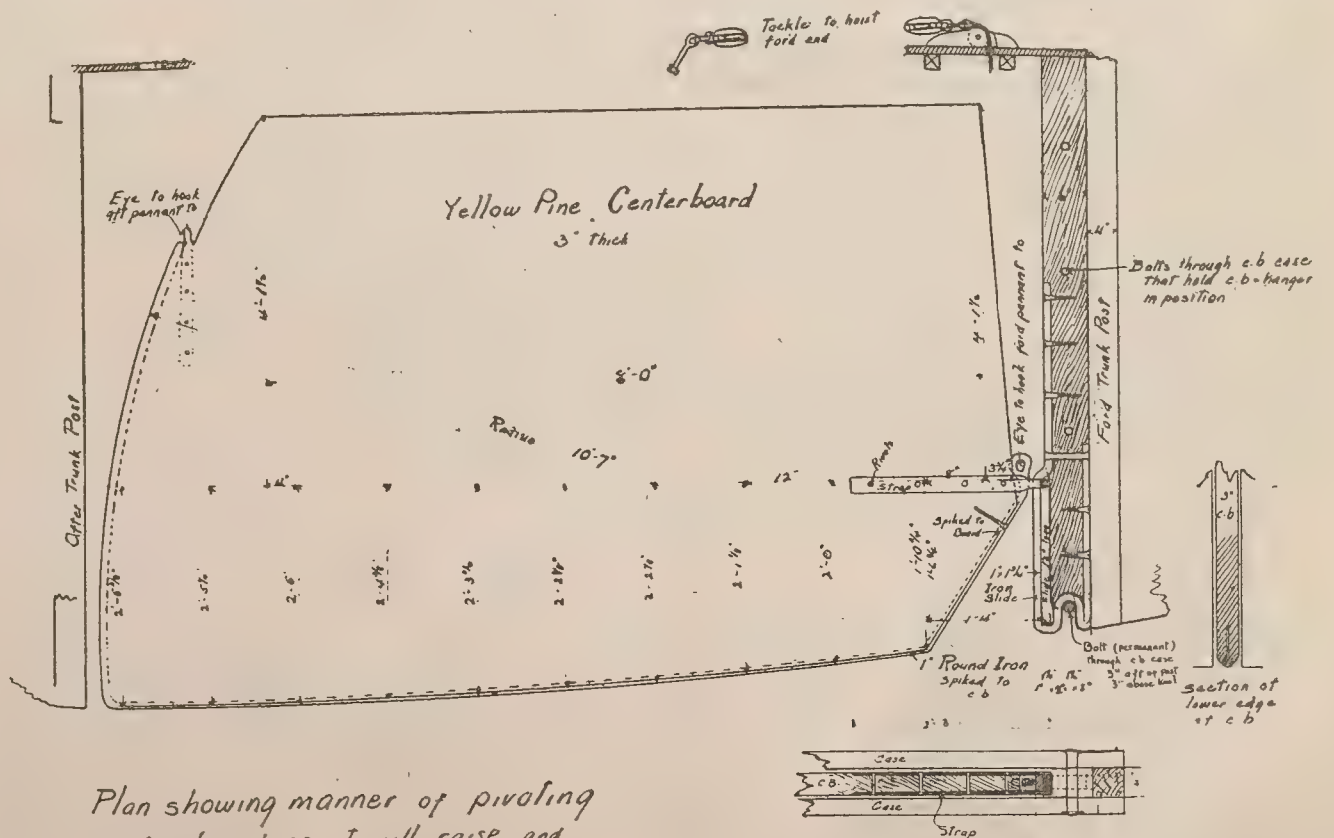
Throat and Tacks of Sails—to be shackled on, not seized with galvanized iron shackles.

Awnings—of white duck, waterproofed; fitted in three sections, as follows: From staysail stay to foremast, fore to mainmast, and mainmast to taffrail, with all necessary spreaders, guys, crowfeet, etc., necessary to properly spread awnings.

Ballast Necessary to Bring Schooner to Her Designed Waterline—to be stowed by builder; to be stone.

Side Light Boards—to be made, varnished and seized to fore shrouds.

Lamps—of swinging brass, style selected by owner, to be furnished complete and fitted by builder. One locker built in after bulkhead alongside companionway so compass can be set in it and seen through glass light by



Plan showing manner of pivoting center-board so it will raise and lower at ford as well as aft and

FIFTY-FOOT CRUISING SCHOONER—DETAIL OF CENTERBOARD.

Centerboard for 50th Schooner Yacht for Mr. D. M. Lewis, Kansas.

man at wheel; lighted by lamp in cabin.

In General—Anything necessary for the completion of yacht ready for sailing not herein specified to be included, as part of the contract and be furnished by the builder.

Skipper Hansen's Fast Time.

SAILING with the assistance of a terrific gale, Capt. Ole Hansen, said to be the most fearless sailor on Lake Michigan, brought his schooner, Alice, into the port of Kenosha, Wis., on Aug. 30, 1901, after having established a new record for speed on the Great Lakes. He made a run of 140 miles in a few minutes less than nine hours. It was a wonderful performance, but to-night the crew of the little schooner are exhausted by a nine hours' fight against one of the roughest seas that ever prevailed on the lake.

In pitch darkness Capt. Hansen found the vessel off Point Betsy on the Michigan shore at 2:30 o'clock Friday morning. He had agreed to be in Kenosha this morning. He realized the danger of the trip, but submitted the matter to the five men of the crew, and the two women who were with him. The vote was unanimously in favor of the trip, and the schooner was turned from the land into the storm.

Great waves were already breaking over her, but the cargo of tanbark was safely tied down. Capt. Hansen, sending the women to the staterooms beneath decks, took his place at the wheel and ordered the crew to shake out all the canvas. The waves washed over the decks, and the vessel, rolling in the trough of the sea, seemed in immediate danger of going down. Wet to the skin and almost frozen, Capt. Hansen kept in his place at the wheel and headed the vessel for the Milwaukee Harbor. At dawn more than thirty miles had been covered, and the captain was forced to relinquish his hold on the wheel. During the remainder of the trip the men took his place, and each held the wheel until he was forced to leave his place from sheer exhaustion. During the morning hours the rolling of the vessel grew so great that the furniture and dishes in the cabin were thrown from their places, and the deckload was in danger of being lost.

At 11:30 o'clock Capt. Hansen, who had returned to the wheel, steered the boat into the shoal water off Milwaukee. The men went below and slept, exhausted by the trip.

One of the men in describing the run said the storm was the fiercest that he had seen on the lake. The fastest time was made when the wind was at its height, shortly after daybreak. In an hour the schooner covered a little over twenty-one miles. The two women, who remained in their cabin during the night, say they were not at any time in fear of the outcome, feeling certain that Capt. Hansen would sail the boat safely into port at Kenosha.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The Theory of Measurement Rules.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent, Sextant, is of course right in saying that for purely local racing the restricted classes give the best sport. But my article was an endeavor to propose foundations for an International Rule of Rating, and although Sextant objects to the introduction of L. and D. because they are not speed producers, but resistance reducers, it seems to me that this is a distinction without any practical difference. His suggestion that S., the motor, should only be taxed in the rating of a speed formula in sailing yachts is tantamount to rating the speed efficiency of a steam yacht by her handicapped horse-power alone; whereas we all know that a rating rule for steam yachts should certainly acknowledge the weight driven at speed.

Lord Rosebery sums up his policy in the one word—efficiency. So, in yacht racing, the rating rule should be a measure of a yacht's speed efficiency, and consequently must deal with more elements than sail area alone.

THALASSA.

Yacht Club Notes.

On Dec. 30 the Town Board of Hempstead, L. I., at their regular meeting, granted a lease of town land at Woodsburgh to the Keystone Y. C. This organization will immediately commence work on its new club house, which will be erected on the property.

The members of the Ardsley Casino have decided to establish a yachting department to be run in connection with the Country Club. Several members have been chosen to look into the matter. The committee is composed of Frank F. Chrystie, chairman; Edwin Gould, Nathaniel A. Campbell and E. S. Jaffray, secretary. A one-design class has been organized and several members have agreed to build. The boats will be 26ft. 3in. over all, and 4ft. draft, with 1,200lbs. of outside ballast, making them non-capsizable. Races will be held off the club house on the Hudson River.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Messrs. Gardner & Cox, the naval architects and marine brokers, have had Mr. Paul Eve Stevenson, the well-known writer of sea stories, compile for them a most interesting little book, which is filled with valuable matter pertaining to yachting and marine matters in general.

The Tebo Yacht Basin Company was recently incorporated at Albany, with a capital stock of \$150,000. The directors of the new company are: James W. Haviland; Charles B. Haviland; James W. Haviland, Jr.; Frederick H. Ketchum and Clinton H. Wheeler.

The holiday numbers of the two English yachting publications, the Yachtsman and the Yachting World, have been received at this office. Both these issues are larger and better than any previously issued, and deserve more than passing notice. The winter number of the Yachts-

man is made up of 100 pages, filled with thirteen interesting stories and forty splendid yachting pictures. In addition to these, there are four full-page supplements. There is also a design for a 52ft. L. R. racing cutter, designed by Mr. C. F. Herreshoff. The design gives a good idea of the type of Nevada, Mr. Herreshoff's successful 52-footer of last season. The Christmas and Mediterranean number of the Yachting World contains many handsome illustrations and numerous stories. There is also the design of the steam yacht Titania, 138 tons, designed and built by Messrs. Day, Summers & Co., Ltd.

Mr. Theodore Berdell, a member of the New York Y. C., died at his home in Summit, N. J., on Dec. 30 last. Mr. John M. Wilson, also a member of the New York Y. C., died at Cincinnati, O., on Dec. 30.

Canoeing.

American Canoe Association, 1901-1902.

Commodore, C. E. Britton, Gananoque, Can.
Secretary-Treasurer, Herb Begg, 24 King street, West Toronto, Canada.

Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Thirty-second street and Avenue A, Bayonne, N. J.

Division Officers.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Henry M. Dater, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Rear-Com., H. D. Hewitt, Burlington, N. J.
Purser, Joseph F. Eastmond, 199 Madison street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Vice-Com., C. P. Forbush, Buffalo, N. Y.
Rear-Com., Dr. C. R. Henry, Perry, N. Y.
Purser, Lyman P. Hubbell, Buffalo, N. Y.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Louis A. Hall, Newton, Mass.
Rear-Com., C. M. Lamprey, Lawrence, Mass.
Purser, A. E. Kimberly, Lawrence Experimental Station, Lawrence, Mass.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., G. A. Howell, Toronto, Can.
Rear-Com., R. Easton Burns, Kingston, Ontario, Can.
Purser, R. Norman Brown, Toronto, Can.

WESTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Wm. C. Jupp, Detroit, Mich.
Rear-Com., F. B. Huntington, Milwaukee, Wis.
Purser, Fred T. Barcroft, 408 Ferguson Building, Detroit, Mich.

FOREST AND STREAM is no longer the official organ of the American Canoe Association, this organization having selected another paper in which to print their official notices. This change will not, however, affect the canoeing department of FOREST AND STREAM, and a certain amount of space will be devoted to the sport, and articles, photographs and designs of canoes will be published as heretofore.

Birch Bark Canoe Building.

A WRITER in an article in one of our magazines in the December and January numbers has in his story given what he probably thinks a correct description of canoe building. His description is as follows: "The Indian had terminated a long two days' search by toting from the forest a number of strips of white birch in its green state; pliable as cotton, thick as leather, and light as air. These he had cut into arbitrary patterns known only to himself, and was soon sewing as a long, shapeless sort of bag or sack to a slender beechwood oval. Later it was to become a birch bark canoe, and the beechwood oval was to be the gunwale."

"The loose sack of birch bark sewed to the long beech oval was slung between two tripods. Injun Charley had fashioned a number of thin, flexible cedar strips of certain arbitrary lengths and widths. Beginning with the smallest of these, Thorpe and his companion were catching one end under the beech oval, bending the strip bow-shaped inside the sack and catching the other side of the oval. Thus the spring of the bent cedar, pressing against the inside of the birch sack, distended it tightly. The cut of the sack and the length of the cedar strips gave the canoe its graceful shape."

Now, while it might be proper to make a canoe in this way as an object of worship, as it certainly would not be "in the likeness of anything in the heavens above, or the earth beneath," it would not be a success for the purposes for which a canoe is usually built. As the building of birch bark canoes is fast becoming a lost art, and soon there will be no one to tell of how they are made, I will give as clear a description as I am able of the manner in which the Penobscot Indians used to build their canoes.

Our canoes for up-river use were usually eighteen feet long. For salt-water (the term Indians always used when speaking of the sea), twenty to twenty-two feet long. The Passamaquoddy Indians made larger canoes, often twenty-five feet in length, as they used them mostly for sea-going. The bark was nearly always in one piece. In the many hundreds of canoes I have seen, I have never seen one in two pieces, except in one or two instances. The bark, after being taken off, was rolled up tightly with what was the inner side out. The bark was usually from four to five feet in width, and a roll of good winter bark would weigh from forty to sixty pounds.

When the canoe was to be made, a perfectly level bed was made on hard ground of the length the canoe was to be; then the bark, after it had been soaked till it could be unrolled, was laid on the bed and heavy stones were laid all along the center for nearly the whole length; then cuts were made in the bark, beginning about two feet from the bow and making a cut from fifteen inches to two feet in length about every fifteen inches. A twenty-two foot canoe which I have has some fifteen of these cuts on each side. Enough was taken off from the sides of these cuts to make the bark the desired shape. Then these cuts were sewed up with split spruce roots; also a piece of from four to five feet in length and from six to ten inches in width was sewed to the top of each side in the center, to make the bark wide enough at that point. After the sewing was finished, the bark was turned up on the sides into nearly the desired shape and held in place by stakes driven all along the sides. Then the bow, as it was called, was placed inside of the bark

and a cedar gunwale placed on the outside with the bark between them, and they were tightly sewed together with spruce roots passing round the wood and through the bark. The sewing was done by taking from five to eight turns around the gunwales about eight inches apart for the whole length.

The bow and all the ribs and lining were always prepared beforehand. The bow was of two pieces of cedar as long as the inside was to be. These pieces were nearly square on the sides, usually about two inches in thickness in the middle and tapering toward the ends; they were mortised on inner sides for five thwarts, which were also sewed firmly in place beside the mortising. In a twenty-two foot canoe the two end thwarts were twenty-eight inches long, two inches wide and one-half inch thick; the next two twenty-five inches long and the center one thirty-one inches. These last three are two inches wide next the gunwale and tapering to 1½ in center and are one inch in thickness. They are placed 2½ feet apart, and the end ones are five feet from the extreme end of the canoe when the canoe is finished, as the side and top gunwales are much longer than the bow which holds the thwarts.

After the side gunwale is on, the top gunwale, which is some two inches wide and about two-thirds of an inch thick, is pegged to the wood below with long wooden pegs. The top gunwale is rounded on the edges and, like the side one, is much longer than the inner bow. At each end the four pieces of the two side and two top gunwales are sewed to the bark and to each other by five or six turns of spruce root in three places some six inches apart, and this bound into one solid piece, and at a point where they are separated about six inches a strong stay is put in by passing several turns of strong spruce root across and around each side and then winding it crosswise so as to make a round stay as large as one's finger. The ends are then cut into the desired shape and sewed twice, so that the stitches cross each other. A rib of cedar about an inch square at the inner end and tapering nearly to a point is bent to fit the curve of each end, and fastened inside to support it.

Next the lining is put in; this consists of very thin strips of cedar, each strip a little more than half the length of the canoe; and shaved thin at the ends, where one overlaps the other, so that where they join they will lie perfectly smooth. These are placed lengthwise, and fitted so nicely as to make a perfectly tight inner lining—so tight that not a particle of gravel can work in between the bark and lining.

Then the knees or ribs are put in; these are all bent in pairs, each center one having the next smaller bent inside of it and a wide band of cedar bark holds them in place, after bending till they are dry. The ribs are rounded on their edges and tops slightly from center to ends, and are sloped at the ends to hold when driven under the inner bow or gunwale. The end ones are driven first, and then the next in order. The driving is done with a mallet made specially for this purpose, which used to be called a "half moon" mallet. This is a piece of wood shaped like half a saucer with a handle on the thickest side. This shape enabled them to drive in the ribs without scarring the soft wood.

Lastly, the so-called head boards were placed. These were three smooth pieces of cedar, some eighteen inches long by eight inches width, tapering, and rounded at the ends, so as to form an elongated oval, and were bent and sprung into each end and solidly fastened to a notch in the piece which was bent to support the end; before being placed the vacant space in the end behind this was tightly filled with cedar shavings, which, while very light, gave a good deal of support to the bark and kept it from being pressed in and crushed.

The seams were then pitched, a cloth being put the whole length of the sewing at each end to protect the sewing. This pitch was made of rosin and oil or grease boiled together. That used in cold weather was usually made thinner than that for summer use.

A canoe when finished weighed from 90 to 125 pounds. Those of winter bark weighing more than those of summer bark—besides the difference in length. Our canoes were usually carried by one man, using a "head board" and a cedar band across the breast and face—head as Thoreau describes.

The only wood I ever saw used in the construction of canoes was cedar, with the exception of the thwarts, which were usually of maple. The roots were dug by the squaws. A root as large as one's finger was cut at the large end and pulled out its entire length by cutting any side roots; then the bark was removed, and with a knife a thin slice was cut, beginning at the large end and holding one part in the teeth and bending it with the hands to make it split even. Very few white men could split a root evenly till they had been shown how. The root after splitting was coiled up and was thoroughly soaked before using.

An Indian would measure a canoe with a piece of basket stuff, making a few notches in it, and go into the woods, get out his frame or bow and bend all the knees, and, when he made his canoe every part would fit and it would be of the exact shape of the one he measured. It seemed perfectly marvelous to see how every part would fit, and the nice work they could do with only a crooked knife to work with.

The Passamaquoddy Indians fastened the bark to the gunwales by nailing instead of sewing. The Tobique canoes had the ends cut at an angle to the bottom, instead of being gracefully curved as ours were. The Micmacs built a good sea-going canoe, but not graceful in form—looking more like an inverted ox yoke than anything else I can compare them to. North of the St. Lawrence many of the voyageurs' canoes were thirty-three feet long and were carried by two men on the portages.

In picturing canoes, unless photographed, artists almost invariably make the mistake of putting in a wrong number of cross-bars or thwarts. I have usually seen canoes pictured with four or six ribs. It is very seldom that one has the correct number of five. I do not think any canoe was ever built with an even number of cross-bars. Five is the invariable number of Maine built canoes. The artist who illustrated the article from which I quoted deserves great credit for making so good a drawing when he was obliged to make his drawing illustrate such an incorrect description. I have purposely omitted describing how the bark was peeled, as it would make too long an article.

M. H.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 22.—Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club held its ninth annual banquet and prize distribution for 1901, Dec. 22. Fifty members and friends took part. It was the most enjoyable gathering yet in our history, and this has been the best shooting year. We also have a larger membership than ever before, though it was said that an American club could not exist here, and there has been much effort put forth to destroy us. Still being on top, we can wish our enemies as well as our friends a happy New Year. The adoption of Walnut Hill's system of shooting on clean targets at 50yds. has been a great benefit to the club, and our close easurement keeps the shooters busy to beat it, causing rapid improvement in the art. Our aim has been to elevate, not demeritate, the art of shooting; this, we believe, is American, and will be supported by the lovers of true sport.

The winners of the year are as follows, shooting being off-hand on Columbia target. The prizes, Columbia medals and bars, being on 10 best scores, re-entry. Columbia Gold medal (consisting of winged bullet and Columbia roll, to which the bars are suspended), won with rifle or pistol: H. Pape, F. O. Young, A. B. Dorrell, W. G. Hoffman, G. M. Barley, J. F. Twist, A. J. Brannagan, F. S. Washburn, G. Mannel, F. S. Mannel, Otto Feudner, H. A. Baker, Ed Hovey and C. M. Daiss.

Bars were won with rifle, experts, 200yds., by A. H. Pape 27, 34, 37, 38, 38, 40, 40, 40, 41—370, or 3.7in. ring average, gold bar, 27 being the world's record. Pape also received a gold Columbia button; he also received a beautifully hand-embroidered pillow, on which was worked a duplicate of the target and shots by Mrs. G. Mannel, who presented a similar pillow, but not so valuable, to Young when he made the record of 34 last year. Pape's 370 is without doubt the greatest exhibition of fine shooting ever recorded. A. B. Dorrell, 42, 42, 43, 47, 47, 48, 48, 49, 50, 51—7, silver bar. F. O. Young 47, 49, 49, 50, 50, 51, 51, 51, 52—501, bronze bar.

Sharpshooters, rifle: G. M. Barley 55, 57, 60, 60, 60, 62, 62, 64, 65—610, silver bar. Experts, pistol, 50yds.: F. O. Young 31, 32, 34, 35, 36, 36, 36, 37, 38—351, silver bar; A. J. Brannagan 36, 38, 38, 39, 40, 40, 40, 40, 42—393, silver bar. Brannagan's scores were shot with a .38 revolver, and is the best work ever done in the club. He was presented with a Columbia gold button for the best revolver 10-shot score, 35, club and coast record. He also won a silver cup or best score with revolver. The cup was presented by P. A. Becker; Ed Hovey 38, 38, 41, 41, 42, 43, 43, 45, 45—417, bronze bar; F. S. Washburn 40, 40, 40, 40, 41, 43, 47, 48—422, bronze bar; C. M. Daiss, 39, 39, 40, 43, 46, 47, 48, 47, 49, 51—444, bronze bar.

Pistol, sharpshooters: A. Becker, revolver.....38 38 48 49 50 51 51 52 53—478 Feudner.....34 42 47 48 49 51 51 52 53 53—480 G. Mannel.....51 56 57 58 58 60 60 61 61 63—585 A. Baker.....52 52 55 56 58 61 63 67 67 67—593 Mannel.....62 65 67 68 68 71 72 73 78 78—702

Becker and Feudner won gold bars; Mrs. G. Mannel, Baker and Mannel won bronze bars.

Prize matches, open to all comes, 10 best scores: Rifle, 3 shots, 200yds.: A. H. Pape, 95, \$20 prize, presented by Feudner; A. B. Dorrell, 120, \$7.40; C. M. Daiss, 144, gold medal, F. O. Young; G. Mannel, 152, \$4.45; W. G. Hoffman, 157, painted pillow, by Mrs. E. A. Allen; F. O. Young, 178, Columbia cushion, by Mrs. G. Mannel; E. Hovey, 182, \$2.95; Capt. F. Kuhle; C. M. Daiss, 642, \$4.80; Dr. J. F. Twist, 712, water-color, by G. Mannel.

Revolver, 10-shot scores: A. J. Brannagan, 420, \$12.10; F. O. Young, 453, \$7.25; W. G. Hoffman, 604, silver cup, by Capt. F. Kuhle.

22 rifle, 10-shot scores, 50yds.: A. B. Dorrell, 188, \$16.10; Capt. F. Kuhle, 194, gold sleeve buttons, by Wm. Glindemann; W. G. Hoffman, 219, \$9.65; Dr. J. F. Twist, 234, silver purse and chain, by C. M. D.; F. O. Young, 237, \$6.45; E. Hovey, 267, gold sleeve buttons, by A. B. Dorrell; E. A. Allen, 309, Columbia button; C. Bachman, 372, 100 cartridges, by E. Hovey; Mrs. G. Mannel, \$3, gallon whisky, by A. J. Brannagan; Mrs. C. F. Waltham, 386, Columbia button.

Military and repeating rifles, Creedmoor count, 10 best scores: Hovey, 476, Columbia button, by C. M. Daiss; F. O. Young, 500, 50lbs. lead, by E. A. Allen; E. A. Allen, 430, two turkeys, by A. H. Pape; Dr. J. F. Twist, 400, box of cigars, by Dr. H. W. Wunsaker.

Team match took place on Dec. 15, A. B. Dorrell and W. G. Hoffman acting captains, 5 shots with rifle and 5 shots with pistol:

Capt. Dorrell's Team.									
	Rifle.					Pistol.			
H. Pape.....	2	5	6	3	1	8	6	11	4—50
E. Hovey.....	6	13	7	4	4	6	6	7	8—62
A. B. Dorrell.....	11	7	5	6	6	6	8	1	8—64
H. Cady.....	11	6	10	5	1	3	2	10	6—69
Mannel.....	3	10	9	7	13	9	14	14	4—11—96
A. Becker.....	14	9	1	5	14	14	5	10	9—87
Mrs. Waltham.....	12	9	9	15	24	9	11	5	14—120
Pape.....	17	17	25	24		17	14	5	14—161—709
Capt. Hoffman's Team.									
F. O. Young.....	4	7	6	12	3	1	4	5	3—50
C. M. Daiss.....	5	6	4	3	9	6	5	6	4—51
W. G. Hoffman.....	8	5	7	2	10	10	6	2	5—57
Dr. J. F. Twist.....	13	6	9	9	9	4	3	5	9—79
A. J. Brannagan.....	18	9	15	6	6	9	4	4	2—83
Mrs. Waltham.....	9	6	9	24	27	14	12	4	3—120
A. Allen.....	7	21	12	25	12	3	14	4	13—123
Pape.....	7	27	25	25	25	3	10	4	14—153—716

Dorrell's team won by 7 points. Pape and Young tied for the chief of the Columbias. In the shoot-off Pape won by 14 points, with a total of 44.

Dr. Twist presented two medals for military match, which were won by E. Hovey and E. A. Allen. G. Hoadley presented silver cup for most is with the revolver; it was won by P. A. Becker. F. O. Young won the all-round diploma, beating record 14 points—pistol, 31, 32; rifle, 47, 49; revolver, 38, 39; .22 rifle, 17, 17; military, 8, 66—394.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 15.—The Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club held its final shoot for the year to-day. Scores, Columbia target, off-hand shooting:

Rifle, 3 shots, 200yds.: A. H. Pape 8, 13; A. B. Dorrell, 9, 23; F. G. Hoffman 11, 12, 13, 17, 18, 18, 18, 18, 18, 19, 21, 21, 22, 22; M. Daiss 13, 26, 28; F. O. Young 15, 15, 16, 16, 17, 19; G. Mannel 22, 30, 32, 34.

Rifle, 10 shots: F. O. Young 49, 51, 55, 58; A. B. Dorrell 60; H. Cady 62, 64, 71, 79, 90, 91, 92; C. Bachman 82, 120, 121, 153; Pape 91, 92, 94, 129, 158; E. A. Allen 93, 100, 100, 106, 110, 14, 105, 114.

Fifty-yard range, 10 shots. Pistol: C. M. Daiss 39, 47, 56, 56, 5, 62; F. O. Young 39, 41, 44, 47, 49; Dr. Twist 50, 59, 61, 67; M. Daiss 64, 95, 102; J. J. Crowley 96; W. F. Browning 99.

Revolver: A. J. Brannagan 41, J. R. Trego 56, 64, 73, 76, 78, 78, 80, 85, 71, 87, 97; P. A. Becker 56, 56, 59, 64; C. M. Daiss 53, 63, 7, 21, 92, 97.

Twenty-two caliber rifle: A. B. Dorrell 22; E. Hovey 23, 25, 25, 26, 28, 30, 30; Mrs. G. Mannel 30, 30, 34, 35, 34, 40, 53; Mrs. C. Waltham 46, 53, 62; Dr. Twist 31, 36.

Pistol, 3-shot match: Dr. Twist 14, 16, 16, 17, 19, 19, 20, 23, 24, 25.

Hoffman shot his new rifle, which he had just received. It is a beauty, and he was well pleased with his average shooting and promises to be in it next season.

This was one of the liveliest shooting days ever experienced in the club. Every one was out for a few more points, to win a higher score and place in the prize matches, and some succeeded, while others lost by only one point.

The annual banquet will be held Dec. 22, when prizes and medals will be awarded and winners published, also team shoot.

FRED. O. YOUNG, Sec'y.

Rifle at Shell Mound.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 23.—The attendance of marksmen at Shell Mound range yesterday was unusually large, owing chiefly to its being the last day of the yearly competition for medals and prizes in some of the clubs. Moreover, the day was simply perfect for the work.

The Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club closed its year's work with a delightful banquet in Capt. Siebe's dining hall, on the range. Thirty-five members and a few guests were present. After the

feast there was a distribution of prizes won during the year, together with much merriment and speechmaking.

The best prizes were won by some of the younger marksmen, a result not unexpected, as the various open-to-all events were conducted on a handicap basis. This, while hard on the scratch men and veterans, mightily stimulates the "colts."

The winners of the rifle events in order were A. Gehret, M. F. Blasse, C. M. Henderson, A. B. Dorrell and D. B. Faktor.

Winners of pistol contest: J. E. Gorman, and P. A. Becker.

Winners of revolver contest: W. F. Blasse and Major Tompkins.

The following are the medal winners for the year in the Red Men Schuetzen Company:

Champion class, William Dressler; first class, Capt. Henry Grieb; second class, J. A. Mohr; third class, Herman Schult; fourth class, Daniel Tamke; best last shot for the year, Capt. Henry Grieb.

San Francisco Schuetzen Verein, monthly bullseye shoot: A. Mocker 128, D. B. Faktor 284, A. Bertelsen 293, A. Schaefer 296, O. Burmeister 327, J. C. Waller 349, J. Geiken 385, William Garms 409, J. Peters 442, August Meyer 482, William Goetze 483, John Utschig 537, L. N. Ritzau 554, William Ehrenpfort 603, J. de Wit 609, August Goetze 635, F. Wensel 769, R. Stettin 781, August Jungblut 788, F. P. Schuster 869.

The stimulating effect of the great Bundes shoot, held here last July, is shown by an unusual number of accessions to the various clubs since.

ROEEL.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, at Four-Mile House, Reading Road, Jan. 5. Conditions, 200yds., off-hand, at the standard target. Strickmeier was declared champion for the day with the good score of 88. Weather, clear and cold; thermometer, 95 degrees; wind, light from 3 to 4 o'clock:

Strickmeier	88	87	83	81	81	8	10	10	—28
Roberts	88	82	81	75	73	3	5	6	—14
Payne	87	84	81	79	78	7	7	7	—21
Nestler	86	81	81	81	79	6	6	7	—19
Gindele	84	83	82	82	80	10	6	8	—24
Uckotter	80	80	73	71	70	7	7	5	—19
Odell	76	71	67	66	63	7	7	7	—21
Drube	74	70	67	66	65	9	4	7	—20
Enderbrock	73	73	67	66	65	8	6	7	—21
Lux	74	73	70	72	72	8	6	4	—16
Hopf	71	63	60	56	56	6	6	4	—16
Hoffman	49

At the range of the Massachusetts Rifle Association, Walnut Hill, Mass., Dec. 7, Thomas Anderton, the well-known pistol shot, broke the 50-shot pistol record at 50yds. on the standard American



target. He scored 476 points, which exceeds the former record by one point. The old record of 475 points was held by J. E. Gorman, of San Francisco, Cal. Mr. Anderton used Peters long rifle cartridges in making this new record. A copy of his target reduced from an eight-inch bullseye is shown herewith.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Jan. 14-17.—Hamilton, Ont.—Twelfth annual tournament of the Hamilton Gun Club. W. M. Clendening, Sec'y.

Jan. 20-25.—Brenham, Tex.—Brenham Gun Club's tournament.

Jan. 22-23.—Circleville, O.—The Pickaway Rod and Gun Club's second annual winter tournament; live birds.—G. R. Haswell, Sec'y.

March 31-April 5.—Blue River Park, Kansas City, Mo.—Grand American Handicap at live birds. Ed Banks, Sec'y, 318 Broadway, New York.

April 14-16.—St. Joseph, Mo.—Missouri State Amateur Shooting Association's annual tournament. F. B. Cunningham, Sec'y.

May 6-9.—Interstate Park, L. I.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap at Targets. Edward Banks, Sec'y; Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.

May 13-16.—Oil City, Pa.—Annual meeting of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. F. S. Bates, Cor. Sec'y.

May 30-31.—Union City, Ind.—Spring tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club. O. E. Fouts, Sec'y.

June 3-5.—Cleveland, O.—Tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League, under the auspices of the Cleveland Gun Co.

June 9-13.—Rochester, N. Y.—Forty-fourth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game.

June 10-11.—Muncie, Ind.—Indiana Trapshooters' League's annual tournament.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot, every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Jan. 16.—Interstate Park, L. I.—Live-bird shoot; main event, 20 birds, \$10 entrance, for a solid gold watch and chain; handicaps 25 to 32yds.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns; also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

Mr. Frank E. Butler, since retiring from the Wild West show, has been active in trapshooting in a quiet, unostentatious way. On Friday of last week at Interstate Park, he shot a match at 50 live birds with Mr. A. H. "Hoffman," of Nutley, N. J. The latter is an amateur, and this match was his first attempt at pigeon shooting. He scored 34 to Butler's 36. On the day following, they shot a match at 100 targets, in which "Hoffman" scored 76 to Butler's 71. Mr. Butler has given quite an impetus to the sport since settling in his old home in Nutley. A new gun club is in process of formation. We are pleased to say that his wife (Annie Oakley) is recovering surely from the frightful railroad accident which she experienced some weeks ago. She was under a doctor's care till a recent period, as a result of the injuries received.

Arrangements on the New Year's Day shoot at Interstate Park were made between Messrs. Frank D. Creamer and W. L. Wood on the one side and Messrs. C. A. Lockwood and T. R. Chapman on the other, to shoot a team race at 25 live birds or more per man at Interstate Park at some date in the near future, or possibly some day this week. All are members of the New Utrecht Gun Club. This race should be one of great interest, as all the contestants are skillful, high-class amateurs.

New Year's Day was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the New Utrecht Gun Club, and it celebrated the day in a most pleasant and active manner by holding a shoot at Interstate Park. There was an excellent attendance of members and their friends. The club rooms in the Casino are elegantly furnished, and few clubs combine so much in the way of pleasing competition, good attendance and club domicile.

The Brooklyn Gun Club, of which Mr. John S. Wright is the manager, will hold their regular monthly cup shoot on Saturday of this week. The conditions are 30 singles and 10 pairs, handicap. The loving cup, the trophy of this contest, has been on exhibition at 318 Broadway for some days, and it has evoked much interest in its beauty, and much desire for its ownership.

Mr. C. W. Billings, one of the active and popular shooters of New York, left on Monday of this week with his family for Florida, to spend the winter and spring months in his home on the Indian River. Mr. Billings has in a great measure given up shooting at the traps for the greater pleasures of field shooting and sport with the rod.

Although this session of the New York Legislature has hardly well begun, the anti-pigeon shooters are already endeavoring to induce legislation which will make illegal the shooting of pigeons from the traps. Since the world began there seems to be a steadily growing class of mote hunters, those who remove moths from their neighbors' eyes.

Mr. E. Detmold, of Von Lengerke & Detmold, 318 Broadway, New York, has taken a month off for an outing, which he much needs, after a very close attention to business through a long, active season. He left Saturday of last week on an ocean voyage southward, where the winter is free from the arctic rigors of the North.

The match last Saturday between Messrs. L. W. Colquitt, of South Orange, N. J., and E. Geoffrey, of Newark, for \$25 a side, was won by the latter by a score of 15 to 14. This contest took place on the grounds of the East Side Gun Club, Ferry and Foundry streets, Newark. Mr. Carl Von Lengerke acted as referee.

We are informed that the contest between Capt. A. W. Money and G. H. Piercy, holder, for the E. C. trophy, emblematic of the championship of New Jersey, will take place on Jan. 15, probably on the grounds of the Jackson Gun Club, of Paterson. The trolley between Paterson and Signac passes close by the club grounds.

The Ideal Gun Club was recently formed in Michigan, its members being of Trenton, Wyandotte and River Rouge. It will shoot live birds: Mr. F. J. Linderman is the secretary. It held two contests in December for a loving cup, presented by the Peters Cartridge Company, of Cincinnati.

Among the gentlemen famous in the world of sport there are visiting in New York Messrs. J. Hildreth and J. H. Cameron, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company; Mr. J. L. Head, of the U. M. C. Company, and Mr. J. S. Fanning, of the Lafin & Rand Powder Company.

On New Year's Day Mr. S. T. Mallory, of Parkersburg, and "Dade," of Sistersville, W. Va., contested for the target championship of West Virginia. The former won by a score of 87 to 84 out of a possible 100. Another contest will take place for the badge on Jan. 11.

Mr. S. M. Van Allen contemplates giving a live-bird shoot in early February at Interstate Park. The prizes will be in cash, and will be added outright; that is to say, the added money and the entrance fees minus the cost of the birds will all go to the contestants.

At the New Year's Day shoot of the Sheepshead Bay, L. I., Rod and Gun Club Mr. Ed Voorhies alone killed straight in the main event and won first prize. Messrs. A. Linder and J. Tabor tied for second; in the shoot-off, miss-and-out, the latter won.

Mr. F. T. Bedford, Jr., was high man in the contest for the New Year's cup, at the shoot of the Crescent Athletic Club, Bay Ridge, L. I., Jan. 1. He scored 48 out of a possible 50. Mr. H. B. Vandever was close up to the leader, he scoring 47.

Messrs. Waters and Farraday left New York on Saturday of last week on a business trip to Cuba, in the interest of their company, the Lafin & Rand Powder Company. They sailed on the Prinzessin Victoria Luise.

The secretary, Mr. F. B. Cunningham, of St. Joseph, Mo., informs us that the next Missouri Amateur Shooting Association's tournament will be held at St. Joseph, Mo., on April 14, 15 and 16.

On the grounds of the Clearview Gun Club the home club defeated the Highland Gun Club in a nine-man team contest by a score of 128 to 116.

Mr. W. L. Colville, of the Dupont Powder Company, has been a welcome visitor in New York for several days past.

BERNARD WATERS.

Calendars.

The Lafin & Rand Powder Company, 99 Cedar street, New York, has issued a calendar for 1902 which is artistic in effect and interesting in its themes. It is on seven large 8 x 10 cards, on which are portrayed the "Santa Maria" (1492), the "Great Harry" (1580), the "Bon Homme Richard" (1779), the "Constitution" (1812), the "New York" (1833), the "Alabama" (1900), all suggestive of battles afloat from the far past to the present, and the powders which make battle possible. A copy will be sent by the L. & R. Company to those who apply for it.

Mississippi Valley Notes.

The McClusky, Ill., Gun Club gave a local shoot on the 1st inst. Unsettled weather and bad country roads were jointly responsible for a very small attendance, but a pretty programme of eight 10-target sweeps, four matches at 5 pairs, and a 10 and 5-sparrow match was pulled off. Riehl won first, Lamb second and Schiess third average for the day.

Events:												
Gill	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Riehl	5	7	7	8	7	6	9	10	5	6	9	
Schiess	4	9	7	7	8	6	8	9	6	3	7	4
Edwards	7	5	2	4	7	5	3	6	2	4	5	5
Chappel	7	8	5	4	4	5	4	...
Lamb	7	8	8	9	9	5	6	6	4	8	5	7
Schmeppe	7	8	7	5	6	5	...
Fetherington

Tom Hall and Guy Burnside locked horns again on the 1st over the Illinois Gun Club live-bird trophy. Were this handsome piece of silverware subject to retirement, either one of these gentlemen should have had it stored away in his collection of mementos long ago, but as it is, they manage to have a lot of fun out of it, at the frequent meetings of the club, while occasionally both are treated to a surprise. There were twenty-six entries; Hall killed 23, while Burnside, Smith, Dockson and Davidson each got 22. Burnside had previously held the trophy, Hall being the challenger.

It is yet too early to form any definite conclusion as to the probable shooting programme in Illinois and Missouri this year, but judging from last year's work and general conditions, it would seem to be safe to predict a livelier season than ever. The introduction of the handicap idea has done much toward retiring the timidity of country shooters about competing against professionals and paid representatives. This has unquestionably retarded the progress of the shooting game within late years, and the fact that it is now being overcome is one of the most encouraging signs of the shooting times.

The new handicap idea suggested by Mr. Leach in the holiday number of FOREST AND STREAM, has at least some merit, but the difficulty in the way of its adoption will be in getting gun club secretaries to take up seriously the roundabout method of figuring results that it would require.

The calendar collectors are not pleased with the decision of several of the leading gun and ammunition companies to issue none this year.

Mr. Harold B. Money, who has been with the Western Cartridge Company for the past year, has taken a three months' vacation, and leaves this week for his home in the East.

Many of the small country gun clubs in Illinois and Missouri are turning their serious attention to sparrow match shooting. These little imported pests are getting so numerous and obnoxious that it has been found necessary to wage earnest warfare against them, and so they are easy to get, and may be shot without scruple. The method of capturing them commonly followed is to pick them up with nets in the gables of barn lofts by the aid of lanterns at night.

So long as the hunter finds pleasure in the pursuit of game and the gratification of his occasional longing for solitude, the hunting lodge rhymester will impose his conceits upon the attention of his associates. Here is a crude effort, which, though not in any sense a classic, has been framed with no little pride by one of the St. Louis clubs who have a nice preserve on the Illinois River:

Found at a Hunting Loge.

O the mad exhilaration
And the heart's glad palpitation
Of the hunter, when he cometh here to dwell;
Where he turns his troubles under,
Bidding worry go to thunder,
While he knows within himself that all is well.

Royal sport, there's no denying,
When the furtive duck is flying,
To stick up your gun and sight it on his breast;
And when early nuts are falling
'Tis a pleasure worth recalling
To deprive the sleek Sciurus of his vest.

When you hunt the quail be ready,
Always sure your nerve is steady,
But beware of shooting fissures in the air;
An' you swat the nimble Bunny
Do not cuss or think it funny,
If you only find his footprints, minus hair.

When at eve the chase is over,
You prepare the simple cover,
'Tis a thrill the sordid nature never knows,
To indulge in sundry wishes,
As you clear the ample dishes,
That you, ay, might hold this vein of calm repose.

There is "snake-bite" at the station,
But beware of its libation,
And when on the train you start the homebound song,
Don't repeat that lie, as hoary
As old Ananias' story.
Of the game you killed, but didn't bring along.

KILLMORE.

Shooting at St. Louis.

THE final and deciding match for the Dupont trophy, at St. Louis, was shot at Dupont Park on Jan. 1. The contests for this handsome medal have been spirited throughout the year, and added much to the zest of the game in the Mound City. However, only three men qualified for the final contest, viz., Mr. W. D. Kenyon, Dr. Gaines and Fred Fink. The birds yesterday were an unusually fast selected lot, and the match proved quite a pretty race. Fred Fink was not well physically and consequently made a poor showing; he lost 5 in the first 12 birds, with one dead out, and then withdrew. Kenyon was in fine form, and though he allowed 3 to cross the wire, made a nice run. Dr. Gaines also shot well, finishing 1 bird behind the victor. The scores are appended:

Kenyon, 28.....	2122121021121222022120222-22
Dr. Gaines, 31.....	20222220222222222222222-21
Fink, 28.....	212020*10210w

There was a 25-bird sweep scheduled for the afternoon, but owing to the lateness of the hour when the Dupont match was finished, this was postponed to a future date, and a 10-bird sweep was substituted, with \$5 entrance, high guns to win. Scores in this match follow:

Orvis	2122222222-10	Baggerman	*201212102-7
Dr. Simms	212212122-10	Money	2222222020-8
Selzer	*11212112-9		

Attendance was cut down for the day by the fact that an athletic contest was pulled off during the afternoon by one of the local pastime clubs, of which a number of the local shooters are members and promoters.

Managers Mermod and Mason are arranging for a lively two months' work at the park preceding the Grand American Handicap. The St. Louis shooting fraternity will send a big delegation up to that great gathering of the world's shooters, and will contribute its full share to making that the greatest meet ever held.

The Pickaway Rod and Gun Club.

THE programme of the second annual live-bird tournament of the Pickaway Rod and Gun Club, of Circleville, O., announces that the dates are Jan. 22 and 23, with other matter as follows:

We will hold our tournament at live birds on Jan. 22 and 23. Last year it was on the 27th, and the main event was at 50 live birds, high gun, and was known as the Stanley-Rhodes Handicap. We will change it this year, having it on the 23d and making the number of birds 25, \$15 entrance, birds extra, handicaps 26 to 32yds. A forfeit of \$5 to accompany entrance, which must be made on or before Jan. 18, as we must have twenty or more entries or the shoot will be declared off, and every one entering will be notified by wire if shoot is off. With the twenty entries, money will be divided to high guns, \$99 to the first one, 33, 20, 15, 12, 10 and 10 per cent. One more money for additional four entries.

Wednesday, Jan. 22, 9 A. M.—All handicap. First event, miss and-out, entrance \$2; second event, 5 birds, entrance \$2, high guns, one money for every four entries; third event, 7 birds, entrance \$3.25, two moneys, 60 and 40 per cent.; fourth event, 10 birds, entrance \$7.50, three moneys, Rose, 5, 3, 2; fifth event, 5 birds, entrance \$2, high gun, one money for every four entries. Birds extra in all events.

Thursday, Jan. 23, 9 A. M.—Event No. 1, a (warmer) \$2 miss-and-out, birds included; event No. 2, 25 live birds, \$15 entrance, birds extra, high guns.

We would like to have you with us, for we will give you a good shoot. Warm (no matter how cold), clean club house, close to the score. Birds 25 cents. Good birds, good dogs, and we can trap birds just as fast as any one. All birds dropped from pit. We must hear from you as soon as possible. We are almost sure of the twenty entries now, but want to be certain of it, so please be prompt. The handicapping will be done as nearly as possible, as at Grand American.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Jan. 1.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the seventh and last trophy shoot of our first series. T. W. Eaton won Class A medal on 11. F. G. Barnard won Class B medal on 8. C. H. Kehl won Class C medal on 7 out of 12.

After the trophy event closed the boys engaged in a turkey shoot, 5-bird events, and high guns to draw for the turkey in each case. As a result of these contests several members carried home fine turkeys. About twenty shooters participated in the various events, and all went off pleasantly. The birds were in the main fast; a little slow about taking wing, but hustlers when once started. A chilling, rather stiff breeze blew across the traps, chilling both shooters and birds. All things considered, the day and conditions of wind and weather were not conducive to good scores.

The series just finished to-day resulted as follows: Dr. J. W. Meek wins Class A trophy, 91.66 per cent.; A. D. Dorman wins Class B trophy, 91.66 per cent.; C. J. Wolff wins Class C trophy, 79.16 per cent.

Next series Dr. Meek will shoot under a handicap of 5 per cent., while Dorman will be raised to Class A and C. J. Wolff to Class B.

The first shoot of second series will be held on Jan. 18, and continue thereafter on first and third Saturdays of each month, as heretofore:

T W Eaton.....	1*111121212-11	Jones	011102222000-7
Kehl	220021*01021-7	T P Hicks.....	21111102212-10
Thomas	202121020102-8	Russell	2212011*1021-9
Barnard	1201012*012-8	C J Wolff.....	010002102w
Dr. Meek.....	1211*112221-10	Dorman	2100102w
Nusly	222120021021-9	Dr. Mathews	221122w
Cooper	2*1210202021-8	L Thomas.....	1222*112001-9

Dr. J. W. MECK.

Trap at Watson's Park.

Burnside Crossing, Ill., Jan. 1.—In a practice event Elwell killed 24 out of 25, the lost bird being dead out. Four 6-bird sweeps also were shot, entrance \$2, high gun:

Barto	221211	212111	112111	112111
Pumphrey	112120	221122	02002	21212
Amberg	122212	12001	10220	...

Each tie shot off in the sweep following, Barto winning first three, and tying Amberg on the last when it got dark.

Ideal Gun Club.

DETROIT, Mich., Jan. 4.—The shooters of Trenton, Wyandotte and River Rouge have organized a live-bird club, calling same the Ideal, as a compliment to the Peters Cartridge Company and their representative, John Parker. The Peters Cartridge Company have donated a handsome buck-horn handle loving cup to be contested for in club shoots, the individual making five highest scores out of eight shoots wins cup. John Parker, at 31yds., has made 25 straight, but as he does not compete for cup, Mr. P. C. Wood is high with 23 kills.

Inclosed find scores of both shoots; first at River Rouge, second at Trenton:

First shoot, 10 live birds; held Dec. 16:					
Toll, 31.....	2122201122	9	Lindeman, 28.....0112122110	8	
Sansconci, 28.....	0020010222	5	Amspach, 27.....112111011	9	
Parker, 31.....	2222112212	10	Lewis, 31.....2202221202	8	
F McCourt, 26.....	2012102002	6	Cabana, 28.....2022220021	7	
G Baumlert, 27.....	2121101120	8	W A C, 30.....2200222202	7	
J Quandt, 26.....	1101222111	9	A Loranger, 27.....0122222202	8	
Wood, 31.....	0222222122	9	J Loranger, 29	1212212222	10

Second shoot, 15 live birds; held Dec. 31:			
Wood, 31.....	22202221221222-14	J Loranger, 30.....	20202201212212-12
Marks, 31.....	020201221002022-9	J Cabana, 28.....	200010122001112-9
Toll, 31.....	010222202211212-12	Lewis, 31.....	20022220122000-9
Scotten, 28.....	2202202022w	Dalke, 28.....	002002000020202-5
W Cicotte, 30.....	200022222202022-10	Lyman, 30.....	111012201100111-11
J Parker, 31.....	122222222222222-15	J Mercier, 30.....	220020220110101-9
McCourt, 27.....	21111001100010-9	Baumler, 28.....	100010201011110-8
A Loranger, 28.....	002020202020220-7	Klein, 28.....	02020100110111-8
Linderman, 28.....	100212212010002-9		

F. J. LINDERMAN, Sec'y.

Herron Hill Gun Club.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Jan. 4.—The postponed shoot of the Herron Hill Gun Club was held yesterday. Flooded grounds occasioned the postponement. A handsome gun, donated by Mr. S. H. Vandergrift (Sandy McPherson), was the main prize. The donor competed, but not for the prize, and he tied with the winner, Jacques, both of whom killed 19 out of their 21 birds. Jacques missed his fifth and eleventh birds, while McPherson missed his twelfth and fourteenth birds. The other contestants wanted the tie shot off in a 10-bird event, but Mr. Vandergrift refused, and the handsome gun went to Jacques. The scores made were as follows:

Jacques, 28.....	2222022220222222222-19
McPherson, 28.....	2222222220202022222-19
A H King, 29.....	22222220220222220w
Kelsey, 30.....	22222220220222220w
Rahm, 28.....	2220222022202020w
Burns, 25.....	12220202222222020w
Denny, 27.....	01202112210212221222-18
Patton, 26.....	220221122202212222011-18
Holmes, 27.....	222222201220210w
Smith, 27.....	10222201220w
Griffin, 26.....	10222002220w
Andrews, 27.....	11012221010w
Mack, 26.....	02002220w
C A May, 30.....	202222022220w
Du Puy, 26.....	22000222220w
Daniels, 25.....	0210221201212220w

Richmond Gun Club.

SILVER LAKE, S. I., Jan. 1.—The New Year's shoot of the Richmond Gun Club was at both live birds and targets. The next shoot of the club will be on Jan. 11. Live birds and targets. All are welcome. The scores:

Events:												
Targets:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
G Bechtel.....	10	15	10	15	10	10	10	10	15	25		
U Keppler.....	7	9	7	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
F Crystal	8	13	7	9	7	7	5	6	8	6	19	
A Hawes	3	8	2	6	2	2	5	4	3	4	6	1
Hawes, Jr.....	7	7	7	10	3	5
F Schoverling.....	3	8	6	8	6	6
A A Duke.....	7	10	6	11	5	4	5	5	6	7	11	16
Kelly	5	12	6	11	8	7	7	6	7	8	12	22

Twenty live birds, 28yds., 30yds. boundary:

A Hawes.....	01201001212110001020-11
U Keppler	12210122111022111202-17
G Bechtel	10221211120110201120-15

Five birds:

G Bechtel	12022-4	A A Schoverling.....	20222-4
Hawes, Jr.....	12012-4	A. A. SCHOVERLING, Sec'y.	

IN NEW JERSEY

Trap at Yardville.

Yardville, N. J., Dec. 28.—The chief center of interest was the match between the famous Miles Johnson, a veteran with the shotgun, and Mr. Harry Steward, of Ellisdale. The conditions were 25 live birds, \$25 a side, Rhode Island rules, 21yds. rise. Steward missed the first two birds, the seventh, ninth, tenth, thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth. Johnson retained a clean score up to the fifteenth bird.

After the match was decided there were four sweepstakes for cash prizes. All were conducted on the miss-and-out conditions. Widman split first money in three of them. A fairly large crowd of sportsmen was on hand from Trenton and other nearby points. The scores in full follow:

Johnson-Steward match:	
Steward	001111010011000101111100-14
Johnson	1111111111110101111110-22

Sweepstake, \$1 entrance: W. Widman 3, J. Reed 1, L. Emmons 2, M. Johnson 1, R. Lamb 3, F. Hendrickson 2, S. G. White 0, S. G. White 0. Widman and Lamb divided first money.

Sweepstake, \$1 entrance: W. Widman 5, J. Reed 4, L. Emmons 0, M. Johnson 0, R. Lamb 3, F. Hendrickson 5, S. G. White 1, L. Emmons 2, M. Johnson 5. Widman, Johnson and Hendrickson divided first money.

Sweepstake, \$1 entrance: W. Widman 6, J. Reed 5, L. Emmons 2, R. Lamb 6, F. Hendrickson 4, S. G. White 0. Widman and Johnson divided first money.

Sweepstake, \$2 entrance: Lamb 9, Widman 7, Reed 4, Emmons 10.

South End Gun Club.

Camden, N. J.—The South End Gun Club's shoot, which took place at Woodlyn Park on Dec. 25, had scores as follows. There also was a shoot for \$25 a side. We have just organized:

T Stevenson.....	0*12*2201*22121-9	R Streblau.....	2012201*0202*1-9
F Smith.....	10221*2*1220*22-10	H Smith.....	02201*21020212*-9
S Winley.....	220122102*01221-11	J Robinson.....	2021200*200*10-7
H Greene.....	222201*1022*101-10	C Dickson.....	222222222221222-15
W Rothwell.....	0212212*1*2*202-10	S Castell.....	2022222222202222-13

Shoot for \$25 a side:

S Winley	22202222*2-8	C Dickson.....	22222*2212-9
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FRANK D. SMITH, Sec'y.

Carlstadt Gun Club.

Carlstadt, N. J., Dec. 25.—The scores of the Christmas Day shoot of the Carlstadt Gun Club are appended. Events 1, 2 and 3 were at live birds; 4 and 5 were at targets. The weather was unpleasant and unfavorable for good scores:

Events:												
Targets:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
R Hutchinson.....	5	5	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
T Gempp.....	2	4	2	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
E Hutchinson.....	2	3	5	2	5	2	5	2	5	2	5	2
H Krug	4	...	6	5
J Hutchinson.....	4	...	3
A Roemer.....	3	...	2
W Johnson.....	3	...	9
P Rasmus.....	5	2	7	7

Millvale Gun Club.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Jan. 5.—Herewith find scores of the Millvale Gun Club's New Year's Day shoot. The club will give one-day tournaments at live-pigeons, English sparrows and inanimate targets in their seasons. Master Charles J. Grall, the winner of the Joseph Miller cup, is seventeen years old.

Intercity Shooting Park.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Dec. 29.—The past week has been better for live-bird shooting than any since Dec. 1. On Dec. 22 we had the deciding contest for the St. Paul Review cup, which was won by J. L. D. Morrison, with a score of 23, made on the hardest birds ever trapped on these grounds.

The H. C. Hirsch trophy, which was shot for on Dec. 23, was won in the shoot-off by C. R. Wilkinson, after he had been tied by Mr. Kribs with 24.

Inclosed please find scores for events in past week. The Hirsch trophy will be shot for on these grounds next Saturday, Jan. 4, at 1 P. M.

Practice sweep, 25 birds:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1902, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

4511321388131458224415422	
Famachon.....1120222*22211221111222002-21	
2324511151445244845332534	
Perry.....211112222*022120*2212111-20	
1525844585531521511313415	
Thorp.....0121110*01110112221011111-19	

Dec. 28.—H. C. Hirsch Blue Ribbon live-bird trophy:

11258335545113132285143	
Hirschy.....12212202121222*22*2222222-22	
4325454524422281221143425	
Morrison.....0222222222122221222022122-23	
814424141218155515314443	
Bull.....2222112121212220222102212-23	
4528115152245422833421535	
Kribs.....122211222022221221222222-24	
3588522828343858455534423	
Wilkinson.....220122212212112212222222-24	

The birds were all good fliers, and the above scores are good. Shoot-off:

14515	53245
Kribs.....2202	Wilkinson.....1222

Wilkinson won the cup.

Five birds, 26yds., one barrel, gun below elbow, \$100:

Wilkinson.....01101-3	Morrison.....1111-5
Kribs.....111-1	Hirschy.....1101w
Bull.....1011-3	

Five birds, 30yds., one barrel, gun below elbow, one money:

Hirschy.....101w	Wilkinson.....0111w
Morrison.....1111-5	Bull.....0111w
Kribs.....1101w	

Dec. 22.—St. Paul cup:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1902, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

2152551254242182583331412	
Morrison, 31.....2222*222220222212222222-23	
3544215415418521448212143	
Hirschy, 31.....222212202221122211*20022*-20	
4815233241155832124535331	
Wilkinson, 31.....222112*2020201121*0221212-19	
5122341331254253531453448	
Perry, 27.....01211211*220022122222012*-19	

Ten-bird sweepstake:

Wilkinson.....22222222-10	Hirschy.....22222222-9
Morrison.....22222222-11	Perry.....12122222-10

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, Mass., Jan. 1.—The initial performance of the Boston Gun Club's 1902 spring series of prize shoots was held on the club grounds, at Wellington to-day, and eighteen shooters gathered round the festive boards, making it as auspicious an opening as any one could ask for. The club's new system worked as well as could be desired, though a little slow in changing from one system to the other; but as each succeeding shoot will regulate all the time losses to a minimum, it won't be many moons before traps and scores are booming, as in former series.

Visitors graced the platform from all the leading clubs of Boston and vicinity, Brockton, Lynn, Fitchburg, Wollaston, Haverhill, Watertown, Middlesex, being the most prominent. Good scores were prevented by the high winds and cold weather, pocket stoves being a necessity even in a 10-target event. However, the scores do not have the appearance of any stoves being used, but enthusiasm was there, and that made up for the deficiency in scores. The prize events were entered into in the usual manner, each shooter putting in his best efforts, though not averse to seeing his neighbor getting a fair share of breaks, and the good feeling that was exhibited went a long way toward making it the successful opening that it was. The honors in the match were taken care of by Baker, Spencer and Hawkins, each breaking 17 out of the allotted number of targets. Leroy was second with 16, a first class score from the 21yd. mark on such a day. Other scores were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Baker, 18.....	7	4	4	8	11	6	3
Mrs. Park, 19.....	4	6	3	5	3	2
Leroy, 21.....	6	6	5	7	10	6	9	7	..
Barry, 16.....	5	4	4	5	11	4	5
Hilliard, 18.....	6	4	7	6
Dennison, 18.....	4	5	5	7	6	5	7	9	8
Lane, 16.....	4	5	3	4	5	4	2
Redla, 16.....	5	2	5	5	7	2	3	5	..
Tozier, 16.....	3	3	4	8	6	5	4
Nichols, 14.....	4	3	2
Cap, 16.....	8	6	5	5	7	3
Kirkwood, 18.....	6	7	5	..	5	7	..	5	..
Retwood, 14.....	3	3	..	0
Frost, 16.....	..	4	2	4	2	4
Bullard, 16.....	..	1	2	0	6
Hawkins, 16.....	..	3	..	10	7
Spencer, 18.....	..	7	11	6
Ford, 16.....	..	3	8	5	6	5

Events 1, 3, 5, magautrap; 2, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, Sergeant system.

Prize match, 25 targets—15 unknown, 10 known—distance handicaps:

Baker, 18.....	1011111011100	100110110-17
Spencer, 18.....	1110111091011	091109111-17
Hawkins, 16.....	1110111111109	001101111-17
Leroy, 21.....	11110011010101	2010011010-16
Barry, 16.....	0111109101111	010011010-15
Ford, 16.....	0111109101111	110110101-13
Redla, 16.....	010011010001000	110111011-12
Kirkwood, 16.....	00100001010001	001110111-11
Dennison, 18.....	1001010011010	001110111-11
Tozier, 16.....	0100100110010	001110111-11
Cap, 16.....	11100010001000	001100110-10
Lane, 16.....	01001100001000	001100110-9
Bullard, 16.....	00000000000000	0110111001-6
Frost, 16.....	10000100001000	000100100-6
Good, 18.....	000100001001000	1000010010-6

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., Jan. 1.—The New Year's Day live-bird shoot of the Ossining Gun Club was a great success. In the last event eight withdrew after entering to enable the rest to finish the string of 10. The birds were a fast lot, with an occasional sitter, which made the game hard. Yonkers was well represented. There were also shooters from New York, Nyack, Mt. Kisco and Ossawana.

Event No. 1, 7 birds, \$5, birds included, handicaps 26 to 32yds.:

D Brandreth, 28.....	1220001-4	J F Van Saun, 27.....	0002122-4
D H McAlpin 2d, 26.....	0110012-4	W Clark, 26.....	0010122-4
M H Dyckman, 28.....	1220120-5	J Hasbrouck, 28.....	2120202-5
J M Thompson, 31.....	1220201-6	T O'Rourke, 28.....	2202121-6
C G Blandford, 31.....	2222222-7	A Betti, 28.....	1010022-4
I T Washburn, 28.....	0002111-4	E Verrian, 28.....	0122002-4

Event No. 2, 5 birds, \$3, birds extra; all at 30yds.:

W Clark.....	10122-4	T O'Rourke.....	10210-3
C Barlow.....	00001-1	J Hasbrouck.....	10202-3
I Washburn.....	12101-4	R Potter.....	10022-3
C Blandford.....	21022-4	E Verrian.....	01202-3
J Thompson.....	11202-4	J Van Sant.....	01222-4
M Dyckman.....	22220-4	R Kromer.....	01000-1
A Betti.....	00122-3		

Three miss-and-outs were shot. Dykeman, O'Rourke and Clark were winners in No. 1; Washburn and Brandreth in No. 2; Blandford in No. 3.

Event No. 4, 10 birds, \$5, birds extra; handicaps 26 to 32yds.:

M Dyckman, 28.....	212002121-8	A Betti, 29.....	211122222-10
C Blandford, 31.....	2222222012-9	D Brandreth, 28.....	021111211-9
J Thompson, 31.....	0112111221-9	J Hasbrouck, 28.....	011211211-9
C Raymond, 30.....	012110111-8	I Washburn, 28.....	2022110-8
T O'Rourke, 29.....	201211011-8	E Verrian, 28.....	221200220w
J Van Saun, 27.....	1002002011-5		

The following also withdrew: C. Barlow, H. Bissing, W. Clark, W. Coleman, D. O'Connor, R. Kromer.

Jan. 4.—There was a fair attendance at the regular weekly shoot of the Ossining Gun Club, Saturday, Jan. 4. C. C. Hubbell, of New York City, and D. Brandreth, both shot their initial string for the medal:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	10	10	15	10	10
H Bissing.....	9	5	6	7	..	6	..
W Coleman.....	5	7	8	5	10	11	..
C Hubbell.....	1	4	4	7	8	6	..
D Brandreth.....	7	7	9	6	14	12	9

Prize events:

Coleman, 17.....	11	13	..	Brandreth, 17.....	15	14	10
Hubbell, 23.....	12	Blandford, 16.....	w
				C. G. B.			

Crawford Gun Club.

ALTOONA, Pa., Jan. 2.—Herewith please find scores made at the shoot of the Crawford Gun Club, Dec. 25, 1901:

Event No. 1, 10 live birds:		Lingafelter.....	2*21122200-7
Martin.....	22222020022-7	Peters.....	20011*1010-5
Wright.....	2010110122-7		
Event No. 2, same as No. 1:		Selwitz.....	0*02011000-3
Martin.....	2212000220-6	Hammaker.....	001*220220-5
Wright.....	1111011211-9	Byers.....	0122011010-6
Peters.....	1111000102-6	Murray.....	2*1021121w
Lingafelter.....	1212012021-8		
Event No. 3, 5 live birds:		Homan.....	000*0-0
Peters.....	01112-4	Parker.....	21002-3
Murray.....	10201-3		
Martin.....	2201-3		
Event No. 4, 10 live birds:		Homan.....	*0110w
Murray.....	1222201110-8	Parker.....	0002020220-4
Lingafelter.....	0101022220-6	Byer.....	20220*0010-4
Peters.....	0011001212-6	Yon.....	1*12121212-9
Epright.....	0100110120-5	Magee.....	11*20w
Mike.....	121211221-10	Harpham.....	00020w
Wright.....	202210*010-5	Smith.....	120201w
Martin.....	0220202002-5		

The following scores were made at targets on our grounds on New Year's Day:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Shot
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	at. Broke.
Kelly.....	..	3	25 3
Stines.....	..	14	12	50 26
Hammaker.....	..	6	4	75 14
Craven.....	10	14	..	13	..	16	..	100 53
Holtzinger.....	..	5	12	12	15	7	7	150 58
Wright.....	14	..	14	..	12	19	16	125 75
Lingafelter.....	..	9	25 9
Martin.....	6	..	7	7	9	11	..	125 34
Byer.....	11	..	11	50 22
Beck.....	5	..	13	11	11	100 40
Hendrickson.....	..	8	..	5	10	75 23
Wharton.....	..	5	25 5
Selwitz.....	..	1	25 1
Shoenfelt.....	..	12	25 12
Davis.....	..	2	25 2
Mike.....	..	9	25 9
Bastain.....	..	2	3	50 5
Peters.....	..	13	25 13

The following scores were made in practice, use of both barrels: Wolfe, 25 out of 36; Kelly, 10 out of 19; Lingafelter, 4 out of 10; Mike, 18 out of 40; Holsinger, 9 out of 16; Byer, 9 out of 17; Wharton, 5 out of 10; Shoenfelt, 3 out of 20; Bastain, 2 out of 15. F. C. WRIGHT, Sec'y.

Riverside Gun Club, of Topham.

TOPHAM, Me., Dec. 25.—At the club grounds to-day occurred the reorganization of the once famous Riverside Gun Club, of Topham. The following officers were unanimously elected: President, Sumner Strout; Vice-President, A. E. Hall; Secretary, John P. Goud; Treasurer, Geo. Rogers; Executive Committee: A. Q. Goud, H. O. Small and Dr. H. O. Curtis.

The following scores were made by members of the Riverside Gun Club out of a possible 25:

H O Small.....	1001101111011111111111-21
A O Goud.....	0110101111011111111111-20
A E Hall.....	011111111101100110101111-19
Geo Rogers.....	1111100101100110111111-19
J P Goud.....	11101011110000111111101-18
S Strout.....	10010001000111009111111-14
M C Hall.....	00110011001101100111010-14
B Goud.....	0110001101001000010010-9
I Getchell.....	1011000000000000001010-6

The following squad was here from the Brunswick Gun Club and made the following scores out of 25:

S Whitmore.....	11111011111111111101010-21
D W Scribner.....	01100911110000101101111-14
O Nason.....	001010100011111100100100-12
J Vannah.....	11111000111100101101010-17
G M Wheeler.....	01111110111011001111111-20

JOHN P. GOUD, Sec'y R. G. C.

The Hamilton Gun Club.

HAMILTON, Canada, Jan. 6.—The new club house of the Hamilton Gun Club has been completed. A few practice events were shot off on New Year's Day, and on Saturday, Jan. 4 the club house was formally opened, and an At Home held in honor of our many friends in Hamilton.

A number of the shooters whose names appear upon the score cards of these two days had never shot at targets before.

The weather was very cold, with a cross wind lifting the targets, and the sun shing brightly upon newly fallen snow made shooting conditions hard enough to satisfy the most particular of our members.

A number of photographs of our club house have been taken, and finished proofs will be forwarded to you as quickly as possible. Inclosed please find scores of target shooting on Jan. 1 and 4 over our traps. The scores of Jan. 1 follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	10	10	Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	10	10
Fletcher	8	13	9	11	Bowden	3
Hunter	8	12	5	13	5	8	..	Gardner	4
A Smyth	7	7	8	12	..	8	..	H V H	6	3	..	8	3	5	..
Crawford	6	11	7	10	5	Dunham	3
Ben It	5	10	4	11	5	4	..	Jones	1	..	5	3
Graham	10	Barlow	0	7	5	3
Upton	8	8	8	10	7	Waterbury ..	7	10	11
Dr Wilson	7	14	8	14	7	9	9	Cline	8	11	7	10
C Brigger	6	11	9	11	5	7	..	A Zalman	1
Dr Hunt	4	9	6	12	..	7	..	F Wilson	6	8	4
J Bowron	8	12	9	8	W Powell	5	5	7
Work	6	..	10								

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No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

THE PROPOSED MAINE LICENSE.

Good reasons may exist for the imposition of a tax on the non-resident sportsmen in Maine, but they are not disclosed in the argument made by the chief advocate of the plan at the meeting of the Maine Sportsmen's Association in Bangor last week. The thread of reasoning in Commissioner Carleton's rambling address is somewhat difficult to follow; there is no presentation of the subject leading to the logical conclusion that a non-resident license would be advantageous; but the grounds upon which he urges the imposition of such a license appear to be these:

First. That the people who come into Maine for their vacation yield in the course of a year a revenue of \$15,000,000; that this prodigious revenue cannot be maintained unless the game shall be better protected; that the Legislature will not make an adequate appropriation, and that the only way then to raise the money is to tax the visiting sportsmen.

Second. That the non-resident license system is in force in numerous other States, therefore it should be adopted by Maine.

Third. That there is a large amount of illegal game killing, and that a license system would provide a warden force to suppress it.

Fourth. That numerous sportsmen now come into the State bringing their own supplies, and paying nothing out to the Maine people. A license tax would extract at least the amount of the license from these visitors for the benefit of Maine citizens.

Fifth. That there are certain non-resident sportsmen who would like to see a license system enforced because it would decrease the number of visiting hunters and there would be more game left for those who did pay the license.

These are the salient points of the argument, which is printed in another column; but the chief note of it all is money—we want money, we must have money, the visiting sportsmen have money and must be made to disgorge money for us.

As to the first argument, we have already pointed out that if visiting sportsmen and tourists leave \$15,000,000 in Maine in a season, the State can well afford to do its own game protection without bleeding the visitors. Mr. Oak put the case in a nutshell when he said:

If we must have it, let us take honest means to obtain it, and not throttle the innocent sportsman and order him to "stand and deliver." Allow me to suggest a course that is legitimate. Let those so zealous for the proposed law, furnish the proofs of their assertion that \$15,000,000 is spent here annually by tourists and sportsmen, and the same Legislature that has heretofore appropriated \$25,000 a year for the department, on the strength of the statement, accompanied by proofs, that four to five million dollars are spent here annually, will appropriate double or triple that amount.

The men composing our legislative bodies are inclined to be reasonable and fair in all matters, and sufficiently wise to realize that a \$75,000 annual expense to maintain a \$15,000,000 annual income is a mere bagatelle.

Even if this estimate of \$15,000,000 be an exaggeration by Mr. Carleton, in order to magnify the importance of his office, and if we throw off say \$10,000,000 and call the revenue \$5,000,000, still under these circumstances it would be business policy for the Legislature of Maine to appropriate all the funds necessary to secure the most perfect attainable protection of the game. It would be money well invested.

Mr. Carleton makes much of the fact that the non-resident license system is in force in many other States, citing among them Arkansas, Missouri, Delaware and the Canadian Provinces; but as to these, either he himself has no clear understanding of their bearing on the Maine question, or else he designs by making an impressive catalogue to gain support for his contention by the sheer weight of the list. Of what conceivable value as a guide to Maine can be the example of Arkansas, for instance, whose non-resident license provision is directed against professional hunters who follow hunting as an avocation, and is in effect employed chiefly for purposes of blackmail by various county authorities? The Maine non-export law now covers the market-hunting phase. Or the Missouri law, which absolutely forbids hunting by non-residents? How does that serve as a guide to Maine, whose desire is to attract sportsmen? Or the Delaware law, which is not a game protective measure, but a relic of the petty sectionalism of old times? Or the Canadian Provincial laws, which set up barriers against Americans as aliens? Is Maine so close to Canada that

its citizens are envious of being ranked as Canadians when it comes to treating citizens of the United States as foreigners?

In support of his argument that the licenses should be imposed to provide a warden force to suppress the large amount of illegal killing, Mr. Carleton avers that in 1901 the number of deer illegally killed was very large, "many estimate them among the thousands," and that there were ninety-six moose illegally killed. To end this carnival of lawlessness, the Commissioner would tax all visiting sportsmen to provide funds for more wardens. If the unlawful killing of deer and moose is as free as he has pictured, and there reigns in the Maine woods such immunity as to encourage the poachers to this extent, it is manifest that the urgent demands of the hour is not for a non-resident license tax, but for a reorganization of the Fish and Game Commission.

A special grievance for which Commissioner Carleton thinks the license would be a remedy is the coming into the State of sportsmen—Western sportsmen in particular—who bring into Maine their own supplies, including "potatoes and baked bread, and who leave scarcely a dollar among our people. Are we any losers thereby?" he plaintively asks, and then adds, "If a small license fee—say of \$20—would keep them away, then in Heaven's name let us have a license fee."

Now that is a sentiment of which a public official of any State in the Union might well be ashamed. How long since has it become a crime for the sportsman to outfit at home and pack his provisions into those distant parts which he has chosen for his hunting country? Have the people of Maine become so greedy and avaricious and clutching and grasping that with an income of \$15,000,000 in a year from the visiting sportsmen they begrudge this party the paltry price of a few potatoes eaten in camp? We do not believe it. We do not believe that Commissioner Carleton truly represents Maine people when he makes them out to be so niggardly as all this. "Are we any losers thereby?" Yes, the people of Maine unquestionably did lose the price of the potatoes, but we trust they have not yet altogether become so mercenary toward sportsmen as to have lost what is worth more than the price of a few potatoes, the spirit of welcome to their grand old woods, a welcome even to the sportsman who has to economize and plan and contrive to make the ends meet.

Now there are very many such sportsmen. Visitors to the Maine woods are not all of the Ziegler type, who can fit out a caravan and retain a retinue of guides, and by lavish expenditures buy them and own them body and soul, and all the game in sight along with them. There is, of course, a multitude of sportsmen who are of the class cited by Mr. Carleton as willing to pay a license fee to make Maine hunting more exclusive; and such men would willingly have a good stiff tax imposed that would keep at home the great majority of deer and moose hunters. But this is not the class whose wishes and tendencies should dominate official actions; nor are they the ones whose influence should prevail with a game commission. The time may come in this country when hunting will be exclusively the expensive privilege of the rich, but we ought all of us to trust and to labor that that day may be yet far distant; and the endeavor and aim of those who are charged with the administration of game protection should be to postpone such a time as far as possible and not to hasten it.

To the multitude of workers who make up the great mass of society, a vacation is an actual necessity; and of all vacations the one spent in the woods is the most refreshing and upbuilding. The expenses involved in an outing are at the best considerable, and it often means a deal of planning and contriving to provide them. The actual effect of Commissioner Carleton's "small license fee—say \$20," would in innumerable cases put the project of a trip to the Maine woods out of the question. The system might yield the money which the Commissioner appears to think justifies the end, but it certainly would be a great hardship on the very people who stand most in need of a breath of the Maine woods.

The North American Fish and Game Protective Association will convene in Burlington, Vt., on Wednesday of next week, Jan. 22, and the Vermont Fish and Game League will attend the Association banquet on Thursday evening.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

Nothing shows more clearly how entirely modern views of sport are founded on sentiment and custom than the widely differing ideas held about it in different parts of the world. Even the signification of the word is unfixed. Originally it seems to have meant to take pleasure in some active way. In America in the early days of the last century a sportsman was a professional gambler. Then a competition of some kind, especially one on which money was staked. Even to-day the New York tough speaking of himself as a "dead game sport," means that he gets drunk, gambles, is ready—if necessary from his point of view—to commit murder. People who bet on horse races, play poker and sometimes drink to excess, are apt rather proudly to call themselves "sporty."

But in these modern days sport, sportsman and sportsmanship have a somewhat different meaning from any of these, and refer chiefly to outdoor recreations, such as shooting, fishing, yachting, mountain climbing and canoeing, conducted in the best and most approved fashion, and after methods which call forth the more manly and higher qualities of the men and women who indulge in them.

With the primitive man, sport, as we use the term, did not exist. He killed game or fish in order to support life. The killing was his business, not his pleasure. It was work, not play. If he journeyed from one point to another, he wished to cover the ground between them as speedily as possible. Sport is an outgrowth of civilization—even of modern civilization—though the lust for blood, and the killing merely for the sake of killing, has always existed and still exists.

In this country the sports of the field at first were practiced chiefly in the Southern States, partly because the settlers there were more pleasure loving than the stern Puritans who settled in New England, and partly because the mild climate during the season when agricultural pursuits could not be carried on fostered the indulgence in shooting, fox hunting and fishing.

On the Continent, in Britain and in the United States, how different the definitions of this word. The Belgian or the Frenchman shoots larks, and other little birds, and proudly terms this "le sport"; the British wildfowler shoots at night, and in wild weather sculls his punt up close to the raft of sleeping ducks, and then turns loose his cannon on them and proudly gathers the slain and shoots over such cripples as he can find; the New England fox hunter, lying in wait behind a stone wall or in a fence corner, shoots with a shotgun the fox which plays before his hounds; the Southern sportsman in headlong pursuit follows on horseback the pack that presses closely on Reynard's heels. Are all these forms of recreation sport? Is any one of them? This must largely be a matter of custom, education, opinion. The Briton sneers as he speaks of the Frenchman's game; the American thinks the British punt shooter a murderer; contempt too deep for words is felt by the Southern fox hunter for him of the North.

A LONG ISLAND DEER PARK.

SENATOR MCKINNEY has introduced in the Senate of the New York Legislature a measure to put into effect a plan originally proposed in these columns, the establishment of a State game preserve on Long Island. The bill provides that the Forest, Fish and Game Commission shall acquire for the State a tract of not less than 5,000 acres in the territory embraced in the towns of Islip, Smithtown, Brookhaven, Riverhead and Southampton, and shall establish this as a State park for the preservation of the forests and the protection and breeding of deer and wild game.

This plan, if put into effect, will provide a refuge for the Long Island deer, and will secure the grateful retention of a bit of wild life near New York. Mr. McKinney should have cordial support. The park is an actual necessity if we are to have any of the wild conditions of Long Island preserved. Once secure in this refuge, the deer supply will multiply at such a rate as to afford material for stocking the hunting grounds of the State, and for this reason the text of the bill which provides that "such park shall forever be reserved and maintained for the free use of all the people, and no game shall be taken therein," might wisely be so amended as to permit the taking of live game by the Game Commission for removal to the other forest preserves belonging to the State.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Aunt Hannah at Home.

AFTER the solemn and depressing air of the black forest the light and life of the open hardwood growth seemed doubly grateful, though the frost still clung to the leaves and made difficult still-hunting in the open beech woods. I was not out for meat, however, but rather in search of rest by way of a day's easy-going on the ridge.

Four days in the "blow-down" after the elusive bull moose had about worn out my hot desire for moose meat. During those four days we had seen eleven moose, counting them regardless of age and sex. Only two of these were desirable bulls, but neither of them offered anything like a possible shot. Another was a small horned three-year-old, which I declined to make my choice, preferring to wait for a shot at a big bull. The moose we had seen had given us plenty of diversion, and what we saw and learned was worth the long hours' hard trailing and the exhaustive labor in the blow-down, the cedar swamps and the boggy ash swales.

Among other things we learned was the call the cow moose gives when separated from her calf. Still more interesting was the cry of the youngster when mamma had gone away and left him alone confronted by two big male humans.

The latter cry we had practiced, also the mother's call, so that my hunting companion, who can imitate or call almost any animal or bird in the North Woods, was able on several occasions to so confuse the young moose that they would run directly from their anxious parent and to cause the old moose to give voice to loud and solicitous calls, all of which was carefully noted and stored away for future use.

On the ridge the ripened beech nuts were attracting such an array of interesting birds and animals that a day among them was better than reading volumes by the best writers about our feathered and furred neighbors of the forest.

The birds and small four-footed folks seemed grateful for the warm sunshine, and there was already considerable noise and motion in the trees and among the dry leaves, where the beechnuts had fallen. I was casting about for a comfortable seat where I might sit a few hours and watch the gathering of the harvest. Birch buds and beechnuts were plentiful, and just beyond, in the edge of the black growth, spruce buds were to be gathered. Half a dozen dead snags nearby were crowded with sundry succulent worms and toothsome bugs, which were an attraction for the hungry woodpecker folk.

Having found the right spot I was about to climb up to an inviting seat on the leaning fork of a yellow birch, when I heard hasty footsteps in the leaves behind me, and then the crack of a dry limb, broken, it seemed, beneath the weight of a careless hunter. I turned, and there, 60 yards away, just outside the edge of the black growth, stood an immense moose. Instinctively the rifle was raised, and the white jack sight sought and steadied down on the broad foreshoulder of the great animal. Firm and easy the rifle covered the game, and the hunt was practically finished. I had time to think it over, and the train of thought was somewhat like this: "It's too easy; a shame to take such a shot; isn't it unsportsmanlike to 'slam' him without some warning? But then I've hunted hard and faithfully for five days, and I've refused to shoot twice because the moose were not up to the caliber I needed. Now that the goddess of the hunt has sent this noble quarry to me what awful fate might be mine if I refused it." Then I thought how easy it would be to "jumper" out a moose from here—not a tree to cut nor a yard of woods to be swamped—it was like driving him into the camp yard. It was too easy indeed.

All this time—thirty seconds—the moose was standing partially concealed by a combination of birch and maple trees, browsing on a tall winter beach bush. The height of the nose from the ground made me conclude that it must have been the largest moose that ever indiscreetly came out of the blow-down to browse in the glare of the sun on an open ridge.

I waited to see his magnificent antlers. One step forward would disclose them, and I was determined to feast my eyes on his magnificent proportions before the final shot. I was coolly watching him through my Lyman receiver sight, both eyes open and the white bead was still resting steadily on the chosen fatal spot. One step forward and all would be over. He was moving. With sighting eye close to the rifle, a firm grasp and a pressure on the trigger steady and cumulative. I waited but a second, and then I saw plainly that the head of my moose was as hornless as a July jackrabbit. Down went rifle, hammer, heart and hopes. I recovered quickly. She was a magnificent cow, and here was a good opportunity to watch her and, perchance, learn something of moose habits.

As she stepped around briskly, nipping small limbs from the winter beach, she took no apparent precautions as to noise, nor did she seem to be on the alert, as are the deer, caribou and bull moose when feeding. This may or may not have been due to the fact that she had been on this range and had lived unmolested all her life. For hours at a time I have watched caribou on the summit of Mt. Katahdin as they pawed away the snow and fed on the tender mosses that grow there, and they apparently relaxed all vigilance while feeding there. In the lowlands the caribou have, in most cases, been in a hurry to reach some distant point. On only one occasion have I been able to watch a caribou feeding in the lowlands. Some of the cow moose we saw this fall were instantly alarmed and ran like frightened rabbits; others went away slowly and in a more dignified manner.

I at once determined to make the most of this opportunity. A minute later I found that another combination of trees screened the cow, and I began the tortuous work of creeping nearer to her. The leaves were still crisp and noisy, and under them were twigs and dry limbs waiting to cry out a warning.

Slowly and with infinite care the moccasined foot was lowered in the leaves, and if a twig was felt a new place had to be tried. Sometimes it took a full minutes to go

a yard. It took ten minutes to work over to the open space, where I expected to see the cow. When that spot was gained, no cow was visible. She had apparently taken alarm and silently slipped away in the black growth near at hand. In my disappointment all vigilance was relaxed, and with little hopes of detaining the cow or getting another glimpse of her, I gave the call we had heard the calves give when seeking their mother.

This cry resembled no other sound I have heard in the woods. It is an explosive, and is somewhat like the bark a large dog gives when suddenly alarmed. Written, it would be something like "Bouah!" and the calf gives it three times in quick succession, and after a brief pause adds another more emphatic "Bwah!"

In this bark, however, there is much expression, and we could usually detect the fear and anxiety of the calf and then note the reassuring or impatient reply of the mother. The sounds the cow gave voice to were never harsh or unmusical, though in the call to her young there was none of the seductive melody heard in her long-drawn-out love song early in October.

As I uttered the last note or bark in my attempt to imitate the distressed call of the calf, I saw the cow lying in a small depression not 30 feet away. As she heard my cry she paid me the very flattering tribute of merely laying back one ear and continuing to chew her cud much as a barnyard bossie would do.

I instantly stood stock still, so did my heart. My stalk had been alarmingly successful. She might have heard my heart thump when it again resumed its functions. Lying with her back and foreshoulders toward me, she was so foreshortened that I first took her to be a calf or a yearling, but the gray along her ridge pole showed her to be a grown-up lady, and not a small one either. A small dead juniper tree was directly between me and her eye.

Standing perfectly still, I watched her for a full minute, then she moved her head forward a few inches, as if to change her range of vision, and her eye was full on me. Believing that the slightest movement on my part would start her wildly leaping from her bed, I froze in my tracks. It seemed a full minute before she looked away, and my desire to relax was irresistible. I enjoyed a brief respite before the cow again turned her head and again looked long and steadily at me. She seemed to be wondering how that stump came there, and trying to recall whether it had been there when she laid down.

It was the guess: "Maybe Injun; maybe stump;" and her conclusion seemed to be, "Guess stump." That ended her observation for the time, and I slowly and painfully worked back a yard and sat down on a small log.

It is my belief that deer and moose are deficient in the discrimination of colors. On several occasions I have sat and watched deer, and have had them stare steadily at me at short range, and never detect me or realize the supposed danger of the proximity of man. On these occasions I have worn a mackinaw coat of fearful and wonderful pattern and color scheme. The colors are chiefly yellow, red, blue and gray, plentifully interspersed with fir balsam gum, ashes, clay and other honest stains incidental to life near to nature and the earth. True, these colors are all of the autumn woods, the sky and the trees, but nothing but reckless man could have made such a blending of colors or lack of blending colors as there is in that mackinaw suit. But that cow moose laid there calmly chewing her fine-cut, and surveyed that coat, and finally guessed it was a stump. She was not exceptionally stupid, for other moose, deer and various small animals, and even a few birds, have done the same, the animals seeming to rely on motion or scent to tell them of danger.

They all note smoke quickly, and are uniformly alarmed at the thinnest puff. I found, however, that black mittens were at once looked on with suspicion.

Just what sort of a stump that moose figured it out to be will probably remain a secret locked in her bosom. Possibly the cedar chips and spruce spills in my whiskers aided the illusion, though it was an unconscious deception.

After being seated, I underwent another brief careless scrutiny, and stood the ordeal better. Watch in hand, I timed the cow's chews, and noted that she cut her spearhead seventy-three chews per minutes. This information is given freely to science. Sometime I hope to make other observations for comparison. She may have been nervous, and consequently masticating over-hastily.

Aunt Hanna lay basking in the warm sunlight only a few minutes before she was discovered by the inevitable red squirrel. He was as much exercised over his discovery as if she was the first cow moose ever seen on the range.

"Hey, fellers!" he screamed, "come and see what's eatin' all the beechnuts! Br-r-rrrrr-chut-chut-chut, quee, quee, quee!" and with unparalleled impudence he leaped on the juniper tree above the moose's head and began heaping epithets on her. Auntie never noticed him, and after a few minutes, he left off and began his labors of hiding beechnuts where he would probably never find them.

In a few seconds he worked over where he saw me, and he seemed to choke with rage. He started to scream, but gulped it down, leaped on a projecting limb and pressed his right hand over his heart to stop its thumping while he listened so intently that he must have heard my limited ticket expiring. Then he sat up and pressed both hands on his chest and listened again. Satisfied that I was making all the noise in the woods, he swelled his cheeks in anger, while his eyes flashed vengeance. First he patted softly on the limb with his forefeet, then more emphatically with his hindfeet, and then did a hornpipe with all four feet, all the while chittering and gnashing his teeth and making as much noise as a steam sawmill.

"Here's the cr-r-reature who stole all the beechnuts on the ridge," he shrieked wildly, "come on, boys, let's skin 'im and eat 'im alive."

That was what he had threatened to do with Auntie, and emulating her dignified example, I sat still and let the bloodthirsty monster wear out his rage.

The cow paid not the slightest attention to all this row, but went on in her silent rumination.

When the red pirate had gone away, a gorby (Canada jay), soft of voice and sad-eyed, came down and perched near the moose, and after looking us both over, whistled

softly, but gave no word of warning to the moose; no sign of encouragement to me. Then he flew silently away toward the black forest.

Not so with his quarrelsome blue playmate, who flew over, wheeled and came down with noisy flutter and alighted with ostentation about four feet above my eyes. Good-by, peaceful scene, was my conclusion.

The bluejay sat eyeing me sharply for a minute, his crest erect and aggressive. Then he smoothed down his war bonnet and settled his feathers and smiled in a friendly way, as if to say, "Now, old chap, let's be friends."

I sat perfectly quiet. This passive attitude he received as an affront. After fidgeting for a moment, he looked at the moose, then at me. His war bonnet was again erected, feathers fluffed up, and an air of battle pervaded the scene.

"Cheeay! Assassin! Murderer and robber of birds' nests. I'll pick you to a frazzle in two seconds. D'ye hear me?"

This was too much. Aunt Hannah stopped chewing her spearhead and looked about inquiringly for a moment, then, after a glance at the jay that plainly said, "Imbecile bird," resumed her siesta.

"I'll bring my gang, and we'll do you up in two rounds! Cheeay, yeeay!" and over the treetops he fluttered, only to forget us the moment he saw another opportunity for a quarrel.

After a monotonous period of waiting, I decided to have some action. A mild shuffling in the leaves failed to attract the moose's attention. Taking a small dry limb, I broke it with a sharp snap. The cow's left ear went back. Another break; right ear back; third break, chewing ceased.

The cow turned her head toward the black growth put both her ears forward and gazed intently into the gloomy depths. Presently she resumed her former attitude and ruminations. Two minutes I waited, casting about for some method of arousing the moose from her reverie without alarming her.

Suddenly she made a great leap forward, clearing about 10 feet at a bound, and coming directly toward me. Then I, too, made a great leap, but not forward. Retreating quickly, I found my inclination was to raise the hammer of my rifle. The cow stopped within 20 feet of me and looked me over. At first she took me for a lumber camp hunter, and had visions of her parts decorating the interior of a lumber camp pork barrel. A second glance must have showed her that I lacked that sleek, well-groomed appearance that lumber camp hunters affect. Then she got angry. The hair on her neck bristled and stood on end; so did mine. Her eyes were wide and staring; so were mine. Her heart was beating violently; mine too. Her manner plainly said, "Young feller, I can kick the wadding out of you, and for two bites of moosewood bark I'd do it, too."

My outward attitude was, "Old cow, I could throw you on your back in two seconds, and if it wasn't for your lacking horns I'd carry you down the bark road on my shoulders."

It was a game of pure bluff. The moose turned her head toward the black growth; I followed her gaze, but could see nothing there. She took a quick step toward me, and things were looking bad. To have retreated further would have been to have left the only good climbing tree I could find, beside it might have meant ignominious flight, and possible pursuit, and there was real danger in that.

I decided to open conversation with her to try my powers of persuasion. "Where are you going?" I asked in a voice that I did not recognize. Perhaps I would have added, "my pretty maid," but my throat was too dry for further utterance. I wanted to telephone Mr. Carleton to come and get his cow before she got into trouble.

The moose stopped at the first word, turned her head disdainfully aside, but watched me narrowly with one red and gleaming eye. She walked slowly away a dozen paces, and my heart came back into my chest with a thump. When she stepped on the dry leaves she made scarcely a sound. Her movements were a revelation in still-hunting. She stepped over every limb and twig, never a sound from her as she moved quickly but gracefully and silently, away. She stopped and stood for some seconds about 35 yards away, and presented a most magnificent sight. I cannot describe her. Take Carl Rungius' "Alert," remove antlers and bell, substitute light, hardwood growth for the more sombre background, and you have her. Tall of withers, magnificent proportions, head high in the air, and power, freedom and fearlessness in every curve. Her long back and heavy shoulders were superbly moulded, her rounded buttocks as fair of line as a racing yacht. Built for speed, and power, and yet how gracefully and quickly she could move, with none of that knock-kneed, wobbly look the captive moose all appear to have. She was a thoroughbred, and seemed to realize it. I wanted my camera, and felt like bending the rifle around a tree.

The cow moved away, circling toward the black growth noiselessly, never failing to watch me closely, yet there was no apparent fear, no precipitate flight. Near the edge of the black growth I stopped her with a call. Then I tried a call for the calf, which I hoped to bring out into the open growth, but he was too wise and made no reply. At this call the cow seemed to waver for a moment, looking back at me, then she plunged into the gloomy woods, and I heard a great crashing as she heedlessly forced her way through the forest, breaking great dead limbs and snags in her flight.

Quarter of a mile away, her trail showed where she had been joined by the calf, and together they were traveling in a long, swinging trot southward toward the safety of the blow-down.

At this season (early part of November), the cow moose and bulls were not likely to be found together. The cows with their calves were ranging in the open, while the bulls stayed close to or actually inside the blow-down. I saw two bulls together on Nov. 1, and found where both of them had been rubbing their horns on small fir trees. From a point 3 feet from the ground up to a point 8 or 9 feet high all the bark had been scraped off the trees.

The larger bull had made some deep abrasions in the

fir, and some of the scratches on the tree were nearly 10 feet from the ground.

A word about the blow-down: A few years ago a hurricane swept over that section of Maine designated on the map as "2, Range 7." From a point near the east side of the East Branch of the Penobscot River, near Deer Island, five miles above Grindstone Falls, to a point five miles directly east the hurricane cut a swath from three-quarters of a mile to a mile and a half wide.

The great destruction wrought by the storm can only be realized by viewing the scene. But if you want to see it, my advice would be to charter a balloon. The main blow-down is fringed on either side by minor blow-downs, which are calculated to deceive the unwary hunter and lure him on to the greater hardship of the main jungle. Trees, large and small, are laid in great tangled masses, and interwoven with them are saplings and second growth poplars and birches, and an undergrowth of briars and vines. Here all the game, large and small, that inhabit the Maine woods, are to be found, but don't go there hunting for them.

FRANK E. WOLFE.

Game and Hunting in Merry England.

It is yet early spring, but here in Taunton Vale, in the south of England, the hawthorn hedges, crowned with fragrant bloom, are white as banks of snow in sunshine. So closely are the branches interwoven that the song birds can hardly find a nesting place among them, but yet from many a little opening come the twitterings of the babes in the nest, while high up in the cloudless sky the lark pours out his wondrous melody, and the goldfinch is singing blithely among the willows on the banks of Tone. The primrose and daisies nestle close against the hedge, and cover all its base with color, filling the air with delicate perfume; and the buttercups are here, too, with their gleam of gold, and on the lower ground beside the water the Canterbury bells and the lilies of the valley. Here in this opening through the hedge the hares and rabbits go in and out from grain field to meadow, and the fox's cub is now peeping out, but seeing me, draws back his pointed nose and runs off to his burrow under the hill. Everywhere is melody and perfume—the air vibrates with bird songs, and the green fields are dotted over with grazing sheep. Down yonder by the brook, where the trout are leaping from the water after the cloud of many-colored flies that hover it, a pathway leads on to the little wayside inn, where I have spent many happy evenings listening to the keeper's tales of midnight adventures with poachers on the great preserves. On the stile that crosses the hedge, under the shade of the great elms, sit two lovers—he is only a shepherd lad and she a dairy maid, but both seem quite as happy as any lord and lady in all the realm of merry England; and why should they not be? Do wealth and titles bring happiness, or coronets heal broken hearts? No, verily; it is youth and love and ruddy health, with all our dreams of future pleasures yet before us in their unclouded beauty—they may all pass away like the glories of the morning, and disappointment darken all the years to come, but the shepherd lad on the stile beside his sweetheart is happier than a king. There is a loud whirr of wings in the air above me; it is only the flight of a golden pheasant from the open fields, where he has been feeding, to the great fir woods of the game preserve. But here in this hazel thicket is a dead hare, caught in a gin, and yonder, under the hedge, among the ferns, I caught a glimpse a moment ago of the brown velvet of a game-keeper's sleeve. He is watching for the poacher to come to get the hare. I pass on down the hedge, book in hand, and he takes no notice; he knows me well, and has told me many a story of gipsy poachers, over a bottle of ale, at the wayside inn. But yonder comes a great, slouching, ragged ruffian, peering uneasily from side to side. He cannot see me, for I have stepped behind a gorse bush all ablaze with golden bloom. He creeps on slowly toward the gin; now he sees the dead hare in the trap and seizes it, and the under-keeper, gun in hand, bounds from his hiding place, and the culprit, cowed and unresisting, is led away to stand his trial before the 'squire and then serve out the sentence that is sure to follow in the county jail.

No other country in the world possesses game birds and animals of the chase in such abundance as England. Stags, fallow deer, otters, foxes, hares and rabbits abound everywhere, and, notwithstanding the fact that they have been hunted for a thousand years and more, so carefully have they been protected by the sporting gentry that their numbers appear to increase rather than to become diminished. Fine packs of stag, otter, fox and beagle hounds are kept in every county, not to mention harriers, pointers, setters, spaniels, greyhounds, and the many different breeds of terriers, and other hunting dogs. Legislative protection, together with the systematic and scientific methods employed in the rearing and preservation of game, have always kept England well supplied with game birds and animals of the chase, which the aristocratic sportsman loves to shoot in the coverts, or follow on spirited hunter over meadow and moorland, leaping gates, hedges, dykes and streams with a reckless disregard of danger that would amaze the rough riders of the West. And the ladies, too, join in the mad race with equal zest and courage, and at the inspiring cry of "Tally-ho!" or "Hark away!" urge on their hunters over every thing that bars the way, and are quite often the first in at the death. It takes fifty-two hounds to make a pack in England. Then, too, the great preserves are filled with pheasants, grouse and woodcock, upon which the noble sportsmen love to turn their guns during the shooting season. The guns are loaded and handed to them by the keepers, and are fired so rapidly that the preserve is soon filled with dead and dying birds. These are all collected by the keepers, and those not intended for the master's table or as presents for his friends, are distributed among his tenants.

The Ground Game Act provides that the tenant farmer shall be entitled to all the hares and rabbits found on the farm; but the landlord generally informs him

that he must either let them alone or give up the land. The right to carry a gun in England costs a man a half pound, and to kill game with it adds four pounds more. The game-keepers are true and trusty, and perfectly familiar with the haunts and habits of every wild animal on the preserves. They know where the she fox has her burrow, and the pheasant her nest, and they wage unceasing war against all crows and magpies, which eat the eggs, and weasels, stoats and polecats, which destroy the young of hares, rabbits and all game birds. Owls, too, are fond of all the young things under the keeper's care; and he sets steel traps on the tops of poles, where these birds of the darkness are almost sure to alight, and as the trap is of circular form, and covers over the top of the post, it is not noticed, and many are taken in this way and nailed up with other depredators in the keeper's museum. The domestic cat is an incorrigible poacher, and is shot by the keepers whenever found trespassing on the preserves. Foxes also destroy a great deal of game; but their depredations must be endured with patience, as they are far too valuable to the gentlemen of the hunt, to be in any way molested, and they are indeed always most carefully protected by the game-keeper and his assistants.

If the poultry of the tenant farmer is carried off by foxes, it is always paid for by the members of the hunt. The pheasant is the most beautiful and highly prized of all the game birds of Great Britain; was originally a native of the banks of the River Phasis, in Asia Minor, was brought to Europe by the Greeks, and introduced into England by the Romans; and though countless generations of these splendid birds have been bred in aviaries, they have never been domesticated, and if given a chance of liberty gladly fly away to the woods and coverts. The hen pheasant is a poor mother, and rarely rears a fair-sized brood from the fifteen or eighteen eggs she lays in April. These are of a uniform olive-brown color, and nearly spherical in shape. Any one finding a pheasant's nest and reporting it to the keeper receives from him a shilling; and all the eggs that are found are hatched under domestic hens of some of the smaller breeds; and for this purpose all the broody ones that can be had among the neighboring farmers are brought up and kept in aviaries, ready to be set on pheasants' eggs. The hens are set in coops in the open fields, little walks being always left between the rows, and branches of yew and fir trees spread around them on the ground, for the young birds to shelter under.

These are fed on rabbit meat, boiled with eggs, and meal, and when weaned are almost tamed, but soon become quite wild and fly away to the preserves and coverts. Sometimes pure white pheasants are seen, and are remarkably beautiful birds; but no effort has ever been made, I believe, to breed them true to color. The largest pheasant in the world is the property of King Edward VII. at Sandringham, where from 500 to 600 hens are kept in the most perfect and costly aviaries ever built in any country.

Pheasants roost at night in trees, and crow not unlike the young male chicken. They fly with great rapidity, but cannot prolong their flight to any great distance; and while many may be lost to the lord of the manor by flying away to some neighboring preserve, he will probably gain as many in return from other owners. The gipsies that wander everywhere up and down the green secluded lanes of England, are the most inveterate poachers in the kingdom. They are quite as well skilled in woodcraft and forest lore as the most experienced and observing keeper, and are successful, bold and cunning. They can closely imitate the cry of any animal, and are experts in the making of traps and the setting of wires; they know how to cover a hedgehog over with clay and thus escape annoyance from his spines, and then bake him in an oven on the hot coals of their camp-fires. When out at night on poaching expeditions they are generally accompanied by lurchers—cross-bred dogs resembling a mongrel greyhound, having pricked ears, a shaggy coat and usually of a yellowish white color. They are very fleet and always hunt in silence; they are thoroughly trained, will immediately conceal themselves on the approach of a stranger, and are excellent retrievers, carrying every hare and rabbit they may catch to their master, and laying it down at his feet. Rabbits are caught by poachers by spreading nets before their burrows, then the lurchers are sent out to drive them in; many becoming entangled in the meshes of the net are taken before they can extricate themselves and escape. Hares are frequently captured in the same way, only the nets are then stretched before the gates and gaps in the hedges, and as a hare will weigh from 10 to 14 pounds, and is of excellent flavor, it is more sought after by poachers than any other animal on the preserves.

These trespassers when out on their raids at night keep out scouts and sentinels, to watch the keepers, and give warning of their approach. The danger signal—always agreed upon among themselves before setting out—may be the closely imitated cry of some night bird, the barking of a fox or the bleating of a lamb. When discovered by the keepers, and unable to escape by flight, they try to conceal themselves behind hedges, at the bottom of ditches, or among the thick foliage of some evergreen tree. Sometimes, however, desperate battles are fought, and they are either killed or kill the keepers.

I was sitting in the little parlor of the wayside inn one evening, talking to John Hunter, head keeper to Lord Talbot, of Castle Tone, County Somerset. "And so you are going over seas to teach in America," he said. "Well, I am sorry that we are to lose you here. I heard his lordship say after he came back from the grand tour, 'That a man may travel far before he sees a finer bit of old earth's crust than Taunton Vale.'"

"And he was quite right, Hunter," I replied. "I do not expect to find a finer; but wages are better there than here; so I have decided to sail next week and try my luck in the Great Republic. But before we part, tell me another of your adventures with the poachers."

"Well, Master James," he answered, "I have told you about all, I believe, that would interest you, unless it were about how I came to get my wife."

"Tell me it, by all means, Hunter," I exclaimed, eagerly, for he was better educated than most of his class in England, and told a story well.

"I was only an under-keeper then," he continued, "and was having a deal of trouble with the poachers. Many soldiers from the Vale had served their time in India, and other foreign lands, and came home again—some as noble fellows as ever followed the fife and drum to battle, and others reckless, idle and dissipated. Some of them married, but would not work, and trespassed on my lord's preserves, and kept all us keepers busy every night. One we killed, and several were captured, and we were beginning to hope that the worst of it was over. A poor widow, whose husband was killed in the Zulu war, where the Prince of France lost his life, was living on the estate, and her daughter Mary was a splendid girl, and I was in love with her, but she was shy, and I could never meet her where we two could be alone together—just seemed to always keep out of my way, you see. Well, one night I was out on the preserve down by the brook, sir, at the eastern border, when I heard a game cock crow not far away. You know, I believe, Master James, that the male pheasant is a most pugnacious bird, and always ready for a battle, night or day; so the poachers take a fighting cock with them sometimes, and when he crows the pheasant will answer him and fly down from his roost, and as he is no match for the cock, armed as he always is on these forages with sharp steel gaffs; he is soon killed and slipped into the poacher's bag. Well, I had been creeping silently all the time toward the spot, and presently I heard the cock crow again. 'Curse you,' I was thinking to myself, 'if I don't wring your neck and march your thieving master off to Castle Tone before you are much older my name is not John Hunter. Strange it is,' I mused, that such rubbish come safely home from war, while their betters fall in battle.' Just then, sir, I peeped out through the bushes, which concealed me, and as the young moon was shining faintly through the hazy clouds, and there were a few stars in the sky, I could make out objects quite distinctly some distance from me, and now what do you suppose I saw?"

"A worthless soldier home from wars he never fought in, John, or a vagabond gipsy poacher," I answered.

"No, Master James," he replied, "it was my sweetheart, Mary, the widow's daughter, standing there with the gamecock on her hand! In a moment I was at her side. She did not scream or try to run away; only stood there weeping. 'Now, my lass,' I said, laughing, 'you go with me either to the parson or the 'squire—make your choice.' But she only wept the more and begged me not to tell his lordship; said her mother was very sick and could eat nothing in the house, and that she had borrowed the gamecock, and was trying to get a pheasant for her. Well, I took her home, and before we got there we were promised to each other, and next morning I told his lordship all about it, except that I wanted to marry the lass. It was just at the beginning of the shooting season, and the castle was filled with guests, and my lord was a little flushed with wine. 'You are an honest fellow, Hunter,' he said, 'and 'tis a d—m shame that the poor woman should be sick and in want, for her husband died for old England. Well, we will see what can be done,' and he walked away to join a party of noblemen who were going down to the stables to see the horses. Well, directly I heard shouts of laughter, and the master saying, 'By Jove, Lord George! that's just the thing,' and then he called me to them. 'Hunter,' he said, 'you will go to the butler, and tell him from me to have a hamper filled with food, with half a dozen bottles of wine, sent with my compliments, to the widow Wilson. Then go there yourself and say that Dr. Williams will call this evening, and tell that little poacher that I must see her immediately.' Well, Master James, I went away wondering to myself what it all meant. Mary was badly frightened when I told her what his lordship's orders were, and began to cry, but her mother comforted her, and bade her go and see what the master's pleasure was. Well, when we came near the castle a great group of noblemen came down to meet us and escorted us into the great dining hall. Then his lordship arose and said, 'My lords and gentlemen, I want your opinions on matters of grave import. Here before you is one of my serving maids that was taken on my preserve at midnight with a gamecock on her hand trying to lure my pheasants to their deaths; and here is one of my under keepers that has been neglecting his duties, and instead of capturing poachers, as in honor bound, has been guarding them safely home; and is it for the glory of old England that young men and maidens should wander together about the fields and forests at the solemn midnight hour?' 'No! by Jupiter Ammon!' cried young Lord George Fenwick, springing to his feet. 'Such things are not to be tolerated, unless we want to bring the fair fabric of our empire in ruins upon our heads. I can see no way out of this sea of trouble except the culprits marry, and I will give £5 to help start them housekeeping. What say you all, my lords, and gentlemen?' 'There is no other way, Lord George,' they said, 'and we each give £5 as a wedding present.' 'Well, the matter is settled then, and the marriage ceremony will be celebrated in this hall at precisely 8 o'clock,' said Lord Talbot; and so it was, Master James, with great festivities."

JAMES M. MCCANN,

The Juicy Season.

De rabbit run
From the white man gun,
(Come down on dat trigger!)
De possum say,
"I gone terday—
I mus' hide out f'um dat nigger!"

Fer hit's good times now in Georgy,
In de country en de town;
'Taters in de ashes,
En possum bakin' brown!

De turkey say:
"Who come my way,
En knock at de henhouse do?
I mus' roos' ez high
Ez de big blue sky,
Or de nigger got me sho'!"

Fer hit's good times now in Georgy,
In de country en de town;
Take yo' place en say yo' grace,
Fer de turkey gettin' brown!

—Atlanta Constitution.

A Tennessee Outing.—IV.

My appetite had steadily improved with outdoor life, and was now only subservient to actual capacity.

My companion of the afternoon wondered, and yet the wonder grew, as I ate one after another bountiful help, and finally proceeded to give me full and explicit directions for finding him if his services were required during the night. But his fears regarding my comfort were groundless, for many a night have I suffered more discomfort from a tea of crackers and milk—"when chained to business"—than I did that night literally stuffed with hog and hominy, after a day afield.

Apropos of the subject, but—per contra—I recall an experience of my friend the Doctor, related that evening as we sat around the fire. It was beechwood that night, and the fire purred and sang until it reminded me of a pack of hounds in the distance, and that reminded the Doctor of a fox hunt he had taken part in when a boy, that had to do with nearly everything but a fox, and yet was interesting and amusing to others. This is the story, as I remember it, and it loses much for want of the earnestness of the narrator to whom the experience yet remained a very vivid memory, though years had passed by since the events occurred.

"Some young fellows in my neighborhood had arranged for a grand fox hunt on Thanksgiving Day, and in order to reach the rendezvous on time, it was necessary for me to start from home by 3 o'clock, A. M. Excited, and busy with my preparations, I ate scarcely any supper the night before, and made no preparations for breakfast, or a lunch to carry with me.

We covered much ground, but found no fox to chase, and about noon—tired, cold, and almost starved, I found myself near the little town of Jonesville. Riding into the village I stabled my horse and started for the tavern to get dinner, when out of a store, and almost into my arms hurried old 'Squire West, a warm friend of my family and a prominent citizen of the little town.

"Why, how-dye, Jim," said he, shaking my hand most cordially. "How are all the folks?"

"I returned his salutation and replied to his questions briefly as possible, for the tavern bell was ringing for dinner, and I was hungry enough to fight a dog for his bone.

"Come on now," he then said, "I am just starting home to dinner, and you must go with me."

"He was a good provider, and his wife a famous housekeeper, and I would have given my horse for a chance at the Thanksgiving dinner he would have, but I recalled the fact that he had four pretty daughters, all young and full of mischief, of whom I stood in mortal terror, and after hemming and hawing for a bit, I glibly assured him that I would be ever so glad to go, but that I had eaten dinner and must soon start for home.

"Then he expressed his regrets and left me, and I realized that my chance for a dinner was gone, as he would certainly know if I dined at the tavern, and be deeply offended. I all but cried.

I had promised to spend the night with some cousins, eight or ten miles out in the country; so giving my horse a good feed, and devoutly hoping that they would have an early supper, I set forth on my long, cold ride. Arriving at the house, I found that they were entertaining some friends, and the party had just left the dinner table as I rode up.

"There were several young people, and among them, to my dismay, I noticed two of my friend 'Squire West's daughters, the fear of whom had cost me my dinner at Jonesville.

"My aunt welcomed me cordially, and insisted on my having some dinner; but, added to my embarrassment at receiving the invitation in the presence of the large assembly of guests, was the thought that the Misses West might tell of my dining there, and cause the hospitable old 'Squire to become offended; so, although I was positively ravenous, I determined to try to hold out until supper.

"My aunt must have thought me unusually appreciative of kindness, for there were real tears in my eyes as I thanked her, and declined her invitation, on the plea of having dined.

"It was a jolly crowd of young folks, and they made the old house ring with their games that afternoon, but the only real interest I could feel was in the passing hours.

"It did seem as though the day would never end and supper time come. I was savagely hungry, and could think of nothing but something to eat.

"Finally, toward dusk, one of the boys started to the barn to look after the feeding of the stock, and, excusing myself, I accompanied him.

"What time do we have supper, Tom?" I asked, as soon as we got out, hoping that my effort to appear unconcerned was a success.

"Supper," said he, "Oh, we don't have supper at all, just two meals a day now is our rule. Hope you are not getting hungry, for I saw the cook skin out for home right after dinner, and she lives five miles away, and will not give us an early breakfast to-morrow."

"Getting hungry!"

"Suffering Moses! I was hungry enough to eat raw dog."

"I was growing weak with hunger, and could not so much as look forward to an early breakfast next morning, and it was now too late to start for home, or for any friend's house where they did have supper.

"I tried to tell my cousin that I was not much hungry—which was the truth, for that adjective did not, by any means, describe my condition—and leaving him, rather unceremoniously, returned to the house, hoping for an opportunity of seeing my aunt alone, determined to tell her that as I had dined early, a bit of a lunch would be acceptable, but she was settled down, apparently for the evening, with her guests, and bashfulness prevented my approaching her with a request that I knew would provoke the young people's mirth.

"Nearly all the guests were to spend the night at the house, and have a real, old-fashioned Thanksgiving evening, so there was nothing for it but to grit my teeth and tough it out until next morning.

"At some time during the horrors of the interminable evening aunt raised my hopes by asking, generally: 'Don't you all want a bite to eat? We can find something

cold.' I choked off, with a pretended cough, the shout of assent that nearly escaped me, and then waited in breathless anxiety for the others to answer. After a moment's silence, which I fervently hoped would be taken as an indication of the affirmative, a fat little old lady replied: 'Why, no, indeed! We certainly don't need anything more to eat to-day after we have all had a big Thanksgiving dinner, and so late as we ate, too.' And not a protest was offered against this dictum.

"I hope no one noticed the look I cast upon that fat, well fed old lady, as thus she snatched away the last chance of succor from me—poor, starving wretch that I was—for there was foul murder in my breast. I felt fully willing and able to kill, cook and eat her on the spot.

"That the evening dragged on, and my pangs of hunger steadily increased, is about all I remember, until bedtime came, when one of the young ladies brought in a plate of cake, small slices, and cut thin. I wolfishly watched it go round, and grow less, and was almost beside myself with rage when the fat old party that had killed my hopes of a cold lunch, helped herself to two slices. Three little, thin sheets was all that reached me, and as others remained unserved—and were watching me—one was all I got.

The restless sleep that visited me that night was broken often, and each awakening dragged me away from a table groaning with its load of good things to eat.

"I was one of the first to answer the summons to breakfast, and if I live to be a thousand years old, will never forget the taste of the turkey hash and corn batter cakes. You may talk about the rest cure for stomach troubles, but my opinion is that such treatment is at the expense of the morals.

"I am fully convinced of a literal dual existence. John is two men. John, well fed, is one, and John, hungry, the other.

"You well fed, moral John, put yourself in the place of the John demoralized by hunger, and your charity will extend even to the chicken thief."

I had thought that I would not tell about old Jack's fall from grace, but as my last day was one of those off days—the kind when a fellow misses the difficult shot, and cannot hit the easy ones—and as the dog was really lacking in the sympathy that I sorely needed, and actually seemed to think my wretched shooting intentional, will just serve him right by telling on him.

It occurred on the Sabbath following the rainy Saturday that we burned out the chimney, as related heretofore.

On our arrival we had found the premises guarded by a shepherd dog, an old, battle-scarred veteran. He seemed a dear, good old fellow, and in youth was probably a handsome and useful collie, but age had roughened his coat, stiffened his joints and dimmed the brightness of his eye. He still thought himself some dog, and grew quite chesty whenever Jack came near. I have always spoken of Jack as essentially gentle, and so he was, generally. A cross word to him was what a blow was to other dogs, and a real scolding all but broke his heart. For several days I watched well to see that the rough old shepherd did not act rudely toward my gentle dog. All went well until the memorable Sabbath in question. The minister dined with us, and there was other company. Jack was chained to the handle of a small trunk in an alcove of the porch, between the sitting and dining rooms. After dinner I brought him a plate of table scraps, and found the shepherd lying a short distance away on the porch, looking rather cross.

Putting the plate down by Jack I ordered Shep away, and watched him until he got to the far end of the porch. I then went into the sitting room and joined the pleasant circle round the fire. Exactly what happened between the two dogs in the next few moments history does not relate.

We were all brought up standing by a din that even the preacher styled infernal. Rushing to the door to save dear, gentle old Jack from any rough treatment, we found that "gentle" Jack had retired, for the time being, and had been succeeded by a fighting dog that was simply a holy terror.

Over and over, like an enraged tom cat, he was going, shaking the shepherd like a rat, being fast to his throat. Every few seconds his hold would break, but before the other dog could gather himself, Jack would spring on him and pin him again by the throat.

From end to end of the porch they fought, Jack forcing the fighting and dragging the trunk at the end of his chain. He was positively another dog, and looked like he had never known a peaceful moment in all his life, while his language and howls of rage were shocking.

It was only after many unsuccessful efforts that we succeeded in getting them separated, and then it was accomplished by dragging them forcibly apart, requiring the combined strength of as many of us as could get hold of each dog.

Jack had what seemed his favorite hold, on the finish, a good throat grip, and we stretched the shepherd's neck until he looked like an embryo giraffe before it finally broke loose.

Both dogs were game, and willing to resume the fight, but dear, gentle old Jack (as I had been wont to call him) was a raging wild beast. He dragged his trunk all over the porch, and out in to the yard, looking for the enemy, after Shep had been locked in the cellar, and kept up his belligerent attitude the remainder of the visit, never eating a meal without stopping several times to look for, and growl defiance at, Shep.

Speaking of the occurrence to Jack's master, after returning home, he seemed in no wise surprised, and said that although so kind and gentle, as a general thing, the old dog never refused to fight, when pressed, and had whipped every dog in his immediate neighborhood.

And then—all too soon—came that period known as the last day; that day which comes sooner or later to round off the various events that go to make up the little span of time allotted mortals. Jack and I got out early that last morning, for we were to start the return trip at noon.

My friend, the Doctor, put in the first hour or two of the glorious day with us, but was soon reminded, by the ache in his arm, caused by carrying a good-conditioned rabbit that early fell a victim, that he had important business at the house.

There were no features of special interest about our last morning, except the wind up.

We had found few birds, and had missed many of those, and it looked as though we would travel with light game pockets on the homeward journey. We were working out the last bit of cover before laying a straight course for the house, when I noticed a bird run into a heavy patch of briars growing on either side of the fence down which I was walking. The dog had made a wide detour and was returning to meet me on a course that would bring him by the brier thicket.

Reasonably certain that it was a quail I had seen, I waited to get expert testimony. In a long, swinging gallop the old dog came on until exactly opposite the place where I had seen the bird enter, then, in mid air, he stiffened every muscle, lit squarely on all four feet, and without taking a step, slid into a beautiful point. Passing through a gap in the fence, I investigated the other side of the brier thicket, but could find no opening for the dog.

Shaking a bit of brush on the edge, the birds could be heard clucking and rustling about, but none flushed. Returning to where the dog stood, I found him steady, but rolling his eyes in great excitement, as he peered in at the birds. Tossing a stone into the thicket, two birds flushed, both of which I killed. Jack helped find them, and then returned and resumed his point. Another stone brought out a single, which also staid with us.

Returning from retrieving it, we put up three birds that had run out to the edge of the briars, but, trying hard, could only get one of them.

A stone then brought out another single, which was killed, and as we rounded the thicket to retrieve it, another bird flushed, escaping without a scratch, after giving me two fair shots.

Returning with my bird, I saw a quail leave the thicket and run up a bare patch. Immediately giving chase I had almost overtaken it, when it turned and ran into the weeds. Slightly miscalculating, I ran by, and the bird flushed behind me.

The exertion had made me a bit shaky, and the bird was well away before I steadied down. It showed a hit the first shot, but flew on, and deliberately and carefully drawing down with the second barrel, I killed it dead, the furthestmost shot of the hunt.

Returning to the briars, which I was about concluding the best game preserve ever discovered, I shied in another stone, when the remainder of the covey—which had run out while I was away—flushed behind me.

Turning quickly I made two very poor shots, killing one bird too close and missing another at exactly the proper distance to shoot. But I had enough birds, and the old brier thicket had certainly proved a novel and interesting bit of cover.

There was barely time for dinner and a few moments before the wood fire when I reached the house. Then, good-byes! the pleasant and uneventful trip home, and the Tennessee Outing was over. LEWIS HOPKINS.

A Walk Down South.—XII.

ROMNEY is the Court House of Hampshire county, W. Va. It stands on a hill; the houses seem low, most of them not more than a story and a garret high. It was a cold night, the ground was frozen, when I walked up and down a couple of streets. In the lee of one corner were two colored men with their coat collars turned up and hands in their trousers' pockets, with the general contour of a letter S as they leaned against the wall of a building; that was something like the South of my dreams, but the shivering cold was not.

By the light from windows I caught glimpses of two or three faces of men hurrying past—it may be a notion, but these and other Southern faces give the impression of men accustomed to do their work in their own way, and not used to working under foremen and other bosses. The cold drove me to the hotel office again.

The owner of the big horsepistol on the window sill told a story of man killing. He was in a restaurant one night when a man came to the back door, which was always locked, for admittance. He was told to come around to the front way. He did, after a while, angry with drink. He opened a face to face dispute with the proprietor of the place, which culminated in both men reaching for the catsup bottle on the counter. The proprietor was quickest, and the man was felled to the floor. He got up, went to the stable, hitched up his horse and drove home. There he put up the horse and laid down on a lounge. He died in two hours. The restaurant keeper was fined \$50 for disturbing the peace.

The same story-teller commented on the law requiring a license for non-resident hunters. He said the way the law stands is outrageous. "A non-resident has to pay \$25, whether he hunts two days or six months. That isn't fair to the man who hunts two days. I say let a man pay for a week when he hunts a week, and for a month when he hunts a month."

That seemed to me like a suggestion worth thinking about. The export of game met with this man's unqualified disapproval. In a few years he had seen the deer diminished from abundance to scarcity, due entirely to meat-hunters, who shipped their game to market. He did not think the law was enforced strictly enough in regard to the export and sale of game.

The room to which I was shown at the hotel that night displayed a curious collection of pictures on the walls. Most of them were clipped from theatrical publications. There were a dozen one-drink cocktail bottles, and some pint and quart whisky flasks, all empty, roundabout. The upper sheet of the bed was of wool; the lower cotton—a combination that proved to be common down the east slope of the Alleghenies for a hundred miles or more.

I was worried by the cold weather that prevailed. The roads were hard as bricks, and the mountain peaks covered with a layer of snow. A man said he left six inches of snow in Pendleton and Highland counties, and "more coming."

In the morning I weighed my pack. It tipped exactly 46 pounds. With the rifle, I was carrying 50 pounds. I started up the South Branch of the Potomac soon after 8 o'clock. I stopped at the west end of town for a moment to look up the valley and along the blue-black mountain range. The water of the stream was light

green, and seemed to be living. It was in marked contrast to the black streams of the Adirondacks, and the yellow of New York and Pennsylvania.

Here and there, in road side brush, I saw some box traps of a size to catch little gray rabbits. The bottoms suggested quail and the mountain sides ruffed grouse. But I could not stop to look for the birds. It seemed as though I could not go fast enough. Four or five miles up (south) I came to a deep rock-sided gorge, a gap worn by a stream through the mountain ridge. My road led up this and then into 3 feet of water 20 yards wide and out on the far side. I remembered some boys skating on a cove or bayou a couple of miles back, looked at some white icicles bearding the rocks here and there, and then hunted a dry crossing up stream. I succeeded in crossing on rocks and a log dry shod a few hundred yards up, and came into the main road without losing a dozen rods.

Seven miles from Romney I came to a regular stopping place of the Moorfield stage. Moorfield was twenty miles away. I decided that I ought to take the stage and get over the divide at Monterey as quickly as possible. The divide is 3,350 feet above the level of the sea, and catches snow often where a thousand feet lower it rains. The stage came along and I boarded it with my pack.

Gibson Parker was the driver, and A. S. Veach the passenger. Veach is in the Revenue service. He promised me a long ride next day if I'd wait at Moorfield, the court house of Hardy County. He didn't stop for me when he came past, so I lost four hours for the experience.

Parker was different. He runs a hotel at Romney; he oversees four or five farms thereabouts; he drives stage for his health, thirty miles a day; he does cabinet work, and works in iron; he's a wheelwright and wagon worker. These, I think, are the serious occupations of his life. We roomed together at the Moorfield Hotel. The open fireplace, with a cheerful blaze, was exceedingly pleasing; was a novelty to me as well. With Parker before it, it made an incident I'll not soon forget. He played on a banjo, then sweetly on a guitar; he followed these with selections on a violin; then he played the guitar and French harp (mouth organ or harmonica) together. He took a two years' course in a Chicago theatrical school once, and gave imitations of Italian, Chinese, Hebrew, German, etc., talk. Something of an athlete, contortionist and boxer beside the rest, he stated his preference in literature to be Ruskin's "St. Elmo." His studies had taken him through college and led him into mesmerism, hypnotism and "especially human nature." He promised to send me an interesting page or two from his diary, a promise, I hope, he will be able to keep. A tall, slender young man, with dark hair and eyes and shapely features, a good dresser—few can hope to be more popular than he. As mail carrier and stage driver it is necessary that he should go armed. He carries three fine hammerless revolvers; one a .32 caliber and two .38 caliber ones. I observed that he handled them with experienced care.

It was Thanksgiving Day when I got to Moorfield, and I ate turkey for supper. On the following morning, while I was waiting for Veach, I had a chance to watch the streets. A man rode into town on horseback with a Winchester across the pommel of his saddle. Several well-dressed and comely girls walked past. Two cattle drovers made a deal in the hotel office by which 300 head of two-year-olds changed hands for spot cash. A young man walked up a side street and came back an hour later decidedly the worse for it—a "speakeasy's up there," somebody said. Two old-time darkies stood on the road crossing for a few minutes, talking. They turned their backs on each other and talked over their shoulders, one looking at the sky and the other at the ground, perhaps an old slave day habit. One would know that the men are used to riding horseback a good deal—their leather booted legs and driving gloves show it. Veach passed without stopping.

After dinner I started up the road headed for Petersburg, Grant County. About a mile out I got a ride on an empty corn wagon. A man on horseback overhauled us, and he wanted to see the little rifle; then he wanted to borrow it. He told of a man known to the driver. "He tried to drive me out," the equestrian said. "He wanted to fight, too, and came at me swinging his fists. But I had my Winchester on my shoulder. 'Stand back, thar!' I said, 'I don't want to fight,' covering him. He said he wanted to fight fair, jumped up in the air and cracked his heels together outside, but I didn't want to fight, and I didn't."

Several large birds circling overhead like hawks attracted my attention.

"What are those birds?" I asked the driver.

"Turkey buzzards," he replied. "Let an animal die and you'd see them thick."

They were the first buzzards I ever saw.

After a ride of nearly five miles I went on my way afoot again. The road, instead of following the main stream, went up a "branch" or brook and over a divide to the river again. In this way fords and washouts are avoided. It is the common practice south of the Potomac apparently. I came to the river again at Petersburg Gap—a great river cut through the mountain ridge. Rock cliffs are on each side of the stream. A large cave is in one place, where saltpetre was mined during the distressing days of the Civil War. On the south side (east) are the figures of many animals, which the native can point out—there is a semblance to a fox, a coon, an ox, etc., done in red on gray, by nature. It is said Indians also did some painting there once. While I was looking for the figures I heard a gun shot across the river just below the gap. I could see no one that way, but at Petersburg, a couple of hours later I saw a 20-pound wild obbler which the shot had killed. It was a handsome bird, with feathers that gleamed bronze in the lamp light. The river in the gap was covered with ice an inch or more thick. The reflections on it were very sharp and vivid—sycamores, oaks and rocks were clear cut. A mountain to the east, blue-black, with a background of white tracery, was especially clear. It was one of the scenes one remembers for its striking beauty. They say at Petersburg that there are lots of bass in

the river there, big fellows which the old darky down at the gap catches, and little ones which some visitors catch. Six-pounders have been taken there, and more than a hundred fish have been brought in by a few fishermen in a morning. Artificial flies, minnows and worms are used for bait. A commercial traveler said "little green toads" were used sometimes, too.

The local papers throughout West Virginia contain many hunting items each week. In the Grant County Press for Nov. 29 the killing of a dozen or so deer was noted. "On last Monday Robert Whiteman killed another fine deer, making a long-range shot with a Winchester rifle at a distance of 430 yards," a tolerably long shot, hunters will admit.

Another interesting item was:

"NOT A VIOLATION."

"The prosecuting attorney, by reason of numerous inquiries, desires us to say for information to interested persons that it is not a violation of the law to kill skunks or polecats in Grant county."

Another item reads:

"A considerable excitement was created in South Fork, in Pendleton county, first of the week over the loss of a horse by one Brady. Later it developed that Sam Guthrie had ridden it away some distance, where he let it loose to go its way." A mild way of putting it.

The same issue states that, "Samuel Guthrie has been lodged in jail at Moorfield charged with stealing a valuable rifle from Camden Strawdenman, of Lost River. Sam seems to be a bad man."

A deal of the bottom lands throughout the South Potomac Valley is posted, and more is posted every week. Notices that certain farms have been closed to trespassers appear in local papers every issue. Game is growing so scarce that the people begin to realize the necessity of doing something to preserve it. But posting does not serve the end desired. I saw a West Virginia store with dozens of quail, ruffed grouse and rabbits hanging in the back room. The store-keepers' farms are all posted. Eight cents a pound is paid for wild turkey in West Virginia; it brings 12 at Monterey, in Virginia, just over the line.

On the morning of the 30th I sent my pack by stage to Brushy Run, fifteen miles away, and followed after on foot, carrying my rifle and camera. I ate dinner eight miles away, after a walk up "runs" and along sidehills. Over the ridge to the west was a country I would like to have seen—the North Fork of the South Branch of the Potomac. It's a wild, "rough" country there, according to all accounts, with lots of game, the home of the moonshiners, and noted in the old days for its Indian fighters and pioneer life.

After dinner I went on nearly to Brushy Run, when Adam Ours on a white horse overtook me. Over on the North Fork last August a land slip came down the mountain and carried away Ours' house, with him and his family in it. With his wife, two girls and a three weeks' old baby, he sat from 10 o'clock at night until daylight next morning in the ruins while the rain poured down on them all. They did not even catch colds. Another slip killed Ours' sister and destroyed his mother's house. He was tired of riding, and he gave me a horseback ride. I mounted awkwardly enough, but the riding was a comfortable change for a mile.

At Brushy Run I took my pack and carried it five miles further. At Upper Tract, where I hoped to stop, there was no one "prepared to take a traveler in." But at last I reached Mrs. Mary Ryman's, at whose gate a sign reads:

TRAVELERS' REST.

A hundred yards back in the field I went into a white picket fence inclosure, found my way to the house door and received a welcome. I had walked twenty miles that day, the last five with my pack on my back. I was ready to sit down then.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

The "Mediator's" Cry.

WAVERLY, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Holman F. Day's story, "A Cry in the Night," which appeared in the current number of your valued paper, was certainly most interesting and well told. A possible explanation of the "mystery that is almost uncanny," may be this: It is well known that a solid homogeneous substance is a much better conductor of sound than the air or any medium in which there are breaks of continuity or variations in density.

Now, Mr. Meigs lay on a bunk, how near the ground is not stated, nor are we told whether his head was near the wall or a post in the ground. But if the conditions near him were favorable to the transmission of sound, it is not difficult to believe that, as the exhausted "mediator" fell to the frozen ground and cried out for help, that excellent conductor of sound transmitted it to the cabin and to the recumbent Mr. Meigs' ear. We all know that sound so faint as to be inaudible to one standing, may be heard by one with his ear to the ground.

It is to be noted, too, that the attention of all in the camp but that of him who heard the cry for help was engaged with their talk and game of ped. It was naturally the attention of Mr. Meigs that caught the faint shout.

As in a state of extreme exhaustion, the acuteness of the senses fail, it is probable that the mediator succeeded in shouting louder than he thought he did.

The admirably worked up stage setting of ten thousand spirits, etc., needs no explanation, as they are of course nothing but the hallucinations of the deluded old mediator and are practically treated as such by the author.

To me the feature hardest to explain in this admirable story is that one of the searchers should go straight to the lost man. This is the only point that savors of the fortuitous circumstance or coincidence.

GRAPHO.

Natural History.

Some Knowing Animals.

I TAKE my stand beside those who advance the opinion that animals do reason. My assertion is not based on theory, but on actual demonstration witnessed by myself, and after long consideration.

A little mare of mine knows when it is Sunday as well as I do. When there is company to go from the farm to the trolley on Sunday, the mare knows it, and acts accordingly. The reins need not be touched, and no attention whatever paid to the mare; still, she takes the nearest course to her destination. The proof that she knows it is Sunday lies in the fact that she has been driven over the main road from which the branch road leads to the trolley nearly every working day for the last eleven years; yet she pays no attention to the branch road on any other day than Sunday. She also knows the Winchester Repeating Arms Company's whistle, and when I used to leave her standing in front of my father's house, while I called a few moments on my drive in from the country, mornings, just as soon as the whistle would blow for quarter of seven, Topsy would whinnie loud and long, paw impatiently and look for me to come out of the house. She was saying as well as she was able: "Come, there goes the first whistle; come, or you will be late." The stable where I keep her through the day is in no way connected with the Winchester works. Now, why should my mare notice one certain factory whistle, and no other, and strive to call my attention to it, unless she reasons that my actions are in some way controlled by the whistle? What influence is it that guides her to the trolley on Sunday and on no other day, unless she possesses the faculty to reason? Topsy is very intelligent in other ways, but lack of space forbids mentioning them at this time.

Recently I have been using a new horse, one strange to my drive. The second day I used him it was not necessary to guide him to the stable where I keep him; and now, after using him a week, on a five-mile drive, morning and night, the reins need not be touched within half a mile or more of each termination, and the horse will go the right road without guiding and stop just where it is right to stop. How can this strange horse know each end of this new route unless he has reasoned it out? If a human being finds his way readily over a new road over which he has traveled but once, why should we accredit it to reason in him and instinct in a dumb animal that does the same thing in the same way?

In the city of New Haven a newsman, Mr. Hyde, distributes his papers with a horse and wagon. He used to own an old mare named Kate. While he and his boy distributed the papers, old Kate would go intelligently over the route without a driver, and having a look of responsibility which it was worth going some distance to see. She always kept her own side of the road, and turned out of her own accord for teams whose human drivers were recklessly disregarding rules which she was religiously observing. At certain points old Kate would stop, and wait for the distributors to replenish their diminished supply of papers, then proceed about her business again. At other places it was necessary to turn around, and many times have I seen the old mare do the trick in the most careful manner, her driver not being in sight. Perhaps this was all a matter of instinct; but a man could devote a life time trying to convince hundreds of old Kate's acquaintances to that theory, and be no nearer the goal at the end than at the beginning.

Sappho was a woodchuck. She was vainly trying to regain the top of the bank of a trout stream one fine spring afternoon. The task, however, was too great for her baby strength, so I put her in my creel and took her home. She would eat about everything eatable, but had a decided preference for cake batter. When batter was being stirred for cake, Sappho would hear the sound, come scampering into the house, sit straight up near the batter manipulator, and whistle strenuously until fed. Sappho also did other things intelligently. She would play by the hour with the cats, and it was exceedingly amusing and interesting to watch her antics. She was very affectionate, and liked to be petted. She disappeared one day, and I have reason for suspecting a degenerate in human form, who never yet has been accused of having the ability to reason, of having shot her. I wish I knew positively.

Ben was our faithful, jolly old bull-terrier. For ten years he was a member of the family. Perhaps Ben had one bad trait: he would "fight at the drop of a hat!" This necessitated keeping him on a chain most of the time, although I confess deep admiration for his ability as a scrapper. I love a fighter that fights fair, and Ben was that kind. I never saw him tackle a dog smaller than himself, but have seen him whip canines apparently large enough to eat him.

When on the chain Ben had ways of his own of notifying us of his wants. A steady succession of low barks, with a short interval between each bark, indicated that it was his meal time. A quick, sharp bark, with long intervals between each bark, accompanied with low whining, indicated thirst. Loud, steady barking informed us that someone was coming; and spasmodic, choking barking was his way of letting us know a dog was near, and that he was anxious to mix with him. At home we are all of the opinion that if the human members of the family can reason, then so could Ben. One sorrowful day we buried the faithful old fellow under the apple tree, where his house used to stand.

Beside the few animals mentioned above, memory recalls others which I firmly believe were endowed with reason. When a horse intelligently demonstrates by independent action the identical thing I wish it to do, then I believe the horse must know I want it to do that thing. If it is reason that tells me to feed a horse when it is hungry, then it is my firm belief that it is also reason that tells the horse to convey me to a certain destination on a certain day, without being guided by the rein. If it is reason that conveys the intelligence through a certain sound to me that a certain kind of food is being

prepared, and that same sound conveys the same intelligence to a woodchuck, then I believe the woodchuck can reason as well as I. If reason informs me of the several wants of a dog through several vocal sounds of the dog, then I believe the dog reasons that those different sounds will convey a knowledge of his different wants to me. In my humble opinion the inability of the lower animals to use speech (human speech) is no proof that they are devoid of the faculty of reason, more than it is proof that a deaf-and-dumb man is devoid of reason because he has not the power of speech. He makes his wants understood by signs, as do other dumb animals.

My respect for the learning of the opposition is deep and sincere. I realize that they are far better qualified to discourse on this subject than am I. But it seems to me that their argument is mostly theoretical; and I have seen theory knocked out so many times by practical demonstration that my confidence in it has been weakened. An eminent geologist advanced the opinion that the formation in a certain locality should be so and so; but a deeply driven well proved the formation diametrically opposite to what the geologist had been teaching his classes it was. Not long ago many astronomers, with world-wide reputations and deep learning, undoubtedly, told us that a comet was heading for the earth, and that we would surely pass through the gaseous mass. The comet ungraciously proved their theory wrong by going off in another direction. Then we were to have a wonderful star-shower—another failure of theory. And so it is many times. Not that theory is not a good thing, but that practice is better, and proves more conclusively.

On this question of "reason and instinct" the theorist will undoubtedly stand by his guns, and advance a good argument. And they who are not so learned theoretically, but who believe they have seen dumb animals practically demonstrate their ability to exercise the faculty of reason, will stand by their guns, also. And all will be honestly sincere in their argument.

HIGHWOOD, Conn., Jan. 8.

WILLIAM H. AVIS.

Game Bag and Gun.

Cuvier Club.

At the annual meeting of the Cuvier Club of Cincinnati, Jan. 4, President Alexander Starbuck was unanimously re-elected president, and begins his seventh term in that office. J. M. Doherty was chosen First Vice-President; Henry Hanna, Second Vice-President, and P. E. Roach, Third Vice-President. Alexander Starbuck, Henry Hanna and P. E. Roach were elected trustees for the years 1902, 1903, and 1904. In 1901 nearly 150 new members were enrolled. The names of Captain George N. Stone, A. N. Sackett, William Stacey, E. W. Baylis, John C. Yost and James A. Cleaver, members who have died within the past year, were ordered entered on the memorial page.

Dr. Boone made an address. He said that the action of the Cuvier Club last year in offering prizes for the best essays on birds by the students of the public schools had inculcated an interest in the study that no other means could have accomplished.

The report of Charles Dury, showing the additions made to the museum and to the library in the year, was read. The report said that there are so many books now in the library that if the contributions in this line continue to come in as rapidly as they have been it will be necessary to enlarge the cases.

President Starbuck's address was a comprehensive review of the record of fish and game protection during 1901, not only in Ohio, but in the country at large. Of the Ohio wardens' work in particular, he said:

"Mr. L. H. Reutinger, the capable Secretary and Chief Game Warden, in his report states that, notwithstanding the adverse laws that prevail, the wardens throughout the State succeeded in making 304 arrests, with 243 convictions, collecting in fines during the year \$4,276, as against 308 arrests and 227 convictions respectively during the previous year. He further states that from the newly constructed ponds at London and Waverly, O., he took for planting 300,000 marble cat, 25,000 crappies and about 100,000 large and small black bass, very few of them being fingerings and most of them the size of the yearlings. These fish were planted in 36 counties, the distribution covering six weeks' time and about 4,000 miles of travel.

"A new fish hatchery has been opened at Sandusky, the work being merely for the hatching of herring. Further along they expect to hatch all varieties of fish they can, the output to be planted in Lake Erie. He also reports a great scarcity of game fish in Lake Erie, which is accounted for by the fact that the commercial fishermen, in their greed for money, take everything in sight, despite the size of the fish, disregarding the law as to the taking of undersized ones from this body of water. A great number of arrests has been made by the deputy wardens for this very thing, but even then it is very difficult to stop it. The small fish are sold to the fertilizing establishments, while the larger ones are disposed of in the markets. We can speak from practical experience about this, for we have fished with rod and reel around the picturesque islands of Lake Erie, that cluster about Put-in-Bay, for a successive period of twenty-five years. About 1884 the fishing became so poor that we sought other waters for our sport. During the first decade of our angling, and some time after, we caught all the black bass we desired, and large ones at that. Now, if an angler goes there in pursuit of the pleasant pastime he will realize on about ten or a dozen bass that will not average a pound. Cross over to Canadian waters, which are infinitely better protected than ours, and you realize a very material difference, for you not only get large strings of the game fish, but also exceedingly large ones. We refer you for additional evidence to the Pelee Club, of our city, who now do all their angling there.

"Again taking up the thread of the report, the Chief Warden fully expatiates relative to the pheasantry at London, O., which has been very successfully conducted the past year. From 161 female pheasants were collected 7,075 eggs, making an average of 44 eggs per hen; 4,500 of this number were hatched at the pheasantry, and 2,575 were distributed throughout the State to such per-

sons whom they had reason to believe would take the pains to rear these birds. Out of the 4,500 eggs there were hatched 3,181 birds, or 71 per cent. After deducting the number of birds that died of natural causes, crippled and deformed, killed by hawks and mink while running loose in the rearing parks, they succeeded in distributing throughout the State 2,239 pheasants. There were pheasants planted in every county of the State.

"We unquestionably want a reorganization of our statutes for the protection of fish and game, and we want them so that you cannot drive a hay wagon through them, as has been the case with the last two codes the Legislature has given us. We also want them as simplified as possible, so that it will not require a corps of attorneys to fathom their meaning. We want the spring shooting of ducks emphatically discontinued; we want the rabbit law to have the same open season, from November 10 to December 1, as the other game birds, which should all be the same limited time, twenty days and no more. We want the fifteen days that are now allowed after the close season for killing, in which to sell off the surplus game, expunged, as it only encourages cold storage houses to sell off their surplus stock of game, which they are at all periods prepared to furnish during this allotted time. We unquestionably want a dollar license on each gun used in the open season, and then the gun thereafter kept out of the fields and forests during that time. As to the fish, they should be protected on their spawning beds, and the catch should be limited to eight or ten inches. We should also recommend that the Deputy Warden be given reasonable salary, and emphatically insist on a generous appropriation, say \$50,000, or more, for the Fish and Game Commission. Then let the concessions or unities of the game laws be accomplished in the Middle States, and it will be some solace for the travesty of game laws with which we have had to contend the past four or more years. We will here significantly add that no protective law is efficacious unless the sentiment of the people is with it, and just because people are not born right stringent statutes and stringent enforcement are necessary. These laws are made for malefactors, and yet there are many who proudly strut our pavements in gorgeous array who come under that particular head. They scorn the idea that the law is the security of every person that is governed and that it is really the standard and guardian of our liberty, and that he who willfully violates it, and particularly a beneficent law, is unworthy of citizenship, be he in purple and fine linen or rags and tatters."

The Maine Non-Resident Tax.

Boston, Jan. 13.—The great meeting of the Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association is over, and now fishermen and hunters who are not so fortunate as to live in Maine can breathe easier for a time; at least till the Legislature of that State meets next year. I don't pretend to say that the accusation is just or nice, but I have heard the meeting termed that of "the Maine big heads" several times lately. It is certain that anybody opposing a hunter's license was not wanted at the meeting, though former Fish and Game Commissioner Charles E. Oak dared to be present and oppose the matter of a license for non-resident hunters to have to pay. The terms "our fish" and "our game" were used so often in the discussion by the advocates of a hunter's license as to become rather sickening to the poor outsider from some other State, and cause him to ask himself: "Who are these gentlemen? What do they own?"

At the meeting occurred a position unique, to say the least. The chairman of the Board of Fish and Game Commissioners earnestly advocating a non-resident license measure, and a former member of the board flatly opposing it. Mr. C. E. Oak, who resigned from the Commission last year to accept a leading position on the Commission of Forestry and Timberland Owners, made the speech of the meeting in opposition to a license measure. Mr. Oak is certainly well informed on fish and game matters in his native State, and the energy he put forward in fish and game protection when he was on the board will be remembered.

The arguments of Commissioner Carleton for the license and Mr. Oak in opposition to it follow. SPECIAL.

Commissioner Carleton's Speech.

Commissioner Carleton referred to the pioneers of Maine game protection and said:

"The labors of these early pioneers were successful. A code of fish and game laws was enacted now second to none in the world, and under it fish and game have multiplied. The result has been that tourists, fishermen, hunters and recreationists have been flocking to our State in ever increasing numbers for twenty-five years or more, and now a vast throng visits us annually, attracted primarily by our unparalleled facilities for fishing and hunting. It would be of great importance if we were able to count them correctly, so that our people might know definitely just how many there are who come to us each year.

"Considerable effort has been made to ascertain definitely this number, and the figures given run up into the hundreds of thousands, and the amount of money left with us by them as fifteen millions of dollars.

"Now this is no fancy sketch or idle tale, my friends, but the sober truth. These figures are not guesswork, but are based upon cold, hard facts, that untiring, impartial investigation has demonstrated; nor are they the figures of your Commissioners alone, but of the agents of the great transportation lines who know whereof they speak; more than 10,000 people are given employment a large portion of the time each year at remunerative wages in consequence, and many hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of taxable property added to our wealth by them, and nothing taken away but a few fish, a little game and restored health and a strong love for our goodly commonwealth.

"This good work cannot go on much longer without changed conditions—in other words, our game will not hold out; something more must be done than is being done, something more than it is possible to do under present conditions, if you will preserve your game from practical extinction.

"Now I come to the bife of the subject. What is it, you ask, that must be done? My reply is, we must have

more money for warden service; that is, in my judgment, absolutely necessary.

"Look at the situation for a moment. We have in round numbers 20,000 square miles of woods; the State appropriate \$25,000; it costs approximately \$20,000 to operate our hatcheries and protect the parent fish on the spawning beds. It costs \$3,000 more for incidental expenses, expenses of the Commissioners, clerk hire, printing, stationery, attorneys' fees, etc., so that you see to guard this vast territory we have about \$8,000 for warden service. This is made up from fines and license fees for guides, trappers, camp owners, etc., and hereafter our warden service will be reduced by three wardens, on account of the expense of operating the new fish hatchery at Moosehead Lake.

"I claim that our game should be largely self-supporting, in other words, those who hunt our game should pay a license fee large enough to enable us to protect our game from illegal slaughter. I do not advocate the raising of a larger sum by taxation.

"I am aware that there has existed, and perhaps still exists, some opposition to this feature, and doubts are entertained as to its expediency.

"Nearly every State and every country that has any game has passed through the experience that we are now passing through relative to this protection, and the consensus of opinion as reflected in their laws, would seem to be that the license system has been found on the whole to be the fairest and the best.

"It comes pretty near the truth to say that every State in this country, and all the countries surrounding us, that have any game, exact a license fee to hunt it.

"I advocate a license fee to hunt big game in the State of Maine because we need the money and must have it or our game will disappear as surely as dead moose and dead deer bring forth no increase.

"We have a record of 317 moose legally killed and of 64 moose illegally killed last year. How many there were that were illegally killed of which we have no record I know not, but half as many more, making a total of 96 moose illegally killed. A large majority of the moose illegally killed were cows and calves. How long, think you, our moose will stand this condition of affairs?

"Let us take warning from the history of the past and secure better protection for our noble game animals while we have them yet with us.

"Of deer we have no record of the number illegally killed—many estimate them among the thousands, and the best record obtainable is 10,320 were legally taken last year. One of the leading newspapers in eastern Maine, which devotes a great deal of well-directed energy to ascertain the number of deer killed, estimates that number as high as 25,000.

"The State was cleaned out of moose and deer last year as never before in our history. Improved firearms, improved methods of hunting, trained guides, hunters' camps everywhere, all advertising for sportsmen, have done the business.

"How long will your deer hold out at anywhere from 10,000 to 25,000 a year?

"Now, I fancy I hear some one saying, what in the world are your wardens doing—why is not the game better protected by them?

"I will tell you what they have been doing: They have killed thirty-four deer dogs; they have instituted eighty prosecutions. They have worked as hard and as faithfully for their small pay of \$2 per day, as any class of laborers in Maine.

"I tell you, my friends, the situation demands action—demands money. Let us get it. It is said by good authority that 75 per cent. of the deer killed during October are females.

"I would prevent the exportation of female deer out of the State at all times. It is sickening to a sportsman to see them shot down—many of them no bigger than a little lamb.

"I think the moose season should be shortened two weeks and the deer season two weeks. Now, think of these facts, my friends, discuss them, talk them over in your places of business so that when the Legislature meets again we may be agreed upon some important features.

"We thought we were going to have a license fee to hunt moose passed at the last session sure enough. The Committee on Fish and Game unanimously reported the bill—all were agreed to it—no one seemed to oppose it—but on its passage through the Senate a grave and learned Senator arose and offered an amendment—that bald-headed men be exempt from the provisions of the bill—that killed it.

"It is idle, my friends, in these days of somewhat burdensome taxation, to expect any larger appropriation from the State than we have been receiving. We must have recourse to some other method to raise the necessary amount of funds. Fear has been expressed that a license fee to hunt—we do not advocate a license fee to fish—would operate detrimentally to our interests.

"It is of no avail to lock the stable after the horse has been stolen. A license fee will be of no avail after our game is gone. Suppose it does keep a few away—suppose it does keep away those large parties of Western hunters who annually visit us in such large numbers, coming over a foreign railroad, bringing all their supplies with them, even to their potatoes and baked bread, and who leave scarcely a dollar among our people. Are we any losers thereby?

"I have taken the pains to gather the statistics, to ascertain the number of this class of hunters who came to Maine last year. I find there were several hundred of them—about 500—who killed at least a thousand deer and an innumerable number of partridges, and they expended practically nothing in our State. I have a letter from a gentleman in Toledo, O., saying 'that three or four hundred from this vicinity have been up in your woods shooting, last fall.' If a small license fee—say of \$20—would keep them away, then in Heaven's name let us have a license fee.

"But, my friends, I assert without fear of successful contradiction, that a license fee would not keep them away. They would come just the same. Many of them were heard to declare that they could pay all of their expenses by selling the game they took home. A friend sent me this item, copied from an Ohio paper: 'Clint Slaigle is a true Nimrod. While in the Maine woods a couple of weeks ago, he bagged six good-sized deer—two of which he shot were shipped the same morning

from Grindstone, Me., and were consigned to Hamilton's grocery, where the lovers of venison could buy it to their heart's content.

"A license fee to hunt will not keep one single desirable visitor away from Maine. This is my deliberate judgment, formed after years of study of the situation.

"I have talked with a good many—I have corresponded with a good many who have come to Maine to hunt, and I have yet to find any one who objects to it, when the amount received is used exclusively to protect game.

"Great opportunities are before us. The country at large looks to Maine to furnish the hunting ground of the nation.

"They are willing to pay well for the privilege. In these days of rapid transit those having even moderate means and limited time have learned that they can leave the dust and toil of distant cities behind them of a morning or an evening, and in twelve, twenty-four or thirty-six hours, breathe the sweet breath of the piney woods of Maine about them, or look out upon old ocean from her rock-bound coast, and looking up through forest trees or ocean mist devoutly thank God they are here."

Hon. Charles E. Oak.

Mr. Oak began by stating that having held the two offices of Fish and Game Commissioner and Land Agent and Forestry Commissioner, he should discuss the question from the point of view of both the sportsman and the land owner. Continuing, he said:

"First, then, as a sportsman, allow me to repeat that I'm strongly opposed to a license law such as proposed, and will attempt to answer a few of the arguments urged in its favor, and, at the same time, call your attention to a few facts carefully omitted from the arguments of those not agreeing with me.

"For the past six years I've known something of the trials, troubles and tribulations of a fish and game commissioner, and it is far from my desire to do other than assist them in every possible way.

"Knowing the chairman as well as I do—it sometimes seeming almost as well as he knows himself—I have no hesitation in vouching for his honesty and earnestness of purpose in trying to do everything possible for the cause in which he is engaged; but will submit that it is beyond what we may expect from anything human if, with so many problems involved as are embraced in this department, some mistakes are not made—no matter how conscientiously a man may work.

"In this particular matter, I fear that his zeal for the welfare of his department has led him to devote a large amount of energy toward bringing about results which are likely to react, and later prove very troublesome.

"This idea of licensing sportsmen is not new, but, on the other hand, has been 'threshed out' at least three of the annual meetings of this Association. Each time it has been voted down quite unanimously, and it seems as though the partisans of the cause ought to be willing to abide by the voice of the majority; yet they have come back each year with some new argument to add to the old story, and this year have succeeded in converting a sufficient number of members by constantly arguing on one side of the story, so that I fear for the result. Possibly some of you may have heard them state some real or fancied objection, but if so, I've failed to hear it.

"I submit, however, that the methods of taking but one side is not the proper course to pursue in this case, because the aims, objects and ambitions of this Association are, to develop the fish and game interests of the State, to be sure, but to do so in such a way as shall redound to the benefit of all, and not jeopardize any property or business interests.

"When the people advocating this or any other scheme are willing to present all the evidence, either for or against any proposed interests, and are willing to submit the matter to a majority vote of this organization, we can expect to arrive at much more correct results and command much greater influence.

"Among other things, they tell us in the present instance, that 513 people came from Ohio and Indiana the past year, hired as few guides as possible without violating the law, brought their own provisions as well as other needful articles with them, and left but a very small amount of money within our borders proportionate to the large amount of game they took home with them. They tell us that if we had charged them a license fee of \$10 each, we would have had \$5,000 with which to have employed at least five more wardens the past year. They might almost as well have told us that if we had charged them \$100 each, we would have had \$50,000 with which to have employed fifty more wardens the past year. People practicing the economy that these people have are not the ones who have many ten-dollar bills to throw away. Evidently, the cost was carefully considered before they started, and if the proposed license law had been in force this season, probably the most of them would have stayed at home or gone elsewhere. This would have grieved none of us, of course, as they are of no benefit to us; and if any law can be devised that will reach such a class of sportsman, as doubtless there can be, and not affect the rest, I will heartily join with any of you in urging its enactment. I am not arguing for this class, please understand; but if we admit the very remarkable statement that 250,000 people came to Maine for an outing the past season, and are asked to pass a law that will punish 249,500 of them for the sake of reaching the 500 from the West, surely we should all hesitate before doing anything so rash.

"As a remedy for such evils, I would suggest that if our present law 'lacks teeth' wherein the non-resident must conform to certain regulations, why not change it sufficiently to accomplish the desired result without radically changing the whole system of laws?

"We are told that the department needs more money, as it is impossible to do satisfactory work with so limited means.

"Right here, gentlemen, is where you will find the meat in the cocanut. They claim the crying need is more money, and, regarding it as a 'cure for all evils,' propose to obtain it by means of the strong arm of the law, without fully considering whether right or wrong or how it will affect other interests.

"Individually we are not allowed to assume the role of a highwayman, but must give value received. Should a great State be expected to do less? In a few rare in-

stances, sportsmen would obtain trophy values warranting the payment of a license, but I will submit that where one succeeds to that extent, a thousand have a bank account materially reduced.

"The reasons influencing sportsmen to come here are the health and pleasure resulting and not mercenary gain. Health results from drinking pure water and breathing pure air, which are God-given, and pleasure as a natural consequence. Fish and game simply furnish the diversion and the rest follows. We, as a State, are simply throwing out a bait of \$25,000 per year to furnish the nominal attraction.

"The tenderfoot is attracted in consequence of the halo surrounding it—partly real and partly imaginary—comes among and brushes against us, and, if treated rightly and in a suave manner, discovers on his return home that he has left considerable dross in consequence of 'rising to the fly.' This is what we are fishing for and should feel very well satisfied with the result.

"I will frankly admit that we could 'catch more fish' or 'be surer of a rise' if we could make the bait more attractive—in other words, if we had more money for the department, because my experience has demonstrated the necessity for more means.

"If we must have it, let us take honest means to obtain it, and not throttle the innocent sportsman and order him to 'stand and deliver.' Allow me to suggest a course that is legitimate. Let those so zealous for the proposed law, furnish the proofs of their assertion that \$15,000,000 is spent here annually by tourists and sportsmen, and the same Legislature that has heretofore appropriated \$25,000 a year for the department, on the strength of the statement, accompanied by proofs, that four to five million dollars are spent here annually, will appropriate double or triple that amount.

"The men composing our legislative bodies are inclined to be reasonable and fair in all matters, and sufficiently wise to realize that a \$75,000 annual expense to maintain a \$15,000,000 annual income is a mere bagatelle.

"Allow me to repeat: Furnish the necessary statistics to substantiate the above statement, and means for the department are assured by State appropriations. But we are told that a careful study of the temper of our legislative body demonstrates the fact that no more help in the way of larger appropriations can be expected. Others have made an equally careful study, and, as a result, I venture this assertion, viz., that the mass of the people consider that \$25,000, together with fees collected, taking into consideration the numerous demands upon the State treasury, should be sufficient to run the department satisfactorily; and the minute a new law, like the one proposed, is enacted, estimated to yield an income of \$15,000 annually—from that moment you may safely reckon that your annual appropriation will be decreased by a like amount, and you will have no more means to work with than before.

"With those of you who have carefully observed the prevailing sentiment at Augusta each legislative season, I need not argue this point, for your own good sense will tell you it is true.

"The talk that this is about the only State or Province that has no such license law simply furnishes an additional argument for continuing the system we have been following for the past few years; because it is generally admitted on all sides that the Maine Department of Fish and Game is in the best condition and managed the best of that of any State or Province in America.

"This is a strong assertion, I am well aware; but, to corroborate it, I refer you to my former colleague, Mr. Stanley, who was with me on one occasion, at least, at a meeting of the North American Fish and Game Association at Montreal. At both of the meetings which I have attended, the last having representatives from at least ten States, and nearly all the Provinces in Canada, it was the unanimous sentiment that they could all be benefitted by copying largely from our code of laws and system of enforcement.

"Several representatives of States and Provinces frankly stated that they thought their system of licensing was wrong, unless enacted for a special purpose like that in the State of Michigan.

"The commissioner from that State told me personally that the license law in his State worked admirably for the purpose for which it was intended, which was this: Their game, on account of lax laws, much poaching, and numerous hunters, had become largely depleted, and they wanted to give it a chance to increase. Various expedients were suggested, such as absolute close time, a very short open time, and finally a license law, which was enacted.

"As a result, the year following this enactment, they had less than one-quarter the number of sportsmen they had averaged the several years previous. This, he argued, would give the game a chance to increase, and after a few years it is the intention to abolish the law whenever the game becomes sufficiently abundant to warrant it. Their reason for adopting this course, instead of an absolute close time, was that the revenues derived from the licenses would make the department self supporting during the period in which the residents of the State received but comparatively little benefit from the money left by sportsmen.

"Still another very serious objection is this. In my judgment, it would lead to rank dishonesty and extra expense, which would soon bring the department into grave disrepute. If you doubt it, allow me to call your attention to the license regarding September hunting. It was openly charged and undoubtedly true that parties would secure a single license and then would proceed to shoot as many deer as they saw fit, changing the tag from one to the other as the case required. It also led to numerous individuals taking the chance of shooting in September without a license, through the advice of citizens who said that there was not sufficient supervision to make the chance of their being caught very great. In arranging the system to prevent such evils, we devoted considerable time and thought, as well as expense, but were unable to prevent all violations, although comparatively few licenses were sold and the agents not numerous.

"With a license law such as proposed, many agents must be appointed, each of whom will be more or less susceptible to mercenary influence, all of whom must be paid; and without a much larger warden force to look after this branch of the business alone, the law will be of no practical benefit, and possibly an actual expense.

"Similar officers or agents in districts which I might name, have frequently been 'greased'—a term which I think you will comprehend; and every act of this kind reflects on the department, no matter if the character of the commissioners is generally considered above reproach. To illustrate, please recall the reputation of the department at the time Mr. Stillwell was a member of the board. No more honorable men than he and Mr. Stanley could be found on earth, and yet, owing to the system then in vogue, and also to the character of the wardens then in the service, the whole department was considered 'rotten' by a large majority of the visiting public. Fortunately, that sentiment has completely changed. The commissioners—since I left the board—are credited with working earnestly and honestly for the best interests of the State, rather than for personal glory, and I earnestly hope their zeal will not lead them into grave errors.

"If I were asked to give advice as to the crying needs of the department with reference to changes in laws, I should answer, 'There are none.' My best advice would be, 'Go slow about making any radical changes in any law.'

"Another idea I wish to bring to your attention is this: It would very shortly create a fierce antagonism between the wild land owners and the fish and game interests—a condition very much to be deplored. This would arise in consequence of an increased danger to forest property by reason of forest fires.

"Having had some little experience in paying for licenses for fishing and hunting, and having talked the matter over with very numerous sportsmen, I find quite a universal disposition on the part of such people to try and get their money's worth. Being obliged to pay money where they think they ought not to, if unable to secure trophies of the chase such as desired, they are more or less inclined to destroy a certain amount of property equal, at least, to the amount of money they have left. Do not think that this is a fanciful idea, because I know whereof I speak, as I have heard this sentiment expressed by the people themselves who have been obliged to part with their money in this way.

"We are told that the visitors in the State are perfectly willing to have such a law enacted—that they are glad to contribute to the fund for hiring wardens to enforce our laws.

"Do not be deceived by this statement. Gentlemen, I have had some little experience, you will allow me to say, and with the single exception of the case referred to by Mr. Carleton at Mt. Desert, I have yet to hear of the first individual instance where even one cent has been contributed voluntarily by the visiting public to our fish and game fund. It is 'moonshine,' gentlemen, to dream that these people are going to come here and voluntarily contribute \$10 each, or more, for the benefit of this fund; as otherwise we should have had abundant evidence in a few cases, at least.

"The real facts are simply these: A few of our visiting sportsmen are anxious to have a license law such as proposed. The most of them favoring the idea, wish to have the license fee very high and explain their reasons therefor in this manner: They say that with their means, they can easily afford to pay quite liberally, but that the large mass of tourists who come to Maine have not such financial ability; consequently, it will create a large game preserve for the benefit of a moneyed aristocracy and compel the clerks, tradesmen, and others of limited means to do without such an outing or go elsewhere.

"It's the masses and not the classes to whom we should cater, if we wish to do the greatest good, because, while individually they do not spend as much money, collectively they spend much more and the benefits reach a much larger number of people.

"Of course, we can understand how a few of our members, like the proprietors of fashionable resorts, have recently been converted on account of the confession of some of their patrons that there is a strong undercurrent among this class that a high license fee would tend to create a select aristocracy and bar the masses of tourists.

"Individually, proprietors of such resorts would be benefitted and it is but natural that they should become imbued with the ideas prevailing among their guests and unconsciously become unmindful of other interests than their own.

"We are cited to the fact that the Provinces of Canada exact a fee for hunting, and that they still flourish. This is true, gentlemen, and it is also true that they exact a fee for fishing as well, and what is the result? The statement is made, and I fully believe it, that more people come to the little State of Maine to fish than go to all the Provinces of Canada combined, notwithstanding the fact that the natural conditions in the various Provinces are fully equal to those here.

"We all know, whether we admit it or not, that a license fee such as proposed would bar very many people from coming here. It has become almost a disease to have an annual outing, either for fishing or hunting. Commencing as a mild fever, it developed into a contagion that we have been hoping was chronic; but the passing of obnoxious laws is likely to destroy this microbe and the patient return home cured—never to return.

"Many more reasons, often rehearsed, could be offered in opposition to the proposed law. I will leave them un-repeated, because I wish to offer a few ideas in favor of the scheme.

"I feel it is about time for us to consider more carefully the forestry problem and the obligations we are under to the individual land owners, when considering any proposed change in our game laws; therefore, as representing certain small wild land interests, and regardless of fish and game interests, I'm very strongly inclined—with a proviso which I will mention later—to work for it long and diligently.

"As before stated, the wild lands furnish the grand capital upon which you flourish. Without the forests, this State would be a very poor one in which to live. The blasting storms of winter, with uncontrollable freshets spring and fall, accompanied by the parching droughts of summer, would ruin almost every kind of business of whatever name or nature that at present furnishes our people with means of a livelihood.

"The Legislature meets season after season to pass laws, but instead of studying and legislating how best to preserve our forest area which stands as a safeguard to all business, they ponder and scheme how they can con-

trive some law which will tax them harder and give nothing in return. Not satisfied with their success in the past they propose to go even further and tax the wild lands even more, in order to lessen the tax burden resting on other classes of property which are so dependent on a flourishing forest growth.

"The report of the distinguished chairman of the taxation committee appointed by the State Grange at their recent session in this city, voiced this sentiment quite emphatically, and this was followed by a resolution adopted by that body, indorsing the same idea.

"Did any of you hear that, provided the wild lands did pay more tax, they would receive any part of the benefit resulting therefrom? Not by any means, because it is not so intended.

"The State has given you—and by you I mean the fish and game interests—from the general fund to which the wild lands contribute, \$25,000 each year with which to plunder their forests, trespass all you will, burn if you choose, do almost anything you like, and has given the magnificent sum of \$400 annually for the purpose of protecting forest property against damage by fires that perhaps you yourselves have started, and also for the purpose of making scientific investigation as to the best methods of preserving our forest growth, so essential to the future welfare of the State.

"Is this right, just or fair?

"As a land owner, I've no particular objection to your using my property within reasonable bounds for the purpose of either fishing or hunting; but I certainly have very serious objections to your leasing my land—which is what a hunting license virtually means—to other parties, and appropriating the proceeds for your own private use.

"While I've not consulted with the numerous wild land owners of the State and therefore do not claim to be acting as their representative, I've no doubt they will agree with me fully in the idea that it would be just and fair to ask the Legislature to enact a license law similar to that proposed, but differing in this respect, viz., that every cent of revenue should be devoted to forestry interests, instead of fish and game interests.

"This does not appeal to me as asking too much, because we are virtually giving value received. In other words, we should be leasing the right to hunt and fish, carrying with it camping privileges, including necessary fuel, on our private property.

"Under the present system, it is only at great personal expense that forest owners can guard against losses by fire, to say nothing of any other losses, occasioned by the carelessness or indifference or wanton disposition of the numerous tourists.

"With the revenue derived from a license law such as I have indicated, embracing a provision that the total receipts shall be used only for the purpose of guarding the property against losses by forest fires, and to gather and disseminate valuable information relative to forestry problems, it seems to me that the idea of selfishness on our part should be entirely eliminated, excepting in so far as we should be relieved of a portion of the personal expense of protecting our property against your depredations.

"We frankly admit that we should expect to be relieved of a part of the fire risk on account of a less number of tourists, but please bear in mind that we never invited them here.

"You are the hosts, and as such common courtesy would demand that you provide the necessary entertainment to make their stay pleasant, without demanding that we furnish all the facilities, stand all the risks, and 'chip in' beside, when we are never benefitted.

"We could stand this for a year or two without a murmur; but it seems to me that there is a disposition manifest to bear on a little harder than we can stand. All we demand is simple justice, but for that we must insist."

Rhode Island Fish and Game Interests.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Jan. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the General Assembly yesterday a resolution appropriating \$1,500 for the payment of bounties for the killing of wild foxes was read and passed by the Senate.

Gov. Charles Dean Kimball, in his message to the General Assembly last week, had the following to say concerning shell fisheries and inland fisheries:

"The revenue to the State in rents from the lands leased for the raising of oysters is \$25,691.25 for the year. During 1901 there have been leased additional lands to the number of 1,858 acres, which the commissioners estimate will add more than \$10,000 to the receipts of the current year.

"The clam beds are an important source of revenue to many of the inhabitants of our State. Their depletion to any extent is to be seriously deplored. I urge that you consider measures for their protection. Attention should also be given to the preservation of the scallop fisheries.

"The valuable work of the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries has been continued during the present year. They report that beside attending to the usual work of stocking the streams and ponds and protecting the fish, they have made a strenuous effort this year to stop the illegal taking of short lobsters and egg lobsters, with a very gratifying degree of success. It is definitely known that a great many thousand lobsters have been returned to the water and given a chance to breed. You will doubtless be gratified to learn that the authority granted the commissioners to use certain land for experimental purposes has resulted in numerous tests of the feasibility of practical clam culture that promise to be successful."

He also said concerning the protection of birds: "The commission report a very general support to their efforts on the part of the public, which is a matter for gratification. They call attention to a measure adopted at the January session, 1901, that they believe prevents the adequate protection of certain birds. They intend to bring before you at this season a bill calculated to improve existing legislation. They feel that extreme measures will be necessary to protect from extinction our ruffed grouse, commonly called partridge."

W. H. M.

All communications intended for *FOREST AND STREAM* should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

A Wild Turkey Invades Asheville.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., Jan. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We frequently read in *FOREST AND STREAM* about quail killing themselves by flying against a house, and have several times during the past few years read of wild geese being confused by lights in windows and fires, etc., but I have never yet heard of a wild turkey being caught in the center of a city, which city measures several miles in diameter. Here is a note from an Asheville paper of Jan. 7, which contains an article, the truthfulness of which I can vouch for:

"Last Thursday night about 10 o'clock, when Street Superintendent Bostic, who lives on Haywood street, stepped outside of his house, he heard cries, something like those made by a flock of geese over his head, and looking up saw a large bird circling round wildly in the air, evidently dazzled by the glare of the arc light which is located at that point. The bird, which proved to be a large wild turkey, attempted to alight in an oak tree, but crashed through the lines and dashed against the window of a room which had a light in it. Then it fell to the ground and attempted to run, colliding, in its blindness, with a stone wall, and Mr. Bostic's son, Rex, grappled with it on the ground.

"A wild turkey has great strength in its wings, and this one might have beaten itself free if Mr. Bostic had not come to the rescue.

"The bird, which was captured without injuring it, was a big bronze specimen, weighing 18 pounds. It had evidently been disturbed in the mountains and in attempting to fly over the city had become confused by the lights. Mr. Bostic and his family dined on wild turkey on Sunday, and state that it was fat and tender."

It is very seldom that wild turkeys are now seen near Asheville, but judging from the number which have been seen on the streets this winter, they must be more plentiful in the mountains than they have been for several years past.

C. P. A.

Mississippi Valley Notes.

ILLINOIS STATE GAME COMMISSIONER A. J. LOVEJOY, writing of the condition of the game fields in Illinois, says that so far as reports in his office go to show, the law is being closely adhered to through the State generally. This applies especially to quail at this particular time, as the open season has but recently closed, and the report speaks volumes of the work of the Commissioner



A NEW JERSEY GROUP.

and his wardens, in view of the fact that the late Legislature left the quail almost unprotected. By vigorously declaring and following the manifest intention of the law, the spirit of true sportsmanship has infused itself into practically all men who go afield; the farmers have seconded this work by declaring unanimously that no birds shall be shot after the middle of December, so that, while it was freely predicted six months ago, that quail would be speedily exterminated in this State, the supply of birds left over is unusually large, and the prospect for the coming season very good. However, the fact remains that our Illinois law is very faulty in its present shape, and all sportsmen will breathe easier when the next Legislature convenes and remedies present defects.

Lovers of duck shooting in the Mississippi Valley, who were deprived of their favorite pastime last fall by reason of the fact that all lakes were dry and the wildfowl took another route south, are now afraid that they will meet with similar deprivation as to the spring shooting season. The birds have already begun moving northward, but there is no more water on the feeding grounds than during the fall season, and unless there are copious rains soon, the birds will hurry through this country, if, indeed, they come this way at all.

F. C. R.

The Long Island Game Season.

THE upland hunting season on Long Island closed on Tuesday last, and hunters report the season a very good one. Small game, especially quail and partridge, have been plentiful, good bags being made. Woodcock have been more abundant than usual. Rabbits, for some reason, have been unusually scarce. It is said a disease attacked them. Fox hunting will be the next sport in season, and there is an abundance of them on the island. Opossums seem to have increased largely the last few years. The ducking season was a long one and a successful one, but closed by the freezing of the bay.

Connecticut Birds.

MIDDLETOWN, Conn., Jan. 12.—There are lots of birds left over, and they seem to be doing well. While fox hunting yesterday I flushed seven pheasants. They must have been recently turned loose. There are lots of foxes this year.

North Carolina Wildfowl.

CURRITUCK SOUND, N. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Our canvasbacks this season are in the finest condition I have ever seen them. I weighed a bag of thirty-one birds yesterday, which weighed as follows: Two of 4½ pounds each, three of 4¼ pounds each, two of 4 pounds each, seven of 3¾ pounds each, six of 3½ pounds each, eleven of 3¼ pounds each. I attribute this to the very heavy crop of wild celery in our Sound, which is so abundant the game has done very little so far toward destroying it. I shot fifteen Canada geese one day last week, which weighed from 9¼ to 14 pounds each. This is also unusual—in fact, all our birds seem in perfect condition.

Mr. Curtis, of Boston, a member of the Swan Island Club, was on our island a few days ago. He said their club had killed three thousand five hundred ducks up to Christmas. All the clubs, or a majority of them, have had the best shooting this season they have had in many years.

The swans, for some reason, seem to be leaving our Sound. There are not half so many now as there were five years ago. I do not understand this, as I am quite certain that not one-tenth of the young birds that arrive are killed during any one season. I have been told recently, however, that they are seen in large numbers in the large sounds south of here off Kinnekeet, Hatteras and Ocracoke, where they have been seldom seen, except in small flocks. This may account for the scarcity here. I understand that black brant are more abundant in the Albemarle, Pamlico and Bogue sounds this season than ever. That section of Carolina from Oregon Inlet to Beaufort is destined to become a hunter's paradise, but unfortunately the water is too salty to grow wild celery, and the flavor of the game is not good.

MORE ANON.

A Virginia Quail Point.

Mr. L. P. Blow, of Lumberton, Va., reports that the quail stock this year is a very abundant one. The season will extend to Feb. 15.

100 Sportsmen's Finds.

Some of the Queer Discoveries Made by Those Who Are Looking for Game or Fish.

81

Three boys of Union township, N. J., while hunting recently in the woods, chased a possum to the Essex county line, where it disappeared in a hole leading under a pile of stones. While engaged in digging it out they came across a wooden box containing more than one hundred silver spoons, knives and forks and four gold salt spoons. County Detective Keron, of Elizabeth, learned about the discovery and took possession of the silverware. Keron believes the silverware was stolen by tramps and hidden, awaiting an opportunity to safely dispose of it.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in *FOREST AND STREAM*.

Trout Pictures.

THE one lying on the table is very pretty. It was given to me yesterday by a friend, and I prize it highly, but it makes me think of a picture of trout I have in my mind which is indelible and can never fade. The natural is always in evidence, when I think of it. Nearly forty years ago I went to school—not because I wanted to then, but because I was advised by older heads who attended to my welfare, that going to school was the proper thing for me. The school house was of the old New England type, situated under the shadow of grand old Mt. Tom, in Hampshire county, Massachusetts. I can see it now inside and out—the old wooden benches hacked here and there by some boy long before me to see if his knife would cut; the old cast-iron box stove about four feet long, and the teacher's ruler which was always in evidence on her desk, and the next hottest thing to the stove. All I can see now. But I am off the subject.

One afternoon in the month of May I happened to look up at the teacher and noticed her look out of the window and smile with a gentle blush (it was something unusual for me to see a teacher smile). Pretty soon there was a knock at the school house door; the teacher went to the door, and I had a glimpse of a fishing rod, a man and a strap over his shoulder. The teacher brought him in, and, of course, he was invited to look over the daily register; but I don't think he was as much interested in it as he was in our pretty and young school teacher, who had been out of the High School but a short time. I was in a bad fix. I wanted to see if that young man had any fish. I was too young then to go fishing alone, but if there was a chance to hang around or go with some older person and be in their way, I was always there, and the mere glimpse of a fish pole in the school house settled my studies for that day as far as books were concerned.

I plucked up courage and tried to catch the teacher's eye, but it seemed as if she would never look my way, but I raised my hand and she said, "Well, what do you wish?" "May I go out?" said I, and the usual, "Is it necessary?" came from her lips, and, of course, I said, "Yes'm." Well, I went out into the "entry," as we used to call it, and there in the corner I saw what I thought was the finest little fishing rod in the world, and hung up on a nail beside it was the reel. But it was so high that with my short legs I could not reach it; so I went to the woodshed and procured a block of wood as large as I could lift and brought it out and stood on it, and then I lifted the cover off the "fish basket," removed the green grass from the top and saw a dozen or so of the prettiest trout I ever gazed upon. I lifted one out, and it took both of my then little hands to hold it. But it was a great delight to me to see those trout, and I remember as if it

were yesterday those pretty spots on their sides and all the other colorings of the most beautiful fish, and that picture I think more of to-day than the one in oil. But I was caught and severely reprimanded for my inquisitiveness.

Brown's Tract Guides.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The annual meeting of the Brown's Tract Guides' Association held in Boonville, Jan. 9, was largely attended and great interest was manifested in the proceedings. The Association has over 400 members, and is the strongest organization of its kind that was ever formed. President Richard Crego presided. Secretary and Treasurer A. M. Church submitted his annual report, of which an abstract follows: "The increase in members during the year just past has been 103, ten guides or active members, and ninety-three associate members, making, all told, 432 members, and of these seventy-eight are guides or active members. The total receipts amounted to \$877.25; disbursements, \$797.96; balance on hand, \$79.29. We recovered a penalty in one case for shooting trout of \$25, and the only other case we had was that of two Canadian Frenchmen—lumbermen—who killed a deer March 6, 1901, near Beaver River. Information was furnished by a member of the Association, and they were taken before Justice J. H. Higby by Special Protector Ira Parsons, and fined \$50 each. Failing to pay, they were sent to the county jail at Herkimer for fifty days each. During the latter part of July and through August we had a special representative at White Lake, McKeever and up the railroad as far as Clearwater. We also had another at Fourth Lake, and much valuable evidence was obtained in this way. We kept as close watch as possible on all the country between Beaver River and the South Branch of Moose River, east to Raquette Lake, and north to Independence River. Dogs were found running deer about the Brown's Tract ponds, Eighth Lake and north to Shallow, and several were killed. Two were killed in the vicinity of the road running from White Lake Corners to Woodhull Reservoir, and one found running loose about the north shore of Fourth Lake. We found that one deer had been killed at Long Lake and taken to White Lake in July. One was killed in July and another late in August in Nick's Lake, and two on Gibb's Lake. We also have evidence in several other cases, one of which was placed in the hands of State Game Protector Wait, who has not yet reported progress. During this time we employed one man for a month, and others as we could get them, and as they were needed. Beside the man for a month, we employed guides and others in raiding the country about 150 days.

"The fishing the past season has not been up to the usual standard. There were some good catches made early in the season, but as a whole the fishing season was poor. There were the usual number of fishermen who caught all they could and more than they ought. Between the bass and the minnow traps, the bait fish are about exterminated in the Fulton Chain, and the buoy fishing which we condemned last year will kill itself in the near future. I have so far found but two men who report that there are as many deer in the woods as last year, and one of these men did not get one at that. I find many more hunters this year who are in favor of shortening the open season on deer, and it seems to be the general opinion of all our people that all hunting of deer in the month of November should be cut out. Fully one-half the deer taken were killed during the part of the season that is in the month of November. On one train from the woods on Nov. 10 were fifty-two carcasses of deer. On Nov. 15 the morning train into Utica carried thirty-two, and the afternoon train seventy-four. The Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission report 1,286 deer being shipped from the woods by express, and estimate that 6,000 were killed in the Adirondack wilderness the last season for hunting. Will 6,000 fawns pull through this winter and be ready to take their places next spring? Partridges were more plenty this last season in the Adirondacks than for several years past, the season being particularly adapted for their breeding. During last winter's session of the Legislature your secretary had some correspondence in regard to measures relating to game protection, and, in company with another member, visited Albany to protest against a bill to allow hounding in two or three counties. The proposed measure died in the committee, and a bill extending the anti-hounding law of 1897 another five years was passed and received the Governor's signature. Your committee on game law legislation prepared several bills tending to carry out the recommendations made by you at the last annual meeting. They were introduced and pushed by Senator Garry A. Wilford, and passed the Senate, but through pressure of business and other reasons, failed to get out of the Assembly committee. We lost by resignation last year one member, Benjamin Aborn, of Cleveland, O., and during the year four of our best and most influential members have died. They were Leander W. Fiske and Robert Perrie, of Boonville; Arthur W. Soper, of New York, and Samuel W. Skinner, of Cincinnati."

C. R. Sperry offered the following resolutions, which were all adopted except the one pertaining to the shooting of does:

Whereas, The Brown's Tract Guides' Association was organized by the co-operation of about fifty of the leading guides of that section for the purpose of protecting the fish and forests of the Adirondacks. (They were encouraged in this undertaking by all true sportsmen and law-abiding citizens who love the forests and native habitants of its woods and waters. They were led to this action by practical and personal knowledge of the rapid destruction of fish and game, both in and out of season, in this region, and fully realizing that some radical measures must be taken to prevent the wanton destruction of this most noble game and sport, have banded themselves together to prevent, in as far as lies in their power, its rapid and unlawful destruction by irresponsible persons, pot and market hunters; and

Whereas, It has become self-evident, not only to the guides themselves, but the casual observer, that the State game protectors appointed and assigned to the Adirondack region for the protection of fish and game are entirely inadequate for the purpose, not only in point of numbers, but in qualification and fitness for the work, by reason of their manifest unfitness and training as woodsmen and lack of earnest endeavor to perform their whole duty; therefore, be it

Resolved, That it is the sense of this Association and meeting that the State should assume more responsibility for the protection of its forests, fish and game, and to that end assign more protectors to the forest preserve, and exercise more caution in selecting protectors, fitted by training and ambition for the purpose.

Resolved, That this Association condemn buoy or anchor fishing,

and respectfully request the Legislature to pass a law prohibiting fishing at buoys or anchors in the waters inhabited by trout within the forest preserve.

Resolved, That this Association recommend that the close season for wild deer shall be from Nov. 1 to Aug. 31, both inclusive.

Whereas, In years past many men have been mistaken for deer and shot, and whereas, hunters and sportsmen in their eager pursuit of deer, have not used sufficient caution to distinguish the difference between deer and men, and whereas, the time has now come when radical measures must be taken for the further protection of the deer in the forests, which are fast being depleted; therefore, be it

Resolved, And this Association most strenuously urge that no doe or female deer shall be killed at any time within the forest preserve. [This resolution was not adopted.]

Resolved, That this Association condemn the sale of deer, venison, partridge, woodcock or quail, also brook or lake trout taken from the inland waters of the State, except the sale of live fish or game for the purpose of stocking or restocking forests or waters.

Resolved, That the close season for black bear shall be from May 1 to Sept. 30, both inclusive.

Resolved, That this Association heartily indorse the candidacy of John E. Ball for the appointment of State game protector for the Herkimer district.

Whereas, the question of lumbering State lands within the forest preserve is now being discussed; and

Whereas, In our judgment that not only means the destruction of the forests but also the cutting off of the present water supply of the State; therefore, be it

Resolved, That this Association most strenuously protests against lumbering or cutting the timber on the State lands.

Richard Crego,
D. F. Sperry,
A. M. Church,
C. R. Sperry,
Committee.

Officers were elected as follows: President, Richard Crego; Vice-President, Garry A. Riggs; Secretary and Treasurer, A. M. Church. The Executive Committee consists of D. T. Charbonneau, William Stell, Charles Smith, J. E. Ball, Bion H. Kent, H. D. Grant, Danforth Ainsworth, Sr.

At the conclusion of the business meeting a banquet was enjoyed, about 300 guests being present. Hon. H. D. Grant acted as toastmaster at the post-prandial session, and many interesting speeches were made.

W. E. W.

UTICA, N. Y., Jan. 10.

Calendars.

SPRATTS PATENT (America) Limited, of Market and Congress streets, Newark, N. J., have issued a calendar for 1902, which is illustrated in colors with themes concerning cats, dogs and poultry. Those who desire one should apply to Spratts Patent, as per address aforementioned.

Yachting.

Designing Competition.

IN view of the continued and increasing interest in yachting, a designing competition will be opened in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. In America the yachting season is comparatively a short one, and such a competition as has been determined upon will serve to stimulate the interest in the subject during the winter months. The competition is open to both amateur and professional designers. Three prizes will be given for the best designs of a yacht conforming to the following conditions:

- I. A pole mast sloop.
- II. 25ft. load waterline.
- III. Not over 4ft. draft (with centerboard hoisted).
- IV. At least 50 per cent. of ballast outside on keel.
- V. 5ft. headroom under cabin carlins.

All abnormal features must be studiously avoided in the design; and the construction, sail and cabin plans should be of the simplest character. It was our idea in laying out the conditions of the competition to make them simple as possible, so as not to hamper in any way the designer, and yet convey to all that we wished to produce a safe, comfortable cruiser on which two or three amateurs could live with comfort for a period of two or three months and cruise along our eastern seaboard from New York to Halifax with safety. A centerboard boat of moderate draft was decided upon, as so many more harbors would be accessible to a boat of that type.

DRAWINGS REQUIRED.

- I. Sheer plan, scale 1in. = 1ft.—showing center of buoyancy and lateral resistance.
- II. Half breadth, scale 1in. = 1ft.
- III. Body plan, scale 1in. = 1ft.
- IV. Cabin plan, scale 1in. = 1ft.
- V. Sail plan, 1/4in. = 1ft., showing center of effort.

The sails should consist of a jib, mainsail, spinnaker and balloon jib. No topsail will be carried.

A table of offsets and an outline specification must accompany each design. The drawings should be carefully drawn and lettered. All drawings should be made on white paper or tracing cloth in black ink (no colored inks or pigments should be used). The designs must bear a nom-de-plume only and no indication must be given of the author. In a sealed envelope, however, the designer should inclose his own name and address, together with his nom-de-plume. All designs must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York City, not later than Feb. 28, 1902. All drawings will be returned, but postage should accompany each.

The FOREST AND STREAM reserves the right to publish any or all the designs.

The prizes offered are as follows: 1st prize, \$25.00; 2d prize, \$15.00; 3d prize, \$10.00. Mr. Theodore C. Zerega offers an additional prize of \$10.00 for the best cabin plan. Honorable mention will also be made of meritorious designs.

Mr. Clinton H. Crane, of the firm of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, has kindly consented to judge the designs and make the awards. Mr. Crane's professional standing is so high that he needs no introduction, and every confidence will be put in his ability and fairness.

Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane have chartered the steam yacht Margarita, owned by Col. A. J. Drexel, to Mr. Charles B. Alexander. The yacht is now in English waters, and Mr. Alexander will go to the Mediterranean in her in the early spring.

Racing and Cruising Yachts.

THE following interesting lecture was delivered by Mr. William Gardner, of the firm of Messrs. Gardner & Cox, naval architects, New York city, before the Yachtsmen's Club, Monday evening, Dec. 30:

In introducing to you the history of the changes which have taken place in racing yachts, it seems to me unnecessary to antedate the period of our first racing of international reputation. Our first boat of great importance we all know was America. Previous to the construction of America our boats were built on what is known as the "cod's head and mackerel-tail" plan. The forms of these boats were developed from the forms of fishes, and up to that time it had been considered that the form best adapted for moving beneath the surface of the water was naturally best for movement on the surface.

America represented a decided departure from previous yacht designing in this country, in that she had an extremely long bow and short run. This was an acknowledgment that surface resistance was totally different from the resistance under water. The idea was not new, nor the application new. America's success was due to the fact that in connection with the long bow there was a decidedly raking keel, which brought the center of lateral resistance well aft, combined with the center of buoyancy, and at the same time the center of area of sail was carried further aft to correspond with the buoyancy and central lateral plane. This produced as a whole a remarkably successful boat. Added to the improvements in model were to be found the flat sails, which were practically unknown at that time.

The success of America was not due to any single novelty, but she was the result of a combination of new ideas and carefully thought out principles, all of which were symmetrical and produced a perfect combination.

At the time of the appearance of America a boat had been already built in England which possessed very advanced ideas. This was Mosquito. She sailed in the race against America, but owing to her grounding, the actual results of her speed compared with America were not known. She was considered, however, fully the equal of America. Mosquito possessed many of the new features of America, but her sails were not so good, and her forefoot was unquestionably too deep.

One of the most interesting boats produced at about that period was Oncahi. This vessel had a full bilge, an extremely hollow garboard and a broad keel. The object was to carry the ballast very low, which they certainly succeeded in doing. Owing to her lateral plane and large displacement, the boat failed to score a brilliant success. However, she represented the beginning of the modern ballast fin. She was one of the products of the Stevens, and was an example showing the advanced ideas the Stevens possessed at that time. Maria was another product of the Stevens, and possessed many remarkable features. She was altered several times, and while the various models of Maria are still in existence, it is at this day very difficult to tell which is the original model and which the later substituted models which were used in alteration. However, there is among the several models one which deserves attention and comment. This boat has a waterline of about 110ft., with convex waterline and convex bow—very similar to Shamrock II.

The fore end, however, was at least 2ft. 6in. wide at the forward end on deck, but was circular in form, instead of square, as shown on Shamrock II.

In reaching Maria was certainly a wonderful vessel. In going to windward she was not so successful—due probably to her hollow bow. Her sails were the first ever made, so far as we know, with the seams running in a horizontal direction, and her spars, so far as we know, were the first hollow spars ever built. Her mast was hollow and was bored. Her boom was hollow and built up. I think she possessed the only thoroughly successful hollow wooden boom that has been built over 90ft. in length.

After America and her contemporaries Una and Julia, the American model changed very decidedly. These boats were deep, substantial vessels, with fairly large displacement, fine ends and perfect balance. Their successors were boats of moderate displacement, great beam, faint bilge and large sail.

In general, we can say that in New York yachting was confined to the Lower Bay and Long Island Sound. At the same time large yachts were built of the keel type, which boats, however, with the exception of the Sappho, possessed no particular characteristics or merit. While they went to sea occasionally, they became distinguished mainly by the courage and pluck of their owners and sailing masters.

One of the most notable improvements in yacht designing was developed in Kitten, which was a production of John Harvey, of Wyvenhoe, England. She was a boat with a very shallow forefoot, a straight keel, from the stem to the forefoot, and a very marked rake to her sternpost—about 50 degrees. She was the first boat to represent the low-ballast principle combined with small surface.

Her successor, on a large scale, was Jullanar. This boat was a refinement of Kitten, in that she had a more extreme cutaway to the forefoot, a vertical sternpost, placed fully 20 per cent. from the after end of the load waterline.

This boat was perfectly balanced, was fast in light winds, and is to-day a wonderful performer in rough water at sea.

These two boats, Kitten and Jullanar, were the fore-runners of the modern short keel, which has been carried to such an extreme at the present time, the length of the keel now being determined by the length which is necessary for the ballast.

The first boats after Fannie, Columbia, Magic, etc., worthy of mention are the Ellsworth boats. Comet, probably, while not necessarily the best boat Ellsworth turned out, is certainly the most distinguished. She represented, contrary to previous practice, a boat of larger displacement than usual, small surface and finer ends. While as a model she was a remarkable boat, she had the assistance of Joe Ellsworth, the brother of the designer, who was probably the first man in America to make yacht racing a science. Combined with unusual skill in boat handling, Joe Ellsworth possessed great knowledge of tides, winds, eddies and currents. At times this knowledge was of such value that Comet, although not in a race,

was known to sail around the entire fleet, and be at anchor with her sails stowed when the first boat came in.

Following Comet was Fanita, Grayling, Montauk and others. Grayling for many years was the queen of the fleet. Montauk had the distinction, until two years ago, of holding the record over the New York course.

Among the smaller boats there was very great rivalry. On the Staten Island shore the Seawanhaka Y. C. was developing the cutter type—both the English and American styles. On the Long Island shore they were developing the Ellsworth boats.

The Ellsworth productions represented boats of considerable displacement and beam, but moderate draft. The boats on the Staten Island Shore—the cutters—were generally of narrow beam and large displacement.

Probably one of the best races ever sailed in New York Bay was the race between Valkyrie—a modified boat designed by Cary Smith—and Oriva, an English boat of moderate beam.

At the end of the race these boats finished within a few seconds of each other; at no time during the race were they separated more than a few lengths. This race suggested that a combination of beam and draft was conducive to comfort, room and sea-going qualities, without being detrimental to speed.

The first boat to thoroughly demonstrate the value of the keel boat of moderate size, was the Burgess cutter Papoose. This boat possessed the beam of the American vessel, the draft of the English, with a compromise displacement between the two. She was never defeated by a boat of her own size, or by a centerboard boat, and was the forerunner of the modern type of racing vessel.

After first demonstrating that he could build a centerboard boat which was faster than any keel boat at that time existing, Mr. Burgess, in Papoose, clearly demonstrated that he could build a keel boat yet superior to his own centerboard boat.

Succeeding Papoose we find a fleet of 40-footers, both keel and centerboards, although the greater number of them were keel boats. This class of boats probably furnished the most brilliant racing this country has ever seen.

While Papoose was at length defeated, it was never done except by larger boats, and while the centerboards did magnificent work, it was thoroughly demonstrated that the combination of the English and American ideas was superior to all previous practice in construction on either side of the Atlantic. It is hardly fair to leave this class without mentioning Minerva—a creation of Mr. Fife—with only 40ft. waterline, she crossed the Atlantic on her own bottom safely and made good time coming over. Although smaller than the American boats, the perfection of model, canvas and handling, placed her at the front of the class.

While we were developing modified boats on this side, the English were developing an extreme type of boat—the rules governing the races giving an advantage to a type of excessive length and displacement, combined with very narrow beam.

Probably the two most notable craft—as well as the two latest of this class—were Doris and Olga. While representing an entirely different model, their dimensions were about the same. They were both wonderful performers, as regards speed, but unfortunately never came together, due to the sinking of Olga in a collision.

Olga was a wonderful sea boat, and the personal experience of the writer in connection with Olga is such as to warrant him in certifying to this statement. She was probably the best example of a good sea boat of the narrow type that has been produced.

Succeeding these boats, the rules were changed in England, and they immediately went to a broader type of boat.

In this country the 46-footers succeeded the 40-footers. In this class appeared Gloriana. She was a radical departure from anything ever built in this country, and was a production of the Herreshoffs. She possessed extreme overhangs, full bow and stern, and was designed to sail over the water, rather than through it. I am told she was a development from a very careful study of Minerva—with her good qualities reproduced and her bad ones omitted.

Her success was so great that it at once took the Herreshoffs directly into the front rank in the designing of modern yachts.

Contemporaneous with Gloriana was Dora, built by Watson, for the owner of Doris. This boat possessed the convex waterline, full bow, nearly all the characteristics of Gloriana, except that she had a perfect triangular longitudinal section. So it appears that in the same year a complete change of type was made in England as well as in America.

To whom most credit belongs for originality it is difficult to determine.

Succeeding Gloriana the Herreshoffs made another radical departure in Dilemma. This boat represented a very moderate displacement, full bow and stern, extremely long ends, a metal plate descending from the hull, at the bottom of which was suspended a bulb of lead. This boat was certainly an extreme development of the racing machine, for she possessed minimum displacement, with maximum sail-carrying power.

Succeeding Dilemma we find two boats, El Chico and Pixey. El Chico was the successor of Dilemma—the most extreme of the fin type; Pixey was a boat of very much larger displacement, with a very short keel and fuller garboard. Her surface was smaller than El Chico's and displacement greater.

Pixey was a combination of the cruising and racing boat, while El Chico was an extreme racing machine. The result of the season's racing was, that El Chico and Pixey came out practically even, El Chico winning the last race by an accident to Pixey—Pixey being ahead at the time of the accident. El Chico was successful in reaching in strong breezes. Pixey was nearly always successful going to windward, and was an easy winner in a light wind. This was the first real contest between the keel boat of extreme type and the ballast fin.

Succeeding these two boats we find Vencedor and Syce. Vencedor was a ballast fin, similar to El Chico; Syce was a supposed improvement on Pixey. Syce demonstrated, as regards the two boats, that the keel boat of her type was very much superior to the ballast fin. A majority of the most modern boats—the successful Cup defenders included—have all been boats of that type. In fact, when

the rules were changed in England, and it was found advisable to increase the area of the midship section, the garboards of some of the ballast fins were filled, and, strange to say, independent of the reduction in their measurement, the speed of the boats was increased, due to filling the garboards.

The Boston knockabouts are probably the best developed boats in existence to-day. They have been built under specified conditions, and are the result of a gradual improving development by a number of designers all following up the same conditions.

These boats are of the keel type—the ballast fin not having been successful.

The present racing boats are distinguished by full waterlines, easy garboards, very considerable displacement and extremely short keels. In fact, as stated before, the length of the keel is probably determined by the amount, location and form of the lead. I doubt if the keels will ever be made shorter than they are to-day.

Among the present racing boats we find a very great variety of models at and above the waterline. Some are very good sea boats and some are not. The sea-going qualities seem to be a matter almost entirely of individual design, both in lines and in construction.

The general feeling is that the present type of boat is dangerous, and if the opinions of the owners are to be followed, any one who is called upon to judge, would certainly have very confused ideas. At any rate, the opinion among many is such that it has been considered advisable to change the rules in such a way as to discontinue the present type. Several boats have been built—both of large and medium sizes—that have shown such weakness in their racing that they have been considered dangerous.

To those who are familiar with the principles of naval architecture, and the proper construction of boats, it seems unfair to condemn a type on the results of the performances of these boats; for no matter what bad qualities they may possess in form, they certainly were not constructed in accordance with the principles of modern naval architecture, and until a boat that has been constructed properly has failed, I do not consider that the type should be condemned.

We have among us a few boats that have been wonderfully successful in racing in England. They have all crossed the Atlantic on their own bottoms—some without a hitch of any kind. A few years ago these vessels would have been considered extreme racing machines, and those who have had the good fortune to be on board of them in bad weather, and who are familiar with the boats of the older types, can thoroughly appreciate how much superior they are, for any purpose, as compared with the older boats.

These boats represent modern ideas as regards the convex bow, the long but rounded stern, and moderate surface. They seem to be built to steer with any sail you put on them, and they have been known to handle well with staysail, jib and jib topsail, and no other sails set. This is certainly a guarantee that they will lay to in bad weather at sea.

In this country many condemned the convex bow. This judgment has been reached by passing on a few badly designed boats; but it is my opinion, that the most perfect sea boat in existence to-day is the boat that represents nearly all the qualities of the modern racer, not carried to an extreme, and those who are familiar with the performance of Defender in a beat to windward at sea, in this country, or the performance of Meteor under the same conditions in England, I feel will verify my statement. They are magnificent boats under these or any other conditions; they are dry, able and are totally free from the pounding qualities that mar other boats.

Several boats have been designed lately in England of the older type, possessing the old clipper bow, but from reports I have received none of these boats compare in sea-going qualities, speed or handiness with Meteor. And from the reports of yachtsmen, whose opinions are worthy of consideration, I am told they are years behind the times.

It is true that the full bow, under certain conditions, is not good; but when carefully and thoughtfully designed, you will obtain a steadier, faster and drier boat than can possibly be obtained by a return to the clipper bow of ancient history.

Cruising Yachts.

The general opinion has been that a boat five or six years old, or more, is a good cruising yacht; while a boat of the present day (whatever the day may be) may be a good racer, but is sure to be a poor cruising boat.

Mr. Smither's definition of the cruising boat is: A boat that is not fast enough to win races.

In this country we have built a good many famous cruising boats, and in their day they certainly were very successful. Among them are Intrepid, Iroquois and Yampa, all of which have covered thousands of miles of open water.

In England probably the most modern cruising boat is Cariad. In form she certainly represents the most modern ideas. Although an exceptional sea boat, Cariad has not proved herself the superior of the racing boats, either in a gale of wind or in heavy seas.

In this country we have built a great many small and moderate sized boats for cruising solely. Their particular characteristics have been room; and that room has generally been obtained by excessive beam. I saw an ideal cruiser last summer. She was very wide and had a full bilge, giving plenty of cabin space, very high sides, short ends, short bowsprit, boom slightly over the stern, and an extremely high rig. She had a Boston cockpit, by which I mean a cockpit, the floor of which is very low in the boat. We walked directly from the cockpit into the cabin. The back of the cockpit is very high. This is particularly well adapted for ladies when the boat is at anchor. When the boat is sailing, the top of the shoulders are at the upper edge of the cockpit, and unless the seat is 24in. wide, or more, the end of the spine just comes into contact with the edge of the seat if one wishes to sit upright to windward.

The unfortunate person who is steering the boat cannot see anything, either to leeward or to windward, and must have some one sitting on the top of the cabin house on deck to inform him where he is going.

This boat, as I said, is the ideal cruiser. I asked the captain how she sailed, he told me he was out once during the previous summer, and he said he intended to

go out again this summer if he had to take a tug to bring him back.

We have, however, quite a number of boats that have been built for cruising, that represent a very wholesome type. Among them is the yawl Mr. Hyslop built for himself last summer. This boat represents easy form, moderate rig, moderate dimensions; and while not possessing the accommodations of many of our so-called cruising boats, she is thoroughly capable of going anywhere, wind or weather, without excessive work, and she does not require a large crew.

Albicare is another of a similar type, a production of William Fife, Jr., which possesses all of the qualities of the above-mentioned boat. She is fast, comfortable and handy, and is one of the most desirable types of boat that has been built.

For our requirements in this country we need large sail plans. It seems to me much better to devote time and money to the details of blocks and rigging and obtain ease of handling in this way rather than by reducing the sails. The best cruiser in the majority of cases is the one that makes her day's run and gets in before the wind dies down while the other spends the night on the Sound.

It is very much easier to adapt a cruising boat to a man, than it is to adapt a man to a boat. We have every type of yachtsman, from the man at Shelter Island, who likes to keep his boat at anchor, so that he will at all times know where she is, to the man that wants the fastest boat that can be produced, and who, although he never sails a race, wants the best of canvas and rigging, and who loves sailing out of pure love of the sport and whose enjoyment is in seeing his boat move.

There is no doubt that it is very beneficial to health to get out on the water and spend the night, no matter what the boat might be, so long as you can sleep comfortably. As one of our progressive producers advertises: Yachting makes a man hungry, and after all, that is what it is for.

But there is a much higher aim to those who care to seek it. To race a yacht perfectly is something that no one has ever accomplished, and never will.

You can go through life and continually acquire knowledge, but you never can make a perfect sailor. The man who loves yachting for the sport, who loves the art of sailing, and who desires to be proficient in it, is the man who derives the greatest benefit, mental and physical.

At the present time we have a very decided agitation over measurement rules, and we are going to legislate. We cannot legislate to produce a type of boat that will be a success in racing, and at the same time will fill all the requirements desired of a cruising boat at the present day. The best we can do is to develop a type of boat, that while safe, will be conducive to the development of the art of sailing, and which will at the same time give the designers an opportunity to develop the highest speed qualities, so that we will not be forced to devote our energies to the creation of a type that will lose for us the prestige we now enjoy.

Cherokee.

THROUGH the kindness of the designers, Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, we are able to reproduce in this issue the plans of the 35ft. waterline sloop Cherokee, now being built by the Geo. Lawley & Son Corp., of South Boston, for Mr. H. A. Morss.

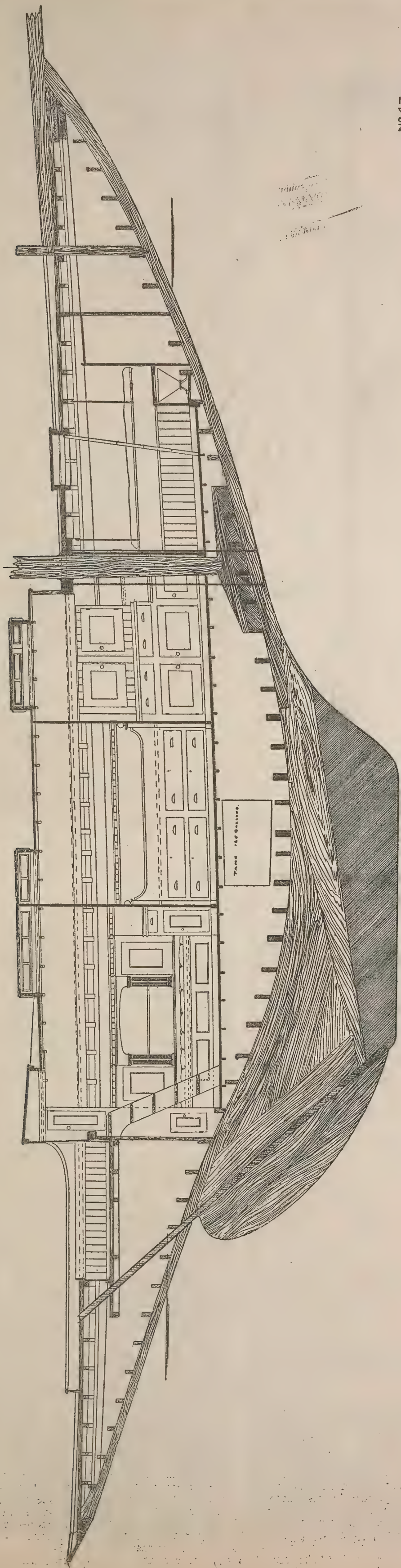
Her dimensions are as follows:

Length—	
Over all	52ft. 7½in.
L.W.L.	34ft. 11 in.
Overhang—	
Forward	8ft. 0 in.
Aft	9ft. 8½in.
Breadth—	
Extreme	12ft. 0 in.
L.W.L.	10ft. 11 in.
Freeboard to Top of Rail—	
Forward	5ft. 0 in.
Aft	3ft. 5 in.
Least	3ft. 0 in.
Draft, extreme	8ft. 0 in.
Sail Area—	
Mainsail	1,228 sq. ft.
Jib	270 sq. ft.
Staysail	208 sq. ft.
Area lower sails.....	1,706 sq. ft.
Topsail	196 sq. ft.

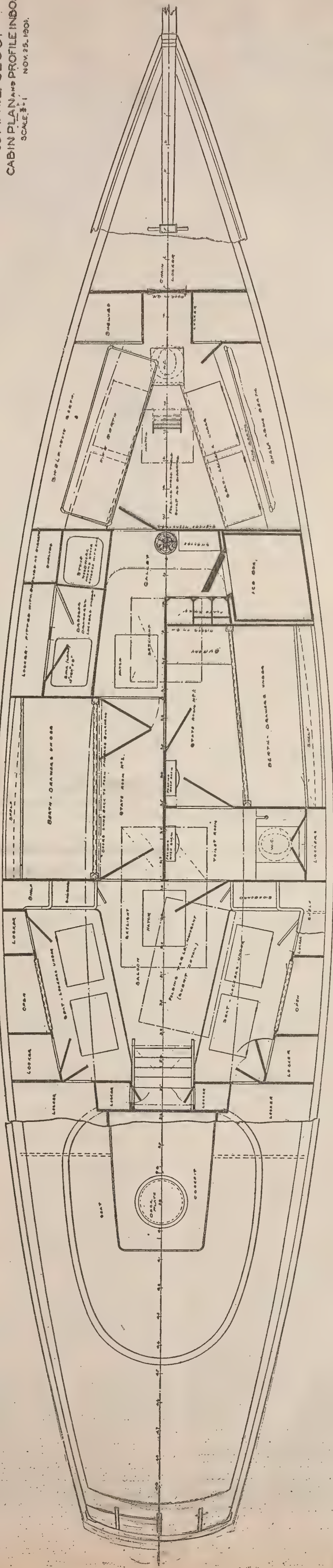
Total area 1,902 sq. ft.

In design neither displacement or deadwood has been much cut away—in fact, she is a more full-bodied boat than we have seen for some time. A glance at the midship section shows plainly how so much accommodation is gained on a boat of 35ft. waterline. The section is well rounded and of full form; this, together with good freeboard, gives a large amount of internal room. The main cabin is 7ft. long. There is a wide transom on each side, with lockers under. Behind the transoms are lockers and shelves. In the forward end of the cabin on each side are sideboards for silver, etc. On the starboard side opening from the main saloon is the toilet room, fitted with a folding wash basin and closet. The owner's stateroom is just forward of the toilet room on the starboard side. This room can be reached either from the passageway on the port side or, if that is being used as a stateroom, one can go through the lavatory. The owner's room is fitted with a wide berth, with drawers under, bureau, folding wash basin, etc. The passageway on the port side can be made into a stateroom by closing the folding doors at the forward and after end. The galley, which is of excellent size, runs the width of the boat, and is fitted in addition to a large ice box, with the usual sink, lockers, dish racks, etc. The forecabin is unusually large for a boat of this size, and is fitted with two pipe berths for the crew. There is a water closet for the crew. There is 6ft. 2in. headroom under the carlins of the cabin house, which is 19ft. long and 5ft. 10in. wide. The cockpit is watertight, 9ft. long and 7ft. wide. The waterway on each side of the cabin house is 3ft. wide. The boat is splendidly built, and a good idea of the construction can be learned from the plans.

Cherokee has a pole mast rig of moderate size, and the boat should be easily handled under all conditions of wind and weather.



No 47.
35 FT. W. L. SLOOP
CABIN PLAN AND PROFILE INBOARD.
SCALE 3/4" = 1' NOV. 25, 1901.



CHEROKEE-THIRTY-FIVE FOOT WATERLINE CRUISING SLOOP. DESIGNED BY TAMS, LEMOINE & CRANE FOR H. A. MORSS, 1901.



CHEROKEE—SAIL PLAN.

The Rating Rules.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been reading with much interest the letter you published on the above subject in your copy of the 21st ultimo, signed by Mr. Phillips, who commences by what is now becoming the fashionable introduction to such letters, viz., the assertion that plain yachtsmen care not to wrestle with such subjects, but leave rating rules to naval architects and mathematicians, yet continues in a well-argued letter to show that at all events one plain yachtsman is very well up in the subject. With your permission I will examine his discussion.

Firstly, he asks how is the factor, displacement, to be found. A weighing machine up to ten tons can be purchased for a small sum. It is handy, and can be hooked to the jib of any crane, or if there be no crane, to the cross of an impromptu derrick. Slings round the small yacht complete the requisite stores. Two or three men could easily weigh a small yacht in half an hour. There is absolutely no difficulty in weighing a small yacht. It is quite as simple a job as weighing a lead keel, which is insisted upon in the one-design classes, as, for instance, when building the 20-tonners in the Clyde O. D. class.

In the larger classes, if any objection be raised to a builder's certificate of such displacement obtained from the yacht's drawings in the usual way by means of the planimeter and Simpson's rule, then we must do with an approximation, which is quite correct enough for rating rule purposes, and which cannot certainly be objected to in the United States, where a similar approximation has been permitted for twenty years or so in the finding of sail area for rating rule purposes. At the present time the English rating rule requires the official measurer to take measurements on the yacht's external cross section at a point 0.6 of the L.W.L. from the front end of it, such that any one can, from the published measurements subsequently plot with very fair accuracy the said cross section. G B and D are quite sufficient for this purpose, and from the cross section thus plotted M the area of immersed section can at once be found by a planimeter. Having found M and knowing L, the approximate displacement in English tons (of 2,240lbs.) is found by the formula $M \times L \div 60$. Thus a 30-footer (L.W.L.) having a section M = 16 sq. ft. would be about eight tons displacement.

The argument that asking for displacement encroaches too much on the secrecy of design, does not therefore seem to be reasonable, because at the present time the

English rule requires that yachts shall be so measured that practically the said displacement can at once be found from the published measurements, by any expert. Again, Mr. Phillips thinks that the displacement could not be kept stationary for all races. Quite so. There would be no need. I would simply find the yacht's smallest displacement and give her a premium on that. Any increase, unless permanent, would give her no rating advantage, and therefore quâ rating need not be considered. If the increase were permanent, her master would, of course, take good care to have her rating corrected. On the other hand, any decrease in displacement by, say, the use of hollow vice solid spars, would, of course, require a corrected rating, which her competitors would insist upon, just as they would in the event of her taxable sail area being increased.

Mr. Phillips, on these very insufficient and easy answered objections, considers that a displacement rule, however excellent in theory, would in practice be "simply vile."

He then proceeds to argue that the prime function of a rating rule is to measure the size of a yacht. If this were really so, surely the most effective rule would be that for registered tonnage, and every owner would naturally reduce freeboard, and all internal dimensions to the utmost in order to rate as low as possible.

It is true that when racing first commenced the aim of the rule for time allowance was to measure size; but we have got a little beyond that primitive idea, and now our rating rule for racing is a measure of speed, which is quite another affair. We no longer race with cart horses, but with thoroughbreds.

No racing man is likely to disagree with Mr. Phillips' second proposition, that restrictions should not be embodied in a rating rule. That is my objection to "shape rules," like the present Y. R. A. (British) and German rules.

Mr. Phillips' third proposition that restrictions suitable to one class or size are unsuitable to another, is common sense, but is outside the argument if his second proposition be accepted, as above, viz., that restrictions and rating rules should have nothing in common, and Mr. Phillips' fourth proposition can be regarded like No. 3.

The statement then made that a strictly scientific formula has been deduced by naval architects, that other things being equal and length variable, the possibilities of speed vary as the square root of the length, is certainly not accurate if scientific. The late Mr. Froude proved that resistance due to water friction varies with the area

and nature of the wetted surface, and with a power of the speed less than the square, that it is independent of displacement and that it can be readily tabulated.

The residuary resistance, however, due to wave or eddy making cannot be so dealt with, and at present can be found only by trial either of a ship at sea or of a model in a tank. Evidently, therefore, the total resistance, and therefore the speed, cannot be accurately described as varying with a particular power of length, and it is also impossible to have other things equal when length varies. For instance, if beam remained constant, the ratio of L to B would not remain the same, L varying; and contrariwise, if the ratio remained unaltered, B would have to vary with L.

But it is not even a fact that increase of L per se necessarily reduces wave making resistance. The general tendency is that way, but at and about certain speeds for each shape in an increase of length may produce an actual increase of resistance.

The "strictly scientific formula" is, however, sufficiently accurate for rule purposes, and for the production of a time scale, and it is far wiser to race by such a scale than by one which is altered tyrannically by a governing body for the purpose of taxing excessively and therefore of discouraging all yachts exceeding a given rating, which has been done by the British Y. R. A. in their time scale above 80 rating.

Mr. Phillips' remarks on the time scale are excellent, but he should bear in mind that rating length is not hull length, but has nearly 50 per cent. of it indicating a coefficient of power, and consequently the application of the "formula" which is strictly scientific only as regards hull length, is purely arbitrary. His definition that on a given length, sail is a coefficient of power is very neat, and his deduction as also that the Seawanhaka rule is consequently a good measurement rule; but when he adds shortly afterward that this measurement is one of size, I for one cannot agree with him, believing it as I do to be a measurement of speed and not of size—racing size, perhaps, which practically is speed. The Seawanhaka rule's only defect, in my opinion, is the omission to tax the third principal speed producer—small displacement. The introduction of this additional tax is the thing I have been advocating for years.

As for racing under restricted rules, or in one-design classes, they give excellent sport, but they impede evolution, and Mr. Phillips' opposition to restrictions being practically introduced by a complicated rating rule, is most cordially echoed by

THALASSA.

Our English Letter.

WITH the income tax at nearly six per cent., it is not surprising that the prospects for next season's racing are somewhat gloomy. The large class which collapsed early last season from a variety of causes will receive no additions, but Sybarita has been bought by Mr. M. B. Kennedy, owner of the handicap-racer Maid Marion, from Mr. Whitaker Wright, who has been unfortunate in sundry public companies of late, or, perhaps, in whom sundry public companies have been unfortunate. This assures the appearance of Sybarita under a new name. Kariad, Mr. Kenneth M. Clark, will also be raced, and there is a possibility of Bona swelling the list. So far this appears to be all that can be hoped for. Sybarita is a good light-weather boat, and with her allowance for the "inferior" yawl rig she is a formidable craft to tackle. Meteor will no doubt also be raced by the German Emperor, and will always show up well in a breeze. His Majesty, however, needs a new boat by this time, and we may hear of one next year. It would be extremely interesting if his next racing craft should come from Herreshoff. There is a very strong desire among yachtsmen over here to have a big Herreshoff boat at our regattas. All recognize that she would be very hard to beat, but we want to show that such a yacht would not have everything her own way. The report was cabled over here a few weeks ago that Mr. Iselin had given Herreshoff the order for a new first-class boat for racing in England. Nothing has been heard of this lately, but no better news could be received than a confirmation of the rumor.

Our 65ft. class is moribund. Mr. Inglis is anxious to sell Nevada, designed for him by Mr. C. F. Herreshoff last year, and no new boats are building for the class. Nevada was not what can be called a failure, for she won nearly half the races she started in, but she is a misconception. Her waterline length is very little more than that of the 52-footer Magdalen, the crack of that class. She had nothing to sail against except Tutty, the old 40-rater, or rather more speed than Eelin. One could always tell beforehand which of the two would win. In light weather Tutty had no chance at all, and in a breeze Nevada's case was equally hopeless. Consequently there is no interest in the matches. Nevada is interesting because she is Mr. C. F. Herreshoff's first effort. It is not often that a young designer has a boat of such size for his first order, but Mr. Herreshoff did well. She is quite unsuitable for the class, owing to her dimensions, but it would be a very difficult thing to beat her with a boat of her own type and size. At times she has shown quite wonderful speed.

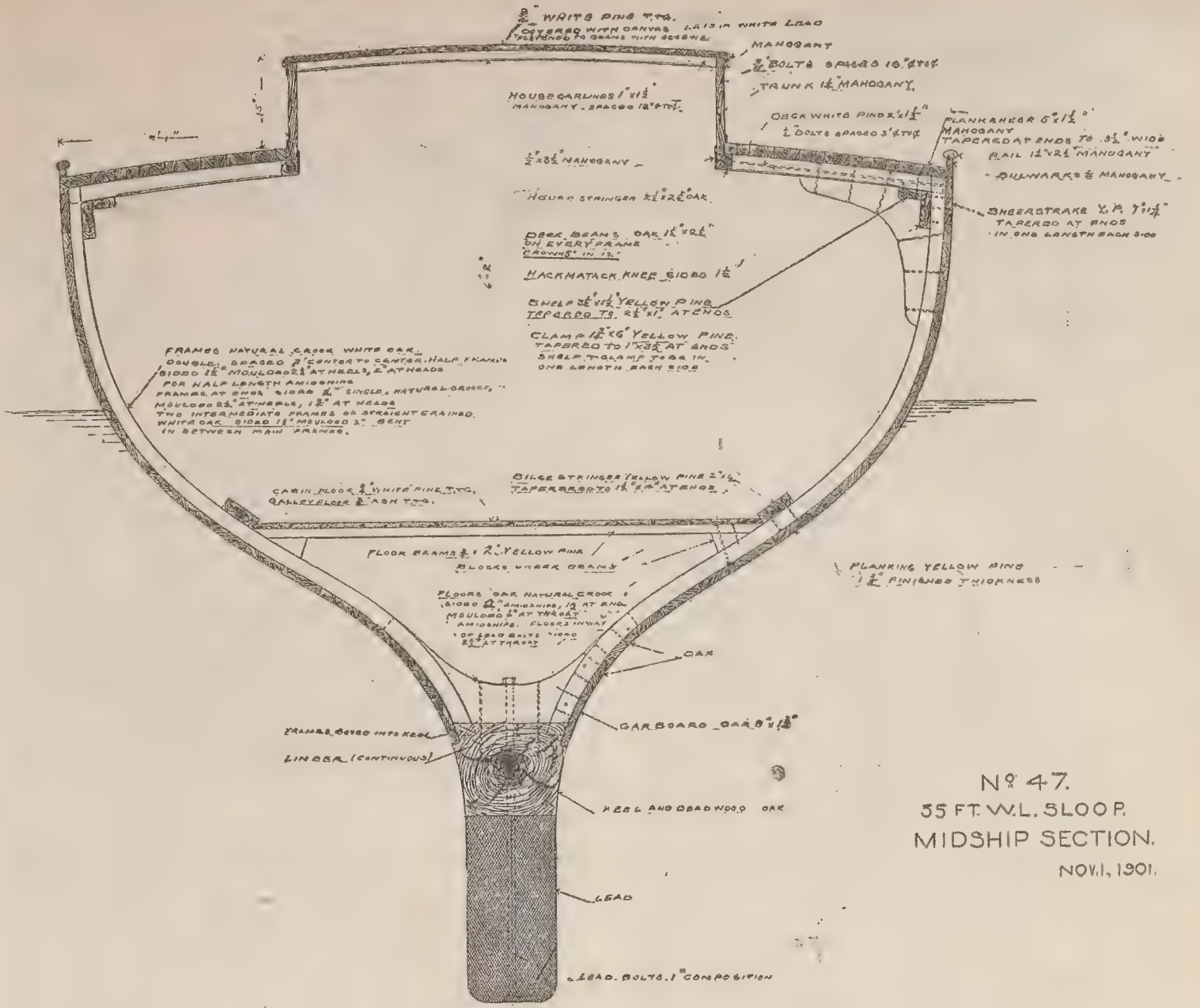
As was the case last season, the 52ft. class will redeem the year's racing from stagnation. There are two new boats being built, one by Mr. Fife, who designed Magdalen, and one by Mr. Payne, who designed Gauntlet. Gauntlet was a failure, but only by a very little. She was never able to beat Magdalen, but at times she pushed her very hard, indeed. Mr. Burton, her owner, always sails his own boat, a somewhat enterprising thing nowadays. He sails her quite as well as any "professional," and so could many owners both here and with you if they would only have the courage to endure some defeats in the process of learning. The curse of professionalism is the worst foe to yacht racing, and is doing much to kill class racing over here.

Mr. Burton's new boat is being built at Fairlie, for he has forsaken Mr. Payne. I shall not be in the least surprised if he gets licked again this season, for Mr. Payne is designing Mr. Coats' new boat. When Mr. Payne gets beaten in any class he generally manages to get his own back very soon, and he is a remarkably talented designer, second only, if that, to Mr. Fife himself. Mr. Watson has come to be neglected in racing circles except in the big class, where he has designed every boat. In all the other classes Fife was easily his superior when the great international designer left off. Watson is very busy with huge steam yachts, the latest being one of 2,500 tons for one of the Drexel family. It is very nice for us to build these magnificent vessels for America, but it seems very funny that your builders do not get the orders. Probably a few years will see a change. Mr. Watson is fashionable and designs superb yachts, but we have at least half a dozen steam designers equally capable.

Before leaving the 52ft. class it may be said that if the type remains as it is, there is no better boat in the world than our ex 52-footer. They are beamy, of fairly moderate draft, quite decent displacement, and wonderfully fast. Of late years there has been a tendency to overrate the advantage of small displacement and speed, and it is funny to observe the surprise evinced at the speed of these boats. Mr. C. F. Herreshoff has just published a design for the class. She is in many ways a remarkable boat, and is obviously the result of considerable thought, showing him to be well qualified to succeed on his own merits without imitating the work of others. There is very good cabin room in these boats, and they are comfortable at sea.

There are many large cruising yachts building, and all of these show the advances made in yacht designing better than any racing yacht. The modern large cruiser is a superb craft, not always divinely beautiful, but very business-like in appearance. The latest development is fitting them with electric light plant. Leander, the Hon. Rupert Guinness, is being fitted with a small motor to generate the light. It is also becoming fashionable to use acetylene gas.

The steam turbine, invented by Mr. Parsons, has now been adopted in yachts. Three are now building—one of 700 tons for Sir Christopher Furness, and another for Mr. A. L. Barber, of New York. This vessel will have engines of 3,500 horse-power, her loadline length being 253 feet, and molded beam 33ft. 3in. Her yacht measurement will be 1,400 tons. Colonel McCalmont, who sold his first yacht, Giralda, to the Spanish Government to make your country uncomfortable a few years ago, is having a 170-ton turbine steamer built. She will be of the torpedo boat type and will do over 24 knots. The turbine has proved a great success on the Clyde passenger boat King Edward. It saves 25 per cent. in coal consumption. Another passenger steamer is being built



CHEROKEE—MIDSHIP SECTION.

Nº 47.
35 FT. W.L. SLOOP.
MIDSHIP SECTION.
NOV. 1, 1901.

to steam 20 knots economically.

The motor craze has hit this country, and a tremendous boom in the industry is impending. The American motor is easily supreme, as we have very few English engines that can show their advantages. The foreign competition will, however, live on our makers up from their usual sleep. One yacht is projected of about 35 tons. She will be 60ft. on the waterline, 12ft. broad, and will be fitted with a 100 British horse-power Daimler motor. The company who make this motor here, seem also to have had a very good sleep, for they have allowed the Panhard motor cars to knock them silly. Yet the work put into the two motors is very different, the English being infinitely better. The yacht referred to promises to be very interesting, and I hope to give more details later.

E. H. HAMILTON.

Our Boston Letter.

BOSTON, Jan. 13.—Of greatest importance to yachtsmen in Massachusetts, was the action of the Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, in voting at its annual meeting to amend the racing rules by adopting three new classes to be known as follows: Restricted 25ft. class, restricted 21ft. class and 18ft. knockabouts. It was not voted to substitute these classes for the classes of the same length, but to add them to the list. The rules which will govern the 25ft. restricted class and the 21ft. restricted class will be identical with those which govern the 25ft. and 21ft. cabin classes of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts. They are the classes that were originated by the Yacht Racing Association, and which have had most to do with the present strength of that organization. The 18ft. knockabout class will be governed by rules identical to those of the Eighteen-Foot Knockabout Association.

There is a peculiar significance in this action by the Corinthian Y. C. The policy of the club has always been in opposition to the Yacht Racing Association, and when time allowance was abolished by the Association and rules framed for the restricted or cabin classes, the two organizations were further apart than ever. The Corinthian Y. C. hung to the measurement rules for time allowance and still maintains them for its regular classes. The classes of the Yacht Racing Association and its policy of maintaining substantially built and seaworthy boats commenced to grow more in favor, and as the policy of the Association appeared to be for the protection of yachtsmen building under its rules, the restricted classes commenced to grow. Last year the class of 18ft. knockabouts commenced to show up in large numbers, there was a good bunch of restricted 21-footers and 25-footers. The ordering of fourteen new 21-footers to be constructed under Y. R. A. restrictions, showed conclusively what the feeling is. The restricted classes of the Y. R. A. are wanted.

Now it so happened that many of the owners of the new 21-footers spend their summer in the waters of Marblehead and vicinity, and it commenced to appear perfectly clear that if the Corinthian Y. C. wished to compete successfully with the Y. R. A., something must be done, and that immediately. Owners of the new yachts who are members of the Corinthian Y. C. agitated the matter of adopting the Y. R. A. restricted classes, which was practically done last Wednesday evening. While the rules and restrictions have been incorporated in the Corinthian Y. C., the classes will not be known there as the Y. R. A. classes, but the yachtsmen are thoroughly familiar with the rules of the different clubs, and nobody will be in doubt as to where these classes come from. It is the best and most practical endorsement of the Y. R. A. classes that has been given since the classes were formed.

It has been openly stated by some of the owners of the new 21-footers, and the disposition has been shown in

the case of the 25-footers, that an effort would be made to confine the racing of these classes to Marblehead. I have reason to believe that this effort will not be successful. It is not practical and even those who are supporting it would rather obtain the championship of Massachusetts Bay than of any one club in it. It is not to be expected that every one of the yachts in both the 21ft. and the 25ft. classes will attend every race of the Association; it is expensive, and often the yachtsman has not the time at his command to go from port to port. But the organization which will show at the close of the racing season the greatest number of races sailed in these classes and the greatest number of entries for record, will be the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts.

At the annual meeting of the Corinthian Y. C. the following officers were elected: Com., J. O. Shaw, Jr.; Vice-Com., D. C. Percival, Jr.; Rear-Com., Butler Ames; Sec'y, Everett Paine; Treas., J. B. Rhodes; Meas., P. H. Kemble; Executive Committee, F. E. Peabody and W. H. Rothwell; Regatta Committee, G. W. Mansfield, W. W. Keith, D. H. Follett, Frank Brewster and G. H. Mayo; Membership Committee, P. W. Pope, Frederick Estabrook, H. S. Goodwin and C. D. Wainwright; House Committee for three years, William G. Farrell.

Although the Regatta Committee has been in office less than a week, it has already got down to hard work, and has announced the following fixtures for the season of 1902:

June 17, Tuesday—Club championship.
July 4, Friday—Club championship.
July 12, Saturday—Club championship.
July 19, Saturday—Commodore's cup.
July 26, Saturday—Club championship.
July 30, 31 and Aug. 1, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday—Midsummer invitation series.
Aug. 2, Saturday—Annual open.
Aug. 16, Saturday—Club championship.
Aug. 23, Saturday—Club championship.

The Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. held its annual meeting Saturday night, at the town club house on Rowe's Wharf, when the following officers were elected for the year: Com., Edwin P. Boggs; Vice-Com., Edward P. Boynton; Rear-Com., J. L. Sturtevant; Sec'y, William Avery Carey; Treas., Dexter M. Smith; Meas., Adran Wilson; Executive Committee, Edw. D. Ver Planck and J. Winthrop Dutton; Second Membership Committee, Alfred M. Blinn and Charles H. Cross; Regatta Committee, Foster Hooper and Chas. C. Clapp, one year, and John Taylor Humphrey, Louis M. Clark and Chas. W. Cole, two years. Mr. John L. Amory, who has been Treasurer of the club for a number of years, has decided that he did not want to hold office any longer. He has been one of the most earnest workers in the club, and there can be no doubt that his services will be missed. Last year beside holding the office of Treasurer, he served on the Executive Committee, the Membership Committee and the Regatta Committee. To his efforts are due much of the success that the club has enjoyed.

The bonus received by the South Boston Y. C. for the choice of location in the new west wing of thirty-eight lockers, was nearly \$500.

Starling Burgess has an order for an 18ft. knockabout, to conform to the rules of the Eighteen-Foot Knockabout Association, for Augustus P. Loring, of Beverly. This designer has so many orders on hand that he has found his office too small and has engaged larger quarters in the same building. When they are fitted up there will really be three offices.

JOHN B. KILLEN.

A special meeting of the Board of Governors of the Baltimore Y. C., was held a short time ago. The object of the meeting was to increase the capital stock of the club from \$15,000 to \$30,000, in order to make improvements on its property on Curtis Bay.

From Gravesend Bay to Lake Champlain.

By Way of River and Canal.

In the hope that an account of a voyage in a small boat from Gravesend Bay to Essex, on Lake Champlain, would prove interesting to some FOREST AND STREAM readers, I will undertake to relate what I can remember of that trip, taken last summer.

My boat, Ramona, is 35ft. over all, 11ft. beam, 3ft. draft with hoisted centerboard, and her sail area is divided into a mainsail, forestaysail and jib. Her cabin furnishes good sleeping accommodations for four, and a roomy forecabin provides comfortably for the crew, one man. With a boat of this general description one may safely navigate the waters of the Hudson and the lake, and extract an amount of enjoyment from it difficult to realize unless experienced.

I had written to John Townsend, a sailor as good as the best, to meet me at Gravesend on Friday, July 19, which he did. Saturday, in the neighborhood of New York city, was a still, sunshiny day. After a hearty breakfast we got under way about 8 o'clock, with a light but favorable wind. The sail through the Narrows and up the Bay was without special interest. Near the Statue of Liberty the wind died away completely, and to be brief about it, we did not reach Yonkers until 9 P. M., much to the disgust of two friends, one of whom I dropped the following day at Newburgh, the other accompanying me as far as Whitehall.

All hands agreed to keep on. As a matter of fact, the Hudson below Poughkeepsie can be navigated almost as easily at night as in the daytime. The wind was light from the south, but the tide was running strong up the river, and the Ramona bowled merrily along. The lights of the city of Yonkers were soon dropped far astern. In a short time the bluff marking the end of the Palisades could be plainly made out, then Haverstraw Bay, with the lights of Tarrytown on the starboard side and of Nyack on the port.

Harry and Fred by this time were sound asleep. Townsend and I smoked and talked at intervals, occasionally relieving one another at the wheel. The night stole quickly away, and sunrise found us off Stony Point, forty-two miles from New York. As the tide was running out and the wind light, there was nothing to do but to come to anchor, which we did in the little bay formed by Verplanck's Point on the left of the river. Here we were out of the way of any passing steamboat, and as the anchorage was good, we turned in without the slightest anxiety. Before doing so, however, I took a good look at the two points, because they were once fortified by the Colonists. When my companions regained consciousness, I know not; they were apparently indulging in a snoring contest when we quietly dropped anchor.

I awoke about 9 o'clock, and after a plunge overboard, sat down alone to breakfast. It seems the boys (for boys they were then) had been up for several hours, had had their swim, their breakfast and gone ashore to get ice easily procurable at many places on the river.

Sunday was a comfortable day on the water, but I have since been told it was a fearfully hot one ashore. The tide having commenced to run up the river, we got under way about 10 o'clock, with a gentle breeze from the south, and immediately entered the Highlands, the run through which consumed a little less than two hours. No one can sail this part of the river in the daytime in pleasant weather and be unmoved by the grandeur of the scenery, but to enjoy it to its fullest extent travel leisurely in a small boat. I would advise, however, that the navigation of these twelve miles be not attempted except under favorable conditions. There is no anchorage, and it is a mean place to be caught in a squall. With a south or west wind this distance can soon be covered, and a good boat on a flood tide will beat through it quickly.

The wind was now a wholesail breeze, but we could feel that it was a warm one. We reached Newburgh, sixty-one miles from New York, about 1 P. M., where my friend Harry reluctantly bade us good by. So far we had the river pretty much to ourselves, but now we fell in with a smart catboat, which hung on pretty well for some time.

"I do not like the looks of things in the northwest," observed Townsend, "and if I am not greatly mistaken, we are going to catch it before night. These hot winds are regular weather breeders."

The big bridge at Poughkeepsie came in sight. It was soon reached, and the question of holding on longer became a debatable one. It was finally decided to make Rondout if possible, as there is good anchorage there. The wind was now much lighter. As we neared Rondout, and while still in the middle of the stream, it became very black in the northwest. Townsend went forward to get the anchor ready, I took the wheel and Fred chose to remain in the companionway. For a moment or two it was still. Then we saw the black streak a good distance ahead. At this instant the upper currents of air, set in motion by the rapidly moving column behind, began their play. As the boat heeled to the increased pressure, down came the jib and she was put close on the wind. She was now lying well over, the water not quite up to the cockpit rail. Just as I thought I would have to luff she eased up a little of her own accord, and I held her to it. Now Townsend signaled me that we had reached good anchorage. Ramona went up into the wind and down came the staysail. So far we had only encountered the advance guard of the squall. As soon as she lost headway, overboard went the anchor, down came the mainsail, and all hands grabbing the canvas stops, began lashing the sail to the boom. It was 5 o'clock and as black as night. We had tied two or three stops when the squall struck. The onslaught is generally the heaviest part and it was so in this case. The rain came with it and beat against our cheeks with such force that we thought it hail. Standing in the cockpit, with the lower half of my body protected by the cabin house, I felt decidedly inclined to hold on to the boom. She did not drag, and it was soon over. We saw the cloud which occasioned all the disturbance turn

in its course and go straight down the river, with a lot of little black tails dangling below. The behavior of the boat under the circumstances brought forth an unqualified indorsement from my guest, who had kept very still through it all. Whatever his feelings were, his conduct was perfect. We learned the following day that the wind tore up many trees by the roots. Despite that fact, Townsend, in true sailorman fashion, spoke lightly of it. The following day the wind was light and dead ahead, so we only made Catskill by nightfall, a run of about thirty miles. That night, because of the extreme heat, I slept in the cockpit.

Tuesday the wind freshened a little, still from the north. When the day boat overtook us in the late afternoon we observed with much concern a huge wave extending clear across the river. It apparently was following the steamer with a speed equal to that of the boat itself. As she neared us she slowed down. Instantly the top of the wave began to break, and in a few seconds it had lost its formidable appearance. She had the big wave in tow again soon after resuming her usual speed.

At this juncture a tug, towing a fleet of mud scows, came along, and we soon made fast to the last boat. There we found an auxiliary cat bound for Buffalo. Her crew, three Brooklyn gentlemen, greeted us cordially, and we exchanged visits. It was late and quite dark when we reached West Troy, otherwise we might not have tied up directly beneath the sunrise gun of the Watervliet arsenal. Fortunately no damage was done when it was fired, but we all had a good laugh.

There is a large crane a little north of the Congress street bridge in Troy, to which both boats proceeded Wednesday morning. The owners charged me \$2.50 to unship my mast, and the remainder of the day was taken up in dismantling Ramona, preparatory to entering the canal. Spars, rigging and small boat were arranged on deck, so as not to obstruct the view of the person steering.

While Townsend and Fred worked faithfully on the sloop, I proceeded to Albany to meet my wife and Mrs. A., whom I had invited to accompany me to Whitehall. As my wife brought with her our fox-terrier Prince, the little vessel had now a good complement of passengers.

In order to take a small yacht through the canal it is absolutely necessary to obtain a permit from the State Commissioner of Public Works at Albany, otherwise one's progress will be stopped at the first lock. No fee is charged because the canals are free, but you must give your name, the name of your boat, her length, beam and draft before the permit will be issued.

We were taken in tow by another tug late Wednesday afternoon, locked into the Hudson above the dam at the so-called sloop lock, and then taken to Waterford, where we entered the Champlain Canal. The tug's charge for this service was \$2. Thursday morning we started for Whitehall, the northern terminus of the canal. I had bargained with one of the stables to tow me through for \$15, irrespective of the length of time consumed, and the driver was promptly on hand. I was sorry to see that he had a large draft horse instead of the traditional mule. Somehow one expects mules when one goes canalling. The horse was hitched to a little two-wheeled wagon, to the axle of which our tow line was fastened. This tow line, by the way, was 150ft. long and about the diameter of one's little finger. So the man was to ride and not walk along the tow path and swear. Another disappointment. We had not proceeded far, however, before I discovered that the driver resolutely maintained one of the time-honored customs. In going around a sharp bend, in consequence of careless steering, the boat approached too near the opposite bank, the towline tightened, the little wagon began to slew around, and then Drive was heard from. The presence of the ladies had not the slightest influence on his language.

The weather was now cool, in striking contrast to what had prevailed with us for more than a week. With the exception of the storm at Rondout, we had no rain on the entire trip. In this we were very fortunate, for I can readily imagine how much inclement weather would have dampened our spirits. As it was, we were an exceedingly happy party, and I look back to no part of the journey with greater pleasure than the sixty-eight miles between Waterford and Whitehall.

The canal passes through a rolling, grassy country. The scenery is always picturesque, and some of the glimpses of the Upper Hudson truly inspiring.

We fared well. At every lock butter, milk, eggs and fresh vegetables of the best quality were obtainable at reasonable prices. These stores make a business of supplying the wants of the dwellers on the numerous canal boats, who, I imagine, are more critical and exacting than many of us suspect.

Perhaps a word or two how we passed through a lock may be interesting. As you approach it, if it is not already occupied, you find the gate invitingly open. Just before entering, I would throw the wheel over so as to bring the stern near the bank. Townsend would jump off and go up on the bridge. Then I would steer straight for the entrance. Once inside the basin, the gate is closed. Fred would cast off the towline and throw to Townsend a small handline. Drive would proceed on his way up the hill until he reached the new level. When the forward gate was gradually opened, the water from above would flow into the basin and the boat would ascend, Fred and I standing by with fenders, to prevent her from chafing. When we reached the new level, which we did when the water ceased to flow, the forward gate was opened, Townsend gave her headway by means of the handline, she swung into the bank, the towline was thrown to Fred, who made it fast, Townsend got aboard, Drive swore at the horse, and we were off again. This maneuver was gone through with at each of the twenty locks.

About 8 P. M. we reached Schuylerville, named in honor of Philip Schuyler, an American general in the revolutionary war. The next day, Friday, after passing the ten-mile level and Fort Edward, we began to lock down, following precisely the same method. Prince got plenty of exercise running along the towpath, where he continually barked, first at the horse and then at Drive, who seemed rather to enjoy it.

We reached Whitehall a little after dark. Immediately upon landing, we ran into a policeman, perhaps not altogether accidentally. He satisfied himself in regard

to our identity, and then accommodately escorted the whole party to a restaurant, an establishment in which by this time we all had a keen interest.

That night we lay moored in old Champlain, a short distance beyond the lock dividing the waters of the lake and the canal.

The following morning, Saturday, all my guests departed for Essex on the railroad, leaving Townsend and myself to follow with the boat. It took all day to step our mast, set up the rigging and bend on the sails. There are two cranes at Whitehall available for this work and the charge at either is but a trifle.

Sunday morning we got under way. Happily for us the wind was from the south. For the first twelve or fifteen miles the lake is narrow for windward work. There is plenty of water, however, in the channel, which is marked by little red and black beacons. The wind hauled to the north about 1 o'clock, by which time we had plenty of room.

Something more than twenty miles from Whitehall we passed Ticonderoga, where still stand some of the walls of a fort over whose ramparts the flags of three nations successively waved. This spot saw much hard fighting in the early history of this country. The natural beauty of the scenery challenges the admiration of the traveler of to-day, whether he be familiar with or ignorant of the important events once here enacted. In this vicinity the waters of the lake are a pale yellow, caused by the clay bottom, but a little further north they become as clear as those of the Horicon itself.

Crown Point, where the ruins of one of the oldest fortresses in North America are still to be seen, was reached by supper time. Townsend for some time had been expatiating on the merits of the hotel at this place, so that when we dropped anchor I was in a mood to verify his statements. We found the host disposed to exert himself, with the result that our appetites were soon satisfied. Supper over, we lighted our pipes and discussed for a time with the loungers on the veranda the departed glories of the lake. I was regaled with statements concerning the palmy days of the ore trade, when fifty vessels could be counted at one time; with an account of any number of the old steamboats, including the Franklin and the Champlain, and particularly how the latter went on the rocks one moonlight night.

In due time Port Henry was passed, then Barbour's Light, marking the entrance to Westport Bay. The shores are now very bold. From Westport Bay to Whallons Bay the mountains rise abruptly out of the water, the chain ending in a high promontory, upon which the Government long ago erected and has since maintained a lighthouse. This is known as Split Rock (Roche Rendu of the French), and varied are the accounts of it. This is considered the most beautiful part of the lake by many persons, although there are places further north which also have their champions.

In the late afternoon the Ramona rounded the big rock which helps to form the split, and sailing westward into Whallons Bay, in a few minutes reached her moorings. As the cable slipped out, her gun barked vigorously, and our cruise of 300 miles was over.

William Fife, Sr.

WILLIAM FIFE, SR., the well-known yacht designer and builder, died at his home at Fairlie, Scotland, on the Firth of Clyde, on Jan. 13, after a short illness. Mr. Fife took up yacht building on the Clyde over fifty years ago. He was the second of the family who have been engaged in yacht building at Fairlie, which is located on the Ayrshire coast. For three generations the Fife family have been famed for the beauty and speed of their productions. William Fife, the first, a millwright by trade, started to build yachts in a small way at Ayrshire. The original Fife died in the early sixties at eighty-five years of age and was succeeded by his son, who has just died. During his career he turned out many successful yachts, among them Latona, Fiona, Stella, Bloodhound and Neptune. In addition to the many racing yachts built by him, a large number of other craft were constructed at his yard, and the business had increased greatly in size. After conducting the business with great success for a number of years, it was turned over to his son in 1886.

Kathleen.

The 33ft. waterline schooner, plans of which appeared in our two previous issues, has been named Kathleen. The following is an extract from a letter written by the owner, Mr. D. McLewis, to the designer, Mr. Charles G. Davis:

"The schooner Kathleen will be finished this week [the letter is dated Jan. 7], and a most excellent job was made of her by her builders. I expect a party of friends here on the 10th, when we will start on a cruise from here south, taking in Old Tampa Bay, Manatee River, Big and Little Sarasota, Lemon Bay, Charlotte Harbor, Pine Island Sound, Myacka River, Matlacha Pass, Myers and Punta Rassa, so south to Thousand Islands. These waters are inclosed with keys and there are narrow passes connecting with the Gulf of Mexico, affording the finest kind of fishing.

"The inside waters are smooth and abound in wild-fowl, and on the mainland can be found quail, turkey and deer in abundance. In fact, as a sportsman's paradise I know of none to equal it. The sailing is all done in smooth water, only going on the Gulf to get from one pass to the other, distances averaging from three to seven miles between passes.

"The winter climate is dry, fog unheard of, seldom rainy in winter, and it has always been a wonder to me it was not more frequented by yachtsmen."

The House-Boat on the Nile.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & COMPANY, Boston, the publishers of "Our House-Boat on the Nile," have produced in this book one of the most delightful narratives that we have read in a long time, and one that will especially interest the readers of FOREST AND STREAM.

Mrs. Henry Bacon tells the story of a voyage of several weeks on the Nile in a dahabayah, in the late fall of 1899 and the early part of 1900. The voyage began about

six miles above Assouan and extended some two hundred miles, returning then to the starting point. The whole trip was between the first and second cataracts. Mrs. Bacon describes the difficulties of hiring and fitting the boat; the character of the crew; daily life on board; the sights along the shores; explorations of old temples; excursions into the desert, and the natives as she saw them. Mr. Bacon's illustrations are attractive in subject and admirable in treatment, and consist of a most beautiful colored frontispiece and twelve full-page half-tone drawings, and these, with Mrs. Bacon's description of the voyage, make a book of much interest. It is especially useful for those who intend to make a similar trip, and attractive to those who have already had the memorable experience. The book is most tastefully bound in Nile green. Crown 8vo., \$1.75 net. Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Boston and New York.

Yacht Club Notes.

The Entertainment Committee of the New York Y. C. have prepared a series of lectures and musicals, the first of which will be given on Thursday evening, Jan. 16, and will be continued throughout the winter.

At the annual meeting of the Williamsburg Y. C., the following officers were elected: Com., Lawrence W. Rice; Vice-Com., John New; Rear-Com., Augustus Schwarz; Sec'y, Henry Schneider; Cor. Sec'y, William E. Long; Treas., Adolph Kling; Meas., Frederick Eardley; Steward, Edward Padborg; Sergeant-at-Arms, Jacob Flanders; Trustees, Louis Rave, William W. Babington, Paul Schmidt, Edward Rae and Charles Larson; Regatta Committee, Joseph Newburg, Harry Josten and William Snyder; Fleet Capt., G. Stuart Card.

The annual meeting and dinner of the American Y. C. will be held at the Waldorf-Astoria on Jan. 21.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Messrs. Huntington & Seaman have made the following sales: Yawl Clara H., designed and built by S. C. Wicks & Co., 1901, F. L. Hauptner, of New York city, to E. L. Springer, Chicago, Ill.; boat has been shipped to Chicago. Yawl Yonondio, designed by Chas. G. Davis, built 1899, C. J. Bousfield, Bay City, Mich., to Dr. H. A. Mandeville, of New York city; she will be brought east as soon as the canals are free of ice. Yawl Addie, W. L. Hopkins and John Carey, to E. Eckart, of New York city.

Mr. Oscar W. Meyrowitz, who was killed in the New York Central tunnel disaster on Wednesday, Jan. 8, was the secretary of the New Rochelle Y. C., and has been actively identified with yachting for a number of years past. This is the second officer of the New Rochelle Y. C. who has died during the past few months, the first being the Commodore, Edward Kelley.

Mr. James M. Colven and Mr. Frederick W. Bickmann have gone into partnership and will carry on a yacht brokerage and general marine business in New York city. Mr. Colven was formerly the superintendent of the Gas Engine and Power Co. and Seabury & Co. at Morris Heights, and Mr. Bickmann was connected with that firm's New York office.

In return for courtesies shown to him by the Columbia Y. C., of Chicago, Sir Thomas Lipton has offered a cup to be competed for by the 21-footers belonging to the club, next summer. The offering of the trophy has created a very general interest, and it will undoubtedly stimulate the action of the owners during the coming season.

The 25-footer designed by Mr. Henry J. Gielow for Mr. Allan Pinkerton, for use on Great South Bay, will be built by Mr. Willard F. Downs, of Bay Shore, L. I. The yacht will race in the 30ft. class and will meet some craft designed by Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, which will also be raced on Great South Bay. The Pinkerton boat is 41ft. 6in. over all, 26ft. on the waterline, 11ft. 6in. breadth and 2ft. 6in. draft. The boat is intended for day sailing and racing, and will have a large cockpit and a summer cabin. The planking will be double and will be fastened to the steam-bent frames with brass screws.

The schooner now building at the Townsend & Downey yard at Shooter's Island, S. I., is well along, and work is being rushed to complete her as soon as possible. It is said that the yacht will be launched before March 1, and will be christened by Miss Alice Roosevelt, daughter of the President. The German Emperor will be represented at the launching by his brother, Prince Henry of Prussia. He will make the return trip in the royal yacht Hohenzollern.

The annual meeting of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Club has been postponed from Tuesday, Jan. 14, to Monday, Jan. 27, when it will be held at Delmonico's.

Canoeing.

Bark Canoe Building.

NEW YORK, Jan. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Jan. 11 I notice a criticism of my description of canoe building in "The Forest Runner," now appearing in McClure's Magazine. It is followed by a detailed description of the methods employed by the Penobscot Indians.

The latter I do not question, for I do not know the Penobscot Indians. In that, perhaps, I am a little wiser than the writer of the article in question, for he makes sweeping statements based on limited knowledge.

If M. H. were to visit the country lying between Lake

Superior and the Hudson Bay, he would discover the following facts:

1. Canoes of two and even three pieces of bark.
2. Canoes with three thwarts.
3. Canoes built exactly in the manner my story describes.
4. Enough canoes in constant use and construction to prove to him that my kind of canoe building is far from becoming a "lost art."

Possibly I have seen as many canoes built in my way as M. H. in his, and the result has always been a success. My description was necessarily sketchy and incomplete in detail, because it occurred in a piece of fiction. We have to thank M. H. for valuable information as to the habits of the Penobscots, but must request him not to try at this late day to prescribe for the Ojibways and Crees.

STEWART EDWARD WHITE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your types made me say last week "and taps slightly" instead of "and tapers slightly." Also he makes me put in "three head boards" instead of two.

M. H.

Red Dragon C. C.

THE annual meeting for election of officers of the Red Dragon C. C. was held in the parlors of the Colonnade Hotel, Philadelphia, Jan. 3. There was a good attendance of members, as many matters of importance were to be decided. The officers elected were: Com., Omar Shallcross; Vice-Com., H. Blumner; Purser, Harry C. Davis; Quartermaster, H. Fleischmann; Meas., John Hamilton; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. Francis O. Gross; Cor., Will K. Park.

The trap shooting contingent of the Red Dragon C. C. have started a series of weekly trap shoots, and renewed interest is being taken in the sport. The traps have been located on the end of the wharf, affording a perfect background, although none too easy shooting. A regular series of matches with the Philadelphia Y. C. gunners will be held at an early date, and are being looked forward to with the usual interest.

W. K. P.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 7.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

National Rifle Association.

THE following paper by Lieut. A. S. Jones, secretary of the National Rifle Association of America, was read before the directors of that organization the evening of Jan. 11:

You have noticed in the call for this meeting a list of subjects to be discussed and acted upon to-night. From among this list, I have selected three, which appear to me to be of paramount importance, and of which I desire to speak. They are as follows:

First.—Closer relations between the National Rifle Association and the United States Government, and details of the bill to be presented to Congress.

Second.—A line of action looking to enlisting the co-operation and support of the national guard organizations throughout the country.

Third.—Establishing of affiliated branches in different States.

It is the consensus of opinion among all classes of riflemen, whether of the army, national guard, or civilians, that something should be done to bring about a condition of affairs wherein rifle shooting will once again become a popular pastime of our citizens and a more serious duty of our soldiers, both regular and volunteer. The work of the Association should be carried on with the idea of impressing our citizens and our lawmakers with the advantages resulting from its duties. You read a great deal in the papers about rifle shooting not being a popular pastime in this country, and no doubt a large number of men regard it as an amusement; but it is quite evident to every one now that it should be engrained into the public mind; that it must become a necessary pastime for all classes, not with a view to making war, but in order that the country be fully prepared if war should happen to break out.

There should, as a national duty, be a determination in the minds of the American people to uphold their position in the world. To this end, the National Rifle Association should be thoroughly supported and maintained in all parts; but to make it a power for good in this country it has become obvious to all those in close touch with the situation that it must have behind it the support of the general Government.

Let us study the situation from a foreign point of view, and taking Switzerland as an example, where rifle shooting has been carried to the greatest point of perfection, and where it is considered of more importance in the army than any other of its branches, see how they have accomplished this object. The Swiss rifle clubs have a close connection with the military service of the country, and owe their prosperity mainly to such connection. They have also the prestige of ancient tradition, the history of some of them going back more than four centuries. Some of them are possessed of considerable wealth.

To fully understand the conditions of rifle shooting, we must look into the organization of the army, as they are very closely allied. The Swiss army consists of a militia, in which all men are liable to serve between the ages of twenty and fifty years. In the first year, speaking of the infantry only, each man undergoes a recruit's course of forty-five days, after which he is for twelve years a member of the elite, in which he undergoes a training of sixteen days for two years. From his thirteenth to his twenty-fifth year of service, he is a member of the landwehr, a force of which 30 per cent. are armed and required to undergo inspection once a year. Every member of the elite, the landwehr and the armed landsturm is obliged annually to perform a rifle practice similar to our close firing, consisting of from thirty to forty rounds, which he may do in a recognized shooting club under strictly regulation conditions; having done this, he is exempted from a musketry course, lasting three days, which he would otherwise be compelled to undergo.

The Government pays to the clubs the value of the ammunition used in the above regulation practice, and the firers can claim it of the club. If a man obtains the requisite score with a small number of shots, he can claim a somewhat larger sum than the ammunition has cost him. If he has to fire a maximum number of rounds (forty), he is slightly the loser. Thus he is induced to do his best. The Government supplies the club with ammunition for private practice at the rate of six centimes per round, the cost price to the Government being eight centimes. Every member of the elite, the landwehr and of the armed landsturm keeps his rifle at home, subject to inspection, and can use it for practice as much as he pleases. Provision is made for the representation of the military authorities on the committees of the recognized clubs, and every such club must admit an inspecting officer to its range at any time at which rifle practice is proceeding.

A local rifle club can be recognized, if its members are ten or more in number, and the regulation musketry practice may be fired on its range, if the range fulfills the necessary conditions. The members' subscriptions, so far as I can learn, vary from nothing to \$1 or \$1.50 per annum; in wealthy clubs there may be only an entrance subscription. Where there is no regular subscription, an occasional contribution may be levied to meet expenses. The club shooting takes place for the most part on Sundays, and sweepstakes or other matches with small entrance fees, are commonly arranged. In 1898 there were in Switzerland 3,446 rifle clubs, with a membership of 210,491, of whom 163,409 fired the regulation course. The number of clubs and members has risen almost continuously since 1874, when the regulations for the annual musketry course, in connection with the clubs, went into effect. The proportion of the citizens of Switzerland who are trained riflemen cannot be more forcibly presented than by stating that the population of Switzerland is about the same as the State of Massachusetts, and its area only slightly larger than the State of

Maryland. The great advantages enjoyed by the Swiss rifle clubs appear to be as follows:

First.—Recognition for the purpose of military regulation rifle practice.

Second.—Supply of Government ammunition below cost price.

Third.—The possession by the men of the Government rifles in their own homes.

Fourth.—The small expense with which ranges can be made and worked.

Fifth.—The custom of shooting on Sundays, when men are free from work.

Thus the great popularity of rifle shooting, and as a consequence freedom from competition of athletic sports of other kinds. Rifle practice in Switzerland is much simplified by the fact that ordinary rifle practice is seldom done at a greater range than 400 meters, and by there being no insistence on an unpracticable degree of safety. The parish—equivalent to our county—is bound by law to provide ground for a range, and sometimes puts up the necessary plates. The club then provides the targets and marking. Rifle shooting is so popular that owners of land are disinclined to raise obstacles, and the question of game gives no trouble, because the shooting rights belonging to the public are let by auction.

Next let us look at what England is doing. The National Rifle Association of Great Britain, recognizing the value of having branch rifle clubs throughout the United Kingdom, last year approached the chancellor of the exchequer and the war office, with the object of obtaining such privileges as could be granted. A committee of the council was appointed, and met in conference a committee of the war office. The National Rifle Association was appointed as a central organization for such clubs, and proceeded to draw up regulations for their affiliation. The result has so far been very satisfactory. Several new ranges have been and are being constructed throughout the country and 200 clubs, with a membership of over 17,000, have already affiliated with the national body. The conditions under which the affiliated clubs of the National Rifle Association work are as follows:

First.—That they shall not have less than twenty members.

Second.—That they shall pay an affiliation fee of \$2.50 per year to the National Rifle Association.

Third.—The rules and practice regulations of each club must be submitted and approved by the National Rifle Association. (No alteration in the above can be made without future approval.)

Fifth.—On all occasions when the ranges are open for use by the members there shall be an authorized person in charge of the shooting whose duty it shall be to see that the rules and regulations of the club are properly observed, and it is preferable that such person shall be capable of acting as instructor.

Sixth.—States the rifles and ammunition to be used.

Seventh.—States the targets to be used.

Eighth.—The club rifles and ammunition when not in use must be stored in a place provided by the club for that purpose. On no account are club rifles or ammunition to remain in the possession of individual members.

The lords commissioners of his majesty's treasury have sanctioned the exemption from gun license of each rifle belonging to an affiliated club, which is the property of the club and used only at rifle ranges.

It would appear from the above conditions that the Government either issues or sells to such rifle clubs the national arm, to remain the property of the club only. The Government also issues to each club 100 rounds of ammunition per year for each member; in an excess thereof, the Government sells ammunition to the club at the rate of £4 13s., or about \$21.63 per thousand.

Canada has a national association, called the Dominion Rifle Association. Affiliated with it are twenty-six minor associations from the different provinces of the dominion. The Government of Canada gives an annual grant of \$10,000 to the Dominion Rifle Association, and a free issue of ammunition for the annual meeting. There is also a limited issue of ammunition annually made to the provincial associations. The Dominion Rifle Association is also assisted in its efforts by the banks throughout Canada, which make annual contributions to the expenses of the annual meeting.

France has several thousand small rifle clubs throughout the republic, which are under the control of the Union of the Shooting Societies of France. Since the Spanish-American war, Spain has even taken up this subject, and organized a national rifle association, with affiliated branches throughout the kingdom. When you come to analyze the work done in foreign countries that have national rifle associations, you will notice that it is along the line of organizing smaller clubs throughout the country and having them under the control of the national association; and in the light of the results so obtained I would suggest that our association pursue the same tactics, and I would recommend that we take up the subject at once with the national guard authorities of the several States, with a view to having incorporated in each, a State rifle association, to be affiliated with our Association.

I would further recommend that we encourage the organizing of rifle clubs within the national guard regiments throughout the country by issuing from the National Rifle Association office, blank forms of incorporation, copies of by-laws and rules and regulations; thereby minimizing the amount of work incidental to such organization. This would also keep uniform throughout the country the rules under which the different clubs would operate. To do this successfully would require some assistance at least from the National Government. If we could induce the War Department or pass a bill in Congress authorizing the War Department to issue the National arm and ammunition to such State associations along lines similar to that being done in England, I have no doubt many of the States would take it up at once. This could be made one of the features of the bill which is now being considered by the subcommittee appointed for that purpose. My idea is that the War Department be authorized to issue to any incorporated State rifle association having twenty-five or more bona fide members the National arm at cost, which, I believe, is under \$15, and to issue to each club ammunition from the Government arsenals at cost price in addition to an annual allowance gratis. Further, that all States sending teams to the annual interstate meeting be given army transportation for such teams and 10,000 rounds of ammunition for the team's practice and use at the meeting.

I am inclined to think that the Chief Executive of the land would give us his earnest support in any movement looking to the popularizing of rifle shooting once again. I had occasion to address him when Governor of the State of New York on this subject, and in his reply to me he stated that he was in entire accord with the work we were doing, and he offered to lend us any assistance in his power. If his term as Governor of this State had not expired about that time he would have issued a circular to the officers of the national guard urging them to join the National Association and give it their support.

I am also pleased to state that the Secretary of War has lately been approached on this subject, and seems favorably inclined to back us up in any reasonable demand. Unfortunately, his hands are tied to a considerable degree by tradition and law.

If the above ideas meet with your approval, I would suggest that they be brought before the National Guard Association, which will soon meet in Washington, with a view to have them indorsed also by that Association. This would also bring them to the direct attention of the adjutant-generals of the several States.

Another matter which I wish to bring to your attention is the system in vogue in Canada of the banks of the Dominion making annual appropriations to the expenses of the National Association. I do not know whether it would be possible to enlist the assistance of our banks, but as in most cases the presidents are men of broad and liberal minds, and recognize that the building up of a reserve of citizen riflemen throughout the country would be of vast benefit and materially add to our defensive strength, they may take the matter up and do something for us. It would, however, do no harm to make an attempt to ascertain their feelings in the matter. I think also that a special effort should be made to enlist the patronage of our wealthy citizens by having them become life members in the Association. In England, Canada, France and some of the other countries it is looked upon not only as a duty but an honor to be a life member of the national rifle association of the country. I think if we could once get the movement started here it would increase of its own volition. How to get it started is the question.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 5.—The Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club held its first shoot of 1902 to-day. A cold north wind blew into the shooters' faces, but, despite the conditions, good scores prevailed. W. G. Hoffman did splendid work with his new Stevens-Pope rifle; in 135 shots he got ten 1s (1in. centers), and averaged 53.6, or on a 5.36in. ring in ten scores out of twelve entries. He led with a score of 47. A. H. Cady was a good second with 49. Hovey and Young tied on 38 with the pistol for first honors. P. A. Becker led in the military, and G. Stephens in the .22cal. rifle match. Scores, Columbia target, off-hand:

Rifle, 200yds., 10 shots: W. G. Hoffman 47, 47, 48, 51, 52, 56, 57, 58, 59, 61—536; A. H. Cady 49, 73; F. O. Young 53, 53, 55, 57; A. B. Dorrell 54, 55, 52, 66, 70; G. Mannel 62, 77; Hinterman 200, 215; Wall 220.

Three shots, rifle: F. O. Young 12, 13, 15, 18; G. Mannel 13, 16; A. B. Dorrell 15, 17, 17.

Military and repeating rifle, 10 shots, Creedmoor: P. A. Becker 47, 43, 43; Dr. J. F. Twist 42, 41, 40.

22cal. rifle, 10 shots, 50yds.: G. Stephens 32, 51, 68; Gimmel 43, 53.

Pistol, 10 shots, 50yds.: Ed Hovey 38, 43, 52, 55, 56; F. O. Young 38, 42, 50, 51, 51; G. M. Barley 41, 52; C. M. Daiss 51, 51, 66; Mrs. G. Mannel 61, 65, 67, 69, 73, 75.

On New Year's Day Pope, Young and Hoffman went to the range and had a 50-shot match and pool shooting. Pope was high with 250, or a 5in. average. He also had 36 for best 10-shot score.

Hoffman made 39, 42, 46, 47 in 10-shot score with his new Pope-Stevens during the day.

Election of officers of Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club for 1902: A. J. Brannagan, President; Dr. H. W. Hunsaker, Vice-President; F. O. Young, Secretary; C. M. Daiss, Treasurer; E. A. Allen, Shooting Master; W. G. Hoffman, Assistant Shooting Master; G. M. Barley, A. H. Cady and E. Hovey, Trustees.

FRED. O. YOUNG, Sec'y.

National Rifle Association.

At the armory of the Old Guard, Forty-ninth street and Broadway, New York, last Saturday night, the board of directors of the National Rifle Association of America held a meeting. It was decided to send a team next summer to Canada to win back the Palma trophy, if it was possible to win it. The last week of August, the time in which the Canadian Rifle Association holds its meeting, will probably be the time of this International contest. Negotiations will begin immediately in respect to the matter. The trophy won by the Irish riflemen also came up for consideration, but consideration of a contest for it was postponed till some time in the future, one international event at a time being sufficient.

The directors present were Brig.-Gen. George W. Wingate, Brig.-Gen. B. W. Spencer, Brig.-Gen. George H. Harries, Maj. James E. Bell, Capt. E. L. Zalinski, Lieut. Reginald H. Sayre, Lieut. Albert S. Zones, Gus Zimmerman, Z. A. Haskell, Dr. W. C. Judson and William Hayes.

Lieut. Jones read a paper in which he discussed various questions that bear on the future policy and welfare of the Association. These topics were:

First.—Closer relations between the Association and the Government, and details of the bill to be presented to Congress.

Second.—Sending of a team to Canada next summer to compete for the Palma trophy.

Third.—A line of action looking to enlisting the co-operation and support of the national guard organizations throughout the country.

Fourth.—Establishing of affiliated branches in different States.

Fifth.—The best method of promulgating rifle shooting literature and the class of same liable to produce the best results.

It was decided to leave all the suggestions in the hands of the committee on legislation. A new rifle range will be ready at Rutherford, N. J., as soon as the season opens. It will be managed by the Long Range Rifle Club, which will be affiliated with the National Association. The Twenty-third Regiment of Brooklyn, and Squadron A are affiliated with the Association.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Jan. 20-25.—Brenham, Tex.—Brenham Gun Club's tournament.

Jan. 22-23.—Circleville, O.—The Pickaway Rod and Gun Club's second annual winter tournament; live birds. G. R. Haswell, Sec'y.

Jan. 27-Feb. 2.—Waco, Tex.—T. E. Hubby's six-day shoot.

Feb. 12.—Ossining, N. Y.—Lincoln's Day clay-bird shoot of the Ossining Gun Club. Shooting begins at 11 A. M. C. G. Blandford, Capt.

March 31-April 5.—Blue River Park, Kansas City, Mo.—Grand American Handicap at live birds. Ed Banks, Sec'y, 318 Broadway, New York.

April 14-16.—St. Joseph, Mo.—Missouri State Amateur Shooting Association's annual tournament. F. B. Cunningham, Sec'y.

April 22-25.—Omaha, Neb.—Nebraska State shoot. H. S. McDonald, Sec'y.

May 6-9.—Interstate Park, L. I.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap at Targets. Edward Banks, Sec'y; Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.

May 13-16.—Oil City, Pa.—Annual meeting of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. F. S. Bates, Cor. Sec'y.

May 20-22.—Wheeling, W. Va.—Fifth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association; added money and prizes. John B. Garden, Sec'y, Wheeling, W. Va.

May 30-31.—Union City, Ind.—Spring tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club. O. E. Fouts, Sec'y.

June 3-5.—Cleveland, O.—Tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League, under the auspices of the Cleveland Gun Co.

June 4-6.—Memphis, Tenn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Memphis Gun Club.

June 9-13.—Rochester, N. Y.—Forty-fourth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game.

June 10-11.—Muncie, Ind.—Indiana Trapshooters' League's annual tournament.

July 16-18.—Titusville, Pa.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Titusville Gun Club. T. L. Andrews, Sec'y.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot, every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Jan. 16.—Interstate Park, L. I.—Live-bird shoot; main event, 20 birds, \$10 entrance, for a solid gold watch and chain; handicaps 25 to 32yds.

Feb. 5.—Interstate Park, L. I.—S. M. Van Allen's cash prize shoot at 20 birds, \$10 entrance; handicaps 28 to 33yds; high guns; \$75 added.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association, sends us the following notice: "Please announce to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM that the Interstate Association has made arrangements to give a tournament at Memphis, Tenn., June 4, 5 and 6, under the auspices of the Memphis Gun Club, and one at Titusville, Pa., July 16, 17 and 18, under the auspices of the Titusville Gun Club."

Mr. S. M. Van Allen, of Jamaica, L. I., writes us that he will hold a shoot at Interstate Park on Feb. 5, at 20 birds, \$10 entrance, birds extra; handicaps 28 to 33yds; high guns, first money, \$75, will be added. The number of moneys will be determined by the number of entries. The conditions will be same as before, at his gun shoot, excepting that he gives cash instead of a gun.

Mr. J. H. W. Fleming (Johnnie Jones) the secretary of the Oceanic Rod and Gun Club, announces that the club's next shoot will take place on Jan. 19, at Rockaway Park, L. I.

Mr. John S. Wright, manager of the Brooklyn Gun Club, won a prize at his club shoot on Saturday of last week. It was a silver cup, which he prizes much, as the first thing he has ever won on his club grounds, and for the hearty good will and good wishes which were extended to him in the congratulations. He contemplates giving a prize shoot on Lincoln's Birthday.

On the grounds of the Carlstadt (N. J.) Gun Club, there will be three matches shot on Jan. 25, as follows: Messrs. Krug and Baron at 25 targets; the latter allowed two targets. Messrs. Baron and Banta, at 25 targets; the latter allows three. Team race, Messrs. Krug and Baron against Banta and Bock, 25 targets each; the latter allow six targets.

Mr. Russell Klein, of Spirit Lake, Ia., has challenged Mr. C. W. Budd, of Des Moines, Ia., to contest for the Hazard Powder Company's live-bird championship trophy, and has fulfilled all the requirements pertaining to such challenge. Mr. Klein has, though an amateur, distinguished himself by eminent success in many contests.

Mr. Ed O. Bower, of Sistersville, W. Va., writes us as follows: "The fifth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association will be held at Wheeling, W. Va., May 20, 21 and 22. Added money and prizes. John B. Garden is secretary, Wheeling, W. Va."

The Ossining (N. Y.) Gun Club announces a Lincoln's Day target shoot for Feb. 12. Shooting commences at 11 o'clock. Lunch on the grounds. Loaded shells can be obtained on the grounds. All are invited. Trolley service to grounds.

We are informed that at Yardville, N. J., on Jan. 11, a match at 25 live birds, use of one barrel, 21yds., was shot between Messrs. Wm. B. Widmann, of Yardville, and John F. Reed, of Trenton. The scores were: Widmann 24, Reed 20.

Mr. Fred C. Whitney, of Des Moines, Ia., informs us that T. E. Hubby's six-day shoot at Waco, Tex., will take place on Jan. 27 to Feb. 2.

The dates for the Nebraska State shoot are April 22 to 25. It will be held at Omaha.

BERNARD WATERS.

Misfires and the Rules.

THE rule in respect to misfires is one which will not bear successfully analysis or argument. It is an unjust rule, and in any criticism of it one is confronted with an astonishing array of false logic and unsound conclusions which are presented to justify it. The axiomatic principle of justice on which all common and statute law is founded—and this is but an expression of the common sense and usage of nations from time immemorial, namely, that ninety-nine guilty men should escape rather than that one innocent man should suffer—is entirely reversed in that trap rule in question, with the exception that there is a resultant awkwardness in its application, for as applied in practice, it is substantially as follows: It is better that nine-nine innocent men should suffer than that any one man should have a chance to become guilty.

This ruling has been in force so long that it is an act of temerity, not to say impertinence, to question its soundness. The fact that it is old—exceedingly old—is considered as being quite enough to sustain it. As it now stands, it is founded on a general assumption that there are dishonest trapshooters; yet if any one were asked to name the dishonest men with whom he associates for his sport he would probably be unable to name any. Let us assume, for the sake of argument, that there were dishonest trapshooters in the days of long ago; they then are widely different from the days of the present. A case of dishonesty at the traps in events under recognized auspices is at present a rarity indeed. Higher standards of public opinion, club personnel and club management obtain, and gentlemen sportsmen have long since discountenanced trickery and unfairness. No rules of themselves can make men honest or suppress dishonesty.

To illustrate the subject more specifically, the rule in question is here presented. It is the Interstate rule. It is not peculiar, as it is in substance the same on this matter as are all other rules. It is as follows:

"Section 3. If a misfire occurs with the second barrel the shooter shall have another bird, using a full charge of powder only in the first barrel. He must, however, put the gun to his shoulder and discharge the blank cartridge in the direction of the bird, and the bird must be on the wing when such blank cartridge is discharged."

First of all, it may be accepted as a self-evident proposition that each and every contestant in a competition should have equal equity and equal opportunities. But this rule throws to the winds all principle of equity. The framers of the rule maintain that for the purpose of safe-guarding against dishonesty, it is necessary to rule as above. It is necessary to protect the honest shooters from dishonest ones, and this trashy defense, which contravenes the elementary principles of justice, is all that can be presented in justification. The fact that in ninety-nine cases in a hundred it harms the honest shooter, is lost sight of in bungling and inefficient attempt to prevent dishonesty by force of a ruling.

To those who have not given the matter much investigation, the question may occur, How can a man be dishonest in respect to misfires? Let us assume that a man wished to be dishonest, and that a misfire was considered as a balk, thus giving the shooter another inning. He shoots at a bird, misses it, and claims that his second barrel misfired. On investigation, the referee finds that the primer is indented. He allows another inning, with the use of both barrels again. Now, the shooter may have had a prepared mis-fired cartridge which he might use indefinitely, so that, if he failed to kill with his first barrel, he might go on indefinitely with a misfire in his second barrel. To remedy this, the rule is made as above, with the result that every time a misfire occurs, however much such may be beyond the control of the shooter, he is treated as if he were actually guilty. There also is timorous evasion in such ruling, for the real issue is between a dishonest shooter and the referee and the management. It is their part to disqualify him, and not evade responsibility by a ruling which works much hardship and injustice. But at present shooters are well known to each other. A dishonest shooter, if such there be, is well known as such in a very short time. The true way to reach him is by disbarment, and not by the miserable subterfuge of the rule mentioned.

The average shooter, if profoundly disturbed when competing, will make many resultant misses. Let us suppose that shooting at a pigeon, his first barrel misfires. The referee examines the gun and cartridge, then he takes out his knife, cuts the shell, lets out the shot, cautions the shooter that he must fire the useless shell first, and fire it at the bird, and then that he may fire his second barrel. The average shooter is more or less disconcerted; his mind is confused by the extra details to keep in mind. He calls pull, fires the first barrel; there is a flat report; no recoil; he is not used to that, and yielded to it as to the recoil to which he is habituated, he cannot readjust as under the usual conditions, and in most instances the bird escapes. To the average shooter the

ruling is as if it read as follows: If a misfire occurs with the second barrel it is a lost bird.

Not only is the shooter deprived of half his chances—that is, one barrel of the two—but he is handicapped in the manner of using it. In his first inning a shooter may have knocked the bird down with his first barrel, and could easily have killed it if his second had not misfired; in his second inning all that he accomplished is considered void, and though he has fired his first, he is required to fire it again, thereby invading unjustly his rights, spoiling his chances and violating the equity of the competition unjustifiably.

Let us assume that some one shooter actually committed a dishonest act under this rule. Would it not be better to allow him to succeed in it than to impose a penalty, constant in its action, on innocent and honest shooters? At best the dishonesty would be rare; the rule is ever in action.

Let us examine the rule as a remedy. Is it the only remedy absolutely? Not at all. In the present the referees are appointed with care, and their knowledge, integrity and firmness are well considered. The managements are better organized. Misfires are a rare occurrence at the worst, so perfect is the present day ammunition. The general character of a shooter is known, and if a shooter has a reputation for trickiness, and he had too many misfires to be believable as accidental happenings, it would be a very easy matter to refuse his entrance thereafter.

The loss of one bird, so great is the skill of the shooters of the present day, is quite enough to destroy all chance of first honors. It is hard enough in its own proper difficulties without adding to it a principle that all men are guilty, whether something happens by accident or design. This is in sharp contrast to the other trap ruling anent dropping for place, which is really the result of a faulty system and a purely arbitrary ruling, which cannot be sustained by any logical argument, and which is, as a law, without anything other than ipse dixit to sustain it.

There is absolutely no justification for imposing on innocent shooters the hardships and penalties which should be for the guilty alone.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Little Doing.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 11.—Not a great deal is doing in trap matters in the big city of Chicago this winter season. We are having now nice, cool, bright winter weather, with just enough wind to make the birds fly well. Yet there is almost no interest manifested by our shooters in the live-bird or target game outside of the regular club shoots.

Watson's Midwinter did not materialize. No match of wide importance has been pulled off, and there does not seem to be much rivalry among the local champions of the choke-bore. All the sporting goods stores report the season quiet, and it would appear that the boys are letting the winter slip away without getting together for any serious entertainment at the more popular pigeon grounds.

Grand American Coming.

There is one thing which the Chicago boys ought to bear in mind, and that is their duty to their sister city on the Kaw, when the time comes for the Grand American Handicap next spring. We Western fellows have been clamoring for this great event for a long time, and now that we have got it we want to handle it as if we knew how to handle big things in an easy way. This means that every Western shooter, not only of Kansas City, but of every other Western city, ought to get together and hold together. Let us have the biggest attendance ever known, and prove to the firmament that the West is a neck of the woods worthy of something better than a sneeze.

E. HOUCH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Garden City Gun Club.

Chicago, Ill., Jan. 11.—At Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, the Garden City Gun Club to-day held its club shoot for medals. The scores follow:

Comley, 0.....	211221112002211	—13
Leff, 0.....	120002212211221	—12
Long, 2.....	0111260000*001w	
Smith, 2.....	00002020221001122	—9
Steck, 0.....	122110022012221	—12
Roll, 0.....	12222221221112	—14
Dr. Carson, 1.....	222011011012222	—13
Johnson, 0.....	20202001122220	—9
Robertson, 2.....	02002012011010211	—10
Sawyer, 2.....	01012200121200122	—11
Young, 1.....	011120010220122	—10
Dr. Miller, 0.....	22002121022102	—11
Shellenberger, 2.....	1002111220210122	—13
Pumphrey, 0.....	22222120100111	—10
Walters, 2.....	2220010221012120	—11
Amberg, 0.....	222222*1202222	—12
A Kleinman, 0.....	12112211121111	—14
Barto, 0.....	202211222011122	—13
Alabaster, 0.....	20222120111*012	—11
Lee, 2.....	02*2000022122210w	
Laws, 2.....	0000112210011011	—10
Oliphant, 2.....	1121001122221210	—14
Day, 2.....	1102*222202212101	—13
O'Brien, 0.....	21122111211121	—15
Gillis, 1.....	2022122221022110	—13

RAVELING.

Mississippi Valley Notes.

THE Lincoln Gun Club is one of the strong new trapshooting organizations that will make itself felt in Illinois the coming season. Starting with a splendid membership of enthusiastic shooters, it has already accomplished much in the short space of two months. Excellent grounds have been secured, and are now being equipped with two sets of expert traps and model club house.

The Piasa Gun Club, of Alton, Ill., will begin practice work about the first of the month, and will be heard from during the year.

The Pegrin Gun Club gave a local amateur shoot on Friday, Jan. 10. The programme was limited to ten target races, with the Jack Rabbit system of division, which, by the way, is becoming quite popular among the strictly amateur class of shooters in the smaller towns of Illinois and Missouri.

There was an interesting meeting of local shooters at Dupont Park on the 12th inst. The usual trophy races and a number of special events were shot. St. Louis will not lack representation as befits that thrifty shooting center at the big Kansas City gathering anent the Grand American Handicap.

J. M. Todd, president and manager of the Roodhouse Gun Club, won first average at the Pegrin shoot last week. He promises a pigeon and sparrow shoot in the near future.

The Taylorville and Morrisonville gun clubs will continue their intercity team matches this year, and the first meeting is now being arranged.

John Burmister, who has charge of the shooting park at Spirit Lake, Iowa, says that the shooting game in that vicinity and throughout the Northwest will be very lively this year, with a decidedly larger consumption of targets and ammunition than ever before.

KILLMORE.

New York German Gun Club.

NEW YORK.—The New York German Gun Club held its annual meeting at Garden Hotel, Jan. 3. The following officers were elected: J. F. Wellbrock, President; H. Meyer, Vice-President; J. Schlicht, Secretary; J. P. Dannefeler, Treasurer; P. Garms, Captain. Auditing Committee: P. Albert, E. Rudle and E. Steffens. Handicapping Committee: Dr. Hudson, J. P. Dannefeler, F. Markoff, E. Musch and P. Garms.

Prizes won for past year in following order: E. Rudle, H. Meyer, J. F. Wellbrock, P. Albert, J. P. Dannefeler, E. Steffens, F. Markhoff, J. Wilkins, W. Maisenholder, J. Schlicht, Dr. Hudson and M. Detjen.

J. P. DANNEFELER.

Death of Marcellus Hartley.

THE sudden death of Marcellus Hartley on Wednesday of last week was a profound shock to his host of friends. It was particularly so to the men who are identified with sport of shotgun and rifle. Although he was active and powerful in the affairs of peace and war, but few had a knowledge of his history or personality. The following, taken from the New York Times of Jan. 9, gives much information concerning the great financier:

Marcellus Hartley, financier, millionaire, philanthropist, and famous as the incumbent of a unique and responsible Government position during the Civil War, died suddenly yesterday afternoon in the directors' room of the American Surety Company, at 100 Broadway, just before the calling of a meeting of the company's executive committee, of which Mr. Hartley was a member. He passed away in the arms of R. A. C. Smith, one of his fellow directors.

The meeting had been called for 2:30 o'clock. Those in the directors' room were: Walter S. Johnston, Chairman; James A. Hayden, John J. McCook, William A. Wheelock, Thomas F. Ryan and Secretary Sickles. The members of the committee were seated about the long mahogany table in the room, Chairman Johnston at one end and Mr. Hartley at the other. The latter had taken off his glasses to clean them, and they lay before him on the table, when, as Mr. Smith entered, taking a seat beside Mr. Hartley, he noticed that his head was drooping lower and lower on his chest.

Mr. Hartley had been chatting gayly only a moment before, and those about him did not suspect even a temporary illness. Mr. Smith put his arm about Mr. Hartley's chair, and leaning forward, asked him if he felt faint. The head of the stricken man dropped to one side. Mr. Smith caught him as he was about to fall forward. He bore him to a couch, hastily sent for physicians, and with his arm about his shoulders, inquired if he felt ill. Mr. Hartley opened his eyes, looked up at Mr. Smith and tried to say

Hartley & Graham. In 1858 Mr. Graham died, and the firm was then incorporated with Mr. Hartley as its president, the name being changed to the M. Hartley Company.

It was early in the days of the Civil War that Mr. Hartley was called upon by Edwin M. Stanton to take charge of an important service in the Government. The Union troops were sorely in need of arms and ammunition of modern make; the Confederates were receiving their arms and ammunition from abroad, and it was necessary to send to Europe a man who thoroughly understood the business of selecting fit weapons and also one who would prevent the Confederates getting the arms which foreigners were only too willing to sell to them.

The position was one requiring tact, shrewdness, and the most intimate knowledge of firearms, and Mr. Hartley was selected as the agent of the Government abroad, and was commissioned a Brigadier-General, with plenary power, opening for him an unlimited credit with Baring Brothers, of London, the fiscal agents of the Government there.

Mr. Hartley visited many manufacturers in England, France and Germany, making contracts with them for all the arms and ammunition they could turn out in a year. At the same time surreptitiously the Southern agents were outbid, making it impossible for them to count on the foreign manufactures so necessary to their cause. Throughout his service during the war many millions of dollars' worth of purchases were made for the Government by Brig.-Gen. Hartley, who at great pecuniary sacrifice to himself accepted the post, receiving only the salary of his rank.

But the efforts of the patriot were not limited merely to the duties that were expected of him. During his long stay abroad he came in contact with many distinguished statesmen and citizens, many of whom were in sore need of being converted in their views to the side of the North.

His Meeting with Bright.

The following account of a meeting with John Bright is from the

politan Fair, instituted for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission.

Mr. Hartley married Miss Frances Chester White, daughter of the late Dr. S. Pomeroy White of this city. The couple had four children, but only one, a married daughter, the wife of George W. Jenkins, president of the American Deposit and Loan Company, survives him. The eldest daughter married Norman Dodge, and a twin daughter James Stokes.

Mr. Hartley was too busy a man to be lured into politics beyond taking the interest therein expected of every good citizen. Frequently he was importuned to become a leader in political affairs. He started as a Whig, and an ardent admirer of Henry Clay. He related with great zest the pleasure he had in the early fifties in calling upon that distinguished statesman in Kentucky, and the warm greeting he received. In the disruption of the Whig Party and the formation of the Republican, he allied himself to the latter, and ever since had given it a loyal and consistent support; but party lines never blinded him to a strict adherence to its behests.

By remarkable sagacity, his close attention to business, and by his earnestness and an indomitable will, Mr. Hartley added to his business interests in the course of time, until he became identified as president, director or trustee, with no less than fifteen well-known corporations. Among these were the American Deposit and Loan Company, the American District Telegraph Company, the American Surety Company, the Audit Company of New York, the Bridgeport Gun Implement Company, the Equitable Life Assurance Society, the Fifth Avenue Trust Company, the German-American Bank, the Lincoln National Bank, the Manhattan Railway Company, the Mercantile Trust Company, the Remington Arms Company, the Union Metallic Cartridge Company, the Western National Bank, and the Westinghouse Electrical Manufacturing Company. The latest great enterprise with which Mr. Hartley was identified was in the organization of the International Bank, of which he was president.

Despite Mr. Hartley's many business interests, he found time to devote to many charitable institutions, particularly the Hartley



IN A CAROLINA QUAIL FIELD.
Mr. Rutledge and his boy. Asheville, N. C.

something, but death cut him short, and he fell back, lifeless.

The messengers dispatched for physicians had hastened to the Equitable offices, where they met Dr. W. M. Bross, one of the company's staff physicians. Dr. Bross hurried to the directors' room, where he found the members of the executive committee standing anxiously about the couch whereon lay the body of Mr. Hartley. The doctor made a hasty examination and shook his head.

The Coroner's office was notified at once, and for a time the telephone of the company was kept busy ringing up friends and business associates of Mr. Hartley to tell them of his sudden end. Messengers were sent to the home of Mr. Hartley, at 232 Madison avenue, to break the sad news to his family. By 4 o'clock a permit of removal had been secured for the body, and at 5 o'clock an undertaker took it to the dead financier's late home.

The news of Mr. Hartley's death spread quickly in Wall street, where he had many friends, and throughout the downtown business district, and before long the offices of the company were besieged with anxious relatives and friends, who refused to believe the news over the wire. Among the first callers was George W. Jenkins, the son-in-law of Mr. Hartley. The executive offices of the company were kept open until nearly 6 o'clock, and most of the officers of the company remained until that hour answering numerous inquiries which came from all parts of the financial district.

At Mr. Hartley's home it was said last night that death had been due to heart disease. Mr. Hartley was not a sufferer from heart trouble, so far as is known; but for several days had been complaining of indigestion. His health had always been excellent, and he was remarkably hale and hearty for a man of over seventy-three years. His favorite pastime was driving and horseback riding, and as late as last Saturday he went for a ride in Central Park.

Career of Mr. Hartley.

Marcellus Hartley was born in this city, Sept. 28, 1828, his father being the late Robert M. Hartley, himself remarkable for work among a large number of charitable institutions and movements. After receiving his education at one of the classical schools in this city, Marcellus entered the counting room of Francis Tomes & Sons, leading importers and dealers in guns and fancy hardware. It was because of this early training in the handling of guns that the young man grasped that knowledge which was destined to make him invaluable to the United States Government during the Civil War. Also, until the very end he remained identified with one of the largest gun and arms establishments in the country.

After acquiring a knowledge of the business in connection with J. Rutten Schuyler and Malcolm Graham, associated with the house of Young, Smith & Co., Mr. Hartley established in 1854 the firm of Schuyler, Hartley & Graham, which continued until the retirement of Mr. Schuyler in 1876, when it was known as

pen of the deceased himself, published in 1898 in the New York Times' Saturday Review of Books. He wrote:

"I was in Birmingham one day, and seeing a notice of a meeting to be held at the Town Hall, at which John Bright was scheduled for a speech, I attended it. I was within a few feet of the platform, and the hall was crowded to overflowing. Mr. Bright commenced his speech by referring to matters in his own country, but after a while drifted to the American question and England's position. He soon showed how he was going to treat the subject; that was, in favor of the North; but before he had given full evidence of this there was an uproar seldom heard at a meeting, and he was not allowed to proceed. He stood his ground, however, until the disturbance had ceased, then started again, with the same result; but he was not to be put down. Standing silent, resting one hand on the table and the other in the breast of his coat, he gazed at the audience. After a while he was allowed to continue. Mr. Bright spoke for over an hour.

"I listened with wonder and admiration to his eloquence and masterly presentation of the cause for which he pleaded. It seemed impossible to present the claims of the North more forcibly. When he had finished, he had his audience with him, and they cheered with the same zest as they previously hissed. If I am not mistaken, this was the first speech that had been made in England in favor of the North, and from that time forward public sentiment began to change.

"When I left the meeting that night I determined, if possible, to have the speech printed, and distributed throughout England, so as to give it greater publicity than it would receive at the hands of the press, which was generally hostile to the North. Mr. Bright was the guest of the Mayor of Birmingham, and the next morning I called on him at Edgebaston, reaching there early and while they were at breakfast. I sent in my card, making it known that I was from New York. He arose from the breakfast table and came to me, inviting me to breakfast.

"I had already breakfasted, and thanked him for his kindness. I told him that I had listened to his speech the night before, probably being the only American in the hall, and had come to express my gratitude and to beg that he allow me to have it printed. After some hesitation, he consented to do so, provided I would let him correct a copy. He sent me the speech, and I had 10,000 copies struck off and distributed throughout England, where I thought they would do the most good. Afterward I had 5,000 more, and took some of them myself to Paris, and had a copy placed under the plate of every American at the Hotel du Louvre, who were mostly from the South."

His View of the War.

On his return home to New York, in 1863, Mr. Hartley published, at his own expense, a pamphlet on the "Philanthropic Results of the War," which he caused to be gratuitously circulated abroad, and a large bound volume of which he presented to the Metro-

House, organized under the auspices of the New York Association for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor, and named after the father of the deceased financier. Among the other charitable institutions fostered by Mr. Hartley, all of which owe their existence in part to the work of a member of the Hartley family, are the Society for the Relief of Ruptured and Crippled Children, the Presbyterian Hospital, and the Association for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor.

Mr. Hartley was a member of many clubs and societies, both social and scientific. He was one of the early members of the Union League Club, and for more than thirty years was a firm supporter of that organization. He was also a member of the Lawyers' Club, and a patron of the American Museum of Natural History and the Metropolitan Museum of Art. He was also a member of the following: The American Fine Arts Society, the Presbyterian Union, the New England Society, the Republican Club, and the Essex County Club of Orange, N. J.

Mr. Hartley's Origin.

Mr. Hartley traced his origin to some of the best blood in England. The family of Hartley is of great antiquity in Yorkshire, and there are also distinguished representatives in Dorset, Berkshire, and Cumberland. Robert Milham Hartley, the father of Mr. Hartley, was born at Cockermouth, Cumberland, in 1796, and he was the eldest son of Isaac and Isabella (née Johnson) Hartley. The grandfather of Mr. Hartley, Isaac Hartley, was a woolen manufacturer at Cockermouth until his removal to America in 1797, where he continued to conduct his business for several years at Schenectady.

On his mother's side also Mr. Hartley had reason to be proud of his descent. She was Miss Catharine Munson, daughter of Reuben Munson, of this city, a lineal descendant of Capt. Thomas Munson, who came to this country early in the seventeenth century and settled in Connecticut. Burke says in his Peerage, that the Munson family, so spelled in early days, has an unbroken record from 1378 down to the present day.

A large number of trade representatives met in the office of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, New York, to take action on the death of Marcellus Hartley. Of the number were: J. H. Lau, of J. H. Lau & Co.; J. Von Lengerke, of Von Lengerke & Detmold; H. S. Folsom, of H. S. Folsom Arms Company; A. H. Funke; H. L. Jespersen, of Jespersen & Hines; R. M. Nesbitt, of M. W. Robinson Company; Joseph Gales, of Schoverling, Daly & Gales; H. H. Kiffe, of H. H. Kiffe Company; W. P. Cornwall; F. J. Purtell, of Iver Johnson Sporting Goods Company; George Moore, of Moore, Sons & Co.; U. T. Hungerford, of U. T. Hungerford & Co.; C. J. Godfrey; Wm. M. Odell, Cartridge Commissioner; Julian W. Curtiss, of A. G. Spalding & Bros.; W. P. Howell; P. J. Sanford, of Winchester Repeating Arms Co.; Tower & Lyon.

The meeting issued the following:

At a special meeting of the gun and sporting goods trade, held Jan. 10, the following minute was adopted:

In obedience to the Omnipotent Decree, in a moment as in the twinkling of an eye, Marcellus Hartley has been called from us. His name has been associated with all our business undertakings. For many years he has stood forth clearly as the leading figure in the trade—to which nearly all his life was devoted, and from which the many varied enterprises that sought his counsel in later years were not able to weaken his allegiance.

His indomitable will, ceaseless energy and untiring perseverance make a standard to which few can attain.

His integrity of character, faithfulness of purpose, largeness of view and keenness of discernment made him more and more sought as a leader and advisor.

Until the last moment of life he was a man of affairs.

In recognition of his worth, we desire to record this tribute of honor, regard and esteem.

Joseph Gales, Secretary.

U. T. Hungerford, Chairman.

ON LONG ISLAND.

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Interstate Park, L. I., Jan. 11.—The weather was raw, dark from a heavily overcast sky, and mildly stormy, a light snowfall setting in betimes. A 10 o'clock wind prevailed. Good shooting was the rule, and as a consequence there were many ties. Ties in No. 1 were shot off in No. 2, and ties in the latter were shot off in No. 3. Mr. R. W. Haff won in No. 1; F. D. Creamer shot No. 2.

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 4.
R W Haff, 28.....	222121-7	111211-7	211121-7
W J Lurgan, 28.....	222222-7	21220w	222020-5
F D Creamer, 28.....	21210*-5	122112-7	21100w
J Shevlin, 28.....	211201-6	222221-6
Dr Wynn, 28.....	*21220-4	222112-7	120220-5
E Banks, 28.....	222221-7	222221-7
C A Ramapo, 28.....	22122*-6	22111*-6	21w
*J Craghton, 28.....	222202-6
*L Head, 30.....	222121-7
T W Morley, 30.....	222122-7
J V Cathus, 28.....	222222-7
T Riley, 28.....	122221-7
J P Kay, 28.....	221112-7
*J Schlieman, 28.....	221110-5

Shoot-off of No. 4, miss-and-out:
Cathus.....22220 J P Kay.....212121
Riley.....0 Haff.....12*

No. 3, 10 birds, for monthly average:
R W Haff, 28.....11221122*-9 T W Morley, 30.....*220w
W J Lurgan, 28.....222222*20w V F Sykes, 29.....22*200w
F D Creamer, 28.....122221112-10 H Edey, 28.....211222122-10
J Shevlin, 28.....12*222011-7 J V Cathus, 28.....122222222-10
Dr Wynn, 28.....212221121-10 T Riley, 28.....20022w
E Banks, 28.....21202w J P Kay, 28.....202022011-7
C A Ramapo, 28.....1222121221-10 *J Schlieman, 28.....211112100-8
*Guests.

Smithtown Gun Club.

Smithtown, L. I., Jan. 9.—Following are scores made at weekly shoot of the Smithtown Gun Club, on Jan. 9. The targets were thrown from very fast traps, which made the shooting quite difficult:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot	Broke.
Targets:	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	at.	
Ketcham.....	4	4	4	2	1	..	2	2	0	2	45	21
B Olivia.....	5	3	1	3	3	2	1	3	3	0	3	3	60	30
J Olivia.....	2	0	3	3	5	2	2	3	4	2	2	4	60	32
E Smith.....	2	1	2	1	1	25	7
Brush.....	1	1	1	3	2	0	2	2	3	3	2	1	60	27
Tyler.....	3	5	4	4	3	4	3	4	2	4	4	5	60	41
Griffin.....	0	0	1	15	1
E E Smith.....	2	2	1	2	1	4	2	2	2	0	3	..	55	21
Satterly.....	1	4	2	2	1	1	4	..	35	15

Trap at Interstate Park.

The all-day live-bird shoot, at Interstate Park, Queens, L. I., Jan. 16, has a main event, which has for a trophy a solid gold watch and chain.

Conditions: 25 birds, \$10, birds included. Handicaps, 25 to 32yds. High guns; \$50 to be deducted for trophy. Balance of money to be divided 40, 30, 20, 10. Shooting to commence at 10 A. M. Main event to commence at 1 P. M.

Time table L. I. R. R. direct to Interstate Park station, subject to change: From Thirty-fourth street, East River—Week Days.—6:30, 7:50, 9:20, 11:00 A. M.; 12:20, 2, 3:20, 4:30, 8, 10 P. M. From Flatbush avenue, Brooklyn—Week Days.—6:37, 7:56, 9:25, 11:04 A. M.; 12:24, 1:54, 3:22, 4:27, 8:07, 10:07 P. M.

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., Jan. 11.—Two tied for the January cup, Messrs. W. W. Marshall and L. M. Palmer, Jr., scoring the limit, 50. Mr. H. M. Brigham was scratch man, and scored 45. The contest for the January cup was at 50 targets, expert traps, handicap allowances added:

	First 25.	Second 25.	Grand
Hdcp. Brk. Total.	Hdcp. Brk. Total.	Hdcp. Brk. Total.	
L M Palmer.....	3 22 25	3 22 25	60
W W Marshall.....	6 19 25	6 23 25	50
F A Bedford, Jr.....	6 18 24	6 22 25	49
L C Hopkins.....	6 16 22	6 18 24	46
Dr Keyes.....	2 19 21	2 23 25	46
F B Stephenson.....	1 23 24	1 20 21	45
H M Brigham.....	0 23 23	0 22 22	45
G G Stephenson, Jr.....	1 16 17	1 23 24	41
G Notman.....	2 17 19	2 19 21	40
H B Vandever.....	5 15 20	5 13 18	38
F E Mendes.....	8 6 14	8 9 17	31

The two-man team contest was well maintained, six teams entering. Messrs. Marshall and Palmer were high with the limit, 50. Messrs. Brigham and Keyes being one less in the score. The scores, at 25 targets per man, were:

	Hdcp. Brk. Total.		Hdcp. Brk. Total.
Marshall.....	6 19 25	Hopkins.....	6 17 23
Palmer.....	3 22 25-50	Chapman.....	8 12 20-43
Brigham.....	0 24 24	Mendes.....	8 9 17
Keyes.....	2 23 25-49	Bedford.....	6 19 25-42
F Stephenson.....	1 23 24	Vandever.....	5 10 15
G Stephenson, Jr.....	20 21-45	Notman.....	2 19 21-36

Shoot for trophy, 25 targets, expert traps; handicap allowances added:

	Hdcp. Brk. Total.		Hdcp. Brk. Total.
Bedford.....	6 22 25	Notman.....	2 18 20
Palmer.....	3 22 25	Chapman.....	8 12 20
Brigham.....	0 24 24	Keyes.....	2 17 19
F Stephenson.....	1 23 24	Hopkins.....	6 12 18
Marshall.....	6 16 22	Stake.....	6 12 18
G Stephenson, Jr.....	1 21 22	Vandever.....	5 9 14

Shoot for trophy, 25 targets, expert traps; handicap allowances added:

	Hdcp. Brk. Total.		Hdcp. Brk. Total.
Sykes.....	5 20 25	G Stephenson, Jr.....	1 21 22
Bedford.....	6 18 24	Keyes.....	2 18 20
Palmer.....	3 21 24	Mendes.....	8 11 19
Marshall.....	6 18 24	Chapman.....	8 10 18
Stake.....	6 18 24	Hopkins.....	6 11 17
Brigham.....	0 23 23		

Shoot for trophy, 15 targets, expert traps; handicap allowances added:

	Hdcp. Brk. Total.		Hdcp. Brk. Total.
Notman.....	2 12 14	Bedford.....	3 10 13
F Stephenson.....	0 13 13	Hopkins.....	3 9 12
G Stephenson, Jr.....	0 13 13	Mendes.....	4 7 11
Vandever.....	2 11 13	Brigham.....	0 11 11
Marshall.....	3 10 13	Palmer.....	1 10 11

C. H. Chapman has offered a trophy for the best ten scratch

scores during the balance of the season. No allowances will count in the totals, so that a scratch man will have as much chance to win as the man who has a big allowance.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Carlstadt Gun Club.

Carlstadt, N. J.—The New Year's Day shoot of the Carlstadt Gun Club was well attended. The events were at 10 targets. The club is a new one, and its members are enthusiastic. There has been much improvement in the skill of its members since it was organized. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
J Vohs.....	4	5	6	2	6	7	4	..
T Gemp.....	6	5	9	4	2	5	5	5
M Rasmus.....	6	6	8	4	5	10	6	9
W Tyger.....	6	6	7	7	7	6	4	..
J de Pauw.....	2	2	3	2	..
H Krug.....	4	4	5	5	4	4	2	..
J Rasmus.....	2	5	5	8	7	6	3	3
W Rasmus.....	5	6	3	6	5
C Axford.....	..	7	7	6	5	7	6	8
W Johnson.....	..	6	6	5	5	6
M Klees.....	..	3	6	4	5	5
A Niederer.....	6	5	7	2	3	..
A Andrews.....	3	..

Forester Gun Club.

Forester Gun Club's New Year's Day shoot was another big success, although the day was bitter cold and a good sharp wind was blowing. The live birds were a good, strong lot of fliers, and a goodly number got safely away. The manager kept a good warm club house, and served the shooters with a good, hot lunch at noon, followed with target shooting, and threw 1,600 targets during the afternoon. To prove the way this small club is growing in success, eight new members joined on this day, which we consider a record.

Event No. 3 was a free event, with four prizes. The winners, after qualifying three times, shooting a miss-and-out. Winners: J. J. Fleming, turkey; Felger, chicken; Eams, can powder; D. Fleming, case shells.

	No. 1.	No. 2.
C Smith.....	.. 4 14
Ed Jewell.....	12 6 5 15 7 5
Tigh.....	9 .. 5 15 8 5
James.....	8 .. 5 15 7 6 1
D Fleming.....	10 8 8 15 7 7 8 7
Harvey.....	10 8 3
D Fleming, Jr.....	10 8 8
J J Fleming.....	10 8 6 15 9 10 6 5
White.....	10 6
Eams.....	10 5 .. 15 9 7 5 5
McDonald.....	10 5
Barkley.....	10 6
Stanton.....	7 6 15 9 7 5 4
Trobridge..... 15 10 10
Felger.....	5 6 15 8 9
Ike..... 14

Seven birds, optional sweeps:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Lambert, 27.....	000111-4
D Fleming, 28.....	2010100-3	1000012-3
James, 28.....	2202022-5	1110020-4
J J Fleming, 29.....	211112-6	02002*-2
C Smith, 28.....	2210022-5	20211*-5
Tigh, 28.....	111201-6	121221-7
Trobridge, 29.....	011011-5

JOHN J. FLEMING, Sec'y.

Newton Gun Club.

Newton, N. J., Jan. 13.—The Newton Gun Club held a live-bird shoot last Saturday, on their grounds, and the feature of the day was a match between the Newton and Dover gun clubs.

A cold wind was blowing. Two hundred people were present. The conditions were ten men on a side, at 10 birds each, loser to pay for birds and supper, 28yds. rise and unknown traps.

The birds being a fair lot, both sides started in confident of victory. But, alas! luck was against the Newton boys. They hit their birds, but were unable to stop them, while the Dover boys came up loaded for bear, and when a bird was hit it stopped like the old grandfather's clock—never to go again. At the ending of the eighth round, Newton being unable to overtake their opponents, withdrew from the match with these words on their lips, "We will show them next time!" The rest of the afternoon was spent shooting sweepstake, miss-and-out.

The Newton boys, not losing courage, are willing and anxious to shoot a similar match with the gentlemen of Newton who stood and looked on, and who killed so many birds at a game supper the other night, who claimed they could pick ten men who could beat them. "Pick them out, you; we will try it."

Trap score type—Copyright, 1902, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

	Dover.		Newton.
Hinchman.....	2 0 2 2 2 2 2-7	Savacool.....	0 2 0 1 9 1 0 2-2
Drake.....	0 1 0 1 2 2 2-6	E Charr.....	0 0 2 2 0 2 2-5
Cook.....	2 0 2 0 2 0 2-4	Backester.....	1 2 2 2 1 1 2 0-7
Baker.....	2 0 2 2 2 1 1-7	Coe.....	1 0 2 0 2 1 1-5
Philips.....	1 2 2 0 2 1 0 2-6	Tidaback.....	1 2 0 0 1 2 0 0-4
Wright.....	2 0 0 2 2 2 2-6	Kyte.....	2 1 2 2 1 1 2 2-8
Taylor.....	2 2 2 2 2 2 1-8	Wells.....	0 2 0 0 2 1 0-8
West.....	1 1 0 2 1 2 2 1-7	Cornine.....	0 0 2 0 2 2 1-4
Johnson.....	1 2 2 0 1 2-5	Smith.....	0 1 1 2 2 1 2 2-7
Munson.....	2 0 2 2 2 2 0 2-6-63	H Charr.....	2 0 1 1 0 1 1 0-5-52

FAIRSHAKE.

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Hazard Live Bird Championship.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 11.—I am pleased to hand you herewith copy of a challenge to contest for possession of the Hazard Powder Company's live-bird championship trophy, which reaches me this morning from Russel Klein, Spirit Lake, Ia., and is in turn transmitted to you and to the Hazard Powder Company.

Mr. Klein, it will be remembered, is of the amateur class of sportsmen, a brother-in-law of Mr. Fred Gilbert, and, for one of so slight a build, a very good shot.

As the days for practice at the traps approach, preparatory to the one grand shooting event of the United States, interest in shooting matters seems to awaken as if subjected to the beneficent influence of a warm south wind.

Unless all signs fail—and this is the wrong season of the year for such failures—there will be battles and rumors of battles of especial interest to the sporting public very shortly.

E. S. RICE.

SPIRIT LAKE, Ia., Jan. 10.—Desiring a contest with Mr. C. W. Budd, Des Moines, Ia., for possession of the Hazard Powder Company's live-bird championship trophy, I have this day deposited requisite forfeit, and given notice to donors of cup.

RUSSELL KLEIN.

Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., Jan. 4.—The Spring Valley Shooting Association, of this city, held a target shoot to-day on their grounds, near this city. Sweepstake events at 10, 15 and 20 targets composed the programme for the day. The day was not a good one for shooting, as the cold greatly hindered the shooters, and as a high wind made the targets very irregular, the scores made were below the average. The principal event, 20 targets, for a fine Holstein bull as first prize, attracted forty-three entries, and was finally won by Lee Wertz, captain of the Spring Valley Club, who broke 19 out of 20. Three tied on 18 for second prize, a fine revolver. The shoot was a success.

Shamokin, Pa., June 7.—The following officers were elected at the meeting of the Shamokin Gun Club, held this evening: President, J. E. Harold; Vice-President, U. H. Pritchard; Captain, A. B. Longshore; Vice-Captain, J. W. Ritchie; Secretary, E. T. Boughner; Treasurer, F. G. Seyler.

Bridsboro, Pa., Jan. 10.—The Bridsboro Rod and Gun Club held a business meeting this evening, and closed up all unfinished business for the past year. At the next meeting, Jan. 30, arrangements will be made to hold a two days' shoot in March, at targets, live birds and sparrows.

DUSTER.

Boston Shooting Association.

BOSTON, Mass., Jan. 13.—Herewith find scores of the all-day tournament of the Boston Shooting Association, at Wellington, Mass., on Jan. 11:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	Av.
Le Roy.....	12	13	13	13	13	13	17	10	11	19	14	11	19	11	13	16	..	.84
Herbert.....	14	15	14	14	15	13	19	12	15	16	15	11	17	13	14	11	19	.90
Dennison.....	14	12	8	14	10	12	19	11	11	17	14	8	14	11	9	10	16	.77
Horace.....	13	9	11	12	14	13	18	11	12	1782
Sewall.....	11	9	8	13	967
Bond.....	11	11	9	10	9	11	14	1171
Wild.....	12	12	12	13	12	18	15	10	15	10	12	12	16	..	.81
Griffith.....	13	15	14	15	10	10	19	11	15	17	13	11	12	15	.83
Woodruff.....	8	9	8	16	10	1278
Tozier.....	13	19	12	11	14	10	9	12	17	.87
Miller.....	12	13	11	12	8	7	6	5	6	.54
Puck.....	6	12	13	16	.73
Bullard.....	7	11	9	12	.60
S Wood.....	14	11	15	7	.73
Nichols.....	5	1154

Choke-Bores or Cylinders.

From "Experts on Guns and Shooting."

THE theory and practice of shooting forward never seem to agree. We all acknowledge the theoretical necessity of shooting forward; we none of us subscribe to the distance theory says we ought to shoot before our game. Even great shooters cannot agree over this subject except in this, that they all condemn the theoretical distances as absurd and impossible; but a great deal of the disagreement is merely a different use of terms. What, for instance, is "swing"? Sportsmen are apt to use it to express two totally different things. Here is an instance of what we mean, being a quotation from a letter already published:

"Now, a short time ago I had the pleasure of witnessing a really first-rate shot—namely, Earl de Grey—all through a day's covert shooting, when nearly 500 pheasants were killed, and I observed that invariably, when the pheasants afforded time, his lordship deliberately aligned his gun by swinging with the bird, often to the extent of several yards of its flight. Once or twice, when birds and rabbits were crossing a narrow open space, he put up his gun with a swing, but not getting 'on,' dropped it without firing. At one hot corner I noticed Lord de Grey fire so quickly as to empty three guns before the first discharged could be reloaded, and about this time I saw three pheasants falling to his gun at one time. If he missed with the first barrel he almost always followed with a deadly second without apparently taking his gun from the shoulder, from which I concluded that he swung his gun from the first to the second shot."

The writer here, in our opinion, correctly uses the word "swing." There are the double acts of following the game up and "swinging" in front. We regard this latter term as anything that is done to get in front of the game, whereas "following" is a lower form of the same thing, and merely means trying to catch up the game for alignment when the gun is at the shoulder. Following round is usually condemned by the oracles, and when it is done to excess and to danger, so it ought to be; but, all the same, alignment of a fast-coming-over bird cannot always be got without it. It is evident that if the above letter correctly describes Lord de Grey's method, he not only "follows" to get alignment, but also afterward "swings" to get in front of his game.

But "swing" is a term that has been used to do duty for something different to either of these actions. In a letter to us, quoted at length in a previous chapter, Lord Walsingham seems to understand the term to mean throwing the gun up to the shoulder and ahead of his game in a single action. It is not the ordinary sense of the term, and we think this action best described as throwing up the gun to a point ahead of the game. He was describing shooting at wood-pigeons, birds that, as every sportsman knows, go off at a tangent the moment they see the sportsman move to raise his gun. Game birds do not do this, although teal on occasion can shoot 30yds. perpendicular into the sky as they see the shooter raise his gun, and be well out of shot by the time it is up.

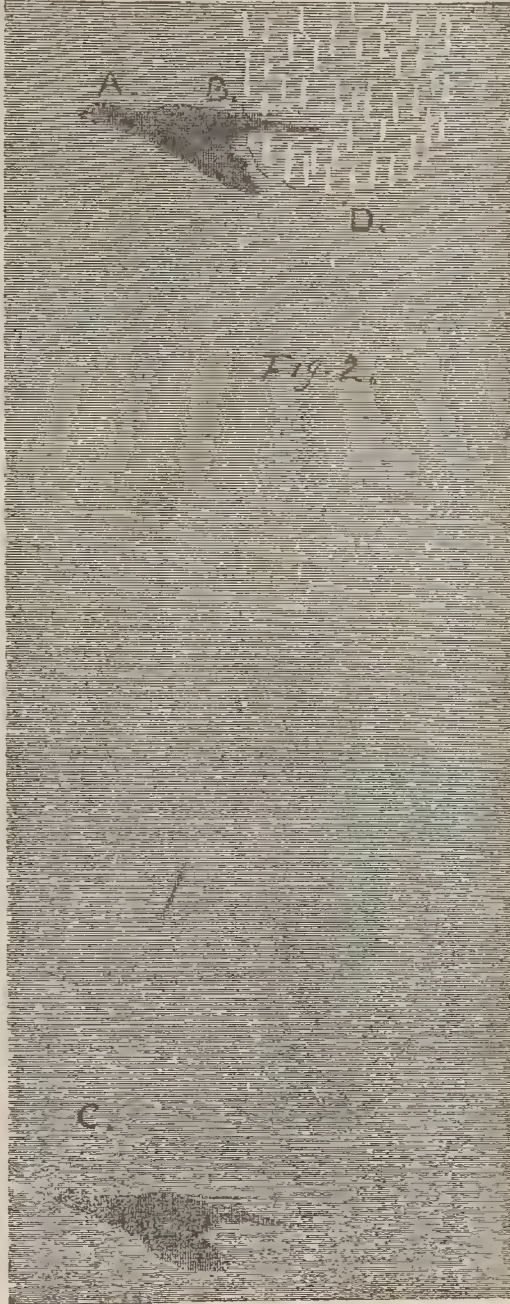
Game birds, when they once have selected a line of flight, are comparatively very hard to turn. Why, it is difficult to say, for when they are on foot they are sensitive to the faintest movement, and a gunner standing outside a covert where he can be seen by the running pheasant will get no sport if he is not as still as a statue. Hares and rabbits are not half so sharp-eyed as game birds, especially pheasants, but even they will not come to a gunner who cannot stand still. We have always had wonderful luck in obtaining a fair share of the bag wherever we have been shooting, and it has been mostly in consequence of the inability of many sportsmen to stand still and to "hold their noise," as they say in Lincolnshire.

The late Bromley-Davenport described how you should, by shooting in front, only hit a rocketeer in the head and neck. So much depends upon the distance. Up to 25 or 30yds. it is possible to shoot for the head and neck, but beyond that distance to do so would be to run great risk of missing altogether, or only hitting with the last and weakest pellets in a charge, as may be seen by examining the position of the pheasant, C, in regard to the column of shot represented in Figs. 1 and 2. In Fig. 1 he is entering the column as it has mostly passed him, and, if anywhere, he will get the shot in the head and neck. This is likely enough at 20 to 25yds., but it is very unlikely when the column has lengthened out, as is here represented. A, in the same column of

the field for pigeon shooting. It is easy to understand, therefore, that a cylinder may put more shot into crossing game than a choke-bore, even if equally well directed, and it is clear that the difference of the patterns at a flat target is deceptive.

The degree of inaccuracy of aim that may, nevertheless, by luck, score with the cylinder is also very much greater than with the choke-bore. In Fig. 5, representing a cylinder's column of shot, 4ft. across and 20ft. long, H represents a pheasant having almost passed before the shot arrive—a kill, perhaps, with a stern shot, with broken legs most likely. I represents a bird just entering, shot having just the proper allowance in front, and J is a pheasant whose head and neck enter the rear of the column of shot just as the last of it passes the bird's line of flight, and therefore represents the utmost possible allowance in front with a just possible kill.

The bird is shown in two positions. First in his proper distance behind the other two birds in Fig. 5; second, as he would



Showing pheasants A and C, as in Fig. 1, when the column of shot has passed.

enter the rear of the column of shot in Fig. 6, when he had arrived at the line of flight of the shot—the latter still going five times the pace of the bird.

It will be seen, then, that here is a possible variation of 8ft. in the position of a bird when a kill results. A very high choke-bore will give about 3ft. less, or 5ft. variation in the comparative positions of the game and the shot, yet resulting in a possible kill.

But this only applies to the distance of variation on the correct line of flight. Once deviate from that line and, as we have previously tried to make clear, the chances of hitting with each kind of bore vary, not by square measure any longer, but by the cubic space covered by the shot. It is a common assertion of the choke-borers that if a man cannot shoot with a choke-bore it is because he is not good shot enough. We trust that Figs. 1 and 2 may do something to dispel these ideas. At driven game a shooter is handicapped by a choke-bore far beyond the difference of spread upon the target between its and the cylinder's shot.

In another chapter we have stated the lengths of the columns of shot, based on Mr. Griffith's measurements, to be at 40yds. from the muzzle, 12yds. for a cylinder and 9yds. for a choke-bore. These results were obtained by measurements obtained by Mr. Griffith's revolving target. This turned at the rate of 200ft. per second—less than a third of the mean velocity of the shot over the distance between the first and the last pellet. The photographs of targets taken in this way have therefore to be multiplied so as to be equivalent to making the target revolve as fast as the shot traveled. Here we have taken 20ft. column of shot from the cylinder barrel instead of 36ft., because in practice the straggling shot do not count for much. A careful examination of Mr. Griffith's photographs of revolving targets, and a lively remembrance of pellets that had no power to get beyond a rabbit's skin (any one who is shooting rabbits will, if he passes his hand over those killed, find a large proportion of shot have penetrated only the skin), assure us that we do well to neglect to count on the slower pellets. Yet, if any one believes they are of service he may in theory add 3ft. to the 8ft. of inaccuracy of allowance permissible for the cylinder, and make 11ft. of it, and one foot to the 5ft. of the choke-bore and make 6ft. of it. In practice he can do nothing of the kind; and surely 8ft. of possible variation ought to be enough for any one at 40yds. We think it is enough to explain the difference between the theory and practice of aiming in front.

A bird going sixty miles an hour—no unusual pace in a breath of wind, to say nothing of a gale—travels 13ft. while the shot travels from the muzzle to 40yds. distance. This reduces the absolute necessary allowance of a well-timed shot to anything between 5ft. and 13ft., for the spread of the shot, longitudinal and lateral, accounts for 8ft. of it.

We do not regard the personal equation nor the time of ignition after the pull of the trigger; if we did, these would be constants, and necessitate additional allowance always. We do not regard them because when a shooter is in form he times his shot to leave the barrel as he gets his aim; he does not time himself to pull the trigger when he gets exactly on the spot, but when he sees that he is going to get there. The variation of allowance necessitated by a too hard or too light pull off ought to prove to any one that pull at any rate is made allowance for, and actually takes place before the gun comes to the desired spot. A well-known phase or quality always present in good form is when the hand and eye work together. It is in everybody's mouth, and yet it would have no meaning unless it meant that the hand is obedient to what the senses tell the eye is going to happen in preference to what has happened.

We think that the following analysis extracted from the columns of Land and Water, in 1877, will answer the purpose of setting out this point clearly:

"Sir—I am always glad to be of use if I can, but I doubt whether I shall be able to satisfy your inquiring correspondent, 'One Wishing to Learn.' I was careful, when I first wrote to you a fortnight ago, to say that what I considered the first rule and the only rule which can apply to everybody is:

"Q.—Every man being different, his success will depend upon different and often opposite rules?

"A.—Believing this most thoroughly, how is it possible I can lay down the law? I can only reply to most of these questions, subject to differences of individuals. To begin:

"Q.—In what position is the gun held when at the ready?

"A.—That rather depends upon whether the shooter shoots from the right shoulder or the left. Perhaps I can best reply by getting on to the next question.

"Q.—Should the 'ready' position be the same in the butts as in the open?

"A.—Distinctly no. In the case of a right-shouldered man the muzzle will be held bearing slightly to the left and upward in the butts. This position would be exceedingly difficult to keep in a day's tramp upon the moors. Nevertheless, as near to it as can be made comfortable to the shooter should be maintained when game is expected, especially if wild shots are to be accounted for. The gun will be carried with the muzzle pointing still more to the left in walking up game, but never so much as to cover, by any excuse, the man walking further to the left, and the muzzle should always be well up, or down, so as not to point into a man who happened to be, by accident, in its line. I am doubtful whether it is correct to speak of the 'ready' in walking up game, for unless game is immediately expected, the gun is not carried in a position answering to the 'ready,' but is thrown into it by the action which afterward brings it to the shoulder. Watch a shooter surprised by a rise of partridges, and you will observe that the arms and muzzle are first extended in the direction of the birds, the gun going up pointing their way before it is brought to the shoulder. If the birds are going straightaway it is pulled straight in, and the shot leaves the barrel as the stock touches the shoulder; if, on the contrary, it is a crossing shot or a tall pheasant, the action is the same as in the butts, from the moment after the gun has reached its furthest outward position (never having stopped, for it is almost a segment of a circle which is described by the hands) it crosses the game as the stock comes back to the shoulder, and keeping in the same line with the moving quarry, the trigger is pressed at that instant which the shooter feels will enable the shot to leave the muzzle as soon as he has got it to the proper distance in front; in his best form that instant will be as the gun touches the shoulder. The best shot in the world is not always able to insure success of this method; if he is out of form he will 'poke at 'em' and 'follow,' like his neighbors, until he has 'felt his fingers,' that is, until form comes back to him, and by this poking and following he will kill if he has time.

"Q.—And do I understand him rightly, that when the gun is properly wielded, the swinging is done with the butt away from the shoulder, as the gun is rapidly brought up from the 'ready' position to the 'present and fire' in one same instant; and that the butt ought not to rest against the shoulder until the shooter, having made up his mind where to send the shot to intercept the line of flight of the game, swings up the gun from the 'ready' position to the present, and pulls the trigger instantaneously as the butt touches the shoulder? Ought 'swing' merely to be the movement from the 'ready' position to the present, or can it also be a correction of the aim afterwards?

"A.—The first part of this question I have already replied to as well as I am able; to the latter portion, I do think 'swing' ought to be accomplished before the gun touches the shoulder, but, as I have before said, it cannot always be done, even by the best shots, so that what 'ought to be' and 'what is' are not always identical. 'Swing,' it should be remembered, has no technical meaning other than its dictionary one; it may therefore descend into 'following.'

"Q.—I presume the gun ought to be kept still at the 'ready' position until the shooter has made his instantaneous calculations, as the driven bird comes into range?

"A.—Certainly, no movement should be made until the gun is quickly brought up. But I fancy a great mistake exists in thinking the shooter can tell where to shoot while the gun is still at



Twenty feet of cylinder column of shot, showing position of well-timed shot in regard to pheasant E.

shot, represents a pheasant just entering the column to a well-timed shot, just as it reaches his line of travel, which is toward the point, B. In Fig. 2 this bird is represented to have passed the point B considerably before all the choke-bore column has come up. This is because he has to fly 2ft. or 2ft. 6in., while the slowest of the shots are traveling 15ft. He is going possibly one-fifth this pace, and will get through when they have covered about 12ft. 6in. out of the 15ft. With a cylinder gun, as in Figs. 3 and 4, the bird has to go twice the distance to get through the column of shot, while it is passing his line of flight. This he cannot do, and so he gets the full benefit of the cylinder pattern, and only a portion of that of the choke-bore at 40yds. from the gun.

This perhaps has something to do with the popularity of cylinder guns for game shooting, in spite of the fact that choke-bores hold

the ready. The successful point, in my opinion, is never settled until the gun is on the point of covering it. Indeed, it cannot be termed a point at all; it is a line in the direction of flight, and when the gun has covered a certain space more of it than the bird has, the trigger is pressed.

"Now comes the most difficult question to answer, and yet the most unimportant, I believe.

"Q.—Should the swing cease as the gun comes to the shoulder, or should it be continued afterward?

"A.—To the beginner, I would say, swing on, because you can do no harm by attempting it, and you may do harm by attempting to check your swing. The experienced shooter, however, allows the kick to stop the swing willingly, for two reasons: First, he knows the shot have left the barrel before he feels the kick; second, he cannot help it.

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SPRING SHOOTING.

THIS question of the killing of wildfowl in the spring is one which will never be settled until it is settled right.

The necessity for protection of our wild game is universally acknowledged, and to all our wild game, except wildfowl, some measure of protection is granted. Laws stand on the statute books which purport to protect ducks and geese during certain months of the year, but these laws are wholly misleading and actually afford no protection, because the close time established for these birds is precisely the time when they are not within our territory, but are north of the United States engaged in the labor of reproduction. For all practical purposes, therefore, these laws might as well be repealed. They are a mere form of words, which, so far as this State is concerned, are wholly ineffective. In practice there is no close time on wildfowl. They may be killed whenever and wherever found, and as a matter of fact, they are killed during nearly three-fourths of the year from the very first black ducks and blue-winged teal that make their appearance in our waters in late August and early September to the last of the scoters, or "coots," which depart for their northern breeding grounds in late May, or sometimes not until early June.

Gunners have been so accustomed to see the air darkened by the myriads of migrating fowl that they have come to believe the supply inexhaustible, and that no matter how many are killed, there would always remain an abundance. It is difficult to eradicate this old idea. Precisely the same thing used to be said of the multitudes of buffalo, of the vast flights of wild pigeons and of the hordes of the fur seals. People forget how rapidly things move at the present day. They forget the precision of modern firearms, the vast numbers of people who carry them, the ease with which all sections of the country are reached by modern lines of transportation. They forget, too, that this destruction of fowl is going on all over the land for six or eight months of the year, and finally and most important that a vast area of country extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the latitude of the Ohio River north to that of the Saskatchewan and beyond, which formerly served as a breeding ground for wildfowl, has been settled up and is now occupied by people, who, whenever they see a duck attempt to kill it. It is not only that the birds are killed off in vast numbers and for two-thirds of the year, but that the summer homes to which they once resorted to rear their young have been largely invaded so that their breeding grounds are terribly contracted.

This is the most important of the results to be gained by the abolition of spring shooting, that in spring and summer the birds may have an opportunity to breed somewhat as they used to do over a wide area of country from which now they are driven.

An argument freely used by those who advocate spring shooting is that if spring shooting were abolished, they themselves would get no duck shooting. These persons claim that in their locality there is no fall duck shooting; that the flyway of the birds on their southern migrations does not reach them, but that in spring the birds come to them in good numbers, though the flight is short. Such an argument is purely selfish, and might with equal force be advanced in favor of netting trout, night shooting or any other improvident practice.

It may be doubted whether there is any foundation in fact for the popular impression that the ducks go north by one route and return southward by another.

In some respects the spring migration is very different from that performed in the autumn. After the birds have reared their broods and renewed their plumage they scatter out over a wide territory, working south slowly, at a rate which depends largely on the closing of the waters to the south. The migration is therefore likely to be read out over three months. It is a deliberate journey southward. In the spring matters are quite different.

The reproductive desire is already beginning to be felt, and many birds are already mated. The fowl are anxious to reach their nesting grounds as speedily as possible. They follow up the ice closely and pass given points in great numbers in a short time, where the same number while passing southward might occupy two or three months. Thus, while in the fall they are not noticed, they are likely to be observed in spring, and the greater number seen by an observer in a day or week greatly impresses him. He may thus come to believe that for this especial locality there are very few ducks in the fall and very many in the spring.

Within the past few years widespread belief in the necessity in limiting the shooting of wildfowl has grown up, until now there are some States and Provinces which forbid spring shooting altogether. The time is coming when it will be forbidden everywhere.

Within the recollection of men who are not yet old more than one species of bird and mammals have become extinct in America, while over large sections of the country many species have been practically exterminated. If gunners could be induced to take a broader view of these matters and to consider the general good, rather than their own selfish advantage, the cause of game protection would be greatly helped, and the gunners themselves after a few years would be greatly benefited. It is probable that before long most of the Northern States will have followed the worthy example set them by some of those in the Northwest, and will have enacted laws leading to the better protection of our fowl.

In such a reform the Empire State should lead, not follow.

THE LACEY ACT.

FROM the annual report of the Department of Agriculture we take the report of Dr. T. S. Palmer, Acting Chief of the Biological Survey, of his work for 1901 in the enforcement of the Lacey Act. In Acting Chief Palmer we have an intelligent, active and efficient agent of game protection under Government auspices, and his report demonstrates that the year was one of activity and accomplishment. What must be reckoned the most important of the several phases of the work is that which has to do with the enforcement of the laws forbidding the shipment of game. Under the conditions which formerly prevailed, when once the shipper of illicit game had passed it safely across State lines he was reasonably secure; for there was no practicable method of tracing such game back to its source. The operation of the Lacey Act, on the contrary, has enabled Dr. Palmer to trace back illicit game from its destination to the point of shipment, and to impose the penalty where it belonged. Fifty-seven cases have been investigated, of which eight have resulted in conviction, thirty-three are awaiting action by the courts, eight have been dropped and eight are awaiting further evidence.

Much of the efficiency of the Lacey Act is due to its moral effect. The shipper or receiver of illicit game who is not greatly disturbed by the activity of a local warden is thoroughly frightened when he realizes that the United States Government is after him. He realizes that Uncle Sam's arm is a very, very long one; and the usual instinct is to settle on the best terms obtainable.

To Dr. Palmer unstinted credit is due for the way in which he has performed a task which, because of its novelty, was all the more difficult. The showing of results is most satisfactory and encouraging.

THE ADIRONDACK FORESTS.

As a general proposition it may be said that the State of New York should administer its forest possessions in the same scientific manner as that which prevails in foreign countries, where the forests are farmed remuneratively, but yet are handed down from generation to generation and from age to age with value unimpaired. Any other system fails to use these great resources to their full value.

And yet when all this has been said, it may be true that the time has not come in New York when the public forests may safely be intrusted to the hand of the scientific forester. The letter written by Mr. W. E. Wolcott and published in another column unquestionably voices the sentiment of a very large number of people who are interested in the Adirondack forest reserves and familiar with the conditions governing them; and for this reason his views should have consideration. Under the existing

clause in the constitution adopted in 1896 the forests are secure, because they are absolutely protected from the axe. Mr. Wolcott and those for whom he speaks believe that any present action looking to a removal of this absolute security would have only disastrous results.

THE NEW YORK COLD STORAGE CASE.

THE cold storage people, sued by the State for the possession of thousands of birds held illegally, have demurred to the complaint made by the State's attorneys. The brief containing the demurrer has been filed, but is not yet accessible, but in a general way its contentions are known.

The defendant demurs on the ground that the complaint as to the seizure of this illegal game did not state facts sufficient to constitute a cause of action. It also denies the jurisdiction of the court.

In court the defense declared further that since the section of the law which provides penalties makes no provision for the bringing a civil action against him who violates the laws, no civil action can be brought. Such a contention, of course, is directly opposed to the whole spirit of the law, since every section of the statute is to be considered in connection with what the whole statute intends. Everywhere throughout the game law are references to the bringing of civil actions and clauses prescribing how such civil actions can be brought.

Another contention of the defendants is that these penalties are cumulative; that a penalty enforced at so much a bird when there are a thousand or ten thousand birds in question amounts to a penalty so heavy that it can never be paid.

Finally, the defendant's counsel claim that the statute under which these seizures were made is unconstitutional.

After the argument in the court, the judge ordered prosecution and defense to file their briefs within six days. They have been filed, and an early decision is looked for.

SNAP SHOTS.

We Americans brought our ideas of sport from the old country, and although in the last few hundred years they have become greatly modified, they still have as their basis the idea of fair play.

We have come to a time when the question is not so much one of winning in a competition as of winning in the best manner. In any contest of sport, whether it be against a human competitor, or one wearing hair or feather, or even against the silent, majestic forces of nature, the man desires first of all his own approval, and then the approval of others. Some there be who care for the approval of others more than for their own, but of such it may be certainly predicated that they are not sportsmen, and there is always danger that they will descend to unworthy methods in order to make other people believe in their skill and their success.

In the last twenty years there have been many definitions of the true sportsman. We shall not add to that list here, but it may be said first of all that whatever his point of view, the true sportsman must always respect himself.

The FOREST AND STREAM's long-time friend and contributor, J. U. Gregory, of Quebec, has for thirty-seven years been the agent of the Department of Marine and Fisheries at that point, and has now come to a time in a long and useful life when he is in receipt of frequent testimonials of regard from friends and associates and subordinates. The other day it was the turn of the 187 lighthouse keepers of the Province to give expression of their regard for their chief, and the testimonial took the form of addresses of congratulation and the presentation of a bronze clock. It must be very gratifying for one thus to know that he holds such a place in the affection of the lonely light keepers, and that he has brightened the lives of so many.

The proposed Maine non-resident license has excited its share of attention, but we must remember that a year will intervene before the subject will come before the Legislature. There is good reason to believe that the true sentiment in Maine is against the proposition, and that when the time comes the sentiment will make itself felt in a prevailing opposition. Meanwhile, it appears to be "up to" Commissioner Carleton to prove his \$15,000,000 estimate of revenues from the Maine visitors.

The Sportsman Tourist.

The Old Logging Camp.

It was my first day in the woods; that is to say, the real forest, with its miles upon miles of towering pines and waving hemlocks, where one might easily lose his way and wander for days before coming upon a human habitation. Previous to then my excursions into the wilds of nature had been limited to a day's tramp through a grove of hard-wood timber adjacent to my native village.

It was not much of a grove from a grown-up's point of view, but to the imagination of a child it was vast and immeasurable, and peopled with many terrible monsters and beasts of prey, a veritable "forest primeval." Somewhere within the depths of this great forest there dwelt a frightful ogre, a second Polyphemus, with one eye in the middle of his forehead. We never spoke his name aloud, nor confessed our fear of his lurking presence to one another, but he was always there—somewhere in the bushes just beyond—waiting to seize upon and devour us in one big mouthful. I discovered his lair, on a certain memorable day, at the end of the deep cañon—or was it only a small, narrow ravine, after all—between the two big boulders whose tops came together, thus forming a dark cave, a fearsome place when you came to think of it; but I imparted my discovery to no one, save to whisper the harrowing tale in the ear of my young and confiding sister.

We made many pilgrimages to this wilderness of ours, armed with the deadly sling-shot, or a primitive "bow-an'-arrer" that would hit everything except the object at which it was aimed, in search of the ever invisible game, or in lighter mood, playing at Indian and many other soul-stirring sports; and then came the inevitable day of awakening, when all my fond illusions vanished, and our "forest primeval" dwindled down into a few acres of oak and maple trees, surrounded by a split-rail fence, and Polyphemus, on closer inspection, had transformed himself into an one-eyed woodchuck. The discovery caused a shock to my youthful sensibilities and also destroyed my faith in things material for the time being; so much so, indeed, that—terrible dictum!—for the first time in my life I went to bed without saying my prayers, and felt very wicked in consequence.

I had come to the awkward age of fourteen when my eyes were opened to the true state of affairs as they existed in our child world. The "Olympians," those of the masculine persuasion, had thrilled my ears many a time and oft with tales of their exploits and deeds of adventure with beasts of the forest. I had always imagined that their forest resembled ours in all the most important features, but after my disillusionment regarding the latter I was forced to conclude that theirs must be something greatly different and truly wonderful, the real forest of my dreams; wherefore my curiosity became aroused to an uncomfortable degree, and I was consumed with the desire to visit that marvelous land of which my elders prated.

My father was a great lover of the woods and a most enthusiastic sportsman. He spent a certain portion of each year among the northern pines, and in my estimation he represented the wisdom of the Creator in all things pertaining to the hidden realms of nature. He was a silent, reserved man, traits that grow on one, as I have since observed, who had passed many days in the stillness of a pine forest, and we children stood not a little in awe of him at times. One day—it was on a Saturday, I remember, and there were no hated school duties to perform—my father came upon me swinging disconsolately on the front gate, and gazing with gloomy brow at nothing in particular, though my thoughts were busy with a multitude of vexing problems, and the world looked very dark to me. I was in a most cynical mood.

"Where are the children?" he inquired.

"Gone to the woods, I guess," I replied, with more indifference than I had ever before dared assume. He looked at me in some surprise.

"Why didn't you go with them?" he asked. "Have you been quarreling?"

"No, sir. But I didn't want to," I made answer, still oppressed with the futility of existence.

"Why, I thought you liked the woods," said he.

"I do," I assured him, "but I don't like those woods."

"What is the matter with them?" he questioned. "You have always told wonderful tales of your doings there."

"They are too small," I scornfully declared. "They ain't really woods at all." And then I added in my desperation, "there's a fence all 'round 'em."

My father gazed at me quizzically for a moment, and the corners of his mouth twitched suspiciously.

"Oh, I see," said he. "Let me see: you are now thirteen."

"Fourteen," I corrected. "Fourteen last October."

"Well, I guess you are getting big enough to learn how to handle a gun," he continued. "I think I'll take you out with me the next time I go after duck."

I nearly fell off the gate in the sudden shock of joy that swept over me, and I could only gasp out an enraptured "Oh!" as he turned away and left me.

From that time on my initiation into the mysteries of woodcraft had its beginning. All that year I hunted and fished with my father, eschewing the society of my former playmates, and scorning the terrors of the grove with the fence around it; and I fear that I put on airs, and essayed the manners of my elders, and spoke boastingly of the "fine mallards we shot the other day," or "the big catch of fish we brought home yesterday." But the glory of these past performances faded into insignificance when my father announced the joyful news that I was to accompany him on his next trip to the woods—the real woods. O, the delicious hours I spent in anticipation of my coming happiness! How I polished up my biggest jack-knife, and with what diligence did I consult the story books dealing with the life of a hunter! I acquired much useless knowledge, and whetted my appetite with tales of adventure until I longed for an opportunity to outlive "Hawkeye" himself in deeds of might. The intervening weeks dragged slowly by and were counted as years, until, at last, the longed-for day was there, and the world had not come to an end in the meanwhile, as I had greatly feared it might.

How can I describe my feelings as we left the station at the end of the railway line and began the long drive through the forest to our camping ground? We spent that night with Hogarth, a settler who lived on the shores of a beautiful lake, and who had seven tall sons, like Ishmael of olden time. Early the next morning, with the aid of a clumsy, unwieldy batteau belonging to Hogarth, we transferred our outfit across the lake, and before noon the tents were erected; the camp-fire, with its huge backlog, was already blazing merrily, and we were unpacking our kits and getting our guns ready, and trying to do a dozen things at once—at least I was—and that was the beginning of my first day in the woods.

And then came the dinner. My one idea of a meal cooked over a camp-fire had been formed from my own youthful experiences in the culinary art, namely, a smoky, smudgy fire, a few charred ears of corn and a collection of small lumps of red-hot charcoal that at one time had borne the form and likeness of potatoes. (Sometimes we attempted to fry the potatoes, and the result—well, a few of us still survive.) But that dinner which Jim, the cook, set before us on an improvised table, with the command to "Git busy on the grub afore she gits cold," that dinner, I say, was a revelation, a marvelous revelation. What the menu consisted of matters not. There was an indescribable flavor of the pines and hemlocks, the spruce and cedar to the food, mingled with a faint aroma from the blazing pine knots of the camp-fire. It is an old story now. It is one of the siren voices calling to me at times far from the haunts of civilized man with his cooking stoves and gas ranges and other "modern conveniences." Yes, it is an old story now, but that first meal beneath the far away northern pines which Jim the cook served to us at midday, what a revelation it was.

After dinner my father turned to me and said: "I think I'll walk over to the old logging camp, if it is still there. Get your gun, we might run across a partridge."

Now, this was the first intimation I had received that such a thing as a logging camp existed in that part of the woods, and the haste with which I complied with his request must have amused my father greatly. It was a perfect Indian summer day. The air was soft and hazy, and a deep stillness brooded over the forest. I longed to run ahead, and leap and shout aloud with the joy of being permitted to participate in the delights of this hunter's paradise, but the fear of my father's disapproval, or possibly ridicule, constrained me. I strove to emulate his calm demeanor, while I could not but wonder at his apparent indifference to the marvelous beauty of the ever-varying picture that met our gaze at each step as we started on our way. I have since learned that feeling of appreciation and calm enjoyment which defies human language for expression.

We ascended the ridge that sloped gently back from our camp, my father leading the way and I following close on his heels until one or two stinging blows across the face from the low hanging branches of a spruce or stunted jack-pine taught me to place a safer distance between my guide and myself. As we gained the top of the ridge, my father paused, and pointing to a faintly traced pathway, scarcely discernible to my inexperienced eye, said:

"Here is the old Indian trail that was made ever so many years ago; in fact, years before a white man ever set foot in this forest. Be careful that you don't stub your toe on the root of some tree."

The announcement sent a thrill through every nerve in my body. Here, then, was a real Indian trail such as I had read and dreamt about. Of course it was not as I had pictured it in my imagination, and I wondered if I should ever acquire sufficient knowledge of the woods to enable me to follow its obscure windings with any certainty of success. Obviously the trail presented no such difficulties to my father, for he immediately went forward with the assured air of one who was familiar with much more vexing problems than that which now confronted us. And then my ever active imagination came to the fore, and transported me back to other days and other scenes of which I had read.

My father became Pathfinder—no, Hawkeye was the better name; Hawkeye, that boy's ideal of what a man of the woods should be, and I—I was his chosen friend and companion, Chingachgook, the wily "Serpent," one of my best loved heroes of all romance. Down among the red sumach bushes and the yellowing birches that lined the shores of the lake lurked the dreaded Mingo. Through the tops of the trees gleamed the waters of the lake, and somewhere there, in his rough block house, was "Floating Tom" Hutter with his daughters two, and mighty "Hurry Harry" was there, too, to protect them. So perfect was the illusion painted by my fancy, that when my father stubbed his toe and plunged forward with a greatly accelerated gait—a performance that would have stirred my risibilities to their foundation under ordinary circumstances—I merely paused and glanced about for the hidden enemy who had fired the fatal shot that had wounded my erstwhile invulnerable companion. My father recovered his equilibrium with some difficulty, and continued on his way as though nothing had happened. After a bit he glanced back over his shoulder, and observing my unruffled countenance was evidently suspicious of guile on the part of his son and heir.

"Why don't you laugh?" he demanded. "You know you want to."

I was wholly unprepared for this accusation, and fearing to offend him by some unfortunate explanation which he would misconstrue into deeper guile, I said nothing.

"It is no laughing matter, however," he went on in grievous tones. "I might have injured myself very seriously if I hadn't recovered so quickly."

O, the subtlety and deceit that is practiced on inexperienced, unsophisticated, giddy youth!

Presently the trail crossed an old roadway, and we turned off to the left and followed where it led, and it led us to our destination. We emerged from the forest growth that lined the road on either side, and the next moment found ourselves standing in a small clearing—or what had once been a clearing, for a heavy undergrowth of bushes and weeds now choked the place. In the center of this clearing stood the ruins of an old log cabin. Time with his many varying seasons of heat and cold, of rain and snow had set his mark upon this isolated

dwelling. The huge logs of which it had been constructed seemed to hold their own bravely, but on closer inspection the finger of decay was plainly visible upon them. In places the rotting timbers or rafters of the roof had fallen from their supports, leaving a yawning hole in their stead. The walls, however, still stood firm, although the seams and interstices had spread apart in wide, open cracks, through which the desolate interior could be clearly seen. A chipmunk or two went scampering away before us, and a lazy porcupine waddled off reluctantly into the underbrush with manifest signs of disapproval at our intrusion. The afternoon sun shone down upon this peaceful scene with genial warmth, and the tall, encircling pines, stirred by the faint breezes from the south, waved their graceful plumes in solemn salutation.

It seemed a sacrilege to break this fitting silence with idle questioning, therefore I curbed my desire for information and slowly followed in my father's footsteps as he walked around the building, surveying it with critical eye. At the rear another smaller cabin, in a more advanced state of ruin, met our gaze.

"That was the cook's cabin," my father explained. "The other is where the lumbermen lived."

His voice aroused me from my cogitations, and I ventured to ask a few questions: Who had lived there? How long ago was it? Why had they left the cabin to its fate to fall to ruin? and so forth, and so on.

My father answered me patiently. The cabin had been there twelve years to his knowledge, how much longer he could not say. It was there when he first hunted in that part of the wilderness. Lumbermen had built it and none but lumbermen had ever dwelt there; in other words, it was a lumber camp, and the men that had built it had left it to its fate after it had served its purpose as a home for them while they were cutting the timber in the surrounding forest. Probably Jim the cook could give me more definite information. So much did he tell me, and I was impatient to hear more about this deserted cabin from Jim the cook.

We returned to camp by the old logging road, a road in name only, for the forest had encroached all along its meandering course on both sides, and the way was encumbered with many a fallen tree or moss-covered log. I killed my first partridge on this road that day. I was walking ahead on the lookout for something to shoot at, and when the bird scurried across the pathway a short distance before me I raised my gun and fired both barrels. Immediately there was a great fluttering and flopping where the partridge had been, I dashed forward, and, dropping my gun, fell bodily upon the expiring bird, and clutched at it desperately for fear it might escape me. My father watched my wild antics without comment. When the bird finally yielded up its life to my frantic embrace, I gradually came back to earth again, and rose to my feet somewhat shamefaced because of my display of "buck fever," if it could be so called. I held the partridge aloft in justification of my unsportsmanlike behavior, and regretted the act the next moment. In my struggles with the bird I had plucked out whole handfuls of feathers, and the effect was quite surprising, to say the least. I never before realized how indispensable a tail is to a bird's beauty.

"What sort of a thing do you call that?" my father inquired, with a grim smile.

"I thought it was a partridge," I weakly made answer. "Humph! A partridge, eh?" said he. "A queer looking partridge I call it. It hasn't any tail, and it looks as if it were moulting. Why did you drop your gun?"

"I didn't know that I had dropped it," I replied. "Guess I must have been pretty excited."

"No one would have suspected it," he assured me, "though one barrel is generally sufficient to kill most birds. I thought you had shot nothing less than a deer, at least."

I retired discomfited, picked up my gun and took an humble position in the rear. But, in spite of my chagrin, I was still highly elated over the success of my first shot in the "real woods," even though I had made a sort of fool of myself. I had long since discovered that a boy never does anything right of his own accord, in the judgment of the wiseacres, and also that my male acquaintances of riper years seemed blissfully unconscious of the fact that they had ever been boys themselves.

Jim, the cook, smiled when he beheld my trophy of the hunt, but refrained from remarks, for which I blessed him in my inmost soul; and he broiled the partridge over the coals for supper that night, and the ambrosia of the gods was not to be compared with that delicious morsel of flesh.

After supper I got Jim to tell me all about the old lumber camp and the men that built it, and he talked on and on in his slow, easy drawl until the shadows had deepened into darkness in the forest, and my sleepy eyes would no longer stay open, and my tired head began to nod on my breast. But when we had turned in for the night, and I found myself reclining for the first time on a sweet smelling couch of hemlock boughs, with the strange noises of the night sounding outside through the thin canvas walls of our tent, sleep forsook me altogether and left me lying there, listening with beating heart to each new sound, and wondering if it could be some fierce beast of prey about to attack us in our weak shelter. The deep, regular breathing of my two companions indicated that my fears were groundless, and I was just dropping off to sleep when suddenly a loud, and to my imagination, piercing cry broke the stillness of the night. I sat up with a start, straining my ears for a repetition of the dread sound, and when it came I retired beneath the protecting folds of my blankets. I fully expected my father to spring out of bed, rifle in hand, to meet this new foe—panther or wolf, or whatever it might be—but as no such a demonstration took place, I feared to rouse the camp, and lay shivering with terror in my bunk, until, through sheer weariness, I at last fell asleep. For the next two nights my slumbers were disturbed by the same fearful cry, and I wondered how my father and Jim could sleep on unmoved at the threatening sound—so deeply oblivious of the lurking danger; and it cost me a mighty effort to dissemble my feelings and imitate their calm stoicism.

On the morning of the fourth day, as we were sitting at the breakfast table, my father broke the spell by inquiring:

"Did you hear that big owl hooting last night?"

"An owl?" I questioned, half doubting that I had heard aright.

"Yes. A great horned owl, most likely," he responded. "He woke me up from a sound sleep with his hooting." "I heard him night before last," said I, and hastened to change the subject. I was beginning to have a very poor opinion of myself.

On that same day a friend of my father's arrived in camp, a Mr. Drake by name. They had hunted and fished together for years, and next to my father, Mr. Drake occupied the most exalted position in my estimation of mankind in general. He was a short, fat, jolly looking man, who, to my way of thinking, had given evidence of an understanding far superior to that of most of our elders. There was so much of the boy about him that he could not fail to enter into the mysteries of a boy's world with due appreciation. He and my father greeted each other Indian fashion; that is, without effusion—merely a hand-shake and a short, "How!" His manner toward myself was tempered with a dignity that was entirely new to me, and I withdrew abashed. Obviously these two were playing at some game to which I was a total stranger. It resembled, a little, what we children called "Indian," but if such were its true nature, Mr. Drake should have advanced on the camp with a war-whoop and scalped everybody, and then allowed himself to be scalped in turn. Either they did not understand the game, or else they had invented a new one of their own. Such were my conclusions at the time, and as I was evidently not to be a party to their sport I took my gun and announced that I was going after a partridge or two for supper.

I followed the old logging road, and in due time arrived at the deserted cabin. How lonely and yet how restful and full of peace it seemed. I seated myself on a log, so old that it yielded slightly beneath my weight, and the stories that Jim, the cook, had told me about the place recurred to me. Immediately the camp became peopled with those sturdy men of long ago, tall, bearded giants nearly every one of them, with an oath ever ready on their lips, but with hearts as big as their bodies; Long Tom and Peshtigo Sam, and Squatty Jim, and all the rest of them; there they were before me. I could see the men coming home at night, tired after their long day's work. They stamped the snow from their boots in the doorway and entered the cabin where supper awaited their whetted appetites. Behind them came the teamsters, cracking their long whips and urging on the slow moving oxen, for they, too, were hungry and anxious to join the rest of the crew about the supper table. And after supper someone—Long Tom, most probably, for Jim had said that he was a great singer—Long Tom, then, started up a song, and all the men joined in the chorus, making the rafters ring, and the rude melody floated out in muffled strains upon the cold night air and was lost in the moaning of the winter winds wailing dimly through the tall pine trees. My fancy painted the picture very faithfully, and my imagination supplied the actors for the scene. What a fine lot of men they were, to be sure! And what had become of them all?

I sat there dreaming about the life that once enlivened this spot, this old cabin now so lonely and deserted. Why had it been left to fall to decay, and rot like the log upon which I was resting? Why had not someone reclaimed it for a home? These were puzzling questions, and I registered a solemn vow that when I grew to man's estate I would return and make this place my home, and if the girl with the golden hair, that hung adown her back in two long braids, refused to come with me, I would choose another partner, perchance another dark-haired Pocahontas, if I could but find her, and here would we live out our lives together.

And as I sat there, a boy of fifteen, I unconsciously became impressed with the mutability of all things human. The same trees that now looked down upon this dwelling fashioned by the hand of man, these towering hemlocks, and here and there a still loftier pine, they had stood at their posts like faithful sentinels during all the intervening years, aye, and had stood there many decades before the ax was laid to the root of a single tree in all that vast wilderness; and men had come and gone, and men would come and go, and still would they stand there, grim old warriors, for Time passed lightly over their plumed heads. Some such thoughts as these—though vague and inexpressible at the time—filled my mind as I contemplated the quiet scene before me.

I was aroused from my reverie by the sound of a voice—my father's voice—calling me by name. In some alarm I responded, and started back in the direction of the sound. Soon I met him hurrying along the road and gazing anxiously about him.

"O, there you are!" he exclaimed, in tones of relief, as I appeared in sight. "I was afraid you were lost. Where have you been all this time?"

"Down at the old logging camp," I made answer.

"What were you doing there?" he asked.

"O, nothing," I replied, rather vaguely. "Just thinking."

He did not question me further, but from that time on he seemed to take more of an interest in my exploits as a hunter.

That was an ever memorable outing. Mr. Drake and my father never seemed to weary of playing at their game of "Indian." They would address each other in strange, unintelligible Indian words. I remember a few of them—"kaget," "cowin-nischin," "kenebuch," so they sounded to my uneducated ears; or if a wolf howled when we were seated about the camp-fire of an evening, one of them would be sure to grunt out something that sounded like, "Ingen nepo kenebuch." These words signified nothing to my understanding, but all things to my imagination, and impressed me deeply. I have since wondered if there was really any actual meaning attached to them, or if these two men were only "just pretending."

I fancy that most men play at "Indian" or some such thing, when they shake off the shackles of civilization for a brief period and dwell in close communion with nature. It is a part of their boyhood which they never can outgrow. The thing that impressed me the most, and showed me that in spite of the discrepancy in our ages we three were after all closely akin to one another, was the unmistakable fondness for mother earth, commonly called dirt, as displayed by my two companions. Mr. Drake, in particular, seemed unhappy until he had besmeared and besmudged a brand new pair of yellow buckskin breeches

past all semblance of their original color; and I called to mind the many painful times that I, and every boy of my acquaintance, had been unrighteously chastised for accidentally committing a similar offense against some new article of apparel.

Willy nilly, man of mature years, your daily acts are closely noted by some youthful observer who is constantly passing judgment upon you, therefore are your responsibilities great, for your judges are merciless beings, and "out of thine own mouth shall they condemn thee." Children are natural hero worshippers, and every man is a hero to some child. There generally—invariably, I might say—comes a sad day of awakening for the child, and it is a pity, a great pity, that that day should ever dawn. Mr. Drake and his yellow buckskin breeches lingered long in my memory, and impressed me as another evidence of the inconsistency of my elders and betters.

Although slightly disillusioned with respect to Mr. Drake's and my father's infallibility on all matters pertaining to the woods—owing to their blunders—the forest itself, with all its wondrous charms, but more than anything else, the old logging camp, fulfilled my fondest expectations and desires, and created a love for the real out-of-door life that the passing years only serve to strengthen. Many moons have waned since I visited that far away spot on the shores of the dreaming lake, and I often wonder if there is anything left of that lonely lumber camp among the pines, any thing save, mayhap, a few moss-covered logs lying prone upon the ground like grave-stones in an old churchyard; and I never flee from "the busy marts of men" to some quiet retreat in the wilderness without calling to mind the day when my eyes were first opened to the true joy of living, the joy that all lovers of the woods may so easily partake of in all its fullness; and somehow that old logging camp is closely associated with this awakening of mine.

As I sit here in my den writing down these brief memoirs of some happy days I have known, I cannot but think of "the many thousands of care-encumbered men" who toil from early morn till gloomy night, thankful to earn their meagre hire—a mere pittance, barely sufficient to keep body and soul together—and living out their barren, uneventful lives without the faintest conception of the real world in which they live—that "world beautiful" which the Maker of all things created and said in His wisdom, "Behold, it is very good." And then my thoughts carry me back to that lonely cabin beneath the pines, standing there deserted and fast falling to decay for lack of human occupant, and I say to myself:

"Here is a strange paradox. The world is wide, and there is room for all, where with honest toil and not too great diligence men could build their homes and taste of happiness; and yet, not many miles away, like rats in a cage, they die for want of bread, and know naught but misery, wretchedness and misery from the cradle to the grave."

Verily, this cabin of mine stands as a monument whereon one may read a message of wisdom, and learn many things; and for him "who hath ears to hear" there is a wondrous sermon in the low voiced murmurings of the tall pines as they chant their never-ending funeral hymn over the cabin's crumbling walls.

FAYETTE DURLIN.

The Charming Man of the Maine Woods.

ONLY those sportsmen who have visited in the "far-back" Maine lumber camps and have talked with the old-timers among the choppers have heard the "charming man" discussed in all his picturesqueness. He is the mysterious "great medicine man" of the Maine woods. There is much of the occult about this individual, or rather individuals. There have been numerous incarnations of this spirit of healing and divination. Probably many of these charming men who have roved on their strange mission from Megantic to Molunkus, and from Connor Plantation to Greenville have been veriest charlatans. Nevertheless, they form one of the most interesting phases of character in the deep Maine woods.

Perhaps, too, many of the stories told about the charming man and his exploits are apocryphal, but, on the other hand, many are vouched for, and afford a strange chapter in woods lore. It is my friend, The Doctor, who gives me a late instance of the work of the charming man. As The Doctor was directly concerned in the affair, his story is worth while.

"I was hunting last month in the region above Upper Lobster Lake east of the Church-ill," says he. "Now, you know I have been in the woods every season for ten years, and I never was lost up to that time. I did get lost, though, that day. I don't have the least idea how it happened, but all at once I found myself wandering through the woods with no very clear idea where I was going nor why, for I had told the guide that I would meet him at the head of the lake for snack."

"Well, I traveled around a while, I'll tell you just how I felt—it was as though something all at once had set me into a brown study and then when I came out of it I looked around to find that some sprite had moved the sun and had skeow-wowed the scenery around in some way that I failed to understand. Never had that happen to me in the woods before! In what I am going to relate I do not want to be considered too credulous, but that mystification of the morning made the later events of that day more impressive."

"After a time I climbed the side of a hill and took a look around to see if I could locate any landmark. Off to the east of south by my compass I spied a column of smoke wavering up over the trees. I was so turned around that I couldn't tell whether the lake lay in that direction or not, but I scrambled down the hill and plowed away in that hope."

"The smoke must have been five miles away, and it took me more than an hour to cover the distance. But I finally came into a clearing. There was a lumber camp there. No one was in sight outside, but in the free and easy way that prevails in the woods, I walked across the clearing, stamped off the snow in the dingle and walked into the camp. I never got such a surprise in all my life. Half a dozen of the crew were in the camp. They all jumped up and rushed toward me. One of them yelled:

'Be you the doctor?' 'Well, I'm a doctor,' I said. 'Don't that beat all tophet, fellows?' cried the man; 'he's the doctor. And he's right here on the dot, too. We've been lookin' for ye,' he stuttered, turning to me and fairly trembling in excitement. I commenced to get some interested myself."

"You folks appear to have been looking for me," I suggested.

"You bet we have," the cook replied, twisting his bare arms in his apron.

"He said you'd get here at four o'clock," he added, pointing to a little nickel alarm clock that hung beside a bunk. It was then a few minutes past the hour.

"No one has sent for me," said I, "and I didn't know where I was coming. What do you people mean by saying that I was expected? I've been lost in the woods."

"That's jest what he said," shouted several men in chorus, jostling together in their excitement.

"Who said so?" I demanded, with a bit of temper, for it suddenly occurred to me that the men were 'joshing' me for their amusement.

"The charming man," they answered. They were so earnest that I realized they were not jesting, though for the life of me I couldn't understand what it all meant.

"He's right there in the bunk," explained the cook.

"This charming man you were speaking of?" I asked. I had never heard of a charming man before and I wanted to see the curiosity.

"No, the man that got hurt," said one of the crew. 'The charming man went away.'

"It was dusky in the camp and one of the men carried a lantern to a bunk in the corner. There lay a man with his foot swathed in a torn blanket and an old coat. 'He chopped himself on the ankle,' one of the men explained. While they held the lantern I unwrapped the bandages, my professional instincts suppressing, for a time, the questions I wanted to pump at the men. It was a bad case. The ax had partly severed the ankle at the joint, and the wound, treated by such rude methods as were at hand in the camp, was past the point where it could be healed. 'He hurt it three or four days ago,' said one of the crew. 'We done what we could for him, but I guess it wasn't very much.'

"That foot must come off," I told them.

"That's jest what he said," was the immediate chorus. 'The charming man said so,' added the cook, noticing my astonishment at their excitement over my simple statement.

"I assure you I was getting mighty interested and curious by this time, but the doctor in me was on top. I started one of the men off to the sporting camp for my case of instruments that I always take into the woods with me. Then I sat down to wait and to listen to the story the men had to tell me."

"The camp was on Matthews' operation, near the Upper Lobster. The injured man was one of the swamper, and when he had hacked his ankle the men had put on a tourniquet in the best style they could and lugged him to the camp. Word was sent by tote-team for a doctor, but the nearest one was an hundred miles away. On the morning of that day when I arrived at the camp a stranger had appeared. The men told me that he was about sixty-five years of age, wore a tight-fitting suit of ribbed wool like a union undergarment, and over that a huge blanket coat. On his head was a knitted cap with the peak hanging down his back. The garb was suited well enough to woods' life, but it was all a dead, deep black, and indicated that our mysterious friend was a bit 'sagy.' The men went on to tell me that the stranger walked into the camp and up to the bunk where the injured man lay, and announced in deep tones that he had come to heal. But after he had looked the victim over he said that he could only charm away the inflammation. 'The foot must be cut off,' he declared, 'and I do not stain my hands in human blood. My mission on earth is to alleviate suffering. I can summon here the man who will do the work, and I will remove all pain.'

"The man then drew some unknown substance from his pocket and threw it upon the coals that he raked forward on the camp hearth. A dense, black smoke went rolling up the short chimney. The men in the camp described this operation as 'burning medicine,' a resource that is occasionally adopted by the Penobscot Indians in the woods when they seek for good fortune in hunting or in recovering lost articles. While the stuff smoldered and smoked the man jabbered in low tones. Then he suddenly broke out. 'He is coming this way—he is crossing a brook, he is climbing a hill—now he sees the smoke—he will come to this place—he is the surgeon who will do this work!'

"The crew then explained that at this point one of them had the assurance to brace up to the stranger and ask him what he was trying to do. The charming man explained with great dignity that, through his spell he had caused a hunter—a city doctor—who was then five miles from that place, to lose his way first and then espy the smoke rolling up from the camp hearth. 'He will be here in just one hour by that clock,' he stated. 'He will send for his tools and will cut off that man's leg. Tell him for me that there will be no pain from the operation and no blood to speak of, neither will there be inflammation following. I have attended to all that. I will return in two weeks for my pay. If it all doesn't come about as I have said, you need give me nothing. Remember, the doctor will come in an hour.'

"And sure enough I did, and under those circumstances, you see, my lively reception was not astonishing."

"While I was waiting for the instruments I examined the patient with great interest. I determined that he was in a hypnotic trance. I tested him with the thermometer, took his pulse and listened to his respiration. They were not far from normal, but the man was entirely insensible."

"He remained in that condition through the operation which I performed without anæsthetics after I had made tests and had found that he was apparently insensible to pain. But little blood followed the knife. The manner in which the limb had been bound by the rude tourniquet was partly responsible for the slight bleeding, but I am ready to testify as a surgeon that the bleeding was apparently somewhat controlled by the patient's condition psychically as well as physically. But what was more interesting still was the fact that when the man came out from his stupor the next day he felt no pain in the leg,

and when I visited him and dressed his stump during the next week he said that he hadn't suffered even a twinge. "The case interested me mightily, and if it had not been for professional engagements that took me back to the city, I would have waited to see and talk with that mysterious man of the woods."

Since I have talked with The Doctor, I have made some inquiries among men who own choppings in northern Maine, and especially in the Chesuncook region, and they say that their crews report the appearance of a stranger on several occasions during the last two years—a man answering the description of the charming man who visited Matthews' camp. In most lumber camps are men suffering from minor ailments such as felons, rheumatism and small cuts. The charming man, apparently by hypnotic suggestion, removes the pain and even soothes a jumping tooth.

Forty years ago, according to Penobscot lumbermen of the old days, a charming man made an immense reputation in the Maine lumber camps. He was not the individual who is traveling through the woods of Maine at this time. He was broad and squat, and wore a suit of greasy leather. A close leather cap, which he never removed in the sight of man, covered his head, all but eyes, mouth and nose.

Other charming men have appeared at camps and have agreed to cure any or all for the season. These contractors asserted that they could cure without being present in person. They would secure all the names of the crew, leave little sticks of some substance that they called "medicine wood," and direct that this was to be burned by the patient in case of illness or accident. The patient was to say some words privately communicated by the charming man and which he must not repeat to any one else on penalty of annulling the charm. When the medicine was burned and the charm muttered, the charming man was supposed to hear wherever he might be at the time, and the agreement was that he should at once commence to treat the patient in his mind. The reader may be inclined to construe that latter statement as double entendre. Perhaps!

But there are hundreds of apparently well attested cases of healing—mental healing, if you will—that have been reported from the Maine woods in the wake of the charming men. In the old days of lumbering it was a charming man for a doctor or grunt and bear it.

Some refused both methods. It is related of Col. John Goddard, Maine's most famous lumberman of the old days, that he was tremendously bothered by a corn on his little toe on one occasion when he was away up at his camps on the West Branch. It pained him o' nights so that he couldn't sleep. After he had tossed and cursed for two nights he arose in his wrath and his underclothes, and taking a chisel and hammer he chopped off the rantankerous toe and cauterized the bleeding stump with the poker. In this connection the heroic tooth-pulling exploits of Uncle Silas Hawkes, of the Brassua region, occur to me—but that narration doesn't belong in the present preachment.

HOLMAN F. DAY.

AUBURN, Me.

A Walk Down South.—XIII.

SUPPER at Mrs. Ryman's was delicious; rib beef was served. It had been first boiled and then fried or "baked" in a spider till it was brown. A beef that had ranged on the hillside eating ear corn and blue grass—to think of it is to get up an appetite. Burrh loaf bread, warm and delicious, apple butter, apple sauce, and berry preserves. The coffee was home made, rye baked to a crisp, I think, and there was a gallon pitcher full of sweet milk. Moreover, a gray squirrel was served fried and brown.

After we had eaten a fire was stirred up in the sitting-room fireplace, and all sat in a semi-circle before the flying blaze, with our feet resting on the edge of the stone hearth. Some covert questions were asked of me—inquiries that if I would just as soon they would like to know something about me and my "country." I told them about the Adirondacks, as much as I could, dwelling on the rough side of its life lest I be suspected of aristocratic tendencies. It pleased us all to exchange general views. While we were talking, one of the two youths—17 or 18 year old boys—began to whittle a bit of chip with his jack-knife. He made a paddle about three inches long and a quarter of an inch wide at the spoon end. Then, with a side glance to see if I was looking, he elevated his eyebrows at a neighbor woman who had dropped in and made a scooping motion with his paddle. The woman looked at my face and then handed a small tin box, round and about the size and shape of an eighth-pound baking powder box would be to him. While the boy scooped all eyes were turned on me, but I merely watched the fire flicker. Two scoops full were transferred from the box to the left side of the boy's mouth, far back; then the scoop was thrown into the fire, and the box returned.

"I don't expect you alls use tobacco?" Mrs. Ryman said.

I said I hadn't used any since I started on the trip, which was true.

"Did you ever see snuff taken up in your country?"

"Why, certainly," I replied, as surprised as possible. If I had told the truth it would have been hard to become friendly with them. Soon after eight o'clock I was shown to my bed. The tick was full of sweet, dry corn leaves, which rustled every time one stirred. It was a clean, comfortable bed. When I stirred out a little before eight o'clock in the morning, the effects of the long walk on Saturday were gone. Breakfast was similar to supper, sausage being served instead of beef. The bread was steamed and served blistering hot during the meal at intervals.

One youth went down the road, the other was quiet with a bilious attack. About ten o'clock some neighbors came in—all women. One was blind. They sat around the organ in the sitting-room and while Mrs. Ryman's daughter played all sang hymns. It was too far for them to walk to church, they said. In an hour or more the visitors departed and dinner was called. The molasses on the table they said was made from sugar cane raised on the place; the wheat and corn flour, the mashed pota-

toes, the beef, and the rye in the coffee pot were home raised. When one lives fifty miles from the railroad, much must be supplied from the home ground. The miller takes a "toll" of one-fifth of all the wheat he grinds.

In the field beyond the fenced-off yard were many turkeys—forty or fifty. Four or five of them had small "cow" bells on their necks. These usually keep the hunters from killing tame birds when seeking wild ones, and also help when lost birds are being sought upon the mountains.

The South Branch Review, published at Franklin, Pendleton county, W. Va., contained an interesting hunting note to the effect that Dick Hussey and James Jarvin were hunting on the west side of the Shenandoah Mountains when they discovered a bear. The beast ran down the mountain side between the men, who both fired at it. A buckshot from Jarvin's gun hit Hussey in the left thigh. The bear was killed.

That night I went to church, nearly three miles away. The service consisted of readings, prayers and songs. Upward of eighty persons were present, many of whom came on horseback. The striking feature of the service was the manner of taking up the collection. The Reverend Sharpe first told a funny story, and then sent two of the many pretty girls present around with the boxes. Two-thirds of the congregation were young men, and the way they went down into their pockets was an example.

My companion, after we started for home, remarked that the service was very quiet. He said that sometimes there was trouble there.

"Did you notice that man who sat just behind you?" he asked. "He's been in jail lots of times—twenty-five or thirty, I expect—and paid lots of fines. He gets drunk and comes tearing 'round and cussin' during meetin', and the pahson just has to throw him out doohs sometimes."

"Where do they get their stuff to drink?" I asked.

"Why, some just gets pep'mint and cinnamon, or ginger. But many puts theh money in a stump down the road and gets it theh. Theh's six men oveh in Smoky Hole now what makes it. They make it out of mos' anything down theh, out of wheat and rye and corn and apples, when they has it, but they use potatoes and cabbages and tomatoes, too. But I don't think cabbage whiskey could make a man drunk. It just makes him crazy. Two years ago they had a fight oveh theh and one man killed anothah with a rock; jist mashed his head right in with it. I heahd say as he was drinking they're own whiskey thataway, and I s'pose he was jist crazy and not drunk."

After breakfast Monday morning, I went out squirrel hunting with Bill Ryman. He carried a muzzleloading, bored out Springfield musket. He loaded it with a .38-40 shell full of powder, rammed newspaper down on it, then poured in a shell full of shot. With the cap on and priming jarred in, he was ready. At the foot of the hill behind (west of) the house was a patch of woods two hundred yards along the ridge and a hundred wide from the foot of the incline. In this strip we saw six squirrels in half an hour, and two more in the next hour and a half. One of the squirrels jumped up on the side of a tree twenty feet away. I missed it clean. Bill shot another that came to the same place a second later.

It was my first experience hunting gray squirrels where they were plenty. The way they disappeared in a tree top barren of leaves and smooth bark was a marvel to me. I got a shot at only one after we treed it. This one was forty feet up and seventy-five or eighty from me. Bill walked around the tree and I sat still. I saw a curious little nub developing on the side of the tree, and after a bit saw that it was the squirrel keeping the tree trunk between it and the man. I fired, but missed, and the squirrel came out to the end of a hollow limb and crawled back into the hole.

At 11 o'clock we heard the dinner bell—it was swung in a cupola, and rang with a rope, that took us to the house. After dinner I put my pack into the mail carrier's buckboard and started for Franklin, ten miles away.

The road was a beautiful side hill and side stream one. The green river water, the white-capped mountains, with the snow line high up on the south side and low down on the north side, the gnarled trees and the scattered buildings, still novel in design to me, rendered the walk a pleasing one. A mill with the cobblestone dam and raceway grown with thirty-inch willow trees showed that the mill had stood there a long while. A couple of miles from Franklin the road left the river, where it came out of a rock gorge of wild aspect, and climbed over the ridge. Near the top of the ridge the snow line was below the road, but that was soon crossed again, and, after seeing a rabbit scurry across a cornfield, I came down into Franklin.

Franklin is in a valley. It can grow two ways only—up and down stream. The valley sides are too steep for buildings; a long, narrow village, it does not suggest a county seat, save in the court house and the big, modern store.

After a bountiful supper I went to the cobbler's and had a pair of soles put on my shoes. The ones I had put on at Troy, Pa., having worn so thin that I could feel the stones and ruts at every step—and grew lame consequently. The shoemaker at Troy told me that brass tacks were the best to put in my shoes. They did not rot the leather so much, he said. The cobbler at Franklin agreed to this, but he said he had no brass ones; that it was not the aim of shoemakers to make their shoes and boots last a long while these days. He said my shoes were good ones. I remembered that I first thought of starting off with a thin pair of old shoes on. Had I done so it would have been the worst possible mistake to make.

Somebody was in the street shooting a gun that night, but he was merely burning powder.

In the morning I sent my pack on by a livery man who was going out ten or twelve miles. It would have been better to send it by the regular mail carrier, however, but I expected to get an early start. Soon it began to rain, and until noon it poured a dense mist. Gathering courage from a slight hold up, I started on after dinner.

Five miles out of town I was overtaken by a boy on horseback. While we were talking guns he suddenly exclaimed: "There's a flock of wild turkeys."

I gazed ahead to a corn patch about forty rods away, and there were eight turkeys scudding along close to the muddy ground, making fast time toward the river—the first live ones I ever saw. The boy took the rifle and ran

down to the river, but could not see the birds. We could hear them calling one another for some time.

He rode by after a while, and I plodded on, the rain coming down fast. Just at this time the mail carrier overtook me and I got in with him. A couple of miles further on we took on the pack and then I rode twelve miles further. He was going to Crab Bottom, two miles off my road, so I left him at the Forks of the Waters. We crossed the State line between West Virginia and Virginia in a rain squall.

Just before we got into Virginia we overtook a man with a bag slung under his left arm. It was full and heavy, with wild turkey feathers sticking out of the holes. The man could get only seven or eight cents per pound for wild turkeys in West Virginia, on account of the non-export law. At Monterey, over in Virginia, twelve cents per pound was the price, so he was going to Monterey in spite of the law, for the price.

I was told that hunters in Pocahontas county, W. Va., carry their deer saddles over to Virginia to sell them. The meat is put into a wagon at night and started over the mountains in the dark. At daybreak the wagons are in Virginia, and there is no one to say "nay" to the exporters.

At the corner house where I left the mail carrier the wife was sick; at the next house, half a mile further on, they were "full up with company," but a mile further was A. Puffenbarger, who lived across Strait Creek, and would surely have room for me. I went down the side road in the gloom and found the plank foot bridge. With my pack on and the board springing, the crossing seemed hard to make, but I went over. The welcome I received was worth going over several torrents to get.

My host knew much about the region's history. He had been to Sibert's Fort, where the Indians, led by a white man, had massacred nineteen of thirty white prisoners who had surrendered to them without a blow. Of the game he said it was growing rapidly scarce. Even squirrels were not so plenty as they were once.

For breakfast we had buckwheat pancakes that made me think of home.

During the night the weather changed. The rain froze and the road became as hard as pavement. Monterey was only seven miles away. I walked a couple of miles and in the fresh snow I saw a rabbit track across the road in a hillside patch of woods. While I was hunting for the rabbit a man drove up with a sledge loaded with turkeys and chickens. He put my pack in the front end of the box and we walked in to Monterey at noon. Monterey is on the dividing line between the Potomac and James River systems. The water from one side of the main street seems to flow north, from the other south. I was told that it did.

It was a bitter cold day. I went no further because my feet were in bad shape. Beside, I had some letters to write. On the following morning frost ferns decorated the windows. It was only 10 degrees above zero, but it was clear and bright, with but little wind. I would have started early if it had not been that they were killing hogs there that morning. I watched the scalding kettles come to a boil, saw the scalding barrel set in place at a slant on a saw buck, saw the powder poured into the long-barreled Kentucky rifle, and the bullet rammed home. Then one of the stickers leveled the weapon at a black yearling pig's head, while the animal pressed against the pen sides with its nose, grunting for something to eat. Three times the weapon missed fire, and then the pig was hit by a bullet in the center of the forehead, stuck and dragged from the presence of its cowering, squealing mate.

I waited to see no more, but got into my harness and started down the road that leads to Jackson's River.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

A Lodging for the Night.

MR. SPEARS' admirable sketch of his varied experiences in securing a place to stay all night, brings to mind an experience a friend and myself had some twenty years ago. After driving some twelve miles over two ranges of hills, we had arrived at dusk of a June evening at our friend "Barnes' place," where we were wont to be hospitably received and cared for by the owner. In response to our hearty call from the wagon, a closer interview being prevented by a big unfriendly dog, we learned that sickness was within, and it would be impossible to put us up for the night. Mr. Barnes, although deeply depressed by the sickness of his loved ones, was cordial and solicitous for our comfort, and directed us to the next house down the road. Drawing lots, the choice fell on me as the one to ask for lodging. Putting on as good a front as old clothes and wading shoes would permit, I tackled the front door of a not-too neat farmhouse, full of confidence that my evident gentlemanly self would shine through my dirty and old clothes, and secure the coveted supper of saleratus biscuits, green, yellow and heavy, also the feather bed of the "spare bedroom."

In response to my knock the door was opened about eight inches and the crack filled by the face of a sharp-voiced, sharp-eyed woman. I began, hat in hand, to relate who we were, that we wanted to stay all night, and that our business was to fish in the trout stream near by; also to soften the growing harder lines of the face in the crack of the door, I told of our acquaintance with neighbor Barnes and his sending us here; but, alas! she saw only my old clothes and holy shoes, or, perhaps, it was chum in the wagon, for she snapped out with a viciousness that told of many a hard word around the kitchen stove, "No, you can't stay here," and slammed the door to like a steel trap and locked it in the bargain, which was the worst of all.

We felt depressed to say the least, but hunger will press a man to deeds of valor, and the next house was soon a target for my blandishments. Again I rapped on the door. This time it was opened by a fresh, cheerful-looking woman in a neat, clean dress and blue apron. Oh! visions of a good supper, with nice bread and milk, with local gossip and crop talk thrown in, a clean bed in the "front room," the patchwork quilt, with now and then a hen's feather in the pillow, the chromos of impossible waterfalls and landscapes, the ill-proportioned cows in the foreground, and the photos of dead and living members of the family on the wall, and as a great luxury, a case of wax flowers or fruit on the stand. All these and many more details passed through my mind in the

stant of waiting to begin my speech. Much the same as at the other house. Conscious of my personal defects as to clothing and anxious for the future, I plead in my best style I am sure. She heard me through standing in the wide-open door, and with a kindly smile said, "Well, we aren't in the habit of keepin' strangers, but you can stay if he's willin'." Oh! jay, and I said, "Where is he?" "Down in the barn." So down to the barn I go, and find a pleasant, thrifty man of energy. I tell my story again and wait my fate. "Well, you can stay if he's willin'." Hurrah! chum, bring the horse; we can stay. All my visions were realized—nice supper, pleasant hat, clean, fresh bed quilt, chromos and potos, all there as expected. When we shook hands at parting and left two crisp new one-dollar bills on the kitchen table, all were appy. I hope the hatchet-faced woman up the road heard how the pleasant one got the new calico dress.

UNCLE JOSH.

The Adirondack Forests.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In that portion of Governor Odell's recent message to the Legislature relating to the Adirondack forest preserve, as published in last week's FOREST AND STREAM, I express the belief that if all property now owned by individuals and corporations were purchased by the State, "the result would be the destruction of the lumber and wood pulp industries." Now that is one way of looking at the matter, of course, but there are many good things in this great commonwealth who are anxious to have the northern woodlands kept in as nearly a natural condition as possible, or, in other words, they are more interested in the preservation of the forests than in the protection of the lumber and pulp wood industries. These friends of the forest are not only anxious that the State should retain intact all the wilderness lands which it now possesses, but should acquire title to additional holdings in the Adirondacks with the end in view that the entire region may eventually be owned by the State.

Reference is made in the message to an act passed nine years ago, which provided that agreements might be entered into between the State and owners of lands in the Adirondacks, limiting the kind and size of timber to be cut, in return for which exemption from the State and county taxes was given. The restriction was at nothing but soft wood above 12 inches in diameter could be cut. The Governor is convinced that "if the law were amended to prohibit the operation of acid factories and the cutting of timber below 10 inches in diameter, in return for the assumption by the State of all taxes, that the ultimate object aimed at in the preservation of the forests could be accomplished without any great expense."

But what is "the ultimate object aimed at in the preservation of the forests"? Is it the enrichment of those who are interested in the lumber and pulp wood industries? Is it to lift the burden of taxation from the healthy land owners and place it upon the shoulders of the other taxpayers? Is it to accomplish the ruin of all small portions of the primitive woodland which now remains by the removal of the majestic pines, spruces and flocks which now grace it? It is safe to assert that any one of these questions were submitted to the masses of the people the reply would be an unmistakable and unconditional "No!"

The opinion is expressed by the Governor that the work in the Adirondacks should be pursued scientifically. Nature lumber, he says, should be cut and denuded land, as far as possible, replanted. By the leasing of small camps, a revenue and protection would result. The Governor recommends to the Legislature "that the present law be amended so as to permit an agreement with owners to restrict the cutting of timber down to 10 inches in diameter instead of 12, and that acid factories be prohibited; and that a constitutional amendment receive action this year, looking toward the scientific forestry and leasing of State lands."

The writer has for many years taken a deep interest in Adirondack forest protection, and is identified with several organizations which are also interested in the subject, and he is confident he voices the sentiments of thousands of true friends of the forest, especially those who have a knowledge of the true condition of things in the Adirondacks, when he expresses the belief that scientific forestry can not be carried on in that region in a manner which will preserve the wilderness as it is desirable to have it preserved, and at the same time yield any considerable profit over and above the great expense that an efficient system would necessitate. Further than this there is in existence a constitutional safeguard which the people of the State have thrown over the forest, hoping and believing that it would be effective and permanent. There sufficient reason or sufficient excuse now to ask its removal?

The electors of New York State have been called upon more than one occasion to express their wishes on the subject of forest protection, and their edict has been that wilderness should be preserved in its natural state. Section 7, Article 7, of the new Constitution, adopted in 1894, which says: "The lands of the State, now owned or hereafter acquired, constituting the forest preserve as now fixed by law, shall be forever kept as wild forest lands. They shall not be leased, sold or exchanged, or be taken by any corporation, public or private, nor shall any timber thereon be sold, removed or destroyed," was ratified at the polls by a majority of about 100,000.

In the fall of 1896 the following proposed amendment to Section 7, Article 7, of the Constitution, was submitted to the people: Section 7.—The lands of the State, now owned or hereafter acquired, constituting the forest preserve as now fixed by law, shall be forever kept wild forest lands, except as authorized by this section, they shall not be leased, sold or exchanged, or be taken by any corporation, public or private, nor shall the timber thereon be sold, removed or destroyed. The Legislature may authorize the leasing for such term as it may by law fix, of a parcel not more than five acres of land in the forest preserve to any one person for camp and cottage purposes. The Legislature may also authorize the exchange of lands owned by the State situate outside the forest preserve for lands not owned by the State situate within the forest preserve. The Legislature may also authorize the sale of lands belonging to the State situate outside the forest

preserve, but the money so obtained shall not be used except for the purchase of lands situate within the forest preserve, and which, when so purchased, shall become part of the forest preserve."

But public sentiment was found to be overwhelmingly opposed to revising or tampering with the constitutional safeguard provision, and the electors signified their disapproval of the proposed amendment by burying it under an adverse majority of 700,000.

It may be that the people of New York State are now ready to reconsider the position which they have taken. But we do not believe it. They understand the situation too well.

It may be they are anxious to relieve the extensive land owners of taxation. But we do not think so. The revenue from this source is greater than it would be from leasing camp sites.

It may be that they are willing to sacrifice the pine, spruce and hemlock on State lands in order to perpetuate the lumber and wood pulp industries. But we doubt it. It would be far better to remove the existing duty on lumber and obtain our supply from Canada.

It may be that they will sanction the cutting of all the big trees in the Adirondacks and the necessary incidental destruction of hundreds of thousands of smaller ones under the guise of scientific forestry. But we hope not. So-called scientific forestry may be all right in Germany, but the encouragement of timber cutting is not what is wanted in the Adirondacks. There is too much of it going on now, and on State lands at that. It is well enough to replant denuded lands, of course, but there is plenty of such territory without creating any more.

W. E. WOLCOTT.

UTICA, N. Y., Jan. 15.

Natural History.

Rattlesnakes of Florida.

In an article by Mr. Perry D. Frazer on rattlers, the size of these snakes is referred to.

After some years of quail shooting in Florida, mostly in De Soto and Lee counties—which are the most southerly of the west coast—my largest rattlesnake seen and killed was six and one-half feet long, and at the largest part about three inches in diameter. In all, we have killed about twenty rattlesnakes. It is evident that this snake is not at all desirous of striking a man. On our approach they invariably rattle—if they have not lost their rattles, which does occur, as my nearest to being struck was by one that had lost them. My companion had fired the grass and scrub, and to escape the heat and smoke I went to the bank of the river. Knowing that these fires drive out snakes, I took care in walking through the grass, but did not think of finding one on the sand under the bank.

My dog jumped into the water as I stepped off the bank on to the sand. As I stepped off some animal—I supposed—made a blowing sound right by my feet. I looked down, and inside of one and a half feet was a big rattlesnake. My jump was a good one. At this time my dog made a rush for the snake, but I kicked him back into the water, and then brought my gun quickly on the snake and fired—but only cut him in two pieces.

Again the dog started for him—the half of the snake with the head being as ready for fight as if he was all there. I then blew his head off. This pointer dog at one time retrieved a quail from a rattlesnake, and started back for the snake, but we killed it before the dog got there. A ground rattler struck him this winter, but he recovered.

There may be some of your readers who do not know how the rattlesnake does his deadly work. The fangs are two curved hypodermic needles curved down, the outlet not at the point, but a little way back and on top—this enables the fang on striking to tear out an opening so the poison can enter the wound, and I think that the snake can strike a powerful blow and as quick as a flash. The greatest danger from them is coming on them in very thick scrub. They want to avoid you, but are not inclined to move much when they know you see them. If not digesting a rabbit or some large bird, they coil quickly and keep the head over their body to protect it and sing the warning with that rattle.

The cattlemen of south Florida fire the woods, which are not forests, but simply pine trees growing in grass and scrub palmettos. This undergrowth in winter is dry and burns, and in burning it must destroy a good many snakes. Each year we see fewer; last year none; this year so far one rattler. There are a lot of big black snakes, some eight to ten feet long, and not much afraid of man, and it's easy to get them in a fighting mood. A few sticks thrown at them and they will start for you.

I have read of imitating a rattlesnake by birds and other snakes, but until last week never saw it. Then I did—a black snake—maybe a racer—was lying on some palmetto bushes. As I passed very close, and stopped to look at him, he shook his tail against a dry stem and imitated very closely the rattler.

To protect myself against the rattler I have worn about every kind of leggings and boots. Anything sure to stop the fangs is so killing to wear in this climate that one would almost as soon die by the snake. I believe, however, the best and easiest protection is fine, close-woven, strong cotton duck leggings; if two thicknesses quilted, they would be protection against snakes and water.

When I think it best I wear a pair of boots with high canvas legs two thicknesses quilted. I can wade in them and they are not bad, unless the weather is hot.

The old Florida hunters are not much afraid of rattlers, though they ride mostly while I walk—often fifteen miles a day.

Further, as regards size of these fellows, six and a half feet is a big snake. I think I saw one in Goldsboro, N. C., years ago, in a hotel, that was stuffed and was eight feet long—he was a big one.

MYAKKA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Dr. Hunter, of Fayetteville, N. C., told me yesterday of

a Texas physician who claims to have had 100 cases of rattlesnake bite, nearly all of which he cured by administering three drops of tr. iodine in water every five minutes at first, and increasing to five drops every five minutes. The attention must be prompt to be efficacious.

C. H.

Rattlesnake Root.

HIGHLANDS, N. C.—Your correspondent, J. Thomson Gale (FOREST AND STREAM, Jan. 11), writing of the rattlesnake weed, probably refers to one or the other of two plants, one called rattlesnake weed (*Hieracium venosum*), or (*Nabalus albus*), rattlesnake root, as the plant used as a remedy for the bite of the rattlesnake. In our forest region where snakes are quite common, so that collections of skins are frequent adornments of one's domestic museums, we want no better remedy for snake bites than that very effective one, whisky, which is never known to fail if taken in time, which is, on the whole, before the patient is dead. Of course our mountain article is somewhat stronger than the ordinary variety of this common beverage, but wherever I have been, from this Eastern locality to the distant plains of the far West, whisky is the general antidote, and if sufficient of it is imbibed, it cures. I say this from a professional standpoint as an M. D., as well as from that of an observer of our mountain people, who think nothing of a snake bite.

There are two plants which go by the name of rattlesnake weed. One is the above-mentioned *Hieracium venosum*, a plant growing two feet tall from a low bunch of spreading leaves, which are marked by purple veins, and is common in dry, open woods. The other is *Nabalus albus*, which is more common in the North. The stem is three or four feet tall, with a flower of a deep brown-yellow color. A related plant commonly called gall of the earth (*Nabalus fraseri*) is used here by the natives as medicine. The spindle-shaped root is intensely bitter, but never, so far as I have known of it, as an antidote to snake poison. I have met with many cases of snake bites here, as well as in the West, but never have known one to be fatal. Where no other remedy is available and the case is urgent, to enlarge the wound so as to cause a copious flow of blood, and to aid this by suction with the mouth, is a never-failing treatment.

Pink Edge should spend a whole year in North Carolina if he wants to find an all-round climate which will please every one. It is true it rains here sometimes. I have known over thirty-one inches to fall in a July, and over a hundred and ten inches in the year. But generally there is ample opportunity for enjoying life here in spite of the heavy rainfall, even in this month. On my five-acre lawn, which is rather thickly wooded for a lawn, and filled with a complete assortment of the native flora, large and small, we have had the pretty Bob Whites around the house and feeding on the small stuff we leave about for them, almost every day; the exceptions having been few, and when the light snows have fallen; and we are 4,000 feet above sea level. A hunter should be above grumbling at the weather, when rubber clothing and high boots are to be had. Sunshiny days must be the exception, or our fishing here would be scarcely worth the having. For two weeks past, however, we have had as fine weather as one could wish. I am much pleased to say that our game laws are having a markedly good result, especially on our wild turkeys and deer. The last seeming to have increased rapidly since the five years close time was enacted by our Legislature. Small game is very abundant this year, and would have been still more so, but for the constant rains which fell in the hatching season.

HENRY STEWART.

New York Zoological Society.

THE New York Zoological Society held its sixth annual meeting at the Waldorf-Astoria Jan. 15. The report of the Executive Committee presented to the Society was very gratifying to the members, for it showed that the year had been prosperous, and that great progress had been made in developing the Society's park. That the efforts made to improve matters at the park are appreciated, is shown by the attendance during the year of over half a million people; the greatest day having been a Sunday (Aug. 24), when more than 20,000 people were present.

Of the work done this year, the most important is the erecting and occupying of the recently opened monkey house, at a cost of \$64,160, and the beginning of the lion house, which is now well under way. Beside this, the sewer and water systems of the park have been extended, and inclosures and hills made for the mountain sheep. Mr. Chas. T. Barney, the Treasurer, reported that the Society is entirely free from debt, and that having raised the guarantee fund of \$250,000, and expended it in the park, it had fulfilled all the obligations contained in its agreement with the city. The improvement fund has a balance of about \$18,000, which is to be used for the purchase of animals.

It is believed that a few months will see the completion of the lion house, and when this is done the purchase of the great and small cats will at once follow. The Society has made application to the Legislature for an appropriation of \$500,000 to be used in completing the improvements of the park. This appropriation, if had, will provide houses for the antelopes, for the ostriches, for small mammals, for large birds, for the elephants and for other smaller but greatly needed improvements.

It is gratifying to know that the membership of the Society is steadily increasing. A year or two since it was only about 600, while now it is 1,063. A city like New York and its environs ought to furnish a membership of 4,000 or 5,000, but the growth of the Society is slow.

The living specimens now on exhibition in the Zoological Park are reported as 1,674, of these 416 are mammals, 659 birds and 599 are reptiles. In addition to this report, the director gave some account of the Alaskan expedition undertaken by Mr. J. Alden Loring, Jr., for the purpose of collecting specimens of Dall's mountain sheep. Mr. Loring was successful in securing a number of lambs, but it was impossible to keep them alive on the food which was accessible.

Mr. Kidder, of Boston, who not long ago visited Kadiak Island for the purpose of hunting bears there, spoke in-

terestingly concerning his experiences. He brought away with him twenty-two specimens.

A resolution was introduced at the meeting proposing the establishment in southern Alaska of a national game preserve, which should include the Alaskan peninsula, the Kenai Peninsula and the mainland around Mt. St. Elias and the head of Yakutat Bay, as well as Kodiak Island.

Managers of the Society to serve until 1905 were elected as follows: Henry F. Osborn, Henry W. Poor, Charles T. Barney, James J. Hill, William C. Church, Frank M. Chapman, Lisenard Stewart, Joseph Stickney, H. Casimir De Rham, George Crocker, Hugh D. Auchincloss and Charles F. Dietrich.

Ways of the Gadwall.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the chapter on the gadwall (*Anas strepera*) in my recently published book, "American Duck Shooting," I spoke of the rarity of this species in Eastern waters, where, according to my experience and that of most Eastern gunners of my acquaintance, it is very unusual.

This year's shooting, however, seems to contradict this statement, for so far as I can learn the gadwalls have been unusually abundant. I have known, for example, of the killing of fifteen of these birds in one day by a single gun, of seven on another day, five on another. I myself have seen two or three flocks of fifteen or twenty birds, and have killed two or three of the species.

I desire through your columns to ask duck shooters generally whether they have noticed that the shooting season of 1901-1902 furnished more gadwall ducks than usual. Of course a general impression is desired from each gunner, but any definite facts as to numbers, such as would be furnished by club score books or by the records of men who keep daily memoranda of their bags, would be much better. This information is asked for not so much for my own benefit as for that of the duck shooters at large.

On page 106 of the volume referred to, I said of the gadwall: "It pays little attention to decoys, and in my experience rarely comes to them." This is my experience, but the experience of one man with regard to the gadwall is not likely to be very valuable, because he has probably seen so few of them. What has been the experience of other gunners on the points mentioned? A friend who has done a lot of gunning on the Atlantic coast and in the Middle West, questions the statement I have made, and I am glad to give his experience. He says: "So few gadwalls are shot and they are so rare that it is dangerous to argue from one or two experiences, but I should say that it decoys fairly well, certainly as well as the widgeon. I had two days this fall when they decoyed as well as could be wished. First at Monroe in November, when I killed seven in one day, and again at Narrows Island, when I killed fifteen in one day. On the other hand, I have never seen many fly by without decoying."

Now this year I had two flocks of fifteen or twenty birds each fly very near my decoys without paying the slightest attention to them. I had a single bird come to the decoys very nicely.

This is an interesting topic and of a practical nature, and I feel quite sure that all gunners would be glad to have more light shed upon it. If such of your readers as are gunners will send to you or to me their experience as to the gadwall duck on these points, a very interesting chapter may be added to our knowledge of the natural history of this species.

GEO. BIRD GRINNELL.

NEW YORK.

A New Jersey Solitary Beaver.

HIGH BRIDGE, N. J., Jan. 17.—Editor Forest and Stream: I inclose a clipping from this week's Washington, N. J., Warren Tidings, which is interesting enough to publish in FOREST AND STREAM.

PERCIVAL CHRYSTIE.

On a lonely spot along the Musconetcong Creek, only four miles from where it empties into the Delaware River, lives a lonely beaver—the only one living in this part of the State, and certainly the only one living anywhere along this creek, which runs through one of the best agricultural portions of this State.

How this beaver came to locate where he is, or whence he came and when, is considerable of a mystery to all who know the whereabouts of this unusual and perhaps only animal of its kind for many miles.

It is almost as strange that, though several persons have known for a year or more of this animal's location, he has escaped every attempt made to capture him. Those who have seen the animal at different times, but never when they were armed, say that he is about three feet long and very shy, never being far from his house, which he has selected in a grotto close to the edge of the water and among massive rocks, which line the shores of the creek in this special locality. The entrance to this grotto is beneath the surface of the water, and at such an angle as to make it difficult to effectively trap him.

This beaver seems to have renounced most of the habits peculiar to the nature of beavers, in that he makes no attempt to construct dams or build houses, though he has at different times gnawed down trees three inches in diameter.

European Widgeon in North Carolina.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On page 76 of the January Auk, Mr. Reginald Heber Howe, Jr., notes the occurrence of a male European widgeon (*Anas penelope*) on Currituck Sound in North Carolina on Nov. 23, 1900, and intimates that this is the first record for the bird from that State.

My impression on reading Mr. Howe's note was that there are earlier records, since the bird is occasionally taken in our State. During the shooting season of 1900-1901, Messrs. Purdy and Greer killed a pair, male and female, and in FOREST AND STREAM, Vol. XLVIII., page 165, Feb. 27, 1897, Mr. Grinnell has noted the taking of a male bird. All these came from Currituck Sound.

The bird is a well-known straggler in Currituck Sound, and Elliot ("Wild Fowl of North America," p. 116) says that he has seen "examples procured on the North Carolina coast," and (p. 117) gives the range in part as "coasts of North Carolina on the Atlantic Ocean."

CURRITUCK COUNTY, N. C.

WILDFOWLER.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

The Albino Sprig.

If it were not for the white feather pinned on my desk as I write this, I would think the incident a creation of a too keen imagination, but here the feather lies, and it is proof positive that the albino sprig has a flesh and blood existence, and is more than likely at this moment disporting itself on the surface of sedge-bound Cerritos Lake, for the bird assuredly bears a charmed life, and is not destined to die at the crack of a ten or twelve, nor otherwise than of sheer old age.

In the early part of October a very good fellow and chum of mine telephoned to me late one afternoon. I was at the time pouring over a dusty tome of the law, trying with but poor success to follow the ins and outs of "Blank on Evidence," for it was a gusty day outside, and my thoughts would escape from the law office to conjure up visions of a blind somewhere in the whispering tules, with a flock of decoys bobbing about on a bit of open lake, where a free wind made little whitecaps dance, and the teal were scurrying. But to that telephone. Burton was at the other end of the wire—Burton the tempter, for he was saying, "Hello, Bob! Don't you want to take the 5:20 train for the duck grounds?"

I looked out of the window and saw a long ribbon of black smoke from the chimney of a building opposite trailing away in the teeth of the strong southwest wind and again the tempter chuckled, "Sure to have a good shoot in the morning with this wind blowing." That settled it; of course I wanted to go; would go with pleasure, and "Blank on Evidence" could be dropped for the present.

It was a matter of but a few moments to gather my gun and a valise filled with shells of my own loading into a cab, jump in myself and go bumping over the cobbles to the depot, where Burton met me, smiling at my weakness in thus stealing a mid-week shoot from my law studies.

"I thought you'd come; the breeze was too much for you, eh?" were his words of greeting. "Oh! I was not very busy, and I had a bit of a headache, and thought a day with the birds would be good for me," I replied, determined to brazen it out.

"But, Burton, did you not tell me at luncheon that you would be very busy this afternoon? I thought that there was to be a directors' meeting?"

"Well—er—that is, I managed to arrange it all; I gave Porter my proxy for the directors' meeting, and it will be all right. I'm here, anyway, so let's cry quits."

The train speedily whirled us coastward, and soon the brakeman opened the door and shouted "B-i-x-b-y!" This was our station, and we disembarked, to find the keeper waiting for us with the team. On the way to the club house we plied him with queries, and learned to our delight that the birds were in in large numbers, and that the prospects for a good shoot were excellent.

That evening after dinner as we sat enjoying the fragrance of two huge perfectos—of Burton's own private stock, for he prides himself on his cigars, and justly so—it was suggested that we put out the decoys before turning in, so that all would be ready for the morning. This we did, and rowing leisurely up to the head of the lake, we chose two blinds within hailing distance of each other. When the decoys had been set and we had started for the cabin, guided by the lights shining from its windows far across the lake, a flock of ducks, flushed in the darkness by the noise of the oars, hurtled over our heads with frightened and protesting squawks. It was so dark that we caught only a glimpse of their rocketing forms as they passed over us, but one among them seemed to shine like a meteor among his dusky companions.

"Burton," said I, "that was a white duck; an albino, I am willing to bet."

"It may be," he replied. "I once saw a spoonbill that was almost perfectly white. We may have a shot at that white fellow in the morning."

We got out to the blinds next morning before dawn. I filled my pipe and sat puffing great clouds of smoke in the vain hope of driving away the mosquitoes, which were holding high carnival on my face and hands. Birds were dropping in from all quarters, some of them settling among the decoys, while others circled about quacking and squealing volubly to themselves. It was still too dark to shoot, for by a rule of the club no gun may be fired until the stars are out of the sky. It was interesting to watch the birds, though, and the sight of so many fowl wheeling by within a few yards of the blind served to keep me at a tension of anticipation, and made my trigger finger tingle with eagerness to begin.

A flock of widgeon, looming up large in the uncertain light, were circling over the decoys, their wings set, their feet pushed out before them to meet the water. What a shot!

While I sat there gloating over the certainty of a good shot, there was a swish through the air, made by a duck descending rapidly from a height, and with a gentle splash, a bird dropped into the water within the stool of decoys, and not more than twenty yards from me. It was a sprig, and in the misty twilight of early morning it gleamed whiter than a cumulous cloud in the blue of a summer sky. It was doubtless the bird that we had seen the night before.

Sitting high on the water, its long neck stretched up, its folded wings pressing tightly against its sides, it presented a picture of alert watchfulness. I hardly dared to breathe, for my heart was set on bagging that bird.

As the moments passed and nothing occurred to arouse its suspicions, it began to preen itself in a dignified manner, and to swim slowly about with the grace of a swan.

It had been agreed that Burton was to fire the first gun, but I knew that he would not shoot for several minutes yet, and so I kept close watch upon the ghostly visitor, determined to bag him as soon as he flushed from the water, which he would doubtless do at the sound of Burton's gun.

I was becoming impatient, and glanced over in the direction of Burton's blind, and as I did so his first shot rang out. Quick as a flash I rose to my feet, brought

my gun to my shoulder, and gave a hurried glance in front of me, where I had last seen the sprig. Fowl were filling the air in front of my blind in startled confusion, offering many easy shots, but I would take none of them. The sprig was gone.

Disappointed, I turned my attention to the other birds, and had soon forgotten the episode of the sprig in the exciting pleasures of knocking down teal and other birds as they wheeled over the decoys. The sport was magnificent, I was shooting well, and was perfectly happy. Gradually the flight ceased. The birds had scattered, some of them speeding off to other parts of the grounds, and many flocks keeping on their course to the ocean a few miles away.

There is always a lull between the first fast and furious flight of early morning and the later flight of birds returning in small bunches and pairs and singles.

During this lull I again lit my brier and took pleased note of the goodly number of dead birds which a light early morning breeze was slowly drifting in to the shore.

From time to time birds dropped in, singly and in pairs, sometimes coming from great heights, swooping down with startling velocity, their stiffened wings parting the air with a sharp, tearing noise, that gave warning of their coming several seconds before the bird was in sight.

Presently I heard one of these rocketing birds, and with a sharp hiss a shining white shape swung over the decoys, giving me a beautiful opportunity. One barrel followed the other in quick succession and each time I was apparently holding dead on, but not even a feather dropped, and the white sprig, with an upward sweep, shot up the lake. I was exasperated, and missed the next four birds that decoyed.

An hour or more passed, and I was almost dozing in the blind, when, without warning, I heard the slight splash that a duck makes when alighting, and looked up to see the white sprig calmly swimming among the decoys. My first impulse was to give the bird a chance, and I started to flush it; then I remembered the awful miss, and I decided for this once to defy the ethics of sportsmanship and pot the bird, for I very much wanted it.

It was as white as snow from the base of its bill to the tip of its tail. "This is murder, nothing else," thought I as I slowly brought the gun up and caught the bird over the barrels. The shot rained around and about it, for it was not more than thirty yards from me, and the second barrel as he rose sent another ounce and an eighth of chilled sixes after it, but in vain. I felt like saying something, but I was too much chagrined for words.

Slowly and wonderingly I gathered up the birds that I had killed during the morning, slung them on my strap and rowed over to Burton's blind. He was ready to go in, and we rowed slowly back to the cabin, discussing the sport of the morning. I said nothing of the white sprig, however.

We lounged about the cabin, playing cards, smoking and reading until luncheon time. Later a nap, and about half-past three we started for the blinds again. The shooting in the afternoon was not as fast as it had been in the morning, but we passed an hour or two very pleasantly, and again started for the cabin.

As we rowed along leisurely in the gathering gloom, the whistle of wings caused me to turn. There, whizzing up the lake went the phantom sprig. I watched him until he turned and again came toward us. I held my gun in a vise-like grip, born of grim determination to bag the bird this time. On he came, till about thirty yards from me, when he swerved to the left, at the same time rising, thus giving me a beautiful incoming quartering shot. Deliberately, carefully, I covered and then swung ahead of him. First one and then the other barrel, but the sprig flew on. Then slowly downward, circling and whirling, there floated a single gleaming white wing feather until it rested on the water. I rowed over and picked it up, and carefully put it in my pocket.

"Why, Bob," said Burton, "that was the white duck; and what a miss!" he added.

"Yes," I answered, ambiguously, "it was."

ROBERT ERSKINE ROSS.

Florida Deer Stalking.

It is the South once more—the far South, with its balsam pine breezes and its rose dreams.

The moon flooded the desolate little station with transforming luminousness as I swung off the train, the night of my arrival, and landed in the sandy street.

The English agent was strictly truthful when he replied to my question: "I don't know about the hotel being very nice, but it's all there is." So I went to Mr. Fitzpatrick's to put up. He came out, yawned, walked about the yard a while in his night dress, and then showed me up stairs. By way of affiliating Morpheus with the Florida breezes, two panes had been knocked out of one window of my room, and a wooden shutter flapped monotonously over the other. Other than this, a nice barn ventilator of comfortable proportions adorned the front gable, and the wind whistled pleasantly through this as it reached me over the rafters. I slept the sleep of the tired, the worn out.

The next day was full of breeze and balm and sandy brightness—the ideal of Florida midwinter weather. By the afternoon our wagons were packed with all camp necessities, and a cuisine luxury or so as well. Two little mules—Jerry's rabbits they were called—hailed the freight; we others, booted and spurred, bravely bestrode hunting horses and turned gayly into the prairie.

These plains, ranging some fifty miles from Arcadia to the Caloosahatchie River, make one of the unique features of Southern Florida. Entirely level, and broken only by occasional pine "islands" and dark hummocks, they stretch out like the sea to vast, mysterious horizons, and, like the sea, too, they hush conversation, and send out the eye in aimless wandering altogether delightful. Night fell with the charm it always has in desolate places, and friendly stars came out before we reached Tippen's Bay, where we proposed to camp. It is a pretty and useful custom to call the narrow pine growths islands and the hummocks bays. They are also named specifically, for they are the only signboards here. Around Tippen's Bay grows a circle of symmetrical cabbage palmettoes, rising almost to the dignity of royal palms. In the center, where the tent was pitched, they clustered in

swaying tufts, benignantly covering us. In such a place the kettle boiled that night to jokes so good and hearty that none thought of sleep until the chill of the dawn came on, and the blankets lay close, and the wind stirred gently the overhanging fans.

The following afternoon we took up the march again, and by nightfall reached our permanent camp at Fish Eating Creek.

Charlie made the coffee, Jimmy roasted potatoes, I watched the oatmeal, and Jerry joked for all while staking out the tent. In the afternoon next day Jerry, Steve and I went out for deer, Jimmy being detailed to the swamp for turkeys. Catch, our slow-trail dog, soon began to wag his tail suspiciously. We rode into a palmetto patch and a stag sprang out like a shot. Neither of us was ready. Jerry's mule was dancing with him, my horse headed the wrong way, and Steve was behind. Pursuit is useless in such cases, and we rode on. A fox next time entertained us with a lively chase. He ran up a tree—quite a stupid thing for a self-respecting fox to do, I thought—and was shot.

Near the prettiest spot of all the plain, where Glassy Island offers its oblong mirror to the eye, Jerry suddenly threw himself from his mule and, at a sign, Catch crouched in the grass. My friend had sighted a quarry of five deer, and he led me on the stalk—the swiftest, deftest, most artistic thing of all. At intervals I had to lie on the grass, panting in the hot sun, thinking of what an advantage a diamond-backed rattlesnake could take of me just then. One of the herd got up once to look at the maneuvers of our horses, and we lay flat in the thin grass without a breath.

By a circuitous route to make a favoring bunch of palmetto, the interest was still strained to the highest pitch, and even Jerry whispered directions in a quaking voice.

Soon a "now" from him brought me cautiously to my knees—but as it is a \$500 fine to kill deer out of season, of course we didn't shoot.

The home-coming was always a thing I relished—the turning of our faces to the west, along with the night. Jimmy had reached the camp first, and his fire, shining on the waters of a little lake far ahead of us, was a most cheerful will o' the wisp indeed.

E. M.

Spring Shooting.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At the December meeting of the New York State Fish, Game and Forest League, a resolution was passed recommending the passage of a bill prohibiting spring shooting of wildfowl in this State, excepting the counties of Kings, Nassau, Queens and Suffolk. This bill will undoubtedly meet with opposition from the market-shooter, hotel-keeper, guides and a large class of sportsmen, who are afraid that if they don't kill them, some other fellow will. And right here I want to say to these gentlemen that they are opposing their own best interests, and I am willing to wager that if this bill goes through that they will after one year's trial admit it. We met with this same opposition, and lots of it, in the passage of our county bill last winter.

But after the splendid results last year I do not know of a person in this county who is dissatisfied. The black duck and mallard stayed here and bred by the thousand, and from the opening day until the waters closed we had such duck shooting as we sometimes read about. The largest bag on marsh ducks for one day was made by H. N. Denny, H. C. Whitney and Frank Mullin, who killed forty-three, mostly mallards.

I consider our law forbidding the shooting of ducks between the hours of sunset and sunrise, as vital to the interests of the sportsmen as the law forbidding spring shooting. Most of the marshes and rice beds in this State are hunted every day during the open season; and if night shooting is permitted, the birds having no chance to rest or feed, will quickly leave for other parts. The marsh and fall ducks began coming from the north early in September, and during the months of October and November our waters were alive with them. I inclose clipping from Watertown Daily Standard: "Duck hunting in and around Cape Vincent was never known to be as good. George Bilky was out three days and brought home sixty-nine fine ducks. There were some of inferior quality he shot that were not included. C. Garlock and Alexander Rigden shot twenty-four before breakfast."

The main opposition to the passage of the county bill was that it did not cover the entire State; that they could shoot ducks all around us, and we couldn't. Well, you fellows had your fun last spring. You shot thousands of black ducks, mallards and teal, that would have stayed with you and nested, giving you splendid sport on young ducks in September. All through the months of April and May our waters were crowded with all kinds of wildfowl resting and feeding and becoming almost as tame as domesticated fowl. Is it at all strange that thousands of these birds should have stayed here and nested, or that the birds who did not should have returned early in the fall with vastly increased numbers to the choice feeding spots which they found last spring? Is it at all strange that when the season opened and these birds were hunted in every part of this county, large numbers of them should have been driven into the other counties, affording the best shooting you have had for years? If stopping spring shooting in one county will produce such results—but we don't want you to. The sentiment in this county has changed to such an extent that I have been urged by some of the most vigorous opponents of the county bill last winter to write the following letter to our Representative:

"Hon. Elon R. Brown. Dear Sir: I have been requested by a large number of sportsmen in this county to ask you to secure the exception of Jefferson county from the proposed law, prohibiting the spring shooting of wildfowl in New York State for the following reasons:

"1st. We already have a law for this county prohibiting spring shooting of wildfowl.

"2d. The sportsmen are more than satisfied with the results of this law, as we had the best duck shooting last fall that we have ever enjoyed.

"3d. We do not wish to be included with the other counties, who are more or less hostile to such measures, and the attending danger of its appeal each year."

Our ambition is to make of Jefferson county a grand

fish and game preserve, not for a favored few, but for all who love to fish and hunt. We have the best black bass fishing in the State in the waters of Chaumont Bay, made so by a wise law which permits the taking of all fish excepting black bass and muscalonge by means of licensed nets from Oct. 1 to May 1. Under this law the pickerel, eels and sturgeon have also increased very rapidly, the pickerel being protected by a State law during March and April, and but few of them being caught during the winter. We have asked our representatives to amend this law and making it Oct. 15 to May 15, believing that large numbers of pickerel and eels can be removed during the first fifteen days in May, and before any great number of bass run in from the lake. We also ask that sturgeon nets of 5-inch bar, 10-inch mesh be permitted to fish at any time of year. This law, I am sorry to say, applies only to the waters between Horse Island and the town line between the towns of Lynn and Cape Vincent, and includes Black River and Chaumont Bay. Henderson Bay and the St. Lawrence River still cling to the old theory of no net fishing at any time, with the inevitable result, the driving out of the game fish.

Last spring I turned out two pair of Mongolian pheasants on the farm of Mr. E. R. Adams, on the north shore of Killar Point. One pair nested and hatched sixteen. I have been unable to learn from the other pair. I also turned out seven young birds in July. All these birds are alive and appear to be doing well. If these birds winter all right I shall turn out twenty-five pair in different parts of this county next spring.

We want the sale of ruffed grouse forbidden in this State at all seasons. The position that Governor Odell has taken on the bonding of game during the close season, making it easier and safer for the dealer in illegal game to carry on his unlawful business, is a matter of regret to his many admirers in northern New York. We believe that the Governor has been misinformed and misled by the wily game dealer, and that when he has given this subject the proper investigation, which he surely will, he will be on the side of justice and good order.

The gray squirrel, rabbit and ruffed grouse season should open at the same time, Sept. 15. The deer season should be shortened two weeks, and every sportsman in this State should appoint himself a committee of one to promptly report any violation of the game law which he may observe.

W. H. TALLETT.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., Jan. 10.

The Maine License Plan.

BOSTON, Jan. 20.—Senator McFarlane's figures concerning the State of Maine's account with Ohio and Indiana sportsmen, given at the annual meeting of the Maine State Fish and Game Association at Bangor recently, are under a cloud. In a letter to the Maine Woods, F. L. Shaw, of Portland, throws a thunderbolt at them. Senator McFarlane will hardly care to dispute Mr. Shaw, for he says, over his own signature, "I had the pleasure of personally guiding fifteen of these ninety-five branded sportsmen, and must say that in my ten years' experience in hunting in the vicinity of Moosehead Lake, I have never seen a party of gentlemen who were more inclined to obey the laws than were the members of that party." It should be noted that Mr. Shaw is manager, or prominently connected with a business college at Portland, Me., and that the college bears his name. It should be added that Maine guides are too frequently underestimated. Some of them are scholars, who guide in the season to help pay their way at school or college. Many are farmers, mechanics and business men, who guide for sake of the ready money. Others guide in order to obtain an outing in the woods that they hardly feel able to take out of their own time and pockets. Senator W. P. Frye, of Maine, tells a good story. One day soon after he had been elected to the U. S. Senate, a member of the House called upon him. "You do not recognize me," he remarked, "and that is not strange." Mr. Frye had already made sure that he had seen the face somewhere, but was not able to recall the name. "Don't you remember ———, who guided you for several seasons at your cottage at the Rangeleys?" The Senator remembered his old guide in a moment. He had guided him to help pay his way at school and college. Had graduated, studied law, been admitted to the Bar and gone to California. There he had been successful; had drifted into politics, and been elected to the National House from his district.

Mr. Shaw extracts Senator McFarlane's statement of account, made in his speech, as follows:

Ohio and Indiana hunters in account with the State of Maine:	
To the value of 280 deer taken out of the State by them at \$15 a head.....	\$4,200 00
800 deer killed in getting those 280, valued at \$5 for food purposes	4,000 00
Total.....	\$8,200 00
Cr.	
Steamboat fare on Moosehead Lake, for 95 persons.....	\$285 00
3 guides for 21 days, at \$3 per day.....	189 00
	474 00
Showing a total loss to the State of.....	\$7,726 00
That is the result from one class, and a very undesirable one.	

Senator McFarlane then went on to give an account with ninety-five desirable sportsmen, charging them with ninety-five guides at \$3 per day and other giant expenses, and shows the State to be benefited to the extent of \$3,349. But Mr. Shaw's handling of the first account shows something different. He says: "These fifteen people"—doubtless he means the fifteen he guided—"carried out ten per cent. of the game mentioned, and I can state from personal observation that not three more deer were killed by the party. Upon this basis, instead of 800 deer being killed, there would be less than thirty—quite a difference."

Mr. Shaw says at the outset of his letter: "I went to the meeting fully convinced that such a license is a necessity, but, after listening to some of the arguments advanced in favor of the same, I must acknowledge that I am slightly on the fence. If the cause is, as I believe, a just one, why is it necessary to quote figures which any intelligent person can see are made up for the occasion?"

Further down he says: "How does this gentleman figure the cost of these deer to the State of Maine? Why does he figure those carried from the state at \$15 each, and those consumed in camp at \$5 each? I would like very much to see the books from which this balance sheet is taken. Fair play is a jewel and I do not believe it is neces-

sary to descend to these trumped-up figures and insinuations in order to prove that a license is needed. I interviewed the members of this party, and they expressed themselves as being in favor of a fair license.

"The speaker gives in his balance sheet a credit of \$5 as the total outlay for each individual from Indiana. As a matter of fact, the members of the party under my charge left three times that amount each, and I can produce the evidence to prove this.

"His figures of the other ninety-five people are just as unfair in the opposite direction. These same ninety-five sportsmen carried home three deer each, a total of 285, and like true sportsmen (?), killed but three deer each in addition, making six deer to each man.

"How many of those who listened to his speech believed it possible for ninety-five sportsmen to kill 1,080 deer, and that ninety-five other sportsmen killed 570 deer? If the truth were known, I do not believe that the whole party averaged two deer each. If it is as he states, what were the guides who accompanied them doing?"

"Just because the chairman of the meeting has stated in his remarks, 'Met one Ohio or Indiana sportsman, who lived in a four by four black-looking tent and was eating his crackers and cheese out of his own grip,' need we brand all people from Indiana as 'game hogs and greasers'?"

The trouble seems to be that the fish and game question in Maine is saddled with a lot of imaginary figures. The assertion, made at that Bangor meeting, that \$15,000,000 are annually expended in Maine by summer guests, hunters and fishermen, is absurd, and not based on actual statistics. Something more reasonable might be obtained, were the Fish and Game Commissioners disposed to go at the matter. Hotel and camp keepers would cheerfully give figures, if they could be made sure that names and locations were not to be made public, and confidence not betrayed. As for railroads and transportation companies, their figures are always to be had. Ten thousand guests at an average of \$100 gives but \$1,000,000. Will anybody dare to say that 150,000 guests, including summer visitors, fishermen and hunters, at \$100 each, went into Maine last year? It would require that number at that average to leave \$15,000,000 there. At \$200 to the guest, which is too high an estimate, it would require 75,000 guests to leave \$15,000,000 in Maine.

We must give Senator McFarlane credit for knowing that the Maine game laws permit of the taking out of the State or having in possession but two deer in a season, and why does he go back to the old law and charge each of the Ohio and Indiana hunters with taking out three deer each?

SPECIAL.

A New Hampshire View.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I see that the question of killing the Maine goose is again being considered. Some of the points made by advocates of the license are certainly open to criticism. It is said that under present conditions non-resident sportsmen can go to Maine, and by marketing the game they bring out, make money out of their hunting trips.

A number of years ago I went regularly (usually in November) for five successive years to the Maine woods, twice to the Parmachenee region and three times to the headwaters of Aroostook. On two of the latter trips I did not use a guide, and paid \$4 per week for my board. My trips averaged three weeks each on the hunting grounds, and the total cost, with Boston as a starting point, was about \$650. Once, when in Aroostook, I found the worst kind of a noisy, crusty snow, and I did not try to hunt—just waited for better conditions, which did not come. On the other four trips I killed five caribou and four deer. I never had a guide who carried a rifle. At the prices I found dealers in Boston were paying for such game as I killed, mine would have brought about \$150. I think I was more successful than the average sportsman of the day, and in those days game was fully as plenty as now, the limit was larger, and caribou were on the free list.

A sportsman of to-day, with Boston as a starting point, goes to any of the well-fitted hunting camps in Maine, where everything is furnished, even to his two deer, which are hanging up somewhere in the woods when he arrives, in case he needs them, and spending two weeks on the hunting grounds, hiring a guide, his expenses will not be less than \$100, and usually nearer \$150. At ordinary market prices the two deer he brings out will sell for \$20 each at the most. Perhaps he is one of the few who kills his limit, and has a moose to go with the deer; even then he will do well to market his game at cost, unless the moose has an exceptionally fine head. It is rather expensive to get out whole a moose or even a deer when killed some distance from a railroad. I saw in Aroostook two moose which were being taken out. The two sportsmen who had them, killed them fairly by still-hunting. These moose were killed all of twenty miles above Oxbow, in Aroostook, and they were a number of miles apart and quite a distance from any old lumber road. The guides suggested taking the heads and a part of the meat out. The sportsmen said, "No; they are going home whole with us, no matter what it costs." A guide was sent for a team, which went as far as it could on a lumber road. Roads were then swamped to each moose. After getting them to a lumber road they had to be hauled seventy miles to the (then) nearest railroad. Both of the moose were fair-sized, young bulls, and had their owners sold them they would have only received a fair dividend on what they cost.

There are a good many sportsmen who would not care to sell what they kill at any price. They are proud of the heads they have, even if only ordinary specimens. I have heads of moose and caribou and deer and some bear rugs. I killed them and I set them up. Collectively, they cost me a great deal more than I could sell them for, but I would not sell at cost. If any non-resident thinks he can go to Maine, or anywhere else, and make money by selling what he kills, I should advise him to buy a foxhound and hunt silver-gray foxes. I have been on a number of hunting trips after moose, caribou, bear and deer, and they were successful trips. But once did any member of my party make money out of the trip. A year last November two of my neighbors

and I went for a short trip a few miles north of where we live. The total cost to each, including car fare, provisions and rent of furnished cottage, was about \$10 each. We did our own work as to housekeeping and hunting. One of the party killed a deer the first day and also found four bears in a den. He realized from those bears just about eight times what his trip cost. Any one can do the same on a similar trip, provided they get the same number of bears.

It is said that the wealthy sportsman is in favor of the license; the higher the better it will suit him. He does not have to figure on the cost of a hunting trip. He is the man who gives his guide \$50 extra for a shot at a moose, or even a buck. I know of an instance where a sportsman shot a deer from a canoe. He was so elated that he at once gave the high-priced rifle with which he did the killing to his guide. Such men say a license (if high enough) will keep out a certain class of sportsmen. I think Maine will find out that it will, and it will be a large class, too.

Again, it is said the license will keep out the over-eager sportsman, who always shoots at any indistinct moving object, and, when it proves to be a man, with deadly accuracy. Perhaps it will work as well as the manslaughter clause, but there will be this difference—the license will have to be paid at the start; the manslaughter penalty, so far, not at all.

Personally, it does not matter what other States enforce against non-residents. It is some years since I gave up both fishing and hunting trips to Maine and the Provinces. I am content with what my native State can furnish. Here in New Hampshire we cannot offer non-resident sportsmen as much as some other States. Deer and bear are the largest game, unless one can get into Corbin's Park.

Since this State adopted the FOREST AND STREAM'S Plank, closing the market on grouse and woodcock, the market shooter's day of prosperity ended. We have never seriously considered the licensing of non-residents who may come here after our larger game. We think they pay for what they get. Should Maine enforce the hunting license, New Hampshire may follow. It will be a case of "If I can't play in your yard, you can't in mine."

Your interesting correspondent, Special, quotes a resident of Maine as saying, "It is a shameful fact that nine-tenths of the game taken out of Maine by sportsmen is shot by their guides." They are registered guides, and as I understand, registering means the annual payment of a nominal price, and that each guide so registered was to keep a strict account of what he or the men he guided did in the way of killing game. Why don't the fathers of this guide-registering business publish the accounts of their children? It would be interesting reading if truly written.

Statements are published showing that thousands of dollars are left each year in Maine by non-resident sportsmen, also statements that game is increasing; the railroads advertise it, and so do the camp-keepers. The latter say, you are sure of your limit of deer. The inference is that if you can't kill it your registered guide can, and will. You can have all the glory by paying for it. If the statement of the Maine resident (as quoted by Special) is true (for my part I think it is), the registered guide is the one who needs looking after.

Instead of a license, how would it work to make all game wardens justices of the peace, and put every man going out of the State with game under oath as to how he got it? It is very easy to say to the warden at Bangor or other places, "This game is mine, and I am going out with it." Testifying that it was killed by the so-called owner might embarrass some of them.

C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N. H., Jan. 15.

A Maine View of It.

From the Lewiston, Me., Journal.

THE latest move of the Fish and Game Commission is the proposition to place a tax on every one who comes to this State for the purpose of either fishing or hunting. We have known a great many fool propositions and laws from this source, but this one seems to cap the climax for absurdity. One of the greatest sources of wealth to this State is the steady stream of summer visitors who seek these shores and hills for a few days or weeks of rest and recreation. There are but few of these guests who do not like to occasionally take a fishing trip, or if late in the season, to take a run through the woods in quest of game. To place a special tax on these guests would simply be to kill the goose that lays the golden egg. Our people must not think that Maine is the only pebble on the beach. There are other States that offer facilities to the sportsman as well as ours. Canada, also, lies at our doors with her unrivaled forests, lakes and streams. The lower Provinces are fully the equal of Maine in this respect, and they will be only too glad to welcome the visitors which we may drive away. Vermont and New Hampshire are making bids for the people who of late have been coming to Maine. In our judgment the imposition of this proposed tax would drive a large portion of our summer visitors to seek other fields for their recreation. The American people are famous for rebelling against any unjust measures or petty extortion. They are not obliged to come to Maine, and they will not do so if they are obliged to submit to any imposition. Not only that, but a large proportion of the people who come here for their vacation cannot afford to pay the proposed tax. They are mechanics, teachers and others who can barely save up enough money to defray the annual expenses of a summer outing. To add an additional tax would simply be prohibitive for this class. The rich are not obliged to submit to the imposition, as they can easily go elsewhere and have the money to do so. Between these upper and nether millstones the summer business of Maine might be ground into atoms. The people of Maine cannot afford to indorse an extortion that bids fair to destroy a large part of their yearly income.

No part of our State Government has been so befuddled and fooled with as our fish and game laws, and the quicker a change of some kind is made the better it will be for our State and its future prosperity. The imposition of a license law on the guides was but little short of

an outrage. There is no more reason why a guide should be forced to pay a special license tax than a farmer or a mechanic. If the business is a legitimate one it should be made free; if it is illegitimate, then it should be suppressed. At any rate, it is high time to call a halt in regard to some of the game laws that are now going on our statutes. In view of the fact that human beings are frequently shot down for game, it becomes a question if enforced law to protect men in our forests is not quite as necessary as a law to protect cow moose.

The Lacey Act.

From the Annual Report by T. S. Palmer, Acting Chief of the Biological Survey.

The interest in bird protection aroused through the passage of the Lacey act has extended to all classes and to all sections of the country. Never before has so much attention been given to game legislation, and intelligent interest in the subject has been clearly exemplified in the numerous improved game laws enacted at the recent sessions of the State Legislatures. Efforts have been made to place the subject on a higher plane and to secure greater uniformity in the laws of adjoining States. In several instances these efforts, in which national organizations have co-operated with State Legislatures and officials, have met with marked success, as shown by the enactment of a practically uniform law for the protection of insectivorous birds in eight States and the District of Columbia. Greater uniformity confers a twofold benefit: It makes the State laws far more effective, and it strengthens the Federal statute which rests upon these local laws as a basis. Thus, it can safely be said that the Lacey act has been materially strengthened as a result of the legislation of 1901.

Additional Game Protective Legislation Necessary.

The Federal statute has not only been the means of giving greater efficiency to local laws, but it has brought to light many weak points in both Federal and State laws which should be remedied by further legislation. Especially is this true of the Federal statutes relating to Alaska, the Indian Territory, and the forest reserves. Alaska has practically no game law; the Indian Territory is protected only by a statute enacted in 1832 which fails to meet modern requirements; and the forest reserves are greatly in need of a law which will either make them game preserves or provide for the establishment of game refuges in certain parts of the reserves suitable for this purpose. These Territories and reservations constitute the natural ranges of most of the big game now remaining in the United States, and with adequate legislation may be made the means of preserving certain species indefinitely.

Importation of Foreign Birds and Animals.

With the cordial co-operation of the Treasury Department a system for keeping account of and exercising control over wild animals and birds imported from foreign countries was devised and put into operation at the beginning of the fiscal year. Under this system, permits issued by the Department of Agriculture must be presented to the proper customs officers at the port of entry before the animals or birds can be admitted. Large shipments and those containing species whose identity is in doubt are subject to examination by special inspectors, and quarterly reports of actual entries from customs officers, transmitted through the Treasury Department, furnish a check on the operation of the law.

In view of the fact that the law was unknown to many importers at the time it went into effect, that the importations were often made at remote ports of entry, and that in many cases a delay of a few hours might have meant serious loss in the case of tropical animals arriving at northern ports during the winter, it is gratifying to note that only one or two complaints have been received of losses due to delay, and that for these the Department was not responsible. Everything possible has been done to facilitate prompt entry. Arrangements have been made by which permits may be had on telegraphic request, so that within an hour after the receipt of the request the collector of customs at any port of the United States can be notified that the permit has been issued. Special inspectors, who can, when necessary, examine consignments immediately upon arrival, have been appointed at six of the most important ports, viz., Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, New Orleans, and San Francisco. Finally, the list of species which may be imported without permits has been materially extended. During the first three months after the law went into operation, permits were required for practically all foreign animals, birds and reptiles. On September 13, 1900, however, an order was issued by the Secretary of Agriculture, which exempted on and after October 1, 1900, thirty of the largest and best known animals, three well-known groups of birds, and all reptiles. The object of this order was to avoid the trouble and annoyance incident to securing permits for the importation of well-known harmless species. It was intended that this list should include no species that could not be identified without the aid of experts, but as a few animals requiring permits have been brought in under the names of one or two species in the excepted list, further slight modifications may be necessary.

During the year 186 permits were issued, covering the entry of about 350 mammals, 10,000 birds and thirty-eight reptiles. The reptiles include only those arriving during the first three months of the fiscal year, and the number of mammals is much smaller than it would be had there been no order of exemption. Among the birds were 626 pheasants, 4,237 quail, about 1,000 other game birds, and 4,147 cage birds. Among the importations of special interest may be mentioned a young giraffe from West Africa, several chimpanzees, and some Cuban flamingoes.

The numbers given are somewhat in excess of actual importations. Applications for permits frequently contain merely estimates of the number of animals or birds expected, and, through deaths en route or failure on part of foreign agents to fill orders, the number actually arriving in any consignment is apt to fall short of that designated in the permit.

The law has accomplished the main object for which it was enacted, namely, the exclusion of the mongoose and similar pests. Moreover, through its enforcement certain important information has been obtained regard-

ing the importation of live birds and of cage birds for exhibition. It appears that a considerable trade in Old World pheasants is conducted with the Province of Ontario, the birds being imported chiefly by way of Detroit and Niagara Falls; there is also a regular trade in live Chinese quail at the port of San Francisco, where more than 4,000 birds from Hongkong were brought in for market purposes and sold to Chinese residents of the city between December, 1900, and June, 1901. Cage birds are imported chiefly from Germany, Australia, China and Japan, through the ports of New York and San Francisco, and many parrots from Mexico and Central America are landed at New Orleans and San Diego.

So far as known to the Department, only three specimens of the mongoose were imported during the year. One of these arrived at Philadelphia on the steamer Urania, from Jamaica, on May 20. Within twenty-four hours it was killed and deposited as a specimen in the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences. A second mongoose reached San Francisco in June, 1901, and was promptly destroyed. A third was reported from Los Angeles, Cal., in June, but investigation showed that it had arrived several months previously from some port on the Gulf coast, and had died in January. So far as known at present, there are no live specimens of the mongoose in the United States, except a few in confinement in zoological gardens. A strict enforcement of existing regulations should effectually prevent the entrance of this or any other pest.

Interstate Commerce in Birds Killed or Possessed in Violation of Local Laws.

During the year numerous cases of violation of game laws have been called to the attention of the Department, of which fifty-seven have received careful investigation. Of those taken up, eight resulted in conviction,* thirty-three are awaiting action by the courts, eight are still in the hands of the Department awaiting further evidence, and eight have been dropped for want of evidence. These cases originated in twelve States and Territories, viz., Arkansas, Indiana, Indian Territory, Iowa, Kansas, Maryland, Missouri, New Jersey, Oklahoma, South Dakota, Tennessee and Texas, and involved the seizure of 11,940 quail, 974 prairie chickens, 387 miscellaneous game, and 2,608 plume birds, or a total of nearly 16,000 birds. Of the 41 cases acted upon by this Department, 14 were referred to local authorities and 27 were transmitted to the Department of Justice for prosecution in the Federal courts. As a rule, the causes of action have arisen through shipment of birds killed in violation of local laws, and the large proportion of cases still undisposed of at the close of the year is due to the fact that in most instances attention was not called to the offenses until several months after they were committed; moreover, it frequently happened that the most important fact—the shipper's name—was unknown, and the Department was called upon to assist in obtaining the necessary evidence, often a very slow and tedious process.

The aid of the Department has been sought in connection with the enforcement of the provisions against illegal shipment of game to a greater extent than was anticipated. Such aid has been freely rendered, though it has been the aim to confine action merely to supplementing the efforts of local authorities, and to refer cases to State authorities for action, whenever possible. The provisions of the law are such that violation of the Federal statute necessarily involves a previous violation of a local law, and it is possible, therefore, to prosecute cases either in local or Federal courts. Whenever conditions have been favorable to success in State courts, or the evidence in the hands of the Department has been such as could be used in a prosecution in such courts, the case has been promptly turned over to local authorities; otherwise it has been referred to the Department of Justice.

In this connection mention should be made of the cordial co-operation of Federal and State officers, as well as railroad and express companies, game protective associations, and various individuals. These have rendered every assistance in their power in the enforcement of the Federal law. Important aid has been received from the State game commissioners or wardens of Illinois, Iowa, Maine, and Michigan, by the American, Pacific, United States and Wells Fargo Express Companies, and by the Game and Fish Protective Association of Maryland, the League of American Sportsmen, and the American Ornithologists' Union.

Of the cases above mentioned, fifty-four involved game birds and three non-game birds. The first case under the Lacey act reported to the Department was one involving the shipment of seventy-two young prairie chickens from St. Louis to Chicago in July, 1900. These birds were shipped under a cipher address, without statement of contents on the package, and were intercepted in transit, so that neither the carrier nor the consignee could be held responsible, and as the shipper could not be located the case was dropped. The first case acted upon by a Federal court involved the shipment of a small package of millinery samples (containing among others seven gulls and terns) from Brownsville, Texas, to New York City in December, 1900. The shipper was indicted, promptly plead guilty, and paid his fine, and the case was concluded within a few weeks after it was first reported.

A case which perhaps attracted more general attention than any other was one based on information received by the Department in September, 1900. The matter was referred to the local authorities in Baltimore for action, and resulted in the seizure and confiscation of 2,600 plume birds, offered for sale in violation of the State law of Maryland. The case was prosecuted through three courts by the Maryland Fish and Game Protective Association, and the dealer was compelled to pay a fine of \$100 and costs. This action attracted widespread attention in the millinery trade, and brought the Department into correspondence with the leading wholesale millinery firms in eastern cities. The wholesale houses in Baltimore promptly withdrew gulls and terns from sale, and assurances were received from the Millinery Merchants' Protective Association and from leading houses in Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore that they would, so far as possible, withdraw from sale and discourage

*Three of these convictions have been obtained since July 1, 1901. Mention should also be made of five other convictions secured in the State courts of Iowa. In these cases the birds were seized in transit, and the evidence was referred by the deputy United States marshal directly to the State game warden for action.

the use of these and other birds protected by local laws. The effectiveness with which such cases can be disposed of under certain State laws is well illustrated by one instance in which, through the energy of the game warden of Iowa, a conviction was secured and the fine paid within three weeks after the evidence had been forwarded from the Department. Convictions have been secured in a majority of the cases involving illegal shipments from Iowa and the penalty imposed in each of seven cases was a fine of \$100 and costs, and in another imprisonment for thirty days.

But the results of the enforcement of the law are not to be measured by the number of prosecutions or by the severity of the penalties imposed. Attention has been called to local laws which had long remained dead letters; the methods of shipping game and the devices resorted to in evading the regulations have been investigated, and information thus secured can be used in preventing similar violations; it has been shown that evidence of illegal shipments that will insure conviction can be obtained a thousand miles from the shipping point and months after the offense is committed; and, finally, it has been demonstrated that shippers are no longer safe as soon as their game has crossed a State boundary.

Michigan Wolves and Deer.

CALUMET, Mich., Jan. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* According to Louis King, of Baraga, there have been thirty or more wolf skins brought into L'Anse for the \$15 bounty. Speaking of the proposed increase of the wolf bounty, Editor Newett, of the Ishpeming Iron Ore, says:

"If the bounty is increased to \$100, as one writer suggests, it would encourage a more active hunting of the animals, but with such a premium for the destruction there might be evil men who would engage in the business of raising the animals for their scalps, or they might be imported from other sections of the country. Beside, the taxpayers would consider this altogether too much. A bounty of \$17 is liberal, as compared with many other counties, and ought to set the hunters and trappers after them. Wolf hunts have been suggested, but it would require far more men than could be secured to round up the animals in such an immense territory and so hard beating as we possess.

"Then there is a man who wants to have venison placed on the market again. He probably does not go hunting, or had hard luck if he did. The prevention of the sale is one of the best things for the preservation of deer the State ever did. It is too good a part of the law to repeal. We know it is not lived up to as completely as is desired, but this is no fault of the law. It is a good provision, and we hope it will be kept in force.

"The man who wants only bucks killed and who desires a longer open season has also been heard from. We have no patience with him. The season is now abundantly long. It might be cut down five days with advantage. The hunter who stops to select the bucks from the does will be short of pot roasts. Put the season at a time when the bucks are moving and when does are hiding in the swamps and it will do very well. But we do not want to see the season extended.

"The gentleman who wishes to dispense with the high-powered guns has also made his protest. He wants lighter gun loads. The danger is not so much from killing a man after the deer has been shot through as in shooting at men, mistaking them for deer. That is the real danger. No matter how fast a bullet travels, it can only go a short distance in the woods before it engages a tree that will hold it. The danger is not in the guns, but in the fool hunters who, through nervousness or excitement, shoot at noises, shadows and men, thinking they must be deer. The law, unfortunately, does not look after the manufacture of men, and fools still continue to be born and to go hunting. For the man who shoots another there should be a law and a severe one. If the fools kill one man they should at least be placed where they cannot repeat the offense."

New Brunswick Guides.

From the *Fredericton (N. B.) Herald*, Jan. 15.

THE annual meeting of the New Brunswick Guides' Association was held at the Barker House yesterday afternoon and evening. Adam Moore, President of the Association, presided, and the others present were Henry Braithwaite and Secretary-Treasurer Slipp, of this city; Thomas Pringle, Arthur Pringle and John Sanson, of Stanley; George E. Armstrong, of Perth Centre; Charles Cremin, of Scotch Lake, and W. H. Allen, of Penniac. A very satisfactory report, covering the operations of the Association during the year, was submitted by the Secretary-Treasurer and adopted. The financial report showed a substantial balance on hand.

The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows:

President—Major J. E. Sanson, Stanley.
Vice-President—George E. Armstrong, Perth Centre.
Secretary-Treasurer—A. R. Slipp, Fredericton.
Executive—Henry Braithwaite, W. H. Allen, Charles Cremins, with the President and Secretary.
Membership Committee—Henry Braithwaite, Adam Moore.

It was agreed to have a delegation from the Association wait upon Surveyor General Dunn, and recommend that the game law be amended so as to have the open season for big game commence on Sept. 1, instead of the 15th, as at present. The members of the Association are firmly convinced that such a change would be in the interests of the Province, and they would not object to having the season shortened by cutting off the last two weeks in December, providing they are allowed the first fortnight in September. A strong argument in favor of the proposed change is that a great majority of American sportsmen prefer to do their hunting during the mild weather of September, and if they cannot make arrangements for that month they are not likely to come at all. Then again, the large colleges of the United States open on Oct. 1, and the professors and students, among whom there are a great many sportsmen, scarcely have time as the law stands at present to have a moose hunt during

their vacation period. It is felt that if the season opened on Sept. 1, there would be an additional hunting party for every big-game guide in the Province.

A set of by-laws for the governing of the Association, drafted by the secretary and treasurer, were submitted to the meeting and approved of.

It was unanimously decided to hold a meeting at Perth Centre at a later date in the season, and endeavor to interest the guides of the Tobique in the work of the Association.

The question of issuing licenses to non-resident guides was discussed at some length, and the consensus of opinion seemed to be that steps should be taken by the government to prevent this class of people from pursuing their vocation in New Brunswick. It was very properly pointed out that the non-resident guide has no particular interest in preserving the game of our Province, and is not overly particular whether he commits a violation of the law or not. In addition to that the money he earns as a guide is not expended within the Province, and he confers no benefits upon the community.

The New Brunswick Guides' Association was organized one year ago with the object of promoting the interests of those who make a business of guiding sportsmen to our forests in search of game, and it is felt by those connected with it, that the organization is more than accomplishing its purpose. The only drawback is that a number of experienced guides in different parts of the Province have not as yet seen fit to identify themselves with the association, and thus encourage and assist a movement bound to prove of great benefit to them. The association has done considerable advertising during the past season, and has no doubt been instrumental in directing the attention of many sportsmen to the splendid game resources of this Province. The same policy will be pursued during the ensuing year, and the organization has a right to expect the co-operation of all those likely to be benefited by its labors. A large membership is wanted to make the work more effective, and it is the duty of all guides to enroll themselves beneath the banner of the Association.

New Hampshire Game.

DUNBARTON, N. H., Jan. 15.—Years ago when a boy of ten years I owned my first gun. I can go to-day almost to the exact spot where I killed my first grouse. The bird was running along in front of me. I suppose I felt better over killing that grouse than of the hardest shot I have made since.

In those days we never thought of shooting at a bird on the wing. One might get up right at our feet on open ground, and we watched to see if it would stop in a tree. We seldom missed entirely such shots as we took; yet we often failed to kill. As the years passed some of us found out that a grouse could be killed otherwise than when sitting still. When I learned how to handle a setter, I began to hunt in a more systematic manner. Year after year hunting over practically the same ground, I killed hundreds of grouse and woodcock each season. No matter how many I killed, there seemed nearly as many left. Then it was realized that our birds had a market value, and the market shooter appeared. He got in his work so thoroughly that birds began to grow very much scarcer, and wilder. Various plans were suggested by those interested in preserving our birds; yet closing of the markets was not thought of.

The FOREST AND STREAM some years since came out with its now well-known plank, "Stop at all times and in all places the sale of game." When the above was first suggested I spoke to the oldest member of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Commission. This man was very emphatic in his opinion of a man who shot for the market. He said, "This plan of FOREST AND STREAM is just what we want, but I do not think either of us will live to see it generally in force." Nevertheless, we have. Massachusetts has it; New Hampshire, although late, has taken it up; last season was our first with the markets closed. Grouse in this section were unusually scarce. I have had men say to me that it was owing to closing of the markets. There is little use in arguing with some people. The season following Bryan's first defeat for President was a failure for some crops in New England. Disappointed bolters said it was because Bryan was not elected.

For some years we have had a very active and efficient Board of Fish and Game Commissioners; Wentworth could look after the lower part of the State, where he lives; Hughes took care of the central, and Shurtleff in the north country. These men were well distributed; all were energetic, and there was never a complaint of their neglecting their work, the violators of the game laws, perhaps, excepted. There has been a change. Hughes is out. I know his successor, and he is a good fellow. He will do his best. That he will do better than the man he succeeds, I doubt. Hughes lives in the deer hunting region. There are trout ponds in that region which need looking after. A man living near such grounds can hear of violations more quickly, and get after the poachers earlier.

Some years ago a few deer were turned loose in parts of this State where they had not been seen for more than a generation. The result has been better than any one could expect. To-day deer are seen often. A few days since I started out after a fox. There was some four inches of noisy snow, and it was snowing. With my dog I cruised over some miles of good fox ground, but for some reason the foxes had failed to leave signs of their wandering. Not a track could we find which the old hound thought worth following. While going along within sight of my house I heard something, and looking up saw a deer. This deer had just started, and was running slowly. It waved its flag as though saying, "I am not afraid; I am protected." A moment later deer No. 2 followed the first. The old dog saw them. He pricked up his ears and stood looking. He seemed to think, "I don't know what it is, but I know they are not foxes." He showed no indications of wanting to chase them, and he was wiser than some of his breed. As I write I think the two deer are within sight of my house. I hope they are, and that they will increase in numbers. One live deer in this section is worth ten dead.

C. M. STARK.

Game in Iowa.

THE game season closed Dec. 31, with the limit on quail. It was the best known for several years on birds—quail and grouse. May and June were wet and cold months, retarding incubation; July, August and September were very dry and warm, giving the young things a good chance to grow. A boat trip on the Des Moines River for a hundred miles the latter part of July, gave an idea there was to be a good crop of birds from the number seen and heard along the banks, in woods, brush and field. With the coming of November and opening of the quail season, the first trip afield gave an agreeable surprise as to numbers. The State being thickly settled, birds have a hard struggle for existence, and are very wild, being hunted by every man or boy who has a gun, or can beg, borrow or steal one. It requires a dog to locate them, and a quick shot to catch them as they rise with a roar and be off like a hornet.

Prairie chickens were more plentiful than usual. The last trip to the country, Dec. 30, discovered several flocks not far from this city; the wildest things ever seen; nobody could get within shot of them. Enough quail were seen to make a person think plenty were left to keep up the supply for next season.

Fifty years ago, when the writer came a twelve-year-old boy to Iowa, he used to hunt quail with a long, single-barrel muzzleloader, so heavy that he had to rest it on a stump or forked sapling so as to get a shot. The birds were so abundant and tame then that they would not rise till shot at; firing into a covey on the ground would kill most of them with a pot-shot. A dog was not needed then to find the scattered birds; just whistle them up together again in a few minutes and get the balance. Wild pigeons were plenty then, and many a pigeon pie was the result of the boy hunter's raid through the woods with that long gun.

A sixty-two-year-old man ought to think about giving up all-day trips hunting, but as a man is only as old as he feels, it does him good to get out again with gun or rod, and will make him live longer for so doing. It makes a cold streak run up his spinal marrow to have a covey rise with a thundering roar and be off before he can draw quickly enough to make a good shot. Still, it is enjoyment.

Rabbits are very plentiful also, and great numbers have been shot. The weather since New Year's Day has been very warm, with no snow. We are waiting now for a good tracking snow, so we can get after cottontails with a pack of beagles, to make the fields and woods ring with their musical yelps. There is no close season on rabbits, but sports generally agree that after Feb. 1 they ought to be given a rest and get ready for next season's crop.

SENEX.

DES MOINES, Jan. 16.

Currituck Sound Notes.

Editor Forest and Stream:

From the wildfowler's point of view, the present season has been an exceptionally good one in certain respects. Ducks of all sorts have been very numerous, but on the other hand, the weather having for a good part of the time been mild and pleasant, fewer ducks have been killed than might have been expected from their abundance. At the same time many big bags have been made, and it is said that up to the present time the Swan Island Club have killed about 5,000 birds.

The Currituck Club has had good shooting, and so has the Narrows Island Club.

The marshes of Josephus Baum, long controlled by the Palmer's Island Club, have been leased, it is understood, to a Mr. Simpkins, of Boston, Mass., for a term of five years. These are well known to be excellent marshes, and when properly protected yield admirable shooting. Of course, unless protected, no marshes are of any value.

For the past three weeks the shooting at Swan Island Club has been exceedingly good. The waters there being very shoal, they are frequented almost entirely by marsh ducks, and deep-water ducks are uncommon. A number of snow geese—commonly known as white brant—have been killed there lately.

Further to the southward high tides have prevailed recently, with the result that the marsh ducks have largely deserted the waters and have pushed their way further north to the shoaler grounds, where they can feed better.

In the Sound, from Church's Island south to Jew's Quarter, canvasbacks have been extremely abundant, yet comparatively few have been killed, owing to the bright, clear weather. From Jew's Quarter southward, there are large numbers of redheads, a species hardly found in the territory just referred to as abounding in canvasbacks.

Just at present there is rather a lull in the gunning by the professional gunners, who use the bush blind and the battery. Prices for wildfowl are usually high up to the holidays, but fall immediately after that time, and thus the inducement to the market-gunners is lessened. Moreover, the continual sailing and chasing up of all sorts of wildfowl has a tendency to drive the birds away, and in pleasant weather many of the fowl when disturbed now fly over the beach and out to sea, where they raft in considerable numbers, not returning to their feeding grounds until dark. Meantime the cripple hunters, and sailors generally, pass up and down the Sound killing bluepetters (American coot) and picking up the odds and ends of cripples which they may find floating on the water. These, of course, they sell to the buyers along the shore, but the bluepetters they eat, for there is no market for them.

In about a month now the law will permit the ringing of boobies—the local name for the ruddy duck, which within a few years has become a game bird of value, though formerly quite beneath the contempt of the gunner. It is really extraordinary how the increasing scarcity of the better sorts of wildfowl has brought to the front these smaller and less desirable birds. It is possible that a time may come when people will bloodthirstily pursue the swamp sparrow and the short-billed marsh wren through the reeds of the marsh.

The shooting for this week—ending Jan. 18—has been spoiled by a light freeze, which continued so long that the ducks were driven away. On Monday two members of the Narrows Island Club killed sixty-five ducks and

three geese on one of the marshes in the sound. They were obliged to break their way through the ice to an air hole, where they had good shooting. These were the only fortunate members of that club. All the ponds and most of the coves in the marshes were frozen over.

On Tuesday everything was shut tight by thin ice, except portions of the open sound. There was thus no shooting.

Wednesday was a lay day, when duck shooting is forbidden, and on Thursday the pond opened to some extent, but very few ducks put in an appearance.

Friday was an ideal duck shooting day, with a strong northwest wind and a cloudy sky, but there were still fewer ducks, and the geese scarcely moved at all. The score for that day for eight men was only twenty-eight birds, and for the whole week only 224 birds, or an average of four birds per day per man.

WILDFOWLER.

JAN. 19.

Canadian Non-Residence Licenses.

MONTREAL, P. Q.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: I notice in my *FOREST AND STREAM* of Jan. 18 that there are a couple of errors which I trust you will permit me to correct. In your editorial on the proposed Maine license you say, "The Canadian Provincial laws, which set up barriers against Americans as aliens." Now the Canadian Provincial laws set up no barriers against Americans as aliens. A sportsman from the States has precisely the same privileges in any one of the Provinces of Canada as are enjoyed by a Canadian sportsman from any other Province. When a Provincial tax is put on a non-resident sportsman it applies equally to the British subject and the alien.

Another error which I should like to point out is contained in the speech which Hon. Charles E. Oak made before the last meeting of the Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association. Mr. Oak is reported to have said: "We are cited to the fact that the Provinces of Canada exact a fee for hunting, and that they still flourish. This is true, gentlemen, and it is also true that they exact a fee for fishing as well."

While Mr. Oak's statement is true as regards most of the Canadian Provinces, it is not true of the great Province of Ontario. In Ontario no fishing license is exacted, provided the fisherman be accompanied by an Ontario guide. The only exception to this is the local license which has to be taken out to fish the Nepigon.

TORONTONIAN.

New Publications.

"American Duck Shooting."

The man who secures a copy of the superb volume, "American Duck Shooting," which has just been issued from the *FOREST AND STREAM* press, will get a good run for his money. In the first place, or the second place, one might perhaps better say, the volume itself is a large and important one, numbering nearly 650 pages, illustrated with eight full-page views, two dozen general illustrations, fifty-eight pictures of birds and fifty vignettes inserted in the text. The binding, press work and mechanical details are beautifully done, so that the book itself is not only important in subject matter, but also a superb piece of work.

In the next place, that is to say the first place, the author, Mr. George Bird Grinnell, has given to the text not only a painstaking care, but a breadth of experience and scope of information which may not be found in any book hitherto published on the not unusual theme of wildfowl and wildfowl shooting. As much as this might be expected from a writer of Mr. Grinnell's attainments, yet the result remains surprising in its grasp and finality. The especial excellence of the work is its breadth and catholicity. Heretofore we have had books on wildfowl which embodied the experience of one man or of a few men, or which described more especially one section of the country, or a few such sections. All these books were interesting and valuable in their way and in their time, yet it is not too much to say that they are supplanted, and satisfactorily supplanted, by this conclusive volume, which is the last offering of the *FOREST AND STREAM* press to the discriminating sportsman public. This is the last word on wildfowl shooting, and it deals not only with the past, not only with the days of abundance, but with the times of lessening numbers in wild game, and with the conditions of to-day. It may be considered, indeed, the only up-to-date production in this line.

It is a difficult thing to produce a book which shall appeal alike to the naturalist and to the sportsman, and customarily the attempt causes the one or the other to suffer. For "American Duck Shooting" it is to be said that the scientific information, while ample, is handled in such a popular and easily understood way, that it cannot affright the most timid. Upon the other hand, the methods of shooting, the habits of the game, and the best manner in which to encompass the capture of the game, are more fully treated than may be found in any other work which at present comes to mind. The descriptions of the different forms of wildfowl shooting cover all sections of the country, from one ocean to the other, including the West, the Middle West and the Far West, as well as the Eastern 'long shore shooting and the forms of the art as practiced in the Southern regions. The writer does not pretend to limit himself to his own personal experiences, and in this he shows a wisdom not evinced by all writers on sporting topics. He has availed himself without stint of the treasures long garnered up in the pages of the *FOREST AND STREAM*, and the result of this, with his own wide researches afield, have enabled him to offer the public an amount of solid yet well-digested information, such as I take it is not paralleled in any publication on a kindred theme. One would apply that quality to the book—that it is desirable for the amount of information which it contains. The pictures are especially elaborate and valuable. Here the most ignorant can find and recognize the likeness of every duck he ever saw, and he may, by turning over these pages, find the name, description and personal habits of that duck which every shooter has, at one time or another, killed—whose name he could not tell. As much may be said for the members

of the goose family and the swans. The individual as well as the general habits of the family and species are given careful treatment, so that one has no difficulty in recognizing all his old acquaintances and in making additional friends among the wildfowl.

The pictures which accompany the text are not intended simply to amplify the text, but to add to it and to serve the purpose of actual instruction. This applies more especially to the portraits of the birds. The general illustrations of batteries, shooting boats, etc., come in the nature of useful information. Lastly, the shooting stories, genuine, out-and-out stories of hot corners and big bags, are abundant, written as the shooter loves to see it set down. All the details of the wildfowler's arts and stratagems are specified, and it must be a poor reader indeed who cannot learn somewhat from this, be he young or old in the ancient game of fowling.

There is one reflection, and one of sadness, left after turning the pages of this book, and it is that the old day of plenty of American wildfowl has passed away forever. The history of the Platte, the Arkansas and other streams is fresh in the minds of Western and Eastern shooters. Our abundance has departed, perhaps never to return. If it is ever to return, then certainly it must be through an observation of the wise counsel with which the book concludes: "To bring back the ducks in their old-time abundance, the gunners must agree—

"To stop spring shooting;

"Limit the size of bags for a day and a season;

"Stop the sale of game."

These doctrines are announced not in the form of dogma, or even of mere personal belief, but are supported by careful investigation and an even and fair process of reasoning, such as best appeal not only to the sportsman, but also to the student and scientific man, to all of which classifications Mr. Grinnell has surely long been entitled. It is questionable whether the *Forest and Stream* Publishing Company has ever put out a book of greater accomplishment than the one at hand.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in *FOREST AND STREAM*.

The Striped Bass.

Rockfish, or *Roccus lineatus* (Bloch).

THE striped bass is abundant on the Atlantic coast of the United States from Maine to Florida, and ascends all rivers in the spring to spawn. (This run has broken stripes.) It is an important game and food fish, and attains a weight of 30 to 90 pounds. There is no better panacea for the ills of man than the gentle health-giving pastime of angling. It brings him close in touch with Mother Nature, consequently he becomes a good citizen and undoubtedly lives longer than his neighbor, who chains himself to business and its cares, and won't take an occasional day's outing with rod and reel.

The striped bass (*Roccus lineatus*) is very properly classed at the head of the great varieties of salt-water fish, taken on hook and line. In the estimation of many anglers it is placed at the highest point of all fish angled for. It certainly possesses many attributes which other fish lack. It is a noble, handsome fish, a hard, courageous fighter, and its epicurean tastes and changing habits makes it one of the most inexplicable fish found in our local waters, with which anglers have to deal. The flounder fishermen are quite certain of making a catch in their season, fishermen after bluefish generally catch a mess, and when the weakfish are running it is not only a question of catching those spotted beauties, but how many will each tide yield?

This is not the case with the striped bass. They must be hunted and followed from one ground to another. They must be coaxed, and lured with endless varieties of bait, and thus the angler starting out after these peculiar fish knows before he makes his first cast that his chances for making a good score are not in his favor. Should it be his good fortune to display a half-dozen good-sized bass, after his day's fishing, he feels proud of the achievement.

When a big bass is hooked and landed nowadays in these waters, and a 12 or 15 pound fish is considered a "big fellow," it not alone creates excitement among angling circles, which no other fishing feat can accomplish, but the metropolitan newspapers devote considerable space to its capture and illustrate both the fish and captor.

In former years striped bass were more plenty than now. Their scarcity is attributed to several reasons, among them the pollution of waters, the increase of marine navigation, the illegal setting and hauling of nets, and the wanton capture and possession of undersized fish, called by local anglers "baby bass," signifying fish under 8 inches long, the size prescribed by law.

When these obstacles are removed or eradicated by sensible legislation, and the laws strictly enforced, then in a measure, and not until then, can anglers look forward to good sport with these kings of fishes.

Anglers having the good of their favorite pastime at heart should band themselves together, and insist that our law framers should go further than merely to issue a lot of printed matter, they should enforce the laws to the very letter.

The habits and tastes of the striped bass are very different from the general run of fish. They are rightly called "the epicures of fishdom." Their appetites are as changeable as the winds. They are not always found dining at the same grounds. They are freaky, appearing and vanishing as quickly as April showers. To-day they may be nosing around the shores of Staten Island; to-morrow, Liberty Island and vicinity will have a visit from them; then they rush away for a trip up the North or East rivers. Then the waters of Jamaica Bay may afford good fishing for them; then the following days they will appear in Gravesend Bay, when by common consent it would seem, they vanish, no one knows whither, probably out into the deep ocean, or just as like as not they may be

sulking under some big rocks within an oar's length of your boat, refusing to be coaxed out of the wet. It is therefore by their ever-roaming disposition and dainty appetites they have become classed the uncertain fish, coy and hard to please, for in their tastes they are as changeable as in their travels.

One day they seek one kind of food, and the next they must have a change of diet. Perhaps they may take a sand worm to-day, but to-morrow you must offer them a wriggling blood worm, then in turn they must be coaxed and lured with calico crab, shadders, shrimp, or perchance a piece of the white part of mackerel belly. To the average reader this may seem strange, but it is nevertheless true, which experience and practice will conclusively prove. They are intelligent enough to know where these various baits are natural to the ground, which perhaps accounts to a certain degree for their disposition to follow those different grounds searching for the particular kinds of food found there.

They love best the rocky places, and wherever rocky ledges, "nigger heads" or pieces of loose broken rock abound, there they will be likely to be found, nosing and rooting about, turning the stones over with their tough ridged snouts in quest of worms, crabs and other crustacea.

If you will examine the snout of the striped bass, you will observe a stout ridge of muscle, similar to that of a pig. Nature has provided this leathery substance for the purpose of rooting in the sand and to turn the stones over while they look for choice morsels of food which they know are concealed there.

The smaller bass are quite as voracious as the bigger fish and as dainty. A bass of 10 inches is frequently known to swallow a very large hook in their hungry endeavor to crowd down a big piece of crab baited on the hook for a big fish. The big bass would strike and hook himself. It is presumed that the smaller fish suck the bait in hook and all and the big bass comes along gives it a fierce quick grab, which is called the "strike." There is no mistaking the strike from a bass.

Outfits and Tackle.

Fishing outfits melt the dollars. Particularly so when purchasing striped bass tackle. The better sport with bass is in the fall season, when the days and nights are cool, and then it becomes necessary to dress with more care than in the summer, when the winds blow warmer.

A lined mackintosh jacket that will cost \$5, pair of hip ventilated rubber boots, from \$5 to \$10, used for surf fishing; a pair of mackintosh mitts, \$1; soft hat or cap, \$2, and a pair of overalls, \$1, fits you for any weather. The best rods cost money. A good rod can be purchased for \$12. If you are an amateur you can get along with a cheaper grade until you become more experienced. Five dollars will, in some shops, procure a good enough rod for all ordinary uses. Calcutta bamboo, well made, is popular with some, but greenheart rods, one or two piece, are preferred by the majority of anglers. All ash makes too heavy a stick, but a lancewood tip and ash butt makes a really serviceable rod.

A casting rod should be 8 feet long, weight from 16 to 18 ounces. For still-fishing a lighter rod, and for trolling a rod as light as 10 ounces can be used.

Striped bass are almost as shy as brook trout, and they know considerable, too. The rig should be clean, the leader and line fine and strong, and the hooks sharp.

Great care should be exercised when selecting leaders, which should be three and four lengths, and three and four ply. The first two for shore and still fishing, and the latter for trolling. The very best is the cheapest under all conditions. Some fine fish have been lost through parting of a cheap, inferior leader. Soak when you wish to strengthen them.

The line should not necessarily be large, and should be of linen. Strength is the prime question, not size. The Cuttyhunk brand is the most popular line, and the most generally used. Three hundred feet should be the length, and the size from a nine to eighteen thread, special, according to the style of fishing followed.

A properly equipped tackle case should contain sinkers of various sizes to be used according to the current's strength. Do not use heavy lead when a light sinker will answer, and perhaps be better adapted to the tideway.

There are a variety of reels, brass, rubber and nickel, or German silver, all rubber and wood. They cost all the way from \$1 to \$50. For our local fishing, a rubber and German silver, multiplying click reel, to hold 300 feet of line, can be purchased for \$10. The beginner can get a fair reel for \$5.

In casting from shore the bait should be thrown out as far as possible, and with such skill that little if any splash in the water is created. When once hooked, a fair-sized bass will fight to the last inch, and if any slack is permitted the chances for saving the fish are slight.

There are no set rules for making the cast.

From close observation of multitudes of salt-water anglers the writer concludes that each man has a style peculiarly his own. The main thing is to get the bait out as far and as noiselessly as possible without danger or discomfort to those who are immediately about you.

The general rule, however, is to reel the lead up to about one foot of the rod's tip, grasp the butt of the rod with the right hand, the thumb pressed lightly on the reel's spool, while the left arm, with the forearm extended, firmly grasps the rod above the reel.

Stand squarely upon your feet, the right foot slightly advanced.

Now swing the rod over, and above the right shoulder, until the tip reaches the proper angle, which is detected by its balance, and when all is in readiness give it a sharp swing, by describing a half-circle, and let the lead shoot out. A slight pressure of the thumb prevents the line from over-running, and as the leaden sinker reaches the water, the rapid run of the line should be instantly checked.

When a heavy lead is used, a woolen thumb stall is worn to prevent blistering. In reeling in the line after the cast, see to it that it is laid as evenly as possible upon the spool, otherwise when a repetition of the cast is made kinks or snarls are apt to form in the line, which annoying state of affairs is to be studiously avoided.

Seasons and Bait.

The season for striped bass fishing in the waters of and adjacent to Greater New York, is supposed to open in

April, with what is known as the spring run of bass.

Some have been taken during the first weeks of that month.

After a few weeks' intercession the summer or school bass appear, and after these follow the fall run of bass, which take the hook until December.

These seasons and runs, however, are governed largely by the state of the weather and various other causes. The conditions most favorable for successful bass fishing are cloudy days and dark nights, when the water is disturbed and roilly. Big bass rarely touch the most attractive lure when the water is clear and smooth. This conclusion has been drawn from actual experience while fishing from shore at Liberty Island. One night, when the moon was shining brightly, and the water was smooth and clear, the writer fishing there, had indifferent success, and so it proved on other bright nights. On the other hand, one night the wind howled, and the rain fell in torrents, while all about was utter darkness, except the flickering of our night lamps. The water was turbulent, and the shore was being pounded by the waves. It was necessary to be wrapped in oil skins. We could not see where to cast our bait, so we just let the sinker go straight out to fall where it would. On the last of the ebb tide we got eleven fine bass, the smallest weighing $3\frac{1}{2}$ pounds, and the largest 10 pounds. We lost some others, as we could not see well how to land the fish. While they did bite, the sport was full of keen enjoyment, as their strike was fierce and furious, partaking of the nature of the night and storm.

Our subsequent experience proves that night fishing is the most productive for fish, and they seem to be the bigger kind, who perhaps are allowed to go out alone o' nights.

When the surf pounds the shore, thickening the waters and turning over the various crustacea upon which the bass feed, they forsake their fair weather hiding places to seek food along the rocky ledges, and under these conditions you will be able to pick them up, as they are bound to take the baited hook.

Different Baits.

Some anglers claim that striped bass like as bait first, the blood worm, then the sand worm, "shedder" crab, shrimp and "shedder" lobster, in their order named. That's all very good so far as it goes. It sounds nice, but is it sensible? Admitting these peculiar fish have particular tastes, they do not have a set menu for their guidance. After an experience covering a number of years, in which the writer has carefully studied the habits and habitat of striped bass, and comparing this experience with the experience of numerous brother fishermen, the natural deduction is that it depends largely on the formation of the grounds fished to prove the likes or dislikes regarding the taste of the bass for any particular kind of bait, and the most successful angler is he who, familiar with the natural product of any particular spot, uses the bait which is found there.

If calico crab, then that will prove the most taking lure. Should the shores yield a crop of blood worms, that bait will entice the greatest number of fish. If shrimp are found in plenty, use shrimp, and if sand worms are dug from the soil, use the latter when they are found, and so on with all varieties of bait.

Striped bass are rovers of the sea. They know where these creatures thrive, and they seek them in their hiding places just the same as the birds of the air visit a rice field for rice, a pea field for peas, or a buckwheat patch for the grain they know will be found in each particular place.

Shad roe is capital bass bait, particularly for surf fishing. Cut the roe into small pieces about 2 inches square and tie up in thin muslin or gauze bags, when it is ready to be tied on the hook with exceedingly fine linen thread. The roe of the shad can be preserved all summer by tying a string loosely around the pair of them (they must not be broken a particle), and suspended in a large-mouthed glass jar, when melted tallow is poured over them until the jar is filled, which must then be tightly corked. Keep in a cold cellar, and when the fall bass come in you will have fresh shad roe to offer them, of which they are exceedingly fond.

An angler relating his experience, says: "I tried at Riverdale, on the Hudson, one fine morning; my tackle was of superior quality, and the best of bait that could be purchased. I did not get a strike. I tried the same place under other conditions of the weather two days after, when the weather was foggy, drizzly and altogether inclement. I baited with two large blood worms, made my cast, laid down my rod and waited. Soon the reel commenced to click, the fish was on, but my carelessness lost the prize. Reeling in and rebaiting the almost bare hook, I made a cast into the eddy and had a fierce strike immediately. It took me more than fifteen minutes to land a fine bass. I got six more on that tide and stopped. I conclude that the finest weather does not always yield the finest fish or fishing so far as taking a number of fish is concerned."

Bass Fishing Grounds.

For twenty-five cents Liberty Island is reached hourly from the Battery. The fishing there is from the landing on the ebb tide. On the west side of the island the fishing is best from the beach. Sandy Hook possesses some excellent spots. Here it is necessary to cast the bait just outside the breakers, about 100 feet. Since the Government reservations is there, not every one is permitted to fish along the beach.

Along the New Jersey coast from the Hook to Barnegat, particularly at Ocean Beach and South Elberon, striped bass are taken surf fishing, from 2 to 20 pounds, and sometimes they exceed the latter weight. For trolling or still-fishing from small boats, the shores of Staten Island abound with many fishing points—New Dorp, South Beach, Gifford's, Eltingville, Huguenot, Annadale, Princess Bay, and Tottenville, particularly in the fall. At Gifford's fish the sods on the outer beach, about 20 feet from the shore, placing the bait by casting upon the sods in 2 feet of water, always on the flood tide.

"The Pot," about one-quarter mile distant from Liberty Island, affords good fishing. Trolling about Robin's Reef around Sunken Island, along the shores of Staten Island from the "Dumb Beacon" to "The Willows," and from there down as far as Sailors' Snug Harbor, and returning from "The Crib," in, out and around the "Nigger

Heads," which dot the Jersey shore, generally yields some fish.

"The Sods," off Fitzgerald's, and Gifford's, S. I., are noted good grounds. Many fine bass have been taken from the rocks along the shores of Eltingville. Usually some fine catches are made from the fishing points located between 125th and 155th streets, North River. Numerous bass have been caught from the piers at Whitehall street, where permission must be obtained, and along the walls of the battery, between the bath houses, plenty of bass are caught from small boats.

A place considered by some as among the best is near Buckwheat Island, in Staten Island Sound, within easy reach. A small creek there running in from the shore is a spot where bass are almost always found. The "Hedges," in the Raritan River, above the bridge at Perth Amboy, are good. A few bass are taken in the Rahway River at Tremley. In former years fishing was good at the long bridge of the Central Railroad over Newark Bay, but it has deteriorated very much. Hell Gate was once famous for striped bass. There are some fine fish to be had there now by trolling. If not familiar with the currents and eddies, which rush and whirl over and about the rocks, it is advisable to have a boatman. Some good fish are taken in Bowery Bay, also Jamaica Bay, piers at Coney Island. Gravesend Bay affords good fishing. Along the "Diker" some fairly good fish are caught by trolling. Some fishermen content themselves fishing from the pier on the Brooklyn side of the Bridge. It is true that during the season one or two large fish are caught there. As a rule, however, they do not get many over 2 pounds. It is acknowledged the smaller fish caught there have an oily flavor from the polluted waters.

Striped bass fishing nowadays is not what it was some years ago. Anglers attribute this to the net fishermen, the pollution of the waters from various causes, and the increase of navigation.

Along the Hudson River, at Fort Washington, Yonkers, Tarrytown and Ossining, anglers who are familiar with the fishing points in the vicinity of those places, sometimes have good luck. On the Sound, at Stamford and New Rochelle, where trolling is followed, if you have a good boatman, you will be apt to strike some fine specimens of striped bass.

The writer has, in this short story of his favorite of all the game fish that swim in salt waters, endeavored to point out the best and easiest way of obtaining the best results when starting out to capture him.

These lines have been written as the writer would talk to brother fishermen, particularly the young beginner, and it is hoped they will prove of some benefit to that class at least, and of interest to the older hands at the business.

THEODORE BIEDINGER.

NEW YORK CITY

Fish and Fishing.

Cousin Trout or Chivin.

CHUCK-A-LUCK inquires in your issue of the 4th inst. respecting the identity of the chivin, mentioned by Thoreau in his "Maine Woods," as associated with the brook trout of the upper west branch of the Penobscot; and, doubtless misled by the common application to it of the name of cousin trout, inquires if it is not a subspecies of *Coregonus*, thus assuming "that they have the adipose dorsal fin which would relate them to the trout." The fish in question is neither a *Coregonus*, nor yet has it an adipose fin or any other legitimate claim to relationship to the trout, not even as a cousin. It is no more of a trout than the bass, which, however, passes for a trout in some of the Southern States, and no more entitled to the name of cousin trout than a pike-perch is to that of salmon. Chuck-a-luck's last guess at the identity of the fish is his best. Yes, Thoreau's chivin is a cyprinoid, and not far removed from the variety known in Connecticut woods as dace. The dace belongs to the genus *Leuciscus*, and is in fact one of its chief types. This is not, apparently, however, the particular fish described by Thoreau.

In the passage quoted by Chuck-a-luck from "The Maine Woods," the famous hermit of Walden calls it the silver roach. Your correspondent well remarks that "the nomenclature of that early period cannot always be depended upon to identify specimens," and to this may be added the statement that vernacular names are often, in all periods, extremely misleading. So in order to arrive at the identity of this particular fish of Thoreau's, we drop for the present his names "chivin, silvery roaches, cousin trout or what not," and examine the scientific title applied to it, which he gives as *Leucisci pulchelli*. It is useful to bear in mind that "The Maine Woods" was written in 1846, and interesting to recall the fact that Horace Greeley paid \$25 to the author for the manuscript of a good portion of it, sending him another \$25 later on, when he sold it for \$75 to the Union Magazine, which printed it in 1848. The dates are important, because it was in 1839, or seven years before Thoreau wrote his description of the fish, that Storer, in his "Fishes of Massachusetts," applied the term *Leuciscus pulchellus* to the fish now known in various parts of the United States and Canada as the fall fish, silver chub, chivin, cousin trout, wind fish, corporal, gudgeon and outitouché—the latter being a French-Canadian spelling of the Indian name. Gunther calls the American chub *Leuciscus corporalis*, Jordan and Gilbert in 1883 wrote it *Semotilus bullaris*, under which name I described the fish in 1896 in "The Ouananiche and Its Canadian Environment." In their recent elaborate "Catalogue of the Fishes of North America," Jordan and Evermann adopt Mitchell's nomenclature *Semotilus corporalis*. Gunther, it is true, applies the name *Leuciscus pulchellus* indiscriminately to the North American fall fish (or chub) and the dace or roach, but when Thoreau called it the silver roach, I have no doubt that he simply employed the vernacular name of what is usually known as the chub, especially as he knew the value of the scientific title used by him. It may interest Chuck-a-luck to know that one of the Southern chubs has been named by Dr. Jordan *Semotilus atromaculatus thoreauianus*, in honor of the New England naturalist and poet, who was "the first to say a good word for the study of cyprinidae," and who once remarked, "I am the wiser in respect to all knowledge and the better qualified for all fortunes for knowing that there is a minnow in the brook. Methinks I have

need even of his sympathy and to be his fellow in a degree. I would know even the number of their fin rays, and how many scales compose the lateral line." The poet had not much need of the flesh of the fish, which he described as a chub and found to taste "like brown paper, salted." Canon Kingsley's account of the flesh of the English chub is even more forcible. "You may make a most accurate imitation of him," he says, "by taking one of Palmer's patent candles, wick and all, stuffing it with needles and split bristles, and then stewing the same in ditch water." I well remember a very different appreciation of the flesh of the American chub from the pen of our lamented friend, A. N. Cheney, which appeared in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM only a few years ago. Mr. Cheney, like many another American angler, found that the chub was not bad eating at all when taken out of cool water, and well cooked immediately afterward.

I quite agree with Chuck-a-luck that "as they grow heavy and take bait, it is well enough for anglers to become acquainted with them." They not only take bait, but in northern waters take the fly as well, and in parts of Labrador, as well as in the St. Maurice and Lake St. John districts of Canada, they are a veritable nuisance to the trout fisherman, who must keep his flies very actively in motion if he does not wish them to be seized by the chub or outitouché (pronounced weetoosh). The chub is less active in taking the fly than the trout, and usually sucks it in under the water. When hooked, it puts up at first a very stout fight, but takes less time to exhaust than a trout of equal size. Its flesh is often used as a bait for other fish in Canada. Both there and in Maine it attains a very large size, often being taken up to five and six pounds in weight. When trout are scarce or shy about rising, very fair sport may often be had by northern anglers in fly-fishing for the *Leucisci pulchelli* of Thoreau.

The origin of the name chivin, applied by him to the chub, is, perhaps, interesting enough to be recorded here. In France they call the chub echevin, or alderman, because of its generous proportions, and hence the contraction chevin or chivin.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Maine Ice Fishing.

BOSTON, Jan. 18.—Again there is trouble in Maine concerning ice fishing. The general, or old law, permits fishing through the ice on and after Feb. 1 for trout and landlocked salmon, but includes inhabitants of the State only, and the fish so taken for use in their own homes. Pickerel and perch are included, of course, and on most of the lakes and ponds fishing for pickerel is allowed at all times. Attention has been drawn to this pickerel fishing, however, and special laws have been passed concerning some lakes and ponds, not so much for the protection of the pickerel as to save the landlocked salmon and trout, it having been found to be impossible to save the latter fish, if pickerel fishing is allowed during close time. Much legislation has been had, and the power has been given the Commissioners of late years to close any and all waters to any and all fishing. A good many lakes, ponds and streams have been closed by edict of the Commissioners. But it transpires that it is almost impossible to know what waters are closed to winter fishing, and what waters are not. A special law has been passed concerning a number of ponds in Oxford county. This special law of 1901 reads: "Ice fishing is permitted, in accordance with the general law, in the following named lakes and ponds, situated wholly or partly in Oxford county," including four ponds in Hiram, five ponds in Denmark, eight ponds in Fryeburg, a number in Brownfield, Porter and other towns, making twenty-five or thirty ponds in all. Now the question arises, Does the above language close all the above waters to pickerel and other fishing, or imply that such fishing is prohibited till after Feb. 1. Formerly pickerel, perch and other fish, except landlocked salmon and trout, were allowed to be taken in some of the above ponds at least. The trouble seems to have come from careless legislation, or edict of the Commissioners, having closed certain lakes and ponds and opened certain others. The individual who proposes to fish for pickerel in Maine waters before Feb. 1, when the general law comes in force, or even for trout and landlocked salmon in certain waters after that date, will need a special digest of the Maine fish and game laws. Even the advice of the Commissioners is not always certain. The question recently arose as to the legality of fishing in Taylor Pond, in Auburn. A young man wrote Mr. Carleton, and received reply that the pond was not closed, according to the published game and fish laws. This somewhat alarmed certain citizens who had taken a good deal of interest in restocking that pond. These people again applied to the Fish and Game Commissioners' office with the following result:

"Dear Sir—Referring to your communication of the 13th, relative to fishing in Taylor Pond, Androscoggin county, I beg to say that the misunderstanding in regard to the law on this pond arises from the fact that rules and regulations, closing it absolutely to ice fishing, were adopted by the Commissioners after the book of laws was published, hence the reason this law does not appear therein."

In a copy of Rules and Regulations will be found the following:

"Section 1.—In addition to the general law of the State relating to fishing, it shall be unlawful to fish for, take or catch any kind of fish in Taylor Pond in Auburn, in the County of Androscoggin, from Oct. 1 to the time the ice is substantially out of said pond the following spring.

"Sec. 2.—These rules and regulations shall take effect Oct. 1, A. D. 1901, and continue in force for years thereafter."

It seems that Mr. Carleton had overlooked these rules and regulations. It is also true that a great deal of confusion exists concerning fishing on certain waters in Piscataquis county. Special laws were passed concerning several of these lakes and ponds; one concerning Boyd Lake, in 1901, would seem to apply the general law to all the other lakes and ponds, not specially provided for. The Rangeleys and the contingent lakes and ponds are considered to be closed to all ice fishing at all times, while Moosehead is open to ice fishing for trout and landlocked salmon under the general law, commencing Feb. 1. Concerning the lakes and ponds in Androscoggin and

Cumberland counties, there is also considerable uncertainty, though it is generally understood that there are no special laws or edicts of the Commissioners concerning most of the ponds in Androscoggin county. The ponds in Kennebec county are pretty well covered by special laws or edicts of the Commissioners. But the whole matter is in altogether too much of a jumble of uncertainty, and sportsmen and citizens of the State desire that this matter shall be made plain. A great many of the streams, regarded as breeding places for trout and landlocked salmon, and feeders to the best trout and salmon lakes, have been closed by special laws or edict of the Commissioners, yet the streams are not posted or marked in any way, so that sportsmen or citizens can know whether they are on legal waters or not. In justice to everybody, these streams should be marked and posted with plain notices. If ponds or streams are closed by special laws or edict of the Commissioners, they should be posted in a number of conspicuous places. Streams bounded and marked, and lakes and ponds posted and marked, would settle all questions as to legal fishing. Notices cost but little, and they can be made to read plainly.

SPECIAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Good Pike.

A 20-pound pike, of the species commonly known as pickerel in the Northwest, was caught in Fox Lake, Wis., last week by two fishers, Elmer Walker and Frank Hamilton, who had out a number of set lines on the ice. The hole in the ice had to be enlarged before the fish could be taken out.

Another Big Pickerel.

Yet another big pickerel, or, more properly speaking, great Northern pike, to be reported, was taken last week by Silas Messervy in Fox Lake, Wis. This fish weighed 21 pounds, and was 40 inches in length, and it also fell a victim to the wiles of the ice fisherman.

Work of the Michigan Commission.

State Game and Fish Warden Morse's report for December shows that 112 complaints were investigated and resulted in 82 arrests, 47 for violation of the game laws and 35 for violations of the fish laws. Sixty-one convictions were secured. Twenty-one seizures were reported, consisting principally of immature fish, which were condemned and awarded to charitable institutions. In fines and costs \$752.42 were imposed.

"From the partial reports received," Warden Morse reports, "I estimate that in comparison with last year, not to exceed one-half of the number of deer were killed. In most localities they are wintering well, and very few complaints of illegal killing have been received."

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Texas Tarpon.

THE records of tarpon fishing at Tarpon, Tex., for 1901 show that from April 10 to Nov. 16 549 fish were killed. The largest numbers credited to individuals were: J. W. O'Dwyer, Kansas City, 58; W. B. Leach, Palestine, Tex., 42; R. E. Moss, San Antonio, 35; J. P. Haskell, 26; J. W. C. Haskell, 20; D. R. Coleman, Weatherford, Tex., 17; F. M. Hicks, San Antonio, 13; Gordon Barland, St. Louis, 11; Mrs. E. De Vaegler, Dallas, 10.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Feb. 4-6.—Providence, R. I.—Rhode Island Kennel Club's annual show. George D. Miller, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Jan. 20.—Grand Junction, Tenn.—United States Field Trial Club's thirteenth annual trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.
Feb. 10.—Grand Junction, Tenn.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials. Theo. Sturges, Sec'y.

New York Show.

The premium list of the Westminster Kennel Club presents a special prize list of extraordinary length, value and variety, and the prizes and classification are liberal and complete, after the manner for which this great club is famous. Mr. James Mortimer is the superintendent, as a matter of course. His address is Room 701 Townsend Building, 1123 Broadway, New York. Entries close Feb. 3.

Yachting.

Designing Competition.

IN view of the continued and increasing interest in yachting, a designing competition will be opened in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. In America the yachting season is comparatively a short one, and such a competition as has been determined upon will serve to stimulate the interest in the subject during the winter months. The competition is open to both amateur and professional designers. Three prizes will be given for the best designs of a yacht conforming to the following conditions:

- I. A pole mast sloop.
- II. 25ft. load waterline.
- III. Not over 4ft. draft (with centerboard hoisted).
- IV. At least 50 per cent. of ballast outside on keel.
- V. 5ft. headroom under cabin carlins.

All abnormal features must be studiously avoided in the design; and the construction, sail and cabin plans should be of the simplest character. It was our idea in laying out the conditions of the competition to make them simple as possible, so as not to hamper in any way the designer, and yet convey to all that we wished to

produce a safe, comfortable cruiser on which two or three amateurs could live with comfort for a period of two or three months and cruise along our eastern seaboard from New York to Halifax with safety. A centerboard boat of moderate draft was decided upon, as so many more harbors would be accessible to a boat of that type.

DRAWINGS REQUIRED.

- I. Sheer plan, scale 1in. = 1ft.—showing center of buoyancy and lateral resistance.
- II. Half breadth, scale 1in. = 1ft.
- III. Body plan, scale 1in. = 1ft.
- IV. Cabin plan, scale 1in. = 1ft.
- V. Sail plan, 1/4in. = 1ft., showing center of effort.

The sails should consist of a jib, mainsail, spinnaker and balloon jib. No topsail will be carried. A table of offsets and an outline specification must accompany each design. The drawings should be carefully drawn and lettered. All drawings should be made on white paper or tracing cloth in black ink (no colored inks or pigments should be used). The designs must bear a nom-de-plume only and no indication must be given of the author. In a sealed envelope, however, the designer should inclose his own name and address, together with his nom-de-plume. All designs must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York City, not later than Feb. 28, 1902. All drawings will be returned, but postage should accompany each.

The FOREST AND STREAM reserves the right to publish any or all the designs.

The prizes offered are as follows: 1st prize, \$25.00; 2d prize, \$15.00; 3d prize, \$10.00. Mr. Theodore C. Zerega offers an additional prize of \$10.00 for the best cabin plan. Honorable mention will also be made of meritorious designs.

Mr. Clinton H. Crane, of the firm of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, has kindly consented to judge the designs and make the awards. Mr. Crane's professional standing is so high that he needs no introduction, and every confidence will be put in his ability and fairness.

Design for a Cruising Yawl.

THE 31ft. waterline yawl, plans of which appear in this issue, was designed by Small Brothers for a yachtsman who wishes his name withheld for the present. This firm has been very successful with both their cruising and racing yachts, and in consequence their business has greatly increased and they now have a large amount of work in their office.

The design herewith illustrated was intended primarily for cruising, and the designers have turned out a fine substantial vessel of large internal room. Nothing has been sacrificed for speed, comfort and sea-going qualities being the first consideration. Her dimensions are as follows:

Length—		
Over all	45ft.	0 in.
L.W.L.	31ft.	0 in.
Overhang—		
Bow	6ft.	3 in.
Stern	7ft.	9 in.
Breadth—		
Extreme	13ft.	0 in.
L.W.L.	12ft.	0 in.
Freeboard—		
Bow	3ft.	10 1/2 in.
Least	2ft.	4 in.
Taffrail	2ft.	9 in.
Draft—		
Extreme	5ft.	6 in.
To rabbet	2ft.	6 in.
Board down	8ft.	6 in.
Displacement	24,000	lbs.
Sail Area—		
Mainsail	914	sq. ft.
Mizzen	274	sq. ft.
Jib	252	sq. ft.
Total	1,440	sq. ft.

The design shows a boat with plenty of underbody, moderate draft, short ends and good beam—in fact, all the necessary adjuncts to the modern fast cruiser. The centerboard houses under the keel and does not come above the cabin floor at any point. The cockpit is large and roomy, being 12ft. in length. The cabin floor is placed, as low as possible, and in that way the cabin house, which is 21ft. long, is kept comparatively low. There is a large amount of room below decks, and the space has been utilized in the best possible manner. The main saloon is 13ft. long. The floor is over 4ft. wide for the entire length of the cabin. There are two berths 6ft. 6in. long on each side of the cabin with broad transoms in front. In the after end of the main cabin on each side of the companionway are lockers for clothes, etc. From the port side of the main cabin leading forward is a passage, on the port side of which is the toilet room. This is fitted with an Imperial closet and a set wash basin. There is also a good-sized locker for linen. On the starboard side of the passage is located the owner's stateroom. In addition to the wide berth are the usual fittings, such as bureau, folding wash basin, etc. The galley is equipped with a large ice box, stove, sink and dish racks. In the forecabin there are two folding pipe berths. The rig is simple and comparatively small, there being just over 1,400 sq. ft. in the three lower sails. Two boats will be carried on the davits.

Western Yachts.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 17.—Columbia Y. C., of Chicago, has installed the following Entertainment Committee: Leroy Cook, Chris Balatka, J. Rohan, Max Bromberg and W. F. Burrows. There is a special committee, consisting of De Witt C. Cregier, Chas. Duggan and Chas. W. Shick, and the two committees will work together on the details of the Columbia Y. C. annual banquet, which will be held at the Palmer House during the first week of February.

Chicago Y. C. holds the first club smoker of the winter at the Victoria Hotel this evening at 8:30. An excellent musical programme has been provided.

Two New Yacht Racing Associations.

WHEN the yacht clubs located on Gravesend Bay decided last year to form a yacht racing association to promote yacht racing in their vicinity, the venture was watched with interest by the clubs located on the south side of Long Island. The Association was a success from the start, and better racing resulted on Gravesend Bay last season than ever before.

Com. Charles E. Pellew, of the Westhampton Country Yacht Squadron requested the different clubs located on the south side of Long Island to send a committee to discuss the advisability of following the move made by the Gravesend Bay clubs.

At the meeting held at Com. Pellew's residence in New York a short time ago, the following representatives were present: The Moriches Y. C. was represented by the Secretary, Harry Grootage, and William Grootage; the yacht squadron of the Westhampton Country Club by Com. Charles E. Pellew and Walter Martin; the Quantuck Y. C. by Com. William W. Hallock and John B. Stevens; the Shinnecock Y. C. by Vice-Com. Charles De Hart Brower and the Secretary, George M. Eddy, and the Penataquit-Corinthian Y. C., of Bay Shore, by Com. J. Adolph Mollenhauer, Vice-Com. Regis H. Post and Bryce Metcalf.

The question of measurement was discussed. It was recommended that, during the next season, the measurement of a yacht, made by a measurer of its own club, and certified by him to be in accordance with the rules of the club holding the regatta, be accepted by that club as final, subject, however, to the usual rights of protest and powers of regatta committee laid down in the by-laws and rules of that organization.

It was further recommended that in the rule on measurement, the term "amidships" be accepted to mean the point midway on the light waterline, and that the dead weight or crew, and also all extra sails, anchors, etc., required to be on board under the rules, be placed at said point.

It was suggested that each boat should be assigned a racing number at the opening of the season and keep that number all through the season's racing.

A resolution was passed to the effect that the several regatta committees be requested to send one delegate each to a joint meeting, to arrange a uniform system of assigning racing numbers.

With reference to the appearance during the last two seasons of different types of boats in the regular catboat classes, the following rule was referred to the clubs for consideration:

Entry in the catboat classes shall be restricted to yachts, which, in the judgment of the regatta committee, conform to the general type of catboats now in common and general use about the waters bordering the south shore of Long Island. No yacht now holding a challenge cup shall be deprived by reason of this rule from contesting for such cup until the same is finally won.

The important accomplishment of the evening was the arrangement of a schedule of racing dates for 1902, which is to be referred to the different organizations for approval. The proposed schedule for the year follows:

- July 5—Shinnecock Y. C.
- July 12—Moriches Y. C., Quantuck Y. C.
- July 19—Westhampton Country Club.
- July 26—Shinnecock Y. C.
- Aug. 2—Penataquit-Corinthian Y. C., Quantuck Y. C.
- Aug. 9—Westhampton Country Club.
- Aug. 16—Quantuck Y. C., Moriches Y. C.
- Aug. 23—Shinnecock Y. C.
- Aug. 30—Westhampton Country Club.
- Sept. 1 (Labor Day)—Moriches Y. C.

The open regatta of the Penataquit-Corinthian Y. C. is provided for, and, while it falls on the date of one of the Quantuck Y. C. races, it is understood that the large boats of that fleet will attend the Penataquit-Corinthian race.

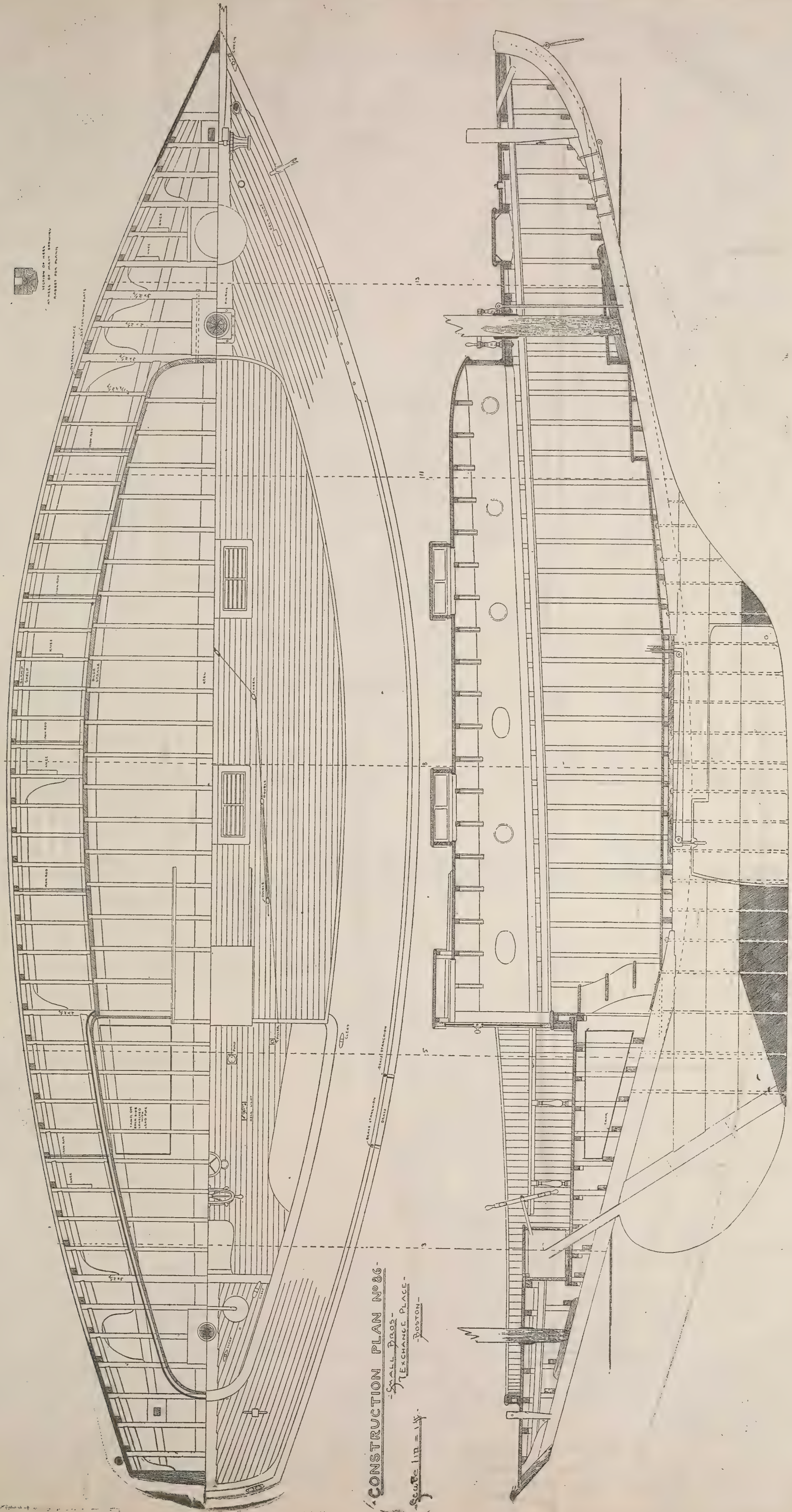
The open regatta of the Shinnecock Y. C. and the Westhampton Country Club comes, as usual, on the last two Saturdays of August. To this series is now added a third open regatta, to be held by the Moriches Y. C., on Labor Day. At this race it is intended to offer prizes for all the classes usually filled in the other clubs.

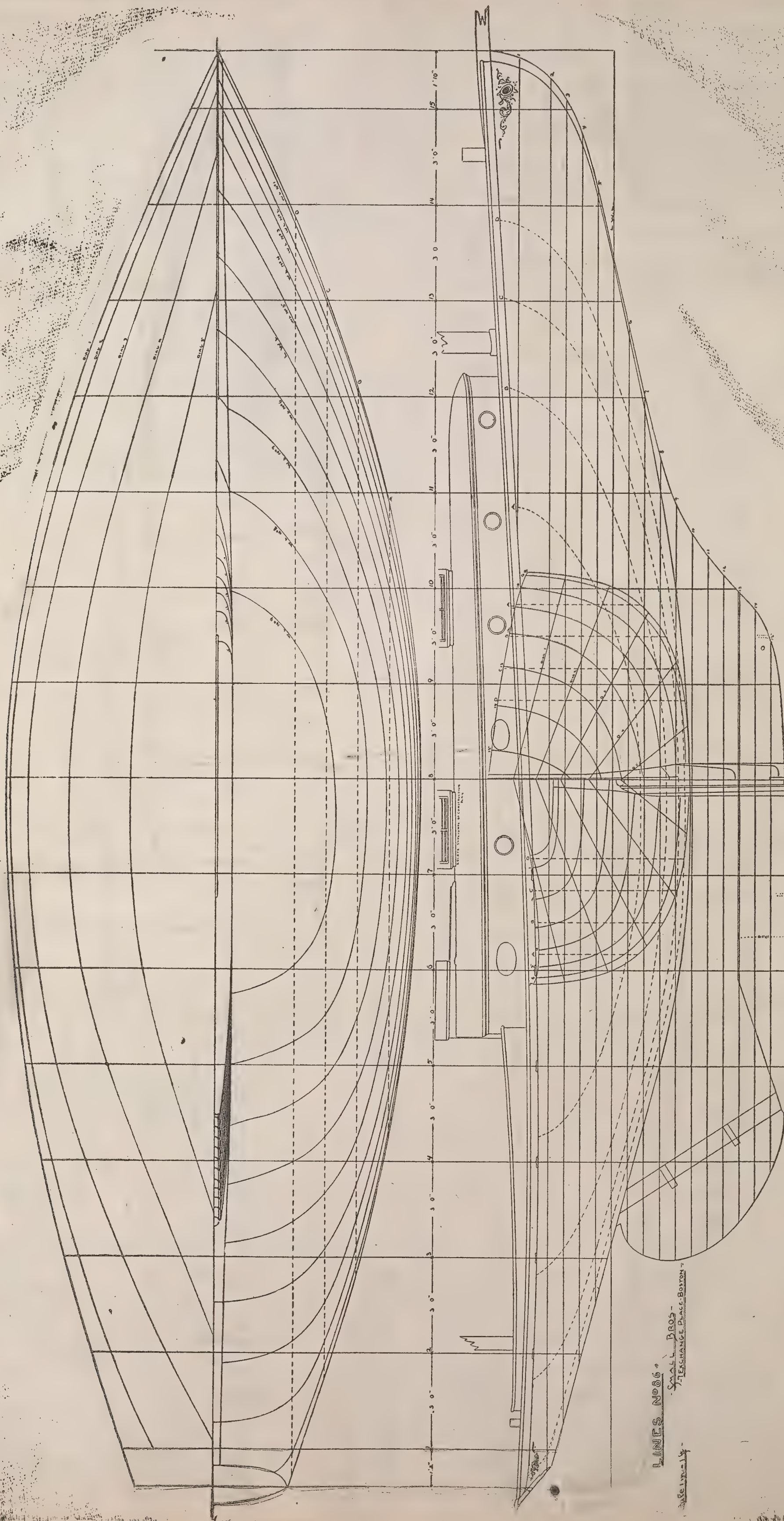
A meeting was held Wednesday evening, Jan. 15, at Hotel Manhattan, New York city, by the delegates of several of the smaller yacht clubs located in the extreme western end of Long Island Sound, in the vicinity of Pelham Bay and College Point. Members of Morrisania Y. C., believing that it would greatly improve the racing, have advanced the idea of forming an association for the benefit of the clubs in that locality. The project now outlined calls for at least two combination regattas during the season in which \$400 in prizes will be offered in the different classes. The association will be governed by a body representing and elected by the representative clubs, each club to have a voice pro rata with the number of members enrolled on its books, one representative for each fifty members or fraction thereof; no club to have less than two representatives. A suitable set of rules will be drafted by this body to meet the requirements.

Representatives from the Morrisania Y. C., of Casanova; Stuyvesant Y. C., of Port Morris; Williamsburg Y. C., of North Beach, and Morris Y. C., of Pelham Bay Park, were present. Another meeting will be held at the Manhattan in February, at which it is expected at least two other clubs will be represented.

As none of the clubs connected with the new association belong to the Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound, there is no possibility of there being any friction between the two.

The tenth annual meeting of the Corinthian Y. C., of Philadelphia, was held on Saturday, Jan. 11, and the following officers were unanimously elected: Com., Alexander Van Rensselaer, steam yacht May; Vice-Com., Robert J. W. Koons, schooner Crusader; Rear-Com., E. Walter Clark, Jr., sloop Cherokee; Sec'y, Addison F. Bancroft; Treas., George E. Kirkpatrick; Race Committee, Addison F. Bancroft, Harvey J. Mitchell, Frederick J. Petry; Committee on Admissions, Chas. H. Brock, Alexander Van Rensselaer, C. Herbert Millett, Frank H. Rosengarten, Brereton Platt; Trustees, to serve for three years, Joseph S. Lovering Wharton, Charles Longstreth.





THIRTY-ONE-FOOT WATERLINE CRUISING YAWL. DESIGNED BY SMALL BROS., 1901.

* SAIL, SPAR AND RIGGING PLAN N° 86 *

MAIN MAST 46' 8" above deck 3 1/4" diam. at Partners
 MAIN BOOM 29' 11" long 4 1/4" diam. tapered each end
 MAIN GAFF 28' 0" long 3 1/2 x 4 1/2" eoa shape, tapered slightly each end
 MIZZEN MAST 27' 0" above deck 3 1/2" diam. at Partners
 MIZZEN BOOM 16' 4" long 3 1/2" diam. tapered
 MIZZEN GAFF 12' 4" long 2 1/2 x 3 1/2" eoa shape, tapered slightly each end
 BOWSPRIT 10' 0" long 2 1/4" outboard 3 1/4" diam.
 JIB BOOM 12' 0" long 2 1/4" diam. tapered slightly each end
 BOAT BOOM 15' 0" long 2 1/4" diam. tapered each end
 OUT RIGGER, OAK 8' 0" long 2 x 9 1/2" tapered at each end, top edges rounded
 down into a chamfered

SAILS - special 100% yacht duck for mainsail - 6oz for jibs & mizzen.
 Hauls as figured when stretched.

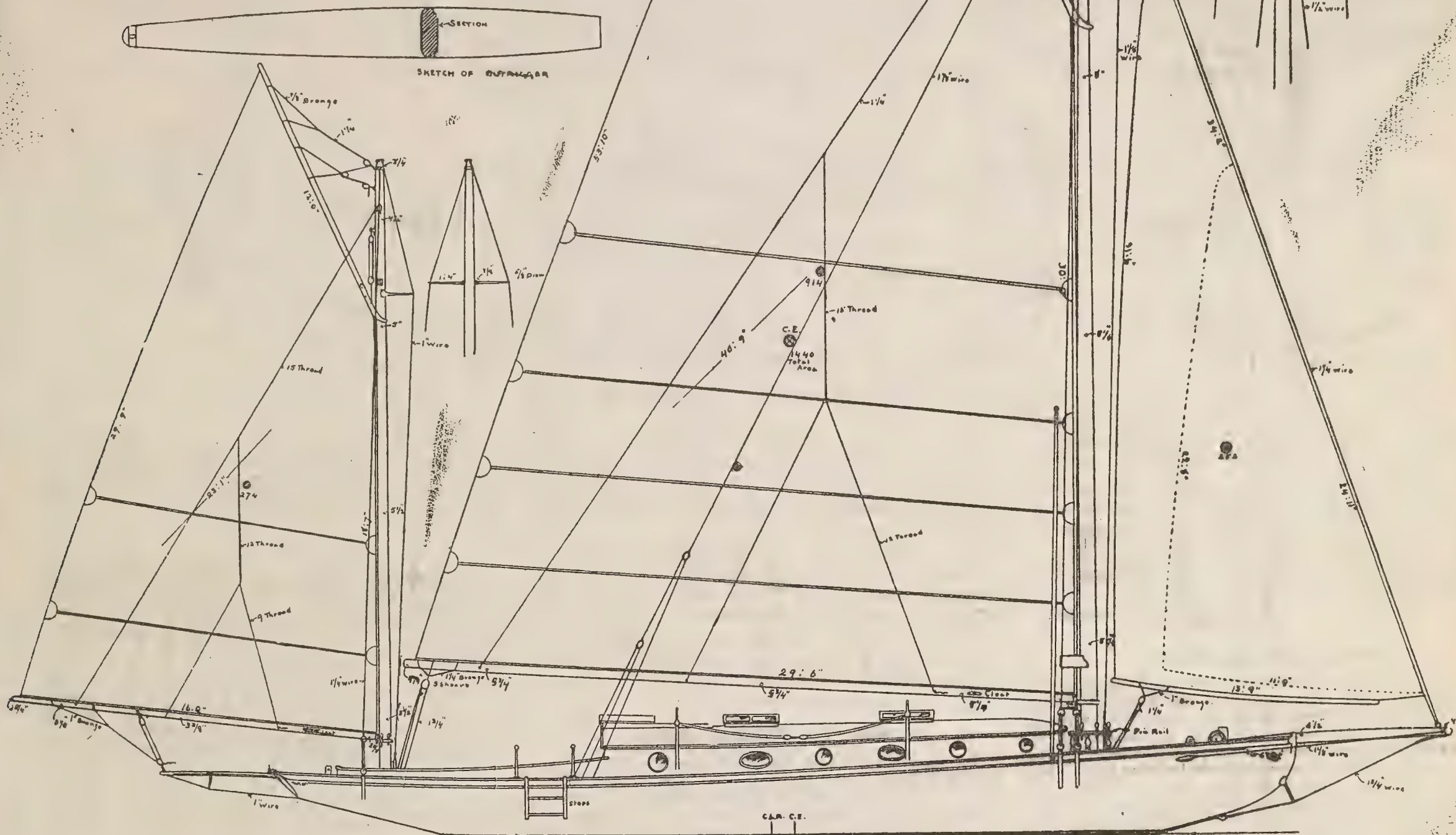
BLOCKS - Mainmast peak and main sheet 1 1/2" - 1/2" ball and 1/2" sheet
 Mizzenmast peak, mizzen sheet and back stays 1 1/2"
 Jigger purchase on main peak and jib with 3/4" blocks.

Scale 3/8" = 1 ft.

SMALL BROS.

EXCHANGE PLACE -

BOSTON



THIRTY-ONE-FOOT WATERLINE CRUISING YAWL-SAIL PLAN.

Our Boston Letter.

Boston, Jan. 20.—Among the yachts that will be raced under the rules of the Eighteen-Foot Knockabout Association this summer, will be one, at least, of amateur design. The lines have already been turned out, but the work of construction has not yet commenced. The sails will probably be made by Wilson & Silsby, who turn out the fastest racing sails built. The designer of the new 18-footer, who will be her owner and who will undoubtedly race her on every occasion when he has the opportunity to do so, is Joseph J. Moebis. Mr. Moebis is a member of the Hull-Massachusetts, South Boston and Quincy Y. C.s and is well known among racing men in Massachusetts. He formerly owned the 25-footer Little Peter, and raced her very consistently during five seasons. In 1900 this yacht made a good record in the Y. R. A. series against the champion Flirt, although equipped with a poor set of sails and faulty rigging. There are many who believed then and still cling to the opinion that had Little Peter been properly equipped she would have made a better showing, and might possibly have—but that is another story.

Last season Mr. Moebis sold Little Peter and did not engage much in racing, but he could not keep out of the game very long. During the winter he commenced to talk 18-footers, and then he decided to have one, and finally he decided that he would try his hand at designing, and to draw the lines of his own boat. This was no mean undertaking, for there are certain rules regarding the construction of 18ft. knockabouts which are calculated to give the erstwhile amateur designer considerable trouble in getting around. In the first place, the most difficult obstacle is the rule of displacement, by which the weight of these yachts is fixed at 4,000lbs., beyond which it is not desirable to go to any extent. Then there are the scantlings, which must conform to the restrictions. Sail area is a matter of comparative ease, so far as figures go. However, Mr. Moebis tackled the restrictions and has turned out a very clever little boat in which he has not only figured as close as possible to the displacement of 4,000lbs., but has introduced a new wrinkle in the matter of shifting his ballast shoe, to work the yacht into perfect balance. He has also provided for the accompanying shifting of the mast step.

In these days of modern yacht designing it is customary to cut away the lateral plane of the yacht to the last degree. This makes the figuring of the balance of the yacht an extremely hazardous undertaking, and it sometimes happens that, even in the designs of the most skillful professionals, the balance is found to be all askew when the yacht is put in the water and started on her racing career. In such cases there is a deal of trouble, for the yacht will either gripe or else carry such a lee helm that she cannot be nursed up to windward even in strong breezes. In small boats means have been taken to overcome this difficulty, first by providing a sliding mast step to shift the center of effort, and then by combining with this a movable fin to alter the center of lateral resistance. Crowninshield has adopted both of these methods with more or less success.

But in Mr. Moebis' new yacht it is not intended to move the fin, for fin she has not, being of the semi-keel type. Instead, he has provided a scheme for sliding the iron shoe forward or aft as may be considered necessary, and thereby hangs a tale on construction. The keelson running forward and aft is in two pieces, the after part meeting the forward part at an acute angle, the forward part continuing in a straight line to the after end of the keel. Between this and the after piece of the deadwood is filled in and above the two parts is a piece set in to form part of the keelson. The iron shoe is flush to the underneath piece and is bolted through. An arrangement is provided so that the shoe can be moved up on the straight underside of the lower member of the wooden keel, and the bolts are changeable. It can be moved aft as well as forward, as she carries a balance rudder and the shoe extending beyond the after side of the keel would make no difference. There is a play of about a foot in the mast step, and there is a further means of experimenting with the centerboard, which houses under the cabin floor. The centerboard pin may be moved forward or aft, and it can be also given different lengths of drop.

The hull of the boat is very shallow, the only use of the little keel being to get the ballast outside. Mr. Moebis prefers this type of boat, as he believes that boats of this size should be pushed over the water rather than through it. She has flat floors and straight topsides, while there is just the suspicion of a sweep to the bilges. She is of the scow principle, the deadrise being very slight. Her

sections are carried out full forward and aft, and in the hull proper there is a resemblance to the lines shown in the hull of Independence. She is just under 18ft. on the waterline, 32ft. over all, 7ft. waterline beam, and 2ft. 6in. draft. The hull of the boat draws just a foot. Her overhangs are in the extreme class, and, considering her form, her beam of 7ft. seems to me to make her a trifle too powerful for a limit of sail area of 450 sq. ft. To get the speed out of this type of hull it is necessary to sail her "on her ear." She carries a total sail area of 445 sq. ft., 355 sq. ft. of which is in the mainsail and 90 sq. ft. in the jib.

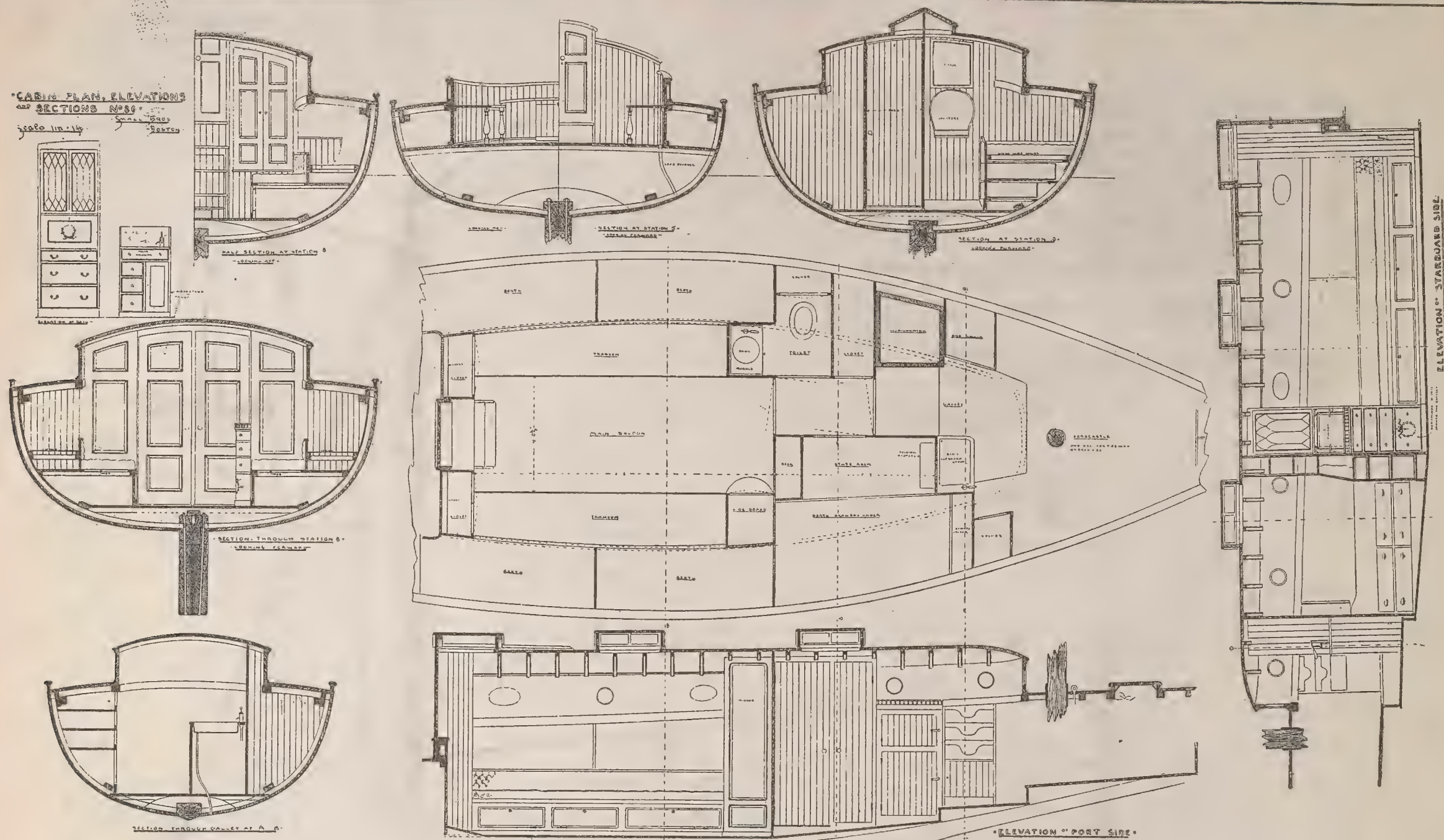
She will be provided with water-tight bulkheads forward and aft. In the forward compartment there will be a system of diagonal wooden bracing; and beside these there will also be a wire rope truss brace. It is calculated that these will offset the pounding which her long, flat forward overhang is sure to get in a head sea. There will also be bracing in the after bulkhead to keep the overhang where it belongs. She will have a cabin trunk which will give about 3ft. 6in. headroom. There will be transoms on either side of the cabin, and there will be sufficient room for the racing crew of three when cruising from port to port. The deck will be covered with canvas.

Power tenders are becoming quite a fad in this vicinity. Borden, of Dorchester, is building a number of them. They are intended to be powerful boats of very strong construction.

At Lawley's the keel of the Lippitt bronze 60-rater is being turned out. It is expected that the lead may be run this week. The 104ft. steam yacht is planked and a number of smaller boats are taking form in the east shop.

MacConnell Bros. have sold the auxiliary yawl Hyperion to Fred W. Ranskolb, of Boston; the 25-footer Hermes to C. W. True, of Auburn, Me.; the sloop Idlewilde to Messrs. Morrissey and Reardon, of Boston; Zelica to C. C. Durgin, of Boston, and Muriel to W. W. Colson, of Winthrop.

Crowninshield has an order for Otto B. Cole. White, of Manchester, has started work on three 18-footers, of Crowninshield's design for W. B. Rogers, W. A. Russell and H. F. Kellogg, to be used on Lake Champlain. Rice Bros., of East Boothbay, are going ahead on the work of construction of the Crowninshield one-design raceabouts.



THIRTY-ONE-FOOT WATERLINE CRUISING YAWL—CABIN PLAN.

for members of the American Y. C. Smith, of Quincy, has the C. H. W. Foster 21-footer, designed by Crowninshield, all planked.

Burgess has an order for an auxiliary 30ft. yawl for D. A. Richardson, of Hartford, Conn. She will hail from Saybrook, L. I. A. P. Loring's 18-footer, of Burgess design, is to be built by Graves, of Marblehead. The new quarters of this designer have been fitted up, and he now has his cousin, Hollis Burgess, associated with him. Hollis Burgess will look after the brokerage.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Sewanhaka Cup News.

WHEN it was first announced that the Bridgeport Y. C.'s challenge had been accepted by the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. for the Seawanhaka cup, there were men on every side that were willing to build trial boats, but as the season progresses there is very little interest being shown, and several who contemplated building boats have given up the idea. This is the first time in a number of years that a club on Long Island Sound has had a chance at the Seawanhaka cup, and it is very disappointing that there are not to be more entries.

However, it is assured that there will be at least four boats, and perhaps more. Although Mr. T. MacDonald has not closed with Hanley, of Quincy, for a boat, yet it is more than probable that he will do so shortly. Mr. De Ver H. Warner is still in correspondence with Mr. B. B. Crowninshield, and it is considered very likely that there will be a boat from that source. The local boat which will be turned out by a builder in the vicinity of Bridgeport for a syndicate made up of club members, will be started this month.

Contract was closed on Saturday last by Mr. Charles D. Mower and Mr. Albert B. Hunt for the boat to be built for them from Mr. Mower's designs. Some time was spent in finding a builder who was familiar with the kind of light construction used in these craft, and yet whose plant was in the vicinity of New York. The contract was awarded to Mr. Thomas F. Smith, of Bayonne, a man who has had wide experience in light construction, and the work will be done by him under Mr. Mower's supervision. Mr. Smith was for a number of years connected with the Spaulding St. Lawrence Boat Company, of Ogdensburg, and also with the Nilson Yacht Building Company, of Baltimore.

There is still a possibility of a boat being sent east from White Bear Lake. It is to be hoped that such is to be the case, as it would add materially to the interest.

Captain Joseph Elsworth.

CAPT. JOSEPH ELSWORTH, one of the best-known American yachtsmen and sailing masters, died at his home in Bayonne, N. J., on Friday, Jan. 17, at the age of seventy-one years. He was born within sight of Barnegat Bay, and followed the sea from boyhood. He first went to sea on his father's schooner and stayed on that vessel until he was made mate. He studied the coast carefully on his many trips down the beach, until he knew every foot of the ground from New York to Cape Hatteras. After spending a number of years on working vessels, he took up yachting, and was probably the first man in America to make yacht racing a science. Capt. Elsworth belonged to a family of sailors. Three of his brothers, John, Robert and Watson, were oystermen, and the fourth, Philip, was famed the world over as a yacht designer and builder.

scored success was the sloop *Meta*, a boat built by Pat McGiehan, of Bayonne, and in her he had everything his own way, beating every boat he met as far east as Newport. He displayed his skill to a marked degree in the way he handled *Comet*, *Grayling* and *Montauk*, where his work was faultless.

Capt. Elsworth, on account of his wide knowledge of weather conditions and his great ability as a sailor, made him in great demand. In 1885 he was pilot on Puritan in the contest with Genesta. When Atlantic was built from his brother's designs for a syndicate of Atlantic Y. C. members, he was put in charge of her. Atlantic was defeated in the trial races by Mayflower, and he then acted as pilot on her in the races against Galatea. He acted in the same capacity on Volunteer in the races with Thistle.

John Van Schaick Oddie.

YACHTING circles both here and abroad will be deeply pained to learn of the death of John Van Shaick Oddie, the well-known Secretary of the New York Y. C., which occurred at his home in New York city on Thursday, Jan. 16. Mr. Oddie was fifty-seven years of age, and leaves a widow, two sons and a daughter. The N. Y. Y. C. thus loses not only one of its oldest members, but also its most efficient officer. For twenty-two years Mr. Oddie had been its Secretary, and to his untiring energy and his loyalty to the club's interests are due in a large measure the fact that the institution is one of the most flourishing of its kind in the world. Mr. Oddie had for a long time cherished the idea that the N. Y. Y. C. should own its club house, and it was partly through his efforts that the plan to enlarge the old Madison avenue building formerly occupied by the club, was abandoned, and the present magnificent building in West Forty-fourth street was erected. Mr. Oddie first became a member of the New York Y. C. in 1867, and was the twenty-ninth member on the list. The club was at that time located in Hoboken, and its fleet comprised but thirty-five vessels. Mr. Oddie was not only a great enthusiast on all matters pertaining to yachting, but he was a splendid yacht sailer, and at one time owned and raced the sloop-yacht Fouchie. To Mr. Oddie's unvarying courtesy and kindly methods is due in great measure the popularity of the New York Y. C., and the bond of friendship which exists between it and all the other yachting clubs both here and abroad has been cemented by the tact and good judgment always displayed by him. His death is not only a great blow to his club, but will be felt also in business circles, he having been a member of the New York Stock Exchange for over twenty years. Mr. Oddie was also a member of the Larchmont Y. C., as well as the Eastern Y. C.

Yacht Club Notes.

At a meeting of the Marine and Field Club, held on Jan. 14, the following officers were elected: Pres., Theodore L. Cuyler, Jr.; Vice-Pres., Edward C. Platt; Sec'y, Nathan A. Weed; Treas., J. Edward Way; Directors (term expiring January, 1905), Nathan A. Weed, J. Edward Way, Isaac Snedeker, Charles M. Camp, and George L. Lord; term expiring January, 1903, to fill vacancies caused by resignations, Theodore L. Cuyler, Jr., Frank B. Anderson, and John M. Knox.

At the annual meeting of the Capital Y. C., of Washington, D. C., held a few days ago, the following officers were elected: Com., L. H. Dyer; Vice-Com., C. C. Wilkinson; Rec. Sec'y, O. E. Braitmeyer; Cor. Sec'y, E. P. Nussbaum; Treas., C. H. Bright; Meas., J. E. Taylor; Board of Directors, Dr. W. A. Frankland, H. A. Camp-

bell and J. W. Jones. The club now has fifty members and there are thirty-five boats in the fleet. Arrangements are now being made to secure a site on the shore front near the city, so that a club house can be built. The club was incorporated in May, 1900.

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The annual meeting of the Kennebec Y. C. was held Monday, Jan. 13, Vice-Com. Percy D. Roberts presiding on account of the death of Com. Hutchins on Christmas. The following officers and committee were elected: Com., Edward W. Hyde (President of the Bath Iron Works); Vice-Com., Dr. Randal D. Bibber; Sec'y, E. R. Witte-kent; Treas., Harry W. Owen, Jr.; Board of Directors, Woodbury A. Potter, Ernest F. Kelley, Dr. Jas. O. Lincoln and the four officers; Regatta Committee, S. Cuyler Greene, Owen J. Ledyard and Wm. F. Stevens; Investigating Committee, A. Merrill, J. R. Knowlton, Dr. G. Way and the four officers; Entertainment Committee, Dr. J. Walter Higgins, Edward C. Larrabee and Fred C. Scribner. Com. Hyde has appointed ex-Com. Fred M. Cook Fleet Captain, and House Committee, ex-Com. Augustus A. Percy, Ernest F. Kelley and Fred Mayers. The club has a membership of 261 active and two honorary members, and a fleet of fifty-one steam and sailing yachts and launches. Com. Edward Stearns Hutchins, whose death occurred on Christmas Day, Dec. 25, 1901, within less than three weeks before the expiration of his term of office, after a short illness, was a charter member and one of the originators of the yacht club, and an earnest worker for it. He was born in Providence, R. I., and was thirty-five years old. He was a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and came to Bath in the early part of 1890 as a draughtsman at the Bath Iron Works, and at the time of his death was chief engine draughtsman at the Bath Iron Works.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Mr. A. J. McIntosh has sold the steam yacht Oberon to Mr. William Prawl, of New York city.

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The Townsend & Downey Shipbuilding Co., of Shooter's Island, S. I., has been incorporated with a capital of \$3,500,000. The directors are John H. Cuthbert and James Alden, of New York city; W. B. Smith, of Montclair, N. J.; B. F. Warren, of Brooklyn, and M. P. Williams, of Westfield, N. J. The company's plant is located on an island a short distance from the Staten Island shore. The present area of the island is thirteen acres, but in the event of their getting sufficient work to warrant the expense, it is the company's intention to acquire adjoining land and fill in, increasing the size of the island to forty-two acres. The company is now building the schooner for the German Emperor, another schooner for Mr. G. Fahnstock and the 60-rater from Messrs. Gardner & Cox's designs for Mr. George M. Pynchon.

The 70-footer Yankee, owned by Messrs. H. Payne Whitney and Herman B. Duryea, has been sold to Mr. J. Rogers Maxwell, Mr. Maxwell's 51-footer Humma being taken in part payment.

There are now building at the Gas Engine and Power Company and Seabury & Co., four steam yachts, a cruising schooner and a cruising sloop. A Providence yachtsman has commissioned this firm to build for him a steam yacht 140ft. in length. A Western yachtsman has also signed a contract for a 100ft. steam yacht for use on the Great Lakes. The steam yacht building at this plant for Mr. Alfred Costello, of New York city, will be known as

JAN. 26, 1902.]

July. She will be used on the St. Lawrence River, and is 85 ft. over all, 77 ft. waterline, 12 ft. 6 in. breadth and 4 ft. 6 in. draft.

The way in which the business of Mr. W. Starling Burgess has increased during the past year has been the subject of much comment. Shortly after opening his office he found it necessary to have an assistant, and he secured the services of Mr. Elliot W. Burwell, who was for years in Mr. Arthur Binney's employ. Mr. Burgess now announces the brokerage, employment and insurance departments of his business would be looked after by Mr. Hollis Burgess.

Canoeing.

Down the Danube in a Canadian Canoe.—I.

(From Macmillan's Magazine.)

It was a brilliant day in early June when we launched our canoe on the waters of the Danube, not one hundred yards from its source in the Black Forest, and commenced our journey of four and twenty hundred miles to the Black Sea. Two weeks before we had sent her from London to Donaueschingen by freight, and when the railway company telegraphed the word arrived, we posted after her with tent, kit bags, blankets, cameras, and cooking apparatus.

Donaueschingen is an old-fashioned little town on the southern end of the Schwarzwald plateau, and the railway that runs through it brings it apparently no nearer to the world. It breathes a spirit of remoteness and tranquillity born of the forests that encircle it, and that fill the air with pleasant odors and gentle murmurings.

There, lying snugly on a shelf in the goods shed, we found our slender craft, paddles and boat hook tied securely to the thwarts—and without a crack! "No duty to pay," said the courteous official, after examining an enormous book, "and only seventeen marks for freight charges the whole way from Oxford." She was 16 ft. long (with a beam of 34 in.), and had the slim, graceful lines and deep curved ribs of the true Rice Lake (Ontario) build. Two or three inches would float her, and yet she could ride safely at top speed over the waves of a rapid that would have capsized a boat twice her size. Splendid little craft, she bore us faithfully and well, almost like a thing of life and intelligence, round many a ticklish corner and under more than one dangerous bridge, though this article will only outline some of our adventures in her over the first thousand miles as far as Budapest.

From the yard of the Schuetzen Inn, where she lay all night, we carried her on our shoulders below the picturesque stone bridge and launched her in a pool where the roach and dace fairly made the water dance. You could toss a stone over the river here without an effort, and when we had said farewell to the kindly villagers and steered out into midstream, there was so little water that the stroke of the paddle laid bare the shining pebbles upon the bottom and grated along the bed.

"Happy journey!" cried the townsfolk standing on the bank in blue trousers and waving their straw hats. "And quick return," added the hotel keeper, who had overcharged us abominably in every possible item. We bore him little malice, however, for there were no inns or hotel bills ahead of us; and uncommonly light-hearted were we as the canoe felt the stream move beneath her and slipped away at a good speed down the modest little river—that must drop 2,200 ft. before it pours its immense volume through three arms into the Black Sea.

At first our progress was slow. Patches of white weeds everywhere choked the river and often brought us to a complete standstill, and in less than ten minutes we were aground in a shallow. We had to tuck up our trousers and wade. This was a frequent occurrence during the day and we soon realized that the hundred and twenty-five miles to Ulm, before the tributaries commence to pour in their icy floods from the Alps, would be slow and difficult. But what of that? It was glorious summer weather; the mountain airs were intoxicating, and the scenery charming beyond words. Nowhere that day was the river more than forty yards across, or over 3 ft. deep. The white weeds lay over the surface like thick cream, but the canoe glided smoothly over them, swishing as she passed. Her slim nose opened a pathway that her stern left gently hissing with bubbles as the leaves rose again to the surface; and behind us there was ever a little milk-white track in which the blossoms swam and danced in the sunshine as the current raced merrily along the new channel thus made for it.

Winding in and out among broad fields and acres of reeds, we dropped gently down across the great plateau of the Black Forest mountains. The day was hot and clear, and overhead a few white clouds sailed with us, as it were for company's sake, down the blue reaches of the sky. Usually we coasted along the banks, the reeds touching the sides of the canoe and the wind playing over hosts of nodding flowers and fields level to our eyes with standing hay, while, in the distance, the mountain slopes, speckled with blue shadows, were ever opening into new vistas and valleys. Here the peaceful Danube still dreams, lying in her beauty sleep as it were, and with no hint of the racing torrent that comes later with full waking. Pretty villages appeared along the banks at intervals. Pforen was the first, snugly gathered into the nook of the hills; a church, a few red-roofed houses, a wooden bridge and a castle with a fine stork staring down at us from her nest in the ruined tower. The peasants were away in the fields and we drifted lazily by without so much as a greeting. Neidingen was the second, where a huge crucifix presided over the center of the quaint bridge, and where we landed to buy butter, potatoes and onions. Gutmadningen was the third; and here a miller and his men helped our portage over the weir while his wife stood in the hot sunshine and asked questions.

"Where are you going to?"
"The Black Sea." She had never heard of it, and evidently thought we were making fun of her. "Ulm, then," Ah! Ulm she knew. "But it's an enormous distance! And is the tent for rain?" she asked.
"No; for sleeping in at night."

"Ach was!" she exclaimed. "Well, I wouldn't sleep a night in that tent, or go a yard in that boat, for anything you could give me."

The miller was more appreciative. He gave us a delicious drink—a sort of mead, which was most refreshing and which, he assured us, would not affect the head in the least—and told us there were twenty-four more weirs before we reached Ulm, the beginning of navigation. But none the less he, too, had his questions to ask.

"I thought all the Englishmen had gone to the war. The papers here say that England is quite empty."

The temptation was too great to resist. "No," we said gravely, "only the big ones went to the war. [We were both over six feet.] England is still full of men of the smaller sizes like ourselves." The expression on his face lightened our work considerably for the next mile.

Soon after the river left the plateau behind it and took a sudden leap into the Donauthal. We shot round a corner about 6 o'clock and came upon a little willow island in midstream. Here we landed and pitched our tent on the long grass, made a fire, peeled the onions, fried our strips of beef with the potatoes, and made excellent tea. On all sides the pines crept down close into the narrowing valley. In the evening sunlight, with long shadows slanting across the hills, we smoked our pipes after our meal. There were no flies and the air was cool and sweet. Presently the moon rose over the ridge of forest behind us and the lights of Immendingen, twinkling through the shadows, were just visible a mile below us. The night was cool and the river hurried almost silently past our tent door. When at length we went to bed, on cork mattresses, with india rubber sheets under us and thick Austrian blankets over us, everything was sopping with dew.

The bells of Immendingen coming down the valley were the first sounds we heard as we went to bathe at 7 o'clock next morning in the cold sparkling water; and later, when we scrambled over the great Immendingen weir no villagers came to look on and say "Engländer, Engländer," for it was Sunday morning and they were all at mass.

The valley grew narrower and limestone cliffs shone white through the sombre forests. It was very lonely between the villages. The river, now 60 yds. wide, swept in great semi-circular reaches under the very shadow of the hills; storks stood about fishing in the shallows; wild swans flew majestically in front of us—we came across several nests with eggs—and duck were plentiful everywhere. Once, in an open space on the hills, we saw a fine red fox motionless in his observation of some duck—and ourselves. Presently he trotted away into the cover of the woods and the ducks quacked their thanks to us. Then suddenly, above Möhringen, just when we were congratulating ourselves that wading was over for good, the river dwindled away into a thin trickling line of water that showed the shape of every single pebble in its bed. We went aground continually. Half the Danube had escaped through fissures in the ground. It comes out again, on the other side of the mountains, as the river Ach, and flows into the Lake of Constance. The river was now less in volume than when we started, clear as crystal, dancing in the sunshine, weaving like a silver thread through the valley, and making delightful music over the stones. Yet most of our journey that day was wading. Trousers were always tucked up to the knees, and we had to be ready to jump out at a moment's notice. Before the numberless little rapids the question was: "Is there enough water to float us? Can we squeeze between those rocks? Is that wave a hidden stone, or merely the current?" The steersman stood up to get a better view of the channel and avoid the sun's glare on the water, and in this way we raced down many a bit of leaping, hissing water; and, incidentally, had many a sudden shock before the end, tumbling out headlong, banging against stones, and shipping water all the time. The canoe got sadly scratched, and we decided at length to risk no more of these baby rapids. A torn canoe in the Black Forest, miles from a railway, spelt helplessness. Thereafter we waded the rapids. It was a hot and laborious process—the feet icy cold, the head burning hot, and the back always bent double. Weirs, too, became frequent, and unloading and reloading was soon reduced to a science. In the afternoon the villagers poured out to start and look on. They rarely offered to help, but stood round as close as possible while we unloaded, examining articles, and asking questions all the time. They had no information to give. Few of them knew anything of the river ten miles below their particular village, and none had ever been to Ulm. Now and then there was a skeptical "Das ist unmöglich (that's impossible)," when we mentioned Ulm as our goal. Ach je! They're mad—in that boat!

From Donaueschingen to Ulm there is a weir in every five miles, and our progress was slow. Whenever the river grew deep we learned to know that a dam was near; and below a dam there was scarcely enough water to float an egg shell. But there was no occasion to hurry; everything was done in leisurely fashion in this great garden of Würtemberg, and most of the villages were sound asleep. At Möhringen, indeed, we got the impression that the village had slept for at least a hundred years and that our bustling arrival had suddenly awakened it. It lay in a clearing of the forest, in a charming mossy bed that no doubt made sleep a delightful necessity. The miller invited us to the inn, where we found a score of peasants in their peaked hats and black suits of broad-cloth sitting each in front of a foaming tankard; but they drank so slowly that a hundred years did not seem too long to finish a tankard. There was very little conversation, and they stared unconsciously, bowing gravely when we ordered their stone mugs to be refilled and regarding us all the time with steady, expressionless interest. In due time, however, they digested us, and then the stream of inevitable questions burst forth.

"You bivouac? You go to the sea? If you ever get to Ulm! You have come the whole way from London in that shell?"

We gulped down the excellent cold beer and hurried away. The river dwindled to a width of a dozen yards and wading was incessant. We lightened the canoe as much as possible, but, our kit having been already reduced to what seemed only strictly necessary, there was little enough to throw away—a tin plate, a tin cup, a fork, a spoon, a knife, and a red cushion. These we piled up in a little mound upon the bank with a branch stuck in the ground to draw attention. I wonder who is now using those costly articles.

Another series of picturesque villages glided past us: Tuttlingen, famous (as the dirty water proclaimed) for its tanneries, and where a couple of hundred folk in their Sunday clothes watched our every movement as we climbed round two high and difficult weirs; Nendingen, where a kind and silent miller gave us of his cool mead; Mülheim straggling half-way up the hills with its red-brown roofs and church and castle all mingled together in most picturesque confusion, as if it had slipped down from the summit and never got straight again; and Friedingen, where we laid in fresh supplies, and found two Germans who had spent years in California, and whose nasal voices sounded strangely out of place among their guttural neighbors. "Camp anywhere you please," they said, "and no one'll object to your fires so long as you put 'em out."

I forget how many more villages ending in "ingen" we passed; but now that the heat of the day, and the labor and toil of wading are forgotten, they come before me again with their still, peaceful loveliness like a string of quaint jewels strung along the silver thread of the river.

Soon the water increased and the canoe sped onward among the little waves and rapids like a winged thing. The mountains became higher, the valley narrower. Limestone cliffs, scooped and furrowed by the eddies of a far larger Danube thousands of years before, rose gleaming out of the pine woods about their base. We plunged in among the Swabian Alps, and the river tumbled very fast and noisily along a rock-strewn bed. It darted across from side to side, almost as though the cliffs were tossing it across in play to each other. One moment we were in blazing sunlight, the next in deep shadow under the cliffs. There was no room for houses, and no need for bridges; boats we never saw; big, gray fish hawks, circling buzzards, storks by the score had this part of the river all to themselves.

Suddenly we turned a sharp corner and shot at full speed into an immense cauldron. It was a perfect circle, half a mile in diameter, bound in by the limestone cliffs. The more ancient river had doubtless filled it with a terrifying whirlpool, for the rocks were strangely scooped and eaten into curves hundreds of feet above us. But now its bottom was a clean flat field, where the little stream, with its audacious song, whipped along at the very foot of the cliffs on one side of the circle.

It was a lonely secluded spot, the very place for a camp. Though only 5 o'clock on a June afternoon, the cliffs kept out the sunshine. We sank the canoe, to soak up cracks and ease strained ribs, and soon had our tent up, and a fire burning. Then we climbed the cliffs. It was a puzzle to see how the river got in or got out. As we climbed we came across deep recesses and funnel-shaped holes, caves with spiral openings in the roof, and pillars shaped like an hour-glass. Across the gulf the ruined castle of Kallenberg stood on a point of rock that was apparently inaccessible, and when the evening star shone over its broken battlements, it might well have been a ghostly light held aloft by the shades of the robber barons who once lived in it. When we went to bed at 10 o'clock the full moon shone upon the white cliffs with a dazzling brilliance that seemed to turn them into ice, while the deep shadows over the river made the scene strangely impressive. Only the tumbling of the water and the chirping of the crickets broke the silence. In the night we woke and thought we heard people moving round the tent, but, on going out to see, the canoe was still safe, and the white moonshine revealed no figures. It was doubtless the river talking in its sleep, or the wind wandering lost among the bushes.

At 5 o'clock next morning I looked out of the tent and found our cauldron full of seething mist, through which the sunshine was just beginning to force a way. An hour later the tent was too hot for comfort.

All day we followed the gorge, with many a ruined castle of impregnable position looking down upon us from the cliffs. The valley widened about noon, and fields ablaze with poppies lay in the sun, while tall yellow flags fringed the widening river. In another great circle, similar in formation to that of Kallenberg, but five times as large, we found the monastery of Beuron with its eighty monks and fifty lay brothers. We bathed and put on our celluloid collars (full dress in an outfit where weight is of supreme importance) and went up to the gates. A bearded monk, acting as doorkeeper, thrust a smiling face through the wicket in answer to our summons and informed us with genuine courtesy that the monastery was not open to visitors at this time of year.

"There are many visitors in summer, I regret," he explained.

"Visitors! How do they get here?"

"By road; they come from long distances, driving and walking."

"But we may never be here again; we are on our way to the Black Sea."

"Ah, then you will see far more wonderful things than this in your journey." He remained firm; so, by way of consolation we went to the Gasthaus Zur Sonne and enjoyed a meal—the first for a week that we had not cooked ourselves.

It was a quiet, out-of-the-world spot. Monks were everywhere working in the fields, plowing and hay-making; and it was here I first saw sheep following a shepherd. A curious covered bridge, lined with crucifixes, crossed the river, and we took an interesting photograph of a monk in a black straw hat and gown going over it with a cloud of dust in the blazing sunshine followed by fifty sheep. There was contentment on all faces, but the place must be dreadfully lonely and desolate in winter. We bought immense loaves in the monks' bakery, and matches, cigars, sugar, and meat in a *Devotionshandlung* (store for religious articles).

Sigmaringen, with its old rock-perched castle and its hundred turrets gleaming in the sun, was reached just in time to find shelter from a thunderstorm that seemed to come out of a clear sky. There was a hurricane of wind, and the rain filled the quaint old streets with dashing spray. In an hour it cleared away, and we pushed on again; but the river had meanwhile risen nearly a foot. The muddy water rushed by with turbulent eddies, and the bridges were crowded with people to see us pass. They stood in silent dark rows without gesture or remark, and stared. Suddenly the storm broke again with redoubled fury. Up went their umbrellas, and we heard their guttural laughter. In a few minutes we were soaked, and no doubt cut a sorry figure as we launched the canoe

at the foot of the big weir and vanished into the gathering darkness. We swirled between the pillars of another bridge in sheets of rain, and the outlook for a dry camp and a fire was decidedly poor. It was after 9 o'clock when we landed in despair under a clump of trees on the left bank, and found to our delight that they concealed a solitary wedge of limestone cliff, and that in this cliff there was an arch, and under that arch a quantity of dry wood. A fire was soon blazing in the strip under the arch—some 3 ft. wide—and the tent stood beneath the dripping trees. Our waterproof sheets and cork mattresses kept us dry, though all night the rain poured down, while outside we could hear the swollen river rushing past with a seething roar.

Next day the rapids began in earnest. Rapids are to canoeists what fences are to fox hunters. The first wave curls over in front of the canoe, there is a hiss and a bump, a slap of wet spray in the face, and then the canoe leaps under you and rushes headlong. At Riedlingen, while carrying the canoe across a slippery weir, we fell, boat and all, into the deep hole below the fall, luckily with no worse result than a wetting, for our kit was safely piled upon the bank. At Dietfurt we went into an apparently deserted village to buy milk, but the moment we entered the street it became alive. From every door poured men and women gazing, and the moment they spied the little yellow canoe upon the shore they rushed down in a flock shouting "E' schiff! E' schiff!" But, if they ran fast, we ran faster, and were off before the terrible onslaught of questions had even begun. The milk was a mere detail.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Rifle at Shell Mound.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 13.—Yesterday was the initial shoot of the year at Shell Mound. The day was cool and clear, and was favorable for good scores. Scores:

Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club monthly competitive and medal shoot, rifle, handicap: W. G. Hoffman 219, 214, 215, 222, 220; J. Kullman 204, 208; Dr. L. O. Rodgers 226; C. M. Henderson 212, 217; F. E. Mason 228, 222. W. F. Blasse 192; Glindemann trophy: W. G. Hoffman, 213, M. F. Blasse 176, J. Kullman 195, F. E. Mason 219. Gold medal: W. G. Hoffman 214, 223; M. F. Blasse 215, 214, 207, 214, 313, 207; W. F. Blasse 192. Silver medal: C. M. Henderson 220, 218, 215; A. B. Dorrell 211, 222, 205; F. J. Klatzel 149; W. G. Hoffman 220, 223. Handicap, pistol: M. J. White 83, 85, 94, 85; J. E. Gorman 98, 95, 94, 93; W. F. Blasse 88, 89, 90; D. W. McLaughlin 84, 80. Revolver handicap: J. R. Trego 79, 79, 79; P. A. Becker 93, 90, 89, 89, 87, 86, 84, 83, 81; J. W. Tomkins 80, 86, 71, 68; A. B. Dorrell 86, 85, 84; J. E. Gorman 93, 92, 89; F. S. Washburn 83, 83; H. Hinkel 79. Revolver, silver medal: J. R. Trego 78; F. S. Washburn 87, 83; H. Hinkel 79.

Germania Schuetzen Club monthly medal shoot: First champion class—Alfred C. Gehret 232; second champion class, R. Stettin 205; first class, J. D. Heise 214; second class, William Morken 211; third class, J. Beutler 177; best first shot, D. B. Faktor 25; best last shot, D. B. Faktor 25.

Germania Schuetzen Club yearly competitive shoot for all comers: F. P. Schuster 71, D. B. Faktor 71, A. Pape 71, Frank E. Mason 71, A. Gehret 71, D. J. Heise 70, Edward H. Goetze 68, N. Ahrens 68. Competition for ten best shots for trophies: A. Gehret 230, F. E. Mason 229, A. Pape 222, D. Salfeld 214, F. P. Schuster 212.

Norddeutscher Schuetzen Club monthly bullseye shoot: John D. Heise 89, William Doell 347, Herman Huber 377, A. Mocker 430, John Gefken 520, F. C. Rust 562, John Lankeau 656, L. N. Ritzau 744, A. Hohmann 750, J. Woebeke 752, F. P. Schuster 918, Capt. John Thode 947, Otto Lemcke 1111.

San Francisco Schuetzen Verein monthly medal shoot: Champion class and first class not filled; second class, Otto Lemcke 382; third class, S. Heino 350; fourth class, D. Dunker 343; best first shot, August Pape 25; best last shot, A. Mocker 24.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, at Four-Mile House, Reading Road, Jan. 19. Conditions, 200yds., off-hand, at the standard target. Strickmeier was declared champion for the day with the fine score of 93. Weather cold and clear; thermometer, 32 degrees; wind, light, 3 to 9 o'clock:

	Union.	Medal Shoot.
Strickmeier	93 90 84 84 84—435	8 9 5—23
Payne	88 87 86 85 80—426	8 8 7—23
Speth	86 85 84 81 77—413	10 8 8—26
Nestler	88 83 81 80 79—411	9 4 7—20
Roberts	84 81 80 79 79—403	6 9 9—21
Gindele	82 82 82 80 77—403	8 8 8—24
Odell	81 78 72 68 67—366	6 10 3—19
Bruns	78 77 76 74 74—379	7 9 7—23
Uckotter	78 72 71 69 66—356	4 8 8—20
Hoffman	77 75 74 73 73—372	9 6 6—21
Lux	75 71 71 71 70—358	8 9 5—22
Trounstein	71 69—140	4 5 6—15
Drube	70 67 60—197	8 9 4—21
Weinheimer	70 64 63 62 ..—259	9 6 5—20
Topf	64 63 60 59 58—304	6 5 3—14

This month begins the contest for the Strickmeier medal. The contest closes with the first quarter of the year, and under handicap rules.

The Savage Arms Co., of Utica, N. Y., have issued a calendar for 1902 which portrays a spirited scene of the wild West, a mounted Indian giving the death shot to a tiger which has killed a fellow Indian. The dead Indian shot an old-fashioned weapon, while the live Indian shot a Savage. It is sent to applicants who send 6 cents' postage.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Jan. 22-23.—Circleville, O.—The Pickaway Rod and Gun Club's second annual winter tournament; live birds. G. R. Haswell, Sec'y.

Jan. 27-Feb. 2.—Waco, Tex.—T. E. Hubby's six-day shoot. Feb. 11-12.—Wolcott, N. Y.—Winter target tournament of the Catchpole Gun Club. E. A. Wadsworth, Sec'y.

Feb. 12.—Ossining, N. Y.—Lincoln's Day clay-bird shoot of the Ossining Gun Club. Shooting begins at 11 A. M. C. G. Blandford, Capt.

Feb. 22.—Albany, N. Y.—West End Gun Club's bluerock tournament. H. H. Valentine, Sec'y.

March 31-April 5.—Blue River Park, Kansas City, Mo.—Grand American Handicap at live birds. Ed Banks, Sec'y, 318 Broadway, New York.

April 14-16.—St. Joseph, Mo.—Missouri State Amateur Shooting Association's annual tournament. F. B. Cunningham, Sec'y.

April 22-25.—Omaha, Neb.—Nebraska State shoot. H. S. McDonald, Sec'y.

May 6-9.—Interstate Park, L. I.—Interstate Association's Grand

American Handicap at Targets. Edward Banks, Sec'y; Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.

May 13-16.—Oil City, Pa.—Annual meeting of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. F. S. Bates, Cor. Sec'y.

May 20-22.—Wheeling, W. Va.—Fifth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association; added money and prizes. John B. Garden, Sec'y, Wheeling, W. Va.

May 30.—Schenectady, N. Y.—Spring tournament of the Schenectady Gun Club. E. L. Aiken, Sec'y.

May 30-31.—Union City, Ind.—Tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club. O. E. Fouts, Sec'y.

June 3-5.—Cleveland, O.—Tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League, under the auspices of the Cleveland Gun Co.

June 4-6.—Memphis, Tenn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Memphis Gun Club.

June 9-13.—Rochester, N. Y.—Forty-fourth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game.

June 10-11.—Muncie, Ind.—Indiana Trapshooters' League's annual tournament.

July 16-18.—Titusville, Pa.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Titusville Gun Club. T. L. Andrews, Sec'y.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot, every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Feb. 5.—Interstate Park, L. I.—S. M. Van Allen's cash prize shoot at 20 birds, \$10 entrance; handicaps 28 to 33yds; high guns; \$75 added.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

Copies of the revised rules of the Interstate Association will be ready for distribution in the near future, active measures having been taken to have them published forthwith. The older rules, while containing all the essentials and much that was fanciful, were rather verbose and vague as to expression, and rather a medley as to arrangement. The rule referring to the shooter not opening his gun after a misfire under penalty of a lost bird, is abolished. It in times past brought calamity to a number of good men, and served in other respects no good purpose whatever. The only other radical change of importance as to live-bird shooting is in respect to a misfire with the second barrel; under such circumstances, the contestant has a new inning. In target shooting a piece is a "no target," whether shot at or not.

On Thursday of last week the Interstate Association's committee on the revision of rules met in the afternoon and completed its labors. The members of the committee present were Messrs. John L. Lequin, chairman; A. W. Higgins, Elmer E. Shaner and B. Waters. Mr. Edward S. Lenthion was present in an informal capacity, but contributed much to the success of the meeting. On Friday of last week, at a special meeting of the stockholders of the Interstate Association, the committee submitted its report, with a complete copy of the revised rules as prepared by it, which were accepted without any change whatever.

Mr. Frank S. Hicks, of Los Angeles, Cal., under date of Jan. 11, writes us as follows: "Burglars entered my house in this city Dec. 20 and stole a double-barrel shotgun, 12-gauge, automatic ejector, pressed fluid steel barrels, straight Italian walnut stock, made by J. Purdy & Sons, London, England, No. 16790. Was in tan leather case marked 'F. S. H.' This is an extremely valuable shotgun, made to order, and there are but very few in the United States of the same grade and value. A reward of \$100 will be paid for the recovery of the above described shotgun."

The contest for the E. C. cup, emblematic of the championship of New Jersey, which took place on the grounds of the Jackson Gun Club, Paterson, N. J., on Wednesday of last week, between Capt. A. W. Money, the challenger, and Mr. George H. Piercy, the holder, resulted in a victory for the former by a score of 44 to 36. Each is a skillful performer with the shotgun at either targets or live birds, and as a further test of skill they have arranged to shoot a match at 25 birds each for \$25 a side, at Interstate Park, on Friday of this week.

John S. Wright, manager of the Brooklyn Gun Club, has resolved to give a persimmon shoot. A \$10 yellow gold piece is the persimmon, and the longest pole gets it. This event will be at 100 targets, entrance price of targets, one high gun. Shooting for the persimmon begins at 10 o'clock, Jan. 30. Other events, sweepstakes, etc., will be arranged for the edification of the contestants.

The Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., announces an all-day target shoot for Jan. 25, competition to begin at 10 o'clock. The first event in the forenoon and the first event in the afternoon will each be for a trophy. Entrance price of targets. Sweepstakes will be the main feature of the competition in the other events. Lunch and shells may be obtained on the grounds.

The twenty-second annual meeting of the Cleveland Gun Club was held on Jan. 14. Following is the list of officers elected: F. G. Hogan, President; W. C. Talmadge, Vice-President; A. M. Allyn, Secretary; S. C. Payne, Treasurer; F. H. Wallace, Financial Secretary; C. F. Wheal, Captain.

A two-man team match, 25 live birds per man, has been arranged to take place between Messrs. James Shevlin and J. Schlieman on the one side and Messrs. Frank D. Creamer and B. Waters on the other, to take place the latter part of next week.

The Catchpole Gun Club, of which "Uncle Ben" Catchpole is president and Mr. E. A. Wadsworth is secretary, will hold a winter target tournament on the grounds at Wolcott, N. Y., on Feb. 11 and 12.

Wednesday of this week was fixed upon for the anti-pigeon shooting bill in charge of the Assembly Committee of the State of New York. No special organized effort is being made to oppose it.

An open shoot was fixed to be held at Interstate Park on Wednesday of this week, the conditions of which are 25 live birds, handicap, \$10 entrance, birds extra; A and B Classes, high guns.

The Schenectady (N. Y.) Gun Club announces a spring tournament, the dates of which are May 30, Decoration Day. Mr. E. L. Aiken is the secretary. Mr. V. L. Wallburg is the president.

Dr. J. K. Knowlton and Mr. Sim Glover, both of New York, have agreed to shoot a match at 100 birds per man, \$100 a side, at Interstate Park, L. I., on Jan. 29.

Mr. H. H. Valentine, the secretary, informs us that the West End Gun Club, of Albany, N. Y., will hold a bluerock tournament on Feb. 22.

The live-bird event to be held at Interstate Park on Feb. 5 will have a donation of \$75 in gold for first money. This is a kind of prize which will appeal to the interest of a great many shooters, as it is useful, whether on the mantel or used for a pocket piece. The conditions in full will be published in ample time for the information of contestants.

BERNARD WATERS.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Jan. 18.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day. The occasion of the first trophy shoot of second series. Dr. Meek carried off the honors of Class A, killing his string of 12 birds straight. E. W. Eaton was close on his heels with 11, which captured B medal, while C medal was taken away by A. McGowan on a score of 9.

The wind blew from the rear, and as a consequence a large proportion of the birds were outgoers, and fast ones at that. The attendance was not up to our average, only twelve shooters putting in an appearance, while we generally have twenty or more. We have been shooting so many birds lately that the boys seem to be getting a little stale. We will show up better before long. Scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
A McGowan	101022101221—9	001011—3	010102—3
B B Felix	1012100222*2—8	02*020—2	021101—4
C H Kehl	020210001000—4	202100—3	*10200—2
J McDonald	*0*1221021—7	221100—4	112101—5
A D Dorman	111121011111—11	0*0020—1	112101—5
F G Barnard	12211*11101—9	210100—3	0201*1—3
E W Eaton	111112222*12—11	100121—4
T W Eaton	222121002121—10	121*10—4
P Miller	0022011112*—7
Dr Meek	12112111212—12
W A Jones	1*201201112*—8
S F Young	11222012*11—10

No. 1 was the trophy shoot.

DR. J. W. MECK, Sec'y.

Audubon Gun Club.

Chicago, Ill., Jan. 18.—The shoot of the Audubon Gun Club, held to-day at Watson's Park, had a light attendance. The scores: Amberg, 0.....*2*222222022202 —11
Felton, 2.....220200002w
W Johnson, 3.....21100022112121*12—14
Gilfis, 1.....121011102220122 —13

Trap at Watson's Park.

Burnside Crossing, Ill., Jan. 18.—At Watson's Park, in a match at 25 birds, scores were as follows:

Pumphrey121*11220020221010122211 —19
Shellenberger, 3.....0121*2211000*122120120011100—17
Dr Miller1112122122221212021211112 —24

Ten-bird match:

Pumphrey0102110111—7 Dr Carson.....122102*112—8

Trap at Yardville.

Yardville, N. J., Jan. 17.—A match at 25 birds, \$25 a side, 28yds. rise, between Messrs. Lamb and Widmann was the event of main interest. Two traps were frozen up, so that only three were used. The birds were fair. Mr. Frank E. Butler acted as referee. The scores:

R Lamb.....2110111111*0112111*1112—21
W B Widmann.....1122111211120102111212—23

Miss-and-out, 30yds. rise:

1 W Budd.....2222 R Lamb.....220
J E Applegate.....2220 W B Widmann.....110
G A Gay.....2220

Miss-and-out, 30yds. rise:

Applegate222222222222 Gay20
Budd1121212222121 Lamb10
Widmann1212111112210

The West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association.

SISTERSVILLE, W. Va., Jan. 18.—One of the most interesting medal contests that the Sistersville Gun Club has ever held took place this afternoon, when the two Pelton trophies were up for competition. Rain and a very heavy wind made the shooting in the warm-up event at 25 targets very difficult, and in a measure accounted for the seeming low scores. In this event McNaught and Dade were high with 20, J. G. Wolfe second with 16, and L. Bedford third with 12.

Event No. 2, at the same number of targets, was for the trophies, and better shooting was done all around. Dade was high with 23, followed very closely by McNaught and Hall with 22, Wolf third with 17, and Belford fourth with 14. Dade, McNaught and Hall were shooting from scratch, while Wolfe and Belford were allowed 10 extra targets to shoot at. Of this 10, Wolfe scored 8, while Belford showed that he could break them if he had to, and scored all but one. This gave Mr. Wolfe a total of 25, and first trophy, with Belford and Dade tied for second with 23. In the shoot-off which followed, Dade won by breaking 4 out of 5, while Belford was a little unfortunate and dropped 4 out of his 7.

In event No. 3 McNaught came to the front with a very pretty score of 24 out of 25. Other scores: Hall and Dade 22 each, Belford 16, and Wolfe 12 out of 15.

Other scores follow, all races at 25 targets:
Event No. 4: Dade 24, McNaught 21, Hall 21.
Event No. 5: Dade 24, Hall 22, McNaught 20.
Event No. 6: Dade 24, McNaught 21, Hall 21.

Taking into consideration the very heavy wind that the boys had to contend with during the afternoon, the above scores are all very good. Dade was very well pleased at breaking 94 out of his last 100, inasmuch as he is just getting acquainted with a new load of Ladin & Rand Infalible.

Mr. J. G. Wolfe, the winner of first prize, is no doubt the happiest man in town to-day. While he had a liberal handicap, his shooting was really remarkable, as it was the second time that he ever shot over a trap in his life. The probabilities are now that it will not be the last. Mr. Belford, who had the same handicap did exceptionally well. He is an old-timer at the game, but has not been shooting or taking any interest in gun club matters for ten or twelve years. From present indications, Sistersville will have one of the most active gun clubs in West Virginia this year. Several beginners are coming out, while his honor, Mayor Chas. W. Grier, set a good example at our club shoot a week ago by breaking 23 out of 25. Let the good work go on. LERANZO.

Jeannette Gun Club.

Interstate Park, L. I., Jan. 17.—There was a good attendance of the club members of the Jeannette Gun Club, and a good shoot was held. In the main event one straight score was made, and that by Mr. J. H. Koeger. Several miss-and-outs were shown. The scores:

F H Ehlen, 28.....1212201202—8	J Mohrman, 28.....*1*012112—7
C Meyer, 28.....201121212—9	J Hainhorst, 28.....210110122—8
Job Lott, 30.....20*122212—8	J Vagts, 28.....01*010111—5
J H Koeger, 28.....121221211—10	H Lohden, 25.....20020*20—4
C N Bunni, 28.....201222*200—6	J Schmidt, 25.....2121020*21—8
H Pape, 28.....2022*01102—6	G Lobel, 28.....1*22221222—9
W Sanders, 28.....2222201202—8	M Rohlfis, 28.....222*22201—8
C Meyerdericks, 28.....222221011—9	C Thyssen, 25.....2*01*2*20—4

Challenge medal, 15 birds:

C Meyer, 28.....20221221011111—13 W Rohlfis, 28.....12222111*2*2*21—12

Hudson Gun Club.

Jersey City, Jan. 12.—At the Hudson Gun Club's shoot scores were made as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	15	15	15	10	25	15	15	15	25
Bock, 6.....	12	7	10	10	3	25	14	12	11	17
C V L, 8.....	12	10	10	21	11
Banta, 6.....	10	13	12	24	12
Hughes, 9.....	8	8	10	23	11
Brown, 5.....	8	8	10	14	8	23	7	12	11	18
Duke, 3.....	6	11	9	10	7	24	12	11	12	20
Caunitz, 9.....	..	10	8	8	23	11	12	11
Hennessey	10	4	4	25	5
Hansman, 12.....	..	10	6	..	22	12	10	9	15	..
Colombo	7

No. 6 was the club shoot.

J. L. H.

ON LONG ISLAND.

New York German Gun Club.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—The New York Germans, at Dexter Park, Jan. 15, had a fine day. It was the first shoot in 1902. In the main event, at 10 birds, the points and scores follow:

Hdcp.	Pts.	Score.	Hdcp.	Pts.	Score.
J. Schlicht.....28	7	10	P Garms.....28	7	7
Von Kattendegell.....	10	10	H Messlow.....28	5½	7
Dr Hudson.....28	7	9	F Markhoff.....28	6	6
E Steffens.....28	7	9	E Radel.....28	7	6
P Albert.....28	6½	9	H Martin.....25	4½	4
A Obrock.....25	6	8	H Meyer.....28	6	3
F Flaender.....28	7	8	A Sievers.....25	5	1
J Wilkins.....28	6½	8			

Sheepshead Bay Gun Club.

Sheepshead Bay, L. I., Jan. 16.—There were twenty-two entries in the Sheepshead Bay Gun Club's shoot to-day. Mr. Ed. Voorhies, with a straight score, was the winner. The scores follow:

I McKane, 29.....*212112-6	M J Rauscher, 27.....*12112-5
J Taber, 27.....0200121-4	D Bailey, 26.....121012-4
Ed Voorhies, 26.....2111212-7	H Kronika, 27.....1011221-6
J J Pillion, 28.....2200202-1	E Garrison, 30.....0220222-5
W Van Pelt, 28.....112012-6	P Suss, 27.....0001112-4
R Gemert, 28.....2000001-2	T Storms, 25.....010011-3
Dr O'Connell, 31.....212222-6	Dr Wood, 28.....11101-4
D J Heffner, 28.....1120102-5	L E Allen, 26.....121110-5
G Morris, 26.....020222-5	P Kramer, 26.....2021210-5
J Lubcke, 26.....2102021-5	H Koch, 26.....1102202-5
H Montanus, 28.....*022122-5	E Heffner, 26.....202100-3

IRA MCKANE, Sec'y.

Hell Gate Gun Club.

At a meeting held Jan. 14, under "New Business" a motion by Schortemeier to change amount of prize money from \$40 to \$100 was cut to \$60 and carried.

A motion to have one extra shoot a year, expenses to be deducted from the treasury, was finally carried by a vote of 10 to 7; 15 birds a man on March 12, at Dexter Park, for club members only. Motion to adjourn. Dinner served in club rooms.

Prizes, handicaps and points in parentheses: P. Albert (26, 24), \$20; L. H. Schorty (30, 23), \$12; P. Klenck (26, 22), toilet set; E. Steffens (28, 21½), \$10; F. Kohla (28, 18), \$8; E. Doenck (30, 14), \$5; J. H. Voss (30, 14), \$5; L. T. Muench (28, 14), A. Dietzel (30, 12), J. Wellbrock (28, 12), Geo. Breit (28, 11½), L. Stelzle (26, 11½), C. Lang (28, 10), P. Woelfel (28, 10), G. Meckel (28, 10), H. C. Deady (26, 9½), J. Schlicht (28, 9), W. Sands (30, 9), B. Amend (30, 9), R. Regan (28, 9), E. Peterson (28, 9), J. H. Block (26, 8½), J. P. Dannefelser (28, 8), J. P. Keenan (28, 7), P. Garms (28, 7), C. Webber (28, 7).

Officers: President, J. H. Voss; Vice-President, J. P. Dannefelser; Treasurer, Conrad Webber; Financial Secretary, John Schlicht; Secretary, Eugene Doenck.

Handicap Committee: Schorty, Steffens, Lang, Albert, Woelfel, Bivert.

Number of shoots, 11; number of birds, 4,000.

Treasurer's report, \$1,450.65; amount due, about \$90.

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Interstate Park, L. I., Jan. 18.—There was a good attendance, and the contestants shot steadily till train time, about 5:11 P. M. The birds were fair. A gentle 4 o'clock wind prevailed, but had not sufficient force to much affect the flight of the birds.

The ties in event 1 were shot off in No. 2, and Mr. Haff won. In No. 2 Mr. Lurgan won. Five tied in the 10-bird event for the monthly average, namely, Messrs. Lurgan, Haff, Ramapo, Edey and Cattus.

The members of this club are improving most admirably in skill. The contests are conspicuous for their good-fellowship and generous, though keen, competition. The scores follow:

No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
J. Shevlin, 25.....1201112-6	1*22010-4	2111*20112-8
W J Lurgan, 28.....2221222-7	2222212-7	222122222-10
F D Creamer, 28.....1002201-4	2121212-7	212110222-9
R W Haff, 28.....2221111-7	1211111-7	221122112-10
W L Loe, 28.....1211212-7	2121010-5	
Annie Oakley, 28.....2121012-6	1121020-5	
C A Ramapo, 28.....000102*-2	1222102-6	112212111-10
W Burr, 28.....		102222111-7
J Schlieman, 30.....		212222222-10
H Edey, 28.....		222222222-10
J V A Cattus, 28.....		222222222-10

No. 1 was the monthly shoot; No. 2 the prize shoot; No. 3 for monthly average.

No. 4, 7 birds, for prize:

*J. Shevlin, 28.....1211112-7	J P Kay, 28.....2220020-4
F D Creamer, 28.....1221112-7	W G Brown, 28.....1011112-6
R W Haff, 28.....1211111-7	*J N Ball, 28.....2222221-7
C A Ramapo, 28.....1111111-7	W L Loe, 28.....1112222-7
H Edey, 28.....2221211-7	J Schlieman, 30.....0011*10-3
J V A Cattus, 28.....2212221-7	W Burr, 28.....0200101-3
B Waters, 28.....1212222-7	W J Lurgan, 28.....1222122-7

Shoot-off, miss-and-out; Creamer won trophy:

F D Creamer.....11221111110122	B Waters.....21222*
C A Ramapo.....11221121210	W L Loe.....212222221212*220
R W Haff.....210	W J Lurgan.....12222222220
J V A Cattus.....20	

*For birds only.

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., Jan. 18.—It was a day of active shooting on the grounds of the Crescent Athletic Club. There were distinguished professionals present as guests of the club, namely, James A. R. Elliott, George R. Schneider, Harry S. Welles and Stephen M. Van Allen, professionals. David C. Bennett, of the New Utrecht Gun Club, was also a visitor.

Mr. W. W. Marshall scored a win on the January cup. In the shoot for the Sykes team cups Harry Brigham and Dr. J. J. Keyes scored a victory. Scores:

Shoot for January cup, 50 birds, expert traps; handicap allowances added:

First 25.	Second 25.	Grand
Hdcp. Brk. Total.	Hdcp. Brk. Total.	Hdcp. Brk. Total.
W W Marshall.....6	19 25	6 19 25 50
H M Brigham.....0	24 24	0 22 22 46
E B Knowlton.....4	20 24	4 18 22 46
L M Palmer, Jr.....3	22 25	3 17 20 45
Capt A W Money.....1	23 24	1 18 19 43
F A Bedford, Jr.....5	15 20	5 16 21 41
L C Hopkins.....6	11 17	6 16 22 39
Dr J J Keyes.....2	21 23	2 14 16 39
C H Chapman.....8	10 18	8 14 21 39

Shoot for Sykes team cups, 25 targets, expert, handicap:

Hdcp. Brk. Total.	Hdcp. Brk. Total.
Brigham.....0	20 20
Keyes.....2	23 25-45
Notman.....2	20 22
Vandever.....5	17 22-44
F Stephenson.....1	22 23
G Stephenson, Jr.....1	20 21-44

Shoot for trophy, 15 targets, expert traps, handicap allowances added:

Hdcp. Brk. Total.	Hdcp. Brk. Total.
Brigham.....0	15 15
S Van Allen.....0	15 15
Knowlton.....2	12 14
G Stephenson, Jr.....0	14 14
Bedford.....3	11 14
Marshall.....3	10 13

Trophy, 25 targets, expert, handicap:

Hdcp. Brk. Total.	Hdcp. Brk. Total.
F B Stephenson.....1	22 23
Brigham.....0	23 23
Keyes.....2	19 21
Bedford.....5	16 21
Knowlton.....4	17 21
Notman.....2	19 21
Money.....1	20 21
Chapman.....8	13 21
Van Allen.....0	20 20

Team match, 25 targets:

Elliott.....22	Brigham.....19
Welles.....21	G Stephenson, Jr.....19
Schneider.....21	Money.....18
Bennett.....18	F B Stephenson.....16
Van Allen.....17-99	Keyes.....14-86

Trophy, 15 targets, expert, handicap:

Hdcp. Brk. Total.	Hdcp. Brk. Total.
Bedford.....2	13 15
Knowlton.....2	12 14
Chapman.....4	10 14
Brigham.....0	14 14
F B Stephenson.....0	14 14

Trophy, 10 pairs, expert traps, handicap allowances added:

Hdcp. Brk. Total.	Hdcp. Brk. Total.
G Stephenson, Jr.....2	14 16
Money.....1	15 16
Schneider.....0	15 15
Notman.....3	10 13
Knowlton.....3	10 13

Trophy, 15 targets, expert traps, handicap allowances added:

Hdcp. Brk. Total.	Hdcp. Brk. Total.
Bedford.....3	12 15
F B Stephenson.....0	15 15
Money.....0	14 14
Knowlton.....2	11 13

Shoot-off, same conditions:

Hdcp. Brk. Total.	Hdcp. Brk. Total.
Bedford.....3	11 14

Shoot-off for last week's trophy, 25 targets:

Hdcp. Brk. Total.	Hdcp. Brk. Total.
Bedford.....6	14 20

Shoot-off, 15 targets:

Hdcp. Brk. Total.	Hdcp. Brk. Total.
Bedford.....3	10 13

Match, 25 targets, expert traps; Welles 23, Van Allen 23, Brigham 22, Schneider 21.

Match, same conditions: Bedford 20, Knowlton 18, Notman 17, Palmer 16, Vandever 15.

Oceanic Rod and Gun Club.

Rockaway Park, L. I., Jan. 19.—The weather was clear, though a high wind prevailed. Five events were shot at 20 targets, and one at 25 targets. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	25
Davison.....	5	14	15	11
Jones.....	12	10	11	10	15	..
Muench.....	14	10	12	5
Mertens.....	9	10	11	8	11	15
Duke.....	9	14	13	11	13	20
Dr Slimm.....	7	12	11	8	6	16
Charles.....	10	10	9	11
Norris.....	6	7	6
Mull.....	6	7	6
Harris.....	10	10	9	11

Trap at Interstate Park.

Interstate Park, L. I., Jan. 16.—The watch shoot was the main event. It was at 25 live birds. There were twenty-three contestants, and of these but two, Mrs. Frank Butler (Annie Oakley) and Mr. S. M. Van Allen, scored the limit. The latter retired, leaving Mrs. Butler the winner of first prize, a valuable gold watch and chain which cost at wholesale more than the money deducted from it, to wit, \$50. The shooting of most of the contestants was good. Two, Messrs. D. I. Bradley and Sim Glover, were only one behind the leaders. Mr. Glover had hard luck in losing his first bird dead out. He and Mr. Van Allen were the back mark men.

In a preliminary sweepstake at 10 birds, all at 30yds., there were thirteen contestants, of which four killed 10 straight, Mrs. Butler being one of the number.

Watch event, handicap, had the following scores:

Annie Oakley, 28.....2121112221221222211112-25	
S M Van Allen, 31.....1111211212211112111111-25	
D I Bradley, 29.....2222222222222222222222-24	
S Glover, 31.....2222222222222222222222-24	
G E Greiff, 30.....2222222222222222222222-23	
E Banks, 30.....2222222222222222222222-23	
A Betti, 27.....102111222122022122212221-23	
J P Bruyere, 27.....2212*22202002121222212220-20	
F D Creamer, 28.....*210212202212222202121212-21	
H Edey, 26.....222222120220222122222222-23	
D S D, 27.....2212212202222101112122220-22	
G H Piercy, 28.....1221112210202222022*11222-21	
Dr T Carman, 29.....020122221212121210202122-21	
D Mohrmann, 26.....102122222202222202221202-21	
J Miller, 28.....201201020202101011*2122-17	
H H Stevens, 29.....22122222222222200211212301-22	
H C Koegel, 29.....222121220222222222222222-23	
H S Welles, 30.....222222222222222022*22222-20	
H C Catt, 26.....1111212212221012220100-21	
W McSmith, 26.....22222222221222022*0012123-21	
M T Cattus, 26.....222200021222220022200222-18	
C A Ramapo, 27.....1121120210*10200111200021-16	
Capt Money, 30.....0211222220112122211w	

No. 1, 10 birds; all at 30yds.:

Annie Oakley.....222212122-10	Call.....1210222211-9
Banks.....222222122-10	Stevens.....2222012222-9
Capt Money.....121212222-10	D S D.....120212222-8
Swiveller.....1211222212-10	Van Allen.....2211212200-8
Piercy.....222222222-9	Halsey.....112220201-8
Bradley.....2102221222-9	Ramapo.....2212100220-7
Koegel.....2222220222-9	

The closing event was a miss-and-out, \$2, all at 30yds., and few contests of the kind were more closely contested. Martin finally outshot the twelve contestants opposed to him, and calmly annexed the \$26 roll for his skill. The scores follow:

Capt Money.....212222120	Edey.....11110
Parker.....222220	Creamer.....0
Martin.....22222212222	Bruyere.....2222122220
Stephenson.....2222210	Bradley.....222212220
Lurgan.....2220	Mohrman.....2122221120
Waters.....1212122220	D S D.....22*
Cattus.....20	

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., Jan. 18.—The scores herewith appended were made at the regular weekly shoot of the Ossining Gun Club, Saturday, Jan. 18. The attendance was very good:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	10	10	15	15	10	10	10	10
G Stengel.....	6	6	6	6	6	..	6
A Rowland.....	7	6	5	7	4	..	7	7	5	..
I Washburn.....	7	6	7	9	13	13	12
G Edgers.....	4	4	3
Dr E Sheehan.....	6
C Blandford.....	6	6	8	7	12
H Bissing.....	4	5	5	6	6	5	5	..
D O'Connor.....	4	3	3	5	8	..	7
Schultz.....	6	5	5	8	5
Peters.....	8	7	5	5	6
R Kromer, Jr.....	7	6	6	4	8	8	3
W Hall.....	9	10	8	7	3
W Coleman.....	5	9	8	6
J Gee.....
A Bedell.....	9	9	9	9	5
A Rohr.....	8	6

Prize events, 15 scratch, allowance handicaps:

I Washburn, 17.....15 11 15 14	A Rohr, 21.....13
C Blandford, 16.....13	A Rowland, 18.....4
R Kromer, Jr, 20.....11 10	G Stengel, 18.....6
D O'Connor, 20.....10	

Mr. I. Washburn has offered a silver cup, to be shot for in three handicap live-bird events Feb. 1 and 15 and March 1. Entrance price of birds. Open to club members only.

A silver cup has been donated by the president of the club, Mr. F. Brandreth. The winner of this cup will hold the title of Champion Clay-Bird Smasher of the Club. A large entry is expected, as the conditions are very liberal—100 clay birds, entrance price of birds, at 1 cent each. Saturday, Feb. 8, has been named as the day to decide the holder of this title.

C. G. B.

Mississippi Valley Notes.

An interesting amateur shoot was given on Jan. 16th at Jerseyville, under the management of Mr. Brance Dorsett. Mr. Dorsett is one of the pioneers of the shooting game in the Mississippi Valley. He has hunted over every field and stream in this region during the past thirty years, and now has undertaken the task of reorganizing the once famous Jerseyville Gun Club. In the days of Collenberger, Stice and Scott, this thrifty county seat was one of the liveliest trapshooting towns in

The Hamilton Gun Club.

HAMILTON, Canada, Jan. 14.—I append to-day's scores from the Hamilton Gun Club traps, and beg that you will kindly put them in order, as illness at home is preventing my giving the detail I would wish to forward:

No. 1, 10 birds, \$10:					
Sen Sen	1202021121—	8	Montgomery	2101210211—	8
W H W	1122001012—	7	Murdock	1211221022—	9
Galbraith	0102112211—	8	Mitchell	2022221222—	9
S P Kay	2221202022—	8	J Stroud	2222222222—	10
E D Fulford	2010122222—	8	F Westbrook	2222222200—	8
J Parker	2122222220—	9	J Simmonds	2200221220—	7
Toll	2111102112—	9	C Scane	2121212211—	10
Fairbairn	0222210111—	8	H D Bates	2222222222—	10
Tosh	0212101011—	7	H Marlatt	2022010020—	5
Trego	121201202—	8	Waterford	2021122222—	9
Volk	1212100211—	8	B McQueen	2221100212—	8
Dr Wilson	211112212—	10	Norris	112121222—	10
T Upton	2002222222—	8	J Des Laurier	2202021010—	6
Kirkover	2222022202—	8	P Frandean	2022021011—	7
Fanning	2012112012—	8	McCarney	2222022222—	8
Shelley	2120200011—	6	T Crooks	1120222212—	9
Hull	0202021210—	6	Conover	2020212022—	7
Griffith	0202222220—	7	Dr Hunt	0211011122—	8
Fletcher	2222222212—	9	W Lewis	1002211002—	6
Mason	1211102221—	9	W Phillips	1221000102—	6
J L Head	2022221222—	9	Summerhays	2220201112—	8
P C Wood	0222222220—	8	Clifford	0211222021—	8
H Westbrook	2101112112—	9			

No. 2, 20 live birds, \$15, entrance, \$100 guaranteed:			
J Stroud,	30.	222202	S P McKay, 28..... 222222
Trego,	29.	101121	J L Head, 29..... 201211
Fairbairn,	27.	212122	J Parker..... 222222
Sen Sen,	28.	212122	Toll..... 222222
W H W,	27.	012212	Tosh..... 111122
Griffith,	30.	222202	McCarney, 28..... 002222
Hull,	29.	002212	Wilson, 29..... 222010
Fanning,	32.	222222	Upton, 28..... 222222
Wood,	30.	222212	Fletcher..... 221021
Kirkover,	31.	222222	H Westbrook..... 122021

No. 12, 10 live birds, \$7 entrance, \$100 guaranteed:				
T Upton, 28,	0020222222—7	G Reid, 28,	020110	
M Fletcher, 29,	1211220111—9	F R Dealley, 29,	101220	
Dr Wilson, 29,	2020222222—8	Sen Sen, 28,	011220	
Tosh, 28,	2201110121—8	J Stroud, 30,	2222222222—10	
Trego, 29,	1111101111—8	Fairbairn, 28,	0112001210—6	
Volk,	0100220112—6	R J Draisey, 27,	1212010022—7	
A Murdock,	1021101211—8	B McQueen, 27,	1020121112—8	
H D Bates,	2222220220—8	C J Mitchell, 29,	211222	
Norris,	2222220221—9	C Scane, 29,	222111	
Toll,	2202022222—8		26,	2112202221—9
Wood, 30,	0000222222—6	Fanning, 32,	2222202210—8	
J L Head, 29,	1222202202—8	F Westbrook, 29,	212222	
Robbins, 28,	222022	49, 28,	1022021020—6	
Kay, 28,	2202221102—8	Mud, 26,	1201222112—9	
Griffith, 30,	2222222222—10	Clifford, 27,	122112	
Kirkover, 30,	2222022222—10	H C Marlatt,	120200	
H Westbrook, 29,	121121	Fulford,	222222	
Hull, 30,	2122102222—9	T Crooks,	122222	
Simmonds, 29,	2112122222—10	J Parker,	200212	
Mason, 28,	2202021111—8	Thomas,	110221	

Events:		
Targets:	3 4 5 6 7 8 12 13	
Le Blond, 17.	10 20 15 20 15 10	2 5
E Scane	17 9 13 15 11 7	7
John	17 9 13 15 11 7	3
Montgomery, 18.	7 11 11 11 11 11	7
Conover, 18.	7 18 10 14 13 10	9
Fletcher	10 14 10 16 16 14	8
Kirkover, 20.	11 12 12 12 12 9	9
Toll, 17.	7 15 11 17 11 8	8
Mitchell, 19.	9 17 11 17 16 13	7
J L Head, 19.	6 12 8 17 16 11	5
Trego, 17.	8 16 13 17 11 6	6
Mason, 18.	8 15 12 13 16 9	9
Griffith, 20.	9 14 13 18 17 13	13
Shelley, 17.	6 16 15 16 17 13	13
Fanning, 20.	7 15 14 14 14 11	14
S P Kay, 17.	8 17 12 17 17 14	14
D W Galbraith, 17.	9 12 14 17 17 14	14
Fairbairn, 16.	4 10 5	5
Sen Sen, 17.	6 13 15 13 18 13	13
W McDuff, 17.	8 16 14 15 11 11	11
F Westbrook, 19.	4 13 6	6
J Brown, 16.	5 16	16
H T Westbrook, 17.	9 16 10 18 19 14	14
H D Bates, 19.	9 16 15 13 18 11	11
Simmonds, 17.	8 13 12 15 13 11	11
Dr Wilson, 18.	9 18 13 17 18 13	13
Norris, 19.	6 17 9	9
McCarney, 17.	6	6
Des Fauriers, 17.	6	6
Tudeau, 17.	6	6
Langhorn, 16.	6	6
T Crooks, 17.	6	6
E D Fulford, 20.	7 15 10 19 18 13	13
Summerhays, 18.	7 11 12	12
Hull, 19.	8 15 11 15 16 11	11
T Upton, 17.	11 11	11
49.17.	16 12 10	10
Clifford, 17.	14 16 13	13
Phillips, 17.	11	11
Lewis, 17.	10	10
Draisey, 17.	8	8
Hubert, 17.	5 15 19	19
Wayper, 19.	14 15 15 13	13
Bowman, 17.	12 17 18 13	13
Ellis, 17.	15 12 9	9
J Bowron, 17.	13	13
Watson, 16.	12 11 9	9
J Cline, 17.	13	13
Furness, 16.	10	10
Robbins, 17.	8	8

Second Day, Jan. 15.

Events:		
Targets:	9 10 11 13 14 15	Shot
Trego, 17.	20 20 15 10 20 15	at.
H Westbrook, 17.	18 15 14 10 13 13	80
Mitchell, 19.	19 13 6 9 15 13	100
Mason, 19.	18 20 13 7 16	85
Sen Sen, 18.	14 14 13	75
Fulford, 20.	13 16 9 9 17 10	100
Hull, 19.	14 14 12	55
Griffith, 20.	14 17 8 19 14	100
Fanning, 20.	20 15 14 9 19 13	100
Kirkover, 20.	19 20 12 10 15 13	100
Pekagon, 17.	17 8 11	45
Norris, 19.	16 20 11 4 17	85
Furness, 16.	13 15 13	45
G Reid, 17.	17 15 12 9 16 13	100
S P Kay, 17.	18 15 12 9 16 13	100
Fairbairn, 16.	15 12 14 7 14 11	100
Le Blond, 17.	15 3	35
F Westbrook, 19.	19 16 14 10 20 13	100
Conover, 18.	15 14 13 10 14 13	100
W McDuff, 17.	18 17 10	65
Hubert, 16.	15 18 8 17	70
McCarney, 17.	16	20
Wayper, 19.	19 11	35
Scane, 17.	19 15 12 9 15	85
J Bowron, 17.	14 12	40
Montgomery, 18.	17	20
H D Bates, 19.	17 19 12 9 15 13	100
Dr Wilson, 18.	13 13 14	55
Simmonds, 17.	17 13 10 19	65
Watson, 16.	13 7	30
Ellis, 17.	16 14 5 12	70
Lewis, 17.	5	20
Wayper, 19.	14 10 17	50
T A Duff, 17.	10 5 14 8	50
Marlatt, 16.	11	15
McQueen, 17.	8	15
Draisey, 17.	7 6	25
Bowman, 17.	11 9 12	45
T Crooks, 17.	15 7	25
J L Head, 19.	9 16 13	45
Clifford, 17.	7 13	30
Summerhays, 18.	9 18	30

Events:	9 10 11 13 14 15	Shot
Targets:	20 20 15 10 20 15	at.
Trego, 17.	18 15 14 10 13 13	80
H Westbrook, 17.	19 13 6 9 15 13	100
Mitchell, 19.	18 20 13 7 16	85
Mason, 19.	14 14 13	75
Sen Sen, 18.	13 16 9 9 17 10	100
Fulford, 20.	14 14 12	55
Hull, 19.	14 17 8 19 14	100
Griffith, 20.	20 15 14 9 19 13	100
Fanning, 20.	19 20 12 10 15 13	100
Kirkover, 20.	17 8 11	45
Pekagon, 17.	16 20 11 4 17	85
Norris, 19.	13 15 13	45
Furness, 16.	17 15 12 9 16 13	100
G Reid, 17.	18 15 12 9 16 13	100
S P Kay, 17.	15 12 14 7 14 11	100
Fairbairn, 16.	15 3	35
Le Blond, 17.	19 16 14 10 20 13	100
F Westbrook, 19.	15 14 13 10 14 13	100
Conover, 18.	18 17 10	65
W McDuff, 17.	15 18 8 17	70
Hubert, 16.	16	20
McCarney, 17.	19 11	35
Wayper, 19.	19 15 12 9 15	85
Scane, 17.	14 12	40
J Bowron, 17.	17	20
Montgomery, 18.	17 19 12 9 15 13	100
H D Bates, 19.	13 13 14	55
Dr Wilson, 18.	17 13 10 19	65
Simmonds, 17.	13 7	30
Watson, 16.	16 14 5 12	70
Ellis, 17.	5	20
Lewis, 17.	14 10 17	50
Wayper, 19.	10 5 14 8	50
T A Duff, 17.	11	15
Marlatt, 16.	8	15
McQueen, 17.	7 6	25
Draisey, 17.	11 9 12	45
Bowman, 17.	15 7	25
T Crooks, 17.	9 16 13	45
J L Head, 19.	7 13	30
Clifford, 17.	9 18	30
Summerhays, 18.		

Events:	9 10 11 13 14 15	Shot
Targets:	20 20 15 10 20 15	at.
Trego, 17.	18 15 14 10 13 13	80
H Westbrook, 17.	19 13 6 9 15 13	100
Mitchell, 19.	18 20 13 7 16	85
Mason, 19.	14 14 13	75
Sen Sen, 18.	13 16 9 9 17 10	100
Fulford, 20.	14 14 12	55
Hull, 19.	14 17 8 19 14	100
Griffith, 20.	20 15 14 9 19 13	100
Fanning, 20.	19 20 12 10 15 13	100
Kirkover, 20.	17 8 11	45
Pekagon, 17.	16 20 11 4 17	85
Norris, 19.	13 15 13	45
Furness, 16.	17 15 12 9 16 13	100
G Reid, 17.	18 15 12 9 16 13	100
S P Kay, 17.	15 12 14 7 14 11	100
Fairbairn, 16.	15 3	35
Le Blond, 17.	19 16 14 10 20 13	100
F Westbrook, 19.	15 14 13 10 14 13	100
Conover, 18.	18 17 10	65
W McDuff, 17.	15 18 8 17	70
Hubert, 16.	16	20
McCarney, 17.	19 11	35
Wayper, 19.	19 15 12 9 15	85
Scane, 17.	14 12	40
J Bowron, 17.	17	20
Montgomery, 18.	17 19 12 9 15 13	100
H D Bates, 19.	13 13 14	55
Dr Wilson, 18.	17 13 10 19	65
Simmonds, 17.	13 7	30
Watson, 16.	16 14 5 12	70
Ellis, 17.	5	20
Lewis, 17.	14 10 17	50
Wayper, 19.	10 5 14 8	50
T A Duff, 17.	11	15
Marlatt, 16.	8	15
McQueen, 17.	7 6	25
Draisey, 17.	11 9 12	45
Bowman, 17.	15 7	25
T Crooks, 17.	9 16 13	45
J L Head, 19.	7 13	30
Clifford, 17.	9 18	30
Summerhays, 18.		

Events:	9 10 11 13 14 15	Shot
Targets:	20 20 15 10 20 15	at.
Trego, 17.	18 15 14 10 13 13	80
H Westbrook, 17.	19 13 6 9 15 13	100
Mitchell, 19.	18 20 13 7 16	85
Mason, 19.	14 14 13	75
Sen Sen, 18.	13 16 9 9 17 10	100
Fulford, 20.	14 14 12	55
Hull, 19.	14 17 8 19 14	100
Griffith, 20.	20 15 14 9 19 13	100
Fanning, 20.	19 20 12 10 15 13	100
Kirkover, 20.	17 8 11	45
Pekagon, 17.	16 20 11 4 17	85
Norris, 19.	13 15 13	45
Furness, 16.	17 15 12 9 16 13	100
G Reid, 17.	18 15 12 9 16 13	100
S P Kay, 17.	15 12 14 7 14 11	100
Fairbairn, 16.	15 3	35
Le Blond, 17.	19 16 14 10 20 13	100
F Westbrook, 19.	15 14 13 10 14 13	100
Conover, 18.	18 17 10	65
W McDuff, 17.	15 18 8 17	70
Hubert, 16.	16	20
McCarney, 17.	19 11	35
Wayper, 19.	19 15 12 9 15	85
Scane, 17.	14 12	40
J Bowron, 17.	17	20
Montgomery, 18.	17 19 12 9 15 13	100
H D Bates, 19.	13 13 14	55
Dr Wilson, 18.	17 13 10 19	65
Simmonds, 17.	13 7	30
Watson, 16.	16 14 5 12	70
Ellis, 17.	5	20
Lewis, 17.	14 10 17	50
Wayper, 19.	10 5 14 8	50
T A Duff, 17.	11	15
Marlatt, 16.	8	15
McQueen, 17.	7 6	25
Draisey, 17.	11 9 12	45
Bowman, 17.	15 7	25
T Crooks, 17.	9 16 13	45
J L Head, 19.	7 13	30
Clifford, 17.	9 18	30
Summerhays, 18.		

Events:	9 10 11 13 14 15	Shot
Targets:	20 20 15 10 20 15	at.
Trego, 17.	18 15 14 10 13 13	80
H Westbrook, 17.	19 13 6 9 15 13	100
Mitchell, 19.	18 20 13 7 16	

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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No. 846 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

AN ASTONISHING SITUATION.

THE demurrer of the defendants in the case of the People vs. Bookman, which is the New York game seizure case, has been overruled on all points save as to those counts which are concerned with the possession of plover and other birds named in Section 30 of the game law. Possession of these species Justice O'Gorman holds does not constitute an offense under the act. The possession of the other game discovered in the Arctic Freezer Company's vaults, woodcock, grouse, quail, venison, etc., the court finds is *prima facie* evidence that the possessor has violated the law; and the burden is then cast upon him of proving facts to show that the possession is legal. The effect of this ruling is to decrease by the sum of \$825,000 the amount of penalty which may be recovered. The section of the law relating to plover and the other birds concerned reads:

Sec. 30. Plover and other Birds [as amended 1901].—The close season for Wilson's (called English) snipe, yellow legs, plover, rail, mud-hen, gallinule, surf-bird, curlew, water-chicken, jack snipe, bay snipe or shore bird, shall be from May 1 to Aug. 31, both inclusive.

There is here no provision whatever respecting possession in the close season. The term "close season," as elsewhere defined in the law, relates only to the taking of game, not to its possession. With respect to other species there are specific prohibitions against possession in close season; but the law says nothing whatever specifically as to the possession of plover, snipe, etc.

For this reason the State sought to recover from the Arctic Freezer Company for the possession of birds of this species by invoking Section 33, which provides:

Sec. 33. Certain Wild Birds Protected [as amended 1901].—Wild birds other than the English sparrow, crow, hawk, crane, raven, crow-blackbird, common blackbird, kingfisher, and birds for which there is no open season, shall not be taken or possessed at any time, dead or alive, except under the authority of a certificate issued under this act. No part of the plumage, skin or body of any bird protected by this section shall be sold or had in possession for sale.

That part of the complaint which was based upon this section was dismissed by Justice O'Gorman, who wrote of it: "In order to create an offense under Section 33 it must appear not only that the birds are wild birds, but also that they are birds for which there is no open season. Therefore, if they are birds having an open season, or if there be no express provision that there shall be no open season, the taking or possession of them constitutes no offense." With all deference to the opinion of the Court, we are constrained to express our conviction that the interpretation which Justice O'Gorman has put upon Section 33 is one which it will not bear. Let us examine it.

Prior to the revision of 1901 the section read:

Wild birds other than the English sparrow, crow, hawk, crane, raven, crow-blackbird, common blackbird, kingfisher, and birds for which there is an open season, shall not be taken or possessed at any time, dead or alive, except under the authority of a certificate issued under this act. No part of the plumage, skin or body of any bird protected by this section shall be sold or had in possession for sale.

As it then read the English sparrow and other named birds and "birds for which there is an open season," namely, game birds, were exempted from the application of the section.

But as amended in 1901, the term "an open season" was altered to read "no open season," so that the section reads (parentheses ours):

Sec. 33 [as amended 1901].—Wild birds (other than the English sparrow, crow, hawk, crane, raven, crow-blackbird, common blackbird, kingfisher, and birds for which there is no open season), shall not be taken or possessed at any time, dead or alive, except under the authority of a certificate issued under this act. No part of the plumage, skin or body of any bird protected by this section shall be sold or had in possession for sale.

In other words, the provision is to the effect that wild birds may not be taken except under the authority of a certificate, nor sold nor possessed for sale; but the birds excepted from the prohibition are the English sparrow, crow, hawk, etc., and "birds for which there is no open season."

The "birds for which there is no open season" are the song and insectivorous birds. They are not subject to the prohibition of the section. There is no law whatever in New York State to protect song birds.

The birds for which there is an open season are the game birds; and they are therefore included in the category of "wild birds" which "shall not be taken or pos-

sessed at any time, dead or alive, except under the authority of a certificate issued under this act," nor "sold or had in possession for sale."

In other words, under this section of the New York law as it stands to-day, game birds may not be killed unless the shooter has a naturalist's permit.

Now as to the particular species of birds concerned in the Arctic Freezer Company's case, namely, plover and snipe, we cannot understand how Justice O'Gorman's interpretation of the section can be maintained. His ruling that "in order to create an offense under Section 33 it must appear not only that the birds are wild birds, but also that they are birds for which there is no open season," is precisely the reverse of what the statute itself declares. The "birds for which there is no open season" are the very ones exempted from the operation of the act. The law says "wild birds other than * * * birds for which there is no open season, shall not be taken," etc. This is equivalent to saying that "birds for which there is an open season shall not be taken." There is an open season for plover and snipe; these birds therefore do come under the prohibition in Section 33, and a cold storage concern which has them in possession for sale is liable to the penalty.

As it now stands, the New York law permits without restriction the killing of all birds which are not game birds, and permits the killing of game birds only under authority of a naturalist's license.

This is an astonishing situation. The same conditions held in March of 1900 when Senator Brown had completed his herculean and stupid revision of the game code. The FOREST AND STREAM called attention to the situation, and it was remedied. The first action of the game committees of the present Legislature should be to correct the blunder by a simple change of the word "no" to "an."

COL. THURSTON'S OPPORTUNITY.

COL. N. B. THURSTON, who is widely known for his energetic work at the head of the Department of Rifle Marksmanship in the New York State Guard, and who is now the official head of rifle practice in this country as the President of the National Rifle Association, has recently taken upon himself the duties of Deputy Commissioner of the Police Force of Greater New York. It is a post which brings him before the public in many ways, but there is one phase of his many-sided work which should be particularly agreeable to this popular National Guardsman. He has now a conspicuous opportunity to put to use his knowledge as an instructor in the handling of firearms.

The police force of the metropolis reaches a total of about 7,000 men. It is an armed civic guard, for each member is required to carry, while on duty, a revolver, and on certain occasions he is empowered and required to make use of it. Ask any citizen for his opinion of a policeman as a marksman, and the reply would be a smile of derision. Almost every day, tucked away in the comic column of any metropolitan journal, may be found a report of a performance of the day before where some stray dog, having been declared "mad," was, of course, a subject for immediate execution. The general practice is for every policeman within hail to empty his revolver at the four-legged target, and as many misses as shots having been scored, the dog is disposed of with a club. Too often the account tells of some citizen being hit with one of the wild bullets. Not a few human beings have lost their lives in this way. Shot down in the public streets, through the incompetence of paid guardians, with blame really resting upon the superior officers.

This is the situation which faces Col. Thurston. It is not a matter of choice with him. The by-laws of the department provide for a system of firing drill. The force is fortunate in having on its rolls one of the best revolver shots in this country. Entirely apart from his police duties, Sergeant Petty has won a place in the front rank as an amateur marksman. Some years ago he was given a partial opportunity to find out how needful was some system of drill in police marksmanship. Out of a possible 75 at ten yards, he found the men could average 15, and this with ample time to aim at a fixed target. He got the average up to 30 at fifteen yards, and then came a chief who squelched the whole system with a single "Wot t'ell."

At present there is absolutely nothing doing in the way of practice. The men are getting so careless that any sort of an old blunderbuss or pigmy makeshift is substituted for the weapon officially designated. The current plan of hours of police duty makes it very easy to put in vogue a simple system of aiming drill, but so far Col. Thurston has issued no orders to that end. In this matter there seems no choice between the new reform regime and the old slovenly police control.

NOVA SCOTIA'S FOOLISH LICENSE.

A WELL-KNOWN writer who has done more than any other one man perhaps to popularize Nova Scotia's waters as resorts for anglers, said in conversation the other day, "That action of the Nova Scotia authorities in the Townsend case has made many of my friends who have been going to Nova Scotia with their families for the summer resolve to go somewhere else this year. They consider Mr. Townsend's treatment an outrage; and they will not subject themselves to the possibility of like treatment, nor will they pay the license. They will take their families somewhere else."

We quote this—which was not spoken with a view to publication—not for argumentative purposes, but as a significant indication of the feeling aroused by the course which the fishery officials pursued in the Townsend case. The prevailing opinion among American anglers is that, considered from a financial standpoint, and as a business proposition, the Nova Scotia angling license exaction is likely to entail a loss far beyond any income for licenses. Fishing is not everything with the visitor who takes his family into the Province for the summer; but it is so much of a factor as to determine one's choice of location, and the imposition of a tax, where fishing has heretofore always been free, will keep people away. This reluctance to pay the inconsiderable fee may appear very foolish, and actually may be very foolish, but it finds its seat in that trait of human nature which resents imposition, real or fancied; and the point for the Nova Scotia authorities to consider is not the justice or the injustice of the license scheme as a matter of statute law, but the actual working of it in practice as affecting the revenues Nova Scotians derive from visiting Americans. If the purpose of the license tax was to raise money—and presumably this was the purpose—it is one which will not be accomplished.

SNAP SHOTS.

We publish elsewhere from Commissioner Carleton of Maine a disclaimer of responsibility for the \$15,000,000 of Maine's revenue from her visitors. It appears, however, that Commissioner Carleton did put forward this estimate in the meeting; and if he had not intended the figures to be accepted as reasonable ones, the time for him to have said so was there and then. Moreover, \$15,000,000 or \$4,000,000, the spirit which whines over the price of a camping party's potatoes lost to Maine farmers is so niggardly that we refuse to accept it as representative of the Maine spirit.

We gave in our issue of Jan. 4 the text of the two bills prepared by the Protective League of Salt Water Fishermen relative to pound nets and purse nets in waters adjacent to New York. These measures embody the fruit of a long study of the problem of conserving the salt-water fishes, and should have the support of the Legislature. The first bill has not yet been introduced at Albany; the second was introduced by Senator Plunkitt, and is Senate Int. 73.

The Long Island newspapers have been having some fun over a new game which goes by the name of "Overton chasing the eagle." It appears that whenever Protector Overton has a leisure day he spends it in chasing up the latest eagle slayer. Eagles have been numerous in Long Island this winter, and there appears to be an irresistible attraction about an eagle for the Long Islander with a gun. Five or six eagles have been shot, and the five or six shooters have paid their fines; and now Protector Overton has publicly announced that owing to the diminished supply the price of Long Island eagles has been advanced.

The Sportsman Tourist.

In the North Country.

Part I.—On the Sevogle.

THE season of planning had passed, and winter and its snows had vanished, and summer had drawn to its close, when one bright afternoon we left the city behind, bound for the North Country.

In due course, after some thirty-six hours of travel, we arrived about 6 of a cloudy morning at New Castle, N. B., and immediately looked up my good friend, Mr. John Robinson, Jr., who in one word to the hunter and fisherman is the "man who knows." He had been on the watch for a good place for me for a year, and in an hour or so we had started off with our duffle by wagon for the first camp, which we hoped to make that night. We did it, too, for about 7 o'clock, with the stars showing brightly overhead, we stumbled and rolled down a steep hillside into an old lumber camp, and almost into the arms of our good cook Jim. We had but a few moments to take in a long breath and look about on the tall pines, with the wind rustling in their tops, and hear the murmur of the Sevogle River, when Jim announced supper, and we were deep in the intricacies of partridge broth with potatoes, bread and tea. And it is to be supposed that our city appetites did as well as they knew how under the circumstances. That night we slept on the boughs as soft as ever we did at home.

The next day Karl said, "I guess we better go to Peabody," and off we went, a load on Karl's shoulders that I could hardly lift, and if he did not offer when we got to the river to take me on top of the load. While we are climbing the hill and going around the windfalls I want to introduce Karl. He is about thirty, with blue eyes and clean, sharp cut features, and a voice that sounds honest either with or without birch horn. His last name is Bersing, and he calls himself a "Russian sailor," and the way he can go around through the woods does a man's heart good. He is a friend of John Robinson's, aforementioned, and now he is a friend of mine, and many the time traveling along the wood roads have I silently thanked him for those little courtesies of hand and heart that money can never buy, and money never pay for. Meanwhile, we are traveling pretty fast under the yellowing birch leaves and over the softest of brown and green carpets.

"How far are we going?" I asked.

"Oh, a couple of miles," he replied, and I soon learned this to be the standard measure of distance in the woods. At the end of it, by a tiny rivulet, we raised our lean-to tent and cut a few boughs and a little firewood, and the house was completed and furnished. My sleeping bag was unrolled on the boughs, and my rifle shouldered, and again we were off.

The next distance was a "mile—maybe more," and I decided on dividing the trail up into quarters and eighths, after the manner of the tenderfoot, that the "maybe more" was the biggest part of it. But there was the lake, some bright places through the trees, then opening out broadly, the big green woods hemming it in closely, crowding the gray waters and stony shores; and there in the mud and sand were the big heart-shaped tracks of moose, the broad, wide spread toes of caribou, and the sharp, little prints of deer. Thank God! we were among His wild creatures. Then came the thought that it was to do them no good, and the rifle in my hands seemed almost a sacrilege on the shores of that quiet lake.

We got in Karl's skiff and paddled out to where we could see all around the shores. Nothing. Well, we could hardly expect the beasts to receive us at an "at home" so early in the day, and so we went a-fishing. The trout were "at home" anyhow, and a good supper was soon provided. What was that? Hark! It sounded like the cracking of a dry stick. Again we heard it coming from the nearest shore, and without a word we paddled over to some big logs and lay behind them.

An hour went by. Nothing.

Another hour, and no sound except a family of loons making merry at the lower end of the lake.

A third hour was consumed in day dreaming, and then it being almost sunset Karl raised the yellow horn to his lips and gave a grunt. No answer except from the loon, which creature we cursed by all the saints in the calendar, only to provoke fresh mirth on his part. Again Karl raised the horn, and a long, dismal wail beginning with a clear note, floated over woods and waters. Then it began to rain. Clouds had crept unnoticed over the blue sky, and a gentle drizzle was dotting the water. I began to doze, when suddenly Karl sat up and whispered, "There he is!" and sure enough, over on that high grassy bank, black against the gray light, loomed a tall beast with a light-colored face. At least 500 yards away—too far to think of shooting. Slowly the head turned, and the huge ears stood out. A cow! What a let-down! She showed entire indifference to both our disappointment and noise. The long wail rang out over the pond again and again, but no answering grunt came back, nor did the cow leave her evening meal. Meanwhile the shower was over and the sky had cleared. The pine tops had long been sharply defined; now they were black against a sky that changed from blue to indigo and pearl. The stars came slowly out in their wonderful profusion, the Northern Cross, the Crown, over in the west, the Eagle in the south, and low down on the northern horizon the Pointers we all know so well. And night came with that mystery one feels belongs to it of right, and a suggestion of the east, where night seems to have had birth. One could easily imagine the shifting shadows in the trees to be accompanied by the rustle of her draperies and the earth to stand up with uncovered head and bated breath. In the last of the twilight we stumbled down the wood road over my fractions of a mile till they became multiples of a mile, through the thickening dark to our cozy little home under the trees, as happy as lords, for was not the pond all tramped up by "their majesties," and had not the good Creator shown us a little way down those hidden pathways of the world where life is to-day

much as it was thousands of years ago. And so we sat before our fire and fried our trout and toasted our bread and our bacon on a forked stick; and as the fire and food warmed our bodies, it also touched our tongues and we made friends, Karl and I. Then in his pleasant voice he told me stories of the woods and the animals until the very pine trees seemed to bend over to listen, and I knew it was time to go to bed. We took that look around upon the night that one always takes in camp, when the last log is put upon the fire, and found the stars blazing brightly in the stillness like candles in the evergreens, the trees just breathing, as they do quiet nights, to show our dear old mother nature is sleeping like a child, and when I lay down upon her breast in my blankets that first night in the open, I swear I could hear her heart throb.

The lines of the great poet came to me, and I must repeat them to Karl, who I was to find had a healthy disregard for them.

Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat—
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live in the sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets—
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

The next thing I knew it was dark and quiet; the fire mostly gone out, save for a few red embers and the smoking end of a green log. I wondered at the sense of security the hearth and the light tent gave, and how comfortable and warm it was on the boughs. Then a brief blank again, and Karl was telling me it was time to get up to start for the lake. It was not as early as it should have been, and yet quite dark enough for my accustomed feet to stumble over a log under the pines.

That stumble cost me a shot, for we heard some large animal trot strongly off up the brook, but never knew what it was. Down at the lower end of the lake a cow and a yearling calf were feeding in the water about where we had seen the cow the previous evening. She was very large, and remained playing in the water for a half hour after we had begun to call. Morning came with wonderful glory and beauty to that small lake among the pines, and the birds were singing as if it was springtime. As the sun rose, the wind rose with it, and blew hard all day. We tramped back to the Valley Camp and found the Doctor had gone some eleven miles up country. The next day we followed, making some ten miles to another pond, where we camped for the night in a heavy shower, and had no chance to hunt, but most excellent sleeping, and the third day went on our remaining five miles to Clearwater. The forest was high and rolling, beautiful in color and full of partridges, so that in the fifteen miles my little .22 caliber stood for eight birds. On arriving at the camp we found that the Doctor had seen two bull moose on the lake and shot at the larger, with no result, and there was much discussion over his misfortune. Here we had a very comfortable little log camp that held our affections for a week. It had been newly built in the spring, and was nice and clean, barring a little mildew. Not a quarter of a mile away, on the brook, was a cleverly arranged beaver dam in the sluiceway of an old, neglected logging dam. It was 5 feet high and as thick through at the bottom, was some 8 feet across and as perfect a semi-circle as if drawn by compasses. The little workers had piled stones and sod upon the exposed places, and were adding to it while we were there. Meanwhile we, each of us, were getting some shooting, and this was the way of it. You know that one gets superstitious in the woods.

The Doctor was an inveterate card player and a believer that the neighborhood of game is denoted by high cards and close rubbers. There is another friend of mine who thinks no trip can be successful unless he takes an old mirror with him that has survived so many rough experiences that its usefulness is long since past, and it is only utilized as a decoration of the lodge pole for a totem. To return, the first caribou the Doctor saw appeared at the critical stage of the seventh game of euchre, when the score was three games and four points all. He, however, did not consider the shot good enough to warrant the noise of the .30-30 in a good moose country. My private opinion is that the noise is not the worst thing that can happen when one is hunting, although better avoided. But to return.

The next day the Doctor and I were out behind the bushes on the pond playing euchre, and when two games all, out walked a caribou and began a hop, skip and jump side step over the bushes and mud in the irrational manner of his kind, but drawing nearer. As the Doctor had never shot one of these little reindeer, and I had one good head, we decided it to be his shot. Behind a bush went Mr. Greytop, took a sip of lake water, tasted a bunch of weeds and was then 120 yards away. "Now shoot," said I. "No; he'll come closer," was the answer I got; and sure enough he came on till again I said, "Shoot!" A bush now spoiled the Doctor's view, and one long jump took the gentleman of the barrens out of sight in the woods.

The next morning we were playing poker, and after some pretty poor combinations, I got a full house, and was prepared to wreck the Doctor's fortune, and he, strange to say, was proving a more than willing victim, when suddenly a stick cracked, and there, behind me, was a pair of horns nodding along over the bushes to the left.

Dropping the cards and picking up my Mauser, I aimed for a gray patch that was where the shoulder ought to be, and pulled. "Wang!" went the sharp discharge, and Mr. Broadtoes was 20 feet away, and by so much nearer the woods. "Wang!" again; and he turned and faced us, coming very fast at an easy lope over a bush and around a little spruce, but straight for us and

not over 50 feet away now. Ten feet in the next bound, and "wang!" went the little rifle for the third time, and I could almost touch his horns with my rifle barrel as he crumbled and rolled his head and shoulders into the mud and water at our feet. Now, that is an exaggeration, but it was not 25 feet to where he lay. The animal was bewildered only, and trying hard to get away, our being in his path was a coincidence. We thought the last shot only had struck him, but every bullet had made the body; one through the lungs, one in the throat, and the last, entering half-way up the neck, we took out under the skin of the hams. It had gone the whole length of his body.

Although he had only a small head, it was even and nicely branched, and there was a good inch of fat on the saddle and hams, so that I felt very happy over my contribution to the larder. It was with great regrets, however, we found that during the excitement our cards became so badly mixed that we did not know who won that hand.

The same afternoon the Doctor was again sitting on the pond, this time on an old beaver house, and George, his guide, was calling.

The cards had been running very evenly, and they stood pat on games.

"It's about time for something to turn up," said the Doctor.

"And there he stands," replied George.

Less than 100 yards away the head and antlers of a big bull moose appeared framed by the trees, his eyes fastened on the beaver house. Neither man nor beast moved for a moment, and then the biggest and glossiest of his kind stepped out on the shore and gazed across the lake. "Bang!" went the .30-30, and he leaped into the air and half turned. "Bang!" again, and he rushed out into the water and stopped for an instant shoulder deep. "Bang!" for the time, but he had fallen before the flash of the gun, shot fairly through the heart by the little bullet. His horns were immense, looking as tall as a man, as the guides floated him into shallow water to skin out the head and cut up what meat we could carry away. He was in his prime—tall, strong and very black, a veritable half ton of flesh and bone, and his horns measured 53½ inches in spread. To-day, I fear, the greater part of him taints the purity of Clearwater, but his passing was not a painful one; he never knew what struck him.

Part II.—The Big Moose of Little Christmas Ponds.

Karl had been trying to make me lie out on the meadow for a night without a fire, and I had refused point blank. "Anything with the fire," I would say, "but no night work without." "Well," he replied in his Russian-English, "We go up the brook to-day and camp under my blanket—she keep us dry." So we went over windfalls and through alders for a good "three mile," made a shelter out of an old blanket and some hemlock boughs, biled the kettle and journeyed on over one of the best marked moose roads I have ever seen for something like a mile to Little Christmas Pond. This water was simply a spring 50 yards in diameter and a marsh as wide around it. Here we sat down in a blind made of little spruces, slapped at the black flies, watched the gathering clouds and waited. The Doctor had walked over with us, but did not remain very long. So we smoked and made occasional remarks about the wind in the tree tops and the lowering sky. It was useless to call, but about 4 P. M. we gave them a toot which seemed not to carry 100 yards, and lay down again in the long grass listening. I grew very drowsy, I must admit, in the sweet-smelling meadows, and came to understand why the spruce and fir trees around us had given the pond its name. I really expected to see Santa Claus step out, leading a couple of caribou to water and then hear him humming to himself of the fine crop of trees for the Yule Tide. Everything came to us in the wind; the noise of cities, the voices of children and the tinkling of cow bells. I looked over at Karl. His head hung forward, his eyes were closed, his pipe was cold between his lips. One always sees strange sights in the woods; bushes and trees make curious forms, and spaces black with shadow become living and moving creatures. One black opening behind some low bushes began to take the form of that old saint the children love, his beard and whiskers came out of the darkness; his old eyes, "I could imagine, twinkled to see us out there dozing by the waterside, but he did not move. I turned away, listening, and then as I lay there, seemed to see a tall black form silently steal from the woods. Very high he stood on his long gray legs, his head held majestically high before him as he slipped along, huge horns with wide paddles standing up high above his head. It was such a thing as one dreams of. He appeared to see me easily and regarded me with courteous curiosity. This, thought I, is the owner of that immense track we crossed on the brook; this is the father of them all. His nose was held like a hunting dog's in the air, and the nostrils quivered and expanded in the half-light. Still he stood and wrapped us in that wide look. The alders had made no noise at his approach, and now he stood out from them like an ebony statue. So he stood, and in that all-absorbing look he brought to me the answers to many questions. What was I here but an intruder. A creature of like make lived here. I must apologize before I shot.

My gun! It had been forgotten. I raised my hand to rub my eyes, and swiftly he passed out of sight as if fading away. "Karl," said I, "wasn't he big?" and drew in a long breath.

"What?" said Karl, rubbing his eyes.

"That moose," I replied.

"I saw nobody," said he, using the personal as was his wont. "Nobody came out."

"Yes, somebody did," I insisted. "You must have been asleep. The biggest moose in the world came out. See here," and I led the way over to where he had stood. There in the moss was a huge track.

"This three, four days old. See this spider web over it. See grass growing up again straight. Before last night's rain, anyhow," said he, and after some discussion and many questions, he insisted I must have been asleep. I recognized the track was not fresh, so maybe I was asleep; I didn't know myself, but strongly suspected.

That night as we lay under our blanket and boughs in

the rainy woods, a big moose stalked again through my dreams, but did not disturb my sleep.

Three days later, after climbing over some eight miles of windfalls, now down in a river bed among the stones, now up on the bank sinking knee deep in moss that looked soft and inviting to my weary body, now in the cracking branches of a fallen hemlock, we came out finally on a "good road," neglected for four years, and pretty thoroughly neglected, too.

The woods had been open in spots and alders grew in the wet places. There were some big tracks here in the mud, and occasionally we came to a bush that had been ripped to pieces by the horns of a passing moose.

Along the road a little piece I saw Karl stop, pointing with his axe handle into the thick trees and look around with a quivering face. "Big bull moose," said he. "See?"

"No; can't see," I replied, following the axe handle. "Two spruces and black thing between; don't shoot yet; don't talk. There, see his horns yellow?"

"No, Karl, I can't see him," I said in despair.

"Shoot at black spot between two spruces now; that's shoulders."

I shot; immediately out from the woods burst a great black moose. "Bang!" went the repeater, "bang!" and down he went on his haunches. Twice more I fired. "Another like that," said Karl, but off he trotted, unhurt, I trust, through the forest. We followed a half-mile and no blood. Although he seemed to have been a little dazed and to have run in circles, yet we found no blood at all, and the further we went the stronger he seemed to go. Windfalls and broken stubs were his chosen path, and the hoof marks, starting outspread became close and even and further between. To say one is disappointed is vanity. To think that a year's planning, of studying guns and ammunition, of shooting at a mark for three months, of seeing game on and off for ten years, all goes for naught when the psychological moment comes. Yet there is an excellent saying of Mr. Prime's, "It is not all of fishing to fish." And so I lost him, or so I met him, as I thought for the second time, at his best, in his home, and some good fortune attended him. I felt afterward, while much chagrined at the shooting, that I had left a friend behind me in the green and golden forest, and to meet him I should journey up there to Christmas Pond next year and rest on the fragrant grass and listen to the wind in the pines. May the dryads guard him well till I come back, and the pads on the Clearwater furnish the bases for broader paddles and a wider spread than ever.

GEO. F. DOMINICK, JR.

A Walk Down South.—XIV.

THREE or four miles out of Monterey I stopped at an ample-sized house on the right (west) side of the road and asked could I get dinner there. A fine, motherly, middle-aged woman, when satisfied that I was not a peddler, said, "Yes, indeed," if I would wait. I waited. In a few minutes a square-shouldered, blue-eyed, golden-mustached young man came in. He was a son of the lady, Charles K. Gibson by name.

"That's quite a trick," he said of the pack and its outfit—an expression I soon became familiar with down Jackson's River, which I now was following. His eyes had the direct gaze, which is not a stare, with which one becomes more familiar the further south he goes.

Gibson likes to hunt. His dog is a bird and rabbit one, but best for driving stock. His gun is a Spencer repeater. One day this fall he got into a flock of wild turkeys "back on the mountain." He shot four of the birds as quickly as one could have counted them. Less than a week previous to my coming he had killed one of the bronze fellows and seven pheasants in a day's hunt. "They're pretty thick," he said of birds.

Dinner was of the sort one finds in a prosperous grazing country—beef with the blue grass and mountain range flavor, cooked in the pot and browned in the pan—nough said. It's hours to dinner to-day, and my appetite needs no whetting or memories.

Down the road a couple of miles I sat in a clump of woods to grease my shoes with castor oil. They had begun to turn tawny where the frozen ground wore them. While I was at this a sulky drove up. The woman driver gave one look at me and then wiped the horse along the backbone with a long water-beech gad.

It was quite a cold day—ten degrees below freezing at noon, I judged. But the people I met agreed that it was "mighty fresh." Many wore ear-flaps, and with hooked fingers hovered over the fire—from these indications, and though it did not seem so bad to me, I could tell that it was unusual weather, and not the kind to which the residents were used.

The valley was narrow, the bottoms fertile, but it is in the minerals that the region will find its wealth. Iron abounds everywhere.

I came to an old grist mill. It was kept by an old man, who said I would be welcome at his house, three miles below. Round the foot of wooded ridge sides, past large rocks, with glimpses of log cabins far up runs, or of corn-fields on side hills, I traveled on down. I regretted the approach of night. It was a beautiful little valley, where one rounded a picturesque turn at every step or two. After a while the road ran level along the ridge, while the stream fell over its boulder and rocky bed. Woods were above and below the road, till suddenly the path ran down to the creek again. A split-rail fence corner showed ahead, and then a log house on the far side of the stream. It was E. A. McLaughlin's. He was splitting wood with a 6-pound axe. His head was covered by a red Tam o' Shanter hat. I crossed the single-stick bridge, gripping the pole handle tight. I was told to set my pack inside and come up to the fire and get warm. The invitation with which one is welcomed all down the mountain range during cold weather.

Here the old story of decreasing game was heard. Markets have done the work. In one fall thirty-two deer were killed at a single stand just below the mill. Bears still are seen occasionally. McLaughlin told of one big one over on the Alleghenies in the Greenbrier country, which "rolled out from under a log" on the approach of a party of hunters in which he was. The bear reared up on its hind legs and trotted away like a fat man. Bullets and buckshot brought the beast down. Then it was found

that both its fore legs had been cut off by traps—one at the wrist, the other at the elbow.

McLaughlin's brother, Letcher, was made blind fifty years ago at three years of age by a percussion cap exploding. He walked freely about the house; but it was pathetic to see him go over a rifle novel to him. The sight, the breech, the barrel and all were examined carefully. He laughed like a delighted child when the take-down apparatus was explained. In the morning he was eager to have his picture taken—although he could never see it.

I went on down the road, which had ice on it in places—ice that the horseback riders and the wagon drivers alike dread in this region, where "rough" shod or "sharp" shod horses, as they say in the Adirondacks, are seldom needed. "The country gets better after you go down a ways," I was informed. I am told often that I ought to go in such and such directions, "for they have fine big farms thataway." With an opportunity to go up the Shenandoah Valley "with its fine big farms," why I had chosen the mountain trails is not always to be satisfactorily explained by love of the beautiful or joy in the novelties; I don't try to explain, unless I say it is because the people in the mountains are easier to get along with—a statement that is very true as well as sufficiently explanatory.

I came down into the "fine country" soon, and dinner time coming on, I stopped at the best-looking dwelling in sight. It was well painted, doors of natural wood varnished, a comfortable woodpile and two hundred acres of cultivated land, and a herd of stock in sight. Everything was well picked up, and prosperous.

"We don't often keep strangers here," the woman said, and I was not one of the exceptions. At the next house, a rough board one, with missing window panes replaced by rag balls, the woman said:

"Come right in and sit down by the fire. We ain't got much, but such as we have you're welcome to."

Sausage, corn bread, wheat biscuit, peach and apple butter, "fruit" (apple sauce), home-made coffee, cabbage, stewed dry corn, sweet milk, berries, crabapple jelly, was all they had for dinner.

The walls were papered partly with weekly papers—the "Oh, Lord I loved Thee!" sort. A single-barreled shotgun, .12-gauge breechloader, a .38-40 repeater and an old Kentucky rifle, hung from the ceiling rafters; shotgun shells and eggs were on the bureau; a sheet-iron stove roared in the middle of the sitting room floor, and a lean, brown hound toasted first one side and then the other before the kitchen fireplace. A sixteen-year-old girl, very pretty, and known for thirty miles up and down the valley for her good looks, took the biscuits out of the oven four at a time, so that each eater would have "hot bread" all the while. Like all the women, she wore a sunbonnet when she stepped outdoors.

The afternoon wore slowly away. The white sun was chilly, reminding one of the song:

Rained all day the night I left;
It rained the river dry.
Sun shined so hot I froze to death—
Susanna don't you cry.

A bleak landscape the level bottom and steep, brownish blue hillsides made; it was bleakest where the bottoms were broadest. Long after I was tired enough to stop I was still traveling onward. Doubtless I passed houses where I could have spent the night, but I was in no frame of mind to face a rebuff. I wanted to be sure of a hearty welcome, and I saw no house that suggested one till at last a couple of hundred yards up a hollow I saw what I had hoped for. It was a "poor man's home," unplanned, a small woodpile, a round-checked little boy, a smoking chimney and a black dog. With a confidence born of experience, I approached the tall, lean, black-whiskered man, gripping a great axe handle with one hand and asked:

"Do you all know any place hereaway where a stranger could get to stay to-night?" I asked.

"Yes, sir; you can stay right heah if you all can put up with our feeding. I ain't what you'd call a wealthy man. Poke up the fire a bit," he called to his wife, and in the fireplace white fire was snapping under vigorous pokings and additions of fat pine knots, when I reached the hearthstone.

Fresh pork, corn bread, apple butter, jewberry sauce, coffee, jelly, apple sauce, was the supper already prepared. I ate because I was hungry, and then I ate because it was good. At last I could eat no more.

A boy of thirteen or fourteen years there was a cripple. Everything that is done in the house seemed to come from him. Even the fire was poked up nearly every time at his suggestion. He told how far it was to this and that place. I learned miles from there that the boy managed everything, even to the buying of clothes and groceries. A fund was once raised to send him to "the hospital," but he refused to go. His father had a bacon rind and long splints of "fat pine" tied above a broken spider before the fireplace. The drippings were used to grease the leg. None of the family can read or write. The father, however, makes a rheumatism cure and other medicines, the secret of whose curative properties he will not divulge. From selling these, and skunk, possum and other furs, he makes a part of his living. The rest of his living is picked up at odd jobs. He did not want me to start on in the morning. "Stay oveh Sunday with us," he said, but the sight of the poor boy was more than I could stand.

The wife had been away for a couple of weeks. When she came back she brought with her some presents for the four children—two boys and two girls. There were ear muffs for all of them; a cap for one boy and blue and green glass cups with a pink or a green piece of silk ribbon in each for the two older children, the cripple and his sister. Each one had the gifts in hand as much as possible, looking at the fire through the colored glass, or putting on the muffs to try them with the cold air at the door.

A mountaineer clean through is John Tidd. "Some kind-hearted gen'elman tried to poison my two dogs a couple of weeks ago," he said. "I don't know who did it. But if I could find out who"—the man's eyes opened a little wider and closed down again, then: "I don't want to go to hell for killing a man, but if he's got any property

that'll burn, or die, he'll find that I can poison jest as well as he can."

On the mantelpiece was a dusty Bible, among medicine bottles and baking powder prizes. After the sentiments just expressed, I was curious to know the man's feelings in regard to religion, recalling that I had not heard an oath in the hours I had been there. He proved to be a revival-meeting convert. He was doing the best he knew how. He had stopped swearing. When he had a new suit of clothes he went to church. His children—save the cripple—go to school. Instead of killing the man who poisoned his dogs, he would now merely retaliate on cattle and buildings.

In the morning as I started, Tidd said with a look at the pack:

"On my honah, gen'elman, I'd get me a mawl to carry that basket."

In a mile or two the broad bottom of the river narrowed, and the sides became more rugged. The road ran into the river on the west side, and came out on the east. I was obliged to go down stream half a mile to the foot bridge, climbing some split-rail fences on the way. A boy and a girl met in the road, hid like young partridges up a tiny run, and came out behind me.

I crossed the foot log readily—it had a side stick to steady oneself by. I was bothered by a darned place in my stocking—it was roughly done. I stopped to fix it lest a blister result.

At the foot of the mountain I stopped to get dinner if possible, but it was not ready, so I walked on up the grade away from Jackson's River; a very beautiful run comes down the gully, followed by the road. The water goes over and around moss-grown rocks and chunks of iron ore; the trees are scarcely marred by axes. It was such a patch of woods as the first white man in that locality must have seen. It was a dark, gloomy trail for the next mile, along which I recalled as many stories of bushwhacking, feud-murders and the like as I could remember. Here, as everywhere, the juncos flittered among the bushes, peeping in their friendliest fashion. They have relieved the tensest strains of loneliness on many a hard stretch of road—they and the sneering bluejays.

On top of the first mountain step I found a board house, where I got dinner. A ways beyond the grade went higher and higher again, climbing the ridge side diagonally. I met a lumberman from West Virginia. He carried a Stevens shotgun with a bundle tied to the muzzle. He asked how I'd swap weapons, but I wouldn't. Learning that I had met a horseman whom he was expecting to meet him, he hurried on, and I, too, traveled.

The trees looked gnarled, as if they had worked too hard, and crabbled their dispositions with selfishness and desire for all the ground they could cover. Big nubs and broken joints marked their growth. It was a forest of claws and fists, through which the marks of fire were everywhere to be seen.

On the side hill, a hundred feet above a run, and an in-wood farm, I met a red-whiskered man riding a fine horse. His wide eyes took me in and then it was, "Howdy," and who might I be, "for the land sakes?" I told him more or less. Then he would be blest if he wasn't John Ryder, a Virginian, and "Virginians are quick-tempered, you know" (though I didn't, and "mighty good people when you don't insult them" (which I did know).

He had gone clear to Illinois, with nothing to defend himself but a jackknife. "Yessir, that's all." He had knocked a man so hard with his fist one night that "by gracious I was afraid I'd killed him." A peaceable person, he had been obliged to stand up for his rights all his life. Once he had a dispute with a man:

"I reached into my pocket just so, just like this, very slow, and drew out my knife; this very knife here in my hand, just as if I was going to whittle or something like that. And, sir, that man stepped right back and up against the side of the house, like to knocked the boards clean off the building; no 'twas a log house—Simmonses—you know, and shook the plastering down the back of his neck, and, sir, he turned just as white's a sheet, just as white's that ear of corn there, that white ear, just about such a color as that, and then he went outdoors and one time I was—"

Mr. Ryder had been through many remarkable experiences. In two hours he told me about several.

"I'd ask you to come to my house to-night," he said a little while before we parted, "but my wife's she's—you know, she's sick and I can't do it. I'm sorry"—and he really was pretty much all that he claimed to be in every respect.

"You go down to John Bogan's," he advised at last. "John's the cleverest fellow you're likely to meet. He's got a place for you to sleep, I know."

So we parted, and I walked along the hillside three or four hundred yards, and then turned "off at a little chopped log where I could see a path" leading down to a neat-looking board house beside the little run, surrounded by a fence, and on all sides oak, gum and chestnut trees. It looked like a standing invitation to "come in."

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

Adirondack Guides' Association.

SARANAC LAKE, N. Y., Jan. 21.—The annual meeting of the Adirondack Guides' Association was held in this village this afternoon. About four hundred persons were present, representing Saranac Lake, Paul Smith's, Saranac Inn, Bloomingdale, Lake Placid, Newcomb, Elizabethtown, Adirondack, Childwold, Long Lake, Meacham, Oswegatchie and several other Adirondack resorts. Upon the platform were speakers of prominence, representing the press, law, church and medicine. Mr. E. E. Sumner, President of the Association, has been identified with the Guides' Association since its inception, having been its Secretary for years before accepting the duties of President. It was unanimously the desire of the Association to be represented at the Sportsmen's Exposition, to be held at Madison Square Garden in March, and a committee was appointed to prepare an exhibit and to represent the Adirondacks in New York on that occasion.

At the election of officers, Dr. Frank E. Kendall was re-elected Honorary President; Peter A. Soloman, Presi-

dent; Benjamin, Treasurer, and Warren J. Slater, Secretary.

The Secretary's and Treasurer's reports were read and accepted. Mr. Slater, the Secretary, made an uncommonly good showing, and a vote of thanks was extended to him for his work for the Association and the Adirondacks generally.

The following resolutions were presented by Mr. Slater and adopted:

Whereas, The Adirondack Guides' Association was organized by representative guides in various portions of the North Woods for the better protection of the fish, game and forests, and

Whereas, It is plainly evident that the present State game protectors are insufficient, both in number and qualifications for the exercise of their important duties, therefore be it

Resolved, That it is the sense and opinion of this Association and meeting that the State should engage the services, as game protectors, of more and better men, and that a petition be sent to the present Legislature to that end; also,

Whereas, The Governor of this State has recommended the passage of a bill amending the State Constitution so as to permit the lumbering of the State lands, and

Whereas, such an amendment at this time, would, in our judgment, lay the State Forest Preserve open to spoliation and private speculation, resulting eventually in the destruction by fire and ax of that most precious heritage, our public forests, therefore be it

Resolved, That the Adirondack Guides' Association is unalterably opposed to any scheme or amendment of the Constitution of our State looking toward the lumbering of said lands or their apportionment among private parties.

Whereas, The Governor of the State has recommended the amendment of the Constitution permitting the rental of camp sites on shores of Adirondack waters, be it

Resolved, That we, the Adirondack Guides, indorse the recommendation. We believe that this last will give many guides employment, will open up many of our fairest sections for the building of summer homes, and incidentally bringing in a revenue to the State.

S. A. M.

Natural History.

Natural History Notes.

ABOUT six ears ago the dead body of a bull whale was left by the tide near the mouth of the Colorado River, in lower California. It was measured by Mr. H. A. Jenkins, owner of a large stock ranch in that vicinity, and slightly exceeded 86 feet in length. From point to point of the extended flukes it measured nearly 50 feet, and was 16 feet from the corner of the mouth to the point of the chin. The lower jaw was 12 feet wide at its base. With the exception of a few of the vertebrae, which have been carried off for seats, the skeleton of the monster still lies in the sand and mud, and can be had by any institution at the expense of a few dollars in taking them out. For this work Indians can be cheaply employed. One thoroughly dry joint of the vertebrae, brought to Yuma about a year since, weighs 42 pounds, and makes a very comfortable seat. It is about 13 inches deep, and measures 14 inches in diameter.

A wounded duck fell on a mud flat of the Colorado River about a week ago and was almost immediately attacked by crows, killed and eaten. During the killing they kept up a continual noise and then fell to fighting over the body. A Western herring gull claimed its share of the fleshpot, and was to every appearance treated as an equal by the colored brethren.

A wildcat attempting to escape made a running spring at a plastered wall 20 feet high. In the 20 feet the wall has a two-foot slope, and the cat struck it about 17 feet up, then ran along the side about 10 feet before it fell. It was a wonderful jump, and although the cat struck it so near the top, it made no attempt to go higher, but held a very even course along the wall by forcing its claws into the plaster.

One day last fall a Yuma county ranchman saw the tail end of a rattlesnake protruding from a gopher hole and endeavored to prevent it being drawn in by standing on it, but although he weighed about 140 pounds the snake pulled him along with apparent ease. It measured rather more than three inches across where it was cut in two, and had eleven rattles. The business end of the snake was not seen.

This same ranchman reports that when a resident of Esmeralda county, Nevada, in 1892, he saw where a "gopher snake" had passed along a dusty road and had apparently visited every squirrel hole on either side of the road. Further on he found where some one had thoughtlessly killed it and that the body contained seven adult "gopher squirrels." This ought to be argument enough against the destruction of these harmless and useful reptiles.

Well, back to rattlesnakes again. During the early eighties, when the Quijotoa mining camp was on the boom, the Indians supplied the camp with wood. While so engaged an Indian cut a rattler in two with an axe as it was escaping under a woodpile. This was in the afternoon. On the following morning, while engaged in removing the wood, the man was struck by the snake and died the next day about noon time. This story may sound a little snaky, but the facts of the case were well known. I did not see this thing myself, but it was common talk at the time. The snake had been cut in two about ten hours at the time it inflicted the fatal bite.

Last spring when the annual overflow of the Colorado drove the snakes from the bottom lands, they became quite

plentiful on the adjacent hills. One rattler by climbing an almost perpendicular wall of a stone quarry succeeded in getting on top of the penitentiary wall, from which it was knocked by one of the guards. It then traveled along the base of the wall and entered the yard of the superintendent's residence, where it was attacked by a cat. Just what the result would have been had they been left to fight it out cannot, of course, be told, but attention was attracted to them by the continued rattling of the snake. When seen by the light of a lantern, for the night was quite dark, the snake was coiled and the cat had its entire attention. Both cat and snake were very much excited.

A resident of Yuma, who lives on the bank of the Colorado, is the owner of a white bull-terrier. This dog fully understands the destroying power of water. He is a pugnacious brute, and does not hesitate to attack any dog that encroaches on his domain. If in conflict with a large dog, he can force it in direction of the river he invariably does so, then comes the struggle to hold it under water. If with a smaller or weaker dog, he deliberately drags it to the water and drowns it. Recently when being beaten to compel him to release a victim, he struggled and held on till he reached the river and out of reach of the troublesome stick with which he was being belabored, when he forced the head of the dog under water. Needing air, he was compelled to let go, but when he did so the dog came to the surface and attempted to swim away, only to be seized again and dragged to the bank, but at a place where he could not be interfered with, where he stood and held the dog under the water till it was dead. The whole life of the dog has been passed by the river, and he is apparently as much at home in the water as out of it. If a stone be thrown into the water at any depth that he can reach, he never fails to bring it out, although he may have to make several attempts before he gets it.

H. B.

YUMA, ARIZ., Jan. 11.

The Gray Wolf.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va., Jan. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* During the past two years or more, I have been reading articles in Colorado and Wyoming papers which have caused me many hours of thought, and the more I study the matter in question, the more I get lost in its mysteries. The following appears in the North Park Union, printed at Walden, in North Park, Colorado, dated Jan. 3, 1902, and is a fair sample of the articles referred to, which appear from time to time in that paper, and also in Wyoming papers, and which investigation show to be correct:

"In a recent letter from Mr. John B. Riach, of Hebron, he writes that Emmett Lee in hauling hay from Riach's field Dec. 30 scared up a drove of eleven gray wolves that ran outside the fence and lay down. Lee returned home, took a gun and followed them, killing one and wounding another. Mr. Riach thinks it would be a good idea for stockmen to join in a subscription or some other plan and make war on the wolves until they are destroyed. Several small droves have recently been seen by others in the vicinity of Riach's place, and of course wolves must have something to eat. Somebody's herd suffers a loss every few nights. At the coming stockmen's meeting would be a good time to discuss plans and make provisions for war on wolves. The Union hopes some successful method will be adopted to rid the park of this great pest to stockmen."

Now, these conditions exist to-day in the cattle country of northern Colorado and southern Wyoming, which locality was familiar to me some years ago. From 1888 to 1894 I lived in and traveled much through these wild and sparsely settled regions; both in the open cattle country and in the mountain districts, and never in all that time did I see or track a gray wolf, and never even heard a report of their being seen in this section of country. It is only, then, in the last few years they have appeared in that locality; and reports show them to be rapidly increasing from year to year. This in the face of the fact that strenuous efforts have been made and are made for their extermination. In some places in Wyoming the stockmen have paid as high as twenty dollars bounty on their scalps, aside from the regular bounty paid by the State.

Four methods are adopted for their capture, in that open country, all more or less successful, and still they persist in increasing in numbers, and enlarging their territory.

They are caught with greyhounds, trapped, poisoned, and quite frequently shot with the rifle, as they are principally in the open, where they can readily be seen.

In the days when the early pioneers pushed their way into the forests of the Eastern States, gray wolves were found in great numbers in most of the States. They are, of all the larger North American wild animals, among the swiftest runners, the hardest to trap, the hardest to get sight of in the forest country, excepting, perhaps, the panther, and withal one of the most, if not the most, difficult animal to capture; and yet, notwithstanding all this, their larger neighbors of the forest, such as deer, bear and moose, which are more sought after and more easily captured, are still holding their own, and are found more or less in all the States; while the wolf has long vanished from the forests of our Eastern States.

This question of the disappearance of wolves from the Eastern States has long perplexed me, when considering with how much greater security a wolf should be able to live his retired and secluded life in our forests, than the monstrous moose, or even the deer or bear; and yet how early and complete was his annihilation. There is no doubt that poison was the chief means of their destruction, but why should it have made their destruction so complete at so early a date, with all the vast forests still left where they might be far from man?

Following their history for the past ten years, in the locality referred to, deepens the mystery. Owing to the openness and natural advantages for hunters in that region, all big game animals are disappearing faster than they ever did in any of our eastern forests, but what of

the wolf? With but one, or at most two, practicable methods of capturing him in the East, he vanished at an early date, when big game was yet abundant. With four practicable ways open for his undoing in the West, he not only grows more abundant, but adds new territory to his possessions, and refuses to be "ousted," while all other of the larger wild animals of the West are rapidly disappearing.

We can only gain information by three methods—seeing and observing for ourselves that which others see and observe and record for our benefit, and the theories of others as well as of our own. The last could hardly be called information, but rather conclusions arrived at after a certain process of theorizing, and accepted as facts, in the absence of any means whereby their truth can be demonstrated. Thus to arrive at any conclusion in this matter of wolf history might require more or less theory; and if anyone has a clear conception of the cause of the conditions, past and present, of this interesting animal, he would interest at least one reader of *FOREST AND STREAM*, and I dare say many, by "letting his light shine."

EMERSON CARNEY.

New York Zoological Society.

THE annual meeting of the Board of Managers of the New York Zoological Society was held in New York on Tuesday, Jan. 21. Among those present were: Levi P. Morton, Henry Fairfield Osborn, H. D. Auchincloss, H. A. C. Taylor, John S. Barnes, Edward J. Berwind, Joseph Stickney, Madison Grant, C. L. Blair, Chas. F. Dietrich, Chas. T. Barney, W. W. Niles, C. Vanderbilt, Samuel Thorne, George C. Clark, Cleveland H. Dodge, George B. Grinnell, Jacob H. Schiff, Lisenard Stewart, Charles E. Whitehead, H. J. Chisholm, William C. Church, Philip Schuyler, Percy R. Pyne and Frank M. Chapman.

Prof. Henry F. Osborn, Chairman of the Executive Committee, presented his report, which showed that the Society was free from debt. He spoke of the progress of the new buildings now under way, and of the needs of the Society for new animals, new accommodations for them, an administrative building, and a zoological library. He alluded also to the fact that the portion of the park lying on the east side of Bronx River is suffering from depredations by timber thieves, and must be fenced in.

The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted in the choice of the following: President, Levi P. Morton; First Vice-President, Henry F. Osborn; Second Vice-President, Charles E. Whitehead; Secretary, Madison Grant; Treasurer, Charles T. Barney; Director, William T. Hornaday. Executive Committee: Henry F. Osborn, Chairman; Samuel Thorne, Charles T. Barney, John S. Barnes, Philip Schuyler, Madison Grant and William White Niles.

The Director of the Park submitted his annual report to the Board of Managers. It was a long document, of which only the gist was given. It will be printed in full in the Society's Annual Report. The most important improvement of the year was the completion and the opening of the primates house for the apes, monkeys and lemurs. This is 162 feet long by 74 feet in greatest width, including the outside cages. The total cost of the building was \$64,160. It was opened Dec. 22 with a collection of 115 specimens.

The lion house is well advanced toward completion, and it is hoped that the month of June will see it finished. It is to cost about \$150,000. Until this building is completed it is impracticable to collect any of the tropical cats, as there is no place to keep them.

The erection of the mountain sheep's hill gives quarters for a new collection of wild sheep and goats. This is now divided into four large inclosures, three of which are occupied by old world species.

An interesting experiment has recently been tried in the park, by which it has been shown that in this climate pumas and lynx can be perfectly well kept out of doors the year around; which, after all, seems natural enough. Large quarters for the raccoons, with a tree for them to climb in and a good shelter for the buffalo are among the other new buildings.

Attention is called to the excellence of the collection of bears, consisting of thirty individuals, representing ten species. The two Kadiak bears, believed to be the only ones in captivity, are developing well.

The Zoological Society, after having had many misfortunes with the antelope that it has had in captivity, has at last succeeded in keeping seven specimens for a year and a half, and these seven are in fine condition. There have been three deaths from the original herd of ten, all of them by accident.

On the whole, the health of all the animals in the park has been good, except in the case of the oranges, among which death is said to have been due to a micro-organism introduced into the park by the giant tortoises from the Galapagos Island. An interesting paragraph in the report shows the kinds and quantities of animal food furnished during the year to the reptiles. This list includes 389 mice, 1,410 rats, 1,273 English sparrows, 366 rabbits, 531 pigeons, 232 chickens, 812 toads, 408 frogs, 26,900 live fish, 55 pounds of earth worms, 122 large pumpkins, and 2,266 pounds of green vegetables. It is mentioned that all the animals were killed before being offered as food.

The director speaks of the great need of money for the society in the following language:

"It is now vitally necessary that an additional ground-improvement fund of \$500,000 be secured at an early date for the erection of other buildings for animals and many other improvements. To-day, with but few trifling exceptions, all the animal installations of the park are filled with animals, and many are crowded. Four new bear dens must be created with the utmost dispatch to provide adequately for the thirty bears now on hand. The need for the antelope house, the ostrich house, eagles' aviary, and large bird house is painfully apparent. It is humiliating to be compelled daily to admit that there are thousands of birds and mammals which we cannot accept, because of the lack of suitable quarters for them. The plans for the antelope house and ostrich house are complete, and if funds were available contracts for their erection could be let within ten days."

Disease Among the Whitetails.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I went down on the Missouri River a short time ago on a little hunt, but only killed one whitetail. The whitetail deer are very scarce on the river this fall. There was some sort of a disease among them in September that killed a great number, mostly bucks. I saw three dead bucks in one point of the river. People living on the river say that the deer would get sick and die in from three to four days after being taken sick. Their lungs would swell up and be full of water, which would soon kill them. The disease did not seem to affect the blacktail deer or antelope, which seems curious.

The game wardens have done some traveling around this fall, and have made quite a number of arrests. The Crees and half-breeds, I tell you, are very careful out here now. They don't drive the points and run deer with hounds as they used to. I saw a colony of breeds on a point across from Armell's Creek, but I never saw any meat or hide in their camp, and I can say it is the first breed camp I ever saw on the river that did not have a lot of deer hanging around in camp.

We are having the best winter so far I ever saw in Montana; no snow and the finest kind of weather.

W. J. A.

HAYS, Mont., Jan. 10.

The Blacksnake on the Trail.

Editor Forest and Stream:

One afternoon last summer while seated on a log in the woods, I saw a very small rabbit hopping past, and it ran into a heap of brush a short distance off.

Soon after that—perhaps two or three minutes after—hearing a slight rustling among the bushes and leaves, I turned and saw a blacksnake about five feet in length, with head some six inches from the ground, coming on the track of the rabbit. It seemed to follow in exactly the same place, and also went into the brush heap.

Being much interested, I arose quietly and started for them. Just then the rabbit went out on the full run, and the snake after it, and I after the snake, which soon changed its course for a near-by swamp and got away.

Now, until it got to the brush heap the snake was evidently following its prey by scent alone, for it could not possibly have kept the rabbit in sight through that growth of grasses, weeds and small bushes with its head elevated only a few inches.

I have never heard that a snake ever follows its prey by sense of smell alone, but it looked very much that way in this case. I would like to hear through FOREST AND STREAM from others who are interested in herpetology in regard to it.

A. L. L.

MILHURST, N. J., Jan. 21.

The Porcupine's Quills.

NAPANEE, Ont., Jan. 13.—Editor Forest and Stream: In your issue of Jan. 4, re "Porcupine Quills," I do not agree with the fishery overseer that the animal has the power of throwing his quills at any time. I inclose a few taken by myself from a porcupine fourteen months ago while I was on a hunting trip out north. The dark end is the business end; notice that the other end grows from the skin, and that the quills are interspersed with the hair, and it is not hard to pull them out. The fine point will enter a buckskin glove and pull from the animal about as easily as pulling hair.

I have seen a number of dogs suffering from a dose of quills. They usually get the quills in the mouth largely, showing clearly to my mind they get them in an attempt to seize the animal in the mouth.

WM. RANKIN.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Hunting with Henry Braithwaite.

I.—The Moose Country.

REMEMBERING that November brings tracking snow in the great New Brunswick woods, my friend, Charlie Small, and myself rolled into the station at Fredericton on the first Monday in that month; and on the platform, true to appointment made the spring before, we saw the friendly face of Henry, looking earnestly for his boys. It is good to see new faces sometimes, but it is better to see old ones, when they light up with pleasure at the sight of you. And so, from Christy, the hack-driver, to Mr. Flewelling, the deputy surveyor-general, it made one feel among friends to be greeted with a constant stream of well-wishing. Mr. Small had never been in New Brunswick before, but in about half an hour he became convinced that he always lived there. We took the Canada Eastern for the fifty-mile run to Boiestown in a couple of hours, and this was perhaps fortunate for everybody. Even as it was, the expressions of friendship were so emphatic and varied that we never noticed the absence from the train of the little steamer trunk containing all our ammunition and old clothes, until just before we got to Cross Creek. Then, in looking over the stuff in the baggage car—everybody rides in the baggage car when he goes hunting via the Canada Eastern—we couldn't find the trunk. Well, we just telegraphed back to have it brought up by wagon that night, so as not to lose a day. Ambrose Holt was at Boiestown to meet us, and we went up to his farm at Pleasant Ridge to stay all night. His house is within a mile of the big woods, and he always hauls our stuff in as far as the Crooked Deadwater, which is the head of horse navigation. Meanwhile, Henry stayed down at Duffy's hotel in Boiestown, to hustle up the rear-guard with that indispensable trunk. We were sorry for Henry, for when he stays down at Duffy's the boys always try to make the occasion

memorable, and from what he said the next day I think they succeeded in breaking the record.

Charlie Small and I slept like Christians in Mr. Holt's comfortable farmhouse, and when we were dressing the next morning, looking out of the window, we saw a spring wagon come tearing into the door-yard, with Eli Taylor, Henry and the trunk. The young man who had driven up from Fredericton to Boiestown, forty-eight miles, in the night, had never been over the road before, but he was dead game, and he waked them up at Duffy's at four o'clock in the morning. Eli and Henry had done the rest, and there was great joy as we opened up the trunk and disguised ourselves for the woods. We could have gotten along without the clothes, but we had to have the cartridges, because there were no others this side of London that would fit our guns.

Henry and I have got the personal equipment business down fine. One pair of old trousers, any kind at all; six pairs of woolen socks, country knit; one pair of larrigans; one pair of snowshoes; six or seven cartridges; one pair of mittens, one coat if you want it, though you will never wear it. This is all the luggage I take. Henry looks after the grub and bedding.

Out of the Pleasant Ridge settlement, as the team was being hitched, came Charlie Cameron, the surpassing cook; Jerry Fowler and Theodore Pond, of the lugging department, whose peculiar usefulness appeared after we had left the team behind and gone on into the real country.

In all the years I have been going across William Carson's field, back of the Holt farm, I have often wondered why there was no more clearing done; and I mentioned it to Henry. He told me how it was, and it is mighty interesting.

Seven or eight years ago, when Mr. Blair was premier of New Brunswick, a bill was passed allowing the lease, for lumbering purposes, of all the crown lands of the Province, at not less than \$4 per square mile. Once leased, the lumbermen hold these lands for twenty-five years, on the payment of a nominal rental, whether they cut any lumber or not. When they do cut any, they pay a stumpage fee of so much per thousand.

All the land worth lumbering (and this includes all the land worth clearing for cultivation) is thus locked up under lumbering leases. This makes of all central New Brunswick a vast forest reserve, which will not be open to settlement for years to come. So the boundaries of Mr. Carson's back field remain as they have been; no new clearings are being made; and between the last farmhouse and the first moose-ground there is a strip, miles in width, of some of the most beautiful hardwood ridges and spruce forest that it has ever been my delight to see. If this arrangement is sending all the New Brunswick boys to the States to make homes, it is at least keeping the country a paradise for game, and in the past few years the moose have multiplied almost beyond belief, while the people have not.

About six miles from the clearing, close by the portage road, lies a huge stick of square pine timber, moss-grown and decayed. Old Tom Hunter has often told me how, sixty years ago one Saturday, he overlooked that log when hauling for his father. Where, in any community of the United States, can one find a sixty-year-old sawlog lying where it was cut, with deep woods still all around it?

To the man who is accustomed to hunt in Michigan or Wisconsin or Maine the experience we had in the very matter of going in would be notable and unique. With the exception of a lumber crew here and there in the lower country, around the Dungarvon, and along the Crooked Deadwater, the whole wilderness was deserted. We were going where for a month we should not hear a rifle shot except our own, where no rival camp-fire smoked heavenward. As a matter of fact, Henry had three hunting parties in before ours this year, and Tom Pringle, Henry's efficient lieutenant, had piloted a St. Louis gentleman and his daughter to the edge of the great game kingdom, where on the fifth day each had slain a fine moose. William Carson had guided one party a day's march into the moose pasture, where their .30 calibers lost them seven wounded moose. And in the vast forest extending north, east and west, no other sportsmen had been all this year, till you reach Adam Moore's ground on the Tobique, or the waters of the Nor'west Miramichi. In all North America I know of no such combination of game profusion, accessibility and freedom from other hunting parties. New Brunswick is as yet an unknown field to most Americans, and I have had a very good little map engraved, which shows where we went, for the benefit of the readers of this article.

Moose hunting in winter is no boy's game; and as we had to walk more than fifty miles to come to Henry's home camp, you may think we had a sore-footed time of it, soft as we were, just from city offices. But it was hard traveling for the horses, with the wooden-shod sled, and they moved slowly. Charlie and I went ahead of the team, and every little while, as we stepped easily along the old portage road, we would sit down on a providential log, and wait till it seemed as though the men and horses must have gone some other way. Then at last we would hear the distant voice of Ambrose, encouraging Bob and the Colonel to struggle on with the sled. Henry had about 800 pounds of a load on the vehicle, and it was bare ground in the road. Such a fine open fall had not been known for years. We only made twelve miles that day, and tented in the door-yard of a decayed lumber camp on the banks of Salmon Brook.

The tent was soon pitched. Then came the moose-birds. I thought Henry and I had thinned them out some when we were bear hunting in the spring, but there were as many as ever. After we saw a moose-bird—hereafter in this article called by his local name of gorbey—rob a poor little chipping-bird of her darling brood, murdering them in cold blood, I registered an oath that no gorbey should rob any more birds' nests if I could get a look at him along a gun barrel. Charlie Small had a beautiful .30-30 along with him, and it was great. I have seldom seen any rifle more deadly on gorbies. Its penetration and shocking powers on these birds were excellent. I only saw one gorbey that had been wounded by a .30-30 this fall, that had lived. This is gospel truth. Up at the Moccasin Lake camp one of Henry's parties in September shot at a gorbey and knocked off the end of its beak. When we got up there I caught this gorbey

in a box-trap and had it in the camp. Its bill was a misfit, but it was in good health. The bullet evidently had not expanded.

The men had a fire of their own that night, and scorned any tent, curling up under their blankets, their heads inside, and no roof between them and the stars. In the night a little owl made a noise like the filing of a saw. I heard him in my dreams, and felt the biting caress of the cold air; and I felt happy beyond all words that now I was really at home again.

The second morning out we were passed on the road by Warren Malone and Charlie Patchell, going up to run a line for Tim Lynch, who has a block of timber on the North Pole branch. They went on ahead, talking and laughing, and half an hour later we, following on behind, came to where the road skirts Hurd Lake for half a mile. As soon as I looked the lake over I saw two moose standing in the water at the lower end. We followed the portage down to the end of the lake, and turned into an old hauling road that ran within ten feet of the shore. Of course a partridge flew up. Henry and I have often wondered what wages the moose pay the partridges to keep watch for them. But these moose were doubly warned, for the partridge scared up a deer that was lying in the logging road, and he ran straight for the lake. A hundred yards further on we caught the gleam of the water through the bushes, and beheld as pretty a sight as God ever made. The two moose had not moved, but were looking fixedly at the spot in the bushes where we were. They had surely heard us. The old cow was a little uneasy, but her calf was consumed with curiosity. Every second or two he would take a step nearer to us. Big as four deer he looked, and while his mother ran splashing to the shore and hid in the woods, he simply gazed as though he would stare us out of countenance, while the water dripped from the corners of his lately submerged mouth. Charlie and I both had our rifles in our hands, and Charlie said afterward that it was fine training in steady-handedness to hold the bead on the black foreshoulder for a full minute with no thought of firing. Finally we stepped out in plain view, and then the youthful moose concluded to see why his mother had gone. Charlie began from this time forth to take more than a perfunctory interest in the assurances of Henry and myself that he should surely have a shot at a moose.

A little after noon that day we came out on the old Rocky Brook portage, which for seventy-five years has been the scene of lumber operations. It is one of the few historic highways of the wilderness, dating back to the old days of square timber. Nowadays the lumbermen cut a new portage road every year or so. I once asked one of them why this was done, instead of all uniting and making a good road. He said there wasn't money enough in spruce logs for one man to improve another man's road, so each man cut his own! The roads all fill up with trees every winter anyway.

It took four days of tramping and three nights of tenting out to reach the first of Henry's camps on the Crooked Deadwater. By this time I came to the conclusion that we were a lucky crowd. Beside Ambrose, who was going back with his team, there were six men in the party, four of them employed to smooth the way for two; and no matter how cold the night was, everybody had a smile and a cheery word in the morning.

The lumbermen have closed in around the Crooked Deadwater in the last few years, and this winter they are cleaning out the last marketable spruce. The logging has not jarred the moose any, for they stick to Rumsey's ridge and somber old County Line Mountain as of yore. Next year, when all this country is quiet again, there will be great doings in moose here, because of the new feed. Now Henry uses this camp merely as a stopping place on his way to the home camp at Little Sou'west Lake. The only regular residents of the camp now are the white-bellied mice, which Henry says would let him get rich if they would only stop cutting up his blankets. He wages war on them incessantly, and there were ten of them in a wooden bucket, under a layer of floating meal, collected since he left camp the week before going out.

At this camp we began to see left-over ammunition of former hunting parties this year and last—cartridges of all the new shapes; .30-30s, .30-40s, Savage .303s and Mannlichers.

"And every one of these different kinds of cartridges for small-bore rifles," said Henry, "has wounded and lost a lot of moose this fall."

The next morning we went over to Henry's home camp on Little Sou'west Lake. The men made two trips, half the way before dinner and half-way after, and as there were partridges along the road, I undertook to pilot Charlie over ahead of the others. There were a good many roads leading down to the lake, and I kept to the main portage. But when I had gone about half as far again as the camp should be, I began to suspect my ability as a guide. I told Charlie I thought I had got him lost, but he didn't seem to mind it much, and when, half an hour after we sat down to consider the matter, we saw the rapid approach of Messrs. Cameron, Fowler et al., concealed beneath large packs of provisions and bedding, we were very proud, and bragged of our ability to keep the right road. We revealed our secret to Henry that night, and he said, "Always remember, when you are traveling in the woods, to go twice as far as you think you ought to, and then a little further, and you will be almost there."

On the way we passed the place where Dan Kelly, lumber boss at the Crooked Deadwater dam, saw a big wounded moose, a victim of a .30-40, just able to keep out of Dan's way, so he could not kill the poor animal with his axe, but not strong enough to run fast. Dan said the moose was so poor that his ribs showed pitifully, and he was dragging one hip. Henry said he was certain this was one of the moose out of the nine wounded and lost by small bores this fall in the hands of sportsmen he had taken into the woods.

Henry's home camp is the cook's half of a former lumber outfit. It is large and commodious, and fitted up with a long bunk, a cook stove and "ram down" or sheet-iron heating stove that gets red hot in three minutes; benches, a table, a gun rack and all the comforts of a woodland palace.

The next day after we reached there, Henry and I thought we would attend to the meat question. Four or five inches of snow had fallen, the wind was blowing so

that the woods were full of sound, and the snow on the trees was sifting down. It was an ideal day for still-hunting. So after spending a lazy morning in a five-mile circle toward Moccasin Lake and back, we returned to camp, where partridge stew and potatoes and onions and sweet-cake and stewed apricots called us to over-eat. About 1 o'clock, as we had seen no tracks in the lowlands, Henry and I went up on the first ridge of the Cow Mountains, a mile back of the camp, and immediately began to find a succession of moose tracks, criss-crossing each other so that to follow any one track was impossible. For the poetry of hunting gave me fresh snow on a hardwood ridge, where the woods are open, and the wind sings in the birch trees. I followed Henry in a happy daze, that not even the labor of climbing, or the whacks of the whitewood branches could dispel.

Now presently, about forty yards to the left of us, a large black animal rose up out of the snow and stood on long, gray legs, listening and looking. Then another and another, and we had run into a bunch of three small bull moose, almost before they heard us. A hasty glance along the rifle barrel, a single shot, and a two-year-old bull moose crashed to the ground, dead. The other moose did not seem to know just what to do about it. They stood around in an undecided way, but finally, in half a minute or so, trotted off loose-jointed, and disappeared among the trees. The meat question was settled for this camp. An old bull is tough. A cow is always respected. A young bull was just what we needed.

Now, was not that a better ending to the matter than a long chase would have been, finding a little blood here and there, starting the poor brute from his despairing bed, following till the early fall of night, and perhaps a dismal sleep-out in the snow? Yet the boys of the thirty caliber, who never saw a moose, will laugh at me.

The rifle I carried was sent to Henry by a gentleman who lives out in Indiana, and I suppose there is not another one like it in the United States or Canada. It was made by the Winchester Company, and its caliber is .577. It takes the famous Ely cartridge, burning 160 grains of powder, and the bullet weighs something over 500 grains. As Henry says, when a bullet from this rifle strikes a moose anywhere between the tail and the ears, you don't need to follow that moose any further. He dies right there. This rifle, which is a single shot, weighs 8½ pounds, and I could hit the size of a silver dollar with it at 100 feet. I noticed afterward that the bushes and branches of the thick woods did not seem to impede these bullets any. There was only one trouble with this rifle. Being specially built, not enough allowance had been made for the withdrawal of the cartridge head through the breech, and occasionally a shell would stick. I do not know what the gentleman out in Indiana paid for this rifle, but anyway he is accustomed to having his ideas carried out, and, maybe, now that he has broken the road, other people can get a large game rifle of respectable size without sending to England for it. The cartridge this rifle takes is the one which all the world except the United States have been using for large animals ever since the time of Sir Samuel Baker, who designed it.

When we went back to camp and showed Charlie a bunch of moosehair, he hardly believed we had got a moose so soon. But he had rested a strained tendon enough so that the next morning we started out in the full-fledged business of getting a big head. Indications all pointed to the fact that the moose had taken up their quarters on the high ridges, where the moosewood and other shoots gave them ample early winter feed.

Theodore and Jerry went along with us as far as the meat moose, to skin it and bring in as much as they could carry. We stayed with them till they had a fire started, and had settled down to business, and then Henry, Charlie and I departed, to search for the big-headed moose.

The rifle Charlie was carrying deserves to be described. This same gentleman who had the .577 Winchester made is a connoisseur of weapons. In England they long ago found out that the .30 calibers were uncertain on large game, and several makers are building high-power rifles of larger bore. Our good Indiana friend has a .375, taking a 320-grain hollow-point bullet. He asked us to try the gun. Charlie carried it. I commend this little story to Mr. Emerson Hough, who, as these lines are written, is pursuing the majestic moose up on the Tobique, in the company of Adam Moore. Mr. Hough has a vast and varied experience with guns, but he is just meeting his first moose. He has some 30-40 cartridges with hollow-point bullets, and by these he sets great store. If he happens to get a moose out on open ground, where he can pick the spot at which he fires, he may stop his game with one shot. If the moose is hidden by bushes, so that nothing except his antlers and his hindquarters can be seen, or a mere black spot that represents an undetermined portion of moose anatomy, Mr. Hough may learn a few things about small bullets that will contribute to the literature of sport.

Henry, Charlie and I had gone perhaps a mile beyond yesterday's moose, and were going down the other side of a big ridge. The world was a mass of moose tracks everywhere.

"Here is a likely place for a moose," said Henry, as we came on a whitewood thicket covering many acres. Scarcely had we gone fifty yards before all three of us saw a movement beyond two big birch trees, and on one side, towering above the bushes, rose the sweeping antlers of a very large moose. How splendidly they swung! The moose had risen and was listening. He was broadside to us, but his body was completely shielded by trees, only the faintest glimpses of his bulk being visible. Charlie saw a black spot and fired. The moose gave a mighty spring and was gone. You can hardly appreciate what a tangle of fallen trunks, bushes, spruce, birch and roundwood growth, we had to struggle through. As I was only a spectator in this controversy, I lagged behind. Away went Henry and Charlie, and soon 150 yards ahead, I heard the crashing of the .375—the wickedest sound I ever heard in the woods. Crack, crack, crack, and finally, as I ran and scrambled breathless, I saw a big dark object standing, and heard Henry say to Charlie, "Oh! let up on the poor brute. He is done for." But it was nearly a minute before the enormous moose, yielding to the infinite disarrangement of his interior, let go and tumbled down the hillside, taking a big dead stub with him as he fell.

There were five awful wounds in his body, four of which you would have expected, any one of them, to produce instant death. I have seen a great many moose; but this had the biggest body of any I ever saw. His shoulders lacked just an inch of being seven feet high. His antlers, which did not spread wide for their size and weight, were 54 inches across. He was a monster.

The first shot had fortunately caught him through the small bowels, so he could not run fast, and the others had gone through the ribs forward, just where the story books say they should go.

But listen now to this. As soon as Henry began cutting into the neck to remove the head, he discovered a large discharge of pus from an old wound in the breast of the moose. Examining this, we found a piece of jacketed bullet sticking in the skin of the bell, a part of which had been cut off by the bullet in its flight. In the left half of the breast was a bullet hole; and dissecting into this, we found more pieces of jacket and spatters of bullet. The missile had struck the point of the shoulder, but had not broken it. It had lifted the flesh from the bone, and had penetrated the body of the moose, outside the bone, about four inches. The larger part of the bullet had already been removed by the stream of pus. Only spatters of it remained. The shoulder was perfectly efficient, and the forearm of the moose beautiful in its tremendous strength. "I guess this is one of Ad. Moore's wounded moose," remarked Henry, grimly, as he inspected the old wound. "Here's more small-bore work for you!" And then Henry told me a happening of this fall, that all the New Brunswick guides are laughing about.

A gentleman who went out with Adam Moore fired at a moose with a small caliber, emptying his magazine and knocking the animal down. They had to go around a little pond to get to the dead moose. Seeing that he was plainly beyond this life, they started around the pond, and when they got there, the moose had concluded to try this world again, and had disappeared. They tracked him a long way, but never got him, and he probably joined the host of educated moose, or died as scores of others do, by slow degrees.

Next week I will tell you some more things that happened.

FREDERIC IRLAND.

A Maine Moose Case.

BOSTON, Jan. 27.—Fish and Game Commissioner Henry O. Stanley, of Maine, was in Boston last week. His term of office expired Jan. 1, but Governor Hill has re-appointed him for the usual term of three years. Mr. Stanley has served on the Fisheries and Game Commission of that State for over thirty years, and has won the good will of everybody. Indeed, there were other candidates for his place, but the more prominent declared that they were not seeking the position, if Mr. Stanley wished to succeed himself. His early service on the Commission was in company with the late E. M. Stillwell, than whom no man ever worked harder for the good of his State in the defense of fish and game. It may justly be claimed that the foundation of game protection in New England was laid under the efforts of Mr. Stillwell, seconded by Mr. Stanley. Both were poorly paid, and stood the brunt of blame and curses in their early attempts at enforcing a system of game laws which has caused the multiplication of deer a hundred fold, and saved moose and caribou from extinction. Mr. Stanley early took great interest in the propagation of fish in Maine, at a time when the system was in its infancy. It is only justice to his efforts to state that the presence and success of landlocked salmon in more than fifty of the lakes and ponds in his native State, is due to the efforts of Henry O. Stanley—efforts made at a time when he was poorly paid, and received but little encouragement from anybody.

The difficulty in securing convictions in cases of infractions of the game laws in some of the Maine counties are considerable, to say the least. This has always been especially true of Washington county, a county where the game wardens have been defied, and in one well-remembered case, one was shot and died from the shooting. Judge Whitehouse, who has been holding court in that county, created a sensation Tuesday when he declared that the verdict of the jury in the celebrated Libbey moose case was entirely wrong. In closing court, Judge Whitehouse said:

"All jurors in attendance are entitled to the thanks of the court for their faithful, intelligent and impartial services in the trial of all civil actions, but my feelings of courtesy do not so obscure my judgment or sense of justice as to include the last criminal prosecution for the killing of the calf moose. That verdict was so clearly wrong, that if it had been rendered in a civil action, it would have been promptly set aside by any tribunal in New England having jurisdiction in such cases. But I believe it is one of those compensations of advancing age that there are mellowing influences that carry with them greater charity and toleration for the opinions of others, and I am constrained to think that the jury believed they were justified in rendering that verdict."

The prosecuting attorneys are very indignant at the verdict; declare that it is demonstrated that Washington county juries will not bring verdicts of guilty in game cases, and it is intimated that important game cases may hereafter be tried in neighboring counties. Howard J. Libbey, of Columbia Falls, was tried for causing the death of a calf moose, contrary to the game laws of the State. A good deal of importance is attached to the case since it was the first one tried in that county, if not in the State, under the new law imposing a fine of \$500 for killing moose illegally. It seems that the case was very plain. The hide and part of the meat of the calf moose was found in Libbey's barn, while the head was found in the woods, in close proximity to where Libbey had legally killed a bull moose, which he took to Boston to sell, and also near to where somebody had killed a cow moose. The parts of the calf moose were found under the hay in Libbey's barn, while more moose meat was found on his premises, although he had taken the bull moose to Boston whole. The parts of the calf moose were found during Libbey's absence in Boston. All this appeared in the testimony. The defense was a denial of all knowledge of either, the cow or the calf moose on the part of Libbey, with the suggestion by Libbey's attorney that some one

had put the parts of the calf moose in his barn. County Attorney McKusic flatly accused Libbey, during his cross examination, of having talked the matter over with one of the jurors. Libbey denied this, but finally admitted that if he had talked the matter over with one of the panel, which he did not think he had, it was not done with a view to prejudicing his case. The jury was out only five minutes, when the panel came in with a verdict of not guilty. The case will go up, and the full bench will be asked to set the verdict aside. County Attorney McKusic has one or two other cases of breaches of the game laws, one a case of deer dogging, which he has not pushed, doubtless feeling that it would be of no use before juries like the one before whom the Libbey case was tried.

SPECIAL.

A Hunting License Blackmail.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In an editorial of the FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 18 you speak of Mr. Carleton, of Maine, as making much of the fact of the non-resident hunting license being in force in many States. You mention this system as enforced in Arkansas as being in effect chiefly for the purposes of blackmail by various county authorities.

The following is an instance (as I should call it) of blackmail. The victim is a man I know quite well. I give his account just as he wrote it over his signature:

"I was born in Milton, Queens county, Nova Scotia, and lived there until I was sixteen years old. My parents still live there. On Aug. 10 last I went into a hospital for a surgical operation. I was there four weeks. After I came out and was able to travel, on the advice of my physician, I went to Nova Scotia to regain my health and to visit my parents. While there I was invited by John Randall (who was making meadow hay some fifteen miles over in the meadows) to go with him and spend a week camping out. Thinking it would do me good, I went. I took my camera, but did not take a gun. I hired Willard Freeman to go as cook for me. My father, Peter Starratt, and my brother, Harry Starratt, also went. I went for my health. My father and some of the others left the tent to look for moose. I was not able to. All the week we were out none of the party either saw or heard a moose. Imagine my surprise when I got out to my parents' house to have a summons served on me and my brother (who lives in New York) for hunting moose without a license. My business called me immediately to Boston. So I did not wait for the trial, which was almost a week later. Well, they tried my brother and me. They acquitted my brother, but fined me \$50 for hunting without a license, \$30 for a license and \$6.50 for costs; total \$86.50.

"Lawyer L. A. Lovett, of Liverpool (in which place the trial took place), wrote to me and asked if I wanted him to appeal the case, as he would act as my attorney and that I would win if I appealed and took it before a jury (as it was a magistrate who imposed the fine). He asked me to send him the \$86.50 and also \$25 to cover probable cost of next court; total \$111.50. I did as he advised. James Hunt acted as game warden, with Church Freeman as his lawyer. My attorney, instead of serving summons on Hunt and Freeman for the appeal, told Freeman that he should appeal the case. The latter said, 'All right.' This was in October. Court opened Nov. 5, and when Lovett arose to present my case, Freeman jumped up and said that as no summons had been served on Hunt and himself, it was illegal. Lovett and he had some words about it, but Judge Forbes decided that he would not try the case, but take it under advisement. Along about the last of December he decided against me and had a license sent me, which I received Jan. 4, 1902, after the open season on all game had closed.

"I can prove (if given a chance) by my father, Willard Freeman, John Randall and my brother Harry, that I did no moose hunting in Nova Scotia. I had a certificate, sworn to by my physician and signed before a notary public, as to my condition (physically) at the above time. This was sent to my lawyer as evidence that I was in no condition to hunt moose if I wished. I am well aware of the meanness of some of the natives of Milton, and their disreputable actions. I know of what I speak as I was born and reared among them. But I did not suppose that any judge would sustain them in their actions. I have never violated the laws of this or any country, and I claim that I was unlawfully treated, and I wish to show my brother sportsmen the Nova Scotians and their laws in a true light. I am ready to back up the above charges in full detail at any time to all who may call on or address me.

"CHARLES E. STARRATT."

59 NORTH MARKET STREET, Boston, Mass.

The above statement of Mr. Starratts shows how non-residents can be blackmailed in some parts of the country. I will give my first experience of "The land of Evangeline."

Some years ago two of us planned a trip after moose. I carefully read the game laws of Nova Scotia. We knew we would have to take out a hunting license. We had (as we supposed) engaged some Indians as moose callers. We were assured we could get everything in Digby in the way of provisions and hunting licenses. When we landed in Digby our Indians did not show up; one had been bought off by some jealous local hunters, and the other was drunk (perhaps through the same source). We bought a couple of written documents (paying \$30 each for the same) from a man who was or had been a game warden. The amount we paid we were told would be sent to Halifax (which I understand was done). We bought our provisions in Digby, and the result was that we decided to bring them with us on any future trips. Mr. Starratt speaks of the meanness of certain Nova Scotians. I will vouch for his statement from personal experience. There is a certain class of Nova Scotians who ought to be sent to fight the Boers. The Boers would treat them about as they deserve. This class is composed of the native hunters. (I will not call them sportsmen.) They kill all kinds of game in season and out, and market what they kill. They howl against the non-resident sportsman who goes to the

Province in the open season and spends five times the worth of what he kills. They always do their howling behind your back.

After we left Nova Scotia on our first trip, these howlers began. It was said that we hunted without a license, and that, had we not skipped out in a hurry, we would have been arrested. This was absolutely untrue. We were hung up on our way home in that lively town of Digby for nearly two days waiting for a steamer for Boston. Why didn't the howlers arrest us? In December of the same year I went back to Digby and hunting with the same document (as a license) I killed a moose and brought part of it home. Why didn't the howlers arrest me?

I was told on my last trip to Nova Scotia (I went to headwaters of Shelburne River) of an instance which would indicate that the blue nosed lawyers (or barristers, as I believe they call them) of the Province do not get very much legal work. I was told that on the opening of a certain term of court in Shelburne there were no jurymen present when his honor the judge took his seat. He did not like it, and ordered the sheriff to hunt up the jurymen and bring them in. Just then a lawyer spoke up, saying: "Perhaps I can explain. There is not a case to come before this court and no jury has been drawn, as there was nothing for them to do." It looks as though when the legal fraternity of Nova Scotia get a chance at a non-resident they make the most of it.

Now, I will say something in favor of a trip to Nova Scotia. I wish to praise all the following officials: Those of the steamboat lines, custom house, railroads, stages and hotels. I never received better treatment from the above class. One and all were most courteous and obliging in every way. They said: "We are very glad to see you; we wish you good luck; we will do all we can to induce you to come again; we do not believe in making you pay a hunting license; we suppose you have such a license, but if anyone bothers you while under our care, just call on us and we will back you up." And I am sure they would.

C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N. H., Jan. 22.

Eighth Annual Sportsmen's Show.

THE eighth annual show of the National Sportsmen's Association is now but a few weeks away, and with characteristic energy and enterprise, Manager Dressel and his assistants are working overtime, to have everything in readiness for the opening date, Wednesday, March 5.

With each succeeding year, the Association has planned in addition to new exhibits in the realm of sport, a main feature that would distinguish the latest show from its predecessors, and in accord with this policy, the show of 1902 will furnish a spectacle presented upon lines radically different from those of last year. Instead of a small lake at the eastern end of the Garden, one great wooded island will rise from the center of the amphitheater, with the waters of a trout brook winding their way along the south shore to the Madison avenue entrance. Bending northward, the stream will flow back along the north shore to its point of outlet. The source of the stream will be a tumbling cascade in the Adirondacks, or rather so much of the Adirondacks as will have been transported from northern New York for the purpose of lending realism to the scene. This will be reproduced with all of the skill of well-known scenic artists, and when completed will represent as delightful a view from the Empire State's magnificent playground as any ever enjoyed outside of the Adirondacks themselves.

Upon the island, which will be reached from the "mainland" by rustic bridges, there will be walks and paths leading to the big-game inclosures, which this year will be so cleverly designed as to give the impression at first glance, that the animals are no more confined than they would be in their native wilds. Along shore will be located the camps and cabins of Maine, Adirondack and Canadian guides, equipped and constructed just as they are along the shores of the Fulton Chain, Moosehead Lake, the Rangeleys or the St. John. The entire island will be wooded with pine, hemlock and spruce, and the visitor will walk, not upon a board flooring as at past shows, but over earth and rocks and moss as though in the woods themselves.

Upon the stream surrounding the island, a canoe ride may be enjoyed with guides and Indians plying the paddle, and the show thus be viewed under conditions that will bring back memories of one's experiences in camp all the more vividly. As in past years, the arboreal decorations will be most profuse and elaborate, it being the purpose of the management to transform the amphitheater as nearly as possible into an ideal sportsman's camp.

At the Fourth avenue end of the south promenade will be located the fish exhibit, and in a corresponding location on the north promenade will be found what must prove one of the most attractive and interesting features of the show. This is the most complete and valuable collection of birds' eggs and nests, as well as mounted specimens of the birds themselves, in the world. The owner, Mr. John Lewis Childs, of Floral Park, Long Island, has been engaged for the past two years in adding to his rare collection by purchasing outright, other valuable collections, until to-day he boasts of a display that can be equalled by no other collector. Some idea of its value can be arrived at, when it is learned that one single lot of specimens, many of them being eggs of rare or extinct birds, was acquired at a cost to the purchaser of \$22,000.

The exhibit of sportsmen's supplies and equipment, and of mounted game heads, birds and animals, will again occupy space facing the broad promenade to extend around the arena, twelve feet above the main floor.

One of the features will be the presence of a party of typical Long Island baymen. Their duck shooting hut will be brought piecemeal from its present location on the south shore of Long Island near the famous duck waters of the Great South Bay, and reconstructed in the Garden. It will then be fitted up in the style familiar to all duck hunters. The baymen will also bring with them a complete duck hunting outfit, and will show during the afternoon and evening, in a realistic and novel manner, how the birds are decoyed and bagged. In this connection a

number of trained geese and ducks for decoy purposes will be used.

Another interesting feature will be the presence of an old half-breed Canadian trapper, who has, during his long career, caught hundreds of all fur-bearing animals known in the Dominion. He will come to the show with a full set of the devices used for trapping all species of animals, from the mink, the muskrat and the otter, to the lynx, the fox and the bear, and will give demonstrations of his methods and the capacity of many of the animals whose hides he makes a business of securing.

The fly-casting contest, in view of the excellent facilities which the 250-foot stretch of water will provide for the sport, promises to be a most interesting competition this year. It has been several years since fishermen have enjoyed this privilege at the New York Show, and since the announcement that it would be made a feature of this next exhibit, many letters of approval have been received from well-known fly-casters of this and other Eastern cities.

Scenic artists are now, and have been for some time, at work upon the model for the interior of the Garden, which will be far more elaborate than anything yet attempted by the Association. Judged from these models, now about completed, the illusion of a great composite camp for the hunter, the fisherman, the trapper, the guide, the canoeist, the duck shooter and the lover of nature, will be most striking and complete.

New York Game Interests.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., Jan. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This question of protection of fish and game is one of great importance to all lovers of the rod and gun, and it seems to me is one that should be governed to a great extent by the sportsmen of the several counties. I have always been a strong advocate for uniform game laws for the entire State, with this exception: That when any one or more counties want a shorter open season for the better protection of fish and game than the general law allows they should be permitted to have it.

The conditions are not alike in all counties. In some counties, by reason of over shooting or other causes, game is rapidly decreasing, while in others it may be plentiful. To say, for the sake of uniform game laws, that the sportsmen in the counties where game is rapidly disappearing must continue to shoot, simply because some other county still has game in plenty, is unjust. In some of the counties there are still good breeding grounds for wildfowl, where, if spring shooting was prohibited, the black duck, mallard, teal and woodduck would breed in large numbers. In other counties there are no such breeding grounds, but by reason of high water in the spring a few ducks are killed, and these are the counties that are, and always will be, opposed to any law stopping spring shooting. We have read in *FOREST AND STREAM* more than once that the private game preserve is a good thing not only for its members but for the surrounding territory. If the sportsmen of Erie, Niagara, Cayuga, or any other county want to make a duck preserve of their counties as Jefferson has done, why should the sportsmen of Oswego, Onondaga or any other county object? If the counties which are directly interested, who have good breeding grounds, stop spring shooting, which I believe they soon will, there will be very few ducks shot in this State in the spring, and we will not have these other counties seeking the repeal of this law each year, for it will be none of their business.

At the request of the sportsmen laws are passed, and with a great majority of us that ends it. We have sixty-one counties and we expect our thirty-eight protectors to enforce this law. If anyone steals your favorite gun or dog you say nothing; it might hurt your business. The fellow might burn your house, poison your stock or give you a black eye; but if you see this same fellow kill a game bird in the close season, or spear a bass or trout on its spawning bed, you at once notify the nearest protector. Do you? A demand has been made for twelve more protectors; we need them, but unless they have the support and aid of the sportsmen in each county, they will accomplish little. Why is it that the average man will see his favorite cover cleaned out a month before the open season by some unprincipled sooner, and yet, if this same unprincipled sooner should steal one of his hens he would prosecute him quicker than a flash? What we need more than protectors is a public sentiment for the strict enforcement of the game laws, and one way to secure this is for the sportsman to obey them himself, and to give his aid and support to our protectors in punishing those who do not. Get the people interested through the local press. Few editors will refuse to advocate good game laws and their proper enforcement, and our success in securing good laws and their enforcement in Jefferson is due largely to the local newspapers. Without them we could have accomplished little.

If the sportsmen of each county would give a small fraction of the time, money and energy that they expend in the pursuit and the killing of game during the open season to the proper enforcement of the game laws during the close season, there would be fewer violations of the game law, and by the term sportsman I mean every man and boy; black or white, rich or poor, country or city bred, who loves to hunt for the pleasure or profit it brings him. I say profit, for as long as we permit the sale of game, just so long is market shooting a legitimate pursuit, and the market shooter, of all others, should be the most interested in the protection of game during its breeding season. The sportsmen of Jefferson have stopped spring shooting of wildfowl. Why? Because we have the water and feed, and we believed that the birds would stay and nest here, and the result has been such that we want no more spring shooting in Jefferson.

The gray squirrel, ruffed grouse, and woodcock are growing less each year, and in many of our woods and covers where a few years ago they were abundant, few or none can be found to-day. If the sportsmen of Jefferson should ask for a close season for one or two years to allow the few remaining animals and birds to multiply and restock our woods and covers, what valid objection can any of our sister counties have?

A bill has been introduced in the Assembly to stop

the sale of ruffed grouse, quail and woodcock in this State at any time. The game dealers have a strong lobby at Albany working against this bill, and unless the sportsmen who believe in "the *FOREST AND STREAM* plank" make a united and determined effort, we cannot pass it. The sportsmen of each county are responsible for the action of their representatives. If this law is worth having it is worth asking for, and if you and your friends don't ask for it you may rest assured you will not get it.

W. H. TALLETT.

Commissioner Carleton's Figures.

AUGUSTA, Me., Jan. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My attention has been called to various editorials and communications, in the last few issues of your paper, reflecting more or less upon the opinion I have held for many years relative to the licensing of hunters of big game in Maine, and more particularly upon my Bangor address before the Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association.

Assuming that you desire to be fair, I wish to point out a few of the errors you have given editorial utterance to.

In your last issue you say: "Meanwhile, it appears to be up to Commissioner Carleton to prove his \$15,000,000 estimate of revenues from the Maine woods."

Now, if you desire to be fair, you will say as conspicuously as you have made the assertion, that Commissioner Carleton has never made any such "estimate of revenues from the Maine woods;" nor, indeed, any such estimate or revenues from the Maine woods, Maine inland waters and the summer vacationists combined.

What I did say in my Bangor address was as follows: "The result has been that tourists, fishermen, hunters and recreationists have been flocking to our State in ever increasing numbers for twenty-five years or more, and now a vast throng visits us annually, attracted primarily by our unparalleled facilities for fishing and hunting."

"It would be of great importance if we were able to count them correctly, so that our people might know definitely just how many there are who come to us each year."

"Considerable effort has been made to ascertain definitely this number, and the figures given run up into the hundreds of thousands, and the amount of money left with us by them as fifteen millions of dollars."

"This vast sum is the amount as estimated by the Boston Herald, according to a statement I saw published in it last year, and favorably commented upon by many of the papers in Maine."

From our annual report for the year 1900 I take the following:

"The number of people who came to Maine in 1900, and amount of money expended by them, is variously estimated by those best qualified to judge as from fifty to two hundred and fifty thousand. Col. F. E. Boothby, general passenger agent of the Maine Central Railroad, writes: 'While of course we cannot give you a definite statement as to the number of summer visitors, fishermen and hunters who passed over this road from out of the State the past season, yet from figures which we have previously made, I should say that two hundred and fifty thousand (250,000) would not be very far out of the way; certainly as many as that number.'"

"Fifty thousand would seem, in view of Mr. Boothby's letter, as much too small an estimate; two hundred and fifty thousand may be too large an estimate. It is clear, however, that not less than from four to six millions of dollars were expended in Maine by these visitors; certainly nearly double this amount if Mr. Boothby is correct."

Now, if you do me the fairness to print this, I will, with pleasure, call attention to other errors and misleading misstatements which have appeared in your paper.

L. T. CARLETON, Chairman.

Non-Resident Licenses.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The recent agitation of the hunting license question in the State of Maine shows the utter selfishness that prompts the enactment of non-resident license laws. The motive is usually read between the lines; but Commissioner Carleton bluntly admits that the object would be to keep the non-resident of limited means out of his State, and thereby make it easier for men of wealth to find game in sufficient abundance to induce them to come again. He seems to take especial objection to the presence of Ohio and Indiana hunters, for which I am very sorry, for I had hopes of seeing that much-talked-of game country in the near future. It goes a little "ag'in the grain" to tramp over a preserve where the watchmen look upon you as a trespasser or poacher. I feel better while accepting an invitation, than I do while being informed that I am not welcome.

I have often wondered if those who are responsible for the present Michigan game law ever feel the least bit of remorse, now that they have practically shut non-resident sportsmen out of their State. These Michigan statesmen, however, inadvertently paid us aliens a compliment. We can pay \$25 railroad fare and \$25 license fee, hunt deer three weeks and kill three deer for consumption within the State.

That, in brief, is the substance of the law. Now that certainly is complimentary in more ways than one. We are first accredited with being able to pay the \$50. That is a mere nothing for desirable sportsmen. Secondly, we are supposed to be able to kill our three deer within the specified time, and have enough time left over in which to eat, devour or dispose of our three deer without either selling or exporting any portion of them. Now, seriously, the compliment comes, in the supposition that a visiting sportsman not being allowed to sell nor export any part of the three deer he pays for, will kill no more than he can consume during his stay. But where is the compliment to the father of such an unjust law?

There was once in common practice such a thing as consistency, and it was referred to as a jewel, but it does not find favor with some of our lawmakers.

I was in Michigan one trip when I did not kill a deer.

On three occasions I got only one, on another two deer, on another three, another time five, and another seven, making a total of twenty deer for eight trips covering twenty weeks. At this rate I would have gotten the legal limit of three deer for three weeks' open season. But, and you may well spell the word with a big B, there were only thirty deer killed by the entire party in all those hunts, and the party averaged five to six men. In other words, forty-four men killed thirty deer in eight years.

The reason was—and it applies in many other instances—that a large per cent. of my companions were not hunters. They enjoyed the outing, and were full of hope that they might bring down a deer.

Four of my especial friends have been with me five trips, and three of them on another, when I did not go; also two of the number have been to the Yellowstone National Park, and were last fall in Maine, and neither of them has ever killed a deer. Now, I have no doubt there are many such enthusiasts scattered over Ohio and Indiana. They are willing to spend a reasonable amount of money; that is, they will pay transportation to any point decided upon, hotel and all other necessary expenses for the sake of an outing. We have been in the habit of camping in tents, and having the train put us off at some water course or lake in the wildest and wooliest spot reached by that particular railroad, and, as a matter of convenience, we have gone furnished.

Such a precaution may be unnecessary in Maine, but possibly Ohio and Indiana boys are not aware of the fact, and if Commissioner Carleton was ever set off a railroad at 6 P. M. or 6 A. M. after a ride of 500 or 600 miles, and as the train sped on, he looked at his surroundings and found only wood and water, and by comparison with his railroad guide and a near-by mile post, found himself nine miles by rail from the nearest point for purchasing supplies, with no wagon roads nor settlers to use them, he would thank his lucky stars he had brought those potatoes with him.

In fact, it is "small potatoes" to take a sportsman to task for looking after his own comfort and convenience. If he is a sportsman he is a gentleman; and if he takes his bread and butter from home, it is for convenience, and that is sufficient reason.

I have been reading about Maine in *FOREST AND STREAM* and I fail to see where any hunting party of say half a dozen men can camp and enjoy themselves with a more limited outfit than is customary in Michigan and Wisconsin. To expect to buy this outfit, or find it awaiting their arrival at their destination, is manifestly absurd, when it is not always certain twenty-four hours before starting as to who or how many may go. But why reason when the proposition to tax non-residents is not based on reason?

I am going to propose an amendment to the Michigan game law, however, to wit: Charge non-residents a license fee of \$10. Allow each licensed hunter to kill one deer, and take home what he does not consume of it. I would not care for the \$10, and I would be willing to stop at one deer if only I were permitted to bring home what I did not consume in camp. The present law is so unreasonable and unjust that there is every inclination on the part of visiting sportsmen to violate it with impunity.

G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y., Jan. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I would like to be heard in regard to the non-resident license. It really makes me tired to think of it. I for one shall do no fishing or hunting in a State that requires me to pay a license. I don't see where other States have so much more advantage in the quantity of game over my own State of New York, that we should be held up to the tune of \$25 if we should visit in some Western State and wanted to enjoy a day or two with the quail or prairie chicken. My own State is as free from license as the water that flows, and that it may ever be so is my earnest wish. Living as I do in the foothills of the Adirondacks, I know something about the game supply.

J. H. DRAKE.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Western Game and Western Laws.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 22.—Not much attention was paid to the non-resident acts of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, but when Indiana put a \$25 tax upon Chicago visitors, things began to get mighty interesting to the sportsmen of this city, for hunting in Indiana has heretofore been about as free as air. So much has this non-resident license of Indiana galled the spirit of the Chicago public, that there is loud and growing talk of a test case bearing upon the whole non-resident tax idea.

Yet not without a subtle revenge has the Chicago sportsman been in his attitude toward the Indiana citizens who inflicted this hardship upon his northern brother. It is rumored, with probably some support in fact, that it was the Tolleston Club which was behind the Law and Order League which was formed in upper Indiana not long ago. This League dug out of the musty pages of the Indiana statutes an old law forbidding hunting on Sunday. This law has quietly and yet sternly been enforced in a very large number of instances in the State of Indiana, and the town dweller or the busy country lad who has been wont to take his gun and go out for a little shooting on Sunday has in many an instance found himself brought up with a round turn. Perhaps he did not know, and will not until he reads this in type, that his undoing was a quiet cross-counter intended for those Indiana persons who made it a hardship for the Chicago man to shoot in Indiana, where everything was wont to be free.

A curious effect of this enforcement of the Sunday law is noticeable in the Calumet Heights Club, also a Chicago organization, whose grounds are across the line in Indiana. This club is not so much a duck shooting club as its wealthy neighbor on the Little Calumet, but it is rather a country club, where members and their families pass a day or so at the end of the week. Some of these members, it may be frankly stated, as it is the truth, have been in the habit of doing a little Sunday shooting. All this has been stopped by the Indiana league above mentioned. Indeed, one Calumet Heights member was ar-

rested and mildly fined for being caught out in his boat on the river one Sabbath day. The result has been that the attendance at Calumet Heights Club during the last fall and early winter has fallen off very sharply.

So far as can be determined, Tolleston Club does not in the least suffer by the present game situation. Its members are nearly all wealthy men, quite able to pay the \$25 license and quite able to run down to the club on any day of the week when the shooting may be good. It is no hardship for them to hang up their coats on Sunday. Moreover, the enforcement of both the non-resident license act and the Indiana Sunday law has been an excellent thing for Tolleston Club marsh. Its members have had good shooting, although they have said mighty little about it.

About Wild Celery.

Mr. Jasper B. White, of Waterbury, N. C., in the *Currituck Sound* country, writes: "In *FOREST AND STREAM* of Jan. 4 a New York writer says that 'wild celery does not have seed.' I am not well enough acquainted with the scientific names of the many kinds of duck foods to discuss the matter with him, but I do know that what we call 'wild celery' here at Currituck does have seed, and is the kind of food always selected by canvasbacks, redheads and ruddy ducks in preference to all others, and is the kind of food that gives them such a delicious flavor. It resembles celery, has seed on top, and a small root or bulb, which tastes almost exactly like garden celery. If you can help me in the matter, I shall appreciate it very much indeed, as I have promised to get about eighty bushels for different gentlemen, from Texas to Maine, and I have no desire to lead them astray. My only wish is to help them secure the kind of food which will secure the same delicious flavor for their ducks that we have at Currituck."

I do not think that Mr. White need fear that he has led any one astray in sending out wild celery seed. This is an industry which at one time had considerable proportions in the Koshkanong Lake country of Wisconsin, which is a notable wild celery water, or was before the carp ate it up. The long, pod-like receptacle of the seeds were familiar articles of export by Duane Sterin and ex-Game Warden W. Y. Wentworth, who gathered them on Lake Koshkanong. I must plead scientific ignorance in common with Mr. White, and yet join with him perfectly in his description of the plant popularly known as wild celery. The latter can be propagated either from the seed or from the bulb.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The Game Seizure Case.

THE demurrer of the Arctic Freezer Co. in the game seizure case has been sustained in respect to the paragraphs of the complaint relating to shore birds; but overruled in all other respects. The text of Justice O'Gorman's decision reads:

People, etc., vs. Bookman—The statute under which this action is instituted extends over the entire State and is in no sense a local law. It was, therefore, unnecessary to recite or refer to the act in the complaint. The pleader was required only to allege facts bringing the case within the purview of the act, and this has been done. Section 1897 of the Code is inapplicable. The complaint accompanied the summons, and in such a case no reference to the statute need be indorsed upon the summons. The statute in question contains no exceptions within the sections of the act, and the complaint, therefore, does not offend against the rule requiring the pleading to show that the case is not within an exception to the statute. The expression "and is liable to a penalty," etc., in Section 39 of the act, clearly means that, in addition to the criminal liability, the offender subjects himself to a civil action for the recovery of the penalty prescribed. There is no such ambiguity in the language as to support the defendant's contention. The possession of the birds at the forbidden season within the State is prima facie evidence that the possessor has violated the law, and the burden is then cast upon him of proving facts to show that the possession is legal (People, etc., vs. Buffalo Fish Co., 164 N. Y., 99), and this is as true as a rule of pleading as it is concededly true as a rule of evidence. As to the birds mentioned in counts 14 to 19 of the complaint, the claim of the defendants must be upheld. Sections 30 and 33 cannot be reconciled. Under Section 30 plover and snipe have a close season from May 1 to Aug. 31, and Section 33 is applicable to birds for which there is no open season. In order to create an offense under Section 33 it must appear not only that the birds are wild birds, but also that they are birds for which there is no open season. Therefore, if they are birds having an open season, or if there be no express provision that there shall be no open season, the taking or possession of them constitutes no offense. Courts will go far to preserve the paramount intention of the Legislature where it is possible to do so, but here the incongruities are so serious and irreconcilable that the construction urged by the plaintiff's counsel can be yielded to only by the court usurping legislative functions. No cause of action is set forth in these counts, and as to them the demurrer is sustained. In all other respects the demurrer is overruled.

Massachusetts Game Notes.

DANVERS, Mass., Jan. 24.—We have had a cold winter, but no crusty snow to kill the quail. I saw a good flock a few days since, and they were large, strong birds. There is a plenty of ruffed grouse in the swamps. I was out after rabbits the other day and saw plenty of tracks, but they were all in their holes. Another party out the same day got ten.

Tom Wilson, of Ipswich, brought up ten black ducks and three geese to send to Boston market. This last item is hearsay, but from good authority; I can't understand how about the geese being around here at this season of the year.

A large, handsome snow owl was killed in town, and is being mounted by Ingraham. Will Tillson has gone on a hunting trip to Bartow, Fla.

J. W. BABBITT.

Ruling in the Marlin vs. Shields Case.

THE Appellate Division of the New York Supreme Court has handed down an important decision with a direct bearing on the law of libel.

The complaint in an action brought by the Marlin Fire Arms Company against George O. Shields, the publisher of a monthly magazine called *Recreation*, charged the latter with writing and sending to the company "fake" letters purporting to have been written by sportsmen and falsely asserting that there were certain defects in a rifle made by the plaintiff.

The Marlin Company claimed that the scheme was designed by the defendant to extort money because the company had withdrawn its advertising from the *Recreation*. The complaint stated that the company had at one time advertised in the columns of the defendant's paper but "had to discontinue doing so because of the exorbitant rate subsequently made by Shields."

A judgment of the special term of the Supreme Court sustaining a demurrer to the complaint was reversed by the Appellate Division. The prayer for relief asked that an injunction be issued restraining the defendant from publishing in his magazine or elsewhere any statement falsely attacking the Marlin rifle.

The Appellate Division says, by Justice Hatch, that while ordinarily a court of equity has no power to restrain the publication of a libel where the injury is merely personal, yet if the injury complained of is one to property, an injunction may issue. This principle, Justice Hatch says, was upheld by no less an authority than Justice Story. Continuing, Justice Hatch says:

"The case presents, therefore, an injury to the property and business of the plaintiff of such a character as renders it quite impracticable to measure the injury in money damages. These acts are done and the injury inflicted solely for the purpose, as appears by the averments of the complaint, of coercing the plaintiff into advertising in the publication of the defendant and paying therefor an extortionate sum. It would seem that, under such circumstances, the plaintiff ought not to be turned away empty-handed. * * *

"We think that in principle this case is brought within the recognized equitable powers, and that to some extent, at least, the plaintiff is entitled to relief.

"It is not easy to frame in precise language the extent to which equity may interfere and restrain this publication, but we are clear that the defendant may be restrained from planning and endeavoring to injure and ruin the business of the plaintiff by maliciously publishing untrue statements contained in letters written by himself but falsely purporting to be written by some person using the rifle manufactured and sold by the plaintiff.

"To this extent the defendant may be enjoined."

Boone and Crockett Club Meeting.

THE fifteenth annual meeting of the Boone and Crockett Club was held at the Metropolitan Club, Washington, D. C., on Monday, Jan. 27, at 6:30 P. M. Among the members present were Major W. A. Wadsworth, president of the club, the President of the United States, the Secretary of War, Senator Redfield Proctor, Mr. D. G. Elliott, Caspar W. Whitney, H. L. Stimson, A. P. Proctor, Alden Sampson, C. Grant La Farge, Madison Grant, C. De Rham, Dr. J. C. Merrill, Dr. C. Hart Merriam, W. Woodville Rockhill, R. Stuyvesant, Col. Roger D. Williams, Dr. Lewis Rutherford Morris, Arnold Hague, Gifford Pinchot, W. B. Bristow, James S. Watson, G. Bleistein, Paul Dashiell, Senator H. Cabot Lodge, Hon. Wm. Cary Sanger, Major Emmet, Mr. Prentice, Mr. W. J. Boardman, D. M. Barringer, Hon. W. A. Chandler, George Bird Grinnell and Dr. W. Lord Smith.

Among the guests were Hon. John F. Lacey, of Iowa; Senator W. A. Clark, of Montana; Senator John Kean, of New Jersey; Hon. J. Small, of North Carolina; Mr. J. Kidder, of Boston, and Dr. T. S. Palmer, of Washington.

At the business meeting reports of the officers and of different committees were received, and two changes were made in the constitution. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Maj. W. A. Wadsworth; Vice-Presidents, W. B. Devereux, H. Melville Hanna, Col. W. D. Pickett, Chas. Deering and Owen Wister; Secretary, Alden Sampson; Treasurer, C. Grant La Farge. Executive Committee, A. Rogers, Dr. L. R. Morris; Caspar Whitney, Gifford Pinchot, Madison Grant, John Rogers, Jr. Editorial Committee, George Bird Grinnell and Theodore Roosevelt.

The dining room was decorated at one end with the skin of a giant Kadiak bear, killed by Mr. Kidder, and behind the president of the club and the guests were ranged four of the huge and massive skulls of this species.

The first speaker of the evening was the Hon. John F. Lacey, who talked at length of the wasteful methods of the American people and of the importance of preserving our natural resources, among them the great game of the continent. He outlined briefly the method by which this might be done. He likened the club to Saul of Tarsus, who, having seen a great light, became a defender of the faith, and said that the club which—he assumed—had been inaugurated to encourage killing had now become an association of game protectors. Mr. Lacey's speech was listened to with great interest, and was frequently interrupted by applause.

When Mr. Lacey sat down there were loud calls of "Roosevelt," "Roosevelt," and the President arose to respond. He referred to the founding of the club at a dinner at his house, fifteen years before, and went on to speak in a practical way of the importance of game preservation. He believed that the game ought to be preserved, in order that it might be reasonably and wisely hunted, so that the children of our generation may be able to see something of the sport that their fathers have known. He paid a warm tribute to the good work that has been done in game protection by some of those present, among them Mr. Lacey, Dr. C. Hart Merriam and Mr. Gifford Pinchot. He emphasized the importance of striving earnestly to enlist public sentiment on the side of game protection, declaring that with public sentiment everything was possible, but without public sentiment

nothing. He declared that the protection of game by the establishment of refuges in the forest preserve was the most democratic thing that Congress could do, for the very rich are able to acquire lands and stock them for their own sport, but the average man cannot do this, and must depend for his sport on Government protection of the game. The President's speech was received with great enthusiasm. Interesting remarks were made by Senators Clark and Proctor, and by Dr. C. Hart Merriam.

The chairman of the Committee on Game Refuges submitted his report, an abstract of which follows:

At a meeting of the executive Committee of the Boone and Crockett Club, June 3, 1901, it was

Resolved, That a committee of five be appointed by the executive committee to formulate a plan to provide for game refuges in such parts of the country as may be desirable, and to report to the executive committee, which shall then call a general meeting of the club for the discussion of this plan, with a view to prepare it for action by the club at the next annual meeting.

The following committee was appointed: Messrs. Alden Sampson, A. Rogers, G. B. Grinnell, Caspar Whitney and D. M. Barringer.

The report of the committee was submitted to the executive committee at a meeting held at the Players' Club, in New York, Jan. 7, 1902, at which the following resolution was passed:

Resolved, That the report of the committee on game refuges be received with thanks, and that the committee be continued, with power to take such steps as may be necessary to further the objects set forth in their report.

The Committee's Report.

The report may be summarized as follows: The committee soon reached the conclusion that for the present the wiser course is to give attention to the establishment of game refuges in the Government timber reserves, and to defer for the present any consideration of game refuges in the East, whether by State aid, individual generosity or general subscription.

The area of the United States timber reserves is more than 78,000 square miles. At first their establishment was bitterly opposed by the general public, which did not understand their objects, but now that they have become better understood their advantages are realized and they are very popular. The establishment of game refuges in these tracts may at first meet with the same opposition, but the wisdom of such action will soon be appreciated by the common sense of the American people. Among the appendices to the report are letters giving information as to certain reserves from men living in their vicinity, and a full report on the Black Mesa Forest Reserve of Arizona, and its availability as a Game Reserve, by Mr. E. W. Nelson, the well-known naturalist.

The committee at first considered the advisability of introducing in Congress a bill providing for the creation of game refuges in all the timber reserves, but later, finding that legislation was pending at Washington which might materially affect the future control of the forest reserves, it was thought better to await legislation, and then, if it should take the desired course, to act directly through the department having charge of these reserves.

While it is altogether probable that the effort to establish game refuges in the manner stated will at first meet with opposition, the club is to be congratulated on a number of hopeful circumstances which will work toward the accomplishment of its purposes.

The President is heartily in favor of some action of this sort, as shown by his message, which treats the subject wisely and temperately, and which draws attention among other things, to the terrible injury to the forest, and even to the free range, caused by the grazing of sheep.

The United States Forester, Mr. Pinchot, will do everything in his power to make effective any legislative action that may be taken looking toward the desired end. The establishment of game refuges and public parks in the East shows that the public is beginning to feel an interest in these matters. The proposed Appalachian Park and the reserves of land owned by New York, Pennsylvania, Minnesota and some other States are encouraging signs of the times.

The increasing interest in the irrigation of the arid lands of the West is another cheering circumstance. The interests of forestry and irrigation are identical, and the interests of forestry are ours; so that the irrigationists and foresters and the game protectors, who are the hunters, will all work together.

The establishment of these game refuges has an economic, financial and purely selfish side to it which must appeal to people living in the vicinity of such refuges. About their borders there will always be game, people will come to hunt it, and will leave large sums of money in the country. Every head of game killed will undoubtedly be worth more to the community living near where it was killed than a beef steer raised and marketed for \$50 or \$75. While the American woodsman or ranchman is slow to yield what he regards as his rights and privileges, he has a cold, hard appreciation of the value of money, which is likely to lead him, after a time, to see the desirability of preserving the big game.

Finally there exists now, far more than a few years ago, a reverence for life based on scientific teachings, which is not without its important influence on many classes of our people. Beside this—appealing alike to cultivated and uncultivated man—there is the growing realization of the fact that, with protection of this sort, comes familiarity with the animals, an opportunity to study their ways and to comprehend many of the motives which govern their lives. This is a strong motive. We have seen the beginning of it in the Yellowstone Park, and we are sure to see it elsewhere.

The meeting then adjourned to the other room, where Mr. Kidder, who has perhaps had more experience than any one else in hunting bears on Kadiak Island and in the Alaska Peninsula, gave a most interesting talk, illustrated by lantern slides.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in *FOREST AND STREAM*.

North American Fish and Game Protective Association.

THE two days' session of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association, held in Burlington, Vt., Jan. 22 and 23, was a highly successful affair, and productive not only of a better understanding and a better fellowship between the States and Provinces represented, but also of inspiration for legislation and law enforcement which is bound to prove of the greatest benefit to sportsmen in general.

Probably the most important action of the convention was the mutual pledge of representatives from Quebec and Vermont to put a stop to the seine fishing in Missisquoi Bay, which depletes the chief spawning beds of the wall-eyed pike in Lake Champlain.

For years attempts have been made to stop the evil, but politics have obscured the justice of the demand. Quebec, bounding as it does but a trifling fraction of the shore of Lake Champlain, was considered to hold the key to the situation, because that fraction contained a considerable portion of the available spawning grounds of the lake and carried with the possession the power to license net fishermen. Vermont permitted netting, according to her representatives, as a retaliatory measure, simply because Quebec permitted it.

It fell to Mr. Wilson, of the Empire State, to show that New York was in the position of the nether millstone, having for years refused the seining privilege to its citizens, and possessed of this moral vantage point, he assailed Quebec and Vermont in no uncertain terms for their ungenerous and short-sighted policy.

As an interesting sidelight on the question, it developed that practically all the seiners are natives of Vermont, the Superintendent of Fish and Game for Quebec stating that out of the eighteen or nineteen licenses given by his Province, all but three were held by Vermonters.

The Vermont League has long labored to put an end to the seining, but has so far been balked by the strong position and clever political intrigue of the net fishermen, who have not only worked in their own legislature, but also have sent delegations to Quebec who represented that Vermont did not want the repeal of the seining privilege.

Though speaking for a limited number of people on a limited extent of the lake, they made it appear that they represented the sentiment of the State at large.

The advantage of the international organization of the North American Association was never more strikingly demonstrated than by the business-like manner in which an insight into the situation was gained and by the concerted agreement of those concerned to demonstrate the true situation to the proper authorities, and not to rest till the necessary legislative action is secured.

Equally suggestive was the prompt action taken to ascertain what means of relief might be afforded our Northern neighbor to check the illegal export of her game.

The entire session of the convention was marked by courteous consideration of the interests on either side of the border, and by good fellowship and concord. The Canadian and visiting contingent were hospitably entertained, and left with the most pleasant memories of their stay in the beautiful city of Burlington. When an opportunity availed they were taken to points of interest about the city in sleighs. The hospitality of the Ethan Allen and Algonquin clubs was extended to them, and they were not allowed to feel themselves strangers, and from some the fact was even concealed that Vermont is a prohibition State.

The matter was well summed up by Dr. Drummond, who, as spokesman for the visitors, offered the following resolution:

"When in the course of human events it was pre-ordained that the annual meeting of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association should be held in the city of Burlington, little did the members of the Association feel that they would be the recipients of the whole-souled, spontaneous hospitality from the good people of that city.

"They feel, therefore, that it is 'up to them' to put on record in this humble and inefficient manner their great appreciation of the true Green Mountain welcome which they have encountered at every turn of the street, and to one and all, his Worship, the Mayor of Burlington, the Algonquin and Ethan Allen clubs, city officials, the different charitable organizations, and to the police and ambulance departments, we owe our deepest thanks.

"Be it also resolved, That said thanks be tendered to them in a golden casket, to be finally placed away among the most sacred archives of Vermont."

Morning Session, Jan. 22.

About thirty members were present at the morning session, Jan. 22, which was called to order by President John W. Titcomb, in the waiting room of the Van Ness House, at 11 A. M. President Titcomb said:

"Members of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association:

"That there was need of an organization like the one convened in annual meeting here to-day was proved last year by the cordial response of men of affairs who came from various parts of the country, and gave their time and money to organize this Association, and much serious thought to a discussion of the various matters necessary to the furtherance and accomplishment of its objects.

When that meeting adjourned every member returned to his home with a duty to perform, either officially or as an individual. That duty was to aid in putting into execution the resolutions adopted.

Thus our meeting to-day might be likened unto an experience meeting, in which each officer and member relates his experience during the year—his success or failure to accomplish the desired legislation.

"I am reminded of the country deacon who announced to his pastor that he was going on a vacation to the seashore, and had come to say farewell. His pastor warned him against some of the temptations to which he would be subjected. 'They don't observe the Sabbath at all where you are going,' etc., etc. The good deacon enjoyed his outing immensely, and returned to his home much refreshed. Calling upon his pastor, he was met with the inquiry, 'How did you get along?' and he replied, 'First rate, first rate! Not one of 'em suspected I was a church member.'

"Now, I hope that not one of the members of this Association concealed the fact that he was a member of this Association, and that we can have a good experience meeting to-day and to-morrow, and go home with renewed resolutions to further the objects of the Association and to increase its membership.

"The issuance of circulars will not do it. It must be done by personal solicitation.

"The work of such an organization depends very largely upon your secretary, and I am sure he has been faithful to his trust.

"Last September, owing to ill health, Mr. Joncas felt obliged to resign the office, and I appointed Mr. E. T. D. Chambers as his successor. Mr. Joncas, being under bonds as treasurer, has continued to assume the financial responsibilities of his office until he is relieved of them by your action to-day. As they are both here to-day, we can hear from them as to their work the past year.

"Gentlemen, I welcome you to our State, and to the Queen City of our State. In behalf of the Vermont Fish and Game League, I repeat my written invitation to be their guests at a banquet to-morrow evening."

At the close of the address a vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Titcomb.

New Members, Committees and Reports.

The membership committee proposed the following gentlemen, who were unanimously elected members of the Association: J. G. McCullough, of Bennington; Dr. W. Seward Webb, of Shelburne; Olin Merrill and W. A. Whiting, of Burlington; F. A. Phelps, of Wilkes-barre, Pa.; J. E. Bentley, of St. Albans, Vt.; H. J. Elliott, and J. B. Sparrow, of Montreal; W. L. Chase, of Torkington, Me., and J. E. Walsh, of Ottawa.

The following committees were appointed:

On Nominations—F. G. Butterfield, C. H. Wilson, F. S. Hodges, E. S. Kingsley, H. Stanley, D. G. Smith and Dr. W. H. Drummond.

On Location of Next Meeting—S. T. Bastedo, C. C. E. Ussher, D. G. Smith, N. W. Fisk, Andrew Irving and H. Russell.

On Programme—C. C. E. Ussher, E. Tinsley, H. Richards and D. G. Smith.

Mr. E. T. D. Chambers read the report of the secretary and treasurer, which showed that a large amount of literature had been distributed during the past year, including a number of the annual fish and game reports. Mr. Chambers also stated that the membership of the Association had almost doubled over the number of charter members a year ago.

The financial affairs of the Association, he said, were on a sound basis. The total receipts have been \$385, while the expenditures were \$315.13, leaving an unexpended balance of \$69.87.

Secretary Chambers read a circular letter which had been issued by President Titcomb previous to the meeting, requesting each member to prepare some paper or offer some topic for discussion at the forthcoming sessions of the Association. To this end a committee to arrange a programme was appointed, consisting of Messrs. Ussher, Kingsley, Richards and Smith.

Before lunch the local committee on entertainment and members of the Vermont League escorted the visitors about the city and introduced them to the hospitality of the Ethan Allen and Algonquin clubs.

Among the members present at the opening session were S. T. Bastedo, Toronto, Ont., deputy commissioner of fisheries for Ontario; Dr. Thomas C. Brainerd, ex-president of the Providence of Quebec Association for the Protection of Fish and Game; Charles F. Burhans, Warrensburg, N. Y.; F. G. Butterfield, Derby Line, Vt.; E. T. D. Chambers, Quebec, author of the "Ouananiche," "Anglers' Guide," etc.; H. R. Charlton, Montreal; N. E. Cormier, Aylmer East, Quebec, chief game warden for Ottawa and Pontiac; G. A. Farmer, of the Bank of Montreal; Hon. Nelson W. Fisk, Isle La Motte; Dr. John T. Finnie, Montreal, ex-president of the Providence of Quebec Association for the Protection of Fish and Game; Wm. W. Henry, U. S. Consul to Quebec, and president St. Bernard Fish and Game Club; F. S. Hodges, Boston, Mass.; Andrew Irving, Gouv-eneur, N. Y.; F. Z. Joncas, Quebec, ex-member of Parliament, superintendent of fish and game for the Province of Quebec; Dr. H. T. Drummond, Montreal; Alex. Hardy, Quebec; Hon. F. R. Latchford, Toronto; Horace Bailey, W. H. Parker, Lac le Peche, Quebec, secretary and manager of the Laurentian Fish and Game Club; Colin Rankin, Mattawa, Ont.; D. G. Smith, Chatham, N. B.; Fishery Commissioner of New Brunswick; E. Tinsley, Toronto, Ont., chief game warden; John W. Titcomb, Vermont Fish and Game Commissioner; C. E. Ussher, Montreal; Frank L. Wing, New York; John W. McGeary, Burlington; G. A. McGrath, Franklin, Pa.; H. Maltby, Montreal; G. H. Richard, Boston, Mass.

The Afternoon Session.

The afternoon session opened at half past 2.

The committee on programme reported a list of subjects, the discussion of which occupied the entire afternoon. Among the subjects were: The Harmonizing of the Laws of the Different Provinces of Canada and the Contiguous States of the American Union; the Preservation, Propagation and Protection of Fish, Game and Bird Life, and the Maintenance and Improvement of Laws Relating Thereto, and Mutual Assistance in Enforcing Game and Fish Laws on the Borders of the Various States and Provinces; the Preservation of Forests; The Promotion of Fishculture; The Introduction of New Species and Varieties of Fish, Game and Useful Birds, and the Dissemination of Information Relating Thereto.

The discussion was opened by Dr. Brainerd, who said that successful efforts had been made to harmonize the game laws of the Province of Quebec, and that there have been many improvements, of which he cited instances.

C. H. Wilson gave the history of the anti-spring shooting bill and the bill for a uniform bass law introduced in the New York Legislature at the instance of the North American Association. He attended three hearings, but the bills died in committee.

Spring Shooting.

Mr. Tinsley said, "The first action in harmonizing game laws should be in connection with migratory game, and I know of no action so urgent as the uniform and general prohibition of the spring shooting of water fowl."

"It has long been a mystery to me that you, our American friends, follow business in your various trades and professions, and then act so inconsistently in the matter of spring shooting. There is not one redeeming feature, not a valid excuse, for otherwise intelligent people acting so foolishly as to shoot birds when full of eggs en route to the nesting grounds. Those that are honest in this matter know they are violating laws of nature and common sense. Nature will not allow her laws to be violated without exacting heavy penalties."

"The main obstacle to the abolishment of spring shooting is not ignorance, but selfishness. I often hear advocates of spring shooting say, 'If we don't shoot, others will.'"

"I have been working to the best of my humble ability for the last forty years to have this senseless system abolished. I therefore make an urgent appeal to the members of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association at this your annual meeting, to give the matter your earnest consideration, and I trust your efforts may result in having the miserable practice of spring shooting forever abolished on this continent."

Non-Resident License.

Mr. Tinsley is in favor of a non-resident license fee. He read a paper on this subject, in which he said:

"The non-resident license question is being thrashed out with considerable warmth and ability. We may take it for granted that the main object of fish and game protection is to perpetuate and increase the supply in the interest of the public at large. This can only be accomplished by meeting the constantly increasing number of hunters who enjoy improved destructive facilities with more closely drawn restrictive measures."

"In old and densely populated countries the license system has been the most effective factor in keeping up the supply of game. It is an accepted fact that game is the property of the State or Province. Such being the case, it is the bounden duty of the respective legislatures to enact and enforce laws regarding these natural and valuable products of their respective countries."

"If our law-makers have the power to say how and when game may be killed, they should certainly have the power to say how much those doing the killing should pay for the privilege. It is a poor excuse for a man to say that because he pays his railway fare and pays for the food he consumes he should be allowed to go into a neighboring State or country and kill and take away game with him without contributing to the cost of breeding and protecting such game. In the instance of the expenditure for transportation and food, he receives value for the money spent. True sportsmen will not object to paying a license fee when by so doing the prospect of having good sport is enhanced. The time is not far distant when it will be imperative to collect a general license fee from both resident and non-resident sportsmen in the interest of game protection."

S. T. Bastedo said they had been unable to do anything in Ontario relative to harmonizing the game laws, although such attempts had been made.

Mr. Titcomb said that Vermont had no report on legislative progress to make, as there had been no session of the Legislature since the close of the last meeting.

Hon. A. T. Dunn said that spring shooting of ducks had been abolished in New Brunswick, and that the laws in general were being more strictly enforced, with the result of a gratifying increase in the game. The trappers who had formerly been game law violators, are now assisting the enforcement of the law. The number of visiting sportsmen has largely increased, and the big game is more than holding its own, now that the number of animals allowed each hunter has been reduced. Mr. Dunn also mentioned the fact that New Brunswick has passed a law prohibiting the sale of partridge.

Mr. Richards, of Boston, said that the law passed two years ago by Massachusetts prohibiting the sale of woodcock and partridge had been a great stride in the direction of game preservation.

Illegal Game from Canada.

Dr. Brainerd brought up for discussion the subject of the illegal shipment of game from Canada to the United States, and asked the assistance of American sportsmen in putting a check to the evil. Here was an instance where the helping hand could be stretched out, and one of the main objects of the Association vindicated. Dr. Brainerd said that market hunters, to evade the laws of the Dominion, resorted to all sorts of expedients, even shipping partridges to the States done up in rabbit skins to avoid detection. He thought there should be a more strictly enforced inspection at the custom houses along the frontier.

Mr. Wilson objected, on the ground of the additional work devolving on the customs inspectors.

After a spirited discussion, it was resolved to send a committee to confer with Hon. Olin Merrill, Collector of the Port of Burlington, to ascertain in what way the United States Customs Department can assist in preventing the importation of game sent under false invoices or otherwise illegally exported from Canada. Messrs. Fisk, Brainerd, Parker, Wilson, Dunn and Butterfield were intrusted with the commission.

Mr. Wilson mentioned the fact that Senator Brackett, of Saratoga, had introduced a bill in the last New York Legislature permitting berry growers to shoot song

and insectivorous birds when feeding on their berries. It was significant that the bill died in committee.

Black Bass in Trout Waters.

In commenting upon the evils resulting from the introduction of black bass into natural trout waters, President Titcomb said that much harm had been done in Vermont from this cause. Wherever this had been done the trout were exterminated, and there could be no hope of again introducing them. He believed that bass should be confined to the warmer waters of the State, as they will endure a temperature up to 96 degrees, while trout require a temperature below 70 to live and thrive.

Mr. Bastedo said that though he had transplanted 10,000 black bass in the waters of Ontario he had only known of one instance where they were introduced into a natural trout water, and this in a case where the trout were already exterminated from some unknown cause.

Mr. Ussher made a plea for the black bass on the ground that they furnished sport for the tourists at a time when trout were not to be caught.

Mr. Bailey said that bass were very destructive to fish life, trout included, and asked if there were any fishermen present who had opened the black bass of their catch and not found the remains of smaller fish.

For answer, General Butterfield said that he had caught bass which disgorged minnows after a hard fight. Another member replied that trout were just as bad. Mr. Bastedo ended the discussion by stating that he had been catching bass for years and never yet found anything in them but the minnow with which they were taken.

Wolf Bounty.

At its last meeting the Association passed a resolution that a bounty sufficient to insure the trapping of wolves should be offered in Quebec, Ontario and New Brunswick, where these pests are sufficiently numerous to be a detriment to the game supply, and that the minimum amount of such bounty be \$15.

Referring to this resolution, Mr. Irving said that the need of the bounty was more than ever felt in Quebec. He was aware that a law was in force in the Province of Ontario giving \$15 bounty for the destruction of wolves, though he did not know its effect. He did know that the repeal of the wolf bounty in Quebec had resulted in an immediate increase in the number of wolves. A few years ago, Mr. Irving said, there were scarcely any wolves to be found in the neighborhood of the preserve in which he is interested, while at the present time their howlings can be heard nightly. Last year they killed seventy sheep and two young moose, besides a number of young cattle.

Mr. Tinsley said that the wolf bounty law worked very satisfactorily in Ontario. It was formerly \$10, but had been raised two years ago to \$15. The result was that wolves were almost exterminated in the territory covered by the law. One most gratifying effect was that the red deer were now to be found 150 miles further north than had ever been known before, owing to the comparative freedom they now enjoyed from the attacks of wolves.

Dr. Finnie confirmed Mr. Irving's statement that wolves were becoming dangerously numerous in Quebec, and said that they were not only destroying game, but were also a serious menace to the farmers.

Protection of Forests.

The disastrous fire of 1901 in Quebec, when 500 square miles of timber land were burned over, was commented upon, and Mr. Smith remarked that such fires commonly originated from the operations of settlers clearing land, and that there was too great laxity in their methods and in the supervision.

Mr. Wilson read the New York law of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission on the subject.

Mr. Titcomb alluded to the effect of forest fires upon the fish and game reserves of a country.

Commenting upon the forestry department of Cornell University, Mr. Ussher spoke of the Canadian Association, modeled on similar lines to the United States Forestry Association, which he said was doing effective work.

The last discussion of the day was on the length of open seasons for fish and game, which were generally conceded to be too long, and on the Association's effort to harmonize the open seasons of neighboring States and Provinces, so that they shall correspond as nearly as compatible with climatic variations.

When the discussion was over the committee on nominations reported the following list of officers to serve for the ensuing year, their choice being unanimously ratified by the Association: President, Hon. F. R. Litchford, Toronto; Secretary and Treasurer, E. T. D. Chambers, Quebec; Vice-Presidents, H. O. Stanlev, Dixfield, Me.; John Fottler, Jr., Boston, Mass.; R. E. Plumb, Detroit, Mich.; A. T. Dunn, Fredericton, N. B.; N. Wentworth, Hudson Center, N. H.; C. H. Wilson, Glens Falls, N. Y.; Dr. G. A. McCallum, Dunville, Ont.; Dr. T. C. Brainerd, Montreal, Quebec; F. G. Butterfield, Derby Line, Vt.; C. S. Harrington, Halifax, N. S. Executive Committee: F. S. Hodges, Boston, Mass.; Henry Russell, Detroit, Mich.; D. G. Smith, Chatham, N. B.; W. H. Shurtleff, Lancaster, N. H.; J. H. Seymour, New York; C. E. Clark, Augusta, Me.; J. W. Titcomb, St. Johnsbury, Vt.; S. T. Bastedo, Toronto, Ont.; C. E. E. Ussher, Montreal, Que.; Membership Committee: E. T. D. Chambers, Quebec; Dr. W. H. Drummond, Montreal; Wm. W. Henry, Quebec; Auditing Committee: L. O. Armstrong, Montreal; W. J. Cleghorn, Quebec.

The committee to select the place for holding the next meeting suggested Ottawa, and the Association approved of their choice by a unanimous vote.

Jan. 23, Morning Session.

The morning session was devoted to a discussion of the resolutions passed last year by the Association, and to the reading of two papers of more than usual merit by President Titcomb and Mr. C. H. Wilson. All the resolutions were reaffirmed.

Limiting the Bag.

There was little discussion until the sixth resolution,

which limits the number of game birds and game fish to be taken in one day by any sportsman, was reached, but this was objected to by Mr. Richards, who said he believed it to be almost impossible to enforce such a law. Mr. Richards said that any law, to be a good law, should be easy of enforcement, and that a law which was not enforced hurt other laws by putting them in contempt. A law limiting the game and fish to be taken put a restriction only on the conscientious, honest sportsman who was not the man needing attention. The game hog and market hunter would not be stopped unless game wardens were sent with them to see that they did not evade the law.

He cited the duck law of Ontario, which limited the number to be killed in one season to 300, and said that while clubs and conscientious sportsmen obeyed, others did not, and there were men who killed a thousand or more ducks, and though they made no particular effort to conceal the fact, they were not prosecuted.

Mr. Cormier spoke in favor of the resolution. He said that in Quebec the law obliged the lessee of a preserve from the Government to give some idea of the fish and game taken, and that this record was of great practical value from a statistical point of view, as enabling the Dominion to keep tab on its resources.

Mr. Titcomb said that in Vermont experience had proved the law a mighty good thing, and that the sportsmen were observing it. "We don't have to send wardens after any one but poachers," said Mr. Titcomb. "The law is needed, and we have too little game to go around otherwise."

Pike-Perch Protection.

Mr. Wilson read his paper on the wall-eyed pike, as the pike-perch is locally known in the waters of Lake Champlain.

Mr. Wilson's paper was timely, and received considerable applause.

Ex-Gov. Fisk, of Vermont, said:

"I want to thank Mr. Wilson for his paper. I want to ask the press of Vermont to publish it in full, and I shall ask the League to appropriate funds to print the paper for distribution in pamphlet form to the Legislature of Vermont and the authorities of the Province of Quebec. The reason the Quebec Government did not stop the net fishing was because it did not know the feeling of our State. For years I stood at Montpelier and told our commission that Canada would not grant licenses, but Quebec was misinformed by those who desired the privilege. In my county the net fishing is quite a source of income, and there are many in favor of it."

"I want to ask if we have here a commissioner or a League member who is not in favor of stopping the netting, that he be asked to resign as hostile to our best interests."

"We haven't got to pass any new laws. It stands with the fish and game commissioners of Quebec to stop the granting of licenses. We will assure them that any petition from Vermont in favor of licensing is wrong in motive, and does not represent the State."

Dr. Brainerd said:

"As your vice-president for the Province of Quebec, I would say that for years I have been trying to carry this very matter. I understood that last year it would have been carried if it had not been for the action of Vermont representatives. I believe this year it can be passed. I ask that we of Quebec bear half the expenses of printing Mr. Wilson's paper."

Mr. Joncas said that he felt morally sure the matter could be carried to a successful issue, and that representatives of the Association from New York, as well as from Vermont and Quebec, should be present in Quebec to press the matter. He stated that out of eighteen or nineteen netting licenses issued by Quebec three only were used by Canadians, the others going to residents of Vermont.

Messrs. Bentley, of the Central Vermont R. R., and Hodge, of the Rutland R. R., who were present, made short speeches in favor of concerted action to prohibit the netting licenses.

Illegal Game Export.

Dr. Brainerd reported for the committee sent to confer with the customs authorities that, "Your committee duly interviewed Hon. Olin Merrill, Collector of the Port of Burlington, concerning the illegal import of fish and game from Canada."

"They were received with much courtesy by Mr. Merrill, and assured that any information received as to shipments of game under false invoices or in violation of the laws of the United States would be most heartily welcomed by the customs authorities, and would be promptly and fully investigated."

Tag and Coupon System.

Mr. Tinsley gave some interesting information with regard to the practical working of Ontario's system of licensing game dealers, etc., and also the results of the tag and coupon system now in force in the Province. The information was elicited in response to a question by Mr. Joncas during the discussion on the Association's resolution, "That the tag and coupon system in use in Ontario and Michigan be adopted by all the Provinces and States, and that market-men, game dealers, buyers, sellers and tanners of deer, moose and caribou skins, and proprietors of hunting camps be duly licensed—if such a system can be legally so arranged—by the chief game authorities of the States and Provinces, to whom they shall periodically report."

Mr. Tinsley said that during the past year Ontario has received, chiefly from license fees (though a small amount in fines is included in the total), the sum of \$13,000.

There are in force license fees for cold storage, for hotels and restaurants, and for game dealers, as well as for those killing game. The fees for the former classes are regulated in accordance to the population of the cities or towns where they are located. In Toronto, with a population of 200,000, the cold storage fee is \$25. The manager of the concern is compelled to make returns at the end of the open season of the kinds and amounts of game, and the names of those having game in storage, with description and quantity to their credit.

Dealers in game are allowed twenty days after the ex-

piration of the open season to dispose of their stock. This tides them over Christmas and the holidays.

With regard to the tax as applied to the tag and coupon system in the export of game, Mr. Tinsley explained that the coupons are attached to hunting licenses when issued. It is illegal for railroad companies to carry moose, caribou or deer without coupons attached, and the express companies decline to accept such shipments. The law obliges transportation companies to cancel coupons at place of shipment. Any game animal or portion of such animal found without the coupon attached is confiscated.

Mr. Richards said that under the coupon system everything worked very smoothly. He added that previous to its adoption the club which he represented, which is the largest user of coupons in Ontario, had experienced much trouble and annoyance, which was now done away with.

Spring Shooting.

The resolution passed by the Association a year ago with regard to spring shooting is as follows:

"That this Association respectfully petition the Legislature of the State of New York and of the Province of Quebec to enact legislative measures which will prohibit spring shooting of wildfowl in that State and Province."

When the resolution came up for discussion, Mr. Wilson said he would like to have it changed, as he understood the Province of Quebec had practically stopped spring shooting.

Dr. Finnie answered that, while Quebec had legislated against spring shooting, unfortunately the law had been emasculated and the effect destroyed by the permission given to shoot buffle-headed ducks or divers in the spring. The gunners had an excuse to be out and shot what they pleased.

A committee, consisting of Messrs. Smith, Wilson and Finnie, was appointed to draft a new resolution, and later on reported as follows:

"Whereas, The governing laws of adjoining States of the American Union, except New York, and of the Provinces of Canada, except the Province of Quebec (which, having a general law prohibiting spring shooting, makes an exception in regard to divers or buffle-heads, which practically nullifies the law), and in the opinion of the Association it is desirable that such shooting and exception be prohibited. Therefore,

"Resolved, That the Association respectfully petition, the legislatures of the State of New York and of the Province of Quebec to enact legislative measures which will entirely prohibit spring shooting of wildfowl in the States and Provinces.

Mr. Titcomb read a very interesting paper on the red trout.

Gen. Henry suggested that the fish be named after Mr. W. H. Parker, who was the first white man to catch them back in 1852.

Afternoon Session.

Gen. Butterfield presided at the afternoon session, which was devoted to a discussion of legislation for the prohibition of the sale of game, and to a hearing of Col. Gilmour, the additional Fish Commissioner of Vermont, who wanted to put it on record that he was not an advocate of seine fishing in Missisquoi Bay, and that his visit to Quebec at the time the netting licenses were given was on business of a personal nature and not in his capacity as a Fish Commissioner.

Mr. Joncas, who had been obliged to resign his position of secretary-treasurer, owing to ill-health, was made an honorary member of the Association, with power to take part in its discussions and exercise his franchise as a voter.

To Forbid the Sale of Game.

Mr. Wilson moved the adoption of the FOREST AND STREAM plank that the sale of game shall be forbidden at all seasons. While there was a strong sentiment in favor of the plank, it seemed to be the general opinion that FOREST AND STREAM was in advance of the situation as it existed, particularly in the Canadian Provinces, and after a long discussion Mr. Wilson, with the permission of the gentleman who seconded the motion, withdrew the resolution, announcing, however, that he should again present it at the next meeting of the Association.

Mr. Dunn, of New Brunswick, thought the resolution too sweeping, and said that the natives of his Province often sold the carcasses of large game animals shot by visiting sportsmen who had taken only the head. A moose, for instance, was too large an animal to be eaten by one family, and the sale of its meat to neighbors or in the towns provided a large amount of wholesome food that might otherwise be wasted.

Mr. Wilson said the Association realized that it had a high ideal to attain in its stand for game protection. FOREST AND STREAM, he said, had had this resolution for its plank for a number of years. By the adoption of the plank the North American Association would not only honor itself, but also put brawn and muscle into every effort that is being made and will be made in the future for the highest ideals of game protection.

Mr. Tinsley said that the non-sale of game was one of the most powerful factors for game protection, and cited the great increase of quail and partridge since their export had been forbidden.

Dr. Finney said the motion was too sweeping; that he believed in stopping the sale of game in instances where the supply was running low, but not otherwise, and that if passed the law would hurt the cause of protection in Quebec.

Mr. Smith also spoke against the resolution, and as a matter of policy it was withdrawn.

Mr. E. T. D. Chambers moved the thanks of the Association to FOREST AND STREAM for sending a representative to the present meeting, and to the local press for the care with which they had reported and published its proceedings. One of them had referred to the bunches of violets worn by the Canadian members as being the colors of the Association. Nothing would perhaps have made a more appropriate emblem for it than the modest flowers which were so generally worn at the Eastertide approach of nature's resurrection from the white pall of winter to the beautiful new life of

spring. The newspaper reference to the bouquets of these flowers, worn by some of the members of the Association yesterday, to mark the first anniversary of the death of Queen Victoria, recalled the exquisite tribute paid to Her Majesty's memory at the last annual meeting of the Association by one of the American members, Mr. Shurtleff, of New Hampshire, when he described her as "one of the brightest stars in the firmament of heaven." This graceful reference could never be effaced from the memory of the subjects of the dead sovereign, who were privileged to hear it. Since that meeting the whole civilized world had been horrified by the dastardly act of the assassin, which bereaved the people of this great Republic of its late revered President. The death of President McKinley had been mourned perhaps as sincerely throughout the British Empire as in the United States, and especially was this the case in Canada, where elaborate functions, prepared in both Montreal and Quebec for the reception of the present heir to the British throne, for a few days after the sad event were canceled as an emblem of mourning for Mr. McKinley's death. He added that if the modest flowers which they wore typified, as they were intended to do, the fragrance of the dead Queen's memory, they were equally appropriate to the purity of both the public and private life of the late President of the United States.

The motion was seconded by Mr. Wilson and carried.

The Banquet.

Three hundred and thirty members of the Vermont League and of the North American Association sat down to the banquet at 8 o'clock in the large dining hall of the Van Ness House. It was a thoroughly representative gathering of Vermonters and representatives of the game interests of the North. With its forty new members elected just previous to the banquet, the Vermont League has now a total membership of more than eight hundred, and is one of the liveliest and strongest organizations of its kind in the world.

To take the place of game, Belgian hare was served as a feature of the menu. The tables were tastefully decorated with palms and cut flowers, and at each plate was a small bouquet for the coat lapel.

During a lull between the courses President Titcomb read letters of regret, and telegrams from prominent men, including a telegram from President Roosevelt, who, it will be remembered, received notification of the assassin's attack on President McKinley while a guest of the League at its summer outing on Isle La Motte. The latter was sent from the White House, Jan. 20, and read: "John W. Titcomb, President Vermont Fish and Game League:

"I have received, through the courtesy of Senator Proctor, your cordial invitation to be the guest of the League at its banquet Thursday evening. I thank you heartily, and regret that my engagements make it impossible for me to accept. Please extend to those present my cordial greetings and good wishes. I shall always cherish a warm remembrance of your League.

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

Ex-Governor Fisk introduced a resolution indorsing the action of the North American Association with reference to the seining in Missisquoi Bay, which received the unanimous approval of the League, enforced with hearty cheers. The resolution was "that, while the Vermont Fish and Game League is in hearty sympathy with all the objects and aims of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association, its members here assembled desire to especially indorse a resolution passed by the aforesaid association to-day: That all net fishing be prohibited in Lake Champlain in the spring of the year in New York, Vermont and the Province of Quebec."

It was after ten o'clock when President Titcomb called the gathering to order with words of welcome to the guests, and particularly the Canadian members of the North American Association. He referred to the resolution relating to the prohibition of net fishing in Missisquoi Bay, and said that he hoped for a hearty co-operation of the influential political members of the league and of the association.

Mr. Titcomb urged the appointment of a salaried warden whose time should be entirely devoted to the enforcement of the game laws. He said that deer were being killed at the present time, and that it was difficult to secure evidence to convict the pot-hunters, and that one good, salaried officer would do more to save the game from poachers than all the volunteer wardens in the State.

Mr. Titcomb introduced as toastmaster Dr. Hawley, Mayor of the city of Burlington, who, he said, was the safest doctor in these parts, as he was almost always off fishing when wanted. Mayor Hawley said that it would appear from the introduction given by the League's honored president that he was a noted fisherman, but that though he plead guilty of the possession of piscatorial tastes, when it came to the supreme test of lying about the catch he had been ruled out of the craft. "However," he continued, "we have with us to-night a large number of gentlemen who are past grand masters in the art, and I promise to call upon them before the evening is over."

Toastmaster Hawley welcomed the guests of the occasion, and with special reference to the Canadian delegation said that he trusted their visit to Burlington might be another revelation of the good will, the fellowship, and the kinship which exists and must ever exist between those who read in the Union Jack liberty, progress and triumphant leadership, and those who read the same in the Stars and Stripes. He ended by stating that while he would not dwell upon the objects of the sister associations represented, he would say that the protection of the wild game of the forests and the protection and propagation of fish in the streams and lakes of Vermont was a most worthy object, and a matter of vast importance to the State's industrial interests.

Mr. L. Z. Joncas, the first speaker introduced by Toastmaster Hawley, made a graceful little speech in which, though hampered to some extent by a lack of freedom with the English language, he made amends by his naive tact and good breeding, and his thanks for hospitality received and proffer of a warm welcome by the Canadians to the visitors from the United States on the occasion of the next meeting of the North American

Association was warmly received and applauded by the banqueters.

Mr. M. P. Maurice, of Montgomery, Vt., who was introduced as a fishing lawyer, eulogized his native State, and wound up with a toast to the North American Association and all kindred organizations.

Dr. W. H. Drummond, author of "The Habitant" and "Johnnie Courteau," gave recitations from his poems which brought forth such a storm of applause that it was difficult for the toastmaster to continue his programme. Finally, on the assurance of President Titcomb that Dr. Drummond would be heard again later in the evening, he was allowed to sit down. Dr. Drummond is a man of fine presence, 48 years old, an Irishman by birth, and a Canadian by adoption. He is a sportsman and many of his poems, which are just now very much in vogue, judging by the large sales of his books, have to do with shooting and fishing. One of his best poems is "Bateese and His Little Decoys," which tells of an old duck hunter on his sick bed just before his death who has his live decoy ducks brought in so that he can lecture them and soliloquize on the past.

"Wall, I'm mebbe stayin' long enough,
For eighty-four I see it on de spring,
Dough ma fadder he was feelin' pretty tough,
An' at ninety year can do mos' ev'ry t'ing.
But I never knew de feller,
Don't care how old he come,
Dat isn't sure to t'ink he's got anoder year, ba gunt!"

The selections were mostly humorous, but through all there was a note of pathos and the regret of the exile or of changed conditions. The last verse of "Leetle Lac Grenier [pronounced Green yay], which is a gem in its way, illustrates this:

"Oh, let me go; don't spik no more,
For your voice is strong lak de rapid roar
An' you know you'se'f I'm too far away
For visit you now, leetle Lac Greenyay!"

Toastmaster Hawley told the story of the recipe of his boatman on St. Alban's Bay for cooking a mud fish: "Oh, yes," Joe said, "dat var' nice fish. You want scale him an' clean him, and be var' pertic' how you do it. Den you put him in de water an' you parboil just one and a half hour. You take him out and split him up de back and put in de salt an' de pep', an' den you fry him just forty-five minute. You want to be var' partic' not to fry him more dan forty-five minute, if he was to be den delicat' an' joost right. Den you put him in de drip-pan and put him in da hot hofen and bake him joost one an' one quarter hour. You mus' be var' partic' to get him joost right. Den you take him out and if you know what you vos doin' you want to gif' him to your pig right hof, for he don't worse a dam."

Hon. D. G. Smith, of New Brunswick, made a happy speech in which he said that he should go home feeling amply repaid for his journey of 1,500 miles by the success of the meeting and the kindly hospitality he had received.

Dr. Brainerd, of Quebec, prophesied more abundant game for Vermont in the future as a result of an enlightened policy of stocking and game protection, and suggested that he would not be satisfied until Lake Champlain was not only swarming with pike-perch but also stocked with muscallonge and gray trout, and the Green Mountains once more the home of moose and caribou as well as the red deer. With such natural advantages as the State possessed, the doctor said the famous words "may God have mercy on your souls" would be applicable if the people of Vermont did not improve their fish and game resources.

Mr. Joncas, upon request, sang "The Brigadier," being assisted in the chorus by the entire Canadian contingent, and then Mr. E. T. D. Chambers wound up the ceremonies with an apt speech of congratulation to the Vermont League and an invitation to the next meeting of the North American Association in Ottawa, of which city, though not a citizen himself, he knew the spirit so well that he had no hesitancy in promising the visitors a right royal welcome.

J. B. BURNHAM.

Striped Bass near New York.

NEW YORK, Jan. 25.—I notice in your issue of Jan. 25 by Biedinger, under the caption of striped bass fishing, he has failed to mention one of the finest bass fishing grounds on the Atlantic coast, and that is Allenhurst, N. J., at the flume at the foot of Deal Lake. Here the fresh water is always rushing out from the overflow of the lake, and mingling with the salt water, forms a brackish pool of considerable area. In this pool a natural bed of sea clams (skimmers) have grown, and the bass find it a great feeding ground. The fishing is done either from the flume pier or from the beach, and is generally opened by one of the old-timers catching a big one. Last year the season was opened by a 16-pounder being caught on Decoration Day, and from then until the middle of July the fishing was fast and furious. The bait used was exclusively skimmers, which were procured either by raking or treading at low tide or else picked up along high water mark. It is best, if going from the city, to take them with you, then you are sure of your bait anyway. The pyramid sinker is used generally, as it will hold ground better than any other shape.

The fish run very large and a goodly number are caught every season, running from 15 to 47½ pounds. Very few bass are ever caught under 5 pounds.

Savage holds the record, with a 48½-pounder, caught in 1900; Brummacher next, with a 46¼-pound beauty.

LOU H. JOHNSON.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

THE Chicago Fly-Casting Club held its mid-winter dinner Jan. 14. The members and guests of the club were highly entertained with stories by Thos. W. Nash, H. Greenwood and J. F. Robertson; songs and burlesque by H. Wheeler Perce, and an address by President Church, of the club. The annual meeting of the club and election of officers for the ensuing year will take place Feb. 10.

N. C. HESTON, Secretary.

The Pike-Perch.

Paper read by C. H. Wilson, Glens Falls, N. Y., before the North American Fish and Game Protective Association.

The pike-perch is the largest of the perch family, and one of the most valuable of fresh-water fishes. Throughout its range it is taken nearly the year round, owing to its fine table qualities. Its flesh is firm and well flavored, even in warm weather. Few fish stand shipment, holding or freezing better than the pike-perch. Prof. Jordan, writing of this fish, says: "This is one of our best food fishes, with firm, white flesh of good flavor, and in markets supplied from the Great Lakes it ranks below the whitefish and lake trout only."

The 1898 report of the U. S. Commission says: "The pike-perch in Lake Erie are commercially the most valuable fish." While this broad statement may not be made concerning its standing in New York State, Mr. B. S. Morrill, a fisherman and guide at Hotel Champlain, and a former fish and game protector, writes me as follows: "Wall-eyed pike are regarded as the most important food fish in Lake Champlain. Bass and pickerel abound, but pike are by far the most valuable." Another important consideration to the summer visitor, at least, is that while this fish is what is called a food fish, it will take readily a baited hook, spoon or artificial fly, and so is classed as a game fish.

Now, as to the matter of the reproduction of this fish: The pike-perch does not make a nest like the bass, but throws its spawn in shoal waters and is followed by the male fish, which deposits its milt in proximity to the eggs, trusting to conditions over which it has no control to fertilize the same; and it is already known that the natural increase, owing to the almost innumerable enemies of the egg and fry, is very small—indeed, barely enough to keep up the supply, when fish are taken in the legal and right-way alone.

Now, as to the artificial propagation of this fish: Notwithstanding the large number of eggs supplied by each fish, the average for those taken in Missisquoi Bay being 50,000 eggs per fish, there are three reasons, or difficulties, to be overcome, and which, as compared with eggs of other varieties, causes a large decrease in percentage of eggs hatched by artificial means. These difficulties are as follows: Penning fish or holding them for eggs to ripen. The delicate membrane of the eggs which rupture easily, and their great adhesiveness.

The U. S. Commission in a recent report, speaking of difficulties attending the securing of pike-perch eggs, states, that after seventy-two hours of confinement in pens, no eggs can be taken from fish. The eggs will bunch in the fish, the tail will split and fungus, and fish will die. Any noise or jar or discharge of firearms or other disturbances will cause plugging of fish so no eggs can be taken. The inner membrane of the egg is so delicate that a large percentage is broken in process of stripping, and in undergoing the processes necessary to separate the eggs which attach to each other in large masses, which unfits them for hatchery jars. A pike-perch egg is never safe until the inner membrane is cushioned by the water which passes into the outer shell—to illustrate, of the 231 millions of pike-perch eggs taken one season in New York State, only about seventy-one millions of fry were hatched and turned into the waters joining the territory of our friends of Vermont and Canada.

In 1899, of 38,000,000 of eggs taken from Missisquoi Bay by Livingstone Stone, only 9,050,000 were hatched. James Nevin, of Wisconsin, for three years after taking 150 to 200 millions per year, hatched only 5 per cent., the milt of male clotting and would not dissolve in pans.

Notwithstanding these difficulties, the U. S. Commission and New York successfully hatch these fish; but the Dominion of Canada, speaking of fish and eggs possessing these characteristics, says, by its Commissioner, Prof. E. E. Prince, in his report of 1900:

"The eggs of these fishes, indeed, are less favorable for incubation and treatment by artificial methods than the salmonoid family, and the vast number of eggs produced by each spawner, the extremely delicate and fragile character of the ova and the young fry, indeed, the futility of handling the fry, are the reasons which have deterred operations in Canada in that direction."

Let me say here, that Prof. Prince may know for his encouragement, that it is undoubtedly a fact that the first pike-perch eggs hatched on this continent were hatched by Mr. James Nevin, now superintendent of the Wisconsin Fish Commission, at the Sandwich, Ontario, fish hatchery, during the spring of 1877. The first lot—seven boxes of eggs—all died, and of the second lot of ten millions, only one million were hatched. Of the third lot of twenty millions, there were hatched 3,500,000 fry. In 1878, of the fifty million eggs taken, six millions only were hatched and planted; later Mr. Nevin, who, by accident, discovered the use of muck to break up adhesion of eggs, was able to hatch 50 to 60 per cent. of eggs taken.

The State of New York in its Department of Fish and Game, next to the United States, annually expends more money for fishculture than any other State, or the entire Dominion of Canada. In this matter it has in mind the reproduction of those species that are called food fishes, the work being done for so-called game fish being secondary. And this is right, and if the State did not do just this very thing, the people would abolish the Commission having these matters in charge, or tear down the hatcheries, or leave them to rot and fall of their own weight. The waters of the State of New York are well adapted to carry in large quantities and of fine quality a great variety of food fishes, as well as those varieties that furnish rare sport for the anglers, and our supply of these varieties must largely depend upon due regard for the reproductive age and season. In most cases the law of the State, with its close season, its restriction as to size, its method of capture, and limit as to catch, give ample protection to the fish that are in our waters. It may be said here that New York does not discriminate in these matters, but withholding no privilege we enjoy, we extend a hearty invitation to all to come and with us enjoy our mountains and valleys, lakes and streams, usually well supplied with fish and game.

It seems almost a misfortune that we do not control the fresh-water boundaries of our State, for if this were so, we should have no outside disturber of our peace and

happiness in regard to the proper protection of these waters during the close season.

The desirability of such a condition is made very prominent just now by the position and practice of our neighbors of Vermont and the Province of Quebec. Three neighbors—one, New York, affording ample protection to the pike-perch; another, Vermont, using the money received for licenses to net pike-perch during the season of reproduction, to operate a State hatchery to propagate species; the other, the Province of Quebec, using its license money, gained in the same manner, certainly not in restocking the waters it so ungraciously depletes.

The State of New York possesses upward of 120 miles of shore line on Lake Champlain, while Vermont possesses somewhat less, and the Province of Quebec about six miles, bordering upon the Missisquoi Bay, an arm of the lake. For some reason, best known to this variety of fish, they congregate in this bay for spawning purposes, and there, from January to the last of April, Vermont and Quebec destroy in embryo what should go to keep up the regular supply for a very large portion of Lake Champlain. It is not enough to say that the pike-perch is a prolific fish, and that those that escape the net will fully maintain the needed supply for these common-wealths, for information is in my hands, from Rouse's Point to Westport, a distance of sixty-three miles, stating that the size and number of these fish have decreased, giving as the main reason for this conditions of affairs, netting in Missisquoi Bay. This position is strengthened by letters received from points south of Westport on the New York side (where pike-perch apparently go the other way to spawn, large numbers congregating in South Bay and along marshes), stating that it is believed they are holding their own here, where netting is not permitted. There might be some excuse for this business if Vermont and Quebec gave some equivalent in return in the way of stripping fish and fertilizing eggs, returning them to the water at the time of capture, or allowing commissioners to strip and remove eggs to hatchery; but this cannot be done, as is performed by netters of the shad, who, stripping the fish and fertilizing the eggs, go many miles to deliver to proper hatchery agents; or on the Great Lakes, having experienced spawn takers, who deliver eggs to hatchery representatives, or plant the eggs on natural spawning beds, for the reason that male fish come earlier to the spawning grounds than the females, and great trouble is experienced in taking ripe fish of both sexes at the one time—besides the fact that the netting begins before the fish are ripe, many thousand pounds being taken in January and February.

I have in my hands the customs report of receipts of fish entered at St. Albans and East Alburg, coming from Missisquoi Bay for the following years, viz.: 1899, 139,190 pounds; 1900, 153,913 pounds, and 1901, 94,698 pounds. From Vermont, the report for 1901, shows 597 barrels of fish, 217 being pike-perch alone, the rest mixed fish, and of these pike-perch, 25 per cent. are taken in January and February, unripe fish; 75 per cent, the remainder, are taken in March and April—fish in a large measure ready to spawn.

Whoever heard of such lavish improvidence? It is only permissible in matters of fish and game in any country, and then to its complete undoing and ruin.

Furthermore, whoever heard of a friendly neighbor carrying on an unrestricted slaughter of that, which in part belongs to his friend, and which for two-thirds of its life has been the ward duly cared for and protected by that friend?

To say that this is an unfriendly act is a fact; to say that it is a wrong is no injustice, and a very mild way of expressing it at that.

Now, there are other reasons why this spring netting should cease, and one may find them in the following figures:

In 1899 the U. S. Commission, at a hatchery expenditure of \$140,000, distributed of eggs, fry, fingerlings and adult fish, a total of 1,056,371,898; of these, there was a total of lake trout, whitefish and pike-perch of 394,800,000, and of this number 341,788,000 went into waters contiguous to United States and Canada, with a report from the United States Commission for the last fiscal year of a planting in Missisquoi River of 160,000,000 eggs. In 1897 and 1898 New York State, through its Commission, with a hatchery account of about \$53,000 annual expenditures, distributed in fry, fingerlings and yearlings, 364,000,000, planting in contiguous waters 41,000,000 whitefish and pike-perch.

In 1900 the entire Dominion of Canada, at an expense of \$38,070 for hatcheries alone, distributed a total of 265,941,000 fry of salmon species, lake trout, whitefish and lobster; of this amount, 55,175,000 whitefish and lake trout went to the Great Lakes.

Look at these figures: United States plant in joint waters, 341,788,000; one-half of two years' output of New York in joint waters, 20,500,000; making a total of 362,288,000, as against 55,175,000, with a total planting by U. S. Commission of pike-perch for 1900 and 1901 in contiguous waters of 67,737,300, as against a cold 0 for the Dominion; and the 1901 report for New York State makes a still better showing of these two varieties, showing an increase of best year, of about 10,000,000 fry.

One feels as though he had the voice of a child calling shrilly for help, when there is needed the loud and united voice of Quebec, Vermont and New York demanding a proper adjustment of this matter. Do not mistake the spirit with which I have tried to bring this matter before you. I love Vermont; my boyhood days were spent under the shadows of its hills of green, and part of my early education was here acquired. I love your people—sturdy, friendly and helpful they are. I know your depleted lakes and streams and your honest efforts to bring them back to their old-time condition, notwithstanding the difficulties that have stood in your way. I admire our neighbors of the great north, and count as some of my best friends you of Quebec, Ontario and New Brunswick; I have summered in your mountains and partaken of your generous hospitality; I have taken of your best in fish from the gamy trout to the gamier salmon. I have read your annual report, which shows in 1900 a decrease in your fishery output of \$1,181,812. I know something of the present supply of fish in your well-settled districts, and heard two years ago at Montreal the cry of your people for the opening up of club and preserve, that they again

might have good fishing—the open waters having been depleted; and on one of Canada's best rivers last June for ten days on an average of seven hours a day, I cast my fly without a rise, and I say to you, her representatives here, as I say to Vermont, you are wrong in this matter, and as you now regret empty waters of your own, you will regret this spring netting in Lake Champlain. I beseech you lay aside politics—lay aside present profit and leave to your successors and friends a fair proportion of fish life of Lake Champlain.

Fish and Fishing.

The Sea of Galilee.

AMERICAN anglers who may tour the Holy Land and who have an ambition to try their luck for the descendants of the sacred fish of olden times, in the same waters in which Peter and his fellow fishermen toiled all night and caught nothing, should take warning by the experience of a correspondent of the London Field, and take their own tackle with them. With fish rising all around him in the Sea of Galilee, this gentleman was taken by his lying, dragoman and conductor on a fishing expedition without bait, and with tackle that was absolutely rotten and useless, only to be subsequently told that their former stories of big catches in the lake were false, and that no gentleman ever could or did or would catch a fish in the Sea of Galilee. Mr. Layard, the angler in question, has no doubt that the fish in this lake can be captured with proper tackle, and it will be remembered that Dr. Prime, the accomplished author of "I Go A-Fishing," relates the success of his friend, the Effendi, in taking some there. Dr. Prime had his own tackle with him, and tells of the unsuccessful efforts he made to take some of the famous fish from the pool in which rises the spring that feeds the waters of Merom. Mr. Layard corroborates Dr. Prime's report of the large quantities of fish in these waters, and, like him, believes that it is only necessary to learn their habits in order to catch them. Many anglers would consider themselves highly privileged to take fish by modern angling methods out of waters that the sweet story of old has made so famous. More than forty different species of fish are known to exist in the Jordan and its tributaries, and Mr. Layard reports that a large silver variety, resembling chub, probably one of the chromides, rush greedily for grasshoppers when these latter are thrown upon the water. There would seem, therefore, to be no doubt as to the angling possibilities of the Sea of Galilee.

Walton's Fishing House.

It is a far cry from the Jordan to the Dove. From the one stream to the other, both of them "sacred to fishermen," we are carried by the announcement, in the English newspapers, of the recent sale of the Beresford Hall estate, which includes the upper portion of Dovedale. The property is famous for its associations with Walton and Cotton, and for the fishing house on the bank of the Dove, erected by the last-mentioned in 1676, with the inscription *Piscatoribus Sacrum* over the arched doorway on the outside, and on the keystone the cypher of Cotton and Walton, who spent such pleasant hours together there when the second Charles was King. It was described by several who visited it in the earlier part of the last century as being considerably dilapidated. About 1835, however, it was neatly repaired and placed, as nearly as possible, in the condition in which it had been constructed, thanks to the good taste of the then owner of the estate, the Marquis of Beresford. The property subsequently passed into possession of Mr. Phillip Beresford Hope, from whom it has just been purchased by Sir Edward Green, of York. Disciples of the gentle Izaak, everywhere, will delight to learn that the fishing house has been kept in excellent repair, and that the entire surroundings are to remain intact, and not to be exploited for building or other speculative purposes.

Early Mention of Canadian Fish.

The other day, while reading a journal of the occurrences in the garrison of Quebec during the winter of 1759-60, which was kept by Captain Knox, an officer in Wolfe's army, I came across an interesting account of the fishes of the St. Lawrence, and found that during that rigorous season, when fresh provisions were so scarce that scurvy made great headway among the troops, both soldiers and French-Canadian natives had recourse to the trick learned from the Indians, of cutting holes in the ice of the river and setting lines for fish. Quebecers of the present day enjoy the sport of fishing for tomcods through the ice, but do it in quite a luxurious manner, erecting a hut or cabin over the holes in the ice and heating the interior with a stove, often placing rugs or robes of fur upon the icy flooring of the cabin. At the time of the conquest of Canada, the fishing was more for food than for sport, and Knox, from whom I will quote a few lines literally, says: "The inhabitants, and some of the troops who have acquired the method, take great quantities of fish on the river, through holes made in the ice as already described; they are of various kinds, particularly small codlings" (apparently tomcods), "roaches, plaice, smelts, and the *poisson d'or*, or gold fish, so universally admired in Europe, which is of different sizes, from a sprat upward, I am told, to the length of fifteen inches. A Frenchman who dined some days ago at the mess to which I belong, gave us a most elaborate dissertation upon the sundry kinds of fish abounding in the St. Lawrence, and the other rivers, bays and harbors throughout the colony. He said he never saw any in such plenty and perfection as in this country; particularly their salmon, and a species of trout peculiar to the lakes, which he called *truites saumonees*, and are equally red and firm as salmon; whether he exaggerated or not, when he declared he had seen some that measured five feet in length, and weighed upward of fifty pounds, I will not take upon me to determine, because it is possible; and, if I am not mistaken, they have, in some of the lakes in Ireland, particularly in the county of Galway, trouts, of an uncommon length and thickness, with all the properties of salmon. This entertaining gentleman, at my request, favored me with the following list of the principal fish inhabiting this excellent river, from its gulf up to the lakes; salmon,

eels, bass, mackarel, gusperot" (probably gaspereau), "herrings, poisson d'or, or gold fish, chad" (probably shad), "cod, haddock, pike, turbot, halibut, plaice, lamprey, sprat, perch, ray or thornback, a particular species of tench, cougar or couger, smelt, roach. The lakes abound with sturgeon, armed fish, divers sorts of trouts and eels, whitefish, a species of herring, mullet, carp, gulfish, gudgeons and an infinite number of other sorts, whose names are not known to any Europeans."

There is little doubt but that the *truites saumonees* mentioned by the Frenchman to Knox is not the fish so named by modern anglers as a supposed special variety of sea trout, but the so-called salmon trout of American and Canadian lakes, the *Christivomer namaycush*, or great lake trout. Knox quotes the Jesuit Father Hennepin as saying that he had seen salmon trout taken out of the Canadian lakes, "sixty pounds weight, five feet and a half in length, and about one foot diameter, red and firm as a salmon," etc. Father Hennepin's writings are marked by many notorious inaccuracies, not the least noteworthy of which is the statement that a sixty-pound lake trout measured five and a half feet long.

I have been trying to make out what fish in the St. Lawrence Knox and his French informant could have mistaken for the tropical gold fish. Sometimes specimens of the pike-perch, doré or pickerel—*Stizostedion vitreum*—taken in the waters of the St. Lawrence, are wonderfully golden or doré in hue, and it is possible that they may have suggested the name "golden" to the early English residents in Canada, as they did the French equivalent to the early immigrants from the continent of Europe.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Mr. Cleveland's Little Bass.

BOSTON, Jan. 25.—The office of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Commission has added to its interesting collection a black bass the whole of 7½ inches in length. Ex-President Cleveland, with his friend, Dr. Bryant, of New York, and a farmer, were fishing from a boat on a lake in Monteray, one hot day last summer. The fishing was certainly poor, but after many hours Mr. Cleveland or Dr. Bryant caught the little bass now in the possession of the commission. The little trophy hardly came up to the requirements of the law, and some native, on the watch, told two of the deputies that if they desired to secure evidence of bass being taken under the legal length, they should follow a boat containing "a very fat man in a straw hat" and two others. The deputies overhauled the boat and asked the corpulent "old farmer," as they supposed, to show them the fish he had taken. Mr. Cleveland readily complied, though not very proud of his catch. The deputies, when they saw the little specimen, told the fishermen that they had broken the law, and asked who had taken the fish. Both the ex-President and Dr. Bryant claimed that they had caught the specimen; the worthy Doctor anxious to shield his friend, and mistrusting that the men were wardens. Mr. Cleveland insisted that the boat and the tackle were his, and that he alone was responsible. He told the wardens to do their duty, and that he was ready to pay whatever fines the law required. The shock was something to the deputies when they inquired the name of the "fat man" they were troubling, and when told that it was Grover Cleveland, of Princeton, N. J., they desired to "back out," but Mr. Cleveland is said to have insisted upon appearing in court next day and paying the requisite fine and cost. Hence came the little bass, mounted and in the archives of the commission.

SPECIAL.

Michigan Bass and Spears.

PORT HURON, Mich., Jan. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose you clipping from the local newspaper, showing that at least one of our deputy game wardens is awake and looking after the interests of the game and fish in his section of the country:

"Joseph Lapanse, of Algonac, was brought to Port Huron on Thursday and will spend ten days in the county jail. Mr. Lapanse was arrested by Deputy Game Warden Fred H. Fisher, for spearing bass in St. Clair River. He considers the punishment severe for the offense committed."

Large numbers of bass are speared every winter at the St. Clair Flats, the ice on Anchor Bay being covered with small huts, for the protection of the fishermen during the ice season. The netting in Black River and Mill Creek is practically at an end, owing to the scarcity of fish, the majority of those planted a few years ago having been murdered by the seiners.

I spent two days on the above-named streams last fall, with the result of one small bass, where, three years ago, twenty fine bass, averaging from a pound to three pounds and a half, would be the reward of the "patient angler."

Large numbers of wall-eyed pike are being caught through the ice on Sarnia Bay and along the docks.

H. D. K.

Fred Mather's Angling Friends.

From the New York Times' Saturday Review.

AMONG the many categories into which men are divided for the nonce in this kaleidoscopic world, none is pleasanter than that of comrades in sport. Campaigners who remain together must necessarily be chums, and the recounting of their adventures is tremendously interesting to themselves because every story relates a case of *pars quorum fuit*. With the easy garrulity which comes of the choicest of such experiences, both of campaigning and comradeship, Mr. Mather returns again to the reminiscences of angling and anglers, which he began in "Men I Have Fished With." This he does with the same hearty and genial and copious pen, and the present book will be as welcome to the vast mutual admiration society of fishermen, as was the last. It has a wider interest, too, for Mather's twenty "friends" include men whose importance and reputation are a good deal wider than even the cast of their skillfully flung flies, and the future biographer and local historian may thankfully search these pages for facts, and color upon the lives of such men as President Arthur, Grand Duke Alexis, Congressman Cummings, Ned Buntline, Charles Hallock, and Thad. Norris. However, the book is not to be read that way, but on a porch in a summer afternoon, or in the easy chair before your fire, with your pipe well going and your mind ready to drift away on the waters of Currituck or Great South Bay, or to trace the rushing torrents of Canada and Michigan and the Adirondacks, till your creel will hold no more, and your appetite is worth all it has cost.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Feb. 4-6.—Providence, R. I.—Rhode Island Kennel Club's annual show. George D. Miller, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Jan. 20.—Grand Junction, Tenn.—United States Field Trial Club's thirteenth annual trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.
Feb. 10.—Grand Junction, Tenn.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials. Theo. Sturges, Sec'y.

Field Trial Club Election.

At the annual meeting of the Pacific Coast Field Trials Club, held at Santa Maria on Thursday night, the following officers were elected to serve for the ensuing year: President, Joseph E. Terry, of Sacramento; First Vice-President, W. W. Van Arsdale, of San Francisco; Second Vice-President, Henry W. Keller, of Santa Monica; Secretary-Treasurer, Albert Betz, of San Francisco. Executive Committee: J. H. Schumacher, C. N. Post, W. S. Tevis, C. E. Worden, T. J. A. Tiedemann. It was decided to hold the next annual trials during the week beginning the second Monday in January, 1903, on grounds to be selected by the Executive Committee later on. During the meeting the subject of permanent grounds came up for much discussion, and the Executive Committee was especially advised to try and procure such a preserve before the next trials. F. J. Stone, G. H. Anderson and R. L. Jones were elected members of the club. A special vote of thanks was tendered to Judge John A. Balmer for his conscientious efforts and fair decisions in the trials just ended. No members' stake took place on Thursday, as the owners did not care to tax their dogs with a two hours' heat, which would have been necessary in that event. Instead, almost all of the sportsmen went hunting and fine bags of quail were the order of the day, as the country there is teeming with those game birds.—Breeder and Sportsman.

Philadelphia Dog Show Association.

At the annual meeting of the Philadelphia Dog Show Association the following officers were unanimously re-elected: Clement B. Newbold, President; Edward Moore Robinson, Alexander Van Rensselaer and Louis A. Bidle, Vice-Presidents; Marcel A. Viti, Secretary; S. Boyd Carrigan, Treasurer, and Francis Edward Bond, C. Leland Harrison, Sidney W. Keith, D. Murray Bohlen, Mitchell Harrison, C. Hartman Kuhn, Jay B. Lippincott, George R. Packard, Reginald K. Shober, J. Sergeant Price, Jr., Robert Toland and Henry Jarret, Bench Show Committee.

The Fourth Annual International Show will be held upon November 26, 27, 28 and 29.

Bear and For Bear.

BARRE, Vt., Jan. 20.—Kindly favor me space to propound the following inquiry: Will someone who has had experience in hunting the black bear with dogs give the method of pursuit? What breeds of dogs are best? Is one dog sufficient for successful hunting? State if hunting is best on bare ground or snow. When the bear is started does it run long before making a stand or treeing? Any other information thereon will be appreciated.

B. A. E.

Yachting.

Designing Competition.

IN view of the continued and increasing interest in yachting, a designing competition will be opened in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. In America the yachting season is comparatively a short one, and such a competition as has been determined upon will serve to stimulate the interest in the subject during the winter months. The competition is open to both amateur and professional designers. Three prizes will be given for the best designs of a yacht conforming to the following conditions:

- I. A pole mast sloop.
- II. 25ft. load waterline.
- III. Not over 4ft. draft (with centerboard hoisted).
- IV. At least 50 per cent. of ballast outside on keel.
- V. 5ft. headroom under cabin carlins.

All abnormal features must be studiously avoided in the design; and the construction, sail and cabin plans should be of the simplest character. It was our idea in laying out the conditions of the competition to make them simple as possible, so as not to hamper in any way the designer, and yet convey to all that we wished to produce a safe, comfortable cruiser on which two or three amateurs could live with comfort for a period of two or three months and cruise along our eastern seaboard from New York to Halifax with safety. A centerboard boat of moderate draft was decided upon, as so many more harbors would be accessible to a boat of that type.

DRAWINGS REQUIRED.

- I. Sheer plan, scale 1in. = 1ft.—showing center of buoyancy and lateral resistance.
- II. Half breadth, scale 1in. = 1ft.
- III. Body plan, scale 1in. = 1ft.
- IV. Cabin plan, scale 1in. = 1ft.
- V. Sail plan, ¼in. = 1ft., showing center of effort.

The sails should consist of a jib, mainsail, spinnaker and balloon jib. No topsail will be carried. A table of offsets and an outline specification must accompany each design. The drawings should be carefully drawn and lettered. All drawings should be made on white paper or tracing cloth in black ink (no colored inks or pigments should be used). The designs must bear a nom-de-plume only and no indication must be given of the author. In a sealed envelope, however, the designer should inclose his own name and address, to-

gether with his nom-de-plume. All designs must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York City, not later than Feb. 28, 1902. All drawings will be returned, but postage should accompany each.

The FOREST AND STREAM reserves the right to publish any or all the designs.

The prizes offered are as follows: 1st prize, \$25.00; 2d prize, \$15.00; 3d prize, \$10.00. Mr. Theodore C. Zerega offers an additional prize of \$10.00 for the best cabin plan. Honorable mention will also be made of meritorious designs.

Mr. Clinton H. Crane, of the firm of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, has kindly consented to judge the designs and make the awards. Mr. Crane's professional standing is so high that he needs no introduction, and every confidence will be put in his ability and fairness.

Our English Letter.

THE announcement that Prince Henry, of Prussia, is to become the guest of the President on the occasion of the launch of H. I. M. the German Emperor's new schooner, has excited some interest over here. Prince Henry is very well known among English yachtsmen, and is very popular. The Hohenzollern will excite a little surprise when she is first seen in New York. She is a magnificent ship, but very far removed from the ordinary idea of a royal yacht.

What the Emperor intends to do with the new schooner is not certain. One who may be thought likely to know, told me, in answer to the question a few days since, that "if she turned out fast he would race her, and if not she would be a cruiser." That, perhaps, is a safe prediction. The Emperor is very pleased to race a winning yacht, even if it be in handicap matches, and he sets special value on Royal Yacht Squadron King's Cups, which are open only to members of the club, and are always sailed under a handicap, a very mixed lot always entering. All the same, His Majesty is deeply interested in making the sport popular in Germany. He is, indeed, far more in sympathy with his navy than with the army, though compelled by his position to care for the army before all things.

On the 13th inst. took place the death of Mr. William Fife, Sr., after an illness of three days, and at the great age of 84. His father originated the celebrated Fairlie firm of yacht builders, but it was the late Mr. Fife that gave it a world-renowned fame. A genius for yacht designing runs in the family, but it can hardly ever be more pronounced than in the case of the old man. He was in his day a master of the craft, and to the last he was as good a judge of a model as lives. His greatest work was done in the days when a model served for the design, and yet he was able, until he gave all designing over to his son, to successfully compete with those trained in scientific methods. It is no secret that he held the type of racing yacht in vogue during the past ten years in some contempt, and strongly felt that any taxation of sail is a mistake. The Fairlie yard, of which so much has been written, is one of the most striking instances of staunch conservatism possible to find. Until within the last six years or so, not a vestige of a "yard" was visible. All the great yachts that had made their names famous, and all the fine cruisers, had simply been built on the shore. No shed, nothing to indicate a flourishing business, was visible. As the grandfather started, so the son went on, and it was long before even the grandson could bring about any change. The astonishment of strangers who visited Fairlie used to be extreme when they found this state of things. Yet the old boats built there were wonders. Two years ago the writer bought an old Fife boat of 45 tons. She was over fifty years of age, and yet she held a class at Lloyds!

Mr. J. R. Drexel has flatly contradicted the story that Mr. G. L. Watson is designing a 2,500-ton steam yacht for him. The lie originated in Glasgow, and as the people of that city are actually thinking of running street cars on Sundays, I am afraid that a national backsliding is setting in.

The Saunders Patent Launch Company has opened a branch at Kiel, Germany. The boats built by this firm are remarkable. They are in two, three or four thicknesses of skin, and between each skin is a thin waterproof material. The skins are stitched with wire, the stitching starting at one gunwale, under the boat and up on the opposite side. Nothing can possibly be stronger. A gentleman who bought one of the launches for the smooth water of the Thames, took it up this summer and used it in some wild weather on a Scotch Loch. He told me that she could go out when he dare not venture with a Watson-designed boat, and she got such knocking about that at the end of the season she was quite out of shape; yet she never leaked, and a month after being laid up she had resumed her proper shape. At Kiel the firm is building a launch of 40ft., which, with a powerful oil motor, will make twenty miles an hour.

A firm in Dublin has started a factory for making hollow spars. The spars are said to be superior to those of other makes, being both more accurately made and of better stuff. The wood used is Oregon pine, and it seems to be vastly superior to the wide-grained spruce spars sent over here. In the small sizes we find that the spruce spars will not stand a twisting strain, and that when used for masts they crack or become useless—never going at the joint, however. The Oregon spar will stand twice this strain, and they are twenty-five per cent. cheaper on account of the high freight charged on the American spars.

King Edward has re-purchased the famous old *Britannia* from Sir Richard Bulkeley. This is the second time he has sold and rebought the vessel—once when he was Prince of Wales. Evidently he has a real fondness for the grand old ship, and indeed she is about the best all-round sailing yacht that Mr. G. L. Watson ever turned out.

The German Emperor's match, from Dover to Heligoland, is fixed for June 21. It is a handicap for British-owned yachts over 80 tons (Thames measurement). The match is always well patronized, for the Emperor treats his visitors at Kiel right royally, mixing freely with them, and putting the sceptre entirely out of sight.

To-day comes a cable from New York stating that a

report is circulating there that Sir Thomas Lipton has given the order to Fife to design Shamrock III. Of course it is safe to say that Mr. Fife has such a design in his mind—probably on paper, too—but beyond that there is no truth in the report that the order has been given. It will be time enough to design the boat next autumn. If the Cup is to be won, Mr. Fife is the man to do the trick, but a golden opportunity was lost last year, through Sir Thomas “swapping horses whilst crossing the stream.”

E.H. HAMILTON.

Twin Screw Yacht Zaida.

THIS handsome steam yacht, whose arrangement plans we reproduce, was finished in August, 1900, and constructed to the order of Mr. Alfred Shuttleworth, of Lincoln, England, from designs prepared by George Simpson, M. I. N. A., Camden, N. J., although the arrangement of the cabins is in accordance with the original owner's ideas. Her contract price was \$87,500, and she was recently sold to Lord Rosebery at a price not stated. The vessel is mainly interesting as being of a type which strikes a mean between the mammoth productions in yacht architecture of recent years and the smaller sized steam yachts just outside the pale of power launches, whose cruising qualities are necessarily limited to coasting. The *Zaida*, on the other hand, while a boat of moderate expense compared with the large ships referred to, has the necessary sea-going qualities combined with bunker capacity to enable her to undertake trans-ocean voyages.

She is constructed of mild steel throughout to one grade in excess of Lloyd's Register requirements for the "100 A1" class, and was specially surveyed by that classification society's officers while under construction. The principal dimensions are as follows:

Length—	
Over all	166ft. 9in.
L.W.L.	136ft. 9in.
Breadth—Moulded	22ft. 6in.
Depth—Moulded	13ft. 9in.
Maximum draft	10ft. 6in.
Tonnage, B. O. M.	341

It will be seen by the over all length that the vessel has very long overhangs, which add considerably to the graceful appearance of the semi-elliptical stern and the clipper stem, terminating in a beautifully carved female figure with scroll trail boards executed from a design specially prepared by the naval architect.

The deck houses, which are two in number, arranged forward and aft of machinery spaces, are fitted as deck saloons, with main entrance and drawing room respectively. They are beautifully furnished and upholstered, the fixtures being of the highest grade.

The arrangements below deck are much of the usual order, but finished in the most luxurious manner.

A feature of the deck houses is the continuation of the aft end sides and top to form deck shelters or cosy corners, where retreat may be had in dirty weather without the disadvantage of going indoors.

The ventilation is complete and ample, the old-fashioned gooseneck and mushrooms being superseded by Simpson's patent diaphragms.

The yacht is propelled by two sets of engines of the usual inverted triple expansion type, having cylinders 11 in., 17 in. and 26 in. diameter by 20 in. stroke, steam being supplied by a single ended boiler 13 ft. diameter, at a pressure of 150 lbs. per square inch. On trial the engines developed 620 I.H.P. combined, propelling the vessel at a mean speed of 12.8 knots.

The auxiliary machinery comprises electric light installation, steam steering gear, steam windlass, etc., the whole being supplied by a vertical donkey boiler.

Altogether the Zaida, though relatively small in size, is a notable addition to the ever-increasing fleet of modern yachts owned on both sides of the Atlantic.

The Rating Rules.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of the 18th inst. *Thalassa* points out with reference to my notes on yacht measurement, that a corrected length under the old Seawanhaka rule is a measure of speed rather than of mere size. Now, curiously enough, I have a private letter from a well-posted yachtsman, who disagrees with me in quite the opposite way. He contends that size—in yacht measurement—is the summation of the speed-producing factors, and consequently the various forms of the length and sail area rule do not fairly represent size in so far as they take no account of certain factors of design such as it is now proposed to tax under the new Hyslop rule. No doubt a good case may be made out on either side, and it simply shows our want of precise terms for use in discussing this question. Every writer uses the word size, and no two in just the same sense. Some recognized rule or formula for expressing size would be very useful.

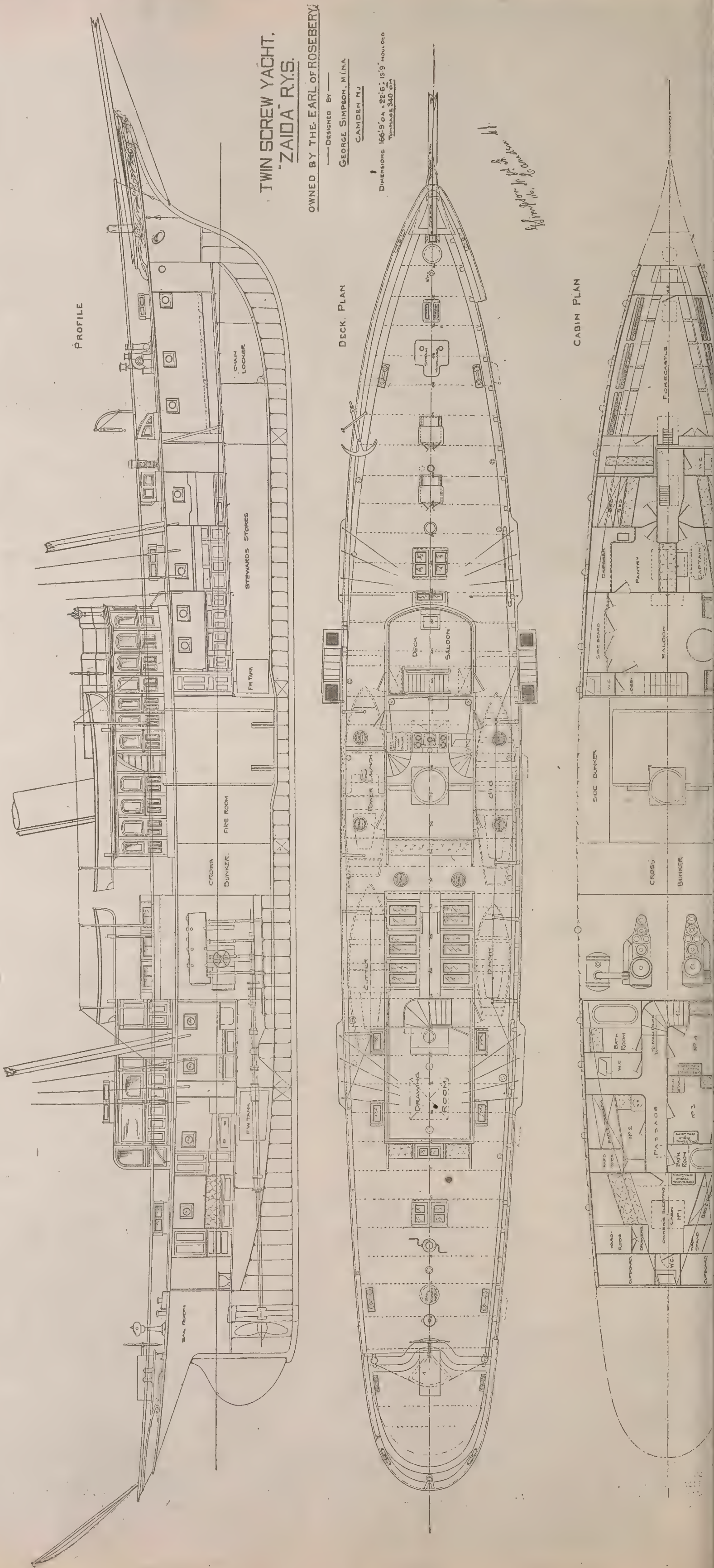
When comparing yachts by length, the phrase "other things being equal," means, as I understand it, that the vessels are in every respect similar in their dimensions, and when such is the case, any one lineal measurement serves as an index to size. Length qualified by the square root of sail area, is to my mind a reasonable extension and practical application of this principle to yachts which, while not strictly similar, are not grossly dissimilar. We might do worse than accept it as a conventional expression of size, and use it as Mr. Hyslop has done, as the foundation or dominating factor of the measurement rule.

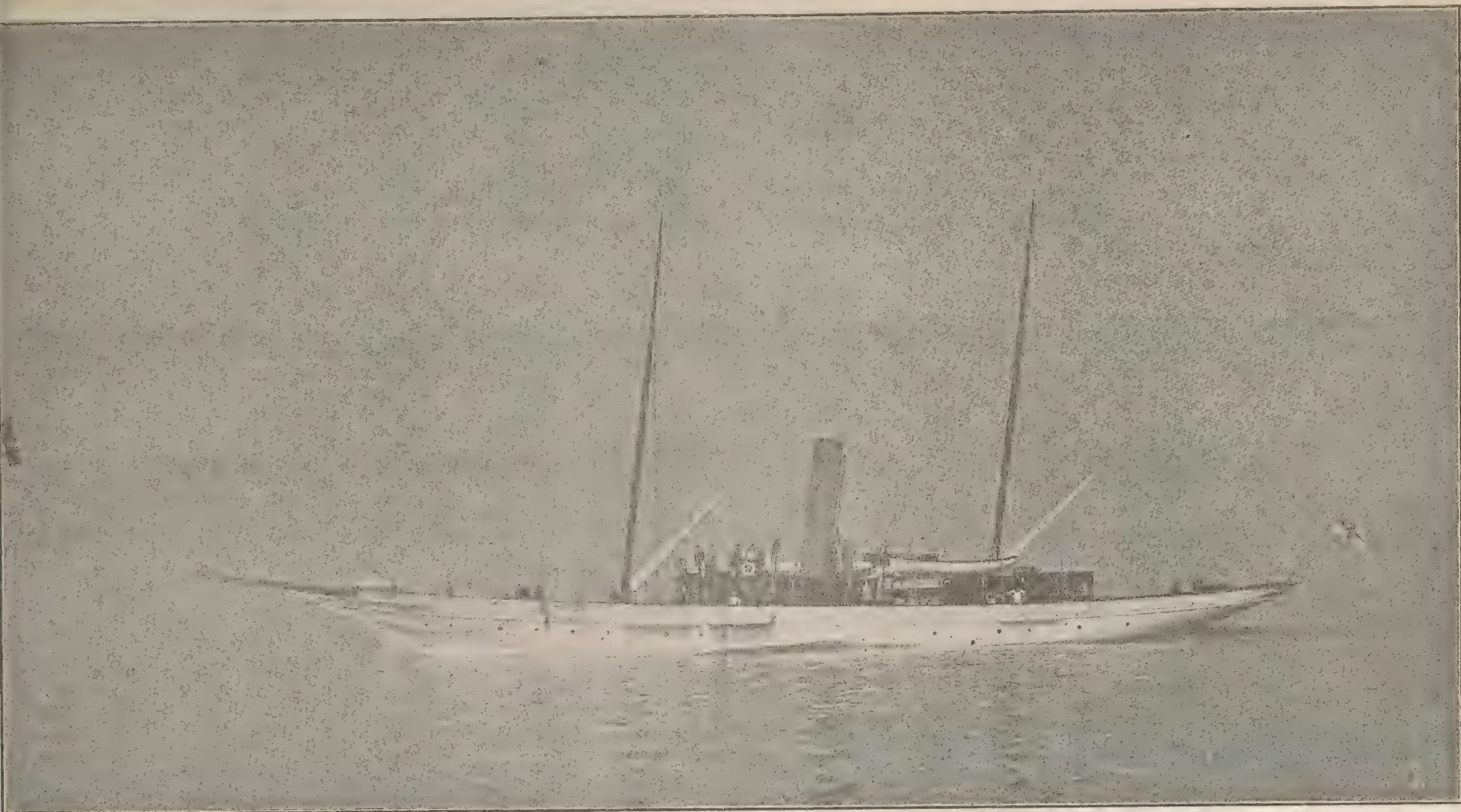
I should like to add that the question of restricted classes versus rules demanding complicated data is largely one of local convenience. Yacht clubs able to obtain the services of expert measurers and having weighing machines or other necessary gear, may successfully apply rules that would be impracticable for clubs in remote localities, and for such restricted classes be far better than a decline of racing owing to the sinister influence of freak designs.

WILLIAM O. PHILLIPS.

CLINTON, Ont., Jan. 24.

Mr. J. W. Oliphant has sold his 85ft. steam yacht Nemahbin to Mr. C. M. Everest, of Rochester, N. Y.





TWIN-SCREW YACHT ZAIDA. DESIGNED BY GEO. SIMPSON, M. I. N. A.

Our Boston Letter.

Boston, Jan. 27.—It would seem that about all the orders for yachts to be turned out before the coming season opens have been placed with the different designers. The orders for new ones are now coming in straggling one at a time, where before they came in twos, threes and often in greater numbers, so for the present at least things may be said to be quiet among the designers. Nothing more has been heard about restricted 25-footers, nor has there been any open declaration in regard to any new restricted 21-footers, although I have a very good idea that one more is coming. This, if true, will make the total number of new ones in the restricted class to be built before or during the spring, fifteen. The prospective owner of the new one has kept very quiet in regard to his intentions, and I hesitate to state who he is for fear that any premature announcements may cause him to change his mind. I can say, however, that he is not a Marblehead yachtsman, and that, if he should build, his boat will follow the circuit for the greater number of races during the season. There may be something more definite coming to light about this new boat within a few days.

It may or may not seem strange that almost every one of our Boston yacht designers are trying their utmost to get all the work possible in the merchant service. Arthur Binney long ago took this step, and he has, within the past few years, turned out several coasters and fishermen. Crowninshield, too, has been doing something in both of these lines. He turned out the fisherman Rob Roy, which proved a very fine vessel. She has fair speed, which the designer thinks can be much improved, as her present sail plan is much smaller than she is able to carry. He has turned out the lines of another fisherman this winter, and the owners of this boat expect great

things of her. His greatest venture has been the greatest taken by any designer of coastwise vessels, that of turning out a seven-masted steel schooner. This vessel is now well under way at the Fore River Engine Works. His latest order has been for a four-masted schooner, of great carrying capacity, which will be built "down east."

The progress made by Starling Burgess in all lines since his venture into the field of naval architecture has been wonderful. He and Crowninshield rose to the top of the ladder probably more quickly than any other two yacht designers in America. Burgess has had his greatest success this winter, having in the neighborhood of thirty new ones to turn out. He, too, has been anxious to tackle the merchant service, and has been fortunate in getting the orders for two fine vessels. The first of these was for the largest six-masted schooner afloat, to be called the Edward Burgess, after his illustrious father. The second order came last week for a four-masted schooner for F. L. Pigeon et al. This one will have a carrying capacity of about 3,000 tons. She will be 222ft. on the keel, about 250ft. over all, 23ft. beam and 22ft. 6in. depth of hold. She is expected to go around Cape Horn to the Pacific coast. F. L. Pigeon, who will head the syndicate, is a well-known yachtsman, a member of the Annisquam Y. C. He has owned several editions of yachts, bearing the name of Circe, and was the owner of Thelma, challenger for the Quincy cup in 1899. He is one of the firm of famous spar makers, and it is expected that many cargoes of the new vessel will be Oregon pine.

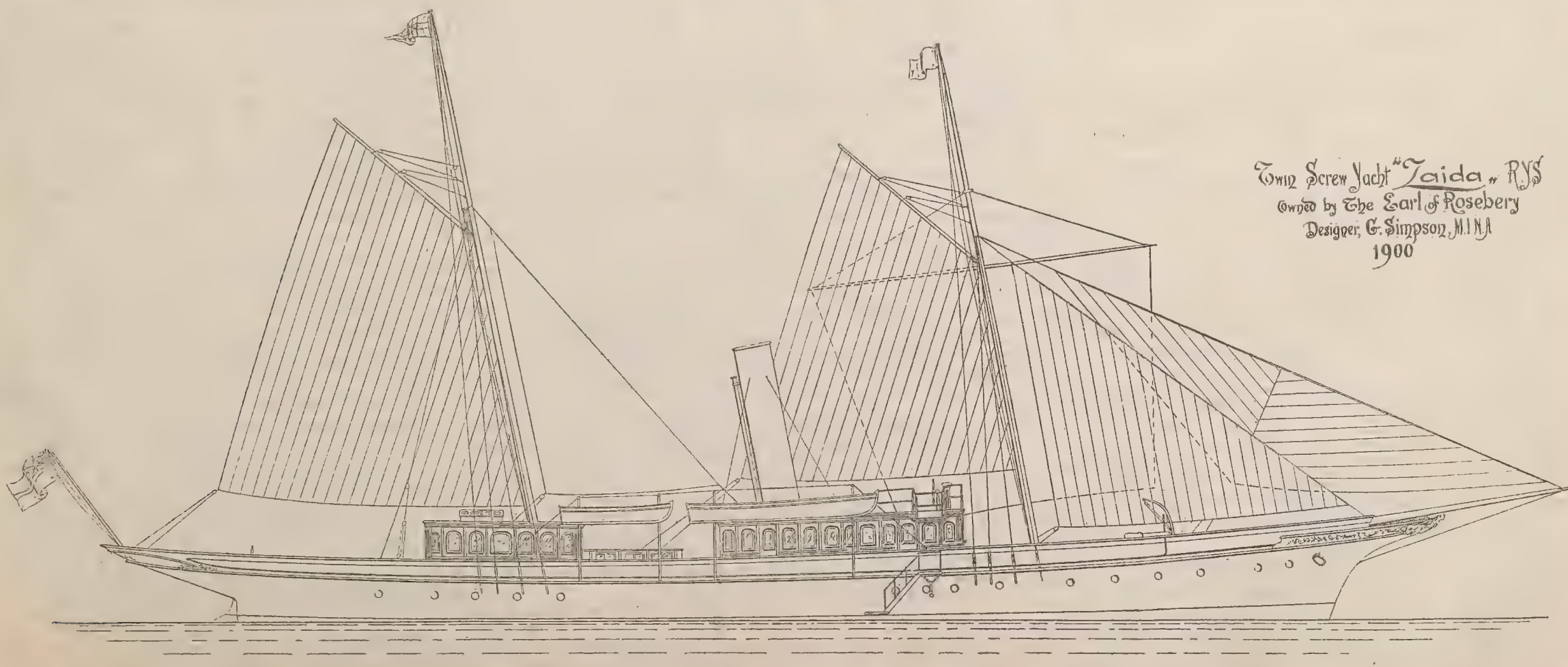
The supporters of the restricted classes of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts are jubilant over the recent decision of the Columbia Y. C., of Chicago, to adopt the restricted 21ft. class, as governed by the rules of the Massachusetts Association. This is an important move, as the class is sure to be adopted by the Lake Michigan Yachting Association. Not only is the feeling good over this matter, but Secretary Bliss is also further

rejoicing because of the receipt of a letter from Mr. J. Lungley Neame, Honorable Secretary of the Freemantle Sailing Club, of Western Australia, asking about this particular class. In the case of the Columbia Y. C., it was desired to get a yacht of small size, which would have good accommodations and speed, and which could cruise comfortably in the rough waters of Lake Michigan. The choice seemed to lie between our raceabout, which has been popular from New York to Bar Harbor, and the Massachusetts Y. R. A. restricted 21-footers. Secretary Harry P. Simonton, of the Columbia Y. C., sent out a letter to prominent builders, designers and yachtsmen in the East, asking their opinion, and I think that this letter and the conservative answer by Small Bros., the Boston designers, and official measurers of the Massachusetts Y. R. A., will bear repeating, as there might be many others who would be interested in the same classes.

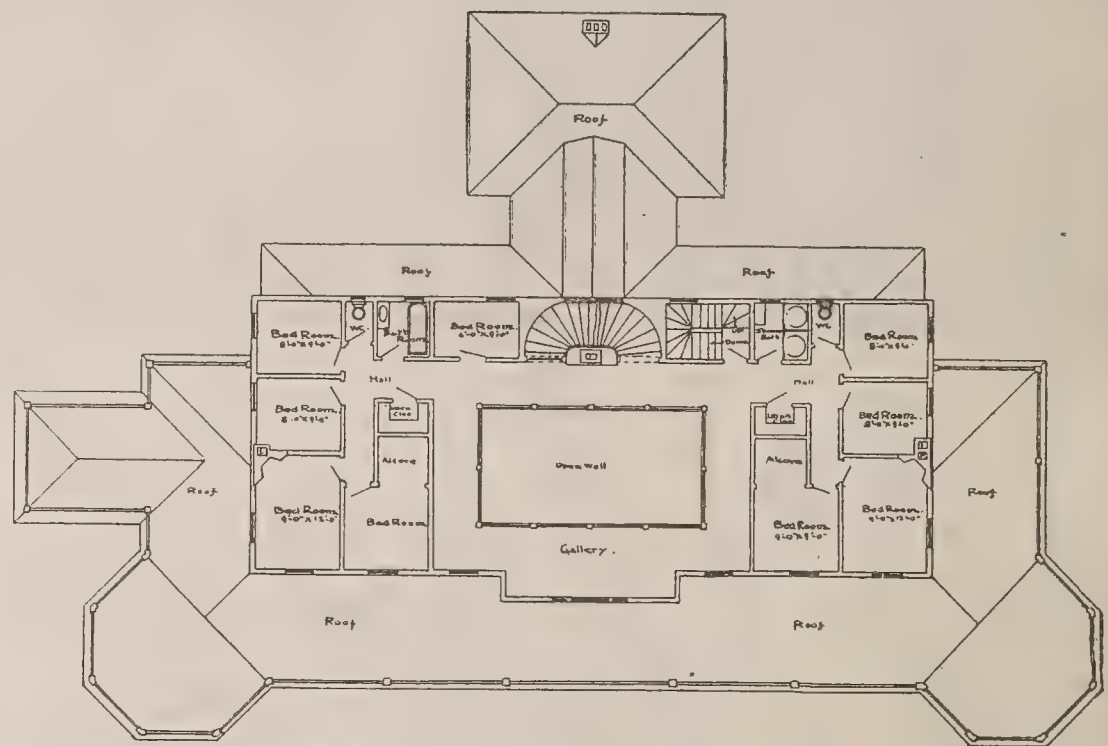
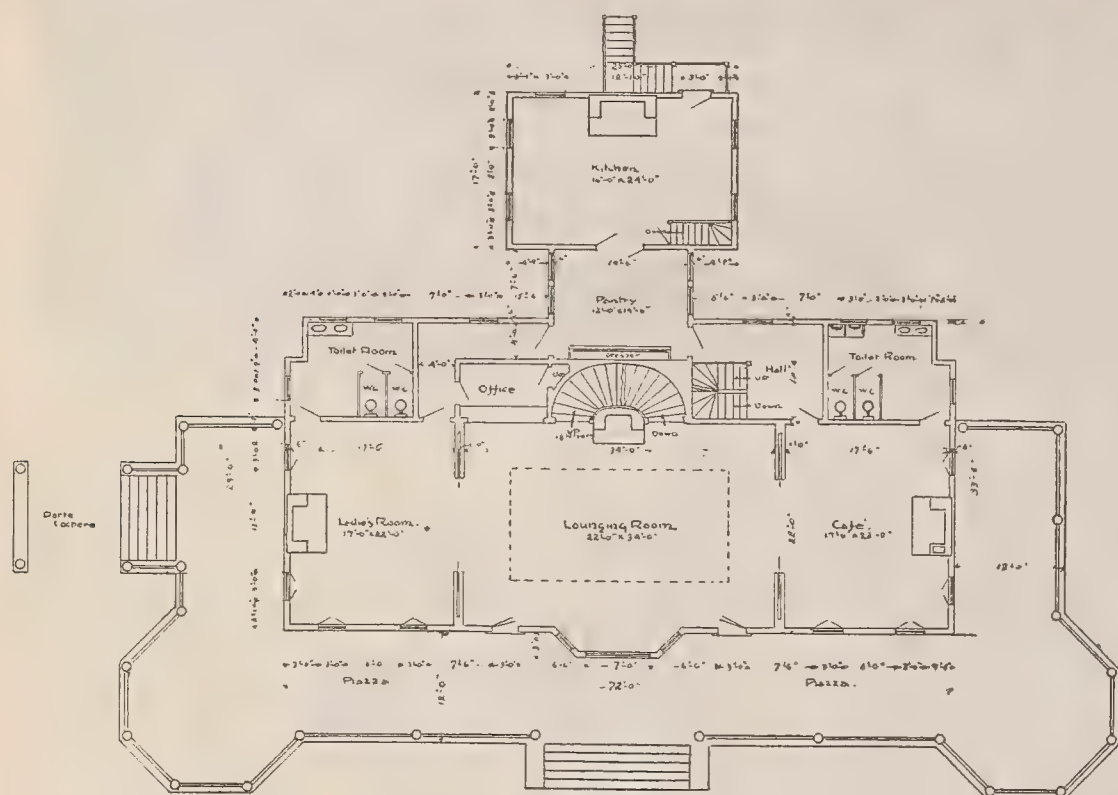
Secretary Simonton's letter of inquiry was as follows: "Dear Sir: A committee has been appointed by the Columbia Y. C. and one by the L. M. Y. A. to decide upon the respective merits of the 21ft. 'raceabout,' with 7ft. cabin trunk, its width being 60 per cent. of greatest beam, with height forward 6½in. and height aft 9in. above deck, as compared with the '21ft. cabin yachts' under Massachusetts Y. R. A. rules. The committee is divided and desires your opinion on the following points:

- "1. Which is the most seaworthy boat?
- "2. What is the relative cost?
- "3. What are relative cabin accommodations?
- "4. Which is the fastest boat?
- "5. Can a fast freak be built under either rule?
- "6. Which has proved the best boat all-round in your locality?
- "7. Which class would be the easiest and best to develop?

"The conditions here on Lake Michigan are heavy weather, harbors twenty-five miles apart, and no shelter.



Twin Screw Yacht "Zaida" RYS
Owned by The Earl of Rosebery
Designer: G. Simpson, M.I.N.A.
1900



NEW HOME FOR MANHASSET BAY Y. C.—FRONT ELEVATION AND FIRST AND SECOND FLOOR PLANS.

"A large number of boats will be built if we adopt a class that would be popular for these waters. The committee is required to report on Jan. 16, and your reply would, consequently, be highly appreciated.

"HARRY P. SIMONTON,
"Secretary Columbia Y. C."

The following was the answer sent by Small Bros.:
"Mr. H. P. Simonton, Secretary of the Columbia Y. C.,
Chicago, Ill.

"Dear Sir: Your favor of Jan. 9 was duly received and contents carefully noted. In reply I would say that we take pleasure in complying with your request for our opinion on the relative merits of the cabin raceabouts and the 21ft. cabin boats built under the rules and restrictions of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts.

"Point No. 1 we shall have to answer by saying that we consider the 21ft. cabin boat the more seaworthy, simply and only because of heavier scantlings and better construction, with less of strain.

"Point No. 2—The relative cost of cabin 21-footers is about 15 per cent. more than of raceabouts; and if the boat is an extreme keel type, the extra cost would be increased to 20 per cent.

"Point No. 3—The cabin 21-footers have much the better cabin accommodations in every way.

"Point No. 4—In reference to speed, we consider that at present on an average the two are about equal, though some of last season's cabin 21-footers were faster than any of the raceabouts, excepting perhaps in a light air or drift with a sea; and the ones building for the coming season, we are very confident, will be quite a little faster than any of last season's boats.

"Point No. 5—A regular out-and-out freak cannot be built to advantage, under the rules of either class, but a designer has an equal chance in either type to get close to the scow model.

"Point No. 6—It is rather difficult to say which class has proven the best all-round boat. Our opinion is that, owing to the ease of handling, the raceabout is a little the better for afternoon sailing, though not quite so comfortable as the other, owing to limited space and a quicker and greater angle of keel. For cruising and general all-round work, we favor the 21ft. cabin yacht.

"Point No. 7—On this point we are not clear as to your exact meaning. If you mean what class would be more quickly and easily established from second-hand material, we should say the raceabout. But the cabin class, in our opinion, is easier and better to develop, for the reason that the raceabout has practically reached the limit of development under present rules. Considering your weather and cruising conditions, we should favor the cabin class.

"The Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts at its last meeting voted to slightly increase the sail limit in its restricted classes, which evidently proves that the boats built were capable of handling their sail area all right. Probably your weather conditions are different from ours, and you generally have stronger winds on the lake than we do here, but as boats in the 21ft. cabin

class can be built under a sliding scale, you can produce any style of yacht to suit your conditions, either center-boards or keels.

"Perhaps it would not be out of place for us to say here that if the scantling scale could be changed and increased to secure good construction, and a little attention given to cabin accommodations, the raceabout would be an ideal yacht and as popular as ever. As it is, we do not hear of a single one being built for Boston parties; while on the other hand, fourteen of the 21ft. cabin yachts are under construction for the coming season.

"In our capacity as official measurers of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts, we have had ample opportunity to judge, and the experience of knowing the relative merits of all the racing boats under various conditions of wind and water, and our judgment is still slightly in favor of the 21ft. cabin yacht, built under the Association's rules, as against the cabin raceabout. Sincerely yours,
"SMALL BROS."

Another piece of news has made the Association men feel good, and that is to the effect that at the annual meeting of the Quincy Y. C. Saturday evening it will be proposed that the club join the Association. The Quincy Y. C. withdrew from the Association two years ago because of an alleged grievance on account of protest decisions by the Executive Committee of the Y. R. A., and there are many who believe that there was foundation for such grievance. However, the motion to secede from the Association was not unanimous, and it is not expected that the vote to return, if carried, will be unanimous either; but there is no doubt that if the club should go back, it will be welcome news to the majority of racing men. The Quincy Y. C. has never had a fleet of large yachts, but it has always been known as one of the strongest racing clubs in the entire bay in classes up to 30ft. waterline, and it has always given a series of open races during each season. Every one will be pleased to see it doing business again at the same old stand.

Crowninshield has an order for an 18-footer, Knockabout Association restrictions, for Richard D. Boardman, of the Manchester Y. C., to be built by White, of Manchester. She will be raced at Boston, Hull, Marblehead and Manchester. Mr. Boardman is a good helmsman, and the boat may be looked for among this season's race winners.

At Lawley's the keel of the Lawson 46-footer and that of a 25-footer are set up. The keel has been turned out for a 30ft. yawl for Messrs. Foss and Gunnison. Two of Benney's designs are being laid down—a 46ft. and a 33ft. yawl. Most of the frames of the Lippitt 60-rater have been bent. The 30ft. yawl for Bancroft C. Davis has been completed. The 104ft. steam yacht is planked, and her deck is being laid. Fred Lawley has just completed the lines of a 25-footer, and has sent the lines of a 35-footer to Mr. Richard Korte, of Philadelphia.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

New Home for the Manhasset Bay Y. C.

MR. EDWARD M. McCLELLAN, Secretary of the Manhasset Y. C., has kindly sent to us for reproduction in this issue, the front elevation and first and second floor plans of the new home for the Manhasset Bay Y. C., at Port Washington, L. I. The club's membership had increased to such an extent during the last two years that the organization had quite outgrown the old club house, and the needs of a new building were very urgent. The club has an ideal location, being situated on a beautifully sheltered bay, and still within easy reach of the city. The Manhasset Bay Y. C. is the outlet for many of the people who live a short distance inland, and who wish to go on the water occasionally. When the new club house is completed, the Manhasset Bay Y. C. will not be second to any club on Long Island Sound, either in its strength as a yachting organization or its location or its completeness in regard to its house, grounds, docks, etc.

Some \$30,000 will be spent in building the new house and stable, improving the grounds and erecting a new dock. The house itself will represent an expenditure of about \$12,000 when completed. Messrs. Hoppin & Koen, the architects, have succeeded in producing an ideal club house, which is not only well arranged inside, but one that has a most attractive exterior of colonial design. The house has been kept well up from the ground in order to make the basement rooms light and dry. The building is two stories high. On each corner of the structure are pilasters, which extend up two stories and support the cornice. The sloping roof is surmounted by several dormer windows. The feature of the façade is made by a Palladian window on the second story, and above this just under the pediment is the club's insignia.

A piazza 12ft. wide extends around three sides of the building, which faces the northwest. On the east side is located the porte-cochère.

On entering the house one steps into a two-story hall 22 by 34ft., which will be used as sort of lounging room. Directly opposite the entrance is a large brick fireplace, behind which is a circular staircase. Just to the left of the staircase is the office. Opening from the east side of the lounging room is the ladies' room, 17 by 22ft. French windows extend to the floor, and on the east wall is a fireplace. A ladies' toilet room adjoins. A passage connects the ladies' room with the pantry. On the west side of the lounging room is the café, a room which corresponds in size and arrangement with the ladies' room, which is directly opposite. The kitchen is located in a wing well away from the main structure, and only connected by a glass-enclosed pantry. In this way all odors of cooking will be avoided in the club house proper. A staircase leads from the kitchen down to a large storeroom in the basement. The kitchen has windows on three sides, and is very well ventilated, and while almost wholly and distinctly apart from the main building, still it is very easy

of access, and the work of serving is greatly simplified.

On the second floor there is a gallery running around the main hall which is a most attractive feature. There are servants' stairs entirely separate, running from the basement to the second floor. There are nine bedrooms on the second floor, varying in size from 6 by 9 ft. to 9 by 12 ft. There are also two linen closets, two separate toilet rooms and two bath rooms, one of which is fitted with shower baths and the other with a porcelain tub.

On the attic floor there are three bedrooms, 11 by 12 ft., 11 by 13 ft. and 13 by 16 ft. respectively. There is also a large space left unfinished for a store room. The deck, which is located on the top of the house, is reached from the attic by a ladder.

In the basement, on the east end of the main building, is located the billiard room, which is 16 by 30 ft. with a toilet room adjoining. Directly under the lounging room is the locker room, 16 by 24 ft., and in the west end of the basement is the furnace and bins for coal and wood.

The big hall, or lounging room, on the first floor, will be a very handsome apartment when completed. The club has among its members some very well-known artists, and they all have agreed to contribute some of their work to help decorate the interior. Around the lounging room above the wainscot will be panels painted by such men as Julian Rix, Carleton Chapman, Charles Dana Gibson and Guy Standing.

The stable will have accommodations for five horses and carriages. Connected with the stable will be a large coach house, where there will be room for some thirty carriages. A large building of this sort was necessary, as many of the members drive from their homes in the surrounding country on race days and leave their horses and carriages in the club stables for the day, while the owners are away on some of the boats. All the buildings on the grounds are to be lighted by electricity, and arrangements will be made for a charging station for automobiles.

On the upper floor of the coach house there will be four bedrooms and a dormitory for the club servants. Two grass lawn tennis courts and a bowling green will be laid out.

The new dock, which will be built to take the place of the old one, will be 150 ft. long and 8 ft. wide. It will be T shaped, so that a landing float can be placed on each side and be sheltered. One side will be for the use of the crews and taking provisions and luggage to and from the yachts, and the other for the owners and guests.

Western Yachts.

Cabin Type for Columbia Y. C.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 22.—The committee of the Columbia Y. C. has decided upon the 21 ft. class, cabin yachts, as the type for the races for the Lipton cup. This caused some comment from those who favored the earlier knockabout type, but the committee holds out the argument that the cabin type is far more seaworthy, is of stronger construction, allows wider range to the designer, and is altogether better suited for the conditions which prevail on the Great Lakes adjacent to Chicago.

The type was not selected without consultation with authorities both East and West, and it was developed that in the heavier waters of the East the cabin type was preferred to the knockabout or raceabout model, the cabin type being considered many years in advance of the other model so far as progress in naval designing is concerned. Questions were submitted to Eastern designers by the committee as below:

1. Which is the more seaworthy boat?
2. What is the relative cost?
3. What are the relative cabin accommodations?
4. Which is the faster boat?
5. Can a freak be built under either rules?
6. Which has proved the better all-around boat in your locality?
7. Which class would be the better and easier to develop?

Mr. Burgess, the well-known Eastern designer, replying to the above, stated that the cabin class is stronger; second, that the M. Y. R. A. boat is a trifle more costly but gives better accommodations and can produce the faster boat. He thinks a freak would hardly be possible under either rule, but is more apt to turn out under the raceabout class. Small Bros., naval architects, replied much as above, but placed the cost of construction for the cabin class as about fifteen or twenty per cent. greater than in the raceabout. They favor the cabin class for cruising conditions.

Secretary H. B. Simonton, of Columbia Y. C., stated: "We believe that raceabouts like Colleen, Spray and Katie H. are not stiff enough for the heavy weather of this lake. They are lighter built than the new boats will be, and are much less roomy. We think that in settling upon the cabin class we have determined upon a type which will be strong in construction, very seaworthy, and in every way much more suitable to the conditions of this port."

E. H.

Sailors and Knives.

"I WONDER why it is," said a cotton sampler who prides himself on his close observation, "that the Italians have acquired such a sinister reputation as knife fighters. The facts don't bear it out. I have been knocking around the wharves for a good many years and have seen plenty of fighting among sailors, roustabouts and desperate men of all kinds, colors and nationalities, and never but once did I see an Italian use a knife. Even then the weapon was thrust into his hands by a companion, after he had started blithely into the mêlée with a stick."

"As far as my observation goes, the people most addicted to cold steel in the settlement of their little differences are Norwegian sailors. The most formidable knife wielder I ever met in my life belonged to that class. He was a big, yellow-haired, rather melancholy looking chap, who came here on a Liverpool tramp and invested some small savings in a lodging house not far from the old fruit wharves. I got acquainted with him soon after he set up in business and took quite a fancy to the fellow. Like many seafaring men of his nationality, he was passionately fond of music, and, strange to say, he had heard nearly

all the great singers and was familiar with most of the famous operas, although he was otherwise uneducated and could barely read and write. I sized him up as a gentle, simple-minded giant, and labored under that delusion until it was rudely dispelled by a tragic episode of which I chanced to be an eye witness. Three drunken seamen dropped into his place one evening with the avowed intention of raising a row, and one of them set the ball rolling by kicking over the stove. Instantly my Norwegian friend leaped over a little counter, at the same time drawing an 18 in. dirk from somewhere back of his neck, and went to work on the trio. The fracas occupied possibly half a minute, at the end of which time the sailors had disappeared and everything in the room was more or less spattered with gore. I never learned how badly they were hurt, but there was certainly some promiscuous carving while the row lasted. Later on, the lodging-house keeper showed me how he carried his knife. He kept it in a sheath sewed to the inner side of his vest, just under the collar. It seemed an outlandish place for a weapon, but he could draw it like lightning and, as he remarked, it was apt to be overlooked in a search. He also gave me an exhibition of dirk throwing—at which some sailors become astonishingly proficient. He would hold the blade open on his right palm, the point to the left, and launch it through the air with a sudden, indescribable swoop. At a dozen feet away he could strike a circle 6 in. in diameter with unflinching accuracy, but with all its dexterity there was something so barbarously uncouth about the performance that it made my blood run cold to watch him. He got into several knife fights afterward, and his fondness for that diversion eventually led to his departure between suns. If he were still here I think I would select some other illustration for my remarks."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Chester Griswold.

CHESTER GRISWOLD died suddenly at his home in New York City on Jan. 23. Mr. Griswold was a well-known yachtsman, and had been a member of the New York Y. C. since 1876, and in 1880 he was elected to serve on the Regatta Committee. Mr. Griswold was a member of the committee in 1881-82-83, and then declined renomination. In 1889 he again served on the committee, and with the exception of the years 1896 and 1897 Mr. Griswold has been on the Regatta Committee ever since. He had declined re-election on the committee this year. During his term of club service he had been one of three judges during five international matches. Mr. Griswold was born in Troy, N. Y., in 1844. He was a member of the following clubs: Union, South Side, Sportsmen's Club of Long Island, Down Town Association, Racquet, Sons of the Revolution, Church Club, Suburban Riding and Driving, Metropolitan and the Meadow Club of Southampton, Long Island.

Yacht Club Notes.

At the annual meeting of the Indian Harbor Y. C. the following officers were elected: Com., Frank Tilford, steam yacht Norman; Vice-Com., Alfred Peets, sloop yacht Enpronzi; Rear-Com., George F. Dominick, steam yacht Varuna; Sec'y, Charles P. Bruch; Treas., Richard Outwater; Trustees, John H. Downing and Charles E. Simms; Meas., Charles E. Mower; Regatta Committee, Frank Bowne Jones (chairman), Charles F. Kirby, Charles E. Simms, Frank C. Henderson and R. Babcock.

The annual meeting of the American Y. C. was held at the Waldorf-Astoria on Jan. 21. The meeting was adjourned to May 30, as there was not a quorum present. Several matters of interest were informally talked over, and much satisfaction was expressed over the two new one-design classes that are now being built. Five of the larger and seven of the smaller boats have been ordered. The following nominations of officers for the ensuing year have been made, and these will serve without being formally elected: Com., Henry W. Eaton; Vice-Com., William H. Browning; Rear-Com., Stuyvesant Wainwright; Sec'y and Treas., William Porter Allen; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. Samuel B. Lyon; Meas., and Consulting Eng'r, George W. Magee, U. S. N.; Trustees, Class of 1904, William G. Nichols; Class of 1905, H. De B. Parsons, Edwin H. Weatherbee and William H. Beers.

The Jefferson Y. C., of Holland Station, Rockaway Beach, has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Com., George Kern; Vice-Com., Henry Hoyt; Fleet Capt., Oscar L. Schwencke; Fin. Sec'y, George H. Pladwell; Treas., John Swan; Serg't-at-Arms, Thomas Daily; Board of Directors, Christian G. Moritz, Thomas F. Gaynor, Thomas F. McCaul, Morris Feigel, George Kern, Henry Hoyt, Oscar L. Schwencke and John Swan; House Committee, Edward J. Brady, Bartholomew F. Donohue and John W. Ennis.

The annual meeting of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. was held at Delmonico's, New York City, on Jan. 27. The following officers were elected: Com., Arthur Curtiss James, auxiliary brigantine Aloha; Vice-Com., Henry T. Sloane, auxiliary schooner Idler; Rear Com., William J. Matheson, steamer Laverock; Sec'y, Francis G. Stewart; Treas., Frederic P. Moore; Meas., John Hyslop; Fleet Surg., N. Bowditch Potter, M.D.; Fleet Chaplain, The Rev. George R. Vandewater, D. D. Race Committee: Charles W. Wetmore, Clinton H. Crane, Johnston de Forest, Daniel Bacon and Allen E. Whitman. Committee on Lectures and Entertainments: William Crittenden Adams, P. K. Hudson and Wilson M. Powell, Jr. Committee on Lines and Models: John Hyslop, A. Cary Smith and J. R. Maxwell, Jr. Law Committee: Arthur D. Weekes, Henry R. Hoyt and Frederic Coudert, Jr. Trustees, to form the class of 1905, in place of that of 1902, whose term of office expires: H. M. Crane, Alfred Ely, Frank S. Hastings and Walter Jennings.

Some additions were made to the racing rules to govern centerboards. These new rules are as follows: Yachts may have the use of centerboards excepting as these are affected by the provisions which follow:

Centerboards shall not have more weight than is needed to insure their sinking into proper position for use, and the limit shall be considered as reached when the centerboard has a weight twenty-five per cent. greater than that of the water displaced by it.

Centerboards weighing less than 150 pounds shall be exempt from the provisions of this rule.

Vessels having use of centerboards of the prescribed weight at or prior to July 1, 1901, shall be exempt from the foregoing specified requirements.

Owners of centerboard yachts shall, when required, certify to the measurer that the centerboards used are within the limitations stated.

The members have talked for some time past of having a town house. The company of club members that have the matter in hand reported that a suitable piece of property on which to erect the building will soon be secured. The scheme now under consideration is to erect a building, the lower floors of which will be used by the club and the upper floors to be rented to club members for bachelor apartments.

The club membership is now within ten of the limit, and these will be elected as soon as the new officers enter upon their duties.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Another rumor reaches us from across the water to the effect that Sir Thomas Lipton has already ordered another Cup challenger from William Fife, Jr., the designer of the first Shamrock. Positive information on the subject is not forthcoming at present, but the matter is undoubtedly under consideration, and it would be no great surprise if the third Shamrock came from the board of the eminent Fairlie designer, William Fife, Jr.

The prizes won in races sailed under the auspices of the Indian Harbor Y. C. last season are now on exhibition in the store window of the Gorham Manufacturing Co., No. 21 Maiden Lane, where they will remain displayed till Feb. 1. They include the prizes presented by Com. Frank Tilford for the open races, the Tod cup and the club prizes won in the handicap races.

The turbine yacht which the Hon. C. Parsons is building for Mr. A. L. Barber, will be about 1400 tons burden, says the foreign correspondent of the New York Sun. Her length is designed to be 260 ft. 8 in., and her maximum breadth 33 ft. 3 in. A comparison of the fuel consumption of the turbine steamer King Edward and the paddle-wheeler Duchess of Hamilton, both of the same class, made by the same builders and plying on the Clyde, shows that the turbine boat does not suffer when one considers her higher speed. The figures for the season show that the King Edward burned 1,429 tons 16 cwt. of coal, and covered a total mileage of 12,116, meaning 8.47 miles per ton of coal used, and an average speed of 18½ miles per hour. The Duchess of Hamilton consumed 1,758 tons 13 cwt. of coal, covered 15,604 miles, being 8.87 miles per ton, and an average speed of 16½ miles per hour.

Messrs. Huntington & Seaman have sold the twin-screw naphtha launch Gemini for Mr. Clarence J. Osborn, of Norwalk, Conn., to Mr. Davis J. Pancoast, of Camden, N. J. The yacht will be used by her new owner on Barnegat Bay.

Mr. Frank Bowne Jones has sold the raceabout Jolly Roger for a syndicate of Northport Y. C. yachtsmen to Mr. T. V. Bleecker, Jr.

Messrs. Samuel Ayers & Son, of Nyack, N. Y., are building for Mr. Frederick G. Bourne, N. Y. Y. C., a high-speed launch. The boat was designed by Messrs. Gardner & Cox, and is 67.10 ft. waterline, 9.9 ft. breadth and 3.8 ft. draft.

The class of one-design boats for the Horseshoe Harbor Y. C. will be built by the Lachine Boat Co. Six members of the club have agreed to build. The boats are 18 ft. over all.

Word is received from Jacksonville, Fla., that the catboat Dandy and the sloop Teal arrived there on Jan. 20, after a seven weeks' trip down the coast. Both boats were originally owned on Long Island Sound.

Mr. L. D. Fiske, of Hartford, Conn., has sold his high-speed steam launch Genevieve to Mr. S. V. R. Thayer, of Boston.

The English yawl Ailsa, owned by Mr. Henry S. Redmond, will appear next season in a new and larger rig. The changes in her sail plan will be made under direction of Messrs. Cary Smith & Barbey. Last season Ailsa was hardly a match for Vigilant and Navahoe in light weather, owing to her much smaller sail spread. If her larger rig improves her speed in light air, she should be more than a match for either of her competitors in any weather, for in a breeze and a sea she always had matters pretty much her own way.

The Marine Engine and Machine Co., of Harrison, N. J., will equip the tenders for Mr. A. S. Bigelow's steam yacht Pantooset with three and five horse-power alco-vapor motors. This firm has also an order for a two-horse-power engine for Mr. T. W. Hine, of Eureka, Cal., which will be installed in a 20 ft. launch. Mr. A. L. Belfield, of Philadelphia, will furnish his 30 ft. launch, now building, with a seven-horse-power motor, made by the Marine Engine and Machine Co.

At the Townsend & Downey Shipbuilding Company's yard at Shooter's Island, S. I., a shed has been erected over the schooner building for the German Emperor. This was done so that bad weather would not interrupt the work. The plating is now nearly completed. The cabin and deck fittings have been made in the shops, and as soon

as the steel workers finish, joiners will immediately begin the fitting up of the interior. Everything has been done to hurry forward the work so that the yacht will be completed in time for the launching, which will take place about Feb. 24. The launching promises to be an affair of considerable international importance, and several thousand persons will witness the ceremony. The keel for the new 60-rater, building at this yard from designs made by Messrs. Gardner & Cox, has been cast and the frames bent. The Tobin bronze plates have arrived and the yacht will be set up shortly.



At City Island Mr. Robert Jacob has had the foundations for his new 1,000-ton marine railway laid. When the railway is completed Mr. Jacob will be able to haul any of the large steam yachts at any tide, as there will be 22ft. over the cradle at mean low water. The 60ft. waterline auxiliary schooner building at this yard from Mr. Henry Winteringham's designs has been ribbanded off and the work of planking has commenced. The yacht is built entirely of wood, and will be of rather heavy construction. She will make a fine, wholesome cruiser, and will have large accommodations below decks. Mr. Jacob has completed two more boats for the Manhasset Bay one-design class. The loft building on Mr. Jacob's property for Laphorn & Ratsey, the English sailmakers, is well along. Mr. Ratsey is expected the early part of February, and the structure will be completed under his supervision. Mr. Ratsey has already several large orders that will keep him busy up to the opening of the racing season. Com. F. T. Adams, Larchmont Y. C., has ordered a complete suit of sails for his schooner Sachem, and in all probability this firm will make the sails for the two 60-raters now building from Messrs. Gardner & Cox's designs.



At Wood's yard the Bullock 47-footer is practically completed, and will be run out of the shop to make room for some of the new orders. Mr. Wood will build five or six boats from Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane's designs. Among these is a raceabout for Mr. Crane's brother, Mr. H. M. Crane. She will be quite similar to Merrywing, the boat built by Mr. Wood for Mr. Crane last year.

A gentleman in New England, about seventy years of age, who apparently is a vegetarian, having learned of Dr. Henry van Dyke's expeditions to Canada and elsewhere in search of big game, recently sent him a pen drawing made by himself of a stag—a charming piece of work for a man of such years—and underneath placed this motto in large letters: "Thou shalt not kill." Dr. van Dyke, in acknowledging receipt of the drawing, thanked his friend for his kindness, and suggested that under certain conditions a more appropriate text would be Acts x., 13: "Rise, Peter, kill and eat."—New York Times.

Dr. Hillis' experience under a charge of plagiarism reminds one of Dr. Lyman Beecher's, who, when a lad going across the fields with a book under his arm, spied, as he thought, a rabbit in the bushes, and, knowing how tender and easily killed they are, hurled the volume at him. It was not a rabbit. In after life when a violent, scurrilous attack was made upon him, his friends said, "Why don't you answer him, squelch him?" "Ah," said the doctor, "years ago I once issued a whole octavo at a skunk and learned better."—Waterbury American.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Jan. 19.—The Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club's bi-monthly shoot took place to-day. Many visitors were present, among them being Dr. Smith, of S. & W. Co., Springfield, Mass., and Capt. Geo. E. Bartlett, representative of King's Powder and Peters Cartridge Company. He is an expert in shooting at moving and stationary targets.

Scores, off-hand, Columbia target, 10-shot scores: Rifle, 200yds.: A. B. Dorrell 45, 50, 52, 58, 58, 59; W. G. Hoffman 52, 55, 58; F. O. Young 53, 69; A. H. Pape 55; A. H. Cady 60, 66, 86, 91; G. Mannel 69, 71, 77, 77; Gimmel, .22 rifle, 124; E. A. Allen, repeater, 125, 147.

Pistol, 50yds.: C. M. Daiss 42, 52, 53, 56; Ed Hovey 46, 49, 50, 53, 56; F. O. Young 47, 48, 48, 48; A. J. Brannagan 57; Dr. Smith 58, 78, 82, 90.

Revolvers, 50yds.: Hoffman 47, 55, 61; Brannagan 53, 57; J. R. Trego 58, 76, 89; P. Becker 63; Dr. Smith 67, 120; Dr. Twist 86; H. V. Dubois 97; Prichard 72.

.22 and .25 rifles, 50yds.: E. A. Allen 26, 46; Dr. Twist 27, 30, 33, 36, 39; C. Gimmel 40, 59; Stephens 55, 69; H. Paul 76.

Military and repeating rifle, Creedmoor count: E. A. Allen, repeater, 46, 43.

Rifle, 200yds., 3-shot scores: Hoffman 14, Young 19.

FRED. O. YOUNG, Sec'y.

Mr. Charles Lancaster, of 151 New Bond street, London, W., sends us a description of the "Ross" straight-pull magazine repeating and military and sporting rifles, invented and patented by Sir Charles L. Ross, Bart. The "Ross" is distinctly different in appearance and mechanism from the regulation rifle, though it uses the regulation cartridge. For sporting purposes, the "Ross" straight-pull magazine rifle has been adapted to the .256 Mannlicher, the .303 and the .370 calibers, and at the present time it is in contemplation to supply it to the .400. The average weight, with a 26in. barrel, is 7lbs. 8oz., and the total length is 46in.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

[Fixtures.]

Feb. 11-12.—Wolcott, N. Y.—Winter target tournament of the Catchpole Gun Club. E. A. Wadsworth, Sec'y.
Feb. 12.—Ossining, N. Y.—Lincoln's Day clay-bird shoot of the Ossining Gun Club. Shooting begins at 11 A. M. C. G. Blandford, Capt.

Feb. 18-20.—St. Edward, Neb.—St. Edward Gun Club's annual tournament.

Feb. 22.—Louisville, Ky.—Jefferson County Gun Club's tournament.

Feb. 22.—Akron, O.—Team shoot of Akron Gun Club.

Feb. 22.—Albany, N. Y.—West End Gun Club's bluerock tournament. H. H. Valentine, Sec'y.

March 31-April 5.—Blue River Park, Kansas City, Mo.—Grand American Handicap at live birds. Ed Banks, Sec'y, 318 Broadway, New York.

April 8-11.—Olathe, Kan.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament.

April 15-17.—St. Joseph, Mo.—Missouri State Amateur Shooting Association's annual tournament. F. B. Cunningham, Sec'y.

April 22-25.—Omaha, Neb.—Nebraska State shoot. H. S. McDonald, Sec'y.

May 6-9.—Interstate Park, L. I.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap at Targets. Edward Banks, Sec'y; Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.

May 13-14.—Enid, Oklahoma Territory.—Oklahoma Territorial Sportsmen's Association tournament.

May 13-16.—Oil City, Pa.—Annual meeting of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. F. S. Bates, Cor. Sec'y.

May 14-16.—Charleston, S. C.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Charleston-Palmetto Gun Club. W. G. Jeffords, Jr., Sec'y.

May 20-22.—Ottumwa, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's tournament.

May 20-22.—Elwood, Ind.—Annual tournament of the Zoo Rod and Gun Club, of Elwood, Ind.

May 20-22.—Wheeling, W. Va.—Fifth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association; added money and prizes. John B. Garden, Sec'y, Wheeling, W. Va.

May 21-23.—Springfield, S. D.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association tournament.

May 30.—Schenectady, N. Y.—Spring tournament of the Schenectady Gun Club. E. L. Aiken, Sec'y.

May 30-31.—Union City, Ind.—Spring tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club. O. E. Fouts, Sec'y.

June 3-5.—Cleveland, O.—Tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League, under the auspices of the Cleveland Gun Co.

June 4-6.—Memphis, Tenn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Memphis Gun Club.

June 9-13.—Rochester, N. Y.—Forty-fourth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game.

June 10-11.—Muncie, Ind.—Indiana Trapshooters' League's annual tournament.

June 17-20.—Warm Springs, Ga.—Annual Interstate tournament.

June 18-19.—Bellefontaine, O.—Silver Lake Gun Club's annual tournament. Geo. E. Maison, Sec'y.

June 25-26.—Raleigh, N. C.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Raleigh Gun Club. Jas. I. Johnson, Sec'y.

July 16-18.—Titusville, Pa.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Titusville Gun Club. T. L. Andrews, Sec'y.

Aug. 13-14.—Brunswick, Me.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Brunswick Gun Club. L. C. Whitmore, Sec'y.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot, every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Feb. 5.—Interstate Park, L. I.—S. M. Van Allen's cash prize shoot at 20 birds, \$10 entrance; handicaps 28 to 33yds; high guns; \$75 added.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

Mr. F. P. Cunningham, of St. Joseph, Mo., secretary M. S. A. S. A., writes us as follows: "Please change our dates for the Missouri State amateur shoot from April 14, 15 and 16 to April 15, 16 and 17, as it has been mutually agreed between the Kansas Missouri and Nebraska amateur shooting associations to form a circuit in the order named for holding their annual tournaments, following the Grand American Handicap, to be held at Kansas City, Mo. The above-named State associations expect the attendance at the Grand American Handicap to exceed any yet held, and no doubt a large proportion of the shooters will come prepared to attend these three State tournaments."

The Austin Cartridge Company, of Cleveland, O., have issued a lithograph, a reproduction of a beautiful scene of the wild woods, from the brush of the famous artist, Mr. Edm. H. Osthaus. It portrays a sportsman taking a few moments of rest and a soothing smoke as he inspects the ruffed grouse which have fallen to his good gun. His two dogs, a setter and a pointer, have suspended all effort in the way of seeking game, though watchful of the doings of their master. On a tree close by is fastened a rustic sign bearing the legend, "The Austin Cartridge Company, Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A." The title of the picture is "Comrades."

Mr. John S. Wright, manager of the Brooklyn Gun Club, has issued the programme for his target shoot, on the grounds of the Brooklyn Gun Club, as follows: "One hundred targets, handicap, Thursday, Jan. 30. Three trophies to the three high guns. Entrance \$2, targets included. Handicap allowance. The management will also donate \$10 in gold to the shooter making the highest score in this event, handicap allowances not being counted. The winner of this cash prize will not be entitled to win one of the trophies. Other sweeps to suit shooters. Practice shooting at 1 P. M. Main event at 1:30 P. M. sharp."

Mr. S. M. Van Allen's name appears as the first entry of the Grand American Handicap at live birds, and Mr. W. Fred Quimby's name appears second. The event thus has an actual beginning. Thus Long Island and St. Louis, the East and the West, start on practically even terms, for Mr. Van Allen is a resident of Jamaica, L. I., and Mr. Quimby, of St. Louis. There is quite a prevalent belief that the entries will number between 350 and 400. The estimate is made on the fact that in the West there are many men who know how to shoot and dare to shoot.

The local scribe, who deigned to cover the Brenham tournament, can put more color in a report than all the regular reporters together. It often is a difficult matter to describe a very fast bird, but the following, written by the aforementioned scribe, does it perfectly: "In the handicap out of 15 birds, he got 13 of these old tough blue twisters. Nothing but a bolt of thunder could kill one of the devilish things, and that could not come any ways near hitting one of them, because when the trap is sprung they fly so fast a man can't keep up with his eyes."

Concerning trapshooting matters of San Francisco, the Breeder and Sportsman says: "A consolidation of several gun clubs is under serious consideration by many shooters who have come to

the conclusion that we have too many local organizations. This is the reason for too many conflicting interests. By coming together it is urged that expenses can be cut down and a more satisfactory programme for the season can be carried out."

Mr. Alfred Griesemer, of Allentown, Pa., announces that a two-day shoot will be held at the Duck Farm Hotel Feb. 12 and 13. The first day is a target day, on which shooting commences at 9 o'clock. The second day has a live-bird programme. The main event is at 15 birds, \$10 entrance. A valuable trophy will be awarded to the one making highest average. All sportsmen invited. Miss Annie Oakley will be in attendance on both days.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, under date of Jan. 25, writes us as follows: "Please announce to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM that the Interstate Association has made arrangements to give a tournament at Charleston, S. C., May 14, 15 and 16, under the auspices of the Charleston-Palmetto Gun Club; one at Raleigh, N. C., June 25 and 26, under the auspices of the Raleigh Gun Club, and one at Brunswick, Me., Aug. 13 and 14, under the auspices of the Brunswick Gun Club."

Mr. Paul R. Litzke, of Little Rock, Ark., is now a traveling salesman for the Peters Cartridge Company, of Cincinnati, O. He was present at the reunion of the Peters Cartridge Company's lieutenants, at Cincinnati recently. His territory is Arkansas and adjoining States. Mr. Litzke has an extensive acquaintance among shooters and has been actively identified with the sport of trapshooting for some years.

Mr. F. C. Riehl, in "Mississippi Valley Notes," in our trap columns, states that there will be no tournament at Hot Springs, Ark., this year. This information will evoke a feeling of regret among the many trapshooters who in the past enjoyed the Hot Springs reunion in a climate free from the rigors of the Northern climate.

The friends of Mr. Eugene Dupont, of the world famous house of Messrs. E. I. Dupont de Nemours & Co., Wilmington, Del., will be profoundly grieved on learning that he is seriously ill with an attack of pneumonia. It is to be fervently hoped that the attack is not so serious as rumored.

Mr. R. O. Heikes, who recently recovered from a serious illness, was present at the Sunny South tournament at Brenham, Texas, won unlimited admiration from the good residents by the versatility he displayed in expert shooting in the daytime and playing the banjo in the evening.

Mr. G. G. Williamson, secretary-treasurer of the Trapshooting League of Indiana, writes us as follows: "The Zoo Rod and Gun Club, of Elwood, Ind., members of the Trapshooters' League of Indiana, have been granted as dates for their annual tournament May 20, 21 and 22."

Mr. A. A. Schoverling, whose address is P. O. Box 475, New York, and who is secretary of the club mentioned, informs us that the Richmond Gun Club will hold all-day shoots on Lincoln's Birthday, Feb. 12, and Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22.

In the target contest for the Peters Arms Company trophy at the shoot of the Cincinnati Gun Club, on Jan. 25, "Phil" (C. W. Phellis) was high man with a score of 45 out of 50, made from the 18yd. mark.

The shoot to be held by Mr. S. M. Van Allen at Interstate Park on Feb. 5, the main prize of which is \$75 in gold, is exciting much interest, and promises to be a success in every particular.

From the forecasts, which are alike in respect to the next Grand American Handicap at live birds being a gigantic affair, the contestants in numbers will be like an army with banners.

Messrs. A. Gardner, of Brenham, Texas, and R. O. Heikes, of Dayton, O., have agreed to shoot a match at 100 live birds at Brenham, on Feb. 5, for an important purse.

Mr. Geo. E. Maison, the secretary, informs us that the Silver Lake Gun Club, of Bellefontaine, O., will hold its annual tournament on June 18 and 19.

BERNARD WATERS.

Boston Athletic Association.

Boston, Jan. 25.—The Boston Athletic Association Gun Club is to hold a handicap tournament, on Saturdays through February, for members only.

The first 60 targets, shot at on each day to count, and at the end of the month the contestant having the highest average plus handicap wins the prize.

If a contestant is absent more than one Saturday through the month, his average will not be taken, and he therefore forfeits his chances of winning.

Class A receives 12 added to final average; Class B receives 18 added to final average; Class C receives 25 added to final average.

All targets will be thrown from expert traps, at unknown angles.

We would be pleased to have you publish our scores for this tournament, as well as the ones inclosed of our last shoot, held on Saturday, Jan. 25, as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Shot		
Targets:	15	15	15	15	at.	Broke.	Av.
O R Dickey.....	12	14	13	13	52	60	.87
T F Baxter.....	15	14	11	12	52	60	.87
G B Clark.....	13	12	13	13	50	60	.83
Dr Weld.....	13	12	14	11	50	60	.83
H B Moore.....	13	11	13	12	49	60	.82
J H Daggett.....	12	14	12	11	49	60	.82
Dr Ellis.....	12	12	12	11	47	60	.78
W B Farmer.....	11	11	12	12	46	60	.77
D W Edwards.....	10	14	10	11	45	60	.75
C Austin.....	11	12	9	12	44	61	.73
G L Hunter.....	12	13	10	8	43	60	.72
H H White.....	10	11	10	11	42	60	.70
D Dewey.....	12	8	10	11	41	60	.68
W B Goodwin.....	10	12	10	9	41	60	.68
C A Parker.....	9	11	10	9	39	60	.65
C T Dodge.....	10	8	12	9	39	60	.65
R L Warner.....	10	10	8	11	39	60	.65
M L Pratt.....	10	8	11	10	39	60	.65
*Leroy.....	14	13	12	14	53	60	.88
*Horace.....	13	13	11	10	47	60	.78
*Herbert.....	13	14	13	13	53	60	.88

*Guests. J. H. DAGGETT, Capt. B. A. A. Gun Club.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of FOREST AND STREAM. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

ON LONG ISLAND.

Emerald Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Jan. 21.—There were twenty-seven contestants at the monthly shoot of the Emerald Gun Club to-day. Of these three were new members, namely, Messrs. W. J. Corbett, P. Wray and Capt. Dreyer. Dr. O'Connell and the Jamaica crackerjack, S. M. Van Allen, scored straight. The birds were good. The scores follow:

Henry, 28.....102120001—6	H Anderson, 25.....1002012210—6
Tom Short, 28.....*11*221222—8	Dr Stillman, 28.....212120*21—8
Dr O'Connell, 31.....22222222—10	*Mull, 28.....0212001020—5
A Schoverling, 28.....22*222222—9	H Quinn, 28.....0200121010—5
Dr Hudson, 28.....211212022—9	A Donncort, 25.....02*2020100—4
R Regan, 25.....1121200001—6	W Catton, 28.....0212012120—7
W Joerger, 28.....2021222211—9	P Wray, 28.....2202002020—5
C Wash, 28.....201*222020—6	H Dressell, 28.....2110011112—8
F Krall, 25.....0202201*01—5	J Rathjen, 25.....002100000*—2
O N T, 28.....0210200022—5	O Hillmer, 25.....01011101*0—5
S M Van Allen, 30.....2221212121—10	Capt Dreyer, 25.....1020121020—6
I Moore, 28.....0200201112—6	Dr O'Donohue, 28.....0210210222—7
J Roberts, 28.....2010202022—6	F Hansman, 28.....0000210012—4
W J Corbett, 25.....1202102100—6	
*Guest.	

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Interstate Park, L. I., Jan. 25.—The matter of chief interest in the competition was the shoot for the monthly average. There were but two contestants who had any possible chance, namely, Messrs. H. Edey and C. A. Lockwood (Ramapo), who tied on 100 per cent. The winner will receive a silver cup. They shot the final shoot of the month, tying on a straight score. Then began a shoot-off which was of extraordinary closeness and pertinacity, continuing to the 27th bird.

The birds were good, yet most of Mr. Lockwood's kills were with one barrel. In fact, of the 37 shot at in the monthly average event and its shoot-off, 29 were one-barrel kills. Out of a total of 64 shot at for the day, 41 were killed with one barrel. He centered his birds with admirable precision, his work being notably quick, clean and skillful. It will also be noted that the shooting as a whole was of a high order. The birds were a fair lot, with quite a number of very fast ones.

Monthly averages, 10 birds:
C A Ramapo.....111111112—10 H Edey.....211221221—10

Shoot-off. Ramapo won in the 27th round:
Edey.....211221221121211112122120
Ramapo.....111112211211112121111112

Nos. 2 and 3 were at 7 birds each, for prize. Ties in No. 2 shot off in No. 3:

G B Ritchie, 28.....No. 2. 2112121—7	No. 3. 211112—7
T Riley, 28.....2221212—7	211220w
J V Cattus, 28.....221212—7	221221—7
J P Kay, 28.....221221—7	221221—7
W Hamilton, 30.....0111121—6	112211—7
C A Ramapo, 28.....1221221—7	122221—7
*D S D, 30.....221211—7	121212—7
B Waters, 28.....100122w	

Shoot-off of Nos. 2 and 3. J. P. Kay won No. 2; Ramapo won No. 3:
G B Ritchie.....222120 J P Kay.....22122110122
J V Cattus.....22110 C A Ramapo.....11222110120

Trap at Dexter Park.

Brooklyn, L. I., Jan. 25.—At Dexter Park to-day matches were shot as follows:

Twenty-five birds:	
F D Creamer.....11112120111201202112120—21	
R D Haff.....0111011111120022122121—21	
J Schlieman.....122022122100120001200011—16	
J Shevlin.....11122002222000002010001—13	

Five birds:	
Creamer.....21122—5	Shevlin.....00200—1
Haff.....01010—2	Schlieman.....01000—1

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., Jan. 25.—Competition was active and pleasing from start to finish. Mr. W. W. Marshall was victor for the January cup, though in to-day's shoot for it Mr. F. T. Bedford, Jr., won with a full score. The conditions were 50 targets, expert traps, handicap allowances:

First 25.	Second 25.	Grand
Hdcp. Brk. Total.	Hdcp. Brk. Total.	Hdcp. Brk. Total.
F T Bedford, Jr.....4 23 25	4 21 25	50
W W Marshall.....6 15 21	6 19 25	46
H M Brigham.....0 22 22	0 23 23	45
Dr J J Keyes.....2 19 21	2 19 21	42
L M Palmer, Jr.....3 19 22	3 15 18	40
L C Hopkins.....6 5 11	6 10 16	27

Messrs. Marshall and Palmer scored a win in the contest for the Sykes cup. Their past wins and good word indicate favorable chances for ultimate victory. The conditions are 25 targets, expert traps, handicap allowances added:

Hdcp. Brk. Total.	Hdcp. Brk. Total.
Marshall.....6 18 24	Hopkins.....6 13 19
Palmer.....3 17 20—44	Chapman.....8 16 24—43
Brigham.....0 23 23	
Keyes.....2 18 20—43	

For trophy, 25 targets, expert traps, handicap allowances added:	Hdcp. Brk. Total.
O'Brien.....6 22 25	Skelly.....0 23 23
Chapman.....8 16 24	Bedford.....0 23 23
Brigham.....0 23 23	Vanderveer.....5 14 19
Marshall.....6 17 23	Stake.....6 13 19

For trophy, 25 targets, expert traps, handicap allowances added:	Hdcp. Brk. Total.
Bedford.....5 24 25	Brigham.....0 21 21
Marshall.....6 16 22	

For trophy, 15 targets, expert traps, handicap allowances added:	Hdcp. Brk. Total.
Hopkins.....3 9 12	Bedford.....0 11 11
Brigham.....0 14 14	

Shoot for trophy, same conditions:	Hdcp. Brk. Total.
Bedford.....1 14 15	Brigham.....0 14 14
Marshall.....3 12 15	

Shoot-off, same conditions: Bedford 15, Marshall 12.

Shoot for trophy, same conditions:	Hdcp. Brk. Total.
Brigham.....0 13 13	Palmer.....1 8 9
Skelly.....0 12 12	Vanderveer.....2 6 8
Marshall.....3 9 12	Hopkins.....3 5 8
Bedford.....0 9 9	

Shoot for trophy, same conditions:	Hdcp. Brk. Total.
Brigham.....0 13 13	O'Brien.....3 8 11
Skelly.....0 12 12	Chapman.....4 8 12
Bedford.....0 12 12	

Shoot for trophy, same conditions:	Hdcp. Brk. Total.
Brigham.....0 11 11	Stake.....3 6 9
Hopkins.....3 6 9	O'Brien.....3 5 8
Marshall.....3 6 9	

Sweepstakes, 25 targets: Skelly 24, O'Brien 18, Vanderveer 16, Stake 7.

Match, 25 targets: Brigham 23, Skelly 22.

Match, same conditions: Brigham 22, Skelly 21.

Capt. A. W. Money vs. G. H. Piercy.

Interstate Park, L. I., Jan. 24.—The match between Capt. A. W. Money and Mr. G. H. Piercy, at 25 live birds, for a purse of \$50, resulted in a victory for the latter by a score of 24 to 22. The three birds lost by Capt. Money were dead out. The scores follow:

Capt Money, 30.....21221*22121112*212122—22	
G Piercy, 30.....2222122022222221222222—24	

Ten birds, \$5, high guns, 30yds.:	
Van Allen.....21122222—8	Ramapo.....21102*210—7
Fanning.....21221221—9	Wm Hopkins.....201212212—9
Capt Money.....1*12211*2—8	Piercy.....2*2221122—9
Banks.....21*2w	Morfeys.....21222222—10

Twenty birds, \$10, high guns:

Van Allen, 30.....111022122112222222—19	
Morfeys, 30.....222222222222222222—19	
Capt Money, 30.....0120222010w	
Piercy, 30.....022112112211212121*—18	
Ramapo, 28.....2211222*222221222222—19	
Fanning, 30.....221122122221021210—18	
Parker, 28.....2222222222222222122—18	

Match at 25 live birds, \$5 entrance, birds extra; high guns:
Morfeys.....120222222222*221222222—22
Banks.....0011201101001w
Capt. Money.....22211*2012222120101012202—20
Dr Knowlton.....21122222222222212020102222—21

Match, Wednesday, Jan. 22.—Morfeys vs. Van Allen:
S Van Allen.....11220211212*12211111122—23
T Morfeys.....2122111221121222212001—23

IN NEW JERSEY.

Hudson Gun Club.

Jersey City, N. J., Jan. 26.—The scores made at the Hudson Gun Club's shoot to-day are appended:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	15	25	25	25	25	25	25	10
Duke.....	8	20	23	19	..	15	12	10
Brown.....	10	15	13	15	12	..	20	10
Reynolds.....	..	14	15	18	12	19
Connitz.....	17	11	17
Hansman.....	17	12	17	17	13	..
Hughes.....	19	..
Tommy.....	6

J. L. H., Sec'y.

Carlstadt Gun Club.

Carlstadt, N. J., Jan. 25.—Shooting began at 1 o'clock; 1,500 targets were thrown. Mr. T. Baron won the handicap prize.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Super.....	8	8	8	5	5	5	4	..
Greiff.....	7	7	9	8	8
Banta.....	6	9	7	8	6	7	10	9
Rider.....	8	9	10	8	8	6	6	6
Tygart.....	8	7	9	7	8
Sedore.....	4	3	6	7	7
Dods.....	8	5	7	6	6
Baron.....	6	8	9	7	6
C Von Lengerke.....	9	10	10	10	9	9	10	9
Krug.....	8	6	6	6	..	7	9	..
Niederer.....	6	3	2
Roemer.....	8	4	4	4	3

Handicap event, 25 targets: Super, 4, 18; Greiff, 2, 22; Banta, 2, 20; Rider, 4, 23; Tygart, 7, 21; Sedore, 7, 23; Dods, 4, 23; Baron, 3, 25; C. Von Lengerke, 0, 24; Krug, 4, 17; Niederer, 10, 16; Roemer, 9, 19; J. Vohs, 10, 20.

Following matches were shot off:
No. 1, at 25 targets: Krug 21, Baron 22.

No. 2: Baron 22, Banta 19.

Greiff, standing on his head and Rider on his feet, Rider allowed Greiff 4 targets; prize, box of cigars: Rider 17, Greiff 18.

East Side Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., Jan. 23.—The scores made at the shoot of the East Side Gun Club to-day follow:

Five birds, \$2.50 entrance, two moneys:	
Schorty.....22112—5	Koegel.....01222—4
Colquitt.....2*222—4	Hassinger.....10122—4
Capt Money.....2*101—3	C Von Lengerke.....22221—5

Club shoot, 10 birds, \$4.50 entrance, handicap:	
Schorty, 29.....022112111—9	J Fischer, 27.....2*1122220—8
Koegel, 29.....222022222—9	Capt Money, 29.....1012*22112—8
J H Moore, 27.....12011*1112—8	Von Lengerke, 29.....2222*22122—9
Rarboldt, 27.....0022021012—6	Colquitt, 29.....2200222022—7
Lauthauser, 27.....2111222210—9	J Jones, 27.....121011200*—6
Dr Hudson, 27.....1011112020—7	Hassinger, 29.....2212121220—9

In a practice shoot Annie Oakley killed 14 out of 15.

Peters Cartridge Company's Annual Reunion.

CINCINNATI has had within her gates during Jan. 14 to 17 that small host of traveling men who represent the Peters Cartridge Company on the road in the capacity of salesmen and shooters. While the purpose of this assembly was principally to talk over business and lay plans for the ensuing year, there were many little enjoyments that will endear this meeting to the memory of the fortunate participants.

Jan. 14 was reporting time, and that morning at roll call all were found present but Jack Parker, Capt. Bartlett and J. W. Osborne, the latter being delayed by a belated train, and arriving that evening. In the morning of this day, after shaking hands all round and getting acquainted, there was a general review of the work of the past year and the mapping out of a general plan of campaign for the present year by the president and other officers of the company.

After spending a pleasant hour or more in discussing an elegant spread at Schuler's Café, a photographer was visited and a group picture was taken. Another business session was held until dinner time. After dinner the party attended the theater, the guests of Mr. R. S. Waddell, agent for the Dupont and Hazard powder companies. In addition to Mr. Waddell and the Peters Cartridge Company party, there were also present, Fred J. Waddell, Luther Squiers and C. W. Phellis. The play, a farce comedy, "Are you a Mason?" was thoroughly enjoyed by all, and after its conclusion all departed for their respective hotels, after thanking Mr. Waddell for the pleasant and enjoyable evening they had spent as his guests.

Wednesday, the 15th, the entire party visited the company's plant at King's Mills, Ohio.

The time passed all too quickly, and luncheon arrived long before any one was aware it was so late. The repast was served at the company's mills' hotel, and here a bounteous table appeased the appetites of all. While everybody was actively engaged in satisfying the inner man. Mr. J. E. Bolmer, assistant manager of the Peters Cartridge Company, had quietly gotten together the King's Mills' Band, all its members employees of the company. The band appeared on the scene most unexpectedly and serenaded the diners while the feast was at its height. This proved a most delightful surprise, and was greatly enjoyed by all present.

That night a banquet was tendered the members of the party by the company at the Business Men's Club. This, too, was an enjoyable event, and, unlike similar affairs, took place at a seasonable hour, and was therefore over before the wee small hours of morning. Mr. J. H. McKibben, secretary of the company, sat at the head of the table and was master of ceremonies, while at the foot sat Mr. F. C. Tuttle, treasurer of the company. Speeches were the order of the occasion. After a few kind remarks by Mr. McKibben on behalf of the company, Tom Keller spoke in his usual able and capable manner. Mr. Harry Lemcke spoke interestingly, and among other things, took occasion to cite the characteristic liberality and urbanity with which the company had always treated him. Each one present had his little say, and all voiced the sentiments so ably expressed by Mr. Keller and Mr. Lemcke, and the unanimous expression of loyalty on the part of every one brought a generous response from Mr. McKibben and Mr. Tuttle on behalf of the company.

During the preceding two days considerable friendly bantering had been indulged in regarding the respective shooting ability of the various members of the party. In order to appease this spirit of friendly rivalry, it was decided to divide the party into two teams of ten men each and shoot a purely friendly race of 50 targets per man on the grounds of the Cincinnati Gun Club. This event took place Thursday, the 16th, and was highly interesting, though the weather conditions were most adverse, it being cold and raw, with an occasional snow flurry, which made the light very deceptive. Manager Gambell has a reputation for throwing hard targets, and he more than maintained this on the occasion.

As the company is now loading Dupont, Hazard, E. C. & Schultze, as well as King's Smokeless, all these various brands were used indiscriminately by the contestants, and thus in a practical way the electrical tests of the previous day were backed up, confidence in the goods confirmed and many talking points marked down for the future.

The visiting salesmen and employees participating were as follows: Maurice Kaufman, New Orleans; Charles Spencer, St.

Louis; J. W. Osborne, Albany, Ga.; Thomas H. Keller, New York; H. B. Lemcke, Savannah, Ga.; T. F. Norton, Kansas City; C. S. Harris, Atlanta, Ga.; L. I. Wade, Nacodoches, Tex.; J. S. French, Jackson, O.; T. H. Keller, Jr., New York; Paul R. Litzke, Little Rock, Ark.; Geo. Benjamin, New York; W. M. Locke, Pittsburgh, Pa.; J. H. Mackie, Cincinnati, O.; F. C. Tuttle, Cincinnati, O.; L. R. Myers, Cincinnati, O.; C. M. Peters, Cincinnati, O.; Frank See, King's Mills, O.; M. F. Lindsley, King's Mills, O.; N. L. Richmond, King's Mills, O.

Mr. O. E. Peters, president of the Peters Cartridge Company, was present, and watched the shooting with much interest. In addition to the above, Mr. Harvey McMurchy, of the Hunter Arms Company, and Mr. A. W. du Bray, of the Parker Gun Company, were also present, mingling with the party. The following are the scores of both matches:

First Match:
Mackie 45, Kaufman 39, Spencer 39, Osborne 30, Keller 29, Tuttle 34, Lemcke 35, King 38, Richmond 37, Roll 42; total 368.

Second match:
Mackie 47, Kaufman 44, Spencer 42, Osborne 36, Keller 29, Tuttle 31, Lemcke 33, King 36, Richmond 39, Roll 33; total 370.

Norton 44, Harris 40, Wade 39, Myers 34, French 31, Keller Jr., 27, Litzke 24, Peters 40, Lindsley 41, See 45; total 355.

This shoot closed the programme, and the boys departed for their territories full of enthusiasm, assurance and loyalty. As one of them remarked, "If we can impress the trade as well as the Peters Cartridge Company have impressed us, there will be no end to the good we can do."

PAUL R. LITZKE.

The Brenham (Tex.) Tournament.

THE tournament of the Brenham Gun Club, at Brenham, Texas, Jan. 20 to 25, had not the attendance in numbers which was expected; yet it was a busy gathering in respect to competition.

The most important event, the Sunny South Handicap, at 25 live birds, \$20 entrance, birds extra, 26 to 30 yds., commenced at 11:30 o'clock. Besides the moneys to be divided, there was a trophy for the winner. Following are the preliminaries:

Eight live birds: Jackson 8, Nolle 8, Hill 6, Thompson 6, Brady 8, Chapman 8, Atchinson 8, Graber 5, Burnes 7, Gardner 7, Tucker 6, Spicer 6, Heikes 8.

Twelve live birds: Jackson 6, Nolle 12, Hill 11, Thompson 8, Brady 12, Chapman 11, Atchinson 10, Graber 8, Burnes 11, Gardner 11, Tucker 11, Klatt 4, Vermillion 11, Spicer 10, Heikes 10.

Sunny South Handicap:

Jackson.....0211111*01201210011110211—18	
Dr Hill.....22222210012122202222222—22	
Nolle.....2111210220020211112112102—20	
Spicer.....2220121222212*22221212220—22	
Chapman.....1021122221*1212012222212—22	
Clover Leaf.....20010022212202001001w	
Atchison.....222*11211222*22122022111—20	
Ingraham.....0210212*12222110202222212—20	
Tucker.....222002212111222222120020—20	
Gardner.....22222020222*22211222221—22	
Thompson.....122*00112100102*12222222—18	
Brady.....122222000022210*21002121—17	
Heikes.....22222221210222212102220—22	
Burnes.....21222021012202*2222221212—21	

Heikes, Hill, Gardner, Spicer, Chapman tied on 22. In the shoot-off Hill missed in the second round, Chapman in the fifth, Heikes in the seventh, leaving Spicer the winner.

Seven birds, \$5:	
Jackson.....1112121—7	Rowe.....0110212—5
Ingraham.....0212121—6	Gardner.....0202222—5
Hill.....221212—7	Thompson.....2022212—6
Heikes.....2121212—7	Burnes.....2222020—5
Brady.....1210222—6	Thompson.....212121—7
Spicer.....0120112—5	Enloe.....2*22202—5

There was a falling off on the third day in the number of live-bird contestants. The following is the list of target events with their scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20
Ingraham	14	15	12	16	14	18	Lockett	13	18	10	15	15	16
Jackson	11	11	11	10	13	16	Tucker	13	15	8	13	11	14
Hill	10	15	11	16	13	16	Brady	10	18	11	16	11	17
McClennaham..	13	18	12	19	12	19	Heikes	15	16	14	17	14	19
McClintson ..	13	16	12	17	14	18	Folks	10	14	11	16	11	11
Gardner	14	18	12	14	13	18	Clover Leaf..	10	15	9	15	11	15
Spicer	8	11	13	15	9	10	Spaeks	12	16	14	11	14	14
Wheat	13	11	15	16	12	13	Miller	11	17	10	17	12	16
V C	13	11	14	16	12	17	Sauers	7	13	7	16	12	16
Burnes	12	15	13	15	12	17	Beckham	10	13	7	17	11	17
Curran	9	13	17	14	14	14	Rowe	10	13	11	17	12	11

The Hamilton Gun Club.

HAMILTON, Canada, Jan. 21.—I append the scores of Jan. 16 and 17, the last days' shooting at the Hamilton Gun Club's tournament, and regret that illness has prevented their going forward more promptly. Both live birds and target scores have now been checked to both the secretary's books and original score sheets, and averages will be forwarded at once along with notes, etc., from my book:

Events:	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
Targets:	15	20	20	15	20	15	10	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15
Fairbairn, 16.....	7	15	15	9	17	15	13	7	..	13	19	20	13	18	17	13	
Trego, 17.....	13	19	13	12	13	17	9	
Volk, 18.....	13	
F Westbrook, 19.....	13	18	19	12	16	17	10	8	18	11	19	16	14	17	16	10	
H D Bates, 19.....	13	20	18	14	19	17	12	9	20	12	17	16	11	16	15	12	
Fulford, 20.....	10	18	16	8	16	14	9	
Wood, 18.....	15	
Griffith, 20.....	14	18	16	11	17	17	12	7	16	14	18	18	12	20	18	12	
Fanning, 20.....	13	16	18	14	14	18	11	9	14	13	19	19	14	19	20	12	
Kirkover, 20.....	13	14	16	15	17	17	9	8	17	12	17	20	13	20	19	15	
Conover, 18.....	13	19	12	16	17	12	9	..	11	18	14	13	14	18	14	..	
Upton, 17.....	15	13	9	
S Kay, 17.....	13	18	12	13	12	11	8	12	14	12	17	11	
Scane, 17.....	18	17	..	15	..	11	
Crawford, 16.....	14	
Fletcher, 18.....	19	
Phillips, 17.....	13	16	15	..	16	7	
Montgomery, 18.....	19	
H F Westbrook, 17.....	17	
Furness, 16.....	13	19	16	13	19	..	9	
T Crooks, 17.....	17	
J Crooks, 17.....	14	
Sen Sen, 18.....	18	18	13	19	
Mason, 18.....	17	18	11	16	11	7	
Price, 18.....	10	
Reid, 17.....	18	15	
Bowron	17	
Hubert, 16.....	18	16	11	
Mitchell, 19.....	13	..	13	
Head, 19.....	13	..	15	13	20	17	12	9	16	
Duff, 17.....	8	..	18	8	..	14	11	6	
Sullivan, 16.....	11	..	13	..	14	
Pokagon, 17.....	11	
Simonds, 17.....	18	13	19	17	14	
Clifford, 16.....	13	13	15	
R Thomas, 16.....	16	9	
Dr Wilson, 18.....	16	6	20	13	18	15	14	12	18	14	
S Thomas, 18.....	18	
Toll, 17.....	14	18	19	12	8	19	..	17	20	12	18	
Charles, 17.....	12	
Hull, 19.....	12	
Dr Hunt, 17.....	10	
Scholefield, 16.....	10	..	10	..	4	
G S Kay, 16.....	5	
J S Hughson	9	6	
W J Reid	4	
J Cline, 17.....	2	
Green, 18.....	6	14	
Murdock	6	
J Brown	7	
W Work, 16.....	15	
Dusty	11	
Ben It	9	

Event 32, sweep, 10 birds, \$10:
Volk, 27.....2020012212-7
Tosh, 27.....0122120011-4
Parker, 31.....0100000020-4
Talsma, 30.....0022222220-7
Griffith, 30.....2220222222-9
H D Bates, 32.....0212222020-7
Clifford, 27.....0212100001-5
Dr Wilson, 28.....1102210212-8
Fairbairn, 28.....0001121112-7
J Stroud, 31.....2121002221-8
W Lewis, 29.....2122020202-7
Several miss-and-outs were also shot.

BEN IT.

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, Jan. 22.—The Boston Gun Club's weekly shoot took place on their Wellington grounds to-day, thirteen shooters taking part. For the first time in a long while we were troubled with the fog. That it was a regular "London fog" goes without saying, as it entirely obscured the target 15yds. from the trap at one time in the afternoon. Considering the difficulties, most of which occurred during the prize match, the contestants were equal to the occasion and made good progress, Blaney and Leroy excelling with just a few targets to spare.

One of the features of the afternoon was the shooting of Leroy who made a run of 41 straight breaks, nearly half of them being when standing on the 21yd. mark.

Every one was on the lookout for straight scores, but not all kept up their good resolutions, Leroy excelling in that respect with Blaney and Frank good seconds.

In the individual match, which is now rounding to in the same old interesting way and bids fair to eclipse all former matches if the present indications are any criterion, Blaney took care of first position with a well deserved .22, Leroy looking out for second place, with Frank and Williams next. Other scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	15	10	5	10	15	10	15	10	5	10	10
Blaney, 18.....	9	12	2	6	13	9	9	15	7	4	5	9
Leroy, 21.....	7	13	6	9	10	10	10	15	8	8	8	8
Woodruff, 17.....	7	13	8	7	8	8	11	4
Frank, 18.....	5	12	8	4	10	6	7	11	10	7	7	8
Bullard, 16.....	5	9	3	4	9	4	5	6	3
Muldown, 16.....	3	11	3	..	7
Hawkins, 16.....	7	9	7
Kadub, 16.....	3	6	2	2	4	6	..	7
Williams, 16.....	5	11	3	2	8	9	8	9
Jack, 16.....	4	5	6	4	9	2	..
Henry, 16.....	4
Frederick, 14.....	4

Events 2 and 6, Sergeant; all others magautrap.
Merchandise match, 25 singles—15 magautrap, 10 Sergeant system—distance handicap:

Blaney, 18.....	11111111111010	1111111110-20
Leroy, 21.....	11010010110111	1111111111-22
Frank, 18.....	10111101101011	0011111001-17
Williams, 16.....	101001111001010	1111111110-17
Woodruff, 17.....	100001100110111	1161011111-14
Muldown, 16.....	110001100110101	1111010101-16
Hawkins, 16.....	101100111010101	0111111010-13
Bullard, 16.....	110111001001101	1100001100-13
Kadub, 16.....	010001000001100	1101100101-10
Jack, 16.....	010000010010010	0000111110-9

SECRETARY.

Mississippi Valley Notes.

THE boys who follow the circuit will be sorry to learn, on authority of no less a personage than Mr. R. E. Price himself, that the Whittington Park Association has decided not to hold a tournament at Hot Springs, Ark., this winter. This was looked forward to as one of the certainties of the winter season, and the Hot Springs meets were always events to be remembered with pleasure.

Attendance was reduced at the winter meet of the Farmer City Gun Club this week on account of extremely unfavorable weather.

The Piasa Gun Club begins its regular practice work for the year this week.

Country gun clubs in Illinois and Missouri who have been wanting to hold sparrow shooting tournaments, find that the birds when confined more than a few hours fight to such an extent and so viciously that it is impossible to keep them alive. At Jerseyville this month a sparrow shoot was advertised, 500 sparrows were captured the previous day, the birds were confined in a large room, yet the next day only a few remained alive. Can some one suggest any practical method by which the birds may be kept in captivity for from two to five days? If so a great many of the little pests may be thus disposed of to some purpose throughout the middle West.

That is a forcible editorial introducing the current issue of FOREST AND STREAM. Loth as we are to give up the certain pleasure of spring duck shooting for the chance of a little sport in the fall, every reasonable and fair-minded sportsman must realize and admit, when brought face to face with the facts, that we must stop spring duck shooting now, or within a few years be deprived finally and forever of this royal sport.

We in the Mississippi Valley find it true, even as the editor states it to be on the Atlantic coast, that the fall flight of the ducks

south is more desultory and reaching over a longer period than the return of the birds in the spring; consequently, the spring shooting is much easier and more successful from the point of view of the game bag alone, and I believe it to be a fact beyond question that these conditions apply with equal force to every flyway in this country by which our wildfowl follow the seasons.

There is, however, one argument very effective and well founded which the men who advocate spring shooting are wont to use with great gusto whenever the subject comes up. That is that the birds are relentlessly followed up and slaughtered by every means devisable during their sojourn in the South. They claim that protection afforded the birds by the law of Illinois or New York in their brief spring flight, would amount to practically nothing as compared to this wholesale annihilation in winter. To be sure, this argument is essentially and wholly selfish, but it points to a grave conditions, demanding a broader treatment than local legislation.

In this connection your second editorial citing the efficiency of the Lacey Act as largely "due to the moral effect," is very apt and timely. Before much can be accomplished in the direction of affording practical protection—that is to say, such protection as will effectively preserve the species—the matter must be taken in hand by Uncle Sam in a Congressional act similar to, but yet stronger and more positive than the Lacey Act.

Of the importance of this matter and the necessity for prompt action too much cannot be said. Already at least one species, the beautiful and peerless woodcock, is all but exterminated. It has suffered most by reason of the fact that its natural zone is within the temperate latitude covered by the agricultural regions of the United States, within which few breeding places remain. But all other species are now faring almost as badly, and the remedy lies not with any one, or any number of States, but in national legislation.

F. C. RIEHL.

Shooting at St. Louis.

THERE was a splendid gathering of local trap shots and interested visitors at Dupont Park on the 19th. The special attraction was a new Dupont trophy, which is put up by the management on a handicap plan similar to the rules governing the contests for this medal last year. The number of birds, however, is reduced from 10 to 8. The opening contest had been well advertised, and no less than five hundred people were on the grounds when the first man was called to the score. Among the visitors were several members of the Richland Gun Club.

Twenty-three contestants faced the score for what proved a very fine lot of winter birds, and nine finished with straight scores. In the shoot-off Phil Webber won with a string of 12 straight kills, Will Baggermann being the runner-up. The handicaps, kills and total scores are appended:

Total. Score.		Total. Score.	
Hughes, 28.....	7 8	Dr Clark, 30.....	7 7
Herbert, 30.....	7 7	P Webber, 29.....	7 8
Hutchinson, 29.....	6 7	Barker, 29.....	7 w
Bowman, 29.....	6 7	Litzke, 29.....	6 7
Brooke, 29.....	8 8	Hill, 29.....	6 7
Childs, 29.....	5 6	C Bauer, 28.....	15 7
Brown, 29.....	4 5	Jonah, 29.....	7 8
Orvis, 30.....	6 6	W Baggermann, 29.....	7 8
Money, 33.....	7 7	C Cummings, 28.....	8 8
L D Cabanne, 30.....	6 6	Dr Cummings, 28.....	8 8
Thirty Cents, 28.....	4 6	H B Spencer, 28.....	6 8
O Optic, 28.....	7 8		

In the Rawlings medal at targets, Hageman proved the winner, scoring straight from the handicap of 21. Twelve of the contestants in this event finished with clean credits. Frank Orvis was the last man out in the shoot-off of ties. Names, handicaps and scores follow:

Total Score.		Total Score.	
Bowman	21	Howard	20
Hutchinson	20	Hageman	21
Childs	20	Burrows	18
Herbert	14	Hayes	14
Brown	20	Elson	19
Hughes	20	Ellers	22
H Meyer	18	Jonah	21
Orvis	22	W Baggermann	21
Malone	19		

FOREST AND STREAM.

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FOREST RESERVES AS GAME REFUGES.

THE suggestion first made by the FOREST AND STREAM that the timber reserves of the West should be utilized also as game refuges, has always appealed very strongly to the fraternity of sportsmen and to all interested in the preservation of big game. When it is realized that civilization and settlement are absolutely destructive of natural conditions, the necessity that the killing of game shall absolutely cease over certain extensive areas becomes evident, unless we are prepared to face the utter extermination of all our more conspicuous wild creatures.

One has only to read the old books to appreciate what a wealth of game this country once supported. When its only enemies were those of nature, the wild beasts and the savage man with his primitive equipment; when the game ranged everywhere from the narrow fringe of settlements along the Atlantic to the great unknown toward where the sun goes down, the annual increase exceeded the annual deaths, and there was food for all.

Before the ever-increasing torrent of white settlers which soon began to sweep westward over the continent, the game melted away as the snow disappears before the warm spring rain. As this tide swelled, the percussion cap took the place of the old flint, then came the breech-loader and then the magazine gun—arms whose precision and rapidity of fire constantly increased. Thirty years ago the buffalo of the Southern herd were fast disappearing; twenty years ago they had long been gone, and the Northern herd had been greatly cut down. The next year that also disappeared. Thirty years ago, elk were found over all the prairie from the Missouri River westward; now, the elk is a dweller in the thick timber in a few places in the mountains, occurring in any numbers only in the neighborhood of the Yellowstone National Park, and there likely soon to disappear except within the Park.

At its recent annual meeting in Washington the Boone and Crockett Club—a body of well-known sportsmen—took strong ground in favor of such action by the United States Government, as should preserve in the vast area of our timber reserves the remnants of our great game still found there. In these various forest reserves may be found—as we have already pointed out—all the diverse sorts of country and of climate required for our different species, and with proper protection for a time, and later with proper stocking, great herds of these animals, now so rapidly disappearing, may be preserved forever to furnish hunting to Americans for all time.

In the Yellowstone National Park bears and elk and antelope and deer and mountain sheep have been preserved and have become common sights to the casual visitor to this beautiful region. How great the charm they add to it, the man or woman who has seen them there well knows. In that Park we have an admirable object lesson which furnishes strong reasons for the establishment of other refuges like this in the timber reserves.

The timber reserves are the property of the United States, and action looking toward their preservation must be taken by the Federal Government, and preferably with the co-operation of the authorities of the State or States in which the reserves may lie. If the Government owns the land, it would seem that it must own also whatever is upon the land; that it may protect the timber and the game as it protects the property which it owns on any other Government reservation. This ground was taken years ago in "American Big Game Hunting," the first of the volumes of the Boone and Crockett Club.

In his recent speech on the establishment of such game refuges, President Roosevelt gave an unanswerable and thoroughly American reason why Congress ought to enact laws furnishing protection to this game. The very rich may gain possession of vast areas of territory, which they may fence in and stock with game for their own pleasure, but this is something far beyond the means of the average man. In future years, this average man must depend for his big-game hunting on game preserved by

the Government; whether of the State as in Maine, or of the United States as on the borders of the National Park, or on the borders of some of these forest reserves of the West. From such game refuges, if they are wisely administered, the big game will constantly stray forth, as to-day it wanders beyond the borders of the National Park, and will furnish for generations the opportunity for men to exercise those hardy and manly qualities which, up to the present time, have been characteristic of the American rifleman. This Government is a democracy and looks for the greatest good of the greatest number. A democratic reason like that advanced by President Roosevelt must appeal to every American.

Hon. John F. Lacey, of Iowa, to whose intelligence and energy the country owes first the law of 1894, which gave protection to the Yellowstone Park, and second the Lacey act, which has done so much for game protection in other respects, has taken hold of this subject of establishing game refuges in the timber reserves. It is understood that he is at work perfecting a bill with this end in view, which will soon be presented to Congress. It is an extremely encouraging fact that the Presidential chair is occupied by that good sportsman, Theodore Roosevelt, who has the matter of protection of great game as deeply at heart as any man in all the land.

THE ADIRONDACK FORESTS.

ASSEMBLYMAN DAVIS has introduced a bill in the New York Legislature, which embodies the recommendations of Governor Odell respecting the Forest Preserve. It proposes an amendment to the State Constitution to permit the cutting of timber in the Forest Preserve under such rules as may be prescribed by the Forest, Fish and Game Commission; to permit the leasing of lands on the Forest Preserve to the extent of two acres to each plot for camp sites. No lease is to run for more than twenty years, and the leased plot is to be within no more than 250 feet of any lake front. The leases are to be sold to the highest bidder, and do not carry with them exclusive shooting and fishing privileges.

These are proposals which contemplate a radical change of conditions now governing in the Adirondacks, and they should have most careful and deliberate consideration. Grave objections to the scheme will at once present themselves.

In the first place, it is proposed to take away from the Adirondack Forest Preserve the safeguard which the people of New York put upon it with such an overwhelming vote. That safeguard lies in the absolute protection of the public forests from the axe. The Davis bill would substitute for this a new system of cutting by lumbermen subject only to such rules as the Commission might make.

We believe that the people of New York are not ready to assent to any such dangerous proposition as that. We have advocated, and others have advocated, the provision of a rightly planned, organized and equipped scheme of scientific forest administration for the North Woods; but that would be a very different thing from this putting in the lumbermen to cut under the direction of the Forest Commission. We never have had, have not now, and are not likely soon to have in New York, a forest commission made up of trained foresters. We say this with no disrespect to the present Commissioners; but it needs to be said that no one who is not a trained forester could wisely be entrusted with the direction of lumbering on State lands. In fact, there should never be lumbering on State lands by private lumbermen. If Adirondack Forest Reserve trees ever are cut they should be cut by a State forester, who will work for the State's interest, and not by private lumbermen who will work for their own interests.

Until we can have in New York the organization of a State forestry service, the only safe rule will be to keep the forests intact.

A Rochester correspondent is moved by newspaper reports of prodigious slaughter of wildfowl to renew the suggestion of territories to be set apart by the Government for wildfowl refuges. It will be remembered that the plan was proposed by Dr. Willard G. Van Name in the FOREST AND STREAM a year or two ago, and has been advocated by its author with convincing argument. The one thing which stands in the way of national intervention is the lack of authority. Congress has no power to regulate the killing of game in the several States, nor has it

territory which it could protect, nor is there much probability that such territory could be acquired for the purpose. The simpler and more feasible plan would be the reservation of lands and waters by the State. This system is now in operation in Connecticut, where the establishment of game preserves was authorized by the last Legislature. While the remedy pointed out by our correspondent may not be provided, there is no room to question that this abuse of big bags of game has been lessened and will be lessened by a growing popular disapproval. We are governed in our sports as in other activities by the conventionalities. In the years of game plenty, when there was game sufficient for all, the big bag was generally regarded as legitimate; and this conventional view largely determined individual attitude and action. In like manner, now that the game supply has decreased and excessive killing by the single gun is recognized as folly, the conventional attitude is one of deprecation, and by this in turn, consciously or unconsciously, the individual is controlled. Duck shooters are not going on to make big bags to boast of unless the boasting shall be approved by their audiences. The power of public opinion will be potent here as in most other things. Popular disapproval of big bags of game will surely prove a powerful factor in compelling moderation.

At 12 o'clock noon of Sunday, Feb. 2, the ground hogs of New England and the Middle States carefully approached the mouths of their respective holes. Considerable water was trickling into the openings and most of them got their feet wet. Precisely at the meridian hour each ground hog emerged from his burrow, sat up straight in the pelting rain and carefully looked about, to see if in any direction his shadow might be visible. Not one of all the gray and furry company was able to detect his, and, damp and shivering, all of them withdrew again to burrows and nests, where they curled themselves up for a further sleep. This, then, is the first sign of spring, for, as we all know, on that day,

If the ground-hog sees his shadow in the sun,
Six weeks of winter will have begun,

and no doubt the converse is true, that if the ground hog fails to see his shadow in the sun, the back of the winter is broken and milder weather is at hand.

That same Sunday was, according to our English ancestors, Candlemas day, of which they said:

If Candlemas day be fair and bright,
Winter will take another flight.
If Candlemas day bring showers and rain,
Winter is gone and will not come again.

On either saying we hail the approach of balmy spring—that season which all love, no matter how much they may dread its poets.

Warren Hapgood, one of the oldest and best known sportsmen of Boston, died on Jan. 30. Mr. Hapgood was an enthusiastic wildfowler, and a student of the ways of the shore birds; and had a vast fund of information in this field. He was a frequent contributor to the FOREST AND STREAM; two of the chapters in the pamphlet "Shore Birds" were from his pen. In an early issue we shall print a notice of Mr. Hapgood's life, written by a friend of years' standing.

One of the most interesting points in the Massachusetts Fish and Game Commission report is that which records what may fairly be regarded as the re-establishment of deer in various parts of the State. In connection with the report should be read the letter by Mr. Robert O. Morris, in the Springfield Republican, which gives much Massachusetts deer lore. What has taken place in Vermont and Massachusetts and Connecticut with their new deer stock goes to show that we may have game if we care to provide for it.

Among the recommendations made by the New York Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission are these: That the Constitution shall be amended to provide for a system of scientific conservative forestry on the State Forest Preserve; that camp sites in the Preserve shall be leased; that spring shooting of wildfowl shall be abolished throughout the State; that non-resident sportsmen shall be taxed \$50; and that guides shall be licensed.

Dr. James R. Romeyn, of Keeseville, N. Y., died on Jan. 26 at the age of seventy-seven. Dr. Romeyn was one of the most widely known of Adirondack fishermen; he gave his name to the Romeyn trout fly.

The Sportsman Tourist.

The Metamorphosis of a Trapper.

OUR acquaintance with Charley began in Canada's woods on one day of the previous autumn, when, returning to our camp on Lake Crapaud with only a decapitated woodduck to show as a result of a morning's hunt for big game, we sighted a canoe, containing two men, one of whom paddled while the other cast flies into our favorite trout hole. We called this hole our "larder," because at any time of day we could within a few minutes withdraw from it a sufficient number of fish for our next meal. It was, in fact, the main prop to our voracious appetites, and consequently we did not feel very cordial toward the intrusive strangers; but nevertheless, when rain began to fall, we halloosed to them an invitation to share our shelter and good cheer. They accepted, and the fisherman proved to be a Scotch gentleman on an initiatory visit to the American wilds, and his guide was Charley, who probably would have attracted neither especial attention nor thought beyond our enmity for trespassing but for an ensuing incident. The Scotchman while sipping his smoking tea—a wonderful antidote for cold and fatigue, by the by—evinced considerable uneasiness regarding a companion who had gone into the timber in quest of caribou with scant preparation either as to suitable wearing apparel or experience in woodcraft. Charley then came to the fore, volunteered to search for him, and toward evening returned to camp preceding a wobegone Englishman clad in golf suit and tennis shoes, the wettest two-footed creature ever seen. He had, we learned, succeeded in forcing his way through tangled undergrowth, half way around a small lake, then, becoming exhausted and feeling unable to retrace his steps, thought to swim across, but having no strap for his rifle decided to wade out of the difficulty, and when found was floundering about in the lake with cold water up to his armpits, and no idea as to the points of the compass.

Charley's accuracy in discovering our choice fishing ground and this amphibious Englishman were interesting, and prompted interrogations, which developed the information that he was merely acting as guide until the opening of the trapping season, when he would go to a more remote part of the wooded country. He told us of certain haunts of the moose, caribou, bear and other fur-bearing animals, until we felt as though it were still the age of Boone and Crockett. We had believed that the day of professional trappers in lands which we could reach during our puny vacation had long since closed, but here was an afterglow illuminating those delightful stories of earlier times, which had always caused us to criticise the belated date of our nativity, and to metaphorically shade our eyes with the hope of catching a glimpse of the fast-retreating trackless forest and its denizens. Yes, he said, he would take us into this primitive land, which time, represented by woodchoppers and railroads, had overlooked, if we would write to him after the grasp of the northern winter relaxed and he emerged from its fastnesses. So, during the following summer, we wrote and wrote again, and when we despaired and the stories of the strange land were becoming mythical, a reply came saying, "I received your letter asking will I go with you into the woods as a guide. Yes, you may come to me. I will be all to you. In the places where we will go, they are not good places for fishing; we can take only a little quantity, but it is a good place for hunting; there are many reindeer and many moose."

I wonder how many times we reread that letter between the time of its receipt and our departure. While it was true we had some heads over our fireplaces, still we wished for one or two more in order to illustrate the successive stages of development of the horns of the wild quadrupeds—at least this was the excuse given for our impatient longing to once again experience the barbarous exhilaration attending the outwitting of the timorous beasts. Well, one day in late September we joined Charley and pitched our tent in the deep woods of a corner of Canada, and during the ensuing careless days of a beautiful season in a picturesque country we gained an insight into the life and feeling of a professional trapper; in this case, a trapper by inheritance as well as by profession. His ancestors were Indians of the Huron tribe, and subsisted entirely by the spoils of the chase. The fact that his father was reduced (or advanced, if you chose) to an half-breed did not interrupt the inherited proclivity, and Charley, when a child, dwelt in the woods between Quebec and Lake St. John, where game was then very plentiful. 'Twas in these same woods, by the by, that we met him, and after hearing his story, we were no longer puzzled by his prompt discovery of our trout hole and the lost Englishman. This neighborhood withheld no secrets from him; it was the book from which he had gotten his entire education. As firearms improved, and their value diminished, and traps became a manufactured article, the trappers, being no longer limited to snares, deadfalls, figure 4 and such other ingenious contrivances, slaughtered large numbers of animals during a season; therefore a frequent change of location was necessary. So our friend shouldered his few belongings from time to time, wandered back and forth along the borderland of the United States and Canada, through the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, from Lake Superior to the extreme end of Gaspé Peninsula, with pecuniary results varying from \$1,500 to \$300 per winter, until the season preceding our acquaintance, when his catch netted him but little more than \$100, and convinced him that a successful nomadic trapper was an institution of the past. A man living on the edge of a game country, however, can spend a couple of months of the long Canadian winter, during which there is no occupation except logging, in the bush, and satisfactorily supplement his summer earnings. Within this time he can almost deplete the furry tribe in quite a large expanse of country, for food is scarce during the season of heavy snowfall, and the hungry critters are easily enticed into traps.

Charley, in his discouragement, decided to try to maintain himself by guiding sportsmen—a most natural meta-

morphosis for him, who had felt no limitation to complete freedom during his sixty years. He could no more endure the yoke incident to an industrial pursuit than a moose could be taught to draw a plow.

We found the country to be exactly as he had represented it. We were, indeed, in the midst of game, and inquisitive animals could be heard "whistling" near our tents during the night. Between our going and coming over the trails, moose and caribou would have traversed them. Charley was religiously truthful, as delicately considerate as a woman, systematically energetic, with a clearly defined object always in view, and altogether an enjoyable companion; but a veritable beast of prey. He noticed every sign and indication of our animal neighbors—where the bear had torn the bark of trees into ribbons when after the sweet sap, where the moose had nipped the buds of shrubs and rubbed its horns upon the stems of young fir trees, or where a caribou had left a tuft of hair upon a resisting twig and furnished his antlers upon the low-growing bushes beside the stream. No sign, old or new, escaped him, and every fresh track was subjected to a close scrutiny, which enabled him to draw a vivid and accurate mental picture of the kind, size, sex and age of the brutes, so that he was in constant association with the inmates of the forest, and when he came up with them he had but one thought and intention. He knew no more about restraint than any other wild animal in search of prey. The citizens of northern latitudes require a warm covering and meat for food; the indigenous beasts supply both, a provision of nature, and Charley had been for years an intermediary, as purveyor, who hesitated no longer about appropriating an animal than the fur trader did of rewarding him, or than a lumberman would before felling a noble tree. To him the moose and caribou, for instance, meant several dollars for the hides, meat for himself, and bait for his traps. There was no waste of material here, to his mind. The only game law he observed was the opening and closing of the hunting seasons, and observed these incidentally because they corresponded with a marketable condition of fur.

While with us, he carried no weapon, and his agitation when game came into sight was like that of a beagle hound in leash when a rabbit is jumped. He was dumb-founded by our declination to expend one cartridge for the beautiful hide of a cow caribou with which we came face to face. A crane or an owl, though worthless when dead to him or us, would inspire him with the thought and suggestion of slaughter, and one evening on our return to camp from an independent quest for game, we found him handling a dead moose bird, one of a pair that had shared our luck, good or ill, and almost ate from our hands.

"Why did you kill it?" we asked.

"I no like dem."

"Why not? They keep our camp clean."

"Oh, yes, dey's good fer dat; but I no like dem."

"Tell us why."

"In de col' of winter time, when I climbs de mounting and fin' my draps down and dinks I hab a marten an' maybe ten dollar, I fin' only dese birds! Dey springs de draps maybe five minutes after I walks fer miles and sets um."

We, too, had fruitlessly climbed some of those "mountings," though not in winter's rigor, and were silent, his reason being rational. His language was knock-kneed, bow-legged and pigeon-toed; that is, it wobbled but always came to a point at the end. His stories were entirely confined to the animals which had escaped him, and no doubt his thoughts dwelt principally upon these mischances during his summer hibernation. He had captured a number of bear when in this neighborhood during the preceding winter, but one of them avoided him; therefore a bear trap was a part of our impedimenta, and the matter of the intended capture of this animal gave him occupation whenever there were no pressing duties. The bear referred to had visited the camp, it seems, one day during the absence of the owner, and after devouring a considerable portion of the remains of one of its own kin, had, beside rending some reserve wearing apparel, scattered things generally while searching for dainties. This was aggravating, but imagine Charley's indignation some nights subsequently when the audacious brute twice encircled his tent and then began tearing it down in order to obtain possession of a moose hide which was drying upon it. The moon cast Bruin's shadow obliquely upon the canvas, and a hasty shot failed to do more than put him to flight. There being snow on the ground, Charley ran ten miles on the trail the next day—a tremendous exertion—but failed to overtake the fugitive. The daring performances of the bear, and the lost opportunity, will, we think, never be forgotten, and after the fall of our first caribou Charley carried pieces of meat far over the mountains in four directions, rubbing his moccasins upon it from time to time, saying, "Ef dat bear him cross dis trail, him fin' de meat purty quick; den him fin' de caribou, an' de day next after him fin' de caribou, we got him sure." He poked his head into our tent one evening to say, "I dinks I hear de bear sniffin' las' night. We bes' put dis head and hide in you's tent dis night." We didn't feel jubilant over the proposition. Consorting with bait, under the circumstances, might not be an altogether desirable occupation, so we said, "If you put them in here you had better hug the earth pretty tightly, for if we hear a noise in the night we shall promptly fill the air with lead. He closed the bargain by replying quickly, "Dat's all right; you get de bear."

It was a sorry day for our friend when our vacation ended before the bear's larger circuit crossed the trail of the meat. We came upon one of his marten traps when on one of our tramps, and it recalled another lost opportunity. This time the ill-luck befell Jean, his partner of the previous winter. Getting on his hands and knees before the trap he said, "Here was Jean youst so, an' w'en he look up dere was a ole bull caribou, twenty yards near, wid big, big, big, horns, youst a-lookin' ride ad him. Jean hes carbeen be ten feed far, and he youst stay here so and dink a heap; den he run quick fer hes carbeen, but de ole bull he go quicker. By gosh! Jean he one mad man."

We are indebted to Charley for a thoroughly enjoyable outing; all the more enjoyable no doubt for the insight

into the feelings of a son of the woods, notwithstanding his regrettable bloodthirstiness. This proclivity convinces us that if more trappers are driven to change their calling the better it will be for sportsmen generally. We know of three of this profession who acknowledged having killed during last winter thirty moose and nine caribou, regardless of sex or age. Think of it! a herd of these animals shot down in one winter by three men, very much as buffalo were some years ago—for their hides. These men are, however, natives of the woods, pursuing their accustomed occupation, who believe that their necessities—and some members of this class are abjectly poor—take precedence over game laws, and they are probably less reprehensible than the amateur hunter, who, although shooting for pastime only and being possessed of less bias and a more intelligent comprehension of the necessity of protective laws, is at times equally regardless of them. When away off in the woods, out of sight and hearing, and, we are sorry to add, not being watched, he cannot resist taking a beautiful head or hide, even though in a closed country or out of season or in excess of the permitted quota. He excuses his lawlessness on the ground that restrictive laws are not intended for him, but for the pot-hunter, and withholds his influence from those persons, organizations and periodicals who and which are striving to establish preserves and laws in order to perpetuate his pleasure, by preventing the carnage that is now going on.

LIPPINCOTT.

A Walk Down South.—XV.

JOHN BOGAN welcomed me; so did his wife, and his eight or nine year old daughter climbed into my lap before the fireplace. Supper was soon ready—we ate—liver pudding, fresh pork, two kinds of peaches, three of apples, cherries, jelly and berries, beside coffee, hot biscuit, etc. Then we went into the sitting room and gathered before the fireplace. My maps, with the violet lines across them from the far Adirondacks clear down to their own mountain, excited their interest. I was the "funniest fellow" that had ever happened their way. Soon Warwick, John's brother, came in. He found May Ginger there already, doubtless as he expected. We sat around the fire, I telling something of my travels.

A banjo was on the bed in the sitting room. John picked it up and tuned it. Miss Ginger played a "low, sweet lullaby" and looked unutterable things at Warwick. The spectators grinned heartlessly, and the tall young lady tossed her chin. Then John took the instrument and picked a few bars, as if to try it, but the stranger's presence restrained them all, as I could see.

Then I went to my pack and took from it a harmonica (mouth organ), or as the Virginians called it, a "French harp." It was a good one. I offered it to them of course, and Warwick played a song—a slow, mournful kind of tune—to which Miss Ginger hummed an accompaniment. Then I took it and cut loose with a jig. That stirred the banjo in mighty style.

Marking time with his foot, John began an equally lively piece, followed by another, and a third. The tunes to my ears were drowned at first in the melody (?). The pieces all sounded alike; that is, even in the changes and time. But after a bit I could trace the thread of the tune up and down and round about. The effect was that of a stream flowing down a valley hidden now by high banks and again by woodlands. Pretty soon Bogan said,

"I went up on the mounting,"

"I beg pardon?" I said, not catching the words understandingly.

"He's singing," said Miss Ginger.

The banjo kept on moving. Then

"To give mah horn a blow.

Warwick rolled a cigarette and Miss Ginger frustrated the lighting of it, the banjo still moving,

"Ah heard them hounds a-coming,
A-coming very slow."

After a line of music came the chorus unbroken:

"Here lies a po'r gal,
Here lies Elizer Jane;
Here lies a po'r gal,
Who died upon the train."

Warwick and Miss Ginger paused to join in the chorus with low voices. Then they resumed the difficulty resulting from the demolished cigarette, while John thrummed steadily on, singing:

"I went down the river,
A-stripping sugar cane;
Every shock Ah picked up
Ah called on 'Liza Jane.

Chorus:

"I went out on the mounting—
I went out on a train—
I went out on the mounting
To see poor 'Liza Jane.
Ah ast her if she loved me,
She said she loved me some,
She throwed her arms around me
Like grape vine 'round a gun."

Chorus:

"Railroad, plank road, Tennessee canal,
Hadn't been for Lizer Jane, there'd never been no hell."

"When I was in the army,
Six hosses was me team,
Drawed mah check, cracked mah whip—
G'lang, 'Liza Jane."

Bogan is a professional hunter. He kills deer for market. At 12 cents a pound he makes a comfortable living selling venison. He hunts six days a week, just as any other man follows a business. His farm has a 100-foot thick vein of iron ore on it. Capitalists negotiated for 2,200 acres of land, supposing this vein was on it. Finding that Bogan owned it, they tried to buy the land at good farm prices. They offered as much as \$2,000 for the place, a staggering price, when one does not consider the 100-foot iron ore vein. But Bogan considers the iron.

After two hours of music, song and talk, we went

to bed. I to the sitting room bed, they to the bed room. The couch of the little girl, long since asleep, was drawn up before the fireplace. For another hour I watched the red firelight flicker around the room. It died slowly away, till at last only a red glow was to be seen, broken from time to time by a sharp crack, a sigh or a whistle, as the heat found new fuel to flare over. It was like the nights I passed in a tent way back in Pennsylvania. I chuckled when I recalled the fashion in which I was treated at the Pennsylvania camp by the hunters, there, and by the Virginian hunter.

People in Pennsylvania who were willing that I should sleep in barns, gasped when I told them that I was coming down into West Virginia and along the Alleghany Mountains.

"Why," they said, "you'll be murdered down there. They'll shoot you for your pack. They're desperate people. Aren't you afraid?"

I rolled over on the soft bed, threw down the top blanket because it was too warm, and went peacefully to sleep. The situation was suggestive of a song I found to be a favorite down this way:

"Oh you talk about your rough coons,
I'm one of them meseff;
With a pistol in me pocket
And a razah in mah ves'.
I'll shoot you an' I'll cut you,
And stabs you to your heart,
And drink down your blood like wine."

This is sung in fierce tones. Then, sweetly, with a soft aneal in every word:

"The ham bone am sweet
And the bacon am good,
And the possum meat
Am mighty, mighty fine;
But gimme, oh, gimme,
I really wish you would,
That melon a-smiling on the vine."

I don't think any one will blame me for saying that I like the West Virginia and Virginia mountaineer better than the Pennsylvania and New York farmer. I have not forgotten Mr. Johnson or Mr. Williams or any of the others who treated me like a son. Nor have I failed to consider that I have had to pass on to the next house on several occasions before I could get place to sleep since I got into the mountains—like at Upper Tract, W. Va., for instance. The only ones, in fact, with whom it has been difficult to get a meal and a place to sleep so far have been prosperous farmers and store-keepers.

All day Sunday I stayed at Bogan's. There were many visitors, most of them relatives. Some of them refused to let me take their pictures because it was Sunday. Some of these came around on Monday morning, and I took their pictures then. Miss Ginger and Warwick met at the house that "evening" about 2 P. M. Miss Ginger and Mrs. Bogan (sisters) sang some religious songs. Their voices were clear and high-pitched, but less musical than the faces were pleasing. When I asked for the words of the songs I'd heard the night before they were given in monotone. I was told that "in the morning" I could get the tunes "because he couldn't repeat the tunes without fingering the banjo." They were German Baptists or Dunkards.

So many visitors were present at one time that the chairs would not go around. Then the wives sat on their husbands' laps.

A generous fire was kept blazing in the fireplace. The dog irons were kept piled with wood—oak from 2 to 6 inches in diameter. The back log having burned through, another was brought in. It was 3 feet long and over 20 inches in diameter. To bring a blaze fat pine was shoved under the wood into the coals, from which the blaze climbed into the logs and stuck its many heads out of the crevices caused by the criss-cross way of piling it on.

"A more peacable community it'll be hard for you to find," I was told. It certainly seemed so.

About 9:30 o'clock Monday morning I started down the road, heading for Warm and Hot Springs. A mile through the woods brought me in sight of a clearing in the far side of the run. A man was down the field from the house. It was Ryder. I put down my pack and crossed over to let him know I'd slept well at Bogan's.

"Did you hear about John Pritz?" he asked the first thing. "Well, sir, three men came to his house—little log house down by Muddy Run—last Friday night. They had 'bout a gallon, and wanted Pritz to drink with them. Pritz wouldn't, and they cussed around some; so Pritz ordered them outdoors. They went, and then all three drew their revolvers and shot a lot of shoots through the door and through the chinks in the logs. One bullet like to have killed Pritz's wife; planted itself right in the mantelpiece where she was standing. They fired fifteen or twenty shots, or maybe 'twas only twelve or thirteen. Pritz said he never was so scared in his life. Those men didn't have any right to do that. If a man's trying to quit drinking they'd ought to let him alone; but some men haven't got any more principle than a yellow pig in a cornfield. My pigs are all black. I like that kind better. I ust to"—

Just then the mail carrier hove in sight on a buckboard, and Ryder and I cut for the road on the run, so that I could put my pack aboard to send it to Warm Springs. The pack adjusted on the buckboard, Ryder told about a corn shucker he had made, which there wasn't a blacksmith in the country could have done, so folks said.

The Reverend Miller came along in a few minutes, driving a horse and buggy. Ryder hailed for a ride for me, and I got in with the rider, a large, heavily whiskered, twinkling-eyed man. He drove on quickly, observing, perhaps, that Ryder had wet his lips for a new start.

"Did Mr. Ryder have anything to say?" Mr. Miller asked, around the bend. Perhaps Ryder has a reputation in that region.

A mile up grade followed the crossing of Muddy Run—a stream that got its name from the discovery of Indians up the creek by the mud they stirred up, I think—and then on a wooded ridge top we came to a house of rough boards. Here Mr. Miller stopped for a few minutes. He talked to the woman there while half a dozen children,

all less than eight years of age, looked on, wild-eyed and open-mouthed. When he came to the buggy, instead of getting in, Mr. Miller reached under the seat and drew the mouth of a bushel or larger bag around. From this he took out handfuls of apples, and filled the arms of the little tots with enough for eating, and some over for sauce.

"They never forget anything like that," the Dunkard preacher said. "I like to see the way they laugh when they get apples."

At Warm Springs I got my dinner in the jail. For the first time in weeks I ate pie—berry pie. It tasted good. Warm Springs is a summer resort—so is Hot Springs, a few miles further on, and Healing Springs, still further. People come there "from all over to get washed," the darkey I rode to Healing Springs with on a load of iron intended for a bath house, told me. "Folks that need it gets benefited a mighty, too," he added.

A few miles away I came to a store known to postmasters as "Carloover." I stopped there and found that I could get a place to sleep there at the charming home of H. W. Hoover. It was raining hard in showers, mud forming. The prospect of a walk to Covington on the following morning—thirteen miles—was not a pleasing one. The room to which I was shown after supper was a large and comfortable one, the chill damp having been banished by a fire in a stove. On the table were many books—"Ben Hur," the "Deemster," "Portraits and Principals," the Bible, "Sappho," "An Original Belle," "Commercial Law." I skimmed through "An Original Belle," following the hero from his maculate to his immaculate state—after E. P. Roe's usual course of description.

In the morning the weather was changed. A film of ice covered the mud, thick enough to bear one's weight. It was clear, moreover, and good walking. For a ways the road kept down in the valley, with a flank of large houses and fine farms on either side. I hurried on. Toward noon the road clawed up on the sidehill, the ends of jagged rocks appearing on the right (up) side of the road. Soon I was a hundred feet above the valley. Coming around a point, far below appeared a watercress farm, clear, level, green, in a setting of broad hillside acres of brown. The water where the cress was growing steamed, for it is a natural warm spring there. The cleared valley ended abruptly ahead in a gulch of rough, treed and rocky slopes.

At the blacksmith shop I learned that I could get dinner in the house on the hillside a hundred yards away. It was lucky that I stopped. Not only was the dinner good—hot biscuit, sausage, several kinds of preserved fruits, milk and coffee—but it was the last house, with one exception, for seven miles.

I started on after eating, and half a mile away I was in a wild woods, looking at a fine waterfall over a ledge of rocks. Having felt as much of the poetry of the situation as possible, I traveled on to the top of the divide. The road clung to the mountainside, and in a sort of gap the grade changed from up to down. North and south led the valley, with a great mountain range on yon side—a range which led one's gaze further than did the valley—so far, indeed, that the most distant sugar loaf peak seemed to blend with the gray-blue sky. It was difficult to fasten one's gaze on any point of the mountain. Repeatedly my eye was led along the range from straight across the valley to the most distant rise in the south, or to the north. As usual with such scenes, the vastness brought a feeling of lonesomeness and smallness. I went marching down the slope, playing "Home, Sweet Home" on a French harp, with as many variations as I knew.

Many hundred feet below I caught glimpses of the Jackson's River, which I left above Bogan's. When the road led round an aerial cape I could see farms on the bottom and miles of the sidehill I was following. The road was like a Z, a W, a U and other letters in various places, for it had to zigzag back into gullies and out on points in its effort to keep the decline gradual.

There were signs that fire had swept the mountainside at least once. Jack and bull pine grew tall among the scrub oak. There were patches of hardwood trees here and there, and the promise of a thicker growth in some saplings. The air grew softer and sweeter as I gradually made my way down toward Covington, smoke from which I saw from the divide. The road was good. It is cared for by contractors, just as all Virginia roads are. It makes the New York system of every man working out his road tax look expensive, when one compares the roads.

I met a man on horseback when half way down the divide. The horse was partly harnessed. Later I learned that a flock of pheasants had raised with boisterous wings in front of the horse and scared it off the road down 50 feet of sliding embankment to the scrub trees, wrecking the carriage and accounting for the man's cross look in response to my greeting.

I walked so slowly that it was nearly dark when I reached Covington. The more beautiful a region is, the more exhausting it is to travel through it. One stops oftener, looks for commanding sites, and travels further generally. I was unusually tired and hungry when I reached a stopping place. I intended to stay in Covington a couple of days, but learning that there were a "hard road to travel," and a "mighty mean country" ahead, and that the "people were pretty rough" on my proposed route, I left Covington on the following morning, spurred somewhat by the hotel fare. This was on Wednesday, Dec. 11.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

Five Wounded by One Bullet.

LAST evening, just before 6 o'clock, native policeman No. 477 accidentally discharged his revolver at the Parian station in the Walled City. The bullet rebounded on the stone floor, and split into five pieces, each of which took effect in the body of a Filipino prisoner, two of whom were women. One of the women had an artery severed and almost bled to death before she could be conveyed to San Juan de Dios Hospital. One of the other wounded prisoners was also conveyed to the hospital. The policeman himself was wounded in the foot, and has been placed under arrest, although it is thought the affair was entirely accidental.—Manila Times.

The Southern Forests.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As the resources of nature become wantonly exhausted—as with other instances of natural human depravity—the remedy enforced by nature for this ill usage is tantamount to our own invention of hard labor as a penalty for ill-doing. This fact comes home to all of us when we think of the wanton destruction of the rapidly disappearing forests and the inevitable penalty even now suffered in waste of land and dearth of timber. The time will never come in which the use of timber will be substituted by other materials. Indeed, with all our iron and steel and stone, which go to make up the present skyscraping edifices necessary for very scarcity of land on which to build in our crowded cities, all the more they are used the more is the demand for timber. As a small but interesting instance of the dearth and value of timber I may mention the example of a little bit of land I once owned in New Jersey, near New York, which had a few only of good sized original trees, the rest being hoop-poles, saplings and other small timber, and for which I paid two hundred dollars. When the land was cleared to square out one of my fields, the timber on it sold for considerably more than the purchase price, and there was not a stick on it left to burn off, even the brush being sold to a nearby baker for oven wood. The thinnings of a hill side grown up with young chestnut trees, large enough for fence posts, brought more than the actual value of the land, and still left a valuable grove of young trees for future harvesting. The fact is that the replanting of thousands of acres of land within sight of the city of New York would be far more profitable than its present culture is, except so far as the intensive culture of the market gardens may go. And to this complexion must return the bulk of the rougher lands of the North, now under unprofitable, if not wasteful culture. All this seems doubtless more apparent to me because in my early life I was acquainted with these conditions as existing in European countries, and in my abundant leisure, afforded during my professional studies, I gladly occupied myself with this matter of forest culture. The planting of thousands of acres of the blowing sands of the French shores with pines (*P. maritima*) and the methods of protecting the young trees from the blowing sands especially interested me as even then applicable to the preservation of our own Eastern coast lands. But the forest culture, for profit solely, in the European and English wood lands afforded a still more attractive study, for it brought to mind so forcibly our common method of butchering our valuable forests, as well as the enormous injury otherwise as to washing of the soil and the effect in our climate. All this is of supreme interest to me now as the owner of some thousands of acres of original forest lands here in the southern mountains, and the matter of turning all this timber here to profit when the time comes, as it surely will, that this fine forest will be in good demand for the markets. Still more so since the present excitement in regard to the acquirement of a large tract of the southern mountain lands on the highest parts of the Blue Ridge and Grand Smoky ranges, lying parallel to it, has, as it could not fail to occur to our National Government, an unavoidable necessity for the preservation of all the important rivers which rise in this vicinity and flow into the ocean or the Mexican gulf.

Now the dream of a score of years, and the study of a forest under scientific culture for the profit there is in it, seem to be about to be verified, and these broad mountain slopes and flowery valleys will be spared from the wasteful hands of the fire fiend, and equally from the unskillful owner who leaves to undisturbed nature the care of the wealth lying inert, and spoiling for want of human care and direction.

Let me give an instance. A lot of over two hundred acres joining the village and my dwelling lot has been spared from fire by extreme care and personal oversight. At first it was covered with sparsely scattered trees among which one might easily drive a loaded wagon. It was a clean hard wood forest of rough gnarled trees, of no value except for firewood. Now it is densely wooded, and a profitable harvest is already in sight, which, if transportation were available, would pay a good interest on the investment. First there is a vast quantity of the best of hoop poles, in some places standing thick enough to make the finest growth as to length and smoothness, and amounting on the average to more than five to the square yard. This is in addition to the scattered larger trees, many of which are two feet or over in diameter with straight, smooth stems forty feet from the ground to the first limb. There are young pines now large enough to saw into framing timber, but this would be a waste for the present growth I have found, by measurement, is equal to twenty times as much as that of the first five or six years; which, of course, means that the future growth will be many times more annual value than the past has been. There is sufficient small undergrowth which may be utilized in various ways to pay the running expenses and care of the land, and, in addition to all this, there is feed sufficient for five sheep, or one steer to the acre on the natural grasses on the land which is in no ways interfered with by the sheltering umbrage overhead.

The more I study and reflect on my original estimate of the actual possible annual income from this vast mountain region, now going to waste, the more sure I am that the amount suggested, viz.: \$10 an acre as the income, not all profit of course, is in no way excessive, and under such careful conduct as any well informed owner would give, is easily possible.

As a meadow under good culture is spoiled by disuse, and the overgrowth strangles the roots and so prevents the renewing of it; and proper pasturing of it goes to thicken the growth and strengthen it, and make it more and more valuable, so the aerial growth of the forest is checked by too dense a covering of the surface at the same time by skillful use, as by the pasturing of a field, so by the utilization of the sub-growth of the woods by annual thinning, the larger timber is forced into more valuable form and finer quality, the smaller lower limbs are killed by want of light and air, and the top growth is forced into the open above, leaving the trunk long, even in thickness, and free from dead knots. But unless the sub-growth is left sufficiently thick to force this upgrowth

of the larger trees, it is itself in time choked out of existence, and a mass of gnarly, knotty short trunks of the larger trees only is left. So far the study of forestry in this side of the world has been quite the reverse of practical, and the basis of it has been experience of other countries where the conditions are almost entirely different. We must have a native school of forestry kept in the forests for some years at least, before we can make rules exactly suited for our special conditions, and one of these conditions must be the adaptation of methods to natural laws derived from existing facts.

HENRY STEWART.

HIGHLANDS, N. C.

The Adirondack Park.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The article on "The Adirondack Forests," by W. E. Wolcott, is well received by quite a number who are not likely to be heard from in print. It is a timely encouragement to some of us who watch uneasily the continual eating into the forest of the lumbered and burned tracts, often one and inseparable. And the editorial comment intimating that possibly it is not yet time to let in the lumberman is also encouraging. I am one of those who believe in making use of the ripe crop, and that ultimately it can be saved without injury to the forest, but I more earnestly believe that the attempt to do any harvesting now will lead to irreparable injury without even temporary net returns. This is the opinion of several men who know much about the management of affairs in the woods and outside. Some of the big spruces may be ripe, but the time for selling them with safety is not, and it will not be until nearly all the unlogged forest belongs to the State.

FOREST AND STREAM, if I remember rightly, has always held that the mere carcass equivalent of the animal is of little account when properly estimating the value of the game to the people, and I can hardly believe that the forest will be valued on the basis of the pulp wood it can supply. Within the Adirondack Park lies the only primitive woodland or refuge of game that the great majority of us will ever see. The wild game may belong to the people, but if it has no place to lay its head will not for long be a tangible possession. A glimpse of one wild deer disappearing over the unmapped mountain is worth a long gaze at two through the meshes of a woven wire fence. Fences and preserved grounds are to-day certainly necessary and desirable; but if the people can afford to assure to any individual an exclusive pleasure ground, cannot they afford to purchase one for all, and to keep it attractive even at the expense of many logs uncut? A part is surely not worth more consideration than is the whole.

Several of my friends who voted against the proposed constitutional amendment in 1896, because of the proposition to lease camp and hotel sites, are still in the same mood. They believe that in practice the leasing of sites would be no exception to the general rule that the most desirable things will inevitably go to the bidder with the most money. They believe that somebody wanted to qualify under the ruling or the proposition would not have been made. They believe that soon all the desirable sites would be permanently occupied, and should they want to camp for their week or two they would follow up a row of "move along" orders, unless they took at once to the swamps and punkies. They believe that the most commanding sites on the shore of every beautiful lake would soon be illuminated by the glaring paint of a barn-like hotel.

While I do not entirely agree with all of their ideas concerning the leasing of camp sites, it seems to me that any premature action would be an injury, and that leasing is certainly unnecessary at present. Three are hundreds of unoccupied lots: now in the open market, once as good as sites now protected by the constitution. At the present time it is possible for one to see a few mountain lakes in their nearly primitive beauty as well as many others with a fringe of gaudily painted cottages and boat houses. After they have all been exploited there will never again be the possibility of choice. A few guides have a notion that more employment would come with more summer cottages. Possibly it may in the matter of cutting stovewood and mowing lawns, but for guides the demand would be more permanent in the wilderness than among a network of trolley lines and plank walks.

Most of my friends are not rich men, and they like to spend their fortnight's vacation under the trees. They assume, perhaps wrongly, that it is the rich who would lease all the choice locations, and they feel that so far as new privileges by law are concerned the interests of men like themselves should be considered before those of men who can picnic in Africa or Alaska when only bare rocks remain here. In the welfare of the pulp mills they have little interest, instead a lurking antagonism exists. They see the woods now going very fast close up to the lots which belong to the State, and it is said even across the lines. Some of them, uncertain as to what may be the best management, feel that if the State fails to cut mature trees and finds itself in error it may lose the value of some lumber—a temporary loss, but that if lumbering begins now and is found a mistake they may lose the beauty of the forest for life. They prefer the lesser evil.

With a few of us, hunting and fishing is a very secondary consideration, although the wild life of the woods is the chief interest there found. The love of the woods, as of the open air generally, has been the great help to my wife in living down the dread tuberculosis, a fight which she has won. The chief attraction of the forest to her lies in the big trees. These are her continual delight. The second growth is not satisfactory, nor the culled timber. Many other good women are of the same mind. They can't vote to save the old woods, but would like to have a chance.

In the "North Woods" we have been on the trails of some of the old-time woods lovers, of Nessmuck and Fred Mather. They are cold trails now, but I rejoice to say not entirely destroyed, though on some of their camping spots big hotels stand. It is our hope that the lumbermen will not get a chance for a good many years to file their saws where every old camp has been.

DAVID CARL.

The Wild Horse.

WHAT has become of the wild horse?

I remember that the school geography that we used in my youth had a picture of a scene in Texas, the principal feature in which was two men catching wild horses; one of them had thrown his lariat over the head of his victim, and was pulling it to the ground, while the other man in the distance was in full pursuit of his game.

In our school reader, too, was a very spirited account of "Ringing the Wild Horse," by Washington Irving. I have since discovered that the account was taken from Irving's "Tour on the Prairies," in his "Crayon Miscellany." In this book are frequent notices of the wild horses, and one gets the impression that they were very common on the prairies in the Far West. "The wild horses," he says, "which range those vast grassy plains, extending from the Arkansas to the Spanish settlements, are of various forms and colors, betraying their various descents. Some resemble the common English stock, and are probably descended from horses which have escaped from our border settlements. Others are of a low, but strong, make, and are supposed to be of the Andalusian breed, brought over by the Spanish discoverers."

Of all the writers on our early Western country, I think Irving is still easily the first in point of merit. His "Prairie Tour," his "Bonneville" and his "Astoria" have not been equalled in vivacity and interest. Those who know Irving only from his heavier works, his life of Mohammed, of Columbus and of Washington, or from his books at the other extreme, his Knickerbocker, his Sketch Book or his Bracebridge Hall, should read his sketches of our Western country when St. Louis was a frontier town, and the point of departure for those who sought to explore the great wilderness beyond. Those were the days when it was thought the Great American desert could be traversed only by camels, and when Thomas Jefferson, in a message to Congress, could gravely speak of "a salt mountain" up the Missouri, "one hundred and eighty miles long and forty-five in width, composed of solid rock salt, without any trees or even shrubs on it."

But to get back to our wild horses.

Not only were they found on our Western plains, but they were reported, even in very early times, to abound in parts of Europe. Herodotus says that in the northern part of Thrace, beyond the Danube, the wild horses were covered with hair five inches in length. Smellie, in his "Philosophy of Natural History," an excellent old book by the way, quotes from the "History of the Buccaneers" to the effect that troops of horses, sometimes consisting of 500, are frequently met with in the Island of St. Domingo; that, when they see a man, they all stop, and that one of their number approaches to a certain distance, blows through his nostrils, takes flight, and is instantly followed by the whole troop.

Readers of Byron will remember that the wild horses of the Russian steppes had something to do with Mazeppa in his fearful ride across the waste.

"A trampling troop; I see them come!

In one vast squadron they advance!
I strove to cuss—my lips were dumb,
The steeds rush on in plunging pride;
But where are they the reins to guide?
A thousand horse—and none to ride!
With flowing tail and flying mane,
Wide nostrils, never stretched by pain,
Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein,
And feet that iron never shod,
And flanks unscar'd by spur or rod,
A thousand horse, the wild, the free,
Like waves that follow o'er the sea."

But what has become of the wild horse? In no modern book have I been able to find any mention of him. I have just turned over the leaves of the latest geography book out, but I find no picture of that untrammelled steed and no notice of him whatever. Has he joined the procession with the buffalo, the wild pigeon, and the rest of them, and disappeared from the earth?

T. J. CHAPMAN.

Concerning the Adirondack Forests.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have noted with interest what the Governor has suggested concerning further cutting on State lands.

Also the talk about scientific forestry, and while not positively sure that there is nothing good in it for the State, I am very skeptical.

Such reports as are available concerning the so-called scientific forestry suggests that the science consists more in getting funds for a college than for a building up of the State's Forest Reserve.

For years I have been a close observer of the ordinary methods of lumbering in that region, and am prepared to indorse the statement of a thorough lumberman who said: "For every tree cut and hauled to market three more are spoiled and wasted." There seems to be a great desire that acid factories shall not get the "hard wood." The odds as between the acid factories and the pulp mills are fifty to one in favor of the acid factories. You can travel for miles through the Adirondacks without finding a spruce tree of average size, or a pine, and hardly a hemlock, and travel constantly, too, through hardwood growth. By all means prohibit the furnishing of hardwood from the State Preserve, but be ten times as jealous of the everlasting encroachments of the pulp mills.

The removal of the black growth timber has very sensibly diminished the flow of brooks in a region still well timbered with hardwood, and it seems certain that the removal of that would not only denude the mountains of tree growth, but also, and shortly, of soil. For the soil is only held to the rocky foundation by interlacing tree roots, which roots feed and sustain the shading branches, preventing rapid evaporation, and compel a mild and steady flow from the sponge-like soil.

Granite peaks may be all right in Switzerland where the everlasting snows prohibit vegetable growth. But if the peaks of the Adirondacks are robbed of their crown of green, instead of remaining the "health resort and pleasure ground of the nation" it will become "an abomination of desolation." As to scientific forestry, that is

very well if it be scientific forestry. But it is greatly to be feared that it is forestry "for revenue only."

It was not, be it remembered, that kind of forestry that made these forests. They got along very well for thousands of years before this State existed or Cornell was chartered. It would seem not unreasonable to believe that the good God, who made the original forest, could still manage to preserve it without scientific aid. The "joker" in all this matter, is the pecuniary profit that somebody expects to get out of it. And surely the Empire State is not so poor that it can't have a little bit of unscientific nature left in it somewhere.

The forests, I am persuaded, can still safely be left alone. As to the proposed suggestion of the Governor and the Adirondack Guides' Association concerning the leasing of camp sites, by all means let this be done, only with the proviso that the income from this source shall support a force of fire and game wardens large enough to make sure that the campers do not fire the forests, and do observe the laws. Wardens are rarer in that country than policemen are in this city when needed.

In the present state of affairs I am clearly of opinion that till the experiment of Cornell can be shown to be much more successful than it has yet appeared to be in the matter of re-foresting, the present restrictions as to cutting timber should be rigidly enforced, and that leasing of camp sites should have a clause that would render liable for damage lessees who started a forest fire.

Probably not one in ten persons who visit that region know that in a dry time the soil on which they kindle fires will burn like tinder. I have personally extinguished a fire which came from the fact that those who started it, though educated people, were ignorant of this fact—a fire which, had it not been checked at the opportune time, would probably have swept over thousands of acres of what is now, and what I hope will remain for years to come, green woods.

D. A. JORDAN.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 30.

Natural History.

Labrador Duck and Great Auk Eggs

In the bequest of his valuable collection of birds' eggs to the Natural History Museum of London by Mr. Philip Crowley, two great rarities passed to that institution. One of these is an egg of the great auk, and the other that of the Labrador duck. Both these came into the hands of Mr. Crowley on his acquisition of Canon Tristram's fine collection of eggs. The Crowley great auk's egg was purchased in the year 1853 for £35, while last year a very fine specimen brought 315 guineas. It is stated that the additions by this bequest to the collections of the Natural History Museum have increased their eggs nearly a third in numbers, and about 15 per cent. in species represented.

Ways of the Gadwall.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am very greatly indebted to the friends and unknown sportsmen whom I quote below for their kindness in responding so promptly and fully to my inquiry as to the manners of the gadwall duck. I am also obliged to you for your kindness in turning over to me the various notes which you have received on this subject, in order that I may bring them all together under a single head.

My friend Mr. Chas. P. Frame, of this city, whose experience in duck shooting covers a wide range, from Canada to the Southern States, and over much of the East and West, writes me something as to the abundance of the gadwall in recent times and their relative numbers. He says: "One day in 1900 in South Dakota I killed nearly eighty ducks from 10 o'clock till 4, having some twenty decoys tied out. Over half my bag were gadwalls."

"I have seen more gadwalls in South than in North Dakota. My shooting in the former State has been in the northern part, in counties adjoining North Dakota. In North Dakota I met with more mallards than others; next came blue-winged teal in the early part of the season, and green-wings later. Sprigs, redheads and widgeons were about the same as to numbers. Then follow the gadwalls and shovelers, and of these two species there were not so many."

Mr. Jos. B. Thompson, of this city, whose name is familiar to all students of game law matters, writes:

"A quarter of a century or so ago, when hunting in the Mississippi Valley was better than it now is, this duck was abundant at times; and it would decoy fairly well. At times, however, it would not do so at all. Why this was so is not clear to me. I think it was due to food conditions. When food was plentiful it was not easy to decoy; when it was scarce its disposition was different. Mallard or widgeon decoys I found satisfactory."

"In later years, in hunting on the Pacific coast, particularly from San Francisco north, I have found these birds plentiful only occasionally; but I think they decoyed just about as well as mallards. When artificial feeding was practiced they came in well whenever they were around. I have frequently shot them over mallard decoys, but I have never found them in such numbers as those ducks. I think they are growing scarcer."

Mr. O. D. Foulkes, of Stockton, Md., tells something of his experience with this bird on the Eastern Shore. It is interesting to know that an old English name is still applied here to the species. Mr. Foulkes says:

"Any variety of fowl will decoy if you have your decoys placed just where they wish to feed."

"My experience with the gadwall (*Anas strepera*), called here the blatin' duck—a corruption of-bleating—is that it is one of the poorest of the pond ducks to come to decoys. There have been so few of them here for the last ten years that it would be hard to say what they would do now. In years gone by they were very plentiful here, feeding in the small ponds with which the islands and marshes are dotted."

"They were killed in this way: A pond was found in

which, by the usual signs, it was determined that fowl were feeding. An hour or so before sundown the gunner went there, made a small blind, terminated that owls were feeding. An hour or so before sundown the gunner went there, made a small blind, and without decoys had good shooting at black ducks, mallards, widgeons, gadwalls and shovelers. I suppose they would have come to decoys of any kind, but as decoys were not necessary, the fowl coming to these ponds to feed, we did not use them.

"We shoot black duck and mallard in these ponds now, using four or five decoys. On moonlight nights we tack a strip of gray cloth or a few feathers on the back of the decoys to keep them from glistening. The black duck and mallard are all we find now; widgeons, gadwalls and shovelers are gone. I do not think the decoying of single birds is of any value to form an opinion of what any variety will do over the stools. My experience in wildfowl shooting is that a single bird of any variety will readily come to the decoys, while a large bunch of many of the varieties will dart and twist away out of gunshot, or even will make no offer whatever. The single exception to this is the golden-eye or whistler, yet no bird decoys so easily or with more confidence if you use but a few decoys, not over seven or eight.

"We have had more mallards here this fall than have been seen for many years. In fact it looks like the old days again. I also killed two female gadwalls, single birds, the only ones killed on the marshes in many years. Mr. Baker, of Milford, Del., killed from one of my blinds, a female American eider."

From Chicago comes a pithy note by Mr. Edwin F. Daniels, which is very interesting as agreeing with Mr. Foulkes' observations, which are those of most experienced duck shooters:

"I am a member of the Tolleston Club, of Chicago, which has a shooting preserve in northern Indiana. We had very heavy shooting last fall, both with the teal flight on Sept. 17, and with the mallard flight, which began about Oct. 15, and lasted until December. There were more gadwalls seen on our marsh last fall, I believe, than for several years, and the experience of one of our members, Mr. W. T. Johnson, with gadwalls, was quite remarkable.

"It was in the latter part of October, a beautiful fall day. Mr. Johnson went into a slough known to the club members as Second North Shore. As he went in there was seen to be quite a bunch of ducks on the water. He did not count them, but there were probably from twenty-five to fifty, a good, large flock. As they raised when he went in, he saw they were nearly all gadwalls. He put his decoys out and made his blind, and they soon began returning by ones and twos and small bunches until he had bagged twelve. They came in much like mallards and swung around and decoyed just the same as mallards. The open water where they sat when he first went in was not very large. They had evidently been in there feeding for some time and were anxious to get back. They might have come in in the same way had there been no decoys out; that of course it is impossible to determine, but to all appearances they came to the decoys just the same as mallards, and apparently answered the mallard call that Mr. Johnson and his pusher gave when they came in sight."

Mr. A. G. Holmes, of Green Bay, Wis., relates an interesting experience of last autumn, which seems to show the general unreliability of the bird under certain conditions. He says:

"The gadwall duck with us is a very unsatisfactory duck for decoy shooting. Sometimes they will decoy nicely, and at other times they will not.

"In two days' shooting from exactly the same point and with the same wind, the first day the birds would come as though they were about to decoy nicely, but when within 100 to 120 yards would swing off and go around behind us, while the second day they came fairly well.

"Our blind was well made, and we were well concealed in thick rushes about 2 ft. high and of a natural growth. Our clothes matched the weeds well, and the distance out to our decoys was about 30 yards; and from the decoys when low down we were invisible. Being no novices in duck shooting, we used every precaution in keeping still, and in setting out our decoys and fixing upon the place for the blinds, which, as stated, was very good. My companion was an old market-shooter of long experience, and he claimed that the gadwall was never a satisfactory duck to shoot over decoys."

The birds—and they were quite numerous on this day—and would come from the north and northwest, apparently looking for a place to feed; but would swing off and go around us, sometimes completely in a circle, but would not come within gun range. Our blind was so good that we managed to bag about thirty birds, a couple of canvasbacks being in the bunch, and the balance red-heads, bluebills and mallards.

"The next day we shot from the same place and with the same wind, and bagged about the same number of birds, but this day we killed about a dozen gadwalls, and they came to the decoys very prettily. This was during their southern flight in October, 1901, and if I remember rightly, was the 17th or 18th of the month.

"Now, why these birds should act differently is beyond me. The flocks were large on both days; often twenty to 25 birds being in one flock, although the flocks as a rule contained about a dozen. This is the way we get gadwalls at this point. We can never tell what they will do, as they are decidedly erratic in their ways."

I am greatly indebted to those whom I quote below for their kindness in responding so promptly and fully to my inquiries as to the manners of the gadwall duck. I am also obliged to you for your kindness in turning over to me the various notes which you have received on this subject in order that I may bring them together under a single head.

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The reports above quoted, coming as they do from so many localities, are extremely interesting to me, as I think they will be to all gunners. They seem to indicate that the gadwall is an uncertain bird in the matter of coming

to the decoys, but I should be very glad if we might hear from other observers, since the more evidence we can receive about this not very well known bird the better.

Mr. Daniels speaks of the response, which Mr. Johnson's gadwalls made to the mallard's call, and that brings up the question of the voice of the gadwall. Of course it is a common matter to call flying birds by the voice of another species, just as we sometimes call canvasback by honking to them like geese. The only cry that I personally have heard the gadwall utter is a single full rather high-pitched whistle. It may have other calls, however, and it would be interesting to learn if other people know what these cries are.

GEO. BIRD GRINNELL.

NEW YORK.

Studies of Bird Songs.

In a recent number of Science, Prof. W. E. D. Scott, of Princeton, N. J., has published an interesting paper regarding the propensity of birds to acquire new methods of expression in song. The subject naturally divides itself into three parts; first, the disposition of wild birds to change their normal song or to acquire new songs; second, the acquirement by direct teaching from man to birds in confinement of novel forms of expression; third, the propensity of captive birds to imitate songs or sounds that attract their attention.

Of these divisions, the first is sufficiently familiar. The trained field ornithologist recognizes the individuality of the song produced by many birds of a species. Certain observers also have heard wild birds produce the songs of other birds, as well as such unusual sounds as the barking of dogs, human speech, the creaking of a wheel, the filing of a saw and the like. The mockingbird is the best exponent of this apparently imitative faculty, but the catbird is almost equally facile in this respect. One of these birds which nested in the neighborhood of Prof. Scott's house in the season of 1900 reproduced the call of a whippoorwill so perfectly that it was a hard matter to induce those who heard it to believe that the song was not made by a whippoorwill. A person who was ignorant of the catbird's agency in the matter announced to Prof. Scott that she had heard a whippoorwill singing near his house repeatedly in the daytime, and inquired if this was a usual habit of the bird. During a residence of twenty years in the locality, the author has never heard whippoorwill nearer than three miles to the point in question.

The curious case of a rose-breasted grosbeak talking is quoted from Miss Emily B. Pellet, Worcester, Mass., who says:

"Early last summer, while standing on my back steps, I heard a cheerful voice say, 'You're a pretty bird. Where are you?' I supposed it to be the voice of a parrot, but wondered how any parrot could talk loud enough to be heard at that distance, for the houses on the street back of us are quite a way off.

"Almost before I had done laughing, the voice came again, clear, musical and strong: 'You're a pretty bird. Where are you?'

"For several days I endured the suspense of waiting for time to investigate. Then I chased him up. There he was in the top of a walnut tree, his gorgeous attire telling me immediately that he was a rose-breasted grosbeak.

"At the end of a week he varied his compliment to 'Pretty, pretty bird, where are you?' with a kind of impatient jerk on the last 'you.'

"He and his mate stayed near us all last summer, and though I heard him talk a hundred times, yet he always brought a feeling of gladness and a laugh.

"Our friend has come again this spring. About May 1 I heard the same endearing compliment as before.

"Several of my friends, whom I have told about him, have asked, 'Does he say the words plainly? Do you mean that he really talks?' My reply is, 'He says them just as plainly as a bird ever said anything; so plainly that even now I laugh whenever I hear him.'"

In the second division—the education of birds by direct teaching from man—the European bulfinch's ability to whistle airs has been well known and cultivated for a hundred years. This seems the more remarkable because the wild bulfinch has little or no song. Canary birds have learned to whistle simple airs; parrots, starlings, jays, crows and magpies also talk and whistle. The minos of India very readily learn to talk, sing and imitate many other birds' songs.

For the study of the third division of the subject—the propensity to imitate sounds that attract their attention—Prof. Scott has kept in captivity a considerable number of native birds, which have been left purely to themselves, with the view to learn what they would do in the way of song, their needs as to food and water being supplied. Among the birds so observed were bluebirds, robins, woodthrushes, catbirds, thrashers, yellow-breasted chats, rose-breasted grosbeaks, a cardinal, Baltimore and orchard orioles, cowbirds, crow and red-winged blackbirds and bluejays.

A number of the robins have peculiar songs, that do not resemble the wild robin's song. They are perhaps invented songs. Catbirds mimic the songs of other birds. The yellow-breasted chat imitates with astonishing fidelity the whistle sounded by the postman who comes to the house. The call deceives the members of the family, and even after the author was known, it still continued to call to the front door persons who believed the postman to be there.

A certain redwinged blackbird crows for ten months of the year in very close imitation of the crow of the common bantam rooster. A bluejay reproduces the song of the cardinal bird; the European jay has learned to imitate certain phrases spoken by the cockatoo. Finally Prof. Scott quotes a letter of Mr. Edwin T. Merrick, of New Orleans, telling of a duck, which was hatched with thirteen turkeys by a hen as foster mother, which followed the turkeys about, learned their call and "still imitates the turkey's note with its duck voice."

Prof. Scott concludes that the reason why birds in confinement diverge from the normal in habits of song is that all their physical wants being carefully looked after, they have leisure, and employ it in giving their attention to occurrences about them. Wild birds, on the

other hand, are more or less constantly occupied in seeking food, and they do not have much leisure.

This is a matter about which little is known, and the suggestion offered by Prof. Scott presents a broad field for investigators who have opportunities to pursue studies of this nature.

Snake and Scent.

WESTFIELD, New Jersey, Feb. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream*:—I notice in your issue of Feb. 1 a communication from A. L. L., Millhurst, N. J., relating an instance of a blacksnake following the trail of a rabbit, and expressing his surprise thereat, as it was all new to him.

I wish to say through *FOREST AND STREAM* to brother A. L. L. that not only blacksnakes but many other snakes follow the trail of their prey in exactly the same manner as a hound—by pure scent.

I have observed many instances of it in blacksnakes, watersnakes and gartersnakes.

I will relate one of the most singular and best demonstrated of my observations on this subject, viz.: Three of us were planting potatoes one May day, and hearing a sort of squeaking croak looked about for the source, and directly saw a watersnake coming along with a toad half in his mouth. I put my foot on the snake, and it at once threw out the toad and ran into a log heap near by. The toad lay flattened out on the ground for some five minutes, and then gradually opened its eyes and cautiously looked around, when, not seeing its enemy, it began to creep away—slow at first, then faster, until it had made a distance of probably 75 feet, when it straightened up, gave a squeaking, exultant sort of croak, and started on a jump and passed out of sight over a little hill toward a creek.

After the toad had disappeared we bethought ourselves of the snake, and looking toward the log heap saw its head projecting above the top and its tongue flashing. I said: "Boys, let's keep quiet and see what the snake will do," which being agreed to, we stepped behind a big stump and waited for developments. Very soon we noticed the snake had drawn itself entirely upon the log heap, and was surveying the situation. It soon seemed to be satisfied, for it descended and made a careful circuit—exactly as a dog would do—to find the trail; and when it came to the place where the toad had crawled away, it stopped instantly; then holding its head about five or six inches from the ground, started at a rapid gait after the toad. In about two hours' time we were in the vicinity of the log heap again planting, and the subject being called to mind by the log heap, we began to discuss the matter, when some one shouted, "Well, here comes that snake now." And sure enough, there was a watersnake following back on the trail where the other had gone out. And as this snake seemed to be very portly, I concluded to investigate. So we killed the snake and opened it, and found the toad as I expected. The toad lay dormant for some minutes, then gradually went through his former performance and returned rejoicing to the creek, this time with one enemy less to contend with.

M. L. NICHOLS.

An Outing in Acadia.—X.

BY EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

[Continued from Vol. LVII., page 845.]

"WELL, Doctor," said I, as he tossed the newt and tadpole back into the water, "your pan of mud will give us an evening's entertainment, I have no doubt; but see, here is one of the biggest caterpillars I ever met with; it's a perfect monster."

"Yes," he replied, breaking off the small branch of an oak to which the worm was hanging, "it is a beautiful specimen, indeed; fully grown and all ready to spin its cocoon. It is late in doing so, however. It is a fine specimen: it is the caterpillar of the American silk worm, or Polyphemous moth (*Telea polyphemus*); its history is now well known, and its value as a silk producer has been fully established, chiefly by an enthusiastic naturalist named Trouvellot, who had at one time a vast number on a tract of several acres of scrub oaks in Medford, near Boston."

The larva which the Doctor still held was about three inches in length and it was very thick and fleshy; its body was of a handsome yellowish-green color, with seven oblique lines of a pale yellowish on each side; its head was of a light brown; the underside of the body was striped longitudinally with a faint yellowish band; the feet were brown, and there was a number of wart-like protuberances along its body of a variety of bright colors. The posterior part of the caterpillar was bordered by a purplish-brown line in the form of the letter V.

"And so this is the Polyphemus larva," said I, examining the caterpillar more closely. "I had no idea that it lived in these parts."

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "and I have no doubt that other varieties which have been reared as silk producers occur here."*

"Other varieties?"

"Yes; Trouvellot experimented with several large and handsome species, among which the Polyphemus, Cecropia and Luna moths were the principal. He finally settled down to one and confined his attention to the Polyphemus. This is one of the handsomest of our

*The writer has frequently captured the Polyphemus in Nova Scotia, and, although I have not found the Cecropia and Luna, I have never had any doubt that they occur there. To settle the matter beyond question, I wrote to Mr. Robert R. McLeod, of Brookfield, N. S., for information, and his reply was: "I have a poor specimen of a Luna moth that I obtained in the summer of 1899, and have seen two others in twelve years here. The Cecropia I have seen from time to time; its caterpillar oftener than the moth."

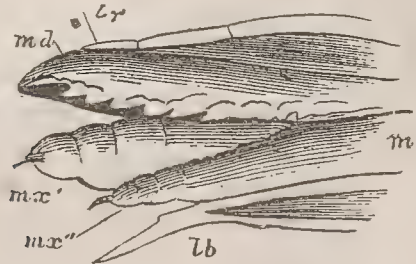
A. H. McKay, Esq., Superintendent of Education for Nova Scotia, also writes, in reply to my inquiries: "The silk worm moths, to which you refer, are pretty common in Nova Scotia. Some years ago I prepared illustrated articles—lessons—as samples of 'nature object lessons' in the public schools, *A. Cecropia* being the first, as it is the most common, so far as my observation has gone; *A. polyphemus* second, and if I prepared a lesson on *A. luna* it was more on account of its gorgeous shape and green color than of its commonness. * * * We have lists of portions of our insects published, * * * but I cannot say whether there is any large list of the nocturnal moths. However, the three species which you name will be in any list that covers such group, as they are the best known."

lepidopterous insects, and it measures across its expanded wings from four to six inches."

"Its color is a dull ochre-yellowish, clouded somewhat with black in the middle of the wings. The front margin of the wings has a gray stripe, and near the hinder margin is a dusky band edged with reddish white. On each of the wings is a transparent eye-like spot, surrounded by black and yellow rings, and before the eye-spot of the hind wing is a large patch of blue which shades into black."

"It must be a very handsome moth, judging by your description," I observed.

"It is, but it is not so beautiful as the Cecropia moth, which is also larger than the other, its wings expanding sometimes to six and a half inches. They are of a grayish, dusky brown, and the hinder margins are clay colored; near the middle of each wing is a kidney-shaped reddish spot with a white center and a narrow black

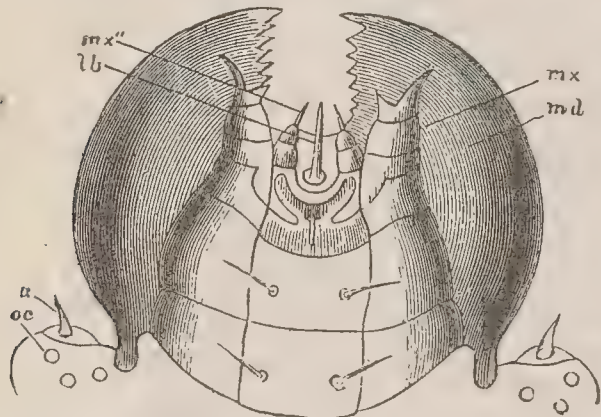


Longitudinal section of the mouth of a lepidopterous larva, seen from the middle line; *m*, cavity of the mouth; *lr*, labrum or upper lip; *lb*, labium or lower lip; *mx*, maxillae; *md*, mandibles.

border; near the tip of each fore wing is an eye-like spot, black and with a bluish-white crescent, and there is a wavy, reddish band across each wing bordered on the inner side with white; on the fore wings next to the body is a curved white band on a dull red ground. The body on the upper side is of a dull reddish-brown color, and on the under side it is variegated red and white; there is also a number of white rings across the abdomen, and the body is covered with a soft, dense down."

There is as much beauty in the Luna moth as in the Cecropia, but it is of more delicate character.

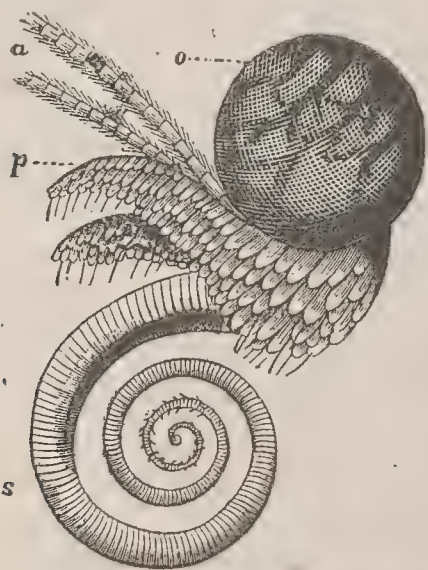
The Luna extends from four and a half to five and a half inches across the extended wings, and each hind



The mouth of a Lepidopterous larva seen from below; *a*, antennae; *oc*, ocelli; *lb*, labium or lower lip; *mx*, *mx'*, *md*, maxillae and mandibles.

wing is prolonged over an inch at the posterior angle so as to give the insect the appearance of being swallow-tailed. The color of the wings is of an exquisitely delicate pea-green, and along the front edge of the fore wings and across the front of the thorax, or that part of the body to which the wings are attached, is a brownish-purple stripe; the legs and outer edges of the wings are also of that color. On each of the wings, near the middle, is an eye-like transparent spot which is surrounded by white, red, yellow and black rings. The body of the insect, like that of the others, is covered with soft down, which on the Luna is white.

Mr. Trouvellot experimented with all these species in his attempts at silk culture, but, as the Doctor stated,



Side view of the head of a moth, showing the compound eyes, *o*; the antennae, *a*; the palpi, *p*; the antlia, *s*.

he at last confined his operations to rearing the Polyphemus moth. He published a very interesting description of these insects, and gave in it much important information regarding them.

From his paper, which is a very lengthy one, I will make a few extracts. He says:

"The Polyphemus worm, like all other silk worms, changes its skin five times during its larval life. The moulting takes place at regular periods, which come around about every ten days for the first four moultings, while about twenty days elapse between the fourth and fifth moultings. The moulting generally takes place after four o'clock in the afternoon; a little before this time the worm holds its body erect, grasping the leaf with the two pairs of hind legs only; the skin is wrinkled and detached from the body by a fluid which circulates between it and the worm; two longitudinal white bands are seen on each side, produced by a portion of the lin-

ing of the spiracles, which at this moment have been partly detached; meanwhile the contractions of the worm are very energetic, and by them the skin is pulled off and

of this loose skull-cap, removes it by rubbing it on a leaf; this done, the worm finally crawls out of its skin. Once out of its old skin, the worm makes a careful re-



THE CECROPIA MOTH.

From Harris' "Insects Injurious to Vegetation."

pushed toward the posterior part; the skin thus becomes so extended that it soon tears, first under the neck, and then from the head. When this is accomplished, the

view of the operation, with its head feeling the aperture of every spiracle, as well as the tail, probably for the purpose of removing any broken fragment of skin which



THE POLYPHEMUS MOTH, MALE.

From Harris' "Insects Injurious to Vegetation."

most difficult operation is over, and now the process goes on very rapidly. By repeated contractions the skin is folded toward the tail, like a glove when taken

might have remained in these delicate organs. Not only is the outer skin cast off, but also the lining of the air tubes and intestines, together with all the chewing organs



THE LUNA MOTH.

From Harris' "Insects Injurious to Vegetation."

off the hand, and the lining of the spiracles (breathing tubes) comes out in long, white filaments. When about one-half of the body appears, the shell remains like a cap, inclosing the jaws, then the worm, as if reminded

and other appendages of the head."

Trouvellot further says that the worm "when fifty-six days old is fully grown, and has consumed not less than one hundred and twenty oak leaves weighing three-

fourths of a pound; beside this, it has drank not less than one-half ounce of water. So the food taken by a single silk worm in fifty-six days equals in weight eighty-six thousand times the primitive weight of the worm. When fully grown, the worm, which has been devouring the leaves so voraciously, becomes restless and crawls about the branches in search of a suitable place to build up its cocoon; before this it is motionless for some time, holding on to the twig with its front legs, while the two hind pairs are detached; in this position it remains for some time, evacuating the contents of the alimentary canal,

through the fine texture of the wall; then a gummy, resinous substance, sometimes of a light brown color, is spread over all the inside of the cocoon.

"The larva continues to work for four or five days, hardly taking a few minutes' rest, and finally another coating is spun in the interior, when the cocoon is all finished and completely air-tight."

The silk is spun quite differently from that of the spiders already described. If we examine carefully the lower lip of the caterpillar which is ready to make its cocoon, we will see there is an outlet of a small conical



SPHINX MOTH WITH TONGUE UNCOILED.

until finally a gelatinous, transparent, very caustic fluid, looking like albumen, or the white of an egg, is ejected; this is a preparation for the long catalepsy that the worm is about to fall into. It now feels with its head in all directions, to discover any leaves to which to attach the fibres that are to give form to the cocoon. If it finds the place suitable, it begins to wind a layer of silk around a twig, then a fibre is attached to a leaf near by, and by

tube in the middle of it; from this the silk exudes in a sort of sticky fluid which hardens as soon as it is exposed to the air. Some species make a large quantity, while others but very little.

In the cocoon the pupa gradually assumes the imago or moth form, and early in the following summer it emerges as a moth. Its mode of escape from the silky covering is a most interesting example of the methods nature has provided to carry out her ends. Although the caterpillars have strong cutting jaws the moths have none whatever, their place being filled by tubular tongues, through which water and dew and the honey of flowers is sucked up by the insects for food. These tongues are often very long, sometimes a number of inches, and when not in use they are coiled up spirally under the insect's mouth like a watch spring. Without jaws then to gnaw out of the cocoon some other method of escape must be provided, and this is done most perfectly and in the simplest manner, for when the moth is ready to emerge a peculiar secretion, called bombycic acid, exudes from its mouth which acts upon the gum and fibres of the silk, finally permitting the insect to burst it open and come out. The moth is perfect when it emerges from the cocoon with the exception of its wings, which are hardly more than pads upon its shoulders. The moth remains perfectly quiet for a few minutes, when the wings begin to grow, and in about twenty minutes they have attained their full size.

For a few minutes the Doctor and I studied the caterpillar which hung motionless from the twig in his hand, and then he attached it to a branch of an oak near by.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Perils of the Alaskan Coast.

A PRESS dispatch from Vancouver, dated Jan. 9, gives details of the loss of the steamer Bristol, which was wrecked near Dixon Entrance on her way to the Treadwell River, near Juneau, Alaska.

I well remember the Bristol as I saw her in August, 1897, first at the dock in Victoria and later on in Skagway Harbor, with a glacier for background, a snub-nosed tramp steamer of a type common on the Atlantic coast, loaded down with men and horses, who were to participate in the first Klondike rush. Some said that she carried 800 passengers on this trip. She had picked them up by cutting rates and by making more liberal arrangements for the carriage of horses and supplies than the regular lines, and there was a general impression that horses and men alike got about what they paid for.

Be that as it may, she is gone, and with her has disappeared the last of the steamships (with the possible exception of the Rosalie), of which I had an intimate knowledge at the time of my visit to Alaska in 1897-98. The list, though short, and comprising as it does but a fraction of the shipping loss since the discovery of the Klondike and Nome, is suggestive. First there was the Mexico, on which I had reserved passage to the north. The company operating her refused to make provision for my horses, and I gave up my reservation, taking passage on the Islander instead. The Mexico was wrecked on this very trip, and though the Islander survived four years, she too went under last summer, as all newspaper readers know, with considerable loss of life. Lastly there was the Clara Nevada, which I missed at the dock in Skagway by the smallest possible fraction of time, only to find upon my arrival in Seattle that she had blown up and was lost with every soul on board.

One of the Seattle newspapers published not long ago a list of the vessels wrecked on the Alaska route, and though I do not recollect the number, the total was something appalling.

The thing was commented upon from the standpoint of the marine underwriters upon a basis of dollars and cents, but from another point of view it illustrates the thorns which strew the path of the gold seeker, a solemn warning of the uncertainty of life in the frozen north.

J. B. B.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Hunting with Henry Braithwaite.

II.—Caribou and Deer.

WHEN we got back to camp, after Charlie Small killed the big moose, Theodore and Jerry, who had been left to skin the smaller one, had a story to tell. After Charlie, Henry and I had left them at work, they had kept up their fire, as it was cold business cutting up the frozen meat. They had been at work perhaps an hour and a half, and had plainly heard the fusillade which accompanied the decease of the second moose. Then they heard a noise close by, and saw a large bull moose moving their way. He came up within 50 feet of them, when he stopped and stared, not seeming to know what to make of them or their fire. Jerry called at him, "co, co, co," just as if he were an ox in a barnyard. The boys said the moose only shook his head, and was in no hurry to leave them. Finally he trotted off in a leisurely way. The next day, when Theodore and Jerry went over the mountain to bring in Charlie's big moose head, they said the moose that came to look at them had a head quite as large as the one Charlie got.

There was a big yellow "sable" or marten that stayed under the floor of Henry's home camp. When any partridge heads or other refuse pieces of meat were thrown out, the sable would come out and eat them, in broad daylight. If any one came out of the camp door while he was eating, he would stand his ground, and bark defiance in the funny little hoarse cough that expresses sable disapproval.

Henry's gun rack at the home camp was a curiosity. Beside our rifles, it contained a .45 double English rifle, a .45-70 Marlin, a Snider and two shotguns. After one of Henry's 30-bore sportsmen this fall had wounded and lost five moose, thereby nearly breaking Henry's heart, he took out the old Snider, commonly known as "the Binding Pole," and got his moose the first shot. A Snider, be it known, is .577 caliber. The bullet weighs 480 grains, and the propelling force is 76 grains of black powder. There is no question whether this bullet mushrooms. It has diameter already before it strikes. What is the difference in principle between such a weapon and a high-power smokeless? Try this experiment: Make a small cross-bow, with heavy rubber bands for the propelling force. Take a light wooden projectile, with a nail in the end. Place a block of wood in front of the cross-bow. Draw the rubber back to its utmost tension. Release it, and the nail point will be driven a considerable distance into the wooden block, which, however, will not be moved.

Now take a much heavier projectile with a nail point in it. Draw the rubber only half as far back, if you please; but be sure your projectile is heavy. Release it, and what happens? The tension is much less, the velocity is lower, the nail point is not driven so far into the block, but the block itself is knocked flying.

Now, compare the case of the Weaver moose, famous all over New Brunswick, with the moose killed by the Snider. The Weaver moose was in the open. He came right out of the water alongside of Mr. Weaver, who had every chance in the world, at short range, with a .30-30. Thirteen bullets from this rifle struck the moose. Donald McCoy told me there was no mistake about the number, and when they found the moose long after, that statement was found to be correct. But Mr. Weaver lost the moose. The poor animal died two miles from where he was shot, and some lumbermen swamping in a road, after the snow came, ran against something sticking above the snow. It was the tip of one enormous antler. The blades were about 20 inches wide, and the head was one of the finest ever seen in the Province.

In the case of the Snider moose, one shot was fired. It smashed both shoulders of the moose, which fell on its knees. "That was the first time I ever see a moose say his prayers," said Dunc Moon, who witnessed these doings. In the one case thirteen light bullets, fired at high tension, had no immediate effect on the great bulk and amazing vitality of the bull. In the other case, one heavy, large-bore bullet, fired at low tension, knocked the animal down and out, and he never got up. The blow delivered anywhere at all in the frame of the moose would have had the same effect.

Having in two days exhausted the legal limit of a moose apiece, we decided the next day to move camp up to Gover Lake, on the edge of the caribou country. This Gover Lake camp is one of Henry's own construction, and he regards it as being now the very center of his hunting ground. It is ten miles north of Little Southwest Lake, and near the head of the river. From there it is only a day's journey to the water shed of the Serpentine, a tributary of the Tobique.

Gover Lake is really only an irregular enlargement of the Little Southwest Miramichi. It had frozen over just before the first snow, and the thin ice was covered a few inches deep. In order to get to the high, open barrens where the caribou are found in winter, it was necessary to cross Gover Lake. We tried it one day, and there was such an ominous threat from the buckling ice that we gave it up for that time, and Henry and I went up on the ridges back of camp to try for a deer, as we needed meat here. It was too far to carry the moose meat from below in such traveling.

Again the white glory of the hardwood forest. Again the matchless witchery of glistening twig and bending branch, loaded to the endurance limit. You must see the evergreens thus covered to understand the utility of this tree form, and the fitness of its survival.

Soon we came upon a big deer track, fresh and sharp. Its maker was going very slowly, just wandering around and nibbling, here and there rubbing his horns against a tree. Every minute we expected to see the tracks stretch out into long, straight jumps. But no; in fifteen or twenty minutes Henry made a gesture I have learned to know so well. He pointed with his ax handle. There, not 15 yards ahead, stood the buck, his head cocked on one side, looking at us in the most benevolent, amiable

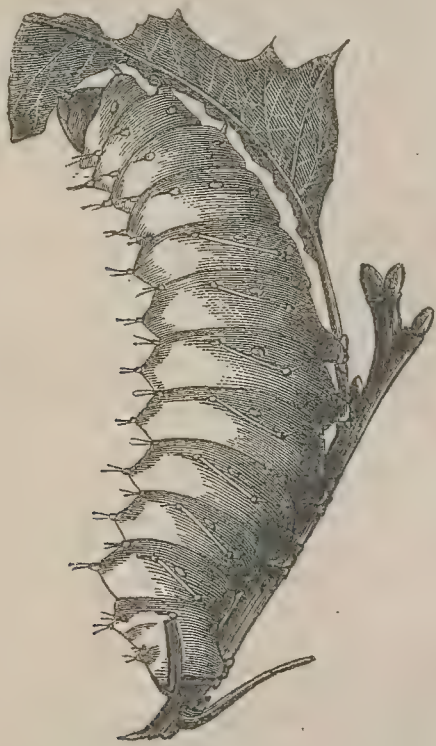


COCOON.



CHRYSALIS.

many times doubling this fibre and making it shorter every time, the leaf is made to approach the twig at the distance necessary to build the cocoon; two or three leaves are disposed like this one, and their fibres are spread between them in all directions, and soon the ovoid form of the cocoon appears. This seems to be the most difficult feat for the worm to accomplish, as after this the work is simply mechanical, the cocoon being



CATERPILLAR OF THE AMERICAN SILK WORM.

made of regular layers of silk united by a gummy substance. The silk is distributed in zig-zag lines about one-eighth of an inch long. When the cocoon is made, the worm will have moved his head to and fro, in order to distribute the silk; about two hundred and fifty-four thousand times.

"After about half a day's work, the cocoon is so far completed that the worm can hardly be distinguished

way you can imagine. His eyes beamed kindness; he was just the most exaggerated picture of beauty you ever say. If a girl had been there she would have said truly, "Isn't he a dear?" It was with real pity in my heart at the murder of it that I pulled the rifle from its case and shoved the cartridge, a brazen monster just about the size of a pint cup. But there was nothing else to do. I raised the rifle slowly, the bead shone fair against the graceful neck, just where the white tapered into the brown. I was awfully sorry to shoot that deer. It was a low-down betrayal of confidence. But I pulled the trigger, the heavy ordnance roared, the mountain jarred, and I looked.

Fifty yards away I got a glimpse of a bouncing, flaunting thing of rubber and steel zigzagging out of sight. My sympathy had been premature. I had made a beautiful, elegant, clean miss. I call on those hills to witness that I have never lost a moose at which I fired. I once missed a caribou at 200 yards, and Henry can tell you he never saw me miss anything else, not even the passing of a jug. How in the world I let that deer go will ever be a mystery to me. But to my dying day I shall be glad of it.

The weather was freezing all the time, but not cold for us. Our great trouble was that in trousers, drawers, undershirt, sweater and three pairs of woolen socks to resist the snow, we were nearly always too warm.

When I was in Boston on my way to New Brunswick I went into a clothing store with Charlie Small's father, who wanted to please Charlie. So when he saw a leather-lined corduroy vest, that was warranted to keep out the cold of Greenland, he bought it. I got one for myself, and also got a pair of long-legged corduroy trousers. It had long been my ambition to own a corduroy suit. I remember when I was a boy up in Michigan, and the grown men started out for a fall deer shoot, the swellest of them wore corduroy; and I somehow got the idea that you couldn't really enjoy yourself in the woods without ribbed clothes. For twenty-five years I had had other use for my money, but this fall I managed to get \$3.50 together and buy the trousers. I wore them two days going in, and the boys said they could hear the legs scrape together when I was a quarter of a mile off.

Charlie Small wore the leather-lined corduroy vest one day, and that night he had to hang all his clothes by the fire to dry, and the next day too. Charlie said he had only one ambition, which was to get the vest on his father some day when he had a long walk to take that couldn't be postponed. After that the corduroys stayed in camp.

For a few minutes in the gray morning we would wear the woolen mittens, as we started out from camp. Then first one would come off, soon the other, and we would be warm till we stopped to boil the kettle, while Henry would devastate the ever-present rampike for the noon-day fire. I have been a good deal colder since I came home to Washington this winter than I was up among the New Brunswick green woods.

The next day after the episode of the vanishing buck Henry and Charlie and I went up to the great barren which a few fortunates will recognize by the name of the Graham Plains. This is the great caribou ground of Henry's country. The caribou are everywhere except where the moose have driven them away; but on the Graham Plains and vicinity they are nearly always to be seen. They go there to dig the moss under the snow. We were so sure of getting some meat that Theodore and Jerry were taken along to cut up and lug back to camp some yet unselected victim.

Gover Lake growled and protested as we crossed it. The warm blanket of the snow had kept it from freezing very thick, and in many places our shoe packs brought the water up through the snow. Henry went ahead, whacking now and then in a perfunctory way with his ax. The ice carried him all right. He weighs a scant 150. When the ice cracked with Henry it was small assurance to Charlie Small bringing up the rear, for Charlie weighs 200. But it has often been a wonder to me how much abuse new ice will really stand before it breaks. Sometimes Henry would warn us to be ready to throw ourselves on our faces if necessary; but as usual when you go with Henry, nothing happened, and we clambered out at the upper end of the lake and picked up the trail.

Now, it is about a mile from the head of the lake to the Lower Plain. I suppose we all expected, in a vague way, to see some caribou pretty soon, if we were lucky. The wind was at our backs, which was bad. But there was no other way to get where we wanted to go. We toiled up a little hillock, and as our heads rose above the top Henry began heartily to swear. The whole landscape in sight was simply a cloud of galloping caribou and flying snow.

That was Charlie's introduction to caribou. He lives in Maine, where there are none, and here, the very first thing, we had run again more caribou than I ever saw before in all my hunting trips together. You couldn't count them, but I'll bet anybody that there were 100 caribou within gunshot. They didn't stay long. Some of them had winded us before we saw them, and that started them.

The main herd swept out of sight, among the balsams, and then some scattering ones that had missed the first roll-call began to pile over the hill. It was Charlie's ambition to get a good head, but it was late in the season, most of the old bulls had already shed their antlers, as Henry had predicted, and there were only a few traveling treetops in the bunch. But among the very last of the outfit a bull with a very good head stopped to look back and see what it was all about. He was about 200 yards off and Charlie took a quick shot at him with the .375. Just as he fired, the caribou gave a jump and went over the divide.

Henry thought there might be more caribou ahead, and that if we did not follow the main herd they might soon quiet down, and we might look them up later. He never follows alarmed animals if he can help it.

Charlie and I were amazed to see the countless tracks. The caribou had apparently been trying to see how much snow they could dig up and beat down.

We went on for half a mile, and Henry began to show signs of coming to a point. Pretty soon he pointed out two caribou lying down. Neither of them had horns. Charlie wanted horns. The camp wanted meat. We

stood and looked at them till a little cow that we had not seen at all rose up, looked at us, and started to get out of that. When she was about 70 yards off and going pretty fast, I sighted for the end of her nose with the two-bushel rifle, and the four men who were watching say that the caribou seemed to bounce right into the air as the gun went off. Anyway, she didn't get up any more, and the disgraceful miss of yesterday was wiped out. The bullet had struck too far back for a small-bore man, but it did the business, and there was meat for Theodore and Jerry to lug.

After lunch we went back to where Charlie had fired at the big bull. There was a splotch of blood where the caribou had stood. The .375, with its 320 grain hollow point bullet and 2,100 feet initial velocity, which some people tell you will stop a charging elephant, had not even knocked the caribou down. Henry and Charlie and I followed the trail of blood about a quarter of a mile, and then, all traces being obliterated by the hoof-marks of the herd, had to give it up. That was the only animal we wounded and lost on the entire trip.

When we went back to the lake we found that Theodore and Jerry had made a long bridge of small trees, placed end to end, to get out on to the ice, because there were springs under it at that end of the lake, and we had shaken it up pretty well, coming over the ice in the morning.

Having now killed my one moose and one caribou, I was out of the running, but I went along with Charlie and Henry the next day to give them the benefit of my valuable company and advice. We went away up to the Graham Lakes, where the water from one runs into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and from the next one, forty rods away, into the Tobique, St. John and Bay of Fundy. We didn't see any more caribou conventions, but when we came to the first lake, and from the hills looked down on the tracks on the ice, it certainly looked as though the caribou might be at home.

When you have traveled over miles of snow, unmarked by the feet of any living thing, and then come on to a maze of fresh tracks, showing the presence, not only of one animal, but of many, it has a very stimulating effect on the mind. So, though no caribou were in sight, we made the circuit necessary to get a friendly wind, and looked over every new vista with the keenest expectations.

We had scarcely come in sight of the second lake (the one falling into Tobique water) before we saw a bunch of caribou out on the ice, and we crouched down and watched them. There was one large bull in the party, but he had shed his antlers. So there was no shooting to be done. But it was great fun to watch these restless, care-free animals as they aimlessly poked around, on the surface of the snow-covered ice. The country around these lakes is very rough and broken, full of piled up rocks. The outlet of one lake, which for some distance is a canoe stream in size, disappears entirely beneath the rocky formation for miles, and then comes out again.

While we were watching the caribou on the ice three more came out of a little spruce growth just below us, and among them was a young bull with quite a head of horns. Charlie concluded that it was good enough for his purposes, and so, resting the rifle on his knee, picked the spot he wanted and let go. The distance, we afterward found, to be 110 yards, down hill.

The caribou gave a couple of jumps, stood for a few seconds as though looking for a place to lie down, and then tore frantically down the gulch, making the snow fly at a great rate as he tumbled headlong to his death. The shot was classical in its perfect location, 4 inches behind the foreleg, midway between back and belly. The high velocity light bullet did not knock the animal down as a bullet from the two-bushel gun would have done. The hollow point seemed to have splattered into the lungs and the solid-jacketed base had gone right through, making the exit hole just about as large as the entrance.

On the way home we made a long detour, and struck one of the river branches falling into Gover Lake. This we followed down, and came upon the broad trail of a great caribou herd, probably the one we had seen the day before. Every hour or so we would jump a few stragglers.

It was dark by the time we got to the lake, and an impenetrable snow squall struck us while we were crossing. We could not even see our morning tracks on the ice, and Henry kept feeling for them with his feet. It was a great comfort to know that the responsibility of avoiding the numerous air holes, springs and soft spots in the ice rested on some one beside ourselves. That was what we had Henry for. For a long time we plodded through the darkness and storm, wishing we were at home; but presently the dim outline of the wooded shore loomed feebly, and then we were on the trail.

At this point in the proceedings a curious quality of the shoe-pack developed. If you have never worn one you have something to live for. The shoe-pack is the easiest foot covering to be found for the woods. But it has no heel, and under certain conditions its soleless bottom becomes very slick and slippery; and then, as Henry says, "look out or you will be up-ended." When we struck the trail the shoe-packs had accumulated a coating of frozen slush and new snow that made them slip at every step. I could neither walk nor stand with any comfort. And Henry said he ought not to laugh at anybody for twenty years, he laughed so much at me during the interminable quarter of a mile from the foot of the lake to the camp. I could sympathize with Henry a day or two thereafter, though, when, as he was going down a ridge ahead of me, his feet shot out, and he landed on his ribs with a sound exactly like that produced when you strike a big roll of carpet with a club. But all these things, as Henry says, belong to hunting.

It was getting along toward the end of the month, and as Charlie and I had an engagement at Portland for Thanksgiving Day, we decided to move down country by slow degrees, and so we sorrowfully left Gover Lake and took the winter trail down the Little Southwest and across Birch Lake to the camp at Moccasin Lake, which Henry uses as a half-way house on just such occasions. Henry and Charlie and I took to the ridges for a possible buck, while the transportation department stuck religiously to the trail.

FREDERIC IRLAND.

Massachusetts Game Interests.

From the annual report of the Massachusetts Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game.

There is undoubtedly a very utilitarian side to the protection of game in this Commonwealth. With the passage of years the New England States have become increasingly the favorite resorts in summer and autumn of those of ample means, who find an abundance of game one of the greatest attractions which nature offers. It is well known to be an inducement to some, more powerful than any other; hence millions of dollars are annually spent by sportsmen in a neighboring State in the enjoyment of hunting, and no insignificant portion of those millions is contributed by citizens of this State. If, then, it is possible by judicious protection to improve our game conditions, so that sportsmen from less favored States and from this Commonwealth shall be attracted thereby, it is evident that positive benefit will result, inasmuch as considerable sums of money will be retained within our own borders which otherwise might go elsewhere. It certainly seems wise to utilize as fully as possible the large areas of wild land and covers that still remain in the State, and to that extent hold out an inducement for those with means to build summer homes in many localities which may be largely benefited thereby.

But there is another side to this question. While the well-to-do may experience no special deprivation from a scarcity of game in this State, because they have both time and money to seek desirable conditions in other localities, it must be conceded that a reasonable conservation of game by adequate protection, stocking the covers, etc., is a matter of much moment to thousands who may derive both pleasure and physical benefit from hunting, but may not be able to expend the time and money required for a trip to some other State or to Canada. It is therefore highly desirable that every reasonable effort should be made to preserve and increase the game in Massachusetts, and the benefit to be derived therefrom seems to warrant any reasonable outlay which may be made for such a purpose.

Referring to these questions, the Boston Globe of Jan. 24, 1901, makes the following statements:

Generous encouragement from the Legislature in the way of a sufficient appropriation to conduct experiments and to keep in active service a corps of game wardens is all that is necessary to retain within the State boundaries a supply of game in abundance sufficient to warrant good shooting. There is no good reason why shotgun men should be forced by scarcity of game to go to other States for their field sports. What the privilege of hunting means to men whose business confines them to workshops, manufactories and counting rooms cannot be expressed in words or figures. The desire to hunt is almost universal, and probably no other form of recreation is so healthful or so helpful to jaded nerves. Some have the time and means to visit other sections to enjoy the privilege of hunting, but a large number cannot afford this, even though they may most need the relaxation from their ordinary duties which it brings. It is to the advantage of the general public, and consequently beneficial to the State, that every reasonable measure should be taken to promote an increase of game.

But, even if the claim made by some, that hunting is a "fad," be granted, and its great advantage as a recuperative recreation be ignored, there is still an imperative necessity that wise protective laws should be enacted, and that they should be enforced with vigor and determination. This may be more fully appreciated when it is known that science has declared that "this world of ours would not be inhabitable by men in fifty years after its bird life had been taken from it." It is only necessary to refer to statements made by E. H. Forbush, ornithologist of the State Board of Agriculture, to be able to comprehend this, and to realize the importance of the work that is continuously carried on by birds during certain months of the year. Few appreciate how much humanity is indebted to birds, but there can no longer be excuse for neglecting them.

Effect of Recent Laws.

Effect of Recent Laws.—The laws relating to shore, marsh and beach birds (Acts of 1901, chapter 178), to squirrels, hares or rabbits (Acts of 1901, chapter 102), to snaring partridges, hares and rabbits (Acts of 1901, chapter 141), and to shooting in Boston harbor (Acts of 1901, chapter 174), have all been so recently enacted that it is too soon to speak with precision and in detail of their effect. It can, however, be said in general terms that their effect has been very beneficial. The full protection to the passenger pigeon, the small gulls and the terns is most desirable, and may be expected to lead to gratifying results. The change in the opening of the hunting season for squirrels, hares and rabbits, so that it corresponds with the beginning of the open season for other game, is most commendable; while the same can be said of the change in the snaring law, whereby snaring on one's own land is legal only during the months of October and November.

But it is possible to judge with some accuracy of the effect of the game law which prohibits the sale of partridge and woodcock (Acts of 1900, chapter 379), for its beneficial results are already observable to a very pronounced degree in nearly all sections of the State, notwithstanding it has been in force so short a time. There can be no doubt that the increase in ruffed grouse, concerning which there is a large mass of evidence at hand, is directly attributable to this measure and the active enforcement of the game laws. The outlook for the woodcock also seems somewhat improved, even to the extent that it is reported breeding in this State, although it is well known that its appearance is generally as a migrant.

While the act referred to does not prevent the sale of quail from cold storage between the first of December and the first of May, if legally taken in this Commonwealth, the nearly practical elimination of the pot hunter, by the restrictions on the sale of partridge and woodcock, has unquestionably proved a protection to quail, and to that extent has led to their increase. It is the universal testimony that quail have not been so abundant in many years as during that covered by this report.

Sea and Shore Birds.

Sea and Shore Birds.—It is claimed by those who have been in a position to know, that the opportunities for shooting sea birds have been exceptionally good during the season covered by this report. The special feature this year at Chatham, for instance, was that up to

the middle of October at least there was a flight of birds every day, and consequent steady shooting; whereas in other autumns it is conceded that "there have been days of exceptional shooting which would more than equal any day this season, but on that one particular day the big bags had to be made, or not at all." As many as twelve to fifteen coots have been commonly killed in a morning by the local sportsmen at North Chatham, and one hunter "bagged eight coot and six shelldrake." Fine bags of yellowlegs, peeps, grass birds, etc., were also obtained. Conditions more or less similar to those above described prevailed along the south shore and elsewhere where sea and shore birds are generally sought.

Pheasants.

Pheasants.—Evidence of a gratifying increase of pheasants within the Commonwealth, and of their breeding successfully in a wild state, have been numerous and convincing. It is practicable to mention only a few of these, but the statements that follow demonstrate the capacity of the Mongolian pheasant not only to live in our climate, but to multiply rapidly. The success of the hen pheasants in rearing large broods shows conclusively that in an effort of this kind the natural instincts of the mother bird excel the best achievements of man.

Mr. W. G. Pray, of Topsfield, wrote as follows regarding pheasants on September 25: "Pheasants have bred well this season, and within a radius of twelve miles there are fifteen broods and from twelve to fifteen in a brood. * * * There are a number of broods in Topsfield, and the teamsters tell me that they start them in the road almost every day."

A gentleman who has watched with interest the work at Winchester, informed Commissioner Brackett that he had found a pheasant's nest early in the season, in a secluded place near enough for him to keep it under observation. Twenty-one eggs were laid in it, and these produced nineteen chicks, all of which were raised as long at least as the mother bird could keep them together. In another instance the commission was creditably informed of a young brood at or near Arlington that numbered fifteen.

The pheasant has done well on Nantucket. The Enquirer and Mirror of that town, in its issue of September 21, said: "The Mongolian pheasants, which were liberated in the vicinity of Pognay several months ago, are multiplying rapidly, several large broods of young birds having been discovered this week."

At the other extremity of the State the outlook also seems encouraging.

Deputy Nichols, writing on September 29, states that he had been informed by a well-known sportsman at Turner's Falls that a man had seen two pheasants near that village a few days previous; also, that Deputy Brockway, of South Hadley, had stated that a farmer living near where the pheasants were liberated last spring, in the last-mentioned town, saw an old bird and ten young ones a few days previous to the date of Mr. Nichols's letter.

Hon. I. M. Small, of North Truro, in a letter dated Oct. 26, 1901, makes the following statement: "A beautiful cock pheasant was seen in the field between our house and the lighthouse last Tuesday, quite likely one of those which you put out here last spring."

Deer.

Deer.—There are many evidences that deer are increasing in this State to a satisfactory degree, and that they are widely distributed. Occasionally one is killed by accident or design, but the persistency with which the deputies have investigated all complaints of deer being illegally killed, or killed in any manner, undoubtedly has had a tendency to prevent many, who otherwise might have hunted deer, from engaging in so hazardous an enterprise.

Complaints of the abundance of deer have been received from farmers, who claim that their growing crops have been injured by the animals. Other evidences of the increase of deer are too numerous to be quoted here, and they are sufficient to indicate that the protection given by the State has resulted satisfactorily; it has demonstrated the feasibility of keeping this beautiful wild animal within our State borders, and if the chasing of it by dogs can be prevented, there is no doubt that we can ultimately have deer to hunt in Massachusetts for a few days at least in each year.

It will thus be seen that the game conditions in the State indicate much advancement, and, with some hoped-for improvement in the protective laws and adequate means for their enforcement, there is reason for anticipating much in the future which until now seemed almost hopeless.

Breeding Game Birds and Animals.

Winchester.—The breeding of game birds and animals at the State experiment station at Winchester has been carried on as usual, but, for reasons specified in the following paragraphs, the success with birds came short of expectation.

Pheasants.—The past season has been very unfavorable for the artificial rearing of all kinds of birds. Owing to the warm weather of the previous fall, they molted late, and consequently had not recovered their usual vitality when winter overtook them. The spring was cold and wet, extending into June. Many of the eggs were not fertile, and many more lacked the vitality necessary for a continued life. The consequence was that the anticipations for a large increase in the number of pheasants at the station were not realized.

The Mongolian pheasant is a wild, restless bird, requiring a great deal of exercise and the widest range possible. By frequent experiments it has been found best to give the chicks, after the first five or six days, the liberty of the large enclosure. They grow faster and in every way are superior to those raised in small coops. They not only retain their instinct of self-preservation to a large extent, but learn to forage for themselves, and do not depend entirely on the hand of the superintendent for their food. As they grow older they will often fly over the fence into the adjoining woods and fields, but, if not caught by their enemies, will invariably return to the enclosure, and in the fall can be easily trapped for distribution or for confinement in winter quarters.

The experiments with the new food were continued

this year. This is a granulated food, in appearance closely resembling that which is sold under the name of "grape-nuts." For feeding young birds, a lightly cooked custard without sugar was thickened with the granulated food until sufficiently dry to crumble. Beginning when they were five or six days old, about one hundred pheasant chicks were fed once a day on this food and twice on maggots. As pheasants are not naturally grain feeders, and as young chicks are reluctant to feed on anything that is not alive, it was necessary to teach them to eat the food by mixing maggots with it. They soon acquired a taste for it, and the effect was apparent, as they made rapid growth, began molting early, and when trapped in the fall were larger than any of the same age heretofore raised at the station.

As these birds had their liberty in the large enclosure, and were not always under close observation, it was thought advisable to try the new food with birds in confinement. Accordingly, thirty chicks were placed in the brooder house with small yards, and fed in the same way; but unfortunately, when three or four weeks old, a herd of migratory rats dug into the brooder house, and in one night killed twenty-six. The remaining four were more or less demoralized, yet one of them, a male, has made a phenomenal growth.

Until they are fully feathered out, young pheasants should not be fed on farinaceous food unless it is thoroughly cooked. In a state of nature the mother bird, although she may be a seed or grain feeder, never makes the mistake of feeding her young on such food.

Ruffed Grouse.—Unfortunately, we were unable to obtain eggs to continue experiments with grouse at Winchester this year. Superintendent Merrill made an effort to raise some partridge in confinement at Sutton. As in the experiment tried by Mr. Brackett the previous year, no difficulty was met with in hatching the chicks and raising them to about the same stage as those attained to at Winchester last season; but then they all died in a short time.

The Belgian Hare.

The Belgian Hare.—The remarkable rabbit craze that recently swept over the country has apparently subsided. Elaborate advertising caused a temporary boom that has not been sustained. Many books were published giving directions how to breed and care for these animals. The breeder was cautioned to avoid all currents of air, as it was sure to produce snuffles. Nor must the animals be given green food, as it would cause slobbers. Then followed thirty or forty different prescriptions for sick rabbits, conveying the idea that these animals are very dependent upon continuous medical treatment. Rabbits reared under conditions thus suggested are wholly unfit for food, and should not be used for that purpose.

It is to be regretted that the Belgian rabbit was not put on the market at its true value. The reaction which is likely to follow the attempts to breed it for speculative purposes, and under unnatural conditions, may for a time retard the proper development of an enterprise that must be considered an important factor in the production of a very desirable article of food.

Distribution of Game and Animals.

Distribution of Game Birds and Animals.—During the year 368 pheasants have been liberated in the covers of the State, in response to the requests of 55 applicants. This distribution far exceeds in numbers anything heretofore accomplished by the commission in this direction, and is due primarily to the expansion of the work, especially at Sutton; but also to the fact that it has been considered desirable to liberate all the birds available for distribution, and not to winter any except those reserved for breeding purposes.

The output of hares has been 224; in addition to those, a considerable number of young have been retained for wintering, as has been mentioned elsewhere. The list of persons whose applications were complied with and the points of distribution are shown in the appendix.

Proposed Introduction of New Game Birds.

Proposed Introduction of New Game Birds.—Through the kindness of Rev. Cephas F. Clapp, an effort has been made to introduce from Oregon, for the purpose of artificial propagation, the so-called "mountain quail," or plumed partridge (*Oreortyx pictus plumiferus* Gould). This is a hardy mountain species, that is found in the comparatively dry elevated regions in the interior of the Pacific coast States and as far east as Nevada. Captain Bendire found it on Mount Kearsarge, Inyo County, Cal., where in summer it reached an altitude of ten thousand feet.

The reputed hardiness of this species, and the fact that it "buds" in winter, like our native ruffed grouse, prompts the belief that it will thrive in this State. It is claimed that it can be reared in captivity with less trouble than the Mongolian pheasant. If, therefore, it is practicable to secure even a few birds to breed from at the beginning, it seems feasible to soon be in a position to annually turn out a large number, in view of the fact that two litters of eggs may be expected under favorable conditions.

Mr. Clapp unfortunately found a serious obstacle in the law of Oregon which prohibits the transportation of any wild birds of this species out of the State. With the utmost desire to serve us in this matter, he found that he was effectually prevented from doing anything, because the statute, which was enacted to prevent pot hunters from accomplishing the practical extermination of the "mountain quail," proved an effective barrier to its exportation to another State for scientific purposes. Under the circumstances, and in view of the purpose for which the birds were desired, it was considered advisable to invoke the good offices of the Governor of Oregon. Accordingly, a letter was addressed to His Excellency Gov. T. T. Geer, by the Chairman of the Board, on Nov. 8, 1901, setting forth the object of this commission in attempting to secure living specimens of the "mountain quail," and expressing the hope that their procurement for transportation out of Oregon for the purpose indicated might not be found contrary to the spirit of the law of that State regarding transportation of game across its boundaries.*

*Since the above was written, and while this report is going through the press, arrangements have been concluded whereby birds of this species can be obtained at the proper time.

Correspondence has also been tentatively inaugurated bearing on the possibility of the introduction of the capercaillie (*Tetrus urogallus*) and the black game (*T. tetrix*). Both of these are inhabitants of northern Europe, and are among the finest game birds known. The capercaillie belongs to the grouse family, of which our ruffed grouse and prairie chicken are well known examples in this country. It is the largest grouse known, and considered the noblest game of the grouse family. A weight of ten or twelve pounds is often attained by the full-grown cock. The black game weighs about three pounds, is hardy, and recognized as a fine game species. Like its larger congener, the capercaillie, it is a grouse, and essentially a bird of the woods. These are considered the two most important species of wild birds of the Scandinavian peninsula, considered either from the standpoint of food or sport.

Attempts to introduce the black game in Maine and Vermont are reported to have been made by private parties; but little is known regarding them, beyond the fact that a very few birds were liberated in the woods, doubtless in a weakened condition, in consequence of the transatlantic voyage, and it is not improbable that they died before the period of reproduction arrived—at least we are unable to learn that any birds of this species have ever been seen. If, however, it is practicable to breed either of these species in captivity—and there appears no reason to doubt it—entirely different results might be secured by the acquirement of enough of them to inaugurate their propagation under State auspices. All attempts to breed from eggs of these species, shipped from a distance, have resulted in failure. Only adult birds can be relied on, and experiments already made prove the feasibility of their safe transportation. Mr. Thomas estimates the cost of strong, healthy birds of these species at twelve dollars each for capercaillie and seven dollars each for black game.

The familiar quail, or "Bob White," cannot be considered a new species in any sense of the word, since it is one of the best known and most highly valued of our game birds. But the inauguration of the work of breeding and rearing it in captivity, which is now seriously contemplated, will, if undertaken, be an innovation in the effort the commission is making to keep our covers properly stocked with game birds. Until now there has seemed to be no necessity for the State to breed quail, since there has been no difficulty, as a rule, in purchasing them for stocking purposes. Much has been done in this direction by clubs and public-spirited individuals, and no doubt this commendable effort will be continued if it is feasible to get the birds. But the necessity for increasing the stringency of protective laws in the various States points to the probability that it may not be long before it may be impracticable to obtain in the open markets large numbers of quail for stocking our covers. Whether or not we undertake the breeding of quail immediately, it will be wise to be in a position to engage in this work, if necessary, before it becomes difficult or impossible to secure breeding birds. No difficulty whatever is anticipated in breeding and rearing quail, as they can be raised as easy as chickens.

Wildfowl Refuges.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I would call your attention and that of the many readers of your excellent journal, to the wholesale slaughter of game by persons who are pleased to call themselves sportsmen; not that this is anything new, but to arouse all true sportsmen to what confronts them. The first instance is one published in the North American, of Philadelphia, Pa., giving an account of a hunting trip of Mr. J. Fred. Betz, Jr., and others. The paper also contained a picture showing some of the individuals and the rigging of the vessel "festooned" by the trophies of the trip, a collection of ducks, geese, and brant to the number of 840, in addition to five great swan swaying from the peak of the main-mast; and it is said the "Sibylla" left Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 22, having on board a party consisting of J. Fred. Betz, Jr., and the following guests: F. L. Glosser, Albert Baltz, Louis Beiler, Assistant Secretary of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania; C. A. Durban, owner of the Girard Avenue Theatre; Lory E. Brown, of Richmond, Va.; Jesse Rawcliffe, and John H. Leary, of Chester, Pa. In addition to the birds brought back, the party killed seven deer, which were given to friends in Norfolk, Va. The deer were from Hatteras Island, off Cape Hatteras Lighthouse, where about one-half the feathered game was bagged. The remainder was secured on Ocracoke Island, also off the coast of North Carolina.

"It was the greatest hunting trip I ever took," said F. L. Glosser. "The abundance of the game was astonishing. However, the bag was not so great as it would have been but for the fact that for five days we were unable to do any hunting."

All persons interested in the propagation and preservation of game, and all right-thinking sportsmen, cannot applaud such seeming wanton slaughter.

Here is another similar instance to the above item and was dated New Orleans, Dec. 24, and says: "Martin Hughitt, Jr., freight traffic manager of the Chicago and Northwestern, left in his private car for his headquarters this morning, after a week's hunt on Little Lake which broke all records. Mr. Hughitt was accompanied by R. M. Cox, of Chicago."

"The two Chicago men made the hunt as the guests of J. M. Cummings, treasurer of the Louisiana Cypress Company, who had invited them to try Louisiana waters as a hunter's paradise. For the trip the steamboat Hale was chartered and elaborately provisioned. A large force of hunters was engaged to keep the ducks flying. The party was gone just a week, and in that time about 1,600 ducks and geese fell to their guns."

Some of the men, it seems, hold important business positions, but what all real sportsmen will regret, I think, is that they have so little consciousness of wrong doing, not only toward the game, but the public at large. And if these slaughters are to be continued to the extent that we read of from time to time in the public press, it certainly cannot be very many years before the wild duck will be as rare as the wild pigeon.

I would suggest that all interested in the preservation of the wild duck and wildfowl urge upon Congress

through their respective representatives that some action be taken during the present session, establishing certain winter preserves where the wildfowl can have two undisturbed winter homes free from the hunter, one on the Atlantic and one on the Gulf Coast. If Congress would pass an act prohibiting the taking or killing in any manner of wildfowl within certain territory on each of the above mentioned coasts during the winter, say from November until May, it would seem that extermination might be prevented, and if this is not done, it can be but a few years before our wildfowl, like the wild pigeon, will be but a matter of history.

I do not hunt wildfowl, preferring the upland sport, yet I feel sad to know how rapidly our wild ducks are disappearing.

And now, your paper, I hope, with the other sportsman papers, will take this matter up, and not allow it to rest until we have protection for the wildfowl in their southern winter home.

I feel confident that President Roosevelt would be pleased to put his signature to such an act of Congress. Let every sportsman and every one who loves the wildfowl, so that he and future generations may continue in the taking of them, see that his representative in Congress knows his wishes and that he urges him to act accordingly.

WILDFOWL.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Jan. 31.

Massachusetts Deer.

Robert O. Morris in Springfield Republican.

THE Virginia deer, *Cervus virginianus*, after an absence of nearly 80 years, has returned to its former home in Western Massachusetts, and residents of every hill town report their presence in constantly increasing numbers, and occasionally one is observed in the river towns. The reappearance of the deer here is probably due mostly to the protection awarded them in Vermont for the past 10 years, which has been the means of producing a large increase in numbers in that state, and many have wandered south into Western Massachusetts. The Revolutionary War was one of the causes of the extermination of deer in this vicinity. At that time there grew up a great demand for the skin of this animal, to be used for making buckskin breeches for soldiers, and at the same time on account of the war, firearms became much more commonly used, and the men of that day became, with their greater practice, better marksmen.

I regret to see a disposition on the part of some of the farmers to prejudice people against this interesting and valuable animal, and some of the most ridiculous charges against it are made and published. One man claims that his Seckel pears have been eaten by deer. He is undoubtedly mistaken; the real culprit is probably the red squirrel. These little rodents will pass by all other fruit trees until they reach one of this kind. They seem to have a voracious appetite for the seed of this fruit, and for the purpose of gratifying this taste will make a tree of this kind their feeding place as long as one pear is left.

Another man said that deer had eaten up a field of cabbages. This is very unlikely. It would be contrary to their usual habits for deer to eat this vegetable. Neither pears nor cabbages are the favorite food of deer. They feed largely on bark and buds of trees and are particularly fond of the aquatic plants that grow along the margins of ponds. I suppose they may occasionally do a little harm in some way, like every mammal and bird, but I cannot but believe that if it were possible to keep an actual account of their good and bad attributes, the balance would be largely in their favor.

We have had very little experience with them here in our generation, but our ancestors in Western Massachusetts and elsewhere in the state had them as neighbors for nearly 200 years, and by the tenor of the laws they passed regarding them, we must believe that they considered them as animals worthy of the best protection. As early as 1693, the Puritans finding, as they expressed it, "the killing of deer at unseasonable times of the year very much to the prejudice of the province, great numbers having been hunted and destroyed in deep snows," they enacted the first game laws of Massachusetts, making it unlawful to kill deer between the 1st of January and the 1st of July, under a penalty of 40 shillings for the first offense, £3 for the second, and £5 for the third, and if the offending person was unable to pay this, he was to be set to work until the fine was paid. Two years later the open season was shortened. In 1718 a law was enacted by the General Court, providing for a close season for three years, prefixing to the text of the law this resolve: "Whereas, the depth of snows in some late winters hath been so great as hath occasioned the destruction of a great part of the deer in this province, to the intent that the said creature (which is both harmless and profitable) may be preserved and increased." In 1740 the penalty for killing a deer out of season was fixed at £10, a very large sum for those days, and each town in Massachusetts was required to appoint two discreet men to enforce the laws, and in 1763 their power was increased and the name of deer reeves was given to them. The records of many of the towns of Western Massachusetts record the fact of the election of these officers. In 1818 the Massachusetts Legislature passed a law making it unlawful to kill deer in Hampden, Hampshire and Franklin counties for the term of five years.

These are a portion of the laws passed by our predecessors here, mostly farmers, who had a life-long experience with deer, and making such laws is very good evidence of the high value they put upon these animals.

At the present time many species of birds are unjustly condemned by some people in the same careless manner as deer. A farmer told me that he was having the night hawks around his place shot, because they had killed so many of his little chickens. Now, the night hawk is entirely an insectivorous bird, preying on such insects as are active in the early evening. Probably it was the sharp-shinned hawk that was the thief; they are very fond of young poultry.

I was once on the mountains west of Westfield, when a broad-winged hawk flew by, and a man who was standing near shook his fist at him, with this exclamation: "I would like to get your scalp for killing my hens." Now, if this hawk had ever killed bird or fowl it was an

exception; his favorite diet is not of that order; frogs, mice, snakes and insects furnish his daily bill of fare, and he renders valuable service in destroying some of the large moths that are the great enemies of shade trees. The Cooper's hawk would be the bird most likely to have destroyed these hens.

I heard a sportsman say to his victim, as he ended the life of a red-shouldered hawk that he had wounded and captured: "This will stop your killing quail around here." The poor hawk had probably never tasted quail in his life, unless he had run across a dead or crippled one. They are not quick enough to catch a healthy quail if they wished, and in an indirect way they are protectors rather than destroyers of this game bird, as the red-shouldered hawk often kills black snakes, which are great destroyers of the eggs of quail, as well as of other birds, and many a nest is broken up by them. Goshawks, Cooper's and sharp-shinned hawks, are the only kinds in this vicinity that destroy quail in any appreciable number.

All these things teach us that we should not too speedily condemn either beast or bird; we have none too many. There is no living thing that will not occasionally do some harmful act, even the most useful bird may destroy a beneficial insect, but if all have a fair trial and the faults and virtues of each bird or beast are well understood, public opinion would condemn very few.

One of the principal attractions of the country, to many, is the wild life there found, and without that, to some it would be dreary enough. The sight of a deer bounding over a distant field, a hawk sailing gracefully in the air, a gull wheeling over an expanse of water,—all such things add beauty and interest to the landscape.

The Maine License Proposition.

BOSTON, Feb. 3.—Interest continues in the suggestion made by Commissioner Carleton to require non-resident sportsmen to pay a license to hunt in Maine. Former visitors to that State are discussing the proposition. The Maine papers are full of articles, all generally leaning against a license, except such as would create an exclusive hunting aristocracy, and except the residents of that State who are willing that non-residents should pay the cost of fish and game protection. The writers suggest many features; some of them novel, to say the least. One is to make hunters pay for every head of game they kill; say, \$2 for deer and \$10 for moose. This plan would not be obnoxious like a license system; the free American idea would not object. The successful hunter would cheerfully pay a small fee toward the care of the game in a State where he has been successful, while the unsuccessful hunter would go home without the feeling of disgust that having paid for a license and got nothing naturally inspires. Another suggestion is to tax every rifle taken into the State, as well as require residents to pay a moderate gun tax; no rifles to be allowed in hunters' hands in close season.

Mr. H. M. Widney, of St. Jo, the general manager of the celebrated Indiana party, has been drawn out in a letter to the Maine Woods. He declares that he managed a party of law-abiding citizens of his State who greatly enjoy sport in the Maine woods; but he does not like being misrepresented as his party has been misrepresented by Senator Macfarlane. He says that he does not wish to take up the license question, pro or con, but that a reasonable, true sportsman would not object to a reasonable license justly imposed. "But if exorbitant laws are passed, you will be likely to meet opposition you have not thought of, namely, a contest in the United States courts. It has been the opinion for some time that laws granting one citizen of this grand, free country of ours privileges that you tax others for, is, in substance, class legislation; or, in other words, tariff for revenue between States, and, if contested and carried to the United States Supreme Court, could not stand the test." As to the statements of Senator Macfarlane concerning the number of deer killed by his party, Mr. Widney says that they are entirely wrong. He says: "Not caring to travel 1,100 miles for a day's sport, we aimed to be choice as to what we killed, and only as a last resort did we draw a bead on anything smaller than a well-formed buck." He says of their guide, Mr. F. L. Shaw: "He was always on the alert to have all of the boys enjoy the time, but at the same time cautioning all to keep within the limit of the law. We certainly honor the gentleman for his good and true citizenship."

SPECIAL.

The New York Game Law.

We commented last week on the decision of Justice O'Gorman in the cold storage case, and pointed out that the text of Sec. 33 of the game law actually protected all wild birds except named species, and the birds for which there is an open season. Under the law as it stands, birds having an open season may be taken only under authority of a naturalists' permit. The section under review reads:

Sec. 33 [as amended 1901].—Wild birds (other than the English sparrow, crow, hawk, crane, raven, crow-blackbird, common blackbird, kingfisher, and birds for which there is no open season), shall not be taken or possessed at any time, dead or alive, except under the authority of a certificate issued under this act. No part of the plumage, skin or body of any bird protected by this section shall be sold or had in possession for sale.

We have received from a correspondent, who, being a member of the bar, is familiar with the construction of statutes, the subjoined comment upon the subject. It will be seen that this writer arrives at the same conclusions that were expressed in our last issue, except that he appears to have read Sec. 30 hastily, for there is in it no provision respecting possession. Our correspondent writes:

The question is purely one on the construction of the English language. I am of the opinion that while the two words "am" and "no" are grammatically antithetical, that, in the construction of these two sections, the substitution of "no" for "an" in the section mentioned, works no injury and leaves the law whole.

Let us chart this seeming paradox, starting with the 1900 law. Section 33 of Chapter 741 of the laws of 1900 reads as follows: "Certain wild birds protected: Wild birds other than the English sparrow, crow, hawk, * *

kingfisher and birds for which there is an open season, shall not be taken or possessed at any time, dead or alive, except under the authority of a certificate issued under this act. No part * * * etc."

This is plain. "Other than" means in this section a division of one class from another, and wild birds are put in a class opposed to that containing the English sparrow, crow, etc., and birds for which there is an open season. Split the sentence up and it reads: Wild birds shall not be taken or possessed at any time dead or alive, etc., but this shall not apply (this being the equivalent of "other than") to the English sparrow, crow, hawk, etc., and birds for which there is an open season. Section 30 opens the season on plover, etc., therefore that they class with the sparrow and others, so far as this section is under discussion, is a fair grammatical construction of Section 33.

In the laws of 1901, Section 30 remains practically intact. Section 33, however, undergoes the metamorphosis alluded to by Justice O'Gorman by substituting "no" for "an," as indicated above. Let us now reduce this sentence to its lowest terms by the same process of elision.

Wild birds (elide that portion of the section from "other than" to "season") shall not be taken or possessed at any time dead or alive, etc. This certainly protects wild birds. Then substituting "but this shall not apply" for its equivalent "other than," we have remaining in the section-sentence this: But this shall not apply to the English sparrow, crow, etc., and birds for which there is no open season. But there is an open season for plover, etc., and therefore they are excluded from the class denominated wild birds and included in the class with the English sparrow, etc.

This leaves them, under that section, without protection, but fortunately Section 30 is still law, and by the provisions of that section they cannot legally be killed or possessed from May 1 to August 31.

AMICUS CURIAE.

PORT RICHMOND, N. Y., Jan. 27.

The Chesapeake Bay Dog.

Editor Forest and Stream:

By a mischance, which I greatly deplore, certain interesting examples of intelligence in this breed of dog were omitted from the chapter on this breed in my recently published book, "American Duck Shooting." The first of these deals with a dog owned by Mr. J. G. Morris, of Easton, Md.

Mr. Morris was shooting from a floating blind not far from the shore, and his dog on the shore was gathering the birds as they fell, taking them to the land and putting them in a pile there. Mr. Morris' blind was just off a fence, which ran down into the water between two fields. The dog had made his pile of ducks close to this fence, and near the water's edge. In the same field with the dog and the ducks were confined some young cattle, and the path which they used to go to water passed close to the fence against which the dog had collected the ducks, by which he lay.

As the day went on, the young cattle, following this path, attempted to go down to water, but when they approached the dog he got up and drove them away. This was repeated several times, for the cattle persisted in coming down to the water by their usual path, and the dog would by no means permit them to approach his pile of ducks. At last the situation became so annoying to the dog that he rose to his feet, took a duck in his mouth, jumped over the fence into the adjoining field, and leaving the duck there, jumped back and got another one, and continued this until he had transferred all the ducks to the other side of the fence, when he again lay down by them. The next time the cattle attempted to come down the path to water, the dog paid no attention to them, but permitted them to go down and drink.

To my mind, this was a clear case of the reasoning out by the dog of a special remedy for a set of conditions that were entirely new to him, and so is very well worth putting on record.

A second incident took place on a marsh in Currituck Sound, where my friend Mr. C. R. Purdy was shooting. Harrison, the watchman for the marsh, had a dog named Grover, that he had reared from a puppy, and kept with him on the island. He was a useful animal to Harrison, and brought him an income of perhaps \$75 to \$100 a season from the sale of the cripples which he recovered. Harrison was accustomed to shove around the marsh morning and evening, letting the dog run along the shore while he pushed his light skiff close to the shore. Whenever the dog crossed the trail of a cripple that had gone into the marsh, he would follow it, bring the bird out and deliver it to Harrison. In this way each week a considerable number of birds were recovered, which otherwise would have gone to feed the minks and the coons.

On the particular occasion referred to the birds were flying very well. Flock after flock of widgeon were coming up to the decoys in the narrow pond, where Mr. Purdy was tied out, and a number of birds were being killed. The flocks came so frequently that it was impossible to recover the wounded birds, which fell in the marsh, but the gunner, his boatman and Harrison watched them, and counted five that went down at different distances before the flight lulled. When the birds stopped flying, the dog, without a word from any one, started off across the pond and into the marsh, and making five trips, brought back to the blind five widgeons, which he had marked down and recovered. Then he lay down by his pile of ducks.

To any one familiar with the work of these dogs, the accurate marking down of the birds will not appear remarkable. But that he should have made five trips and brought five birds—all that there were—and then should have stopped, does seem odd. Those who witnessed the performance believe that he counted the birds, and knew when he had brought them all, but perhaps it is not necessary to assume this.

What seems possible enough is that the dog, having marked down these birds, may have carried in his mind the different directions in which they went, and have remembered them all. For a man, this would be a difficult task, but it must be remembered that the dog had all his life been accustomed to doing just this thing, and the recalling of the several spots in which the birds fell may have been natural enough.

Again, it is conceivable that the dog may have gone into the marsh to the leeward of the birds and on his first journey have passed so far beyond the furthest duck that he was sure that there were no more. Then it would be simple for him to bring first the duck that was furthest away, then the next furthest, and so on to the last. It is a common practice for old and wise dogs to bring from the water the most distant birds first.

Another incident of like character has recently been related to me by Mr. Morris, whom I quote so frequently in connection with this breed, and who, through many years' experience in gunning on Chesapeake Bay waters and of breeding these dogs, is probably the first authority on them in the world to-day. He has said:

"I was shooting off a point of marsh over decoys, the wind blowing hard off shore, and my skiff covered with reeds and sedge made the blind. Under these circumstances it was my dog's habit to bring his ducks to the boat and make a pile, curling himself up alongside it.

"A flock of mallards came in, out of which I was lucky enough to kill two drakes—very large ones. My dog, Marengo, went first for the one which fell furthest off, and in coming back met the other drifting out. He tried his best to get both ducks in his mouth, but finding that impossible, he held the second duck under his jaw in some way, with the aid of the first, which was in his mouth. In this manner he succeeded in bringing both some distance, but the sea then washed the second duck from its position. He went through the same performance again, apparently getting the second duck under his jaw as before, and pushing it forward as he swam.

"When he had brought both ducks as far as the decoys, the second again washed out from under his jaw. Here he hesitated and looked toward the shore, and finding it not far off, he abandoned the second duck, took the one he had in his mouth to the bank, dropped it there, went back to the drifting duck, got it and brought it to the pile in the boat. He then jumped out of the boat, got the duck he had left in the edge of the marsh, took it to the pile in the boat and before curling himself down gave me the most intelligent glance, which said as plainly as language could, 'Master, don't you think that was well thought out?'

"I fully agreed with him."

The whole matter of the intelligence shown by these dogs in their work in the water and the marsh is very interesting.

The gunner who for the first time witnesses the work of the Chesapeake Bay dog is likely to be astonished by sometimes seeing the animal plunge into the water, and, swimming to the place where a wounded bird has fallen, take up the scent and follow on the water the trail of the "sneaking" duck, which has passed along over the water swimming toward the marsh.

We usually assume that water washes away scent, and believe that deer and other animals take to the water to throw the dogs off their trail. This is undoubtedly true, and yet, as I say, it is a common thing to see a crippled bird fall in the water and swim away toward the marsh and to see a dog going after it, turn when he reaches the place where it fell, or the path where it passed, and follow the watery trail to the marsh, and then up on to the bank.

In some cases it is possible that the dog may smell blood which has flowed from the bird's wound and left its odor on the water, but I do not think that such an explanation will account for the dog's actions in a majority of cases.

I am inclined to believe that particles of grease detach themselves constantly from the well oiled plumage of the ducks and geese and float upon the water, and that it is the odor of these particles which the dog smells and follows. It is often to be observed that to the leeward of a duck which has fallen in the water, or of a live decoy, there is an area of water smoother than the surrounding water—a sort of "slick"—which is caused by the oil which comes from the bird's plumage. This hypothesis would seem to account very satisfactorily for the power of the Chesapeake Bay dog to follow the trail of a swimming duck over reasonably quiet waters.

G. B. G.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Chicago Sportsmen's Show.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 1.—The second annual exposition of the International Forest, Fish and Game Association will be thrown open Monday evening, Feb. 3, to invited guests, and the building will be open to the public on the day following.

In many respects the show will this year exceed in popular interest that given here last winter. The additional space granted by the opening of the annex will clear the main floor for a freer use of general features. The good expedient is also adopted of placing the trade exhibits back under the galleries, thus leaving the whole central space of the main exhibition hall available for decorative purposes and for the passage of spectators. The decorative scheme is simple and in general terms follows that of last year. At the north end of the Coliseum, where the Grand Cañon was exhibited last year, the entire space is occupied by the stage of the Ojibway Indian company, which will present the outdoor show of Hiawatha, familiar to the Eastern public which has attended earlier sportsmen's shows. The tank for the diving elk is also arranged at this end of the building. The central space is well used for a wide point, which gives good opportunity for the water sports, canoe displays, etc. The uninteresting and inept display of basket ball, etc., which took up so much room and time last winter, has been cut out, to the advantage of the show from an outdoor standpoint. The duck pond will be larger this year than last and better stocked. The pheasantry and exhibit of upland game birds is removed from the main floor to the gallery in the annex. There will be a grand display of pheasants, with numbers of quail, grouse, etc.

At this writing the trade exhibits are not yet installed, and, in fact, the whole interior of the Coliseum remains in the customary confusion preceding the opening of such an exposition, so that extended mention of the show as a whole must be deferred to a later day. The exhibits of different railroads did fair to be very interesting, and

there will be the customary display of specimens, mounted heads, etc.

Dr. Heber Bishop is on from Boston assisting in the details of the show, as was his pleasure last year, and with him comes Mr. Alexander Pope, who displays a number of his beautiful paintings in the art gallery. The display of fishes in the nicely installed aquaria will be a good one.

Detroit Sportsmen's Show.

The first annual Automobile and Sportsmen's Show, of Detroit, Mich., will be held Feb. 26 to March 1, and will be notable as a trade exhibit. Among the sporting goods firms which will be at the Detroit show, the following are listed at this date: The Peters Cartridge Co., the Savage Arms Co., Horton Mfg. Co., Parker Bros., Ithaca Gun Co. and Cleveland Target Co. Yet others may be added at a later date. Detroit will patronize the exposition handsomely.

Wisconsin Game Protective Association.

The Wisconsin Game Protective Association in its meeting at Milwaukee during the present week, elected Joseph Fisher President, Valentine Raeth Vice-President, August Plambeck Secretary, G. A. Stepan Treasurer, and Valentine Raeth and Robert Raasch Game Wardens. This Association was organized in Milwaukee three years ago for the better and more practical enforcement of the game laws.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Haunts and Habits of the Moose.

EVERY moose hunter—and in these days their name is legion—will feel a deep interest in the handsome little volume recently brought out by Mr. Burt Jones, and entitled "Habits, Haunts and Anecdotes of the Moose." The volume is a luxurious one, and contains a very extraordinary collection of photographs of living wild moose.

The moose is the largest of big-game animals found to-day in North America, and its habits at all seasons of the year are of the very deepest interest to big-game hunters, both those who have secured their moose and those who hope to do so. Mr. Jones' luxurious little volume is full of hunting, full of natural history, and full of most interesting anecdotes of outdoor life. It tells of hunting the moose with the rifle, and of hunting him with the camera, and on many of its pages exhibits trophies of the species captured with the last-named implement. There are more than thirty photographs of moose taken from wild living specimens, showing them in all sorts of places, in all sorts of attitudes, and under the greatest variety of conditions. Nowhere, so far as we know, is to be found any collection of pictures of living wild moose which is at all comparable to this one.

Mr. Jones' style is fresh and pleasing, and he writes with the enthusiasm of an ardent sportsman. This, with the pictures in the volume, make the work extremely attractive.

The work was printed in two editions, one limited to 1,000 copies, numbered and signed by the author, price \$2; the other, from the same plates, not signed or numbered, price \$1.50. The signed edition is almost exhausted.

New York Game and Forests.

ALBANY, Jan. 30.—The annual report of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission, which was sent to the Legislature to-day, says in part:

Particular attention has been given by the Commission to the planting of trees on denuded tracts of land. Extensive experiments made by the Commission have shown that, at a remarkably small expense, these barren places can in time be replaced by a healthful and valuable forest growth. Thousands of trees have been successfully planted in the Catskill region, and preparations have been made to plant hundreds of thousands in the Adirondack region. The experiments show that large appropriations will not be necessary to secure an extensive renewal of the forest.

The following recommendations are made for your consideration:

That a Constitutional amendment be provided for the application of scientific, conservative forestry to State lands.

That a Constitutional amendment be provided to permit the leasing of small camp sites within the forest preserve.

That a Constitutional amendment be provided which will permit the sale or exchange of detached parcels of land outside the Adirondack Park, not in the Catskill region, for land within its confines.

That steps be taken to prevent the cutting of hardwood for commercial purposes, and especially for acid factories, within the Adirondack preserve.

That spring shooting of wildfowl and birds of all kinds be prohibited.

That a license fee of \$50 be imposed upon non-resident hunters, excepting members of organized clubs in the Adirondacks who shall present certificates of membership, and Adirondack land owners.

That provision be made for the licensing of guides.

The Return.

He sought the old scenes with eager feet—

The scenes he had known as a boy;
"Oh! for a draught of those fountains sweet,
And a taste of that vanished joy."

He roamed the fields, he mused by the streams,
He threaded the paths and lanes;
On the hills he sought his youthful dreams,
In the woods to forget his pains.

Oh, sad, sad hills; oh, cold, cold hearth!

In sorrow he learned thy truth—

One may go back to the place of his birth—

He cannot go back to his youth.

—John Burroughs in the Independent.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Pacific Coast Items.

THOUGH it is only the third week in January, complaint may be heard on every side that lower California must suffer from another exceedingly dry winter, as up to date the rain has amounted to scarcely 5 inches, which fell early in November, and the earth has become baked as it would be in midsummer. An optimistic view, which may be impossible for ranchers who regard their withered grain, appears best for those with other interests to be encouraged only by plenty of water, as the spring precipitation can always turn out the heaviest of any season. All the brooks flowing through our own valley, though their supply has not been upheld by snow in the mountains, in past years a generous help to them, run as freely as heretofore at this time, and should there still be hard storms, the fisherman may look for fine sport with rod and line.

During a 300-mile wagon trip last summer, in which many points of Santa Barbara and Obispo counties were visited, it gratified one to see large schools of trout fry in nearly every stream. Plunge of wheels disturbed numbers of such pretty little creatures from the fords. Carrying water for camp became a pleasant office where brooks held within them so much miniature life to fasten the gaze, though on occasion my three comrades, thirsty for a drink of cool water or for a cup of outdoor coffee, may have had a severe opinion of their lost Mercury. It seems that the county authorities and numerous sporting clubs have been restocking these waters within the last two years, and recently game warden Ables, of Santa Maria, after an exhaustive inspection of the territory within his control, reported that with few exceptions the fish had propagated immensely, and that the brooks were alive with trout.

The board of supervisors of Los Angeles county, as it had been petitioned by two or three hundred local anglers to prohibit purse fishing along the Pacific Coast within one mile of shore, held an interesting session recently at which Prof. C. F. Holder, founder of the Tuna Club, represented the sportsmen, and J. H. Lapham, president of the California Fish Company, looked after the netting rights. The California Company, whose business is chiefly in sardines, has its launches and purse nets at work from the Santa Barbara Islands to San Diego. Upward of \$100,000 is invested. Now that an agreement in regard to Catalina is about to expire, this concern will make no promise for the future, declaring that their boats must fish wherever sardines may be taken, and the rod men have organized to protect the best water for large fish. Prof. Holder declares that the interests of all concerned will suffer, canner or sportsman, if the only spawning places along this coast, a few bays and estuaries, are seriously disturbed by large nets, and that a one-mile limit should be observed, as on the Atlantic coast. The supervisors adjourned without taking action. Outside of the meeting a limit of even half a mile was urged.

Owing to the warm season, winter fishing has been unusually good within the past month, and nearly every week report comes from some near point of large strings, chiefly of mackerel or white perch, being caught by a lucky angler. Just now the weather is like that of spring or summer, and any one fond of the line, if he only runs his thumb along common string, feels as though he should be feeding bait into some likely tide. On any of these sunny days, the white perch are biting over at Serena, on the Pacific, ten miles down from Santa Barbara, where the more fortunate have hooked as many as seventy-five fish in an afternoon.

A number of us were hunting dead limbs a short time ago as fuel for the fireplace at home. Wood costs \$8 a cord in the valley, so it is well to save the winter supply by using whatever rough can be found. With cross-cut, axes and a single wagon, our party had set to work about a field in which oaks were spotted freely, when our attention was called to the number of pigeons to be observed. There were flocks nearly hidden in live oak foliage, others on the bare white oaks, noisy flights immediately above our heads, and distant lines of them that resembled specks. They were everywhere. As the gun had been left behind, I could only snap my fingers at the most feasible shots. Our party worked right along from midday to sunset in this wild aviary of bandtails. Though these flocks stayed here for several weeks, feeding now on the acorns of one grove, then of another, it was impossible for me to plan an attack upon their ranks. The ubiquitous small boy, to whom potpie is life, existed for the time in a glorious plentitude.

The trip for wood had in it real work. Outings for pleasure are decidedly more popular with some members of our family. A small wagon is loaded with fry-pan, coffee pot, food, books and other provision for a day abroad, then we hark away to a point at which to have a picnic. In summer a spot down the creek road, where cool breezes find their way in from the sea, has proved a favorable site, and in winter, any of the warm hillsides or sunny mesas about the valley. This climate permits living out of doors at any season.

That nearly all enthusiasts, even those who would be believed under other conditions, often find it easier to kill large game or take monster fish than it will be later to convince the public of such achievement, is universally conceded. Only a short while ago the Duke of Newcastle, a thorough paced angler, who has been spending the winter in southern California, landed off Catalina with rod and reel a 50-pound yellowtail, the second largest specimen ever caught there, then hastened to Los Angeles to have his huge catch mounted, that he might show it at home as visible evidence of the exploit. But, poor man, he will only be met with silly questioning.

A young hunter of this valley, Mr. Bert Cooper, whose word had never been questioned, now in the San Rafael Mountains with a party of Government surveyors, recently killed three grizzlies in a single day, a mother and two cubs, then shipped the hides to Nordhoff, where they may be seen at present; yet the Times and the other

papers of Los Angeles award him the Ananias belt, and ask our nimrod how much he paid for those pelts, or exhibit a doubt like that shown by these same low humorists when ranger Herbert brought into our town the pads of old Club Foot.

The Grand Jury of San Diego county has just recommended that the office of game warden be abolished, though, so far as an outsider can judge, the present incumbent has been impartial in doing his duty, showing neither fear nor favor, and has worked assiduously to have the local law enforced. Magistrates have not been so faithful. In one case brought to the attention of a justice, the warden had not only arrested culprits with game upon them, but had seen some of the ducks shot, and had picked them up, yet conviction or fine did not follow. So far as one can judge, there appears to be a feeling in the lower counties of this State, especially near large preserves, that game laws are made for the wealthy sportsman, which no amount of reasoning can overcome.

Those of your readers who may have heard the junior Senator from this State called "Grizzly" Bard, a soubriquet often applied in his home county and at times elsewhere, will be interested to learn that some reason exists for this title. While surveyor for Ventura county years ago, the present United States Senator undertook to build a grade from the lower to the upper plateau of this valley, and to accomplish his purpose chose a route leading up a brush canyon. Grizzly sign had been reported as being visible in the chapparal; but the young engineer just out from Pennsylvania was not to be deterred. What occurred soon afterward will never be known, except that the bears sent their intruder to the hospital with a new name fastened deeply upon him, and he became "Grizzly" Bard to distinguish him from his brother the Doctor; another prominent citizen of Ventura county. The grade was completed up an open hillside from which the running to town might be easy and exceedingly swift. No one-eyed or careless workmen were allowed on the job.

H. R. STEIGER.

NORDHOFF, California.

Fish and Fishing.

Sale of New Brunswick Salmon Fishing Leases.

THE public auction of the fishing leases of New Brunswick salmon and trout streams has been fixed for Thursday, the 27th of February instant, and the details as to place of sale and other conditions are to be announced by advertisement in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. By far the most valuable of New Brunswick fishing waters are those of the Restigouche, the best of which are at present under lease to the Restigouche Salmon Club. None of these rights have been continued by private sale, and the present lessees of angling rights will have no special privilege or advantage over the other bidders at the sale. The waters of the Restigouche and its principal tributaries will, it is understood, be offered in thirteen different lots; the upset price of these lots running from \$50 per annum in a couple of cases to \$1,000 per annum in two other cases, and totalling \$7,300 a year for the whole of the river. These figures show a slight increase upon the prices now paid for leases.

Salmon Fishing in British Columbia.

WHILE it is generally understood that American fly-fishing for salmon is pretty much confined to the rivers of the Atlantic slope, increasing numbers of anglers are turning their attention to the sport of trolling for the various salmonoids of the Pacific coast. During last season some very heavy catches were made. An English angler, who has now fished the tidal waters of a British Columbia river for two years, reports that two and a half tons of salmon fell to his rod there last August in nineteen days' fishing, or, to be exact, 5,212 pounds. His tackle was coarse for some of the smaller fish killed by him, but, on the other hand, his catch of the Quinnet Columbia type or King salmon included fish of 58 pounds, and he took 106 of these fish, the smallest of which weighed over 23 pounds. He fished with a 16-foot greenheart salmon rod, 200 yards of gulf tarpon line, a steel wire trace, and a spoon of 3½ inches in length, fitted with a single hook. His catch of Cohoe, or silver salmon, numbered 98 fish, the largest of which weighed 15½ pounds. In one day he caught twelve salmon, varying from 25 to 51 pounds. This is a pretty good result, even for trolling.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Photographing Leaping Salmon.

WE shall print next week an account of photographing leaping salmon on the Sevogle, one of the rivers advertised in this issue as for rent. The photographing was done by Commissioner D. P. Smith, and we shall reproduce one of the successful photographs.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Feb. 4-6.—Providence, R. I.—Rhode Island Kennel Club's annual show. George D. Miller, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Feb. 10.—Grand Junction, Tenn.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials. Theo. Sturges, Sec'y.

Irish Setter Club.

BOYDTON, Va., Jan. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The annual meeting of the Irish Setter Club of America will be held in the Madison Square Garden, New York, on Friday, Feb. 21, at 5 P. M.

GEO. H. THOMSON, Sec'y I. S. C.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Yachting.

Designing Competition.

IN view of the continued and increasing interest in yachting, a designing competition will be opened in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. In America the yachting season is comparatively a short one, and such a competition as has been determined upon will serve to stimulate the interest in the subject during the winter months. The competition is open to both amateur and professional designers. Three prizes will be given for the best designs of a yacht conforming to the following conditions:

- I. A pole mast sloop.
- II. 25ft. load waterline.
- III. Not over 4ft. draft (with centerboard hoisted).
- IV. At least 50 per cent. of ballast outside on keel.
- V. 5ft. headroom under cabin carlins.

All abnormal features must be studiously avoided in the design; and the construction, sail and cabin plans should be of the simplest character. It was our idea in laying out the conditions of the competition to make them simple as possible, so as not to hamper in any way the designer, and yet convey to all that we wished to produce a safe, comfortable cruiser on which two or three amateurs could live with comfort for a period of two or three months and cruise along our eastern seaboard from New York to Halifax with safety. A centerboard boat of moderate draft was decided upon, as so many more harbors would be accessible to a boat of that type.

DRAWINGS REQUIRED.

- I. Sheer plan, scale 1in. = 1ft.—showing center of buoyancy and lateral resistance.
- II. Half breadth, scale 1in. = 1ft.
- III. Body plan, scale 1in. = 1ft.
- IV. Cabin plan, scale 1in. = 1ft.
- V. Sail plan, ¼in. = 1ft., showing center of effort.

The sails should consist of a jib, mainsail, spinnaker and balloon jib. No topsail will be carried. A table of offsets and an outline specification must accompany each design. The drawings should be carefully drawn and lettered. All drawings should be made on white paper or tracing cloth in black ink (no colored inks or pigments should be used). The designs must bear a nom-de-plume only and no indication must be given of the author. In a sealed envelope, however, the designer should inclose his own name and address, together with his nom-de-plume. All designs must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York City, not later than Feb. 28, 1902. All drawings will be returned, but postage should accompany each.

The FOREST AND STREAM reserves the right to publish any or all the designs.

The prizes offered are as follows: 1st prize, \$25.00; 2d prize, \$15.00; 3d prize, \$10.00. Mr. Theodore C. Zerega offers an additional prize of \$10.00 for the best cabin plan. Honorable mention will also be made of meritorious designs.

Mr. Clinton H. Crane, of the firm of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, has kindly consented to judge the designs and make the awards. Mr. Crane's professional standing is so high that he needs no introduction, and every confidence will be put in his ability and fairness.

Albicore.

PERHAPS one of the best examples of a cruising yacht of moderate size that is now to be seen in American waters is the yawl Albicore, designed by William Fife, Jr., and built by the Beetle Boat Building Co., of New Bedford, Mass. She was launched in July, 1896, and was used by the gentleman for whom she was built about two months, when he died. To close up the estate the boat was offered for sale, and she was purchased by Mr. Seymour Hyde, of New York City, who has owned her since then. Her dimensions are as follows:

Length—		
Over all	51ft.	8in.
L. W. L.	36ft.	
Overhang—		
Forward	6ft.	2in.
Aft	9ft.	6in.
Breadth—		
Extreme	11ft.	4in.
L. W. L.	10ft.	4in.
Freeboard—		
Bow	4ft.	
Least	2ft.	7in.
Taffrail	3ft.	
Draft	7ft.	2in.
Tonnage, Custom House—		
Gross	11.15	
Net	11.00	
Sail Area—		
Mainsail	835 sq. ft.	
Mizzen	298 sq. ft.	
Staysail	186 sq. ft.	
Jib	229 sq. ft.	

Total area lower sails 1,548 sq. ft.

The boat was designed for off-shore use; the owner wanting a craft that could keep the sea in any weather, and one that could be driven at a fair rate of speed with a small sail plan. When Mr. Hyde bought Albicore he took her to Wood's yard at City Island and there, during the fall of 1896 and the spring of 1897, extensive alterations were made on the boat's interior arrangement and in her sail plan. The rig was increased about twenty-five per cent. This was done as it was found that she was under-rigged for the light weather that prevails during the summer months on Long Island Sound. The sail plan which the boat now carries is shown in the drawing which accompanies this article, and this was made by Messrs. Gardner & Cox, of New York City. The rig is particularly graceful, and while it is materially larger than the old rig the boat is in no way over-sparred, and is always easy to handle. In making the new sail plan, Messrs. Gardner & Cox took great pains to have the boat perfectly balanced, and they certainly succeeded in so

doing, for it matters not what the weather or what sail is carried, one hand on the wheel is sufficient to handle her with ease. A wheel was substituted for a tiller which Albicore originally carried, as the stick took so much room in the cockpit.

Albicore originally was laid out below with one large main saloon with a combination companionway and skylight overhead. The boat is now arranged as is shown in the cabin plan, and it was laid out under direction of the owner. She is practically a flush deck boat, heavy beams running athwartships at the after end of the main companionway. One gets but a poor idea of the large amount of room the boat has from the cabin plan. The interior looks somewhat cramped on paper, but in reality she is not only very roomy, but exceptionally well arranged. Four persons can cruise in Albicore for an indefinite period and enjoy every comfort and convenience without being in the least crowded. Even on the hottest days it is always cool below by opening the skylight in the forward end of the cabin trunk and lifting the windows in the after house, in that way a draft is created. There are swinging windows on all four sides of the after house, and no matter from what quarter the wind is blowing in bad weather, it is possible to open the lights on the lee side and secure proper ventilation without having the rain driving in. The berths in the main cabin pull out, making wide and comfortable bunks for sleeping. Behind the transoms are large lockers, and underneath is stowage space for canned goods. On the port side of the stowage are five drawers, all of good size, for code flags, linen, etc. Opposite, on the starboard side, is a large hanging closet. The main cabin is upholstered in green plush and the partitions and sheathing are covered with green burlap. All the woodwork in the cabins is of mahogany, the cabin lamps are of dull brass, and in the panels of the doors to the galley are two large plate glass mirrors. On the shelves above the transoms are racks specially made to hold the cabin china, silver, glasses and decanters. The ladies' cabin is upholstered in red plush, and the partitions are hung in a light silk brocade, curtains of the same material hanging across the berths. A dull red carpet covers the floor of the cabin and stateroom, and completes what is a most artistic and restful interior. A Sands' water closet is placed under the after transom in the stateroom, and is covered with a cushion. Just over the transom is a folding wash basin which drains into the closet. There is over six feet headroom under beams both in the main cabin and stateroom. The galley is roomy, and the fore-castle has ample accommodation for the two men that make up the crew. In the port side of the lazarette there is an ice chest for use on long cruises. Mr. Hyde is a deep sea sailor in addition to being an expert yachtsman; having made two trips around Cape Horn in a sailing vessel, and in consequence prefers to be in charge of his own yacht, so that no sailing master is carried. Two paid hands constitute the crew, although the boat could easily be handled with one man. Two round bottom boats are swung on the davits when cruising.

The writer was aboard Albicore on the New York Y. C. cruise last summer, and within the short space of a week an excellent opportunity was had to size up the "little ship's" splendid qualities. On the run from Glen Cove to Huntington Albicore started ahead of the fleet (we were not racing) in order to let Columbia, Constitution and the big yawls overtake us at the mouth of Huntington Bay. The breeze was light and the sun very hot; when off Huntington the mainsail was lowered and a sailing awning set up from the main to the mizzen mast, and we jogged along very comfortably under jib, staysail and mizzen, keeping within good seeing distance of the "big fellows." This is one of the advantages of the yawl rig when the sun is uncomfortably warm and one has time to spare. At New London the boats were packed in so closely that one could almost step from one to the other, and in the morning each man was waiting for his neighbor to get out first to give him some sea room. Albicore being one of the smallest in the fleet and the wind blowing hard from the east, it promised to be a long, hard beat to Newport, so it was decided to make an early start. She lay sandwiched in between several big schooners and steam yachts with not a boat's length to maneuver in. Here the yawl rig showed one of its advantages again, and by a little skillful handling of the jib and mizzen she slipped out of a bad pocket to the great admiration of many onlookers from the surrounding craft. We stood into Fisher's Island Sound wishing to save as much ground as possible, carrying all lower sails. The wind was picking up every minute, and the sea was beginning to be felt. We were in company with several large sloops and cutters, and when off Stonington it was thought wise to "tie in some cloth" before getting into rough water in Block Island Sound. Several of the big yachts near us thought it wise to do the same and a number of them ran in behind the breakwater at Stonington for this purpose. With the yawl rig, however, this was not necessary, and we lowered away our mainsail and put in two reefs, jogging along the while very nicely under the headsails and the mizzen, keeping headway on all the while and not losing any time. When Block Island Sound was reached our friends who run into Stonington for shelter while reefing were far astern. There was quite a joggle on outside, the sea having picked up very fast. On the long beat all that day Albicore made beautiful weather of it, moving along fast in the heavy sea with the greatest ease and comfort to all on board. Her bow sections being just full enough to "pick her up" and not take any solid water on board, still not full enough to pound. She made far better weather of it than many of the boats twice her size in the fleet. One may get some idea how well Albicore is built and how little she "works" in a sea way, it being possible to open and shut doors and drawers while in the heavy sea in Block Island Sound as easily as if the boat was at anchor in still water. On one of the hitches over toward the Watch Hill shore was seen one of the most magnificent pictures in the way of a yachting scene possible to imagine. Columbia and Constitution, both on the port tack close hauled, were standing toward Block Island, Albicore ran in just between them as she did not want to bother Columbia by crossing her bow, she being to windward. The "big fellows" were not one hundred yards apart, and right abreast of each other, with topsails set, driving ahead into the big sea,

We were absolutely without wind, as Columbia blanketed us in passing, and everyone on board Albicore instinctively got on his feet and cheered as the boats swept by a smother of foam. Columbia heeled down with her lee rail well under and all the crew outlined clearly on the weather rail, while Constitution was just under our lee with her weather side rolled well out and her bronze bottom shining brightly. It was a great sight to pass so closely to these big machines carrying such an enormous spread of canvas and pounding into the big sea.

Four of us had lived on board Albicore in addition to the crew for a week, enjoying every comfort, and we left her with many regrets at Newport, feeling that she was as perfect a cruiser "of her inches" as floats. Albicore is remarked wherever she goes for her very sweet lines and graceful sheer and in designing her Mr. Fife has kept up his reputation for turning out the handsomest yachts in the world.

In addition to Albicore's showing as a cruiser, she has shown considerable speed, and has a racing record of which to be proud. For her last racing season, 1900, out of fourteen starts she won eleven firsts and one second prize. In her class, L. 36ft. to 43ft., she headed the list of twenty-four boats for the season's racing. Altogether, she has won for her owner in three years of racing, twenty-one prizes, eighteen of which were firsts.

Western Yachts.

Cabin and Knockabout Classes Stand.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 1.—In the meeting of the delegates of the Lake Michigan Yachting Association held at the Briggs House earlier this week, there were present delegates from Little Traverse Bay Y. C., Macatawa Bay Y. C., Milwaukee Y. C., Chicago Y. C., Columbia Y. C. and Jackson Park Y. C. President H. A. Coleman had the chair, there being also present Treasurer W. S. Bougher and Secretary H. G. Finney. A warm discussion arose over the question of cabin type or knockabout type. The Milwaukee men especially were displeased at what they termed too much tinkering with the rules, showing an inclination to hang to the knockabout type, and claiming that an injury would be done to Milwaukee if this type were thrown out, since a number of boats of the knockabout type are now building in the Cream City. Opposition coming up to the adoption of the 21ft. cabin type exclusively, the matter was finally compromised by passing the rule relating to the 21ft. cabin boat and allowing the old knockabout clause to stand without change. Article 3, relating to measurements, was changed in one or two particulars.

Milwaukee Y. C. Elects Commodore.

In the annual meeting of the Milwaukee Y. C. last Saturday night, Mr. E. P. Vilas was chosen Commodore; H. A. Coleman, Vice-Com.; Rene Hilbert, Rear-Com., Alexander Mathers, Sec'y-Treas.; F. B. Huntington, John M. Handley, Rene Hilbert, Alexander Mathers and H. A. Coleman, Board of Directors. The new Commodore will, at the next meeting, appoint his Fleet Captain, Fleet Surgeon and the chairmen of the working committees on House, Entertainment and Regatta.

The regular Fourth of July regatta will be held as usual, and there will be a cruise to Macatawa Bay, Mich., of several boats, which will enter in the Lake Michigan Yachting Association meet next August.

Milwaukee Y. C. comprises 180 active members, a larger list than it has ever had before. Thistle, schooner, will be the flag ship this coming season. Milwaukee Y. C. will probably send a trial boat for the Canadian cup preliminaries next summer, and the supposition at this writing is that the boat will probably be a freak, something on the order of the Milwaukee "sidewalk," which created so divided a comment here last season.

Arrival of Windward.

Windward, yawl rigged, the property of E. L. and P. Springer, arrived this week from Patchogue, N. Y. Windward will go into the fleet of Jackson Park Y. C. She is 33ft. over all, 23ft. l.w.l., 3½ft. draft and 5½ft. draft with centerboard.

E. HOUGH.
HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Western Ice Yachts.

THE sport of ice yachting has attained greater proportions in the West this winter than in any previous season, and there is hardly a good-sized Western lake but can boast of its fleet of race horses. Winnebago Lake has something like fifty boats, the queen bee thus far being a Hudson River importation. There is a constant tendency to look for the latest and best models which have found approval in the East, and there is more and more money going into good flyers in the West, the old makeshifts being relegated to the dump yards.

Pewaukee Lake, Wis., is another to have a nice little fleet of ice yachts. Such waters as the Madison Lakes, of Wisconsin; White Bear and Minnetonka, of Minnesota, etc., are also turning out more and better boats this year.

"Mr. G. L. Watson, who has his hands full with huge steam yachts for America, is also engaged on the plans for a steam 'tender' to Mr. James Coats' fine schooner Gleniffer," says the Yachtsman. "The 'tender,' by the way, will be of a tonnage almost equal to that of the big schooner herself, the dimensions being: Load waterline, 147ft.; beam (moulded), 22ft.; depth (moulded), 13ft. 6in. She has a plumb stem and an elliptical stern. The vessel is being built at the Ailsa Shipbuilding Company's yard at Troon, and she is now plated and riveted. The engines are being built by Messrs. Dunsmuir & Jackson and are designed to drive the yacht at twelve knots, and, with the Gleniffer in tow, at ten knots an hour. The launch will probably take place next spring."

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ALBICORE.

Some Strange Cruises.

ANOTHER, and perhaps the final, chapter has been added to the romantic history of the schooner yacht Norna, says the New York Times, which was stolen from this port four years ago, and has since been wandering about the world masquerading under the flag of the Atlantic Y. C. and beating her way from port to port. A private letter received in this city a few days ago from Australia said that the Norna had been put up at auction and sold there, and that she would soon start for the United States, either going to the Pacific Coast or putting around the Horn for New York. "Commodore" Weaver was unable to retain his yacht after the public authorities had seized her, though in previous cases of this kind he had been able to pay off all the claims.

Norna was worth about \$10,000. She was a large schooner of the Dauntless type and had been a famous yacht about these waters in the early eighties. Her extraordinary career since she came into possession of N. J. Weaver has made her famous in yachting annals, and she will go down in history as one of the select list of yachts which have left New York upon voyages that were romantic, adventurous or extraordinary.

Indeed, no other port has yielded so much material for the chronicler of sea romances as New York. Piracy and the slave trade are only two of the queer lines of industry in which New York yachts have indulged. They have penetrated into unknown seas, exchanged shots with the guns of warships and fortifications, and been productive of mysteries which have remained unfathomable with the passage of years.

Perhaps the most notorious yacht that ever put out of New York was Wanderer. While flying the flag of the New York Y. C., of which her owner was a member, she took part in the slave trade, and a special meeting of the club was called to expel her owner and strike her name from the list.

She was built by James G. Baylis at Port Jefferson, L. I., for J. O. Johnson, a wealthy member of the New York Y. C., and was launched in June, 1857. She was a keel schooner, 104ft. over all and 95ft. on the waterline, with a draft of about 11ft. That she was a fine-looking yacht may be seen from the beautiful painting of her which now hangs in the house of the New York Y. C. Mr. Johnson sold her to Capt. W. C. Corrie, who was elected a member of the New York Y. C. May 29, 1858. Under the rules of the club he was captain of the yacht, but her sailing master was a brother of Admiral Semmes, who commanded the Alabama in the Civil War.

Corrie sailed south with Wanderer, ostensibly for a pleasure cruise, although as a matter of fact he went to

Charleston and put a slave outfit in her hold. From there he sailed to Trinidad. Capt. Egbert Farnham, a man of an adventurous career, went along. Wanderer put into St. Helena and thence sailed to the Congo River. There she met the British warship Medusa, looking for slavers, but as Wanderer was flying the American flag and that of the New York Y. C., the British officers never suspected her designs.

Indeed, Capt. Corrie ran alongside the Medusa and remained there for several days, paying calls upon the British officers and actually entertaining them in the cabin of the yacht. Together they visited places of interest ashore, and one day, by way of a joke, Capt. Corrie asked them why they did not search Wanderer to see if she was not a slaver. The British officers laughed at this sally. As soon as the Medusa put to sea Wanderer sailed up the Congo to the barracoons. Among her owners at this time beside Capt. Corrie were Charles A. L. Lamar, of Savannah; N. C. Trowbridge, of New Orleans; Capt. A. C. McGhee, of Columbus, Ga.; Richard Dickerson, of Richmond, Va., and Benjamin Davis, of Charleston, S. C. Capt. McGhee was authority for the statement that she took on 750 negroes between thirteen and eighteen years of age. She got away safely with this cargo, and is thought to have reached the coast of Georgia Dec. 2, 1858. The Savannah Republican stated a few days later that she had landed her slaves on Jekyll Island, for which privilege the negro traders paid \$15,000.

The great difficulty was to get the slaves up the river past the frowning muzzles of the guns at the fort. Communication was opened with Lamar in Savannah. He thereupon announced that he was going to give a great ball in honor of the officers of the garrison, and insisted that the soldiers as well should come. When the ball was at its height and the fort abandoned, the river steamer Augusta steamed past with the negroes from Jekyll Island.

The affair caused a public scandal. Congress took the matter up. Wanderer was seized and condemned, but the smugglers escaped through technicalities. The yacht was sold at auction and bid in by her former owners. It was shown that slaves, purchased for a few beads and bandanna handkerchiefs, were sold on the market for \$700 apiece; the owners cleared \$10,000 apiece on the venture.

But within a year Wanderer had again gone to the Congo and come back with another cargo of slaves. In attempting to enter Jekyll Creek she ran aground, and a number of the captives jumped into the water and were drowned. The rest of the cargo reached land in a terrible condition. Most of them were sick and many dying. It was said that several murders had occurred on board, dying slaves being thrown overboard to get rid of them. This was the last cargo of slaves landed in America.

When Savannah was blockaded, at the outbreak of the Civil War, Wanderer was hemmed in, and was finally sold to the Confederate Government. She was eventually captured by the Union forces, and was for a time used as a revenue cutter at Pensacola. Then she was sold at auction and put into the coconut trade, being finally wrecked at Cape Henry.

Previously, however, the New York Y. C. had taken action in regard to this flagrant abuse of its flag. At a meeting of the club held Feb. 3, 1859, Corrie was expelled from the club and the name of Wanderer was erased from the club list.

The greatest mystery of the sea, which has given rise to innumerable theories, but which the shrewdest minds have been unable to fathom, resulted from a voyage begun in this port a number of years ago. Marie Celeste put out from Brooklyn, bound for Mediterranean ports. There was a large crew and a full complement of officers on board, and the captain's wife went along as a passenger.

About a month afterward, Marie Celeste, with all sail set, was found abandoned 800 miles east of Gibraltar. All the boats were at the davits, the life belts were all in place, there were no evidences of a fight or struggle, and the vessel being sound and in good condition, there was no apparent reason why the crew should have abandoned her, and nothing to show how they got away.

Marie Celeste was taken to Gibraltar and put in charge of the American consul there, and it was hoped that in the course of time the crew or some members of it would turn up to shed light upon this strange mystery. But months passed and no word was heard from them. From that day to this not the slightest evidence has ever been found to show exactly what happened. The whole crew had vanished. A prolonged investigation was made before the ship was finally sold, without discovering anything to clear up the mystery.

It was shown conclusively that but a short time had elapsed between the abandoning and the finding of the ship. In the cabin was a sewing machine which the captain's wife had been using, and standing on the edge of it was a spool of cotton, showing that it had been put there since the last preceding storm. As Marie Celeste had all sail set, she would have been seriously damaged had she been in a storm with no crew on board. The date of the last storm in that locality was found to have been only three days previous to the date on which the ship was picked up. What happened during these three days no man probably will ever know. Conan Doyle, the creator of Sherlock Holmes, had been so fascinated by the mystery of Marie Celeste, that he wrote a book about it, attempting to account for the disappearance upon the theory that savages from Africa came aboard the ship and took the crew into captivity. There was nothing, however, to show that any such thing occurred.

The career of the schooner yacht America after she left this port in the spring of 1851 is surprising, aside from her winning the Cup forever afterward identified with her name.

Bought by an English nobleman, she remained on the other side for years. Then she came back to America and was for a time used as an oyster schooner in Chesapeake Bay. She was taken south before the outbreak of the war and was scuttled and sunk in Florida waters. The yacht was found there by the Federal authorities, taken up, repaired, and put into the service. To account for her lasting all these years it is said that she had been sunk in some kind of metallic sand, which penetrated her timbers and acted as a preservative.

After the war she was auctioned off by the Federal authorities and bought in by Gen. Ben Butler, who used her as a private yacht. He paid a very small sum for her, and it was alleged in Congress at the time that the auction had not been duly advertised and that the transfer of the yacht to Butler had been a job put up between him and the Government.

When Gen. Butler died the yacht was sold again. The astonishing thing is that she is still afloat and in fairly good condition after the passage of fifty years, more than three times the life of the ordinary yacht.

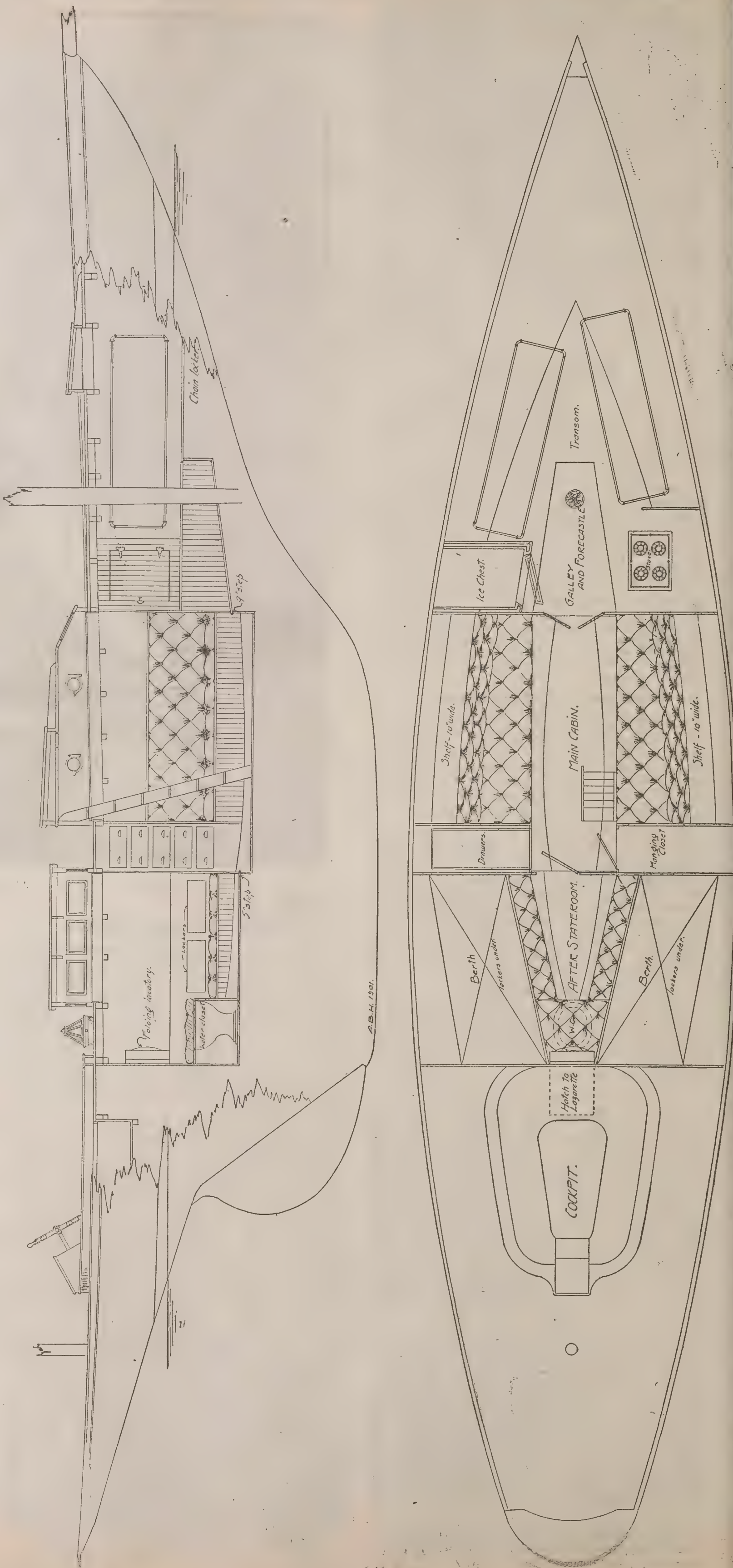
One of the most extraordinary voyages in nautical history came to an abrupt termination in this city a few years ago after the participants, who had started out for a leisurely cruise around the world, had experienced a lively time for over a year. An English lord was commander and owner of the craft, and there were several other sprigs of nobility on board.

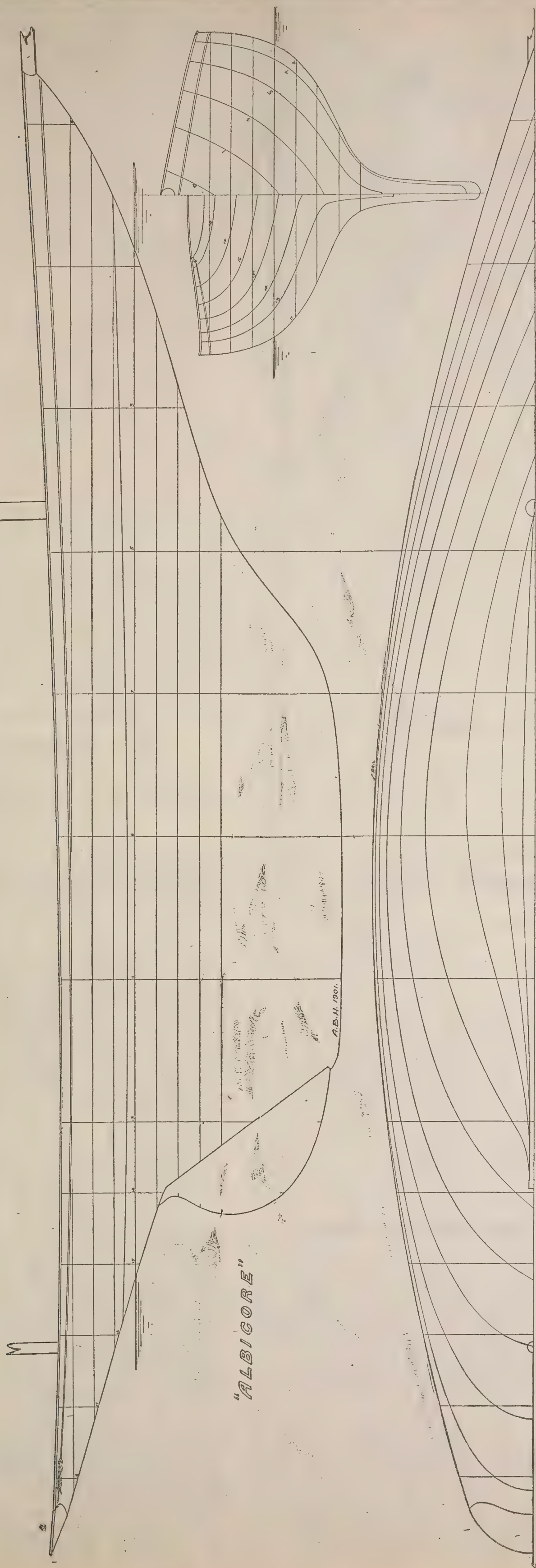
The yacht was called Tyburnia. She was in appearance perhaps the most extraordinary craft that ever entered the port of New York, at least since Hendrik Hudson on the Half Moon sailed up through the Narrows. Tyburnia had been built as a convoy to East Indiamen—to look slow and sail fast. She had the lines of a yacht on the waterline, but above that looked like a ship of the seventeenth century. Her three masts raked forward, a thing few living mariners remember to have seen even in early youth. Around these masts were stands of cutlasses under the belaying pins. She was square rigged on all masts, with queer little jigger sails that excited the wonder of Front and Water streets.

When Lord Grosvenor got her from his father, the Duke of Westminster, for the purpose of this cruise, he put carpenters at work on the decks and fitted up a number of staterooms, while square windows were cut in the sides of the ship from stern to midships. Outside these windows there were places for flower pots, while little white curtains inside gave Tyburnia the appearance of a hospital ship. Costly mirrors and Turkish rugs added elegance to her cabin and staterooms. Lord Grosvenor had printed a circular for private circulation describing Tyburnia, and saying he was about to start on a voyage around the world for enjoyment, to last two years, the cost to each passenger to be £650. A large consignment of wines, liquors and cigars was put into the hold.

A Mr. Murray and his wife left the ship at the first port, saying the times were too lively on Tyburnia, which continued her voyage. She put into several ports in the Mediterranean, took on consignments of wine, and departed without paying for it. It was expected that eventually she might turn up in New York, and agents of European wine houses in this city were notified to be on the lookout for her.

A liner came in and reported passing Tyburnia in mid-ocean in a light breeze, when Tyburnia appearing from a





ALBICORE—DESIGNED BY WILLIAM FIFE, JR.; BUILT BY BEETLE BOAT BUILDING COMPANY, 1896.

distance not to be under control, the liner ran alongside and found the whole company on deck enjoying themselves.

She left the port of Madeira under fire from the forts. Lord Grosvenor and some of his friends, when attempting to land, got into a fight with the Custom House officials there and put back to Tyburnia, got up anchor and started out. The forts sent a few small solid shots through her sails, and Tyburnia replied with a popgun she had mounted on the stern.

She next turned up at New Orleans, where there was an exposition in progress. Here some more passengers left the ship, and Lord Grosvenor, running short of funds, took on a small cargo of sugar. He attempted to sell the sugar on his way from New Orleans to this city, but could not do so.

Upon her arrival in Brooklyn, where she was in dock near the bridge, Tyburnia was seized by the authorities of Kings county for debt. A deputy sheriff was put on board, but she slipped her cable and came over to Pier 13, East River, this city, thinking thus to escape from the Brooklyn sheriff's jurisdiction. The Tyburnia was promptly seized here. Lord Grosvenor and his friends left her to go hunting big game in the Rockies, the vessel was sold to satisfy the claims against her, and an immense quantity of fine wines was taken from her hold. Ship carpenters then went to work on her and turned her back into a merchantman by removing the staterooms, and she sailed from here for Australia with a miscellaneous cargo, continuing thereafter in trade for a few years.

One of the old pilot boats that used to put out from New York and was known to every mariner, was the Ezra Nye, a stanch schooner with a straight stem and magnificent seaworthy qualities. She was bought by F. Marion Crawford, the novelist, who paid \$1,000 for her, when the fleet of pilot boats was put up at auction a few years ago. He now uses her as a yacht on the Mediterranean, and many of his finest recent literary efforts have been conceived when lounging on her deck under the blue Italian sky. She is about 62 ft. on the waterline. She brought a low price because she was old.

Our Boston Letter.

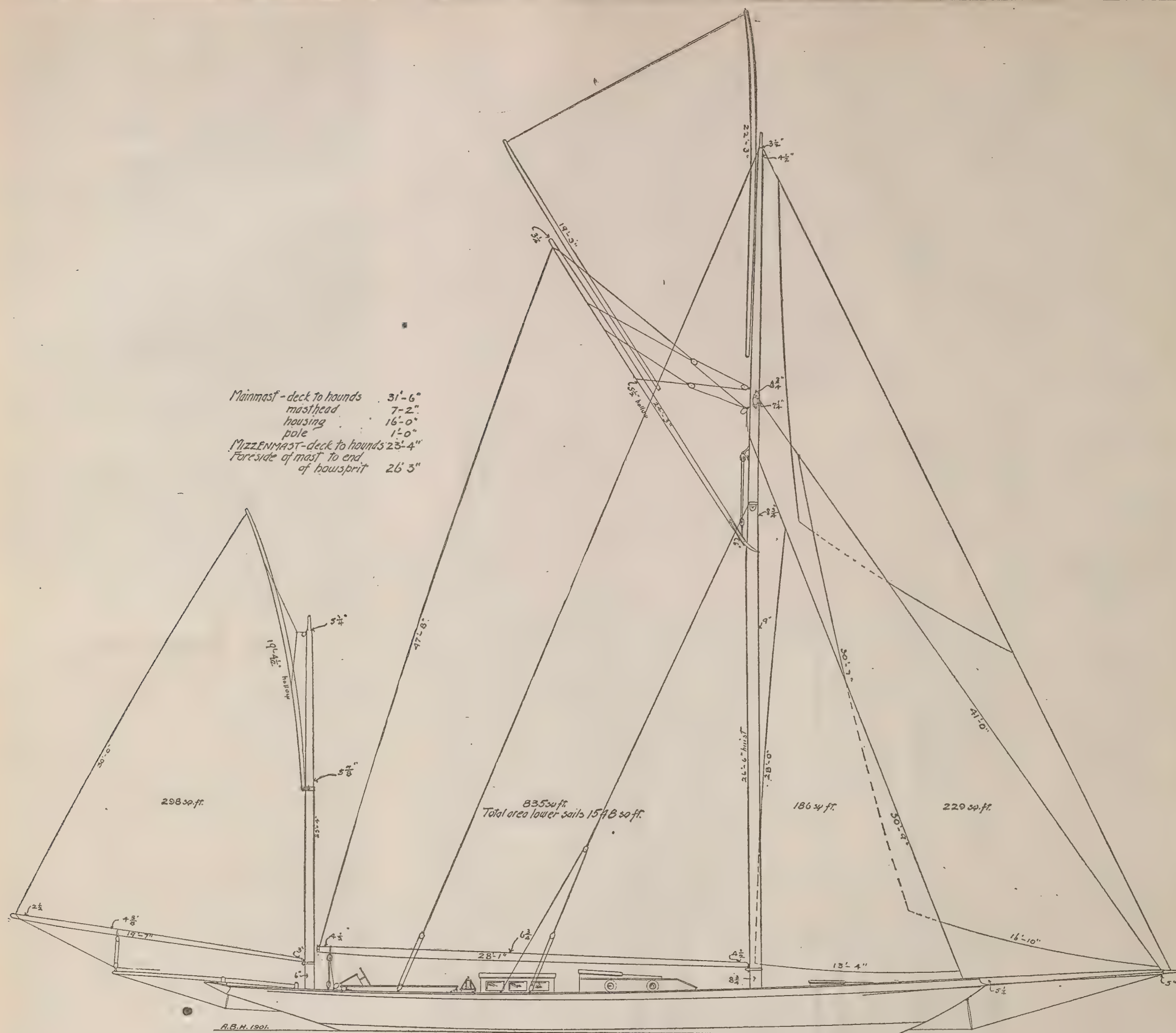
Boston, Feb. 3.—Two more new 21-footers, to be built under the restrictions of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts, were heard of last week. One of these is to be for Vice-Com. J. E. Robinson, of the Savin Hill Y. C., and the other will be for Arthur J. Cavanagh, of the Quincy Y. C. Both are well-known yachtsmen. Vice-Com. Robinson raced the 13-footer Perhaps for three seasons, and Mr. Cavanagh is well known as having been the skipper of the 21-footer Privateer. As yet no details have been given out as to the type of boat that will be built for each owner, but it is very likely, judging from the yachts they have raced in before, that both will be centerboards, with plenty of beam. Mr. Robinson's yacht was designed by Jefferson Borden, of Fall River, and the contract for her construction has been given to Howard H. Linnell, of Savin Hill. Mr. Robinson has great faith in the Savin Hill builder, and the fact that her designer is not a Boston man, is sure to lend interest and make the competition closer. Mr. Cavanagh, who is studying naval architecture at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has turned out the lines of his own boat. While he is yet an amateur, his practical experience at racing should serve him in pretty good stead in putting ideas into his own boat. She will be built at Quincy Point.

There is one thing that is certain in connection with these two new ones. They will be sure to be found at all of the open Y. R. A. races throughout the circuit, whenever their owners find it possible to attend, and from what has been shown in former years, that is likely to mean that there will be few races, indeed, that they will miss. It does not stand to reason that the owners of other boats in the class, no matter how much any of them may desire to confine racing to one place, will allow these two boats to go over the circuit alone and scoop all the prizes. It is a good thing that Mr. Borden has designed a boat for the class, for it will surely mean that owners of yachts of local design will get out and give her a run for her money. The boat of amateur design is also a good thing, for it will create fully as much competition as the Borden boat. It will be a very strange thing if these two boats are allowed to go over the circuit without constant competition, and it is certain that if the others want to be in on the running they will have to get out and race. Objections to racing in Dorchester Bay have been started by some on the ground that there is not enough water there for the keel boats in the class. I am personally very well acquainted with the waters of Dorchester Bay, and I have no doubt that there will be found plenty of water for the deepest of the 21-footers on race days, and it might be that there would be found a little too much for any who should fail to keep their boats right side up.

At the annual meeting of the Quincy Y. C., it was voted to join the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts again. This movement will cause no surprise among the yachtsmen of Massachusetts Bay, as it is known that an effort has been made in that direction since the club withdrew. As was expected, there was some opposition to the motion, but the judgment of the majority in going back to the Association will be doubted by only a few.

A very good clause was added to the by-laws offering special inducements to those desiring to become members, who design or build boats. The clause is as follows: "Any person who personally designs or builds a sailboat of over 12 ft. waterline may become a member of the Quincy Y. C., and be exempt from the usual \$5 membership fee, being liable only for dues of the current year, if application for such membership is made within twelve months from time said yacht is finished and in commission; and said applicant is voted a member in the usual manner."

The following officers were elected for the year 1902: Com., Eben W. Shepard; Vice-Com., Frank F. Crane; Sec'y, Harold B. Faxon; Treas., Walter E. Burke; Meas., L. C. Embree; Executive Committee, Henry M. Faxon, Charles W. Hall, George W. Jones and Herbert W. Robins; House Committee, John P. Brainbridge, C. C. Collins, Arthur W. Harris, Elmer F. Ricker, Ira M. Whittemore, George H. Wilkins and John Wood.



ALBICORE-SAIL PLAN.

From the present outlook it seems that the Boston Y. C. intends to have a very busy season in racing events. At the annual meeting, held last week, it was voted to appropriate \$600 to the Regatta Committee to be used for prizes. In addition to this amount, Com. B. P. Cheney offered \$300 to be expended for cups. The \$600 will be used for club and open events. The Cheney cups will be competed for only by club boats. Com. Cheney did not specify that the cups should be raced for only by yachts owned in the club, but left the matter to the discretion of the Regatta Committee. That body thought it wisest that the cups should be competed for only by yachts whose owners would and could become members of the club. Nine hundred dollars may not seem a great sum to be placed at the disposal of the Regatta Committee of a club for its races, but when it is considered that the yachts which will compete for the prizes will be less than 30ft. on the waterline, and in the majority of cases less than 25ft. waterline, the amount given appears to be very generous.

The work of driving piles for the new station at Marblehead has been started, and is expected to be finished very soon. Nearly all of the material for the building is there, and work will be started on the structure just as soon as the piles have been driven. Seventeen lockers are provided for in the new building, and as there were many applications for them, it was decided to auction off the choice at the annual meeting. The bonus on the seventeen was \$143, and the highest amount paid for bonus on a single locker was \$43.

Amendments were made to the constitution as follows: "That the Board of Trustees, instead of being elected annually, shall be elected one for three years, one for two years and one for one year, and that at each annual meeting one shall be elected for three years; and that the House Committee, instead of being elected individually for a term of years, shall consist of five members, who shall be elected annually."

The officers elected for the year under the laws of the club as amended were as follows: Com., Benjamin P. Cheney; Vice-Com., Walter Burgess; Rear-Com., Elmer H. Smith; Sec'y, Albert C. Fernald; Treas., William H. Bangs; Measurers, W. Starling Burgess and Jefferson Borden; Trustees, Commodore, ex officio, C. W. Jones, H. W. Wesson and W. C. Lewis; Regatta Committee, Walter Burgess, B. D. Amsden, C. A. French, C. G. Browne and Sumner H. Foster; Membership Committee, Commodore and Secretary, ex officio, W. C. Lewis, E. H. Tarbell, W. D. Turner, Albert Geiger, Jr., and C. G.

Browne; House Committee, W. D. Turner, Miner Robinson, T. Walcott Powers, W. B. Jackson and Herbert W. Wesson.

Crowninshield has an order for a 50ft. waterline cruising schooner for Thomas G. Bush, of Mobile, Ala. She will be 73ft. on top, 16ft. beam and 4ft. 10in. draft. She will be built in the South, in the vicinity of Mobile. The boat will have a light draft for cruising in Southern waters. There will be as few bulkheads as possible, so that as much sweep of air as possible may be had through the cabin. She will carry inside ballast entirely, and there is also a provision whereby a shaft and wheel can be put in if auxiliary power is desired.

Burgess has an order for a 25-footer for Dr. R. S. Souther.

At Lawley's work is going on on the 104ft. waterline steam yacht, and on others in the east shop. The Lippitt 60-rater has not commenced to take form yet in the west shop, but is expected that she will commence to go up in a few days.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

At the Townsend and Downey yard at Shooter's Island the Emperor's new schooner has received her priming coat of paint. The steel deck house aft is nearly finished and the deck is laid. As soon as the deck fittings are in place the interior cabinet work will be put in place. The three-masted schooner yacht Shenandoah, building at this yard for Mr. Gibson Fahnestock, is plated, cemented and painted, and the work of laying the deck is well along. The auxiliary schooner for Mr. Alessandro Fabbri, building at Shooter's Island from designs by Messrs. Cary Smith & Barbey, is more than half plated, and her deck and interior joiner work is being made in the carpenter shops.

To the Greenport Basin and Construction Company, of Greenport, L. I., has been awarded the contract of designing and building the one-design boats for the members of the Ardsley Y. C. These craft have been so planned that they can be carried on the davits of steam yachts, several of the owners having this idea in view. The principal dimensions are as follows: Length over all, 25ft. 6in.; waterline, 15ft. 6in.; breadth, 6ft., and draft 4ft. There will be 1,200lbs. of ballast, all of which will be on the keel. The boats will carry just over 400 sq. ft. of sail, which is divided between the mainsail and jib. The

construction of the boats will be simple and strong. The stem, keel and stern post will be of white oak, and the planking will be of cedar, and the boats will be copper fastened throughout. Under the new rule recently adopted by the Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound, the boats measure just 18ft. It is expected that at least a dozen of the boats will be built. The Greenport Basin and Construction Company is also building an 18-footer for a member of the Shelter Island Y. C. This firm is also constructing a cruising sloop of the following dimensions: Length over all, 34ft.; waterline, 22ft. 6in.; beam, 9ft., and draft, 5ft., which will be used solely for cruising, and will be put together in the most substantial manner.

The American Power and Construction Company has sold the schooner yacht Leslie to James N. Norris, Brooklyn, N. Y.; the auxiliary yawl Flora to Cornelius McLean, Mount Vernon, N. Y., and the cabin launch Mystic to W. E. Blanchard, Boston.

The purchasing of the 70-footer Yankee by the veteran yachtsman, Mr. J. Rogers Maxwell, has given new life to the 70ft. class. The "seventies" will be the largest single-stickers seen in the racing next season, and it is now announced that Charlie Barr will be in charge of August Belmont's Mineola. This means that splendid racing will be seen, and all four of the boats will be in commission. Perhaps Mr. W. O. Gay will come around the Cape from Boston and try conclusions with the New York 70-footers now that his boat Athene made such an excellent showing against them on the New York Y. C. cruise last season.

Yacht Club Notes.

During the past year the Hampton Roads Y. C. was incorporated and the organization is now in a most flourishing condition. The club felt the need of a new club house, and the Building Committee has already accepted plans submitted by the architects, and work on the new building will be commenced at once, so that the club house will be ready for occupancy at the opening of the coming season.

The site finally selected by the club is near the end of Willoughby Spit and extends from Chesapeake Bay on one side to Willoughby Bay on the other. There is probably no site in this vicinity posses-

sing as many natural advantages for yacht club purposes. It is located practically in the center of the sailing grounds of this section; it has on the Willoughby Bay side ample and a perfectly safe anchorage for an unlimited number of small boats, and it affords unequalled opportunities for bathing and fishing.

Willoughby Bay, being almost entirely landlocked, is admirably suited for rowing and small sailboats, while just around the point are the waters of the Chesapeake for the large craft. This location is equally as convenient for the yachtsmen of Newport News, Hampton and Old Point, who are members of the club, as for the local yachtsmen.

It is the intention to build a club house facing on Chesapeake Bay, and a boat house facing on Willoughby Bay.

The following is the list of officers: Com., James F. Duncan; Capt., Clarence A. Neff; Sec'y, Lewis Van R. Smith; Paymaster, Charles C. Couper; Board of Governors, Harry C. Dodson, Wyndham R. Mayo, Jr., H. R. Rice, Thomas P. Thompson, Joseph F. Drummond, R. B. Taylor and Ira B. White.

It was the original intention of the club to limit its membership to 100 members, and accordingly the club was incorporated with 100 shares of stock. These were all subscribed to, and with such readiness that the Board of Governors decided to increase the membership to 150, and has ordered 50 additional shares to be issued.

The following named naval officers having kindly offered to address the members of the New York Y. C., dates as below have been decided upon:

Feb. 6—Rear-Admiral Francis T. Bowles, U. S. N.; subject, "Naval Construction."

Feb. 27—Rear-Admiral George W. Melville, U. S. N.; subject, "Arctic Experiences."

March 20—Rear-Admiral Charles O'Neil, U. S. N.; subject, "Ships, Guns and Explosives."

On April 10 there will be a musicale, and the subject for May 1 will be announced later.

After an address, should there be time, other features will be added. The entertainments will begin at 9:30 o'clock in the evening.

The annual meeting of the New Rochelle Y. C. was held on Saturday evening, Feb. 1, at the Hotel Manhattan, New York city. The following officers and committees were elected: Com., Clendenin Eckert, yawl Thistle; Vice-Com., L. M. Scott, sloop Tosto; Rear-Com., P. E. Revelle, sloop Louise; Sec'y, James E. Ricketts; Treas., F. R. Farrington; Trustees, three years, A. S. Cross, Charles M. Fletcher, H. T. Noyes; Law Committee, John F. Lambden, Frederick L. Seacord; Regatta Committee, Charles A. Tower, Howard L. Smith, C. A. Becker, A. P. Weston, William E. Moore.

Canoeing.

Down the Danube in a Canadian Canoe.—II.

(From Macmillan's Magazine.)

At Gutenstein, where we camped in a hay field, the mowers woke us at dawn, peering into the mouth of the tent. But they made no objections and merely said, "*Gruss Gott*" and "*Gute Reise*"; and for an hour afterward I heard their scythes musically in my dreams as they cut a pathway for us to the river.

At Obermarchsthal we left the mountains behind us, and with them, too, the memory of a pathetic figure. As we landed to go up to the little inn for eggs, an old man, leaning on a stick, hobbled down to meet us. His white hair escaped in disorder from beneath a peaked blue hat, and he wore a suit of a curious checked pattern that seemed wholly out of keeping with the dress of the country. At first, when he spoke, I could not understand him, and asked him in German to repeat his remarks.

"He's talking English," said my companion. "Can't you hear?" And English it was. He invited us up to the inn and told us his story over a mug of beer.

"This is my native village. I was born and raised here, and sixty years ago I ran away from Germany to escape military service. I went to the United States and settled finally in Alabama. I had a shop in Mobile, down South in a nigger town, and as soon as I was ready I wrote to the girl I left here to come out to me. She came and we were married. I've had two wives since out there. Now they're all buried in a little churchyard outside Mobile. And this is the first time I've been back in sixty years," he went on after a gulp of beer. "The village ain't changed one single bit. I feel as though I'd been sleepin' and sorter dreamin' all the while. * * * The shop's sold and I'm takin' a last look round at the ole place. There's only one or two that remembers me, but I was born and raised here, and this is where I had my first love, and the place is full of memories, just chock full. No, I ain't a-goin' to live here. I'm goin' back to the States nex' month, so as I can die there and lie beside the others in the cemetery at Mobile."

The country became flatter and the mountains were soon a blue line on the horizon behind us. At Opfingen we crossed our last weir, and among the clouds in front of us saw the spire of Ulm cathedral, the tallest in the world. A fierce current swept us past banks fringed with myrtle bushes, poppies, and yellow flags. Poplars rose in lines over the country, bending their heads in the wind, and we camped at 8 o'clock in a wood about a mile above the town. While dinner was cooking a dog rushed barking up to us, followed by three men with guns. They were evidently German Jäger. Two of them were dressed like pattern plates out of a tailor's guide to sportsmen—in spotless gaiters, pointed hats with feathers (like stage Tyrolese), guns with the latest slings, and silver whistles slung on colored cord round their necks. They examined the canoe first, and then came up and examined us. One of them, who was probably the proprietor of the land, a surly gruff fellow, had evidently made up his mind that we were poachers. And I must admit that at first sight there was ground for suspicion, for no poacher could possibly have found fault with our appearance.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"Preparing to camp for the night," we told him.

"When are you going on?"

"We intend to go into Ulm in the morning."

"Where do you come from; are you Englishmen?"

"Yes; we come from London."

"*Ach was!*" (they all say *Ach was* when they want to be wittingly scornful). "In that egg shell?"

"Certainly."

"And where are you going to?"

"Odessa."

They exchanged glances. "Evidently madmen, and not poachers," said the face of the man with the biggest silver whistle plainer than any words could have spoken it. "Do you know these are private preserves?" was the next question.

"No." My friend, a keen sportsman, sheltered himself scowling behind his alleged ignorance of German (somehow he always knew our conversation afterward to a word); but the penny whistle and immaculate costume of the hunters in a scrubby wood where not even a rabbit lived, excited him to explosions of laughter which he concealed by frequent journeys to the tent.

"What's in that tent?"

"Beds." The chasseurs and the keeper went to examine, while the dog sniffed about everywhere. Our beds were not then untied, and the sportsman untied them; but they found only blankets and cork mattresses.

"You have no guns, or dogs, or fishing rods?" We shook our heads sulkily. "And you are only traveling peacefully for pleasure?"

"We are trying to," we said meekly.

"Then you may sleep here if you go on again to-morrow; but don't go into the woods after game." Then the men moved off. Doubtless they were right to ask questions, yet we were so obviously travelers. "Still, our weather-worn appearance and unshaved faces probably made us look more than a little doubtful," quoth my friend, who himself wore a slouch hat that did not add to the candor of his expression.

In the middle of dinner the men suddenly returned from another angle of the wood and examined everything afresh. We offered them some tea in a tin cup, which they declined; and at last after watching us at our meal in silence for ten minutes they moved off, evidently still suspicious. Thereafter we always knew them as the chasseurs. They were not the only pests, however. Mosquitoes appeared later—our first—and that night we slept behind the mosquito netting we had so carefully fitted to the mouth of the tent when we first erected it weeks before in the garden of a London square. During the night some one prowled about the tent. We heard twigs snapping and the footsteps among the bushes; but neither of us troubled ourselves to get up. If they took the canoe, they'd be drowned; and our other only valuables (a celluloid collar apiece, a clean suit for the big towns, and a map), were safely inside the tent.

In the morning we shaved and washed carefully, and put on our full dress for the benefit of Ulm. We intended to paddle down quietly and stop at the Rowing Club wharf of which we had read; according to the map it was a mile, and the current easy and pleasant. We wished our entrance to be sober and in good taste.

The best-laid plans, however, will sometimes go amiss when you're canoeing on the Danube. We were half-way when we heard a roar like a train rushing over a hollow bridge. It grew louder every minute. In front of us the water danced and leaped, and before we knew what had happened, we were plunging about among foaming waves and flying past the banks at something more than ten miles an hour.

"It's the Iller," cried my friend as the paddle was nearly wrested from his grasp. "It's marked on the map just about here."

It was the Iller. It had come in at an acute angle after running almost parallel with us for a little distance. It tumbled in at headlong speed, with an icy, turbulent flood of muddy water, and it gave the sedate Danube an impetus that it did not lose for another hundred miles below Ulm. For a space the two rivers declined to mingle. The noisy, dirty Iller, fresh from the Alps, kept to the right bank, going twice as fast as its more dignified companion on the left. A distinct line (as though drawn by a rope) divided them, in color, speed, and height—the Iller remaining for a long time at least half an inch above the level of the Danube. At length they mingled more freely and swept us down upon Ulm in a torrent of rough, racing water. Our leisurely, dignified entrance into Ulm was, like the suspicions of the chasseurs, a structure built on insufficient knowledge, a mere dream. Ulm lies on a curve of the river. Big bridges with nasty thick pillars (and whirlpools, therefore, behind them) stand at both entrance and exit. How we raced under the first bridge I shall never forget. We were half-way through the town, with the wet spray still on our cheeks, before the sound of the gurgling eddies below the bridge had ceased behind us. Where, oh, where was the friendly wharf of that Danube Rowing Club? The second bridge rose before us. There were crested waves under its arches. Already Ulm was almost a thing of the past; yet we had hoped to spend at least a week exploring its beauties.

"There it is," cried my friend in the bows, "on the left bank! That old board—see it? That's the wharf."

We managed to turn in mid current and point the canoe up stream. Then, by paddling as hard as we could, we dropped down past the wharf at a pace that just enabled us to grasp the rings in the boards and come to a standstill. You'll never forget Ulm if you arrive there, as we did, in a canoe, when the Iller is in flood.

We spent a week in the quaint old town of Ulm, but our adventures there have properly no part in our journey down the river. Only, in passing, I must mention the courtesy of the Danube Rowing Club. Fritz Miller (who rowed at Henley in 1900 for the Diamond Sculls) is the leading spirit in a list of members who showed us all possible kindness. They housed and mended our canoe, varnished it afresh, and gave us better maps. The secret charms of picturesque Ulm unknown to the tourist were shown to us; and in the evenings we used to meet for music and supper in a quaint little club room that hangs half of its Roman masonry over the rushing river.

Here the navigation of the Danube (such as it is) is said to begin. The fierce current allows no boats or steamers, but immense barges (called *Ulmer Schachtel*) laden with merchandise, are floated down the current to

the Bavarian towns below. On arrival they are sold for lumber, the return journey being impossible.

The Rowing Club takes out eights and fours. Rowing with all their might they move two miles an hour against the current; and it may well be imagined that, with this training, they are well nigh the first rowing club in Germany.

There was a great deal of rain while we were in Ulm and we started again on a rapidly rising river, full of floating rubbish, and rushing at a pace that made it a pleasure merely to stand and watch it from the bank. The Bavarian bank (Ulm is on the frontier line of Bavaria and Württemberg) displayed black sign boards with the kilometers marked in white. We timed our speed by one of Benson's chronometers and found it to be over twelve miles an hour. It was like traveling over a smooth road behind fast horses. My notebook gives an average day, the day, for instance, we left Ulm:

June 19.—The members of the Rowing Club came down in force to see us off at 11 o'clock. Flags were flying in our honor and we heard the men shouting *glückliche Reise* as we shot the middle arch of the bridge on the wave of a rather nasty rapid. The bridge was lined with people, but we only faintly heard their cries for the thunder of the waves. This exceedingly rapid water makes awkward currents as it swirls round the pillars of the big bridges. Behind the arches are always whirlpools, which twist you sideways and toss you from them with ridiculous ease. A wrong turn of the steering paddle and the canoe would be sucked in instead of thrown out, and then—! At a little distance below the bridge the eddies of the whirlpool from adjacent pillars meet in a series of crested waves. The only safe channel lies exactly in the middle. The canoe rises, slips down again, all its length a-quiver; the first wave breaks under the bows and some of the water comes in, but before enough is shipped to be dangerous the frail craft rises again with a leap to the next wave. Then the race begins. The least wrong twist to left or right and the waves break sideways into the canoe and down she goes. It takes so little water to sink a laden canoe.

To-day, for the first time, we heard the famous song of the Danube—famous at least to us who had read of it in so many different accounts. It is a hissing, seething sound which rises everywhere from the river. You think steam must be escaping somewhere, or soda water fizzing out from an immense syphon among the woods on the banks. It is said to be the friction on the pebbles along the bed of the river, caused by the terrific speed of so great a body of water. Under the canoe it made a peculiar buzzing sound, accompanied by a distinct vibration of the thin basswood on which we knelt.

We swept through Bavaria much faster than we wished, but it was impossible to go slowly. The river communicated something of its hurry to ourselves, and in my mind the journey now presents itself something in the form of a series of brilliant cinematographs. Delightful were our lunches at the quaint inns of remote villages—black bread, sausage, and such beer!—Lauingen, a town of the sixteenth century, where the spokesman of the crowd said, "I suppose you're both single"; Donauwörth, in a paradise of wild flowers, where the Lech tears in on the right with leaping waves; Neuburg, with a dangerous stone bridge and the worst rapids we had yet encountered. Then a long stretch where the swamps ceased and the woods began to change. Instead of endless willows we had pine, oak, sycamore, birch and poplar. The river was a mile wide with outlets into lagoons, like Norfolk Broads, that ran parallel with us for miles and were probably empty mud flats at low water. Fishing nets were hanging up to dry along the shore, and hay lay sunning itself on the narrow strips of the banks. We passed Ingolstadt, a military post, and then the river dipped down before us into blue hills and we came to Vohburg—destroyed by the Swiss in 1641, and now, apparently, nothing but a collection of quaint chimneys and storks' nests—and, soon after it, Eining, near Abusina, a Roman frontier station established fifteen years before our era. Trajan's wall crossed the river near here and extended north as far as Wiesbaden.

Then the river narrowed between precipitous limestone cliffs and we entered the gorge of Kehlheim. At its very mouth, between impregnable rocks, lay the monastery of Weltenburg, the oldest in Bavaria. The river sweeping round a bend into the rocky jaws made landing difficult; but we accomplished it, and entered the old courtyard through an iron gate with graceful stone pillars. There were everywhere signs of neglect and decay. The monks' quarters formed one side of the square and the church another; a third side was a wall of rock; the fourth was the river. It was secluded, peaceful beyond description, absolutely out of the world. The air was cool, the shadows deep. Fruit trees grew in the court yard, and monks (there were only thirteen in all) in black gowns were piling up wood for the winter. A priest was intoning vespers in the church, which boasted a beautiful organ, marble altars and elaborate carving of the usual gilded sort. The sunshine filled the painted air. Outside over the neglected walls crept vines, and at the far end of the courtyard a wild rose tree, covered with sweet-smelling blossoms, grew at the foot of crumbling stone steps that led under shady trees to a chapel perched on the cliffs. We toiled up in the heat and were rewarded by a glorious view; from above the monastery was shut in like a nest between river and cliffs.

Later in the day we were driven by a violent thunderstorm to the first landing place we could find. It was a few miles below Weltenburg in the very heart of the gorge. With surprising good fortune we found a cave leading deep into the mountain, and in less than ten minutes we were dry and snug before a fire burning cheerfully for dinner. It was a strange camp—the storm howling outside and the firelight dancing down behind us into the interior of the cave, which was unnecessarily full of bats.

At Ratisbon, the *Castra Regina* of the Romans, we were solemnly warned not to attempt to pass under the bridge. "The whirlpools are savage," they told us. "Of the seven arches of this six-hundred-year-old bridge, all but one are forbidden by the police." Leaving the canoe half a mile above, we landed and walked down the shore to examine. "Boats have gone through," said a pompous man on the bridge as he pointed out the worst places to us, "but even if they got under the arch they have always been sucked in there!" He pointed to a white seething circle of water. "You'll never get through that in your

cockle shell, and you'll be arrested even if you do."

"Arrested—how?" we asked. By way of answer he raised his eyebrows and held up a fat hand in eloquent warning. However, we carefully selected our channel from the bridge, and twenty minutes later were coming down stream toward the arches as cautiously as our speed would permit. People ran along the shore waving their hats and shouting to us to stop. The bridge in front was black with the crowd waiting to see the *verrückte Engländer* upset. We reached the arch and recognized our channel. The water dropped suddenly in front of us and the canoe dipped her nose with it. We were off. The bank and the shouting people flew past us in a black streak. I was just able to recognize one man, our pompous friend, standing below the bridge shading his eyes with his hand, evidently determined to get the best view possible. The roar of voices dwindled behind us into a murmur and a minute later we were out of sight; Ratisbon, bridge, whirlpools and townsfolk were things of the past. We were not arrested, but perhaps the police are still trying to catch us.

After this came a dull spell as we crossed the great wheat plain of Bavaria, winding for two days with many curves and little current. Every morning here the workers in the fields woke us early, and praised the boat, and asked us the usual questions, and told us the usual falsehoods about the depth of the river, the distances of the towns, the floods of past years, and all the rest of it. We made no halt at Straubing (Servio Durum of the Romans), or at Deggendorf, where the Isar adds its quota of mountain-gathered waters.

Another day was very dismal—cold showers and storms of wind following one upon another. We crouched under bridges, trees and anything else that gave cover, paddling fast between the squalls to keep ourselves warm. The plain of Straubing affords little shelter. Toward evening, however, the river made a welcome turn toward the mountains, and we camped on a high bank among clumps of willows with thick woods behind them. New potatoes, dried prunes, and onions in the stew pot were points of light in a gusty and otherwise dismal meal. We pegged the tent inside and out. All night the wind tore at it, howling; but a gipsy tent never comes down. The wind sweeps over it, and finding an ever-lessening angle of resistance, only drives it more firmly into the ground.

Gradually, now, we were passing out of the lonely portions of the upper river. The country was becoming more populated; larger towns were near; railway bridges spanned the river; steamers and tugs raced down, and toiled up it.

A few miles above Passau we camped on an island, and were visited by an inquisitive peasant, who saw our fire and came over from the mainland in a punt. "Are we trespassing?" I asked. "No; the island's usually under water." This was all he ever said in our hearing, though he stayed with us, it seemed, for hours. He was a surly looking fellow in the roughest clothes, with trousers turned up to his knees, and bare feet. His curiosity was immense; with arms crossed and legs wide apart, he stood and stared in silence with expressionless features. We had some villainous Black Forest cigars, bearing on the label the words *la noblesse*, which we sometimes used to get rid of obnoxious people. We gave him two. Knowing nothing about the Greeks and those bearing gifts he nodded his thanks—and smoked both to the very end! Yet he never stirred, his eyes never left us. It was impossible to prepare our frugal dinner under this merciless scrutiny. At length I prevailed upon him to go over for some eggs and bring them to us in the morning for breakfast. He left without a word in his punt, and a sense of oppression seemed to go with him. But, just as dinner was over and we were settling round the fire to our tobacco, he suddenly reappeared. He had brought the eggs in his hat, and he was dressed this time in his Sunday clothes! For an hour he stood beside the fire, answering no questions, volunteering no remarks, till at length my friend went up, shook hands, wished him good night and straightaway disappeared into the tent. I did likewise, and then the fellow took the hint and went.

This happened at a place called Pleinling. Another thing also happened there. On the smaller of the arms which our island divided the river was a weir. With empty canoe, and dressed in shirt and trousers, we practiced shooting this weir next morning. The day was hot, and our other things were meanwhile drying on the bank. The silent peasant came over to watch the proceedings, and with him came a picturesque old fellow, most talkative and entertaining, with white hair and a face like Liszt's. When he saw us preparing to shoot the fall he was much excited. "Have you wives and children?" he asked shaking his head warningly. I went over first while my friend took the camera, and got his picture a second before the canoe plunged into the foam and upset. The old fellow, whose name was Jacob Meyer, was not in the least put out. He leaned on his scythe and watched me struggling in the water with the overturned canoe without making any effort to help. Afterward, when we gave him a *noblesse*, he took a lean, dirty little purse out of his pocket, and said, "How much am I to pay for it?" And when we promised to send him the photographs he asked the same question again.

Some hours later we reached Passau, a few miles from the Austrian frontier, and this last glimpse of Bavaria, after traversing its entire breadth, was the sweetest of all. But only from the river itself can you see the quaint old houses leaning over at all imaginable angles; the towers and crooked wooden balconies; gardens hanging from the second stories; walls with ancient paintings dimmed by wind and weather; and decayed archways showing vistas of tumbling roofs, broken chimneys, and peeps of vivid blue sky at the far ends. The picture it made in my mind as we paddled through it in the late afternoon is uncommonly picturesque—a jumble of gables, towers, bridges and the swift muddy Danube rushing past it all in such tremendous hurry.

Half a mile below, the Inn poured in from the Tyrolean Alps and carried us into the finest gorge we had so far seen. The newcomer brought cold air with it, and we swept into the gloomy ravine between high mountains with something like a genuine shudder. More and more swiftly ran the river as it compressed itself with an angry roar into a few hundred yards' width and swirled into the hills raging at the indignity thus heaped upon it. It became very difficult now to choose camping places, as the stream fills the entire gorge, leaving only narrow ledges

at the foot of the heights where a tent can stand. Upon one of these ledges, broader than the rest, we managed at length to land. A projecting point of rock sent the water flying out at a tangent into midstream and formed a strong backwater below it. Into this we contrived to twist the canoe's nose and on a little promontory, covered with yellow ragwort, we pitched our tent. It commanded a view for two miles up the ravine with the sinking sun at the far end. A boy was tending half a dozen cows among the scanty bushes; a queer little imp with wide-open blue eyes, who watched us land and prepare our camp with no signs of fear or surprise. We gave him cherries and chocolate, and he stuffed his mouth with one and his pockets with the other; then he came and stood over our fire and warmed himself without invitation, as if it had been made for his special benefit. A quaint little figure he cut with his pointed, feathered hat and big eyes. He told us that his name was Josef, that he lived two miles further on, went to bed every night at 9 o'clock and got up every morning at 4. Then he took off his hat, said good night, and vanished into the bushes after his cows.

The sun set in a blaze of golden light that filled the whole gorge with fire; but when the glory faded, the strange grandeur of the place began to make itself felt. The ravine was filled with strange noises, the wooded heights looked forbidding, and the great river rolled in a sullen black flood into the night.

Next morning we passed a big rock in midstream with a shrine perched on its summit; and just beyond it we entered Austria and visited the customs at Engelhartzell, a village on the right bank with an old Cistercian monastery behind it. There was no duty to pay, and we raced on past the mountain village of Obermühl, and out of the gorge into a fertile and undulating country basking in the fierce sunshine.

Neuhaus, with a fine castle on a wooded height, and Aschach, with a view of the Styrian Alps, flashed by. The river from here to Linz is full of history, and its muddy waters have more than once borne crimson foam. There were bloody fights here during the revolt of the peasantry of Upper Austria. Aschach, in 1626, was the insurgents' headquarters where (as also at Neuhaus) they barricaded the Danube with immense chains to prevent the Bavarians from assisting Count Herberstein, the Austrian governor, who was shut up in Linz. When in flood the Danube escapes from this narrow prison with untold violence. Everywhere the villages bear witness of its path, though most of them lie far away from the banks. High up upon the walls lines show the high-water marks of previous years with the dates. "A single night will often send us into the upper stories," said a woman who sold us milk and eggs; "but the water falls as quickly as it rises, and then we come down again." She took it as a matter of course.

The shores became lonely again and our camps were rarely disturbed. One morning, however, about 6 o'clock we heard some one rummaging among our pans. Then something stumbled heavily against the tent, and there was a sound of many feet and an old familiar smell. We rushed out, to find ourselves in the center of a herd of about fifty cows. One had its nose in the provision basket; another was drinking the milk and standing in the pail of water; a third was scratching its head against the iron prop of the kettle. Their curiosity was insatiable; every time we drove them off they returned. While my friend was frying the bacon and I was performing ablutions lower down on the river bank, a squadron swept down upon us unexpectedly by a clever flank movement, and one of them whipped up my pajamas near the tent and ran down the shore with them on her horns. My friend dared not leave the bacon—and I was *in nudis*! It was exciting for the next few minutes.

In blazing heat that day we came to Linz, the capital of Upper Austria. Below it the Traun and the Enns flowed in, and the Danube became a magnificent river rolling through broad banks alternately wooded and covered with crops and orchards; and now, too, we begin again to see vineyards, of which Bavaria had seemed bare.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, at Four-Mile House, Reading Road, Feb. 2. Weather, Cold and clear; thermometer, 18 degrees; wind, fishtail, 4 to 8 o'clock. Conditions, 200yds., off-hand, at the Standard target:

		Honor.	Medal.
Payne	89 87 84 84 81	10 10 7-27	10 10 6-26
Speth	81 86 82 82 87	8 7 7-22	4 6 8-18
Gindele	80 87 81	8 8 8-24	8 10 7-25
Strickmeier	85 84 81 80 80	8 8 8-24	9 8 9-26
Odell	84 82 80 70 68	7 8 10-25	7 5 9-21
Lux	84 80 78 77 69	9 5 9-23	10 7 8-25
Drube	84 73	6 8 6-20
Bruns	83 76 71	8 8 9-25	5 9 7-21
Roberts	82 79 78 76 76	10 5 9-24	9 5 5-19
Nestler	80 80 78 77 76	9 8 8-25	10 6 10-26
Trounstein	79 78 76 74	10 7 6-23	9 8 8-25
Hoffman	79 76 71 69 67	9 7 4-20	6 4 8-18
Uckotter	74 69 69 66 66	6 4 10-20	9 9 6-24
Weinheimer	73 72 67 67 67	6 5 6-17	8 6 4-18
Hofer	70 63 61 60 56	5 6 9-20	9 7 6-22

Rifle at Shell Mound.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 27.—Yesterday was a fair shooting day at Shell Mound range, and a large attendance was present. J. E. Gorman did some very fine work with the pistol. The writer greatly admires the marksmanship of Mr. Gorman, and doubts whether he has a superior in the world with revolver and pistol.

Dr. Dudley Smith, a crack shot of the Smith & Wesson Pistol Club, of Springfield, Mass., attended the range as the guest of the Golden Gate Club, of which he will become a member should he locate in San Francisco. He made some excellent scores on the pistol range.

Scores of the day:
Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club handicap rifle shoot: M. F. Blasse 213, 211, 205; A. B. Dorrell 210; W. G. Hoffmann 224, 220.
Glindemann trophy: M. F. Blasse 204, J. Kullmann 208, W. G. Hoffmann 221, A. B. Dorrell 226, F. E. Mason 227.
Gold medal rifle shoot: F. E. Mason 227, 229.
Silver medal rifle shoot: C. M. Henderson 219, 212, 220, 214; F. H. Bushnell 212, 201; A. C. Thode 177, 194, 186, 199, 203; A. B. Dorrell 227.

Handicap pistol shoot: G. W. Hoadley 88, 88, 87; J. Kullmann 82, 83, 73, 68; W. F. Blasse 80, 85, 80, 85; T. S. Washburn 89, 89, 90, 91, 86; J. E. Gorman 97, 96, 95, 95, 95, 91.

Handicap revolver shoot: P. A. Becker 87, 84, 86, 83, 86, 82, 88, 84; G. W. Hoffmann, 87, 84, 79; J. R. Trego 82, 79; J. W. Tompkins 80, 78, 75, 77; J. Kullmann 78; F. H. Bushnell 78, H. Hinkel 79; G. W. Hoadley 86, 82.

Gold medal shoot: W. F. Blasse 83, 80.

Silver medal: H. Hinkel 81, 79.

San Francisco Schuetzen Verein monthly bullseye shoot: E. Stehn 141, J. C. Waller 227, J. D. Heise 254, Herman Huber 234, F. Page 341, F. P. Schuster 395, A. Page 526, George H. Bahrs 580, J. Gefken 610, E. Goetze 615, A. Mlocker 637, H. Zecher 670, F. Hensel 734, John Beutler 775, H. Meyer 876, E. Doell 881, F. Boeckmann 984, D. B. Faktor 1053, L. Bendel 1157, William Goetze 1167.

Germania Schuetzen Club monthly bullseye shoot: D. Salfeld 171, Herman Huber 269, John Beutler 390, A. Gehret 485, H. Sweiger 645, D. B. Faktor 660, O. Bremer 714, J. Gefken 741, F. Brandt 938, A. Jungblut 966.

German Schuetzen Club yearly competition for trophies; best 3-shot scores: A. Gehret 72, D. B. Faktor 71, F. E. Mason 70, A. Page 72, F. P. Schuster 70, E. H. Goetze 69, N. Ahrens 68, Otto Bremer 69, Louis Bendel 67, Herman Huber 65.

Competition shoot for Siebe-Faktor trophies; best 10-shot scores: A. Gehret 230, F. E. Mason 221, D. Salfeld 224, Otto Bremer 220, A. Page 217.

ROBEL.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

[Fixtures.]

Feb. 11-12.—Wolcott, N. Y.—Winter target tournament of the Catchpole Gun Club. E. A. Wadsworth, Sec'y.
Feb. 12.—Ossining, N. Y.—Lincoln's Day clay-bird shoot of the Ossining Gun Club. Shooting begins at 11 A. M. C. G. Blandford, Capt.

Feb. 12.—Paterson, N. J.—Contest for E. C. cup, emblematic of target championship of New Jersey, between Capt. A. W. Money, holder, and Wm. H. Weller, of Newark.

Feb. 12.—Paterson, N. J.—All-day tournament of the Jackson Park Gun Club.

Feb. 18-20.—St. Edward, Neb.—St. Edward Gun Club's annual tournament.

Feb. 22.—Louisville, Ky.—Jefferson County Gun Club's tournament.

Feb. 22.—Akron, O.—Team shoot of Akron Gun Club.

Feb. 22.—Albany, N. Y.—West End Gun Club's bluerock tournament. H. H. Valentine, Sec'y.

March 31-April 5.—Blue River Park, Kansas City, Mo.—Grand American Handicap at live birds. Ed Banks, Sec'y, 318 Broadway, New York.

April 8-11.—Olathe, Kan.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament.

April 15-17.—St. Joseph, Mo.—Missouri State Amateur Shooting Association's annual tournament. F. B. Cunningham, Sec'y.

April 22-25.—Omaha, Neb.—Nebraska State shoot. H. S. McDonald, Sec'y.

May 6-9.—Interstate Park, L. I.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap at Targets. Edward Banks, Sec'y; Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.

May 13-14.—Enid, Oklahoma Territory.—Oklahoma Territorial Sportsmen's Association tournament.

May 13-16.—Oil City, Pa.—Annual meeting of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. F. S. Bates, Cor. Sec'y.

May 14-16.—Charleston, S. C.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Charleston-Palmetto Gun Club. W. G. Jeffords, Jr., Sec'y.

May 20-22.—Ottumwa, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's tournament.

May 20-22.—Elwood, Ind.—Annual tournament of the Zoo Rod and Gun Club, of Elwood, Ind.

May 20-22.—Wheeling, W. Va.—Fifth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association; added money and prizes. John B. Garden, Sec'y, Wheeling, W. Va.

May 21-23.—Springfield, S. D.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association tournament.

May 30.—Schenectady, N. Y.—Spring tournament of the Schenectady Gun Club. E. L. Aiken, Sec'y.

May 30-31.—Union City, Ind.—Spring tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club. O. E. Fouts, Sec'y.

June 3-5.—Cleveland, O.—Tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League, under the auspices of the Cleveland Gun Co.

June 4-6.—Memphis, Tenn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Memphis Gun Club.

June 9-13.—Rochester, N. Y.—Forty-fourth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game.

June 10-11.—Muncie, Ind.—Indiana Trapshooters' League's annual tournament.

June 17-20.—Warm Springs, Ga.—Annual Interstate tournament.

June 18-19.—Bellefontaine, O.—Silver Lake Gun Club's annual tournament. Geo. E. Maison, Sec'y.

June 25-26.—Raleigh, N. C.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Raleigh Gun Club. Jas. I. Johnson, Sec'y.

July 16-18.—Titusville, Pa.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Titusville Gun Club. T. L. Andrews, Sec'y.

Aug. 13-14.—Brunswick, Me.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Brunswick Gun Club. L. C. Whitmore, Sec'y.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot, every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Feb. 5.—Interstate Park, L. I.—S. M. Van Allen's cash prize shoot at 20 birds, \$10 entrance; handicaps 23 to 33yds; high guns; \$75 added.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

Mr. John S. Wright announces an all-day target shoot, to be given by the Brooklyn Gun Club on Feb. 12, at Enfield street, near Liberty avenue, Brooklyn. Competition commences at 10:30 o'clock. There are eight programme events, of which three are prize shoots, handicap allowance in the form of misses as breaks. The events are at 10, 15, 20, 25 and 30 targets; entrances varying from 50 cents to \$1. There is a total of 145, with a total entrance of \$5.60. Moneys divided 50, 30 and 20. No shooter may win more than one prize. Targets, at 2 cents, are included in all purses. Lunch free. Any one may shoot for targets only.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association, informs us as follows: "The work in connection with the office of manager of the Interstate Association has grown to such an extent that it will occupy all of my time during the year 1902; consequently I will not be in a position to accept the management of tournaments other than those given under the auspices of the Interstate Association."

A reckless disregard of the loading instructions which pertain to the use of nitro powders is not an uncommon occurrence, but the common errors sink into insignificance when compared to the coquetting with eternity as set forth in the communication of the E. C. & Schultze Gunpowder Co., elsewhere in our trap columns.

At the shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club, Jan. 30, in the main event at 100 targets, there was a prize for the highest score, all without handicaps. There were fourteen contestants, all mighty men with the scatter gun, and of these Capt. A. W. Money broke 95 and won. There was a strong and cold wind, which affected the targets and the hands of the shooters, so that the scores as a whole were remarkably good. Capt. Money has demonstrated that with the shotgun at targets or at live birds, or both, he is in the first flight.

The Handicap Committee for the Grand American Handicap at live birds has a membership as follows: Chairman, Mr. John M. Lilley, of Indianapolis, Ind.; Mr. C. W. Budd, of Des Moines, Ia.; Mr. Chris Gottlieb, of Kansas City, Mo.; Mr. Lewis Erhardt, of Atchison, Kans., and Mr. Arthur Gambell, of Cincinnati, O. Mr. Elmer E. Shaner will act as secretary to the committee. All are eminent and thoroughly conversant in every branch of the sport, and all are deservedly high in the esteem of their fellow-men.

Mr. John D. Bethel, who has for many years been eminent in canvas and leather goods, manufactured for sportsmen's use, has accepted a position with the Marlin Fire Arms Co. For the present his headquarters will be in New Haven, Conn., where he will be pleased to see his many friends. He will, at a later time, look after the interests of Marlin repeating rifles and shotguns in Southern territory. His extensive acquaintance and popularity with the trade insure his success.

The two days' shoot to be held at the Duck Farm Hotel, Allentown, Pa., Feb. 12 and 13, is open to the world. The first day is at target competition; the second, live birds. Miss Annie Oakley will be one of the participants in the competition. For programmes address Mr. Alfred Griesemer, Allentown, Pa.

On Saturday of last week, at Gorgas Station, Pa., in a twelve-man team match, 25 targets per man, unknown angles, the Highland Gun Club defeated the Clearview Gun Club by a score of 220 to 206. The latter club had only six men present, so that, in order to get action, each one shot two scores.

Elsewhere in our trap columns from Mr. Paul R. Litzke is a communication which informs the public of the conditions governing the live-bird championship of Arkansas, the trophy of which was presented by the Peters Cartridge Company, which Mr. Litzke represents.

On Saturday of this week, the 100 target event for the championship of the Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club will take place. Mr. F. Brandreth has donated a cup for a trophy to the winner, and Mr. H. W. Bissing has donated a trophy for second prize.

In a contest for a 750lb. hog, each contestant shooting at 5 live birds, at Freehold, N. J., Jan. 29, Messrs. E. I. Vandever and R. A. Ellis, of Freehold, and Al. Ivins, of Red Bank, tied on straight scores, sold the hog and divided the money.

The New England Kennel Club members are active betimes in contests at flying targets on the club's grounds, at Braintree, Mass., and several of them who are eminent in Kennel matters display quite vhc. skill with the shotgun.

New Yorkers are in a state of suspense in respect to the fate of pigeon shooting, but this state will in all probability be of short duration, as the matter is expected to be definitely determined in the near future.

The press dispatches credit Mr. R. O. Heikes with a score of 99 out of 100 targets, in which was a run of 89 straight, shooting from the 19yd. mark, at the tournament held at Waco, Tex., last week.

BERNARD WATERS.

A Matter of Careless Loading.

NEW YORK, Feb. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In asking you to find room for the following in your next issue we do not believe that we are making a mistake, the subject matter being of interest to those who shoot at the traps or in the field, more especially to those who prefer to load their own shells.

On Jan. 20 last, less than two weeks ago, we were in receipt of information to the effect that two guns (a Winchester "pump" and a high grade L. C. Smith) had been blown up by a party who was using "only 3drs. of New Schultze." We were further informed that we would be furnished with some of the shells containing the above load, and also with the loose powder which remained in the 1lb. can out of which the other shells had been filled. Thus we would be in a position to investigate and possibly ascertain the cause of the trouble. Within three days we were personally handed about a score of the shells, together with a 1lb. can of New Schultze, in which was about enough powder to load a dozen shells. It transpired that the party who loaded the shells had only loaded about seventy, had succeeded in bursting and wrecking two guns (fortunately with no serious injury to himself), and yet had used merely some half dozen shells, the guns being wrecked with the last two shells he fired that afternoon.

The following extracts from the records in our "Daily Shooting Book," page 446, will best set forth our findings:

"Shooting trial made Jan. 27, 1902, by Messrs. Hawkins and Borland, to test cartridges which were reported to have burst Winchester and Smith guns belonging to V. L. & D.'s customer.

"Two and three-quarter-inch Trap cartridges with heavy turn-over; reloaded shells with primers deformed by recapping tool."

The report then goes on to give figures showing six tests for pressures, four of which were only normal, about three tons, while two gave the terrific pressures of "probably eight or nine tons," pressures which, as the report says, "would burst any gun."

The tests were stopped, and an examination of the remaining shells was instituted with a view to finding out if possible what the shells contained, which caused them to give occasionally such extremely high and dangerous pressures. It was only necessary to open two shells, for the report goes on to state: "Upon opening two cartridges one was found to contain 36grs. of New Schultze lightly rammed; the other contained a charge of E. C., and on the top of the same 31grs. of 'green Walsrode.' Thirty-six grains of powder from the canister loaded in 2½in. Magic, 1½oz. No. 7, gave pressures as follows: 3.6, 3.0, and 3.2 tons. The powder is perfectly normal, and the burst guns have evidently been caused by the mixture of the charge of E. C. with a full load of Walsrode on top."

On Jan. 28 we wrote the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, so as to place them in possession of information which we deemed rightly belonged to them. It seems, however, from the contents of the following letter, signed by T. G. Bennett, president of the W. R. A. Company, that his company was about to write to us on the same subject. Mr. Bennett's letter follows:

New Haven, Conn., Jan. 29, 1902.—The American E. C. & Schultze Gunpowder Co., Ltd., 318 Broadway, New York City: Gentlemen—We have your favor of the 28th and note contents with thanks. We were about to write you on the same matter; also the Walsrode people.

The gun came back to us very badly broken up, showing signs of extreme pressure. With it fortunately were two or three cartridges, and one of them had a load just as described in your letter. A number of shells were turned in by a mutual friend in New York, which were all right. The party was using U. M. C. shells, evidently reloaded.

Thanking you again for the interest taken in the matter, we remain yours respectfully,
(Signed) Winchester Repeating Arms Co.,
T. G. Bennett, President.

It may be as well to state that some twenty-five shells were also sent to the U. M. C. Company at Bridgeport, Conn., who tested them and report to us that the pressures were all normal, and that no shell contained the curious mixture given above. The shells sent to the U. M. C. Company were forwarded to them by the "mutual friend" referred to by Mr. Bennett, who, as will be noted, reports them as "all right."

On Jan. 30, a critical examination of one of the shells containing "the mixture" was had in our New York office, several disinterested parties being present, among Mr. Chas. H. Mowry, of Syra-

cuse, N. Y., editor of the Sporting Goods Gazette; Mr. Marshall Herrington, and Mr. D. F. Pride, both likewise newspaper men interested in shooting affairs. The shell on being opened permitted the Walsrode to drop out, but the E. C. was tightly packed by heavy ramming, and had to be picked out. The Walsrode weighed 31grs., the E. C. 36½grs., making a total of 67½grs. of powder.

Mr. Mowry and others being anxious to find out whether the above if reloaded would give the pressures—"probably eight or nine tons"—Mr. Justus Von Lengerke performed the operation in the presence of all, using a new 2½in. Trap and the wads which were in the original shell. These wads, by the way, were a thin card (probably "B" thickness) over the powder, followed by two black-edge wads understood to be 11-gauge. The wads used in loading the shells which contained 36grs. (or 3drs.) of New Schultze were found to be as follows: Winchester nitro felt and two black-edges.

The result of this test for pressures made with "the mixture" as reloaded, was startling to the lay brethren, the crusher lead being reduced to the thickness of a wafer, while leads used with two of the shells properly loaded stood up and showed only normal pressures.

It is worth while noting in this extraordinary case two special features: (1) The recognition by the loader of the shells of the necessity of using a different and a thinner combination of wads with "the mixture" from the combination used with the correctly loaded 36grs. (3drs. by measure) of New Schultze. (2) That in addition to using thinner wadding with "the mixture," the loader had exerted enough pressure to pack the E. C. so tightly that it had to be picked out with a penknife, whereas with the 36gr. loads he had used very little pressure indeed.

From the above you will note that no possible blame can be attached to any one save only to the loader himself. Neither load of powder by itself could have caused him any trouble, but "the mixture" was fatal to the two guns, though luckily not to him. That he knew he had at least two different lots of shells with him at the time is shown by the fact that the top shot wad on the shells loaded with "the mixture" bore a mark on them, while those containing correct loads of powder were left blank, having no mark or number on them at all.

This communication having run to greater length than we at first anticipated, we feel that an apology is due you, and therefore tender same in a duly humble spirit.

THE AMERICAN E. C. & SCHULTZE GUNPOWDER CO., LTD.

The Hamilton Gun Club.

HAMILTON, Can., Feb. 1.—The Hamilton Gun Club have to-day had the pleasure of the company of the Stanley Gun Club, of Toronto, who visited Hamilton to shoot a return match in our interclub series, and we were more than pleased to find them all such real good fellows.

The Stanley Gun Club did not arrive here until after 2 o'clock, so that the match had to be shot off at once, without preliminary practice events of any kind. This may account in some measure for a number of our Toronto friends failing to make their usual good showing, while on the other hand, our boys have excelled themselves, and made an average much above anything ever before accomplished by a Hamilton Gun Club team composed of so many members.

The match was shot by teams of twenty men on each side, at 25 targets and 7 live birds per man, resulting in the following totals:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Hamilton Gun Club.....	500	405	.81
Stanley Gun Club.....	500	360	.72

Hamilton won by 45 targets.

As each squad finished shooting the targets they were sent at once to the live-bird score, with the following results:

The Hamilton Gun Club shot at 14 live birds and killed 109. The Stanley Gun Club shot at 14 live birds and killed 103.

Individual shooters are eligible for all competitions other than that for the Mail trophy, by becoming members of the Association, as per Article VII. of the Constitution of the Dominion Trapshooting and Game Protective Association, i. e.:

"Affiliating clubs shall pay an annual fee of \$5. Individuals may become members of the Association on payment of a fee of \$1 per annum. All fees to be paid on or before June 15 in each year."

It is the intention of all our affiliated clubs to assist in every possible way toward making this shoot one that will be long remembered by all who are fortunate in being able to attend.

In point of attendance, we already have promises which will bring to our grounds in August next more competitors than have ever taken part in any tournament yet held in Canada, and we trust that we may have the pleasure of the attendance of many shooters from over the borders.

Stanley Team.				Hamilton Team.			
Wm. Lewis.....	21	4	J. Crooks.....	20	5		
Fairbairn.....	23	6	J. Hunter.....	15	5		
G. Briggs.....	15	6	W. Work.....	21	6		
J. Meyers.....	19	5	Dr. Hunt.....	23	6		
Edwards.....	17	5	J. Smith.....	20	7		
Dey.....	23	5	J. Bowron.....	21	5		
H. Townsend.....	15	6	H. Dunes.....	20	5		
Magill.....	19	5	E. A. Clifford.....	22	4		
Buck.....	22	6	A. Bates.....	18	6		
Logan.....	17	7	C. Waterbury.....	18	5		
Stell.....	17	4	T. Upton.....	21	6		
Flemming.....	19	7	Dr. Wilson.....	24	5		
Bond.....	5	5	G. Crawford.....	19	3		
Tom. Duff.....	20	2	C. Brigger.....	23	6		
Foreman.....	15	4	B. Smyth.....	20	7		
Thompson.....	20	5	A. Smith.....	21	6		
Williamson.....	16	6	F. Overholt.....	15	4		
Shepard.....	18	5	H. Graham.....	21	6		
J. Townsend.....	17	3	M. E. Fletcher.....	23	7		
Wakefield.....	22	7	Ben. It.....	20	5		
360 103				405 109			

BEN. IT.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Boiling Springs Gun Club.

Rutherford, N. J., Jan. 25.—Following are the scores made at the shoot of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, held to-day:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	Targets:	15	15	15	15	15
Fanning.....	15	13	12	14	9	Huck.....	33	12
Money.....	11	13	11	8	5	Gardiner.....	12	13	8
Glover.....	9	13	12	13	13	Welles.....	14	12
Carlough.....	10	14	12	13	10	Hexamer.....	11
Swiveller.....	7	12	Has Been.....	2	8
Axford.....	11	12	9	Collins.....	11	12
Apgar.....	12	Paul.....	9	9

Special prize event No. 2, 50 targets, with allowances in parentheses: Money (3) 46, Carlough (3) 48, Fanning (0) 44, Welles (4) 47, Collins (5) 43, Glover (3) 47, Hexamer (9) 36, Gardiner (6) 39, Huck (6) 42, James (8) 34, Apgar (3) 34, Swiveller broke 20 out of 40 and withdrew.

Special prize event, same conditions: Money (3) 46, Swiveller (4) 44, Fanning (2) 50, Glover (2) 47, Carlough (4) 37, Huck (3) 32, Gardiner (6) 41, Axford (7) 33, Frank (6) 40, Apgar (3) 42.

Team match, two men on a side, 25 targets per man: W. L. Gardiner 18, Capt. Money 16; total 34. H. S. Welles 11, W. V. Carlough 12; total 23.

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., Jan. 25.—In the contest for the Glaser trophy, 50 targets per man, the following scores were made:

Eickhoff.....	010111011001011101111000—16
F. Truax.....	111000011110011100001000—12—28
Satchart.....	10101111010110011010000—14
Sidway.....	001000010000100110001010—8—22
Rowe.....	011101011101011001010010—14
Morrison.....	1110001000110101001000000—9—23
C. Truax.....	111001100110110111000110—16
	010110101111100101101110—16—32
	0000001100001010001000100—6
	010010000100000010100000—5—11
	11101010111101010110111—18
	111111111101010110011001—19—37
	10011111001011011010111—18
	0010111001101010101111—16—34

J. R. MERRILL, Sec'y.

Boston Shooting Association.

Boston, Mass., Feb. 2.—The all-day tournament of the Boston Shooting Association, at Wellington, Mass., on Feb. 1, brought out seventeen shooters, in spite of our vicious New England weather. A northeast snowstorm, blowing directly into the faces of the shooters, was conducive neither to comfort nor good shooting. Lack of numbers was made up by the enthusiasm of those who had braved the weather, some of whom shot the programme nearly twice through.

While the percentages may not seem high, it must be remembered that a number of the events were in pairs and reversed angles, which are not a feature of modern tournaments. Exclusive of those, some really good shooting was done by Le Roy, Griffith and Herbert, the first two averaging a fraction over 90 per cent, and the latter a fraction over 94 per cent. at known and unknown angles.

Griffith made a journey through two States in order to be with the boys, and his quiet, unassuming way has not been at all marred by his success at the trap. He promised that Rhode Island would enter a five-man team in the Interstate match among New England States, and we feel assured that the other States will fall into line.

That genial shooter, Lambert, made his first appearance of the season, and received a hearty welcome. P. H. came down from Leominster, but did not shoot in his usual good form.

Most of the boys ran out of shells during the afternoon, and strange loads, however good, always raise havoc with the averages.

On the regular programme of 175 targets, Griffith broke 160, Herbert 159 and Le Roy 154. The full scores are:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
Targets:	10	10	10	10	15	15	10	10	10	10	15	15	10	10	15	10	15	15	15	20	25
Coffin	6	8	8	10	15	15	6	5	6	8	9	13	10	7	8	7	8	13	10	18	14
Herbert.....	10	10	6	14	13	13	9	6	10	10	14	13	10	7	14	7	10	15	14	20	21
P. H.....	9	7	6	12	11	11	6	8	7	7	10	14	6	9	12	1	5	11	8	13	..
Le Roy.....	8	7	8	9	14	13	9	8	14	7	10	14	14	19	21	21
Griffith.....	8	9	10	10	13	15	8	10	13	6	10	15	13	20	17	15
Stewart.....	8	9	8	12	11	6	8	7	8	13	15	7	10	10	6	10	14	13	19	20	12
Puck.....	9	9	4	9	13	14	9	7	11	5	7	14	12	15
Lambert.....	7	5	4	10	11	14	7	9	11	6	5	12	11	17	18	10
Kirkwood.....	4	6	7	11	13	8	9	10	6	11	8	5
Cake.....	7	9	9	9	9	6	6	9	9	9	15	7	6	11	5	7	12	13	17
Frank.....	5	7	9	9	11	13	8	8	15	6
Bullard.....	4	4	6	6	8	9	7	6	12	7	8	11	9	15
Fess.....	6	9	7	11	10	1	6	8	7	10	12	9	9	15	..	7	12	12	17
Byram.....	4	..	5	5	9	14	10	..
S. Wood.....	8	8	9	12	9	13
Peabody.....	6	6	8

HERBERT.

Grand Prix.

A SPECIAL cable to the Herald, published in its issue of Feb. 2, has the following in respect to the Grand Prix:

Monte Carlo, Saturday.—Another Grand Prix is concluded, and M. Grasselli, whose brother won it in 1897, is the winner.

Seldom has such excitement been seen regarding this event, but the weather militated greatly against a large attendance.

A steady downpour of rain was all against the birds, but at the end of the sixth round a strong wind from the northeast helped an extraordinarily good lot of birds to defeat most of the shooters.

Twenty-eight zeros were recorded in the opening round, and no fewer than fourteen shooters failed to account for their sixth bird, while a similar number were defeated by their seventh.

Then the fielders began to reap their rich harvest, as in the eighth round only eighteen shooters accounted for their birds, while fifteen missed.

Eight more misses occurred in the ninth round, and only three gentlemen had accounted for their birds, namely, Mr. Grasselli, Mr. Wood and M. Schiannini.

All these gentlemen killed their tenth birds, but M. Schiannini had the worst luck possible with his eleventh bird, as it fell quite dead within 2in. of the boundary line, but outside.

All interest now centered in the performances of Mr. Wood and M. Grasselli. The latter had to lead off, and with a beautiful first barrel killed a very good bird from the middle trap, while Mr. Wood, who had an exceptional bird from the right-hand trap, was easily beaten.

Thus M. Grasselli gained a most popular and well deserved victory.

Four shooters had to compete for the remaining prizes, and it was not until the end of the sixteenth round that Mr. Wood was awarded the second prize, amounting to 11,000 francs (\$2,200).

M. Schiannini and Comte O'Brien agreed to divide the sum of 13,000 francs (\$2,600), while Lord Rosslyn, who had shot extremely well but unluckily, had to take fifth place.

M. Grasselli, beside winning an objet d'art, annexed the sum of 22,000 francs (\$4,400), and reports have it that he backed himself heavily as well.

The betting was the highest seen for years, and the fielders won a big haul.

Boston Athletic Association Gun Club.

Boston, Mass., Feb. 1.—The February Handicap of B. A. A. Gun Club was started this afternoon. There was also a cup presented by one

Brooklyn Gun Club.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1902.

VOL. LVIII.—No. 7.
No. 348 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

A MONUMENT TO PROFESSOR BAIRD.

AN effort is making by friends of Professor Spencer F. Baird, who loved him in his lifetime and revere his memory, to secure an appropriation for the erection of a monument to his memory at Washington. Senator Lodge has very kindly signified his willingness to take charge of the matter, and has, we believe, already introduced a bill or resolution to secure such an appropriation. Many letters and petitions have gone to Washington in support of this measure from men engaged in the fish trade, from fishculturists, from members of legislatures, from the faculties of colleges and others. It is hoped that success will be attained in the movement. The form of petition which has been used follows; we give the text of it with the hope that every person who knows and appreciates the great services of Professor Baird may be moved to add the weight of his influence to the movement for the memorial:

To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives in Congress assembled:

We, the undersigned, recognizing the great merit of the late Prof. Spencer F. Baird as scientist, writer and father of the United State Fish Commission, and deeply appreciating his services to the fishing industries of the country, and the establishment of fish-culture on a broad basis, the benefits of which grow more apparent with passing years, most respectfully and earnestly petition that an appropriation be made by the Congress for the erection of a suitable monument to his memory at Washington, D. C.

We are confident that the great work accomplished by Professor Baird in scientific investigation, as the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, the Director of the National Museum, and as the head of the United States Fish Commission, are so well known and have been of such vast consequence to the educational and industrial activities of the nation that detailed discussion here is unnecessary and uncalled for.

Ever praying that our petition may receive the considerate attention of the Congress, it is respectfully submitted.

In this connection we are permitted to quote a letter written by President Jordan, of Leland Stanford Junior University, to Capt. Joseph W. Collins, of the Massachusetts Fish Commission, who is actively interested in the movement:

LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY, Stanford University, Cal.—Office of the President, Jan. 29, 1902.—Mr. Joseph W. Collins, Boston, Mass.: Dear Sir—I am very deeply interested in the proposed memorial to Professor Baird. The fact that Washington is now a center of scientific research in various lines is due to Professor Baird more than to any other man. I shall take pleasure in writing to different men who may help. Very truly yours,

(Signed) DAVID S. JORDAN.

Copies of the petition may be obtained by addressing Capt. Collins.

THE PLANK IN NEW YORK.

WRITING of New Hampshire game conditions in our issue of Jan. 25, Mr. C. M. Stark testified to the valuable results of the adoption and enforcement in that State of the law forbidding the sale of woodcock and grouse. In our issue of last week we quoted from the annual report of the Massachusetts Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game proof of the admirable effect of the working of the anti-sale prohibition in Massachusetts. They wrote:

But it is possible to judge with some accuracy of the effect of the game law which prohibits the sale of partridge and woodcock (Acts of 1900, Chapter 379), for its beneficial results are already observable to a very pronounced degree in nearly all sections of the State, notwithstanding it has been in force so short a time. There can be no doubt that the increase in ruffed grouse, concerning which there is a large mass of evidence at hand, is directly attributable to this measure and the active enforcement of the game laws. The outlook for the woodcock also seems somewhat improved, even to the extent that it is reported breeding in this State, although it is well known that its appearance is generally as a migrant.

Testimony to the same effect has come to us from Minnesota, where the anti-sale law as enforced by Executive Agent Sam. F. Fullerton, has proved to be of most unquestionable advantage. Other States have reported like results. There is everywhere abundant and convincing evidence that in the application of the FOREST AND STREAM's Platform Plank—"The sale of game should be forbidden at all seasons"—lies the remedy for unsatisfactory game conditions. It is in large measure the solution of the game protection problem.

Now come the New York Fish and Game Commissioners who in their annual report to the Legislature advocate the adoption of a similar law for New York. They give it as their opinion that the sale of woodcock, quail and grouse killed within the State should be prohibited at all seasons. It stands to reason that what is good for New Hampshire

and Massachusetts and Minnesota and other States, is good for New York. The recommendation of the Commissioners should be carried out by the present Legislature. A bill to this effect has been introduced into the Assembly by Mr. Marson, of Oneida county, providing that woodcock, grouse and quail shall not be sold or offered for sale at any time or place throughout the State. The bill is now in the Committee on Fish and Game. Every citizen who appreciates the situation and recognizes the opportunity now presented to secure this most important law, should use his best endeavor by a personal appeal to his representative at Albany to assure for this measure legislative approval.

As is pointed out by a correspondent who writes from Rochester, there is a well-recognized counter influence at work at Albany in the person of an official, who is not named by our correspondent, but is perfectly well known to be Deputy Comptroller Gilman. Mr. Gilman is or was interested in a cold storage concern in New York city; has for years been active in opposition to legislation intended to restrict dealing in game, and has worked for greater license in game traffic. Now it is not to be tolerated that the legislation asked for by the Game Commission and demanded by the people should be thwarted by the personal and selfish interest of an individual. The indorsement of Mr. Marson's bill should be so pronounced that its prompt reporting out of committee should follow.

Let us have in New York the non-sale system which has proved so advantageous elsewhere.

THE WILD SHEEP'S MEGAPHONE.

THE theory has recently been advanced in England that the great curving horns of the wild sheep, of which our big-horn may be regarded as typical, are of use to the animal as making its hearing more acute; that they are curved around the side of the head in such a fashion that the ear appears to be at the apex of a hollow cone formed by the great spiral horn. Mr. Geo. Wherry, of Cambridge, believes that "the form of the horn and the position of the ear enables the wild sheep to determine the direction of sounds when there is a mist or fog, the horn acting like an admiralty megaphone when used as an ear trumpet, or like the topophone (double ear trumpet, the bells of which open opposite ways), used for a fog-bound ship on British-American vessels to determine the direction of sound signals."

The statement is ingenious, but is interesting chiefly as showing the way in which scientific guessing may be misdirected. The author appears to have forgotten, if he ever knew, what is called to his attention by Mr. Harting, that there are many wild sheep and that the spiral of the horn of each species of wild sheep is a different one. Even within the species the spiral may differ to some extent among individuals. In some cases, perhaps, the ear lies at the apex of a cone formed by the horn, but in others it does not. Moreover, it may naturally be inquired why it is that the adult males of a particular age should be provided with such an aid to hearing, which is lacking in the females and the young. These old males with large and perfect horns have acquired their full fighting powers. They have also reached their full strength and agility for flight, and through many years of experience have come to a full knowledge of the dangers to which their race is exposed. How does it come that nature should have cared so well for them and should have left the far more defenseless females and young a prey to the dangers likely to come to them from enemies which may make the sounds in a fog. Should not the latter possess this protective ear trumpet as well as the males of full age, whose horns—to the field observer at least—would seem to be sexual characters analogous to the antlers of the deer or the spurs of the cock?

It is very well known that the male sheep use their horns for the purpose of fighting, and that their battles are severe. To what other uses beside self-defense these horns may be put the outdoor American does not very clearly know.

It is not so very many years ago that good common sense people were told and believed that the horns of the mountain sheep were used by him as a buffer on which to alight, when he sprang headlong from lofty cliffs, and striking on his horns on the rocks below, rebounded, alighted on his feet and ran away. Those who told this story and those who believed it did not consider what would happen to the females whose horns are practically

straight, and only from 6 to 10 inches long, nor did they take into account the young males who for several years have horns too small to act as buffers in this way. In this they were like Mr. Wherry.

As a matter of fact, we believe that the observations of outdoor men generally will show that the mountain sheep depends for its safety chiefly on its nose and its eyes. We believe that if the observations of hunters in general could be gathered and collated, it would be found that the female sheep are rather quicker to notice danger than the males, though both are quick enough.

Wariness in sheep as in any other wild animals is very largely a matter of education. With regard to our own species, it is well known among the old-timers on the plains that fifty years ago in many parts of the West the big-horn was the most unsuspicious and easily killed of any animal except the buffalo. At the present day he has changed his habits with his location, and is now the most difficult of all animals to hunt, except the white-tailed deer.

THE STATUS OF TRAPSHOOTING.

IN every branch of sport, and for that matter in every branch of the affairs of men, there are those who, being abnormally wise, declare its decadence and predict its ending. To them, no special process of reasoning, in this connection, is considered as an essential in making a conclusion. The most meager data concerning some particular serves them in making an estimate of the total situation. Let methods change, and disintegration is denoted; let the scene of activity change, and it further denotes the hastening of the end. In short, the pessimistic person not infrequently mistakes his pessimistic condition of mind for an actual state of external affairs.

The matter of trapshooting has not escaped the notice of those who make a specialty of observing the downward trend of established institutions.

Notwithstanding the many mistaken regrets over imaginary decay of trapshooting, it may safely be asserted that never in its history was this sport, throughout the length and breadth of the United States, in such a prosperous condition. Gun clubs abound everywhere. Whether indulged in as a matter of pleasurable competition, or as a matter whereby skill with the shotgun may be acquired, trapshooting has a place everywhere, whether cross-roads hamlet or city, throughout the land.

It is true that it has been through many stages of evolution, in respect to its competitive features in the past few years; but such may be considered as incidents of the sport, and not the sport itself.

It, too, has betimes been affected by the vicissitudes of the business world. When hard times prevail, sport for the time being is less, or in abeyance. Yet, all in all, it has held more than its own in public favor as compared with other sports.

As a true index of its pervading popularity, the national interest manifested in the Grand American Handicap, to be held at Kansas City, Mo., in March and April, and the more than national support which will be accorded it, are pertinent to the case in point. The most conservative estimates are, that not less than 350 shooters will be present at that great event, and there are other well-grounded estimates that there will be not less than 400. Others, again, more optimistic, place the number nearer 500. In any event, it will be without doubt the greatest gathering of mighty trapshooters in respect to skill and numbers that the world has ever known. Such a happening, truly, could never have a place if trapshooting was in a state of decay. It *per se* is an index of universal activity and approval.

There is here much for both individual and national gratification—the sport affords wholesome relaxation and recreation to the individual; to the nation which has a skilled shooter in every citizen, there is always a ready defense from all enemies.

Dispatches from the Russian newspapers state that the expedition which was sent out by the Academy of Sciences under the zoologist Hertz to examine the mammoth remains discovered in the district of Kolymsk, is returning, after a very difficult journey, bringing the mammoth with it. It was a male, and apparently middle-aged. Its skin and skeleton were both preserved. In the stomach and in the mouth were found remains of undigested food. The different parts of the mammoth have been conveyed to St. Petersburg in a frozen condition.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Floating on the Missouri.—I.

At last our dreams were about to be realized. We had long planned a trip down the Missouri from Fort Benton, the head of navigation, to—well, some point to be determined upon later, and here we were, boat loaded, ready to embark. The boat we had named the "Good Shield," which is the English of our better half's Indian name, was just a plain, sharp-bowed, flat-bottom skiff, some nineteen feet long and of five feet beam. Not exactly a thing of beauty, but staunch, light of draft, and serviceable. It held our tent, stove, bedding, clothing, guns and ammunition, provisions for a month or so, and still there was room for more. So impatient were we to be off that we had loaded up by the light of a lantern. But now the eastern sky was streaked with crimson, and it was quite light enough to see the channel. The swift current was gently tossing and swaying our craft, as if to say: "Come, why tarry? Cast loose and I will bear you swiftly into the land of your dreams." Well, then, the river should have its way. "Get aboard and take the stern seat," I said to Sah-né-to, and as soon as she had done so, I pushed out into the stream. Splash! Sah-né-to dropped a little beaded buckskin sack into the water. What it contained I know not, nor did I ask. But I heard her low prayer: "Spirits of the water, people of the depths, accept my poor sacrifice. Pity us, I entreat you; draw us not down to our death in your cold, dark realm; cast us not upon the rock hidden by the foaming current. Pity, pity. Accept my offering, I pray you, and harm us not."

Sah-né-to has not forgotten the gods and devils of her people if she has been married to a pale-face these twenty years and more. Missionaries and their creeds are as nothing to her; the sun, the glorious, dazzling, resplendent orb, is the kind and living ruler of the world. By his aid, and through sacrifice, the evil spirits may be kept from working harm.

I set the oars and pulled a few long, steady strokes; aided by the swift current we sped down stream at a rate of five miles an hour at least. It seemed only a moment or two since we had cast off, and here we were already at the lower end of the town and opposite the old adobe fort—that is, what is left of it. Of the great thick walled fortress nothing now remains but the southeast bastion, and that, too, would have long since fallen had not a generous and public spirited one of the old-timers roofed it over, and shored up its crumbling walls. Cannon no longer point from its deep port holes ready to discharge a hail of trade balls into some party of murderous redskins. That day has long since passed. Built in 1856 by the American Fur Company, this fort was for years the center of a vast and far-reaching fur trade. Hundreds of thousands of buffalo robes, like numbers of wolf and beaver skins, and pelts of the deer and elk were brought to it by Indian and white from the far North, from the South, from the Rockies and the vast extent of plains surrounding it, and were later shipped down the river to St. Louis.

Sah-né-to gazed long and sadly at the solitary bastion. "How well I remember," she said, "coming to the great fort with my father and mother to trade. When spring came and the horses had become strong from eating the new green grass, the whole camp came here to trade the winter's take of robes and furs. No matter how great the distance—maybe from the Red Deer River of the North, perhaps from the Yellowstone, or the foothills of the Rockies, or from some point far down the river—here we always came in the early spring. When the men of the fort saw us coming down the hills in to the valley, they raised a great flag and fired cannon to greet us. We were many in those days, and when we moved, people on horseback, and horses packed and drawing travois and lodge poles, with herds of hundreds and thousands of loose horses, made a wide, dark streak on the plains miles long. The great chiefs, the proud warriors, rode in the lead when we neared the fort, all dressed in their war costumes. And when the flag was raised and the cannon boomed, they fired their guns and charged up to the gates singing the song of joy and friendship. Then the great white chief came out and shook hands with them, and invited them in to feast and smoke, and tell of the experiences of the winter. And while they sat in the room with the great white chief, outfit after outfit came hurrying down the hill, the women shouting and whipping up their horses, lodge poles rattling and clashing, travois jouncing and bouncing as they were hurriedly dragged along. And then one by one and by twos and threes and fives the lodges were put up on the plain near the river, fires were built, and soon hundreds of columns of smoke were rising to join the clouds. When the feast and the talk were over the chiefs came home to their lodges, each carrying a present of some kind. My father always brought something away from the white man's table for me and I would watch for him and run to meet him. Sometimes he brought me a hard-tack, sometimes a lump of sugar, and taking it from him I would run on ahead to our lodge and show my mother what he had given me. Such little things were highly prized in those days, especially by the children; only once or twice a year did they become the fortunate possessors of a cracker or bit of brown sugar. But no; we were never hungry. Always the lodge was provided with meat; meat of the buffalo, the elk, the deer and antelope; and we had berries, quantities of the various kinds, dried for winter use."

On we went past the fort, and down over the Shonkin bar at the mouth of the stream of that name which puts in here from the Highwood Mountains to the south. It is a stream no longer. Once it was a good sized creek of pure mountain water. Schools of trout lived in its clear depths, and the beavers bridged it with their dams. Then came the white man and used the water to irrigate vast tracts of the barren plain, so nothing now runs in the old channel but a little seepage of brown alkaline water. The trout are dead, the beavers have vanished never to return.

A little further down we passed the "Groscondunez."

Here the Teton River makes an elbow to the south at the apex of which it is divided from the Missouri only by a narrow, sharp, high ridge. Along its crest runs an old Indian trail, a short cut from the fort to the mouth of the Marias. It was here, in 1865, that the Piegan chief, Little Dog, met his death, murdered by his own people. The Piegans then were bitter enemies of the whites. They would come to the fort professing peace and trade their robes, but parties of the warriors were out at all times of the year traveling even as far South as the California Overland trail in search of scalps and plunder. Of the whole tribe Little Dog alone was the white man's friend, and by every means in his power he tried to keep his people at peace with them, even shooting one or two of the most obstinate and bloodthirsty. He was the especial favorite of the factor of the American Fur Company, Major Dawson, who gave him many valuable presents from time to time, and often sent him down the Missouri on the company's boats that he might see something of the world. His warriors feared him, for he ruled them with an iron hand, and they were jealous of the favors showered on him. No one had such fine guns, such brilliantly colored blankets, such durable saddles and bridles as he. One day four or five of the more hot-headed warriors held a secret council and determined that, if the tribe was to keep up its record of scalps and plunder taken, their chief must die. The camp was then at the mouth of the Marias, some twelve miles below the fort, and they knew that Little Dog was up there visiting the Factor, and would return home that afternoon. So they went up to the Groscondunez and lay in wait for him. At dusk he came riding leisurely along, humming his favorite war song. As one man they leveled their rifles and fired at him, and he fell from his horse without a cry or groan, stone dead.

Strange to relate, every one of his murderers died within a year; some in battle, some by disease, and one by a fall while running buffalo. The people said it was because the sun was angry at their foul deed and had forsaken them. It was an unlucky day for the tribe when their chief was killed. Relieved from the restraint his unbending will had imposed, the braves began a systematic warfare against the whites. Lone trappers and hunters—"woodhawks"—along the river, travelers on the Oregon trail, and the trail between Fort Benton and the mines to the west are waylaid and murdered by scores and scores. And then came that January morning in '70 when Col. Baker and his two companies of infantry crept up the edge of the bluff on the Marias overlooking a part of the Piegan camp, some eighty lodges.

There was a massacre! There the whites avenged the death of many an unfortunate pioneer, of many a helpless wife and child. Of all the inmates of those eighty lodges, but three escaped. Men, women and children were indiscriminately shot and then burned in piles of their lodges and household effects. It was a severe lesson, but in no other way could the Piegans have been taught to cease their murderous ways; from that day they took no more white scalps.

Little Dog was Sah-né-to's uncle. No wonder, then, that as we passed the scene of his untimely death, she was for a time somewhat depressed in spirits. But on such a lovely morning no one could long have sad thoughts. The sun shone from a clear sky; the river flowed swiftly by narrow strips of timber fringing the shore, yellow and red painted by the early frosts. Here we passed a sheer cut bank reaching from the water's edge up to the level of the plain. On the opposite side there would be a gentle slope of gray sage brush and buffalo grass. Magpies flew back and forth across the stream with discordant cries. Ducks were a-wing seeking some muddy slough where a rich breakfast might be found. Here and there a flock of chickens were lined up on the shore taking their morning drink of water. The sharp-tail grouse are interesting birds. Have you ever approached a flock on a cool, frosty morning and seen them running about chasing each other, and all the time keeping up their peculiar and inimitable gabble? The Blackfeet say that they have a language, and talk with each other as well as human beings do.

It was too pleasant a morning to row, and after the sun was an hour high too warm for much exertion; so we let the boat float with the current, dipping a blade now and then to keep it in the channel. It was ten o'clock when we arrived at the Brule Bar, and gliding down over the riffles we went ashore to stretch our legs and gather a few bullberries. It was here, in 1833, that Mr. James Kipp established a trading post for the American Fur Company. It will be remembered that when George Catlin, the Indian artist and philanthropist, visited the Upper Missouri in 1832, Mr. Kipp was in charge of the company's post in the Mandan village, and that the two became great friends. The fort built here did not last long; the Blackfeet finally succeeding in burning it, with all its contents, and murdering a part of its inmates. After some search, we found the site of the fort—just some long, low, grass-grown mounds of dirt and a few fire-cracked rocks where the chimney had stood. While Sah-né-to was gathering the berries, I flushed a covey of chickens and got three of them with my repeating shotgun before they could fly out of range. Then we got aboard once more and continued our journey. At noon we arrived at the mouth of the Marias River, twenty-two miles from Fort Benton. This is the stream which Lewis and Clark thought was the main fork of the Missouri, and which they followed up for some distance until convinced of their mistake. It is a large stream, draining an immense scope of mountain country, its principal tributaries being the Cutbank, Two Medicine, Badger, Birch and Dupuyer Creeks. All of them rise in the fastnesses of the Rockies, and are fed by the perpetual ice and snows of the higher ranges. We landed on a dry, sandy bar at the mouth of the river and had lunch, washing it down with long draughts of the cool but slightly muddy water. "It is the water of the Two Medicine also," said Sah-né-to. "I wonder when this cupful passed by our ranch up there in the foothills. Perhaps our son saw these very drops dancing down over the riffles at the ford."

We rested an hour and then went on. Passing the Spanish Islands Sah-né-to discovered a flock of green wing teal asleep on a bar. I stopped rowing and picked up the gun, while she guided the boat straight toward

them. When within thirty or forty yards of them they began to stretch their necks uneasily and waddle down to the water's edge. There they took wing, but at the crack of the gun five of them dropped into the water and were presently picked up.

At four thirty we came in sight of the "Coal Banks," so named on account of some deposits of inferior lignite in the bluffs at the lower end of the big bottom. We had made forty-two miles since daylight. I remembered that on my last trip down the river in April, 1882, we had camped for the night in a narrow strip of cottonwood and willows, and thither I directed Sah-né-to to steer the boat. We found on landing that we were within the bounds of an accursed sheep ranch; but in memory of old times I decided to camp there anyhow, and in a few minutes the tent was up, a fire going in the sheet-iron stove, and preparations for a good dinner under way.

The winter of 1881-2 was the last good season of the buffalo robe trade on the Upper Missouri. I had been employed by Mr. Joseph Kipp for several years at his Carroll trading post. In March of '82 we ran out of whisky, and there were thousands of Crees, Blackfeet and Bloods camped about us. Every lodge had numbers of prime robes to trade, but our stock of drygoods, provisions, red paint and brass jewelry was not what they wanted. "Give us fire water," they said, "and you get the robes." So I went up to Fort Benton overland, built a large flat boat, loaded it with twenty barrels of cheap whisky, and got it down to Carroll as quickly as I could. In less than two weeks after I landed at the port we had the robes, all of them. As I remember it, there wasn't a single fatal quarrel in the camp during that grand spree. It was a sight never to be forgotten, that of several thousand Indians, men and women, drinking, dancing, singing, and cutting all sorts of queer capers. One day some young Crees and Blackfeet did get into dispute over the ownership of a bottle of the precious spirits, and guns and knives were drawn. Then Crowfoot, the chief of the Blackfeet, and Big Bear, chief of the Crees, jumped into the excited circle with rifles cocked. "Whoever fights," said Crowfoot, "be it Cree or Blackfoot, fights us." "Ai," said Big Bear, "he tells our minds. Back to your lodges, foolish youths, and be ashamed of your hot and idle words."

They slunk away at once. While I sat and mused over those good old times, Sah-né-to had been busy with the dinner, and now she announced that it was ready. Broiled breast of chicken, baked potatoes, hot biscuits, stewed bullberries, a cup of black coffee. I did the meal full justice. Darkness had long since settled down over the valley. The stars came out, the owls began their nightly concert, a coyote ki-yied and yelped on the opposite side of the river. There was nothing to disturb our contentment except the distant bleating of the accursed sheep. And so, after a smoke or two, we went to bed with pleasant anticipations of the wonderful scenery we were to pass through on the morrow.

APPEKUNNY.

The Cedars of Lebanon.

BY EDGAR MAGNESS.

ONE naturally imagines the mountains of Lebanon covered with the famous cedars, but one does not have to travel far in the lonely mountain wastes of Syria to realize how improbable this is. Very little of the once luxuriant foliage of these fine hills now remains, and of the cedars only a few groups are left, and they are found at an altitude of from 5,200 to 6,200 feet above the sea. We have only to read in Ezekiel 31:3 and Psalms xcii., 12, and civ., 16, to know how much valued these ornaments of the mountains were in ancient times. There were no cedars in Israel or Solomon would not have brought them from Lebanon (I. Kings v., 6). He was supplied also from here for a second temple (Ezra 3:7). Earlier, David built a palace of cedar (II. Samuel v., 11). Cedar was used in shipbuilding (Ezekiel 27:5), and for idols (Isaiah xli., 14). Theophrastus speaks of it as "admirable cedar," Pliny as "cedrus magna." This variety belongs to the conifers and resembles larch, but is distinguished from it by evergreen leaves, which do not fall in winter, and by spreading branches. The cones are as large as goose eggs; the wood is white and soft, and inferior to the cypress of the Kadisha Valley. The only place where these cedars grow in any quantity at this time is the Cilician Taurus—beyond Mercina and Taurus. Here, as at Lebanon, there are two varieties—one dark green, with bright green leaves, the other silvery white, with leaves of bluish bloom. The cedar of Lebanon is a local form of a wider species—that of Himalayah (*Cedrus deodora*) and that of Atlas (*Cedrus atlantica*) belonging to the same family, merely differing in size and habits to correspond to locality. The Indian cedar, called in Sanscrit, wood of the gods, is one of the finest trees in the world. It reaches a height of 250 feet and a circumference of 39 feet, about double the size of the Lebanon variety. That of Atlas is smaller, its leaves are short and cones smaller. The cedar of Lebanon has been introduced in Europe and does well in the climate of England. The specimens in the Jardin des Plantes in Paris came from seeds planted by Turnefort at the beginning of the eighteenth century. They are the oldest trees in Europe, but not so tall as the one near Geneva, which is 120 feet high.

The group of cedars of Lebanon generally visited covers an estimated area of ten acres, and they are located at the foot of Dahr el Kodib—a snowy peak of about 6,300 feet elevation. To the west and opposite rises the peak of Fum el Mizab. The group has 390 trees, and the tallest is not more than 80 feet high. They grow in white limestone rock. The oldest trees, nine in number, are on the southeast point. In the midst of the northwest group is a Maronite chapel, and to the north of this stands the largest cedar. The group is now surrounded by a wall as a protection against the goats and also against the peasants who were accustomed to hold a great festival here in August.

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A Walk Down South.—XVI.

My directions in regard to leaving Covington were confusing, but after making an unnecessary loop and getting off on a side street I at last reached the first main road I was to follow. A mile or so out of town I found a fork in the road at which I sat down to await directions. I followed the line indicated by a man's finger, and came to another fork. I remembered somebody saying I'd see a farmhouse down across a field. Here was such a farmhouse. I followed what seemed to be a mere lane, and sure enough there was a big covered bridge over the main branch of the James River. It is called the "country bridge." It is suspended by a system of timber X's, and is painted white. I crossed it, and getting directions at a log house from some hog killers I began a climb that lasted for hours, with a nub to think about. The man who gave me my directions had lost two houses by fire. The first, a large one, the second a fair sized one. He lives in a cabin with but a single room in it now. Two great stone chimneys mark the site of the first dwelling, one that of the second. The look and gesture of the unfortunate man showed how heavily his disasters told on him. He replied to his wife's always smiling greeting with a wan grin.

My road, as usual, followed a run. It led up the mountainside in a woods growth from the dooryard of the burned dwellings. There were no more forks to bother me for miles at least. To remember and take the "first road to the right, next to the left, then past Sam Collins's to the old schoolhouse and through Peters's farm to where Alec Kinter lives, etc.," is something of a task—one that must be performed daily unless one is fortunate enough to strike roads with no forks.

The road was a crooked one—more so than that one which led me down into Covington. It was up hill, moreover, every step of the way. After hundreds of yards of walking, I could look down on the road which I had followed long before; and I could see, high in the woods, perhaps from the same point where the road led high above me, on the far side of a gully. With the views which each coil in the road gave in mind, I did not begrudge a single inch of the rise, however hard it made the walking.

Across the valley beyond Pott's Creek were some heavy mountains—great, lumbering creatures, suggesting a herd of fat cows frisking with their calves. The soft coal smoke above Covington was spreading in a level layer over the valley of the Jackson, as if it had found a ceiling in the air strata.

After a while the road left the face of the mountain ridge and went in to a gap. I came to a house, but could get nothing to eat, there being "nothing cooked up." But a little ways further, 'bout a mile, I'd find a dinner, perhaps. It was afternoon, my breakfast had been unsatisfactory, and I was hungry. At 12:50 o'clock, however, I reached Nathan Brush's, the blacksmith, 8½ miles from Covington. There I ate an ample dinner—milk, biscuit, sauces and jellies, and boiled salt pork.

A few days before a wheelman had stopped there for dinner. He had come over the Alleghanies with his wheel from Buffalo, in spite of the snow and cold, headed for his home in one of the Carolinas. He had come through a most interesting country at the rate of from 40 to 70 miles a day. The bicycle is too fast. No one can really see a region until he has hit the pikes with the soles of his shoes. Even walking is too fast if one does not hold up to talk to the friendly farmer who comes clear to the road just to see where might the stranger be going.

From Brush's to the "Craig road" was only a mile or so, slightly down grade, but from there on it was up and up again, the road working its way ascending the side of Rich Patch Mountain, the valley rising with it, so there were no deep gullies to look down. I thought in the morning that I was climbing Rich Patch, but it was a mere "ridge" masking Pott's Creek valley. The real article, however, was scarcely worse. One's best maps are delightfully uncertain. They tell but little—one cannot guess at the scenery. Where there seems to be a plain one finds beautiful ridges and hills, and through the roughest portions on the maps are fine valley roads very often. In the case of the Rich Patch district, however, the country was as "rough" as the map said. The roads were ill kept in the back district compared to the other road into Covington. It was a hard tramp. Fourteen miles from Covington I was still two miles from the divide. A school district cluster of houses was reached, and I sought a resting place. I found it in the shadow of Nickol's Knob at John Persinger's.

A man came through this locality a few years ago and bought black walnut trees by the carload. "He gave good prices," as much as fifteen dollars for some trees as they stood. He surprised people by grubbing up some old stumps the trunks of which had been burned in fire places or in brush piles to make way for cornfields. He said the butt-wood made "pretty" gun stocks, and of course the people were glad to have their land cleared in so cheap a fashion. Here, as everywhere on the mountainsides of West Virginia and Old Virginia, minerals are the hope of the land owners—a not baseless hope, as anyone who knows iron ore can see in the road itself.

"Every little ways, not more than a mile or so apart," I would find houses, so I was told in the morning when I headed for Craig county over the divide which marks the separation between Johns' and Potts' Creeks, both James River tributaries. It was a pretty bit of road where the rise ended and the down grade began. Scrub oak, Jack and bull pine grew in all directions. In the underbrush were rabbit runways and cattle paths. It seemed like a good game country. The ground was frozen, in contrast with which the profusion of green due to the ground and mountain laurel was exceedingly pleasing. Wintergreen berries were there, too, and jolly bluejays who bothered a redhead woodpecker because it was their nature to do so. The quiet little juncos staid with me longest, as they always do, and seemed to enjoy our talk as much as I did.

After a howdy to a man and some children at a clump of three houses, I proceeded to enjoy a novel kind of road. It was all down grade through the woods. At all times I could hear the "run" of a brook, as it rustled down

the bed, a crisp sound it gave off after the fashion of cold water on a dry day. Many times the road crossed the stream, but I could jump it at first, and then cross it on rocks without much trouble. The stones are not so smooth and treacherous as the rounded boulders of Adirondack streams.

The woods had the same forbidding look that I noted back in Highland and Bath county—a snarling sort of forest, each tree looking like a thwarted miser. After a mile or so I came to a side hill clearing in which there was a log house, abandoned for some time. It looked gloomy and forbidding, as inwood abandoned clearings usually do. The fruit trees were unkempt in appearance, too, and there was a big boulder in the orchard, the memory of which was afterward vividly impressed on my mind by a story.

It seems that Straud Helm was a mighty mean man. He was always picking and quarreling, and no one could get along with him very well. One day he took the notion that he would claim the fruit of the orchard at the abandoned house I saw and served notice on Alec Tucker, whose brother-in-law had the right to the fruit, for whom Alec was acting, that Alec should leave the fruit alone on penalty of getting shot.

Alec is deaf as a stone wall, and only one familiar with his voice can understand him. He 'lowed he was a peaceable man and always treating other people right; nevertheless, when the fruit ripened he went up to the orchard, taking two children, one a boy of twelve, the other a younger girl; he carried an old muzzleloading rifle and a hatchet to cut a stick to knock down the fruit.

When Tucker got to the place, Helm was bushwhacking for him behind the big rock in the orchard. Helm fired at Tucker, but missed. Then Tucker drew down on Helm and shot him in the head. It is said that Tucker, on the spur of the moment, cut the bullet out of Helm's head with the hatchet, so that it couldn't be used as evidence, but, thinking better of it, he went down to New Castle Court House and gave himself up. That was in 1897. Self-defense was a sufficient plea, and Alec Tucker is one of the most respected men on Barber's Creek to-day. One doesn't have to look at the clear-eyed old man to see the most dangerous sort of gun fighter—it is enough to look into the eyes of the son who stood by his father's side during the shooting.

I came, after a while to a prosperous looking farm; there was a small threshing machine under a shed; there was a pile of old sawed lumber and a low barn beside the log house and the detached kitchen. It was afternoon and I went to the kitchen to get dinner. The woman's voice was high pitched, and the man's both lips showed through his bushy brown whiskers—he was the kind that one looks square in the eyes when about to turn the back on him. A young fellow there seemed pleasant enough, and after an ample "cold" meal, the meat part of which consisted of venison pot-stewed, I talked for some time with him. Deer, he said, were "scarce," pheasants scarce; so, too, were turkeys, squirrels and rabbits. I had seen several deer tracks after I came over the divide, and, noting that the speaker had hunted a good deal, I judged that he didn't want any strangers in his hunting ground. He had killed the deer of which I ate three days before. Two days later he killed another. He uses a slow-track hound, one that follows a trail no faster than the hunter goes. He told me that if he saw a hound running in the woods he'd shoot it; "so would anybody around here." Roy Tucker, son of Alec, when I repeated this assertion to him, said: "If he killed my dog, I'd kill him." There are some dogs on Barber's Creek which the young man will not kill, nor try to. It is said that the bushy-whiskered man is the meanest man on Barber's Creek. "He'd draw the hide on a neighbor's pig and stick it, then let it go off into the brush and die." By "drawing the hide" on the throat of a pig and "sticking it" when released the animal's skin slides over the cut and so doesn't bleed.

Through that district one will not get a neighbor to say that another is "mean." When I asked in regard to a place to stay in the morning I was told that there were "lots of places." I might try so and so. A tiny frown and "you'll find plenty of places to stop at" if I mentioned one or other particular place where the man or family had a bad name indicated that I might find a cold reception.

I wanted to stay a couple or three days at the house where the bushy-whiskered man lived, thinking I would like to see his way of life, but he refused—not directly, but through his wife—the only incident of the kind I have seen since I crossed the Potomac.

I walked on down the valley for several miles, thinking to continue on day after day as I had been doing. But toward night I came to two board houses close together and evidently occupied by one family. I went up the lane to the stable, and leaving my pack on the fence crossing board, I walked up to the house "kitchen." A tall, heavy youth was in the doorway. On the floor were two dead rabbits, freshly killed. I was welcome for the night, at least.

It was the home of Col. Thomas Taylor which I had found. The father was not at home, however; but there were three sons, two of them six-footers, one over five feet ten inches tall, and two daughters, one of them "the best looking girl in the valley."

After supper we gathered before the fire-place—seven of us—and as they had two French harps and I one, music soon filled the cabin and "spurred out the cracks." The letters of the instruments were all different—mine D, theirs A and C, but it didn't matter. Nor did it matter that we didn't play the same tunes, so long as the time was about the same. When I played a new tune, they'd practice it, and when they played a new one I'd practice at it.

The evening passed quickly and we boys went down to "the other house" to sleep. And sleep we did, till long after daylight the next morning.

On the morning of Dec. 13 the sky was clouded over, and clouds clung along the ridge tops in lowery fashion. A dash of chilly mist was in the air. It looked dismal and like a storm. I hesitated, prepared to go, stopped, and then decided to stay over Sunday. It was fortunate that I did so. Before noon the dash of mist became a drizzle so cold that it drove one to the fire-place.

There was only a small window, and that was closed by a board slide. The door had to be left open so that the women could see to do their work. The rain swept in, consequently, with the still further reaching wind. One must needs turn first one side and then another to the fire.

One of the boys, Walter, rode over to the mine on horseback. Noon, one o'clock, two o'clock came, and he did not return. Nor were there any signs of dinner. My appetite increased as the day waned, and a headache was the result. At last, Mrs. Taylor asked if I was getting hungry.

"Oh, yes," I said, "but it doesn't make much difference to me when I eat."

"We're clean shet of salt, and Walter's just gone to get some, I can't see what makes him gone so long."

"Why," I said, "I've got a can in my pack yonder chock full of salt. You're welcome to it."

I got the salt, and directly fresh pork was sizzling on the spider and the daughter, Hattie, was fetching the rolling pin down on the biscuit dough with the peculiar plunking thud which characterizes the biscuit rolling. Dinner grew on the table as one fancies the India magician makes the mangrove bloom. We sat down to it.

Biscuit of flaky texture, corn bread, potatoes, fried pork, with plenty of grease, molasses, apple and cream butter, coffee, sugar, cream and wild honey were the leading dishes.

"Will you have milk?" Miss Taylor asked.

"If you will, please," I replied. From a six-quart pitcher running full she poured out a glass full. I reached for it, and without setting it on the table, began to drink—three swallows only. It was sour and thick. I had already begun to eat. I continued to eat, but only by main strength was that possible.

We were soon around the fire-place again with the door shut. When the blaze died away, it was renewed with a fat pine knot. The body of the fire was furnished by six or eight-inch green oak, cut from day to day by the three boys. Of the father I heard only one mention made. "Where's paw?" asked Walter. The reply was not meant for my ears.

Charlie, 18 years, and Harmon, 16 years old, studied their school lessons by the light of the fire. Hattie "heard" Harmon spell his two pages in a pocket or school dictionary. Walter sat silent, watching the flames fly; I, too, saw much in those red flickerings. One cannot get tired of seeing the open fire. It seems that there is no mind so dull that it cannot find a kind word for it. Wrapped in every blazing log are the flame spirits—and the memories. "It 'pears to me like that yere open fire was a book, and me reading it. It must of been a friend who first boxed up fire. He must a done it to keep the tormented from seein' how pretty is the fire that never dies, lest they got to liking the sight of it." Nevertheless, this woodsman philosopher insisted on hot biscuit, done clear through, and that the stove makes certain. "The stove don't use so much wood, either," is the other leading argument which is slowly taking the ugly black things to this country where the pioneers made their fame and left their habits. RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

Warren Hapgood.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Mr. Warren Hapgood passed away at his home in Boston on Jan. 30. Warren Hapgood was born in Harvard, Mass., upon the original Hapgood farm, Oct. 14, 1816.

In 1887, after fifty-four years of active business life, forty-one of which were on his own account, he retired. In all his life Mr. Hapgood never borrowed money nor gave his note.

Mr. Hapgood was an ardent sportsman, and early in life began to use the gun and rod. More than fifty years ago he turned his attention to the beach and shore bird shooting, and has long been an authority on that branch of sport. A fluent and accurate writer, he has contributed to the literature of shore bird shooting a number of instructive articles, many of which appeared in the *FOREST AND STREAM* and *Shooting and Fishing*.

He followed the ruffed grouse, quail and woodcock for many seasons, and was a capital shot. He organized the Monomoy Brant Club in 1862, and was its president and manager for thirty-four years. *FOREST AND STREAM* readers will recall numerous articles written by him in connection with that shooting. He was, as well, a disciple of Izaak Walton, and has fished in the streams of Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana and Canada. Trout fishing was his favorite, but he enjoyed pickerel fishing, and also bluefishing from a sailboat, as practiced on Buzzard's Bay.

Mr. Hapgood was early interested in game preservation and propagation by introduction of new birds. In 1877 he imported some European quail; 189 arrived alive out of a shipment of 250 from Messina, and were distributed in the vicinity of Harvard, in Worcester county. About the same time the Hon. Martin G. Everts, of Rutland, Vt., and Horace P. Tobey, Esq., of Wareham, Mass., each imported a consignment of birds from the same place. What finally became of them is a mystery. Readers are referred to copies of *FOREST AND STREAM* for 1878, to which these gentlemen all contributed articles relating to the quail.

Mr. Hapgood also introduced black bass from Halfway Pond, in Plymouth, to the ponds of his native town. He was a member of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, the Boston Art Club, the Museum of Fine Arts, the Bostonian Society, the New England Historic-Geographical Society; belonged to Dr. Edward Everett Hale's church, and the Hale Club; had served on the Boston School Board, was a liberal subscriber to periodical and other literature. He donated a handsome sum to complete the public library of his native town, and made an address at its dedication; presented her citizens a clock to be placed upon the Unitarian Church; published in 1894 a history of Harvard for free distribution.

Mr. Hapgood during the nineties made six annual trips to North Carolina for the quail shooting. With a party of friends he would spend from four to six weeks, some seasons in Dare county and others in Edgecomb.

Shortly after the war he began quail shooting on the Cape (Cod). My father and I met him on the cars coming up from Orleans. From this chance meeting sprang a friendship and acquaintance of nearly forty years.

Mr. Hapgood visited East Wareham regularly for many seasons—in fact, as long as he could follow a dog with any pleasure. I remember how kindly he would wait until I could get my muzzleloading gun charged up before he would advance after a covey we had flushed and shot at. The same kindness of heart and thoughtfulness for others characterized his whole life. He was endeared to a wide circle of friends, many of whom have preceded him over the great divide. To know him was to love him, and no words of mine can express the affection I felt for him while living, or my sorrow for his loss.

WALTER B. SAVARY.

EAST WAREHAM, MASS.

Boston, Feb. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose this tribute to Mr. Hapgood, given in the Boston Transcript:

Although in his eighty-sixth year, Mr. Hapgood retained his vigor and activity to the last. Enjoying gratefully and heartily all the good gifts of a benign Providence, he always desired that his fellow travelers on the journey of life should have it in their power to do the same. He was one of a class of men, not too numerous in the world, who have far less desire to formulate or subscribe to any definite creed or form of belief than they have to live lives of helpfulness by speaking the encouraging word and extending sympathy and aid to others. He was a good citizen, a hospitable and loyal friend, and a kind neighbor. To the writer, who knew him for more than half a century, in many different relations, one of his strongest characteristics seemed to be thoroughness in whatever he undertook. A striking illustration of this trait is found in his "Genealogy of the Hapgood Family," a work of more than five hundred pages, upon which he spent years of time and almost endless labor, requiring great patience and persistence.

Another equally prominent trait was the manner in which his warm-heartedness manifested itself in his daily walk, what Wordsworth terms "that best portion of a good man's life—his little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love." For many a year to come, at Chatham and Monomoy, where Mr. Hapgood was accustomed to make his periodical visits, will be recounted the many instances of his good will and kindness, substantially expressed and hardly known by any one outside the circle of recipients.

B. C. C.

Feb. 1.

Natural History.

A New Elk from Arizona.

A NEW species of elk has just been described from Arizona by Mr. E. W. Nelson, the well-known naturalist, who is perhaps more familiar than any other man with the birds and mammals of the extreme Southwest. So far as Mr. Nelson has been able to learn, its range is limited and has long been isolated, and it is almost extinct. Only two specimens are known to naturalists, both obtained by Mr. Nelson near the head of Black River in the White Mountains of Arizona. Of these, the type is in the National Museum at Washington, while the other, represented by the skull and antlers of an old male, is in the American Museum of Natural History, New York. It is the skull of this last species which is described and figured in the paper which Mr. Nelson contributes to Vol. XVI. of the Bulletin of the American Museum of Natural History, which has just been issued.

It is an extraordinary thing that this species should have been made known to science just as it is about to disappear. But this is hardly more extraordinary than the fact that of all the herds of elk which two or three hundred years ago ranged over the Eastern United States, but one solitary specimen has been preserved; an old and faded mounted skin now in the Museum of the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia. There are naturalists of eminence who believe that the elk of the Eastern United States was a different species from the animal which thirty years ago was found in such great numbers in Iowa, Nebraska, the Dakotas and all over the plains, but it is possible that this question may never be settled.

Of the Arizona elk which Mr. Nelson calls *Cervus merriami*, for Dr. C. Hart Merriam, the energetic Chief of the Biological Survey, who more than any other man has made known the mammals of North America, Mr. Nelson says: "My first knowledge of its existence was obtained in the fall of 1882, when some prospectors at Chloride, New Mexico, told me that elk inhabited the Mogollon Mountains near the extreme headwaters of Gila River. Nothing further was heard of it until the early months of 1884, when I spent some time exploring the Indian ruins about the village now called Frisco on the headwaters of the San Francisco River, in western Socorro county, New Mexico. During January I made a horseback trip of about ten miles to the eastward into the borders of the Mogollon Mountains, and saw a doe elk and two young bucks hanging by a hunter's cabin. At this time elk were reported to be not uncommon on the higher parts of the range, but the total number from all accounts must have been very small compared with those then found in Colorado and further north.

"From 1885 to 1887, while living on my rancho at the eastern base of the White Mountains, near Springerville, Arizona, I heard frequently of elk living in the higher and more remote parts of these mountains, mainly along the border of the White Mountain Indian reservation, near the head of Black River (a tributary of the Gila). The local hunters reported them not uncommon in this area where, during these hunting trips between 1885 and 1888, I saw signs of their presence in various places. Their main range covered an area of about thirty by fifty miles in extent, at an elevation of 8,000 to 10,000 feet above

sea level. This country forms the divide between the headwaters of Little Colorado River and Black River, and the high Prieto Plateau, between the upper Black River and Blue River. At the time of which I write elk were far from numerous, but I never visited that territory without seeing signs, usually more or less recent tracks, and in fall the broken branches and barkless trunks of saplings where the bulls had been rubbing their horns. The most abundant signs were found about some beautiful meadows in the midst of the dense fir forest of the rolling summit of the Prieto Plateau, between the Blue and the Black rivers. Owing to the presence of hostile Apaches at that time, it was dangerous to linger in a country where we saw most of the elk signs, so we always pressed on to a safer distance before doing much hunting. Outside the Indian country they were not common enough for one to hunt them with any degree of certainty. From 1884 to 1889 the white hunters did not kill a dozen elk in all this district.

"Mr. W. W. Price, who made a collecting trip for mammals through the White Mountains during July and August, 1894, states: 'So far as we could learn, this animal is now confined to a small area in the higher White Mountains. Several were seen and a fine male was shot at about 9,000 feet elevation on Aug. 10. They feed in the dense fir woods and glades which clothe the upper slopes of the mountains. A recent letter from my brother, F. W. Nelson, informs me that a local hunter found the trail of a bull elk near the head of Black River the present autumn (1901), and followed it for two days without obtaining a shot at the animal. This shows that the Arizona elk still survives and that it is pursued by local hunters, regardless of the legal prohibition.'"

Merriam's elk has the nose darker, and the head and legs more reddish than in the elk of the northern Rocky Mountains, but paler than Roosevelt's elk from the northwest coast. The skull is more massive, with the nasal bones much broader and more flattened, and the series of upper molar teeth heavier and more curved. The antlers are most like those of the Rocky Mountain elk, but the tip is straighter.

It is a melancholy thing that this animal should be on the verge of extinction. The present game law of Arizona prohibits the shooting of elk at all seasons, but this law is not at all regarded, as shown above. Here is a case, if ever one was, where the establishment of a game refuge in a forest reserve might preserve from extermination a superb species which so far as can now be foreseen has been discovered only to be lost again forever.

Ways of the Gadwall.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Under the above heading in your issue of Jan. 25 the author of "American Duck Shooting" desires to know if duck shooters generally have noticed more gadwalls than usual during the fall of 1901.

Speaking for the locality about Toronto, on the north shore of Lake Ontario, I might state that I know of three specimens that were shot here last October.

In this vicinity the gadwall is only an occasional visitant, and during my observations, covering the last twenty-five years, I have not seen more than twelve or fifteen—mostly single ones.

I have a very distinct recollection of the first gadwall I shot. It came and sat down in the water about 100 yards from my decoys, and started to feed on the surface weeds, when a shot in another part of the marsh alarmed it, and in flying by me—without paying the slightest attention to my decoys—I made a long shot and killed it. When I picked it up I saw at once that it was a strange duck, so I came to the conclusion that it was a hybrid between a pintail and baldpate, for it had a mark on the wings like the latter, and the bill more like a pintail. However, my father informed me that it was a female gadwall. On another occasion three gadwalls were flying past without paying the slightest attention to my decoys, when I succeeded in killing one. In just one instance I saw three gadwalls swing up to decoys as ducks generally do. I have made several inquiries among gunners, and the opinion seems to be generally held that gadwalls do not decoy well.

The month of October, 1888, I spent at Whitewater Lake, in southwestern Manitoba, near the Dakota boundary, and there found gadwalls in abundance—more of them, in fact, than any of the numerous kinds of ducks then to be seen there. Small flocks of from eight to fifteen were all round the edges of the lake, and every now and then they would take a fly around, just for exercise as it were, and when they were on these flights they would take no notice of their own kind that were sitting about, so it was not to be expected that they would look at decoys—in fact, none of the ducks seemed to decoy as well in the West as they do here in the East.

We have had an unusual number of white owls about here this winter, also several flocks of grouse, which would seem to indicate a colder winter than usual to the north of us.

JNO. TOWNSON.

TORONTO.

Duck, Crows and Gull.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Feb. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* An occurrence somewhat similar to the one noted by your Arizona correspondent concerning wounded ducks, crows and gulls was noted in this city a few weeks ago. When first seen the duck (sheldrake) was on thin ice in the Schuylkill River, and was in trouble either from wounds or having been frozen to the ice, probably the latter, as it was well within the park and city limits, where shooting is prohibited. It was surrounded by a throng of crows, apparently holding an ante-mortem conference, when an executioner appeared in the person of a large gull. After killing the duck, which made a feeble effort to escape, the gull proceeded to eat it, the crows in the meantime keeping a respectful distance and picking up the small pieces dropped by the gull. Probably these crows were not so hungry as their Western cousins, as they were the very tame park birds.

OCEAN.

European Widgeon in North Carolina.

CHICAGO, Feb. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the January number of the Auk Mr. R. H. Howe, Jr., records a specimen of the European widgeon, which was taken on Currituck Sound, Nov. 23, 1900, and which he thought the first to be recorded from North Carolina.

In the National Bulletin, Vol. V., 1800, p. 126, I recorded a specimen of this duck which was shot at Currituck in 1879, and received by Mr. Geo. O. Welsh, of Lynn, Mass., who advised me at the time he received one or more adult or immature birds from the same locality nearly every winter.

RUTHVEN DEANE.

Linnaean Society of New York.

A REGULAR meeting of the Society will be held at the American Museum of Natural History, Seventy-seventh street and Eighth avenue, on Tuesday evening, Feb. 25, at 8 o'clock. Subject, by Eugene Smith, "Wild Life in the vicinity of New York City."

WALTER W. GRANGER,

Secretary American Museum of Natural History.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Killing Powers of Hunting Rifles.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the days when all rifles were loaded with black powder there were various opinions as to the merits of this or that rifle. At the time when I became ambitious to kill something larger than deer the nitro rifle was unknown. I wanted something which I thought would kill quickly. There was the double express or the repeater. My choice was the latter, a Winchester .45-90. I did not believe in a solid or non-expanding bullet, and I experimented a good deal with various hollow-pointed bullets, and the split-pointed Keene. Loading my cartridges with 100 grains of powder and the latter bullet of 300 grains, I found by practical work that I have a pretty good gun. I killed with this rifle and load three moose, five caribou, four bears and four deer. I used twenty-two cartridges to do it, and I am convinced that I fired three shots of the above number which were not needed. None of the above animals went 50 yards after the first shot. I will admit that I got good shots as to distance; never a shot at over 80 yards. Some of the game was running, and none of it on open ground. A companion on a trip, using a rifle like mine, and cartridges of my loading, killed two moose one afternoon, each with a single shot, at 295 yards and 175 yards. The first was struck just back of the shoulder, a trifle above center, dropped at once, got up and staggered some 20 yards and fell. The second, hit at base of ear, dropped in its tracks.

Now I had reason to think I had a good game killer; yet I know of an instance where such a rifle, using the same bullet, failed most signally. A companion on a hunting trip took a great fancy to my rifle. This man was one of the best game shots I have met; he had killed over twenty moose, and had owned a good many rifles. I had a rifle like mine made for him, and he was very much pleased with its accuracy. The first moose he tried it on was (as he said) the largest bull he had ever seen. He had what he called a good chance. He hit that moose five or six times and lost it. With his two Indians he spent two days trying to find him.

To-day the modern small-bore nitro rifle is trying to supersede that of black powder and larger caliber. The manufacturers of the former vaunt to the extreme the wonderful powers of their product. Without doubt Braithwaite, the noted New Brunswick guide, has had more practical opportunities of seeing the death-dealing powers of the small-bore on moose and such game than any other man in our Eastern States, or the Provinces. The most eloquent maker of the small-bore might talk until he was black in the face, and I hardly think he would make any impression on Braithwaite.

Your very interesting correspondent, Mr. Irland, praises (sarcastically) the .30-30. As an exterminator of his friends, the moosebirds or gorbies (as he calls them), he says it is immense. The penetration, and expansion of the soft-nosed bullet is most effective on the gorbie. Since one of Mr. Irland's objects in visiting New Brunswick seems to be the sending of as many gorbies as possible to the hereafter, why did he not try that moose gun on a few? I think that, as the effect of a .30-30 bullet on a soap bubble, so would that .577 have been on a gorbie. There would not have been a trace of the gorbie left. Not even a feather. In fact, there would not have been anything to send to the hereafter.

Now, as to Braithwaite's moose gun. As to its killing (so that no following is needed) every moose it hits anywhere from the tail to ears, with all respect to the renowned guide, I do not believe he ever saw or will ever see a rifle which will do so. Braithwaite knows a great deal more than I do as to the anatomy of a moose, yet I think I could with a piece of chalk mark fully twenty places between the points he names (the moose to stand broadside); which if struck by any bullet ever fired from a rifle, would fail to bring down the animal then and there. A very highly charged live wire would do it, but I do not think anything else would.

As to the ideal hunting rifle: As the world grows older, inventors of all kinds multiply (perhaps the only failures are the inventions to keep up the game supply, non-resident hunting licenses included). What would our ancestors have said had they been told that we could sit in our homes and talk with friends hundreds of miles distant? Also that messages could be sent thou-

lands of miles with no connection other than the air. In the time to come, when moose have been practically exterminated, with perhaps the exception of a few on Braithwaite's and his neighbor, Moore's, reservations, which few have been so repeatedly wounded by the small-bore of to-day, that they are death proof, the ideal hunting rifle will appear. No matter what the caliber, it will be a truly meat gun. Nitro powder will be too weak. Something a hundred times more propelling will be used. As for the bullet, it will be on the principle of a live wire. Possibly it will be so charged that it will not be necessary to hit what is shot at. It will shed such an ever-increasing radius of death in its flight, that the future sportsman can tell of wiping out a whole flock of moose at one shot at a thousand yards—only here will be no flocks of moose then. When such a rifle appears, Braithwaite's moose gun will be called a good one for gorbies. I predict that in spite of Mr. Irland's "registered oath," the gorby will survive the moose.

My moose hunting ended, as I thought, some years since. I worked harder for the last one I killed than for any of its predecessors. Yet, as I stood over the fallen moose I was sorry that I had killed it. I had no use for it. Mr. Irland's account, however, revives the old spirit. I would like to go to New Brunswick with Mr. Irland. I would like to see and talk with Braithwaite (perhaps not on the merits of the small-bore rifle); simply to sit in camp and hear Braithwaite talk, and to see Mr. Irland shoot gorbies, would be the main performance and side show combined.

To return to the small-bore rifle. I had but little faith at first in its killing power, as compared with my old and tried Winchester. Anything that the small-bore would kill when hit in certain places, I felt sure, would be killed fully as quickly with my old rifle, and so that the latter would kill when the former would fail. I have not got this idea out of my head yet, although I think better of the small-bore. My practical experience with the latter as a killer is limited to deer and some domestic animals. I have a Savage .303 which I think well of. The first game I tried it on was the largest and handsomest buck I ever saw in the woods.

I hit this deer just back of the jaw on the under side, the bullet coming out on top of neck, with never a bone touched; yet the buck dropped in its tracks. Braithwaite's moose gun would not have done the work better or more quickly, and that .577 bullet might have poiled the deer's neck. As I write, that buck's head is looking at me. If I did kill and set it up, I think it the handsomest head of the kind in this State. I had to have one of my horses killed. A single bullet from the Savage killed the horse instantly, with never a quiver. A wild heifer in the woods came next. At 60 yards I thought I could hit it fair between the eyes. I failed, and the bullet struck just over the eye. The heifer dropped as though struck by lightning. Now comes a failure. A neighbor who had some experience in such work had a horse to kill. My Savage and three cartridges were loaned for the work. Every care was taken to make the first shot fatal. Yet when that horse received that soft-nosed bullet fair between the eyes he reared, broke the halter and started for home. A second bullet just under the ear and also a third through the neck failed to stop him. After reaching the road the horse was headed and a shotgun was used. The first shot blew a hole the size of a broom stick straight through the head. It took two more shots from the shotgun to finish the job. Now, this, I think, was an instance of unusual vitality. Is it unreasonable to suppose that occasionally a moose or a deer is built on the same principle? What would kill almost instantly nineteen times might fail on the twentieth. I have found it so on animals no larger than a fox. The modern rifle as a game killer may not be anywhere near perfection. I think the man behind it oftentimes does his part to make it a failure.

C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N. H., Feb. 7.

The Maine Man-Shooting Law.

BOSTON, Jan. 25.—The first case before the Maine courts under the new law, imposing a heavy fine or imprisonment, for accidental or negligent shooting of human beings, mistaken for game, has been put on trial at Skowhegan. The case is that of State vs. Henry Hilton. The indictment sets forth that Hilton, while hunting for deer last fall, carelessly mistook Nathaniel Gerald or one of those animals, and discharged a rifle at him, wounding him badly below the knee. The defendant Hilton admits the shooting, but denies that he was carelessly or criminally negligent. County Attorney Gower prosecuted for the State, and Forrest Goodwin appeared for the respondent.

The statute under which this action was brought reads (see Game Laws in Brief): "Chap. 263, Laws 1901.—Sec. 1. Whoever, while on a hunting trip, or in the pursuit of wild game or game birds, negligently or carelessly shoots or wounds, or kills any human being, shall be punished by imprisonment not exceeding ten years, or by fine not exceeding \$1,000."

The case was given to the jury on Tuesday last. After several hours of deliberation they reported that they were unable to agree. Judge Powers instructed them that they had nothing to do with sentiment in the case; that they must find their verdict under the law, purely in the evidence. Hilton admitted the shooting; they were to find whether he was criminally careless or negligent. The jury retired again, and soon brought in a verdict of guilty. The judge himself seems to have had some doubts as to the amount of blame to be attached to Hilton, the respondent, for he imposed a fine of only forty days in the county jail.

The law against the careless or negligent shooting of human beings in Maine will amount to nothing if the above is a sample of the punishment to be administered. Confinement in the jail in that county for Hilton simply means that he will board there, and pass his time in receiving visits from his friends or in playing cards with the county officers. I have in mind a young man, shut up in the same jail for some light offense, who now

boasts that he had a rather fine time playing cards, etc., etc.

Feb. 8.—The New York State Forest, Fish and Game Commission seems bound to restock the Adirondacks with moose. An Auburndale, Mass., man is in charge of capturing these animals. His name is John T. Benson, and he has had considerable experience in work of this nature. He does not like to state just where his woodsmen are at work capturing moose and getting ready to transport them to the nearest railroad stations. But hunters understand that he has permission to take a certain number of moose from Maine and as many more from the Provinces. The method of capture is not quite as difficult as might at first be supposed, provided the snow is deep enough, for a moose can stand no chance at all against guides on snowshoes. The moose is soon exhausted and stands buried up to his legs in the snow. It is then not much of a task to pass ropes around his head, legs and body in such shape that he is powerless to escape. The next thing is to build a crate around the animal, and then begins the work of dragging the captive to the nearest railway station or to lumber roads, where help can be had from teams. The captors carry practically nothing with them except their axes, and these they use for cutting wood to burn and in making temporary sleds for drawing the moose out of the woods. Mr. Benson expects to set at liberty in the Adirondacks region at least twenty moose by the middle of April. Great pains will be taken in liberating the animals where their natural food is most abundant. They will not be liberated all together, according to Mr. Benson, but at considerable distance apart, for each family of a bull and a cow, and possibly a calf or two. The commission has great expectations concerning this restocking.

SPECIAL.

New York Game Interests.

FROM the annual report of the Commissioners of Forest, Fisheries and Game we take the following paragraphs reviewing the game interests and the work of protection:

Adirondack Deer.

From the returns made to this office by the American and National Express companies it appears that the number of deer shipped out during the hunting season of 1901 exceeded that of the previous year, the shipments between Sept. 1 and Nov. 15 amounting to 1,062 carcasses, 103 saddles and 121 heads. As compared with the previous year, the figures are:

	Carcasses.	Saddles.	Heads.	Total.
1900.....	1,020	89	95	1,204
1901.....	1,062	103	121	1,286

Reports received from each locality indicate that for every deer shipped by express four more are killed which are eaten in camp, consumed by the residents, or hauled out on wagons to the numerous towns and villages near the outskirts of the forest.

As in previous years, the weights entered on the shipping bills of the express companies show that the Adirondack deer compare favorably in size with those of other hunting grounds. The deer this season, so far as observed, were larger and in better condition than usual, which may be due in some extent to the fact that 1901 was a beechnut year.

A buck was shipped from Big Moose to Charles Philmore, Remsen, N. Y., which weighed, on the scales of the station agent, 267 pounds, dressed weight. By adding one-fourth, according to the usual well-attested rule, we have 333½ pounds, as the live weight.

The shipments from Dolgeville included a deer that weighed, dressed, 237 pounds. This would indicate 296 pounds, as the live weight, or over 300 if the carcass had dried out by hanging on the pole at camp for a few days. This deer was consigned to F. Shaad, Little Falls, N. Y.

From Mountain View a deer was shipped to J. Robb, Malone, N. Y., whose dressed weight indicated a live weight of 281 pounds or more; and the express agent's returns from North Creek include a carcass of 230 pounds dressed weight (live weight estimated at 288 pounds), which was shipped to L. Stadaro, Albany, N. Y.

Mr. Frank S. Partridge, of Oneonta, N. Y., shot a deer near Goldsmith's, in Franklin county, that weighed, according to report, 310 pounds before it was dressed. Only a part of this animal was shipped out by express.

The statistics furnished by the express companies are interesting and valuable so far as they go. But the deer which are killed and not shipped out are so much more numerous than those which are transported by rail that some definite information is also needed regarding the former. In order to legislate intelligently for the protection of this kind of game, some specific statement is necessary as to when, where, and how many are killed. It would be well to ascertain also the proportion of does.

Elk and Moose.

Through the generosity of Mr. William C. Whitney a carload of live elk was brought into the Adirondacks and liberated in Township 40, Hamilton county, on the carry leading from Raquette to Forked Lake. Early in June last I went to Mr. Whitney's preserve, situated on October Mountain, a few miles from Lenox, Mass., and made the necessary arrangements for the shipment. Mr. Whitney has over 120 elk on his preserve, and from this number a small herd containing five bulls and seventeen cows were set aside for shipment to the Adirondacks. As the animals were very wild, considerable difficulty was experienced in driving them into the wagon vans for transportation to the railway station, six miles distant.

When the elk were safely on board the cars, they were left in charge of Game Protectors Courtney and Winslow, who accompanied them to Raquette Lake, where the animals arrived in good condition and none the worse for their journey. The car containing them was run upon one of the railroad scows of the Raquette Lake Transportation Company and towed to the Forked Lake carry, where the elk were turned loose into the woods.

The general character and feeding grounds of the Adirondack forests are so different from the usual habitat of these animals that their introduction is largely a matter

of experiment. There have been no elk in the Adirondacks within the memory of any one now living; neither is it claimed by naturalists that the species was ever found there. But, so far as heard from, these elk seem to be doing well, and will probably increase in number.

Unfortunately, the cows resemble the deer greatly in their general appearance, and so may be killed by hunters who mistake them for does. True, they differ in color and are of a much greater size, but these differences would not be apparent when the animal was standing breast high in the underbrush.

About one year ago an association of sportsmen was formed in the city of New York for the restoration of moose to the Adirondack forests, its organization being due largely to the efforts of Mr. H. V. Radford, editor of Woods and Waters. The association, in furtherance of its objects, prepared a bill which was introduced in the Legislature by Hon. Frank J. Price. This bill, which became a law, carried an appropriation of \$5,000 for the purchase of moose, and provided for their protection by a penalty of \$250 fine and imprisonment of not less than three months nor more than one year. The expenditure of this appropriation having been entrusted to the Forest, Fish and Game Commission, contracts have been entered into with persons who deal in this kind of game to furnish moose at prices varying from \$100 to \$150, delivered free of freight at such railway stations within the Adirondack region as the Commission may designate.

WM. F. FOX, Supt. State Forests.

Report of the Chief Game Protector.

My report for the year might properly include a detailed account of many actions brought and many suits won in the interest of the State, of thousands of letters written in explanation of mooted questions about the game law, or of statements of many raids made upon persistent violators of the law in various parts of the State. These details would, however, be cumbersome, and the results show for themselves to an extent that would seem to make such a review unnecessary.

The work of this Department is increasing steadily, and the money turned into the State Treasury shows for itself in the monthly reports.

The notable events of the past year were the suits brought against the Arctic Refrigerating Company, which stands practically convicted of having game out of season in its possession amounting in value to many thousands of dollars. It is suggested that if game is found in the close season outside of warehouses where a record is had of the same, or illegally possessed, a law should be enacted declaring that when a seizure is made, after the game has served its purpose as evidence, it should be turned over to some charitable institution instead of being allowed to go to waste, thereby benefiting some one without laying any one liable, and last but not least giving the officer making the seizure something definite under which to act.

Several large trespass cases have also been prosecuted during the year, notably that of the Moose River Lumber Company, which is still pending.

Very many smaller cases, mentioned collectively in the accompanying detailed report, attest the vigilance of the Department. I submit them with the other matters for your consideration and make the recommendations hereafter stated.

During the year the protectors seized and destroyed many nets and devices that were being illegally operated. The total of the individual seizures was 803 fyke nets, 443 trap nets, 416 gill nets, 76 squat nets, 20 seines, 335 set lines, 7 spears, 16 eel weirs, 8 wire nets and 2,637 tip-ups. The total number of illegal devices destroyed was 4,761, which represented a total money value of \$25,820.

Actions were begun against 348 persons. Of these 317 were convicted or judgments taken, and the total sum imposed as fines and penalties amounted to \$9,856.75. Of this amount the sum of \$8,526.70 was collected and deposited with the State Treasurer as the law provides. The remaining \$1,330.05 was retained by attorneys, justices and constables in cases where their fees were deducted before remitting to this Department. There were also fines imposed to the amount of \$938 where to recovery was had, and the persons upon whom these fines were imposed served time either in penitentiaries or jails, one day for each dollar, which amounted to 938 days served. The remaining 38 cases resulted as follows: 19 acquitted, either by court or jury; 6 cases on appeal; 4 actions withdrawn, and 2 where there was insufficient evidence to hold the accused.

Too much cannot be said in favor of the Law of 1899, which prohibited for a term of years the hounding of deer. It was an undisputed fact that, with the advantages of numerous railroads penetrating the Adirondacks about that time and the many people becoming interested in hunting, the deer of the State would surely become exterminated. The Legislature of 1901 should be commended for its legislation along this line, as a law was enacted which forbids for all time the hounding of deer. There is not a question, from the best information obtainable, but that deer have increased in the last five years fully fifty per cent., and they can be found in abundance through the main woods, and also in all the little detached parcels of forest land in every county adjoining the Adirondacks. If this law can remain on the statute books together with the Act of 1888, which limited the number one could kill or transport, there is no prospect of the deer becoming exterminated, although the advantages of reaching nearly every portion of the Adirondacks are much greater. With the increase yearly in the number of people who are desirous of hunting, it might be well to shorten the season, making the close season Oct. 31 instead of Nov. 15. The past two years have shown that more deer are killed during the last ten days of the open season than in the two months prior to that, on account of the snow which facilitates still-hunting ten fold.

I would respectfully suggest that while it is not advisable to make too many alterations in our game law, for fear of confusing the public mind, it would be both advisable and expedient that the following changes in the law as it now stands should be made during the present session of the Legislature:

1. Increasing the force of protectors to fifty as against the present thirty-eight. Several localities are now prac-

tically without any protection and too remote from the location of the present protector whose expense account is insufficient to permit him to travel any distance beyond his immediate locality. This is true of all that territory lying east of the Hudson River from Lake Champlain to Long Island Sound, which embraces six counties. On account of the increased acreage of forest land and the reservations made for lumbering, much time also will be required to prevent the inadvertent cutting of timber outside of that reserved. To say nothing of the constant necessity for checking the general tendency of many people to plunder on the State land wherever an opportunity presents.

2. Continuing the present close season for deer in the counties of Delaware, Ulster, Greene and Sullivan absolutely for a term of years, or, if this is not possible, then not allowing more than two weeks open season in these counties. The State has stocked this territory with deer at a considerable expense, and the results of the work have been highly gratifying. The continuation of the present close season, as suggested, will materially aid the work and be beneficial to everybody concerned.

3. Amending Section 36 of the present law so as to place in the hands of the Commission the granting of certificates to take birds for scientific purposes, instead of the matter being as at present in the hands of "any society of natural history incorporated in the State or by the Regents of the University." The reason for this suggestion is that the Commission can readily ascertain through the protectors in their several localities the exact standing and the full object of persons making application, which would prevent an abuse of the law that might very easily arise under the present system.

4. Establishing a system of licensing guides, thereby placing upon the list of those available to the public a much more competent class of men as compared with the many inexperienced so-called guides of the present day, who are not familiar enough with the woods to render efficient service.

5. Enacting a law charging a license fee to non-residents for the privilege of hunting in this State, thereby in a measure reserving the game to the citizens of the State who are paying a large amount annually to propagate and protect it. This proposition may meet with some objection from a few hotel keepers, but it is no more than justice to the taxpayers who are called upon to pay a license in nearly every State into which they may go to hunt. It is particularly true of Canada, where many of our citizens who go hunting are compelled to pay a large license fee for that privilege. The revenue derived from this source and from the licensing of guides should be placed at the disposal of the Commission to further aid in carrying on the work of protection.

6. Prohibiting the sale of woodcock, grouse and quail killed within this State, and compelling dealers who are handling any game from outside the State during the open season to keep a record and be ready at all times when a proper demand is made to furnish an invoice of all game received or sold.

7. Repealing all supervisor laws on Long Island relating to fish and shellfish. The Legislature should enact laws for that locality as it does for other parts of the State. By reason of the fact that the supervisors have been legislating independently since 1849, their laws have become confused, and in recent years to my certain knowledge they have not conformed to the State law. There is no question but that a majority of their present laws are in such a confused condition that they cannot be enforced, notwithstanding the fact that this Department is called upon frequently to prosecute under those laws. Several years ago the Legislature empowered all the boards of supervisors throughout the State to pass laws further restricting the taking of fish and game. Each county availed itself of this, and matters became so mixed up that, in 1895, the Legislature at the request of the general public repealed the law, except as to the power given to the counties of Long Island in relation to the taking of fish and shellfish from salt water.

J. WARREN POND, Chief Protector.

Lobby vs. Game Laws.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Every person with whom I have come in contact in the past six months, interested in the preservation of our game birds, viz: grouse, woodcock and quail, expresses but one opinion, and that is, that the only way to prevent the extermination of these birds is to prohibit their sale. This is, of course, not a new remedy. Such a law has been in force for the past two years in Massachusetts, and one year in New Hampshire, and it is claimed that in the former State an improvement in numbers of these birds is already noticeable.

Mr. Marson, of Oneida county, has offered a bill now in the Assembly Committee on Forest and Game, which it is believed will accomplish just what we want. The number of the bill is 410, Int. 386. This bill provides that woodcock, grouse and quail shall not be sold, or offered for sale, at any time or place throughout the State.

Now I urge every person who hunts for recreation and resides in the State of New York, to write to their respective Assemblyman and Senator and respectfully insist upon the passage of this bill. If this is not done, this most necessary and important of all amendments to the game laws will never get out of this committee, because of the powerful lobby of the cold storage interest at Albany.

Last year I was told by one whom I have every reason to know knew of what he spoke, and he said the reason no satisfactory legislation was had was owing to the great influence of a deputy official with a leading official of the Assembly. These officials are in the same positions today that they held one year ago.

Hence I call upon every one who would save these birds to write at once, as above suggested. Don't delay it.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Feb. 8.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Every sportsman in this State should at once write the representatives of their county urging them to support

Assembly Bill No. 410, introduced by Mr. E. M. Marson, to prohibit the sale of woodcock, grouse and quail at all times. Prompt and energetic effort on our part will secure the passage of the FOREST AND STREAM Plank at this session. With this law in force we can stop the snaring and shooting of birds for market.

But there is a hunter more skillful and relentless in the pursuit of game than even the snarer or market-shooter, one who knows no law, a meat hunter, who hunts 365 days in the year, and one whose deadliest work is done in the winter, during the close season. Years ago when the hounding of deer was permitted, large numbers of hounds were bred and kept in our northern tier of counties, and during the winter great sport was had in hunting the fox, but since the hounding of deer was prohibited, few dogs are kept, and the foxes are increasing to such an extent as to become a serious menace not only to our game, but to the poultry interests as well. There are few farmers in northern New York who cannot testify against this sly marauder, who at early dawn raids their poultry yard for his breakfast. Their favorite bird seems to be the young turkey, and so numerous and destructive has the red fox become in this section that many farmers have given up the attempt to raise any turkeys at all. I have talked with a great many farmers on this subject, and all are willing to help us to exterminate this pest.

The law protecting foxes from May 1 to Sept. 30 should be repealed and a bounty of one or two dollars paid for each fox killed in this State. There is no question but that more grouse will be killed by the foxes during the close season this winter than were killed by the hunter during the open season last fall.

W. H. TALLEY.

WATERDOWN, N. Y., Feb. 8.

Hunting with Henry Braithwaite.

III.—The Land of Increasing Game.

THE Moccasin Lake shanty, like Henry's home camp, was originally built for a lumber crew. I have heretofore explained that all the New Brunswick wilderness is held under 25-year lumber leases, so that the clearing of the settler does not follow the lumber camp. A spruce forest is little changed by the cutting out of the larger trees. The number cut is a very small per cent. of the standing trees. For a year or two the forest resounds to the whoops of the logging crews, and then their deserted shanties become the homes of skunks and other wood-folk. If a fire is occasionally made in one of these camps, so that the logs are dried out, it will stand for years. But if dampness is allowed full sway, the structure soon becomes a tottering ruin. Henry has a superannuated stove in the Moccasin Lake camp, and occupies it a few days each year. Two summers running the place has been devastated by a bear, which on both occasions bit a hole in the coal-oil can. Henry says the bears are fond of coal-oil, and that when they can get at it, they roll in it and saturate themselves. If any of you come across a bear next year which has an unusually fine coat of hair, perhaps it will be one of the animals using Standard Oil Pomade.

A large weasel, pure white in color except the tip of its tail, had possession of the camp when we arrived, and he promptly began to steal such things as he could carry away, and yarded them in the crevices of the logs. About two miles from Moccasin Lake, reached by a very hard trail full of fallen trees, is Reed Lake, full of trout. It is against the law to catch trout in November, and so we did not go to Reed Lake and catch a few through the ice; and the weasel did not come out at night, pull the cover off the tin pan containing the fish, and carry the trout up between the logs of the double roof, in spite of the profane efforts of Charles Cameron, the finest cook in New Brunswick, to rescue them. These things did not happen, because it is against the law to catch a meal of trout in November, in a lake that is never fished, seventy-five miles from the settlement.

It was at the Moccasin Lake camp that we caught the gory by the box-trap. His bill had been partly shot off by a member of one of Henry's earlier fall parties. We kept him in the camp and fed him, and he might have become sociable in time; but Charlie Cameron had a steel trap set under the table for a thieving red squirrel, and the poor gory, with the fatal curiosity of his kind, had to get into the trap, and that was the end of him.

It was near this camp that the moose was killed earlier in the season by the gentleman who, having lost five wounded with a small bore, concluded to try the Snider, and brought the moose to his knees with one shot. While they were skinning this moose, a very large one, that Henry has tracked many times, came out of the bushes close by. The gentleman, having killed his moose, would not fire at the monster. We saw the big track in the snow, when we were there six weeks later. Next year the moose will be bigger still, and someone can have a day's excitement following a giant track, and not getting a sight of the maker of it.

Charlie Small wanted to get a deer, so we took a long circuit that would cover some hardwood ridges, intending to bring up at the home camp that night. We climbed up and up, till finally we reached the very top of a mountain from which, as the trees were not very thick, we could see a good deal of horizon. Nothing but mountains, a sea of forest tossed into wave on wave. Henry blazed the topmost tree on four sides, "so that if he ever came there again, he would remember he had been there before." He said if he had time he would like to climb a tree, just to look around. Henry is a great climber. Some years ago he and Arthur Pringle put in a winter trapping on the Patapedia, a branch of the Restigouche, in Quebec. They went into a wilderness absolutely strange to them, and by climbing trees, taking the bearings of distant landmarks by compass, and following out the directions thus determined, they laid out trapping lines and soon became familiar with the country. You couldn't lose Henry if you dropped him from a balloon on the east side of Hudson's Bay. He would climb a tree and get his bearings in a few minutes.

Dan Lynch, one of the greatest lumber cruisers in New Brunswick, is also a great tree-climber. When he sees

timber he never knows it is time to make for camp. One day last winter Dan was out looking for spruce over toward the Gulquawk, and had Jack Spencer along with him. About half past two in the afternoon, when there was not more than an hour and a half of good daylight left, Lynch clapped on the climbing irons and went up a big white spruce. What he saw from the treetop pleased him greatly, and he called down: "Jack, watch where I throw this club." Down came a stick in the direction of a newly discovered bunch of standing timber. Spencer, who had an eye to comfort, noticed with displeasure that the direction of the find lay far from camp, and he knew Lynch's enthusiasm might keep them out all night. So, while Lynch clambered down, he picked up the stick and carried it where it would do the most good. When Lynch reached the ground he carefully took the bearing of the stick, and the two men started through the trackless woods. An hour later they came into the door-yard of Manly Black's camp. Dan stopped and eyed Spencer with sorrow and reproach. "Jack," said he, sadly, "I never threw that club this way, never in the world."

I suppose it was because we were looking for deer to-day, but I never saw such a mess of moose tracks before. The whole country seemed a vast mooseyard. "Look there," gasped Charlie, as we poked along the ridge. There stood a two-year-old moose, about forty feet from us, his nose outstretched, his eyes almost popping from his head. He stared as if he had never seen such creatures as ourselves before, and I think he never had. Anyway, he showed no proper spirit of self-preservation. It was only after he had strained his neck looking at us that he turned and trotted off, lifting his shoulders and legs twice as high as was necessary. But that same habit of high-stepping helps the moose over fallen trees and through the snow.

It was on this day that one of the most remarkable hunting episodes of my life occurred. We were completing our circuit and coming toward the home camp, tramping slowly through the soft ankle-deep snow. The woods were of the deceptive sort that seem more open than they really are. Henry and Charlie saw a deer lying on the far side of a fallen tree-top. Charlie shot, and I saw the deer tearing through the woods. Willing to lend a helping hand, I elevated the two-bushel gun, and shooting ahead of the flying animal, saw it collapse in a heap. But Charlie also banged away, and I could not see why he was shooting when the deer was down. "There he goes, but he's hit," said Charlie. "He's down over here," said I. Then Henry, who had gone to the tree-top, began to laugh. The deer at which Charlie shot had never got up. The one I knocked down was a deer we had not seen at first. So we had two, and didn't know it.

"But this isn't the way he went," said Charlie, as he looked at my buck with the half-gallon hole in his side. "The deer I shot at went off over there." Henry and Charlie went to look, and there were tracks about twenty feet apart. The fourth jump or so there was a spurt of blood on the snowy bushes, and a hundred and fifty yards from the place where the trouble began we found a third deer, with two clean-cut little holes in his sides, one where the hollow-point smokeless .375 went in, the other where it went out. We had killed three deer in the innocent effort to get one. The bushes were just thick enough to hide each of the running bucks from one of us. "It's funny how they will run in the way of the bullets sometimes," said Henry in mild sarcasm, remembering how I had missed the standing buck a few days before.

This curious episode is a fair illustration of the change that has come about in the New Brunswick woods in the past five years, in reference to deer. In all his woodland experience, covering more than forty years, Henry never shot but one deer, and until lately a deer track was a rarity in the wilder parts of the woods. While the moose and caribou have been very plentiful, deer were remarkably scarce. Now the bears and lynxes, the natural enemies of the deer, are pretty well thinned out, and the hunting is not enough to reduce their numbers. Henry says he always regrets to see a doe shot, but he realizes that the killing of a few bucks is not likely to prevent the present increase from continuing.

We had now more meat than even six voracious men could use on the remainder of the trip, and so after Jerry and Theodore had dressed it and brought it in, it was hung where it would freeze, and be ready for Henry's use during his trapping this winter.

The day after the activity in accidental bucks we left the home camp, and countermarched via the Crooked Deadwater, Indian Lake, and the ponds which form the head of Rocky Brook, to an old driving camp on that stream where Ambrose had agreed to meet us with the team.

At the Crooked Deadwater camp, where we stayed one night, we heard choppers going by from their shanty at the dam, long before daylight. They stopped and admired the heads, and then went on their way to their work, three or four miles' walk. It does not seem as though there was much in it for these young fellows—about \$20 per month for turning out and eating breakfast while it is pitch dark, then walking over a rough path through the snow, so as to be at the foot of the tree as soon as it is light enough to see to chop; working till it is too dark to swing an ax, walking back to camp, getting supper, grinding their axes, and dropping into dreamless oblivion till the call for breakfast. Hard as that condition seems, Kelly's camp at the dam was full of youngsters, some of them not over fifteen years old, who seemed as proud as peacocks at the fact that they were doing men's work. Years ago there used to be considerable moose-killing to furnish meat for the lumber camps after the snow got deep. But now that is all done away. Cattle are driven in regularly, and killed at the camps. This furnishes a reliable supply, and the boss lumbermen do all they can to assist in the enforcement of the game laws.

Probably the Indians were once the greatest menace to the future of the moose in New Brunswick. About two miles back of Little Souwest Lake, Henry once showed me an enormous mass of mouldering moose hair, scattered over as much ground as a fair sized house would cover. This had evidently been there a very long time; and Henry told me it was where an old Indian

named Newel Bear and his two sons, all now dead, had dressed the skins of more than one hundred moose, one spring about twenty years ago. Naturally, with such killing, they were scarce in the Little Southwest country for a while. But now the Indians of New Brunswick are nearly all dead. Here and there you come upon one of their ancient dead-fall traps, and the rotting ruins of their roofless camps; but these are the fast decaying vestiges of a day that will return no more. Lucky it is for the game that this is so, and the result in New Brunswick justifies the charge that the Indian is the greatest enemy of the moose. Although these grand animals are found in considerable numbers in Quebec, Ontario, and thence throughout the vast northwest, they suffer greatly from the Indians, who kill them wastefully during the winter, when the snow is deep, and during the summer when the moose are in the water. They are undoubtedly becoming more numerous in some parts of Quebec. In the Lake Temiskaming region there are many. Where the Indians have practically ceased to hunt, as around Lake Kippewa, there are plenty of moose. But where Indians are the only inhabitants of the country, as in the neighborhood of the Grand Lake Victoria, and toward the head of the Ottawa, the moose are scarce.

I have seen Indians kill a cow moose and her two calves, in spite of my protests, when they already had two moose hanging up; when the calves were worthless, and they could not use the meat of the cow.

Between the Crooked Deadwater and the driving camp where we met Ambrose, the moose fairly got in our way, and we saw eleven in different places that would have furnished easy standing shots. It was snowing, and the continual noise of the wind and the sifting of the snow from the branches, made approach easy. Not one of the animals was further away than fifty yards when we saw it. Often where two were together they would stand and look for as much as half a minute before turning to go away. It was a succession of glorious pictures, and it made us proud of North America that such things had continued down to our day and time.

The next two days we spent in dogged plodding behind the sled, through a steady, blinding snowstorm that nearly took the heart out of Colonel and Bob, the poor old horses. For a few miles we tried snowshoes, the first time on the trip, but the snow was so soft that we soon gave them up, and were content to put one foot before the other in the narrow furrow of the sled runner. It was an occasion of great joy when, on the second day about noon, we met a procession of five portage teams coming in, the first of the season, and for the rest of the way out had a fairly well-broken road.

I cannot find it in my heart to conclude this plain narrative of hunting in a real game country without a brief and modest statement of certain pertinent facts which came under my notice. I have told you of the big bull moose shot by Charlie Small, that had the wound in his breast, made weeks before by a small-bore jacketed bullet. I have mentioned the wounded moose Dan Kelly saw, dragging his hip. I will tell you of another typical case.

Henry and a gentleman who was out with him in September were calling, in broad daylight, mind you. There is no night calling in New Brunswick. They heard a stick break. Then, not forty yards away, they saw a large moose nearly facing them, a fair mark, a little quartering. The gentleman, whose name is a tip-top one in the annals of sport, fired with a high-power, small-bore rifle and knocked the moose down, but he got up and ran. They found two bunches of hair, one the long breast hair, the other on the further side, where the bullet had gone out. They trailed the moose as far as they could before it was time to return to camp. All the next day Henry followed the track amid a maze of others, and finally found a place where the moose had lain and bled profusely. He got near enough to get one glimpse of the moose as he left the water after crossing a stream. The third day Henry and the man who shot the moose followed the bloody track till a tremendous rain came on, which obliterated every trace, and so they never got the moose.

I have mentioned the case of the five moose wounded and lost this fall by another of Henry's parties. In recapitulating the events of the season so far as we heard of them (and we probably did not hear one-tenth of all the cases), Henry and I heard of more than twenty moose hit by small-bore bullets this fall and lost. If these moose had been openly and illegally killed, the Province would have been too small for the law-breakers. As it is now, they are free to go about telling of the wonderful range and penetration of their ineffectual weapons. Of course they kill sometimes. But why not use a weapon that will always kill. If you will read the Oregon Trail, the story of Francis Parkman's travels long ago among the Indians, you will find that before the days of breechloaders the eastern hunters who went West believed that their small-bore rifles that had done service in Kentucky were good enough for buffalo and grizzly, and the fact that the buffalo got away and the grizzly chased the hunters did not jar their gun conceit. In that charming story, "The Forest Runner," just begun in McClure's Magazine, we are told of an Indian in northern Michigan who hunted deer with bird shot, and who never expected to kill his game at one shot, but who tracked it for miles by the blood, till the animal became exhausted. The history of shooting in New Brunswick this fall sounds like a reversion to those ancient times.

The claims for the small bore are its accuracy and its long, flat range, its lightness and its freedom from smoke and recoil. All admitted, but all immaterial, so far as moose hunting goes. Charlie Small and I saw more than twenty moose on our trip. Not one was over 50 yards away. In still-hunting moose in those woods, one never gets a long shot, because he cannot see anything very far. The branches and bushes are too thick. No moose shot with a 480-grain bullet, or one of greater weight, is likely to get away. I know the answer of the small-bore advocates. They will tell us we ought to learn to shoot. That is all very well, too. I can make this modest statement of fact, that in some dozen of moose-hunting trips I have never lost one moose I fired at, not one, and generally fired but one shot. How many .30-bore gentlemen can say they have had a dozen straight kills of moose and none lost?

One hundred yards is a very liberal limit of distance for moose hunters. Now I am not talking about shooting in the Rocky Mountains—though I have shot sheep and goats in British Columbia at 50 yards—I am not talking about shooting on the plains. I am talking about moose hunting in the northeastern part of North America. I leave it to any fair-minded man of experience if 100 yards is not a large limit of distance in this sort of sport in those woods? It has for years been a matter of amazement to me that the splendid makers of shotguns in this country have not turned their attention to the making of these short-range combined rifle-shotguns on the paradox system. You can get a beautiful American sixteen-bore hammerless shotgun for half what an English gun costs. There is unquestionably a demand for something more effectual than any rifle regularly made in the United States. Many English rifles are sold here, not because we want to use English-made guns, but because we don't like to turn sport into cruelty and toil by wounding an animal, following it for miles, and then losing it. The .50-110 Winchester, with its light 300-grain bullet, is not powerful enough to be certain on moose. The .50-100-450 is much better. Even the .45-70 is pretty sure. I have killed several moose with it, and generally made a clean one-shot job. I do not ask any man to carry a 9½-pound rifle into the woods, when so much more powerful weapons are made weighing very little. All the moose country now limits the sportsman by law to one moose a year. If the law limited him to firing at one moose, and jailed him for wounding it and letting it get away, that would settle forever the question of small-bores, because all the small-bore men would sooner or later go to live at Newcastle, N. B., or other places devoted to his Majesty's public institutions. Of course, that is not practicable, but unless something is done in the education of the public on the matter of hitting moose and letting them get away, there are a lot of these animals that will need medical treatment for lead poisoning. Mr. Emerson Hough, who is a continual joy to so many of us, may continue to pooh-pooh the opinions of Henry Braithwaite and other experienced moose hunters by saying that their views are well known; and an army of gentlemen may rise up and testify to the efficacy of their one .30-30 bullet, "placed where it ought to be." One of them was with Henry last fall, and he said to Henry: "Can't you make the moose stand in a little more open ground?" At which remark the moose made for the open ground on the other side of the mountain. The fact is, you have got to take the moose as you find him, and be pretty quick about it, too. And until gentlemen learn by slow degrees that the .30s are the curse of the modern woods, this fad in firearms will be as great a menace to game increase as was the skin-hunting cruder of a day now happily gone by. For the smaller animals, like deer and bear, the small bores are doubtless efficient. The irrefragable evidence is that for moose they are very uncertain. To fire at a great bull moose with an ineffectual weapon is wanton; and to let a wounded moose run away is a thing for a man to regret all his days.

FREDERIC IRLAND.

Damages for Reckless Shooting.

From the London Field

THE case of Norton vs. Sparks, which, after two days' hearing, was concluded in the Court of King's Bench on Friday last week, however deplorable the facts, affords a lesson which those who are fond of rabbit shooting would do well to consider. From the evidence adduced, it appeared that the parties were ferreting a hedge bank at Benfleet, Essex, and the plaintiff, to use his own words, "knelt down with his left side toward the hedge ready to fire." That he should depart from the customary position adopted in shooting seems somewhat strange on the part of one who averred that "he had had considerable experience in rabbit shooting"; but his statement was not disputed. While in that position, a rabbit bolted on the opposite side of the hedge, but whether it ran along the bank, or ditch, or entered the field in which the defendant was standing, was not made clear; at any rate the defendant fired at it, with the result that the shot passed through the hedge and struck the plaintiff. He received twenty-seven shots in the leg, twelve in the arm, one in the left shoulder, one in the back just below the neck, and one in the left eye. He was removed to London, and was attended by a well-known oculist, who did all that was possible for him; but he permanently lost the use of the eye. In his opinion the defendant was almost at right angles to him when he fired, and for this act of alleged carelessness he brought an action for damages.

For the defense it was contended that the plaintiff was guilty of contributory negligence in not keeping in line with the defendant, who, when he fired at the rabbit as it ran down the hedge, understood that the plaintiff was in line with him. Two witnesses gave evidence to the effect that they had examined the hedge in question, and were of opinion that the shot was fired at an angle of 45 degrees. Upon these facts it was for the jury to say whether the defendant, by firing into the hedge with a knowledge that the plaintiff and other persons were on the opposite side of it, was guilty of such carelessness, or negligence, as would render him liable for damages in the event of an injury resulting. The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, and assessed the damages at £100, notwithstanding that the defendant had paid the medical expenses incurred, including a fee of 20 guineas for the services of an expert oculist. This may appear to many, as no doubt it did so to the defendant, a severe penalty to pay for his carelessness; but, on the other hand, the plaintiff lost an eye, which has always been held to be a more serious injury than the loss of a limb—and in feudal times, as we know, to deprive a man of one or both eyes was the greatest punishment short of death that could be inflicted on a malefactor.

In all cases of unintentional or accidental injury, the point upon which the question of liability turns is whether there was negligence on the part of the person who caused the injury. Circumstances, no doubt, alter cases, and it seems clear that where the shooter is not actually to blame—as, for example, where the injured party was not in the direct line of fire, but a single pellet from a charge fired at a rabbit ricocheted from a stone at an angle and struck him in the face—no compensation would

be recoverable at law, and none would be morally due. This happened in the case of Stanley vs. Powell, tried in November, 1890, before Mr. Justice Denman. It was an action by a beater for compensation for injuries caused, as he alleged, by the reckless shooting of the defendant at a pheasant. The jury, however, took the defendant's view that some of the shots glanced from an oak tree, and so wounded the plaintiff in the face that he lost the use of one eye. They considered, therefore, that there was no negligence, but, in the event of the plaintiff being entitled to recover, assessed his damages at £100. The judge, who had reserved his decision, gave judgment for the defendant, on the ground that the plaintiff had failed upon the gist of the action, which was to show that the defendant was negligent.

In the case now before us the jury came to a different conclusion. To fire through or toward a hedge with the knowledge that there are persons on the other side is an act which can only be characterized as reckless; and if, as in this instance, a serious injury is the result, it is only right that the shooter should suffer for it. To some persons, apparently, it is useless to preach caution; they either cannot or will not be taught the necessity for exercising it. The only remedy is to mulct them in damages for their carelessness, and let others know the penalty which attaches to such conduct. We have it now on record that, in the opinion of two different juries, the cost of an eye is £100. Let this be generally understood and we shall perhaps in future hear less of so-called "accidents" in the shooting field.

Non-Resident Licenses.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been an interested reader of everything in recent numbers of your journal on the subject of shooting licenses, and am much surprised that no one of the large and increasing army of sportsmen who acquiesce in the license system as reasonable and necessary, has had anything to say on the subject so far as I have observed.

I do not refer to enthusiastic advocates of the system—people are not usually very much delighted so far as I have observed, at any additional taxes; but if there is something they want, and it can be had by the imposition of a moderate tax, they are willing enough to pay their share.

I have talked with sportsmen in widely different parts of Indiana and Illinois this fall, and have not found one who did not agree, perhaps in some cases a little sadly, that the license idea is the right one.

I have heard complaint that the license in Indiana is outrageously high, as it is, and suggestions have been made in regard to making a license so much a day or two days, or week, and not have the charge the same for the sportsman who spends but a few days in the field as for him who enjoys as many weeks. These are all matters of detail, and sportsmen would better devote themselves to securing just and reasonable license laws rather than making a fight against non-resident license laws in general—which are here, and here to stay, either with posted farms and sundry other things which make for game preservation, and are welcomed by most intelligent sportsmen.

There is among sportsmen generally more than ever a recognition of the fact that game protection costs money, and some one must pay for it. I cannot understand any gentleman objecting to the principle of paying something for the privilege of shooting in another State, where he pays no direct taxes.

He may consider the tax as absurdly high, and complain bitterly about it, as he would at any other excessive charge, but that he should object to the tax as such is unreasonable, and I am happy to say, not many do.

It is to be regretted that in this matter the editorial page of FOREST AND STREAM does not reflect what I believe to be the views of sportsmen generally. The article of Jan. 18 on "The Proposed Maine License" shows a bias quite different from that of a very large number of sportsmen all over the country. You criticize the able and temperate address of Commissioner Carleton at the meeting of the Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association, but give Mr. Oak, who opposes a license, the revenue from which is to be used for the protection of game, credit for "putting the case in a nutshell" of a dozen lines, although his rambling and illogical speech was twice as long as Commissioner Carleton's, and contained statements which, under other circumstances, I should expect to have seen refuted or denied on your editorial page. Take this for instance. Mr. Oak says: "Having talked the matter over with numerous sportsmen, I find quite a universal disposition to try to get their money's worth; being obliged to pay money where they think they ought not to, if unable to secure trophies of the chase such as desired, they are more or less inclined to destroy a certain amount of property equal at least to the amount of money they have left." Gentlemen of the gun and rod, what is your opinion of such a statement as that? It is pleasant to think Mr. Oak does not believe you will destroy more than the cost of your license if you do not get any trophies. If your license costs \$25 and entitles you to two deer and you get but one, you will give credit for \$12.50 and carefully destroy only an equal amount of property.

The most bitter enemy of the sports of the field could not make a worse charge against our class than this; and Mr. Oak assures us "this is no fanciful idea." He has heard "these sentiments expressed by the people themselves" who had been compelled to pay a license somewhere.

Under the circumstances it would seem the proper thing for Maine to keep every acquaintance of Mr. Oak out of the State at any cost. The rest of us believe we might safely be allowed to pay for our licenses, and that there would not be serious risk of wanton destruction of property if our nerves were not steady and we could not bring down our game.

This talk of creating a "select aristocracy" by the imposition of a \$20 shooting license seems to me the very worst twaddle. Taking into consideration all the other expenses of a shooting trip to a neighboring State, in very few cases would twenty dollars additional decide the matter one way or the other. There is an old saying that "those who dance must pay the piper," which I commend those sportsmen who object to contributing something toward

defraying the expense of game preservation.' Mr. Oak speaks of requiring a shooting license as "throttling the innocent sportsman and ordering him to stand and deliver." What nonsense!

Why should a man from Indiana, for instance, who wants to kill Maine or Michigan or Wisconsin deer object to paying for the privilege? If he favors game preservation, he expects those States to maintain game wardens; these are the pipers he should help to pay.

Sportsmen figure too much in the papers in *forma pauperis*. Everything must be free for them; they can hardly reconcile themselves to paying for their pleasures as other people do for theirs. If they want to shoot over the land of a farmer who happens to have a few coveys of quail on his place, there is no thought of paying. It is a sufficient concession to ask the owner for permission to kill and carry off his game. If he objects he is an unreasonable old curmudgeon whom it is only fair to outwit if it can be done.

Farmers will in time become wise enough to allow no shooting on their lands which is not paid for, even at the risk of being accused of "throttling the innocent sportsmen."

I have paid as high as forty dollars for a non-resident shooting license, and if there is game enough to justify such a high price it is all right, whether I can kill my quota or not. As a matter of fact, I ought, in order to carry out Mr. Oak's idea, to have destroyed about ten dollars' worth of property, in order to get my full forty dollars' worth—but I didn't.

LEXDEN.

MICHIGAN CITY, ILL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Chicago Sportsmen's Show.

CHICAGO, ILL., Feb. 6.—The view of the different exhibits, in the trade and otherwise, may conveniently be taken from right to left around the ellipse of the main floor as one enters from the Wabash avenue entrance. There is a very good display of Navajo blankets, Indian relics, etc., made by the Hyde exploring expedition, a company which has been some time operating between Durango and Albuquerque. The Hyde outfit encourages the Indians to discard the Germantown wool and return to the old fabrics.

A Chicago company displays foot-power launches and marine engines, beyond which comes the display of launches and motors made by the Truscott Boat Company, of St. Joseph, Mich., the latter being a full and attractive display.

On the opposite side of the main floor, and at the southern extremity, begins the beautiful exhibit made by the Grand Trunk Railway System, a collection of 140 photographs, each 40 by 50 inches in size, showing typical scenes of the beautiful and wild Canadian scenery. This exhibit has a grand lot of mounted game fish, after the fashion known as the mezzzo mount, the skin of the fish being stretched upon an oval convex plaque. Mounted in this way, were a number of grand brook trout, one of 9 pounds. A 57-pound St. Lawrence muscallunge is another striking specimen, as well as numerous landlocked salmon, a big wall-eyed pike, etc. The colors of the trout are beautifully rendered, and one could not imagine a more perfect display of game fishes in mounted form. There is one photograph here which shows four deer taken by a telescopic lens at a distance of one and a half miles. The game and shooting pictures of country reached by the Grand Trunk are very numerous. Mr. H. R. Charlton, advertising agent of the route at Montreal, is in charge of the exhibit. He states that there were 6,500 hunters carried by the Grand Trunk last fall, and that they killed 10,000 deer.

Beyond this exhibit there is a souvenir booth, and then comes the comprehensive trade exhibit of Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett & Co., of this city. The main sporting goods concerns of the country are represented by these general agents, among the goods shown being a good display of the products of the Winchester R. A. Co., U. M. C. Co., Marlin Fire Arms Co., the Remington Co., the Ithaca Gun Co., the Hunter Arms Co., Savage Arms Co., Parker Bros., Colt's Patent Fire Arms Mfg. Co., Smith & Wesson, and Iver Johnson. All these concerns have comprehensive, though not very widely extended exhibits in the generous space of the local firm above mentioned. In angling goods the same display comprises a good showing of the output.

Adjoining the gun and tackle exhibit last mentioned is the elaborate exhibit of the Peters Cartridge Co., which has been elected as sportsmen's headquarters, lounging accommodations, copies of sporting papers, etc., having been furnished the boys by Mr. J. H. Mackie, the attendant in charge. The arch and frame decorations of the front of this exhibit are in tasteful form, the borders being in four colors, and the design executed in the four Peters shells—League, Referee, Ideal and New Victor.

There are some cases of ammunition on hand, and there are shown shells loaded by the Peters Company in all the modern makes of smokeless powder, quite outside of the loads in King's smokeless. There are souvenirs for the curious, displays of targets made by the Peters shells, and all sorts of things interesting to the shooter. This firm offers a silver cup for competition at the target gallery, to be contested for by Peters cartridges exclusively, and the gallery attendant has hoisted a sign to that effect.

Progressing now toward the rear of the building, that is to say, the northern extremity, one sees Periolat's characteristic exhibit of fine heads, horns, robes, etc., of American big game.

A cabin, left to-day without an occupant, is next in line, and beyond this is shown the clever work of "Silhouette Bill," who cuts black pictures of you while you wait. Adjoining Bill on the north is a display of somewhat singular nature, a cowboy artist doing pyrography, which is to say, drawing pictures with a hot iron on wood. The card stated that this was the temporary home of "Jim and Kid Gabriel, bronco busters, of Buffalo Bill's Wild West since 1893, dispatch carriers for Gen. Nelson A. Miles in the campaign of 1890, champion long-distance riders of the world, as shown in the cavalry horse contest of 1897."

"Friend," said I to the artist, which is Kid Gabriel, as he bent over his hot iron, "how did you happen to go wrong?" He looked at me out of the corner of his eye and hardly cracked a smile. "Ain't it a shame," said he, "an' me with such pretty eyebrows, too!"

"Did you learn it on the real hide?" I asked him, referring to his hot iron operation.

"Sure," said he. Thenceforth we were friends.

Explaining his tendencies toward art, Mr. Gabriel said, "A heap of folks think that a cowpuncher don't do anything but eat hay and go to sleep in the middle of the road; but I allow I can show them that the modern art tendency has struck in west of the Missouri. What do you think of that?"

He pointed to some of his hot-iron pictures, and I must say they surpassed anything I have ever seen of the kind. The Kid can do artistic stunts on bronco busting, roping and all that sort of thing, as well as most folks can with plenty of brushes and any amount of paint.

By and by Jim Gabriel came along, and in him I recognized an earlier friend, no less than Jimmy Tuff, once of Johnson county, Wyoming. Jimmy could tell considerable history if he felt like it, and we had quite a pow-wow together. He was got up for show purposes, and grinned when he caught me looking at his silk shirt, old gold neck-scarf and pearl-handled gun. None the less, Jimmy has seen the cow game in plenty of different stages. He promises me an old pair of chaps, as I had to admit that I had not a pair left to my name, and as we both agreed that a household without a single pair of chaps in it was in pretty bad shape.

"Jim," said the Kid, as he busied himself with his art tendencies, "he does the big talk-talk for the firm, and I do the branding. I always seemed to take naturally to a hot iron. That's how I came to this. But you stand around here and just listen to Jim talk. He'll amuse you some. Say, he just rears right back on his hocks and tells it to 'em scarey. You ought to see the eyes hang out on these States folks that come down through here."

Both these men are pretty well equipped to "tell it to 'em scarey." Jim knew Tom Wagner, Nate Champion and a whole lot more real rough riders in the days of the once famous Johnson county war.

Next in order come several curio booths, among these one, a stall, showing hair ornaments made of glass beads, done by a fair damsel from Berlin. "Ich bin auch Injun," said she, smilingly, realizing the value which Indian goods had on the market for the time being. I could not believe her accent.

The Santa Fe railroad has a number of fine paintings and large photographs in the space at the northern end of the building, these views including familiar presentations of the Grand Cañon and many other landscapes in one of the most curious and interesting regions of America. What the Santa Fe does is good, as need not be said.

At this same extremity of the building is a small cabin known as the Chicago hunters' den, in charge of Norris, and decorated with hides, heads, pictures, Alaska trophies, Indian implements, clothing, etc. The target gallery is next in line, under the seats and back of the Hiawatha stage.

Swinging now toward the main entrance on the west side of the lower hall, one comes to the grand exhibit of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, in charge of Mr. L. O. Armstrong, of Montreal. There are several good spaces devoted to this exhibit, which includes a comprehensive display of pictures, oil paintings and those striking photographs which alone would serve to make the Canadian Pacific scenery world-famous. There is an abundance of skins, heads and other trophies of big game to be seen here, and a very good working collection of maps, descriptive literature, etc.

"We make a specialty," said Mr. Armstrong, "of furnishing speaking information about our country. Every year I search out new sporting regions, going into the woods as soon as the ice goes out. I always take along Indian guides, and I have had with me at different times several of the Indians who are here with the Hiawatha show."

It was the Canadian Pacific which was instrumental in bringing to Chicago the first performance of the Hiawatha drama, which constitutes one of the main attractions of the sportsmen's show. The total space occupied by the C. P. R. is 1,200 feet, and it shows the wilderness in every inch.

Among the Indians present with the Hiawatha troupe is William Kabaoosa, a sixty-year-old veteran, who was once a timber cruiser for Western lumbermen. This man carries a George III. medal, which was given to his grandfather in 1778. He is a man of somewhat distinguished family, his ancestors having sold to the whites a deal of country along the Great Lakes many years ago.

Others of the Canadian Indians present who are obtainable as guides, and who are present at the show, are Geo. Linklater, White Fish, Ont.; Hugh Irvine, Desbarto, Ont.; Joe Baangeseck, Tom Obtoosoway, George Kabaoosa, Tom Kabaoosa, Bukwujimimi, Henry Bukwujimimi, Albert Wabunosa, Sam Wabunosa, Aleck Wabunosa, Shawano, Tom Shingwaük, Wm. Kaboosa, Garden River, Ont.

The foregoing covers the exhibits as seen in place at this date.

The Indian License Law.

John Watson is just back from Maksa'wba Club, Indiana, and he says that the rabbits are simply running away with the country down there. Asked if he shot any, John replied: "I should say not. It may be lawful under this new Indiana license law, but nearly everybody at the club is afraid to take his gun out of the case for fear he will be fined \$25. As near as I can figure it out, you can't shoot rabbits or anything else down in Indiana without paying a \$25 license. Of course you can shoot jacksnipe after Nov. 10. That's a good thing. I wonder how many jacksnipe there are left in Indiana after Nov. 10!"

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Transplanting Quail.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It strikes me that a very small amount of thought is used by people who talk about importing quail from Texas and other places for propagating purposes. Some time ago I called attention to the fact that a Florida cock quail weighed only 5 ounces, and as I felt sure that those I used to shoot in Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Long Island were nearly twice as large, I urged your correspondents in different States to settle the matter by sending in the weight of their birds, but very few of them seemed to take any interest in it, and I got but few responses.

In a late number of FOREST AND STREAM Mr. W. H. Emmons has taken the trouble to weigh some of his birds, and he gives the weight of a cock as 7½ ounces, and a hen as 6 ounces. Now it would appear like stupidity in the sportsmen of Long Island to ruin the breed of their splendid birds by introducing a diminutive specimen that on a piece of toast appears about the size of an English sparrow.

I very well remember that when I shot in Pennsylvania and New Jersey a broiled quail was enough for my breakfast, while here they are very small and tough and altogether so unattractive that I let them vigorously alone.

If I wished to import quail I would first know the size of the birds, and just here is something to be considered: It will not do to weigh a bird that has been caged up, for they dwindle to nearly nothing in three days' time. Weigh only freshly shot birds.

DIDYMUS.

[Our correspondent's note is interesting, but we venture to suggest that it is based in part on a misapprehension.]

The Northern quail weighs from 6 to 6½ ounces for the female, to 7½ to 8 ounces for the male, and we fancy that the weighing of a great many birds would show that the females average about 6½ ounces and the males a very trifle under 8 ounces. This for birds in good condition and freshly shot.

We do not believe, however, that the importation of Florida quail—provided they would stand the Northern climate, which at first they will hardly do—would "ruin the breed of Long Island birds." Instead, we believe that after a generation or two the progeny of the Florida birds would attain very nearly the size and weight of a native bird.

It is a well-known fact that Western cattlemen commonly bring yearling cattle from Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and even old Mexico, and turn them out to range and grow in Montana and North Dakota with the result that when of beef age these cattle are some hundreds of pounds heavier than cattle of the same age, which have reached maturity in the Southern country. The colder and more bracing weather, and possibly the more nutritious food of the North tend toward a greater vigor and a better development than is had in the milder South. Analogy would lead us to conclude that with wild animals—say deer, or even birds—brought to the North, a similar state of things might occur, provided they could be protected during the first winter.]

Seizure of Kansas Quail Shipment.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, Kan., Feb. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Topeka State Journal of yesterday reports from Wichita under date of Feb. 3:

"Detective Harry Sutton of the local police force, who is also a game warden under the new law passed by the Legislature, seized a shipment of quail at the Santa Fe depot Saturday. The birds were in the possession of the Wells Fargo Express Company, and the local agent of the company refused for a long time to give them up. The shipment contained about twenty dozen birds, and was billed to T. J. Kiely & Co., St. Louis. It was shipped from Cunningham, Kan. The express company officials deny all knowledge of the shipment, and say they do not know the shipper's name. The birds were taken to the police station and will probably be distributed among the hospitals of the city.

"Under the law the shipper is liable to a fine ranging anywhere from \$500 to \$1,000. While his name is at present unknown, the local officers say they will have no difficulty in apprehending him. Just what penalty will be attached to the express company is not known, but under the law, it is equally liable as the shipper.

"The matter will be brought before the United States grand jury, and an indictment will probably be returned against the offenders at its next session."

This is of interest as a fingerboard to show that the express company that carried the six crates of quail to Pittsburg for "breeding purposes," which I reported one year ago, is not having as easy a time with its shipments this year.

W. F. RIGHTMIRE.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Maine Ice Fishing.

BOSTON, Feb. 10.—Maine ice fishing is in order, for residents of that State; who may fish with a small number of lines, after Feb. 1, the fish to be taken to their own homes, but not otherwise. Nevertheless Boston fishermen go down there, and possibly they don't care to fish. Friday evening a large party of representative Boston sportsmen started for Maine. The list of names was as follows: Dr. Heber Bishop, Dr. F. M. Johnson, Dr. Lewis F. Foss, Dr. William A. Rolfe, Sullivan Newton, Sewell Dinsmore, George J. Raymond, the Hon. Fred S. Risten, S. R. Raymond, J. G. Stewart, William H. Lawrence, Col. H. T. Rockwell, Thomas Ferrand, I. S. Jeffrey, the Hon. G. W. Wiggin, Asher Hyneman, Frank N. Gannon and others. They started for Hon. Frank Jones' camps, at Tunk Pond, beyond Bangor, and seventeen miles from the junction of the Washington County Railroad. Here Mr. Jones owns one of the finest sporting camps in the country, costing over \$60,000, and fitted with

every modern convenience, including a telephone to the outside world. The Boston fishermen are presumed not to fish. They have employed natives of the State to have bait ready and holes cut. They will "assist the natives about putting in the hooks." They have taken down some of the best tackle, to "loan to the natives." This done, they pledge themselves, that though not fishing, they will not see a native lose a good fish; will take hold and assist him. There is no law against assisting a native of Maine. The Boston fishermen also have pledged themselves that they will not stand and see a native pulled down through the ice by a big fish; they will come to his rescue. They have provided themselves with necessary tackle for such emergencies. They have taken along one or two shark hooks, of about three-quarter-inch wire, strongly fixed with iron chain links. These hooks will be liberally baited with dried herring, and if they see a native in danger from landing a large trout or togue, the big hooks will quickly be brought into use.

Thompson Pond, near Poland Springs, Me., is a favorite resort for winter fishing. This year a number of parties have been fishing there, including several Boston fishermen. Togue fishing requires that the hook shall be kept constantly in motion, about three feet from the bottom, and ingenious Maine guides and residents near the ponds have constructed little houses that they set up over the holes. Kerosene stoves are provided, and seats, and the fisherman can sit and bob his line in comfort. These little houses are let for hire. They are in use at Sebago Lake, and also much used by the smelt fishermen. Lake George, near Skowhegan, Me., is also another favorite resort for the ice fishermen. Hundreds of ponds in that State are open to winter fishing, after Feb. 1, to residents only, while non-residents fish them without molestation.

The New Hampshire Fish and Game Commissioners gave a hearing at Concord, Feb. 4, to petitioners, both pro and con, in regard to ice fishing. The continued close time on many of the lakes and ponds in that State expires Feb. 24. The summer hotel people want the close time continued, claiming that opening the lakes and ponds to ice fishing will ruin the fishing in a very short time, as it did years ago, before protection and propagation brought about an era of better fishing. On the other hand, the residents about these waters claim that they ought to have the right to fish waters that they are taxed to protect; a right to fish at a time of the year when they can attend to it. The interest on both sides is great, and the petitions numerous and voluminous. At the hearing almost every section of the State was represented. The Commissioners find that it will take some time to adjust so many requests. One petition asks for the opening of Newfound Lake to ice fishing. The petition sets forth that this lake was closed last winter by the Legislature without notice to the people of Bristol county. Petitions also ask for the closing of Suncook and Pleasant ponds, in Northwood, the ponds in Hillsboro and a section of the Winnipisaukee River at Garden Grove, in Belmont.

The Maine Fish and Game Commissioners have just sent 100,000 trout eggs from the Lake Auburn hatchery to the new hatchery at Moosehead Lake. As soon as possible 200,000 more trout eggs will be taken to the hatcheries there from Sourdunahunk Lake, where they were obtained, and where they have been kept in a temporary hatchery. In addition to the above 300,000 trout eggs, 300,000 salmon eggs will be sent to the Moosehead hatchery from Lake Auburn and Sebago. All these eggs will be hatched and devoted to restocking Moosehead.

An Augusta, Me., dispatch says that the Hon. Henry O. Stanley says he thinks that the fish and game interests should be separated.

SPECIAL.

With Game Sea Fish in Turkey.

My old fisherman Yanni sent me hasty word that, after baiting a rock for twenty days, he was beginning to catch large merdjan, and that if I cared to have a night out with him I must come at once while the moon was still up. It is not very often that an amateur has the chance of wetting a line on a baited rock without going to the trouble and expense of baiting and watching it himself, as professionals are exceedingly jealous, and not without reason, of anybody else reaping the harvests for which they have laboriously sown. It is not a mere question of the value of the fish, but they like to catch them themselves, and are averse to showing their grounds. A knowledge of the various submarine rocks and their peculiarities is a tangible possession, handed on from father to son as a capital or stock in trade, and it is by no means easy to persuade any of the few line fishermen to disclose the nishans, or marks, by which he finds his rocks, even to a customer. These nishans are conspicuous, or sometimes insignificant, objects on the shores on different sides, which must be brought into line, and when the imaginary lines drawn from them are produced until they intersect each other, there is the preserve, twenty or thirty fathoms deep.

The fishing on rocks is principally for merdjan, a species of pink sea bream, wrongly named on hotel menus a dorade. The merdjan is a very handsome and sporting fish, fighting with a strength and determination surpassing that of any of his fellows, not excepting the bass. Indeed, I doubt if a salmon at the end of a 20-strand horsehair line and a double trace of best tested gut, with a hook 5 or 6 inches long, heavily weighted with lead on the shank, in his jaws, would give the same amount of trouble.

An hour's run by train through vineyards, orchards, strawberry beds, and fields of russet corn brought me to the little village on the Gulf of Ismid, and there I found Yanni and his son Niko waiting in their caique. "You should have come sooner, Kyrië, as the moon rises very late now, and my merdjan aren't accustomed to stay on the rock after midnight. But I daresay we shall get some all the same, with a little luck."

"Inshallah!" said I. "Have you got the crabs all right?" He has; and hoisting a tattered apology for a sail to help the rowers, we head straight away across the gulf.

Is ask how the old man has been doing lately, and how it is that he has taken to merdjan this season instead of bass, which was his usual and favorite pursuit. "Well,

you see, Kyrië," was the answer, "for the last four or five years they have made May, June and July close time for merdjan, so that we could not fish for them. You can't keep a baited rock secret, nor smuggle in a pair of big fish. Before that I always used to bait a run. When the restriction was taken off this year I thought I would try again, as, after all, it is surer, and in some way easier than leverak (bass) catching. I am sorry I can't do both, but it is impossible to be after shrimps and crabs all day and to be up on the rock all night. Shrimps have become so scarce now that, upon my word, it is harder to get the baits than the bass. The other morning I collected about 100 with great difficulty, but you know how they are taken by the fish. In three hours they were all gone, and I only had one leverak of five oke (about 13 pounds) and seventeen little brutes, none of them more than half an oke. As for these chagani (mud crabs), they give me bother enough. Since I began baiting the rock I don't know how many I must have thrown in. To catch them I have first to prepare a parak kât (night line) with 100 or more hooks and lay it out in the shallow water of the mullet pond. After an hour or two Niko and I go in up to our waists with landing nets and pick the crabs off the bottom. I suppose I use at least 200 a day. I wonder they don't petition against me. I have only been out on the rock about half a dozen times, and thrice out of these with an effendi who is an adjemi (a novice). Altogether we have lost about as many as we have caught—nine to ten. How they escape this year puzzles me. In former springs I have taken eighty or ninety without one ever getting off the hook, but now they seem to be verily bewitched."

As we approach the hidden rock, old Yanni abandons his oars and reaches for the crab crate, a wicker concern about a yard long and a foot in circumference, three parts filled with a creaking mass of chagani, averaging about 2½ inches across their shells. By the time he has prepared a score or two by stripping them of claws and back piece, leaving only the bodies and breastplate, we are close to the scene of operations, and the sail is furled and packed away, and the decks generally cleared for action by stowing snugly everything which might catch a line or interfere with us in any way. A series of careful observations of certain trees, promontories and other marks enables us to locate the rock, and we gently drop our buoy, consisting of a string of corks, a block of wood and an empty tin, painted scarlet. The use of the wood and the tin is apparent later, as they give out faint tinkles from time to time, showing us our whereabouts by ear when we could not see more than a yard of two. The boat should never be anchored for merdjan fishing; firstly, because the rope might frighten the fish, and secondly, because in his rushes a big one would be tolerably sure to foul it. Consequently a buoy is laid a short distance north, south, east, or west of the rock, and the boat, by gentle paddling, is kept in the right place.

The hooks are now baited, one to each line, the shank being about the thickness of a fine knitting needle, with its end moulded into a piece of lead, the size of a pigeon's egg. This lead is kept smooth, and is polished at intervals with mercury till it shines like silver. The bodies of the crabs are threaded up it, each one being pierced through the breast, and six to eight going to the hook. When there is no moon the hours for catching merdjan are the first two after sunset and the last two before dawn. During the darkness it is useless to attempt to beguile them, as the phosphorescence thrown off by the line warns them. With a bright moon this danger does not exist.

It is just 8 o'clock as we drop our first lines, paying out until the hook just lies on the bottom at thirty-two fathoms, but for nearly an hour we feel nothing but futile nibbles from small fry. There is no mistaking the bite of a sizable merdjan, who generally begins by one or two smart snatches, of which no notice must be taken. Then finding he cannot extract the succulent morsels of crab, he makes a gulp, pouches the whole hookful and sails away with a steady, strong pull, inviting the strike. At 9 o'clock Yanni exclaimed, "There is a fish at me," and the next moment he is fast. "Siya, siya!" (back water!) he shouts as the merdjan bolts aft, the line ripping through the water like a knife and leaving a glittering track as it flies. Then the fish bores, and we have to pay out line, letting the horsehair whistle and hiss over the rounded pole, which is lashed along either side of the caique. No sooner are a few fathoms gathered in than he takes them out again with determined rushes, but after five minutes he seems tiring, and there are not more than ten fathoms out between him and the net. Already we are speculating on his size, when he makes a dangerous dart under our keel, and then—the line slackens into sickening limpness. Words cannot picture our feelings, but most fishermen will guess what they are. Yanni emits just one terrible oath, and then quickly hauls in the hook. Nothing is damaged, and there are still two or three corpses of crabs threaded, while the lead is marked deep with the savage teeth.

"I told you they were bewitched this year. Who ever saw a fish get off after being played for five minutes and all but killed?" It certainly is extraordinary with a man of Yanni's skill, but it has happened, and there is nothing more to be said. "You can pull in your line now," he remarks; "there won't be any more fish here for an hour or two—no before the moon rises. You had better have your dinner, Kyrië. I haven't any appetite just now. That fish has given me a headache. He was a seven-oker (about 18 pounds), every dram of it," and Yanni bends over the oar and splashes his grizzled head with salt water, with which, I fancy, he mingles some briny drops from his own eyes.

We give them a rest till 11, when a pale glimmer in the southeast shows where the moon is lifting beneath a heavy bank of clouds. Slowly she rises, but only slightly more than a full crescent, surrounded by mist and fleece, and Yanni shrugs his shoulders and growls, "That moon won't be much good to us yet a while; she is very small even when she gets high, but we may as well throw our 'voltas.'"

So we do; but as the night wears on the clouds mass thicker, and thicker, and never a bite or a nibble from great or small. What a glorious night, though! Fresh,

but not cold enough for me to use a heavy coat I have brought; no dew, but a crisp, sweet air, with occasional puffs of stronger wind from over the mountains to break a general rippling calm. Even if we catch no merdjan it is a delight to lie lazily on the poop of the caique smoking a soothing cigarette, watching the shearwaters, which never seem to rest by day, swimming fearlessly past, and listening to the tinkle of the buoy and the quaint wooings of amorous gulls, who are now pairing, and turning night into day, instead of roosting in peace.

Niko is fast asleep in the bows, but old Yanni keeps up a ceaseless paddle with one hand, attending to his line with the other, while I also, though half dozing, have still a watchful finger on the horsehair. It is getting on for 3 o'clock, and Yanni remarks, "The dawn will break in another hour, and we have had no moon yet. But we may be blessed with an hour of her. See! the sky is clearing fast." And indeed it is not long ere she emerges into the open blue, renewing our fading hopes. "There is a fish," says Yanni, and scarcely has he spoken before I feel a tug. "And I've got one at me," I reply. But his is already hooked, and the first run scares off mine, so I take Yanni's oars as best I can from my position while he plays the fish. "A small one," he growls, but still he shows sport. "You take the line now, Kyrië, while I get the net. It's not worth while waking Niko." Two or three minutes more are enough to tow him sliding over the mouth of the kept-cheh, and he is kicking at our feet, a nice fellow of two and three-quarter okes, as he is pronounced by the custom officer later, though to look at him and to feel him on the line one would have credited him with a good 10 pounds instead of under 7. All drowsiness has fallen from us, and we rebait without delay, although it is seldom that a second fish is caught within less than half an hour owing to the commotion below produced by one on the hook. Looking anxiously at the moon, I see another curtain of clouds advancing, and in the east a faint glow already tops the hills.

"I am afraid we shan't get any more to-night, Yanni. By George! Look out! One touched me then. Here he comes again. Yeoho!" I have a fathom or two in, when he is gone; instantly I drop the line again, and before it has straightened he has come at me like a bulldog. This time no mistake. Though certainly nothing like as big as the first one, he must be a decent fish, to judge by his rushes, but they avail him nothing against Yanni's cunning handling of the caique, and the elastic, well-tryed line. In three or four minutes he joins his brother, and the scales give him over four okes.

There is little use in going on now, as before the disturbance this fish has created the remaining crabs into a tasty mess, enough to fill two strawberry pottles, and lower them on to the rock in a slip net, where we jerk them out and spread them as a peace offering to the friends and relatives of our pair.

I should like to try for leverak, but we have no shrimps, and I must be back in town early. The first train leaves soon after 5, and we row quietly back, reaching the scala at half past 4. The me'mour is asleep, and the fact of my being in a hurry to catch a train does not appeal to him in the least. I must have a teskereh, though, to show I have paid on my fish, or they may be confiscated at the terminus. Prayers are of no avail in this instance, and the official finally appears just as the engine puffs out of the station. I cannot help pointing out to him that he has made me lose an hour by not hurrying himself. "Missed the train?" he murmurs. "Zararyok (it does not matter); there will be another one soon." I turn away as much in sorrow as in anger, and Yanni murmurs, "This is Turkey."—A. Hulme-Beaman in London Field.

Niagara County Anglers.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Feb. 4.—The club that can make thousands of brook trout to grow where before there was none is certainly well worth while. The Niagara County Anglers' Club, numbering 250 members, has within the last four years accomplished something that has attracted the favorable comment of the State Fish, Game and Forest Commission. The lowlands of Niagara, with here and there slight elevations of from 100 to 200 feet above the surrounding country, do not afford streams well adapted to the common brook trout (*Salmo fontinalis*), for springs are few and far between, the little spring water being modified by surface water to an extent which makes the streams uncongenial if not entirely unadapted to the gamy speckled beauties. However, a half-dozen streams in the vicinity of Lockport have been found habitable for certain varieties of trout. Four years ago brown trout were planted in a spring-fed pond, and since that time each year thousands of trout fry have been planted in various streams. This included brown, rainbow and black-spotted trout. Last summer some splendid catches were made by local anglers in this vicinity. In one brook, three miles long, averaging only two feet in width and two in depth, it is estimated 1,500 trout averaging three-quarters of a pound in weight were caught. Some of the brown trout weighed over one pound each, and the largest was fourteen inches in length. They had attained that splendid growth from fingerlings in four years. The three-yearlings averaged ten inches and over a half-pound in weight.

At the meeting of the Niagara Anglers' Club this week it was decided to secure 100,000 trout this year and stock more streams in the county. Postmaster Charles W. Hatch, chairman of the Committee on Planting, made the following interesting report, which should encourage other clubs to take up the work of re-establishing the speckled beauties in streams that now afford only dace, bullheads and suckers:

This club has done a great amount of stocking public waters in this county. This report also shows the amount of work done by members of this club to make this county second to none in this part of the country as an ideal spot for the trout fishermen.

It has been demonstrated beyond a doubt that we can grow the rainbow and brown trout in our spring brooks, which will afford in years to come plenty of sport for the expert trout fishermen. Last summer many fine samples were taken, and it was the pride of the club when we

were called upon to furnish for the Pan-American exhibit from Niagara county a specimen catch of our brown trout, which was done by a few of the active members of this club, and in return for our efforts Mr. Conway, the gentleman in charge of the Government exhibit, gave us all the trout fry hatched at the Pan-American, or nearly so, amounting to some 90,000, which we had by going after them. Some five different shipments were brought here by different members and getting them here safely, and the writer many times performed this duty, and they were all transported and planted without scarcely a loss of a single trout.

This club in 1899 planted 27,600 lake trout in the following places:

At Youngstown.....	10,000
At Wilson.....	3,600
At Olcott.....	14,000
	27,600

1899. Distribution of pike-perch:

In Eighteen-Mile Creek at Olcott.....	2,500,000
In Tonawanda Creek at Pendleton.....	25,000
	2,525,000

1899. Distribution of whitefish:

At Wilson.....	1,800,000
At Wilson.....	2,500,000
At Olcott.....	1,875,000
At Olcott.....	3,000,000
	9,175,000

As shown by this report, the total catch of the net fishermen of this county alone in the waters of Niagara county was 540,712 fish, valued at \$28,773, while a large amount of fish must have been caught by Canadian fishermen in American waters of this county but do not find their catch and value in this report.

This brings us to what was done in the brown trout line in the past two years, and especially last season, when so much was done of benefit to the club. This report shows that in 1899 the club received through its members 10,000 fingerling brown trout, and were placed at various points in the county streams.

On June 10, 1901, we received from the State Fish Commission 2,000 rainbow trout; July 10, 1,500 California trout from State Commission; July 20, 2,000 brown trout from State Commission; July 22, 2,000 brown trout from State Commission, and on Oct. 2 we received 2,500 brown trout from the Commission, thus making a total of 20,000 trout fingerling which have been planted in Niagara county, and in a very few years we shall have as good trout fishing in our own county as can be found in almost any country where trout streams are more numerous and trout more plenty.

This club also received this past season of trout fry 140,000, as follows:

From U. S. Fish Commission:	
May 1.....Brown trout fry.....	60,000
From Pan-American:	
July 20.....Brown trout fry.....	30,000
July 20.....Rainbow trout fry.....	20,000
July 28.....Grayling fry.....	20,000
Aug. 27.....Black-spotted trout fry.....	10,000

making a total last season of 140,000, all of which were taken care of by the club, and will be transplanted the coming season. The readers of this report will notice that a great deal of hard work has been done to get and care for this vast amount of game fish in one season, and you will note the different varieties of trout we have—the rainbow, the brown, the black-spotted, the California and the grayling, all very game fish, and will afford good sport to the anglers.

Fish and Fishing.

Trout on Ice.

It is against the law to take the speckled or brook trout (*Salvelinus fontinalis*) through the ice in Canada, for the close season lasts from Sept. 30 to May 1. Nobody, however, is compelled to starve in the woods if he can obtain the necessary means of subsistence, and hence it sometimes happens that trout are taken through the ice in the Province of Quebec by hunting parties who have unexpectedly run short of provisions. One of these parties recently returned to town from the Lake St. John country with a remarkable fish story. Having failed to obtain game and having run short of pork, they made a hole in the ice of a lake and fished for trout. The fish came to the bait, but would not swallow the hook. They adroitly removed the bait and left the hook bare. The fishers tried to secure the trout by striking more promptly and jerking the line with the hook attached from the fishing hole. The story told is that a three-pound trout, in his dart after the disappearing bait, leaped through the opening in the ice and landed upon the frozen covering of the lake.

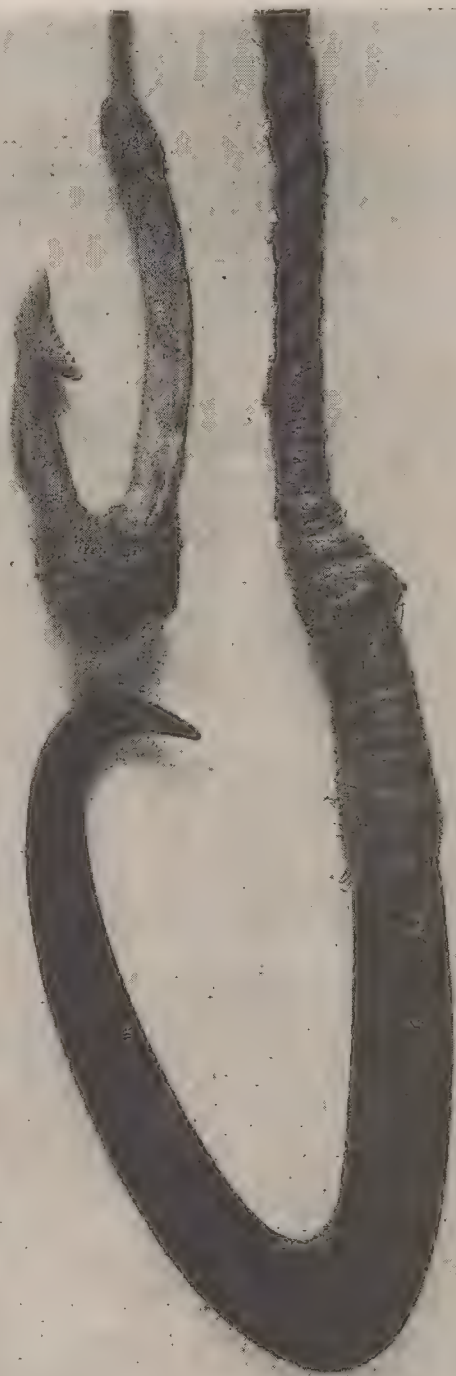
As a matter of fact, trout are not quite so easily taken through the ice as is usually supposed. Complaints having reached me that lumbermen were taking quantities of them from certain preserved waters in this Province upon which they were operating, I made careful inquiry into the circumstances, and found that although considerable fishing was being done through the ice of certain lakes which were known to contain *fontinalis*, among other kinds of fish, scarcely any of the speckled trout were caught. The fish that take bait most greedily in these latitudes, under the ice, are the pike-perch, locally known as doré, and the *namaycush*, or large gray trout of the Great Lakes. The Montagnais Indians throw a blanket over both themselves and the hole in the ice through which they fish, and often in the course of half an hour will catch half a dozen large pike-perch or wall-eyed pike.

New Brunswick Salmon Rivers.

Since referring to the approaching auction sale of the New Brunswick salmon fishing privileges, I have looked into the form of lease employed by the Government of that Province. The Government leases, to the highest bidder, the lands alongside the banks of the streams "for the sole purpose of conveying the fishing rights pertaining thereto." Only surface fly-fishing is permitted to the lessees, who must bind themselves to give free passage over their land to those engaged in lumbering operations, and a general right of way along and upon the rivers or

streams leased, for logs, lumber, boats and vessels of all kinds. One of the most important clauses in the form of lease is that which binds the lessee to keep and maintain, at his own charge and expense, one or more efficient guardians, as the Surveyor-General may direct, and for such terms as that official deems necessary, for the effectual protection of the fisheries; and another wise provision is to the effect that lessees "shall be answerable for damages done to the lands and timber growing thereon, or on adjoining lands, either by himself or his agents, or persons under his control, either from waste or from want of sufficient precaution in lighting, watching over or extinguishing fires; it being incumbent on the lessee, in case of damage caused by fire, to prove that such precaution had been taken, and that such damage was not caused by or through his negligence, or that of his agents or employees."

The New Brunswick leasing system is the means of placing about sixty-five guardians upon the best rivers of the Province, at a cost to the lessees of about \$10,000 a year, over and above the rental paid by them to the Government. The lessee of the Tobique and its tributaries alone is required to keep at least fifteen guardians



PACIFIC ISLAND FISHHOOKS.

upon the streams from June 1 to Oct. 1 in each year, and not less than five guardians from Oct. 1 until the ice forms upon the streams. The Government thus secures the proper guardianship of its valuable salmon fisheries, both commercial and angling, which, but for the surveillance of these guardians, would, in a comparatively short time, be destroyed by those who derive the greatest benefit from the protection thus afforded.

Speaking of the fact that the settlers who live alongside and near these rivers have not, as a rule, been satisfied with the privilege of taking only the fish required by their families for food, Mr. D. G. Smith, the Fishery Commissioner of the Province, hits the nail squarely on the head when he says, in a recent report: "They have lost sight of the fact that the fish belong to all the people, just as the lumber on the Crown lands does." But this is a view of the case that it is extremely difficult to impress upon those who live nearest to the waters in question.

T. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Photographing the Salmon Leap.

As all anglers who fished the New Brunswick rivers in 1901 know, the season was the record one for low water. Streams which, in other years, could be fished from canoes only, were waded almost anywhere; fords, usually crossed knee deep, could be passed over dry shod by stone-to-stone stepping; the noise of waterfalls, whose welcoming roar in July and August were aforesaid heard half a mile, reached scarcely a hundred yards off; the accustomed July, August and September runs of salmon were compelled, in most cases, to school at tide heads awaiting a freshet to enable them to ascend to the spawning grounds, while the June run, which had gone up, was centralized in the deeper pools because most of their accustomed haunts had become mere shallows. In the main waters of the St. John, Ristigouche, Northwest and Southwest Miramichi and the Nepisiguit, there were exceptions to these conditions, but the distinctive schools whose habitat is the tributaries of those rivers, lay in the bigger pools only, listless, and in many of the rivers only to school there in large numbers awaiting the rise in water on which they might ascend, but which did not come until late in October, and then only to put the

streams up to ordinary summer level.

It was, therefore, on the big rivers alone that salmon fishing was at all satisfactory during the season of 1901, and even on them the "low-water pools" only yielded good sport. The conditions for nearly the whole season took the fly-taking sportiveness out of the salmon, and many an eager angler was driven to desperation by the lazy listlessness of the king of game fishes.

It was, however, to the unusually low condition of water in August that I was indebted for opportunity to obtain some photographic pictures, which I think should interest not only anglers, but all who have the capacity for admiring natural phenomena, and to whom the grandeur and beauty of our forests and streams, in relation to their larger game fishes and animals, would be revelation.

Most people are familiar with the toothsome salmon, but how few know of its migrations between the river bars covered by water of only a few inches' depth a hundred miles perhaps in the forest, where it begins its existence, and the unknown ocean depths which it afterward seeks as it matures, to return periodically during its life to the waters of the same river which hatched it? Or, how many of those who are acquainted with this phase of salmon life know that the mature fish does not eat anything for six consecutive months of each year of its periodical migration, and that its fasting time is also the most vigorously active of its existence? It is one of the wonders of nature that a fish of the salmon's size, after fasting for months until its stomach has practically become congested from apparent disuse, is capable of projecting itself out of seething water into the air to a height equal to seven or eight times its own length. Yet the salmon has been known to leap to a vertical height of sixteen feet.

Having said thus much of the low water of the past season in New Brunswick and of the salmon, I come to what I have to say in connection with the picture I send you.

Among the New Brunswick rivers I visited last season was the Sevogle—the second largest branch of the Northwest Miramichi. It runs, for the first nine miles, through a section of country of diversified formation, the chief features being stunted forest, an occasional bit of land suited for agricultural purposes, and frowning ledges reaching a sometimes overhanging height of fifty to eighty feet. At the end of the nine miles, the upward-bound voyageur sees straight in front of him two scarred, rocky barriers forming a line at right angles to his course and—as if resting in their rugged embrace—a white-fronted, red-roofed and verandahed anglers' lodge, with a sloping grass plot stretching down about seventy-five feet to the water in front of it. The stranger in the canoe naturally asks why the river ends so abruptly, but as he emerges from between the ledges on either hand he finds himself in a deep and beautiful basin which receives two streams, known as the North and South branches of the Sevogle, which join the main river at perfectly right angles to it, on either side, through rocky chasms, and give to the spot the name of the Square Forks of the Sevogle.

Looking from a point on the ledge about twenty feet above this basin at the Forks one day in August last, I counted in the pool below twenty-six full-grown salmon and scores of grilse, but so low and clear was the water that I was able to lure but one salmon and one grilse with the fly in two days' fishing. This pool is only 200 feet from the camp or lodge—a picture of which, taken from a point within a few feet of the river bank, I send you. You will observe that the guardian, George Eastey, is proudly holding up the salmon just killed "to bring him into the picture."

About 500 yards above the Square Forks there are two ideal salmon pools, with a fall of three feet between them. All the water of the river drops a little over nine feet perpendicularly into the upper pool, into a basin which is more than twenty-five feet deep under the falls. When the water is at normal summer height, the salmon and grilse leap from the basin at the foot of the big fall, and if they have come out of the foamy depths below in the right alignment for the top of the falls, and there strike the unbroken water rightly with their powerful tails, they successfully make the ascent. Otherwise, they miss and fall back, sometimes turning somersaults in doing so, and often striking the rocks on the sides of the fall in their descent.

This fall was reduced to less than one-half of its ordinary width, and perhaps a fifth of its normal summer volume in August and September last. It was therefore broken much nearer the brink than usual, so that neither salmon or grilse succeeded in surmounting it for two months. The two pools below, like that at the camp, were full of these fish, which were constantly moving about, from one to the other pool, and going up and attempting to leap the nine-foot fall. I timed the leaps of salmon and grilse there one afternoon, and thirty-three were made in forty-five minutes, and not one of them was successful. I resolved to get a picture of the salmon leap if possible, so I made a second visit—in September—taking with me a 5 by 7 camera and sixteen quick plates. With the aid of Guardian Eastey, I made an 18-foot long raft of three flatted cedar logs by nailing broad pieces of board across them, and on this I set up my camera on its tripod. After getting the "rig" fastened about 20 feet from the face of the falls, with more than 20 feet of water under me, I focussed on the falls, and, with my finger on the button, which was set like a hair trigger for quick work, I did "my shooting" as each fish essayed the leap.

After using nine or ten of my plates during two afternoons' sessions, while the guardian sat on the ledge and made sundry references to Job and his patience, I felt that I had been successful. On developing the results in a dark room, I found that I had done well—some plates were spoiled, some of the fish were out of focus, but on the whole I was satisfied.

I send you one of these photos. It is of a salmon which, having struck the water near the top of the falls the wrong way, was tumbled over and caught by the camera in its descent.

Perhaps the subject will be of sufficient interest to justify you in reproducing the picture, which I know, is of a class not easily obtainable, and also its story as I have written it.

D. G. SMITH.

CHATHAM, New Brunswick, Jan. 7.

Massachusetts Fishculture.

From the Annual Report of the Commissioners of Fisheries and Game.

THE work of the Commission has expanded materially in various directions. The facilities for hatching and rearing fish have been increased or perfected, and the output of young fish this year is about four times as great as in any year previous to 1900, notwithstanding many of those distributed this season were fingerlings and yearlings, whereas only fry were formerly produced.

The Commission is impressed with the idea that the free distribution of fish, birds and animals it breeds or rears will be an important step forward in the effort to restock our inland waters and our covers. This is done in other States—certainly in nearly all of them that make any pretense of carrying on such work upon a scale commensurate with its importance. Not a few of the States have cars of their own for distributing fish and fry, with the most approved equipment and trained crews. If it is worth while for the State to breed fish or game it is certainly important that the full result of its work in this direction shall be attained by making the Commission responsible for distribution. This is in harmony with the most advanced thought and action of the foremost men and commonwealths in this country, not to speak of other countries.

Manifestly it is unwise to longer depend on fish being distributed by those not responsible to the Commission, for while much may have been accomplished under the system heretofore prevailing, whereby fish are delivered to applicants at the hatcheries, it is scarcely to be expected that all will be experts in the care of fish, and considerable loss may result in consequence of inexperience, even when individuals are honestly desirous of carrying out the purposes of the Commission. And whether or not there is foundation for disquieting assertions, as to the disposition of some of the fish, it certainly will be an advantage to know beyond question that fish intended for public waters, where alone they should be put, have not been used to stock private preserves, from which the public may be excluded.

Fishculture.

The work embraced under this head, which includes many things beside fishculture proper, has been carried on by the Commission during the current year upon a more comprehensive scale than ever before. This applies not only to the magnitude of the work, and the results accomplished, but also to the fact that it has been broadened in the matter of species, propagated or reared on a large scale, and there has been much expansion of effort in other directions bearing strictly on the question of the preservation and increase of food fish in the Commonwealth.

About the usual quantity of trout fry, 865,000, was distributed in the spring. In addition to these, 2,600,000 pike perch fry, hatched at the Sutton and Hadley stations from eggs received from the United States Fish Commission, were put into ponds shortly after the brooks were stocked with trout fry. Beside these, 11,500 yearling and 44,750 fingerling brook trout have been put into the brooks, and 15,000 rainbow trout fingerlings, 13,000 landlocked salmon fingerling, 586 yearling Loch Leven trout and 250 four-year-old brook trout have been distributed in various ponds. This makes a total of 3,550,086 fish distributed by the Commission this year for stocking the inland waters of the State. It is noteworthy, too, that more than 80,000 of the fish above enumerated were fingerlings and yearlings, conceded more valuable for stocking purposes than ten times as many fry. Mention may also be made of the reservation of several thousands of fingerlings and yearlings for increasing the stock of brood fish at the two principal hatcheries.

Introduction of New Species.

This Commission has made a notable advance during the year in the work of introducing new species, and at no time in its history have the results attained in this direction even approximated those of which mention will be made. The fact, too, that what has been already accomplished makes probable still greater results in the future, adds to the importance of the work done, and suggests possibilities in the restocking of our inland waters not heretofore deemed attainable.

In point of numbers, the stocking of our ponds with 2,600,000 fry of the pike-perch (*Stizostedion vitreum*) is the most important event of the year, in the introduction of new species. The fact that information has indirectly reached the Commission that young pike-perch were taken last spring or summer in Mystic Pond, where they had been planted as fry the previous year, suggests the probability of the species thriving in some of our

ponds at least. While no member of the Commission saw the fish caught in Mystic Pond, the statement seemed to be well authenticated that boys fishing there took some fish which "looked like pickerel, but were not pickerel." This would seem to indicate plainly enough that they caught young pike-perch, for no other fish in Massachusetts waters would answer to that description.

If, then, the pike-perch can be successfully introduced, it is evident that much greater results may reasonably be anticipated from plants of 200,000 or 500,000 fish in a pond, than by putting into it from 200 to 400 white perch, even if the latter are half-grown. And it may be said here that the pike-perch is a true perch—the largest of the perch family—and that in food and game qualities it is conceded to equal or surpass any of the smaller varieties.

There are, however, some of our ponds in which the conditions are not suitable for the pike-perch, and others in which it is desirable to stock with several other species of fish. For this reason it has been deemed desirable to attempt stocking some of the ponds with fingerlings of the rainbow trout (*Salmo irideus*), a species which is believed to be particularly fitted to the conditions which obtain in a majority of the ponds in this State. There is, indeed, reason for anticipating greater success with this than with any other trout in the attempt to stock our ponds with a species which is alike desirable for food and game purposes. As is well known, the rainbow trout, though indigenous to the Pacific coast waters, has been successfully introduced in many of the Eastern and Central States. It thrives under conditions where our native brook trout could not exist, especially so far as tempera-

rapidly, and attains a maximum of 12 or 13 pounds, but it is generally much smaller if the water is cold. Fish of this species in the pond at the State fish hatchery in Sutton weighed $3\frac{1}{4}$ pounds when two and a half years old. It is reputed to be a fine food fish, also a good biter and a sturdy fighter, though it must be considered, secondary in food and game qualities to our native brook trout, which is almost without a peer in these regards. Its special recommendation is that it seems well adapted to many of our ponds. If this assumption proves true, and it is practicable to have our ponds fairly well stocked with a fish that grows to the size of a salmon under favorable conditions; that is graceful in outline, beautiful in color, and possesses other desirable qualifications, it is evident a material advance in the State's fishcultural work will have been accomplished. With this end in view steps have been taken to secure a supply of brood fish of this species at our hatching stations in Sutton and Hadley, and an effort will be made to rear to the fingerling size the rainbow trout bred at our hatcheries.

The Commission is likewise preparing to extensively breed the European brown trout (*S. fario*), and it now has a lot of fine two-year-old fish of this species from which it is expected a considerable yield of eggs will be obtained at the close of the present year.

The brown trout was introduced in the United States in 1883, and since then has been widely distributed, so that now it is well established in many States where the conditions are suitable for it. It is essentially a brook trout, requires cool water, but is reputed to thrive at the mouths of streams tributary to ponds or lakes. The

experiment will be made of putting it into some of our ponds having a low temperature, and with streams running into them. It is also possible it may thrive in some of our brooks where the conditions are no longer suitable for native brook trout.

This species has been credited with attaining a weight of 22 pounds under favorable conditions. Among the brown trout in the aquarial exhibit of Wisconsin at the World's Columbian Exposition were numerous specimens which must have weighed from 9 to 11 pounds, although a weight of 5 or 6 pounds may be considered a good average. It is a matter of record that "in the United States, a wild specimen, seven years old, weighed about 11 pounds."

The food and game qualities of this species are scarcely secondary to those of our native brook trout. Its adaptability to capture with artificial flies and its gameness are well known.

The Loch Leven trout (*S. leuvenensis*) is also receiving some attention from the Commission, chiefly with a view to its utilization in stocking ponds. As its name indicates, it is essentially a pond trout, but it is a closely

related species to the brown trout. It has the characteristics of the latter, the chief difference being that it has become specially adapted to ponds.

An attempt was made to secure some calico bass (*Pomoxis sparoides*) in the spring for stocking purposes, but it was not found practicable to obtain them, owing to the fact that the parties who could have supplied them last year were not in a position to furnish them last spring.

Stocking Ponds.

Twenty great ponds of the State have been stocked and the fisheries therein regulated, under Chapter 208, Acts of 1897. This is a record in this particular line of the Commission's fishcultural work, the ponds thus stocked under the act referred to being more than were ever stocked in any previous year. Beside this, several other ponds were stocked by request, and some that had been stocked and closed the previous year were restocked, as will appear in the detailed statement.

Although the decision of the Attorney-General, was published in our last report, and this clearly and fully sets forth the fact that the Commission, having once stocked a pond and regulated the fishing therein in accordance with Chapter 208, Acts of 1897, has no authority thereafter to renew such regulations, appeals have been received this year urging that certain ponds be restocked and the fishing regulations relating thereto be renewed. Inquiries as to the Commission's authority to take further action, after the expiration of the period during which fishing has been regulated in a pond, have been received, and these invariably evince much concern as to the result of unlimited fishing in a pond wherein the supply of fish has been improved by limiting fishing. All this indicates a strong popular desire for a law which will in some way limit fishing in ponds. It is recognized by all who have studied the question that nothing less than almost utter depletion can be expected in ponds where ice fishing is permitted. When one individual can use a multiplicity of lines and hooks for the capture of pond fish, whether



LEAPING SALMON.
Photo by D. G. Smith.

ture is concerned, and for that reason may also be used for stocking brooks, which, because of defoliation, have become so warm that brook trout can no longer live in them. It may not be generally known that a condition like this prevails in Massachusetts, but such is a fact, as will be shown by the following extract from a letter received from Deputy George E. Whitehead, of Millbury:

"I would say that the brook where I propose to fry the rainbow trout is ruined so far as *Pontinalis* is concerned. I know of 35,000 fry that have been placed there inside of seven years. There are only a few very small brook trout in the extreme upper part of the brook. The lumbermen with his steam saw mill on wheels is responsible. Where there used to be two miles of heavy growth timber, it is now bare of everything but scrubs. There are three miles of meadows and mowing land below where it was once good trout fishing. The water is now so warm that our brook trout will not live there except very early in the spring. Now it looks to me as if the rainbow trout should find congenial quarters. The brook is mostly hard gravel bottom with just enough rapids to re-aerate the water. It has been my impression that the rainbows would inhabit the lower reaches of this brook and not interfere in any way with the few brook trout that are in the upper and colder waters. The long stretch of water that is now unproductive would then be made to produce a fish that is but little inferior to the brook trout."

Many of our ponds have a temperature too high for any of the salmonidae to thrive in except it be the rainbow trout, and as these ponds abound with worms and insect larvae, which constitute the favorite food of this species, there is good reason for thinking it will do well, since, as already stated, it is not unfavorably affected by moderately warm water. It has, however, been the aim of the Commission to put this trout in ponds having a considerable variation of temperature in midsummer, at different depths, and thus to give it an opportunity to select the conditions most agreeable to it.

Under favorable environments the rainbow trout grows

it be in winter or summer, it is not difficult to predict the result. It is quite impossible with any means now at command to keep up the supply of fish in such small areas of water, if unrestricted fishing is permitted; consequently, waters which might annually yield large quantities of fish, if the supply is reasonably conserved, become more or less barren, especially so far as the most desirable species of fish are concerned.

It is the present policy of the Commission to add to the resources of closed ponds by stocking them each year, if possible, while they are closed, but this can effect no permanent good, if no limit can subsequently be put on fishing; for if such efforts result in filling ponds with fish, and that fact is known, as it is sure to be, the rush to catch as many as possible at the termination of the closed period will soon result in depletion, and thus the best intentions of the State will be defeated.

Examination of Ponds.

The importance of obtaining a few leading facts concerning the great ponds of the State will be apparent to all. Without such data it is impracticable to act intelligently in regard to stocking our inland waters. As is well known, fish, being cold-blooded animals, are dependent for comfort and even existence upon the temperature of the water in which they are placed. Certain species require a low and nearly uniform temperature, and it would be a manifest error to put such into a pond having only comparatively warm water, in which it would be impossible for the fish to thrive or even to live. It is, therefore, evident that the best-intentioned efforts may be defeated, and public money may be expended to no purpose, if there is not in the possession of the Commission knowledge of conditions which will make possible approximately correct conclusions regarding the proper action to take in stocking a pond. It is one thing to stock a pond without any basis for estimating the result, which is for lack of knowledge fully as liable to prove a failure as anything else; and it is quite another matter to stock it with full information of its leading characteristics, and thus have reasonable assurance of success. It is unquestionably important to do whatever seems feasible to insure the increase of fish in our inland waters, and nothing, perhaps, can more surely lead to this than a knowledge of the conditions in our ponds and lakes which may influence the stocking of them.

With this end in view, every opportunity has been improved by the chairman to continue the examination of ponds, and thus to supplement the work in this direction which was begun last year.

Nineteen ponds were examined as to temperature, depths, bottom, etc., and seven other ponds were visited; but it was not practicable to make a complete examination of the latter, because boats were not available. In a majority of these cases, however, sufficient knowledge was obtained to serve the purpose of the Commission, so far as stocking the ponds is concerned; for most if not all of those visited and not fully examined are shallow, with water of relatively high temperature.

Fishways.

Much effort has been put forth in the examination of fishways built, rebuilt or repaired, under orders issued last year, and also in examining dams or other sites for new fishways. In many instances the chairman and superintendent of hatcheries have visited fishways or sites together, and in other cases the examination has been made by one of them.

Prevention of Stream Pollution.

The effort to enforce the law (Chapter 129, Acts of 1890) for the prevention of stream pollution, which results from the unrestricted discharge of sawdust into trout streams, has been continued. In pursuance of this work, many mills and streams have been personally visited by the chairman. Among these were a number of mills the owners of which had been notified last year, but, as a result of a hearing held by the Commission, the enforcement of the orders was temporarily suspended until it was practicable for the chairman to visit the mills. The examination made indicated the desirability of prohibiting the discharge of sawdust from these particular mills, with one exception, and new orders were issued accordingly. One mill in the vicinity which had previously not received any attention was also examined, but its location and environment did not warrant any action, since the little stream it was located on was not a trout brook, and emptied into a pond about a quarter of a mile or less from the mill.

Orders have been issued this year to twenty-four mill owners, and similar orders were issued last year to fifteen owners. Inasmuch as some individuals or firms own more than one mill, the mills thus affected somewhat exceed in number the orders issued. Thus, in the period covered by this report the orders sent out applied to twenty-six mills at least, and forty-one mills have been stopped from discharging sawdust into streams in 1900 and 1901.

Naturally there is more or less objection to the enforcement of this sawdust law, and it may not be wondered at that mill owners, who at best find their business not any too remunerative, cannot see that the maintenance or increase of trout in a brook is of sufficient consequence to warrant any action on the part of the State which may interfere with privileges that have been long enjoyed, and thus to cause them some trouble and expense. As a rule, the claim is made that there are no trout in the brooks, or at least not sufficient to justify any limitation or prohibition of the discharge of sawdust; and occasionally the argument is advanced that the emptying of large quantities of sawdust into streams is most beneficial to trout, which thrive and grow more abundant because of it. It is scarcely necessary to seriously consider the last-mentioned claim. As to the other assertion, a single instance may properly be cited.

Last year the statement was made that a certain brook in the northern central part of the State, upon the bank of which a sawmill was located, was of little or no practical value as a trout stream. From observations made by the writer a different conclusion was reached, and orders were sent to the mill owner to take such means as were necessary to keep his sawdust out of the brook. It is believed that the order

was faithfully observed. Early in last July two well-known anglers from a neighboring town caught in a short time one day thirty-three brook trout, which ranged in size from nine inches to a weight of one and one-half pounds. Both of these men had fished the streams of Maine and New Hampshire, and one of them, who recited the above facts to the writer, declared neither of them had previously taken such fine strings of brook trout. It is quite within the possibilities that it would not have been practicable to secure such results the year previous, not far below the mill, and it is equally possible that considerable improvement to fish life may have resulted even in one year from keeping the stream free from pollution.

The Salt Water League.

NEW YORK, Feb. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send herewith Assembly Bill 604. This bill was drawn on suggestions offered by netters, and it stands for the indorsement of anglers, net fishermen, bait and tackle dealers, boatmen, hand and line fishermen, railroads, hotel keepers and those interested in any way in fishing. It gives all a fair show. It has been introduced in the Legislature by the Hon. Wm. S. Bennet, and I hope every man interested will write to his Senator and Assemblyman, and also to the Fish and Game Committee at Albany, N. Y., indorsement the proposed measure. The bill reads:

Sec. 77.—Nets in the tide waters of New York city and vicinity: Nets, other than nets used especially for catching lobsters, crabs, catching of eels by the use of eel pots; or the capture of minnows, killies, spearing, or shrimp, for bait by means of hand nets, shall not be used from Friday noon until Monday noon of each and every week.

Nets used especially for catching lobsters, crabs, catching of eels by the use of eel pots; or the capture of minnows, killies, spearing, or shrimp, for bait by means of hand nets, shall not exceed thirty feet in length and four feet in depth. Pound and fyke nets shall not be used at any time, in the Atlantic Ocean, within the jurisdiction of the present city of New York, to three miles east and southeast of the boundary line of the present city of New York; nor in New York Bay, nor in the Hudson River to three miles north of the boundary line of the present city of New York, nor in the Harlem River, nor in the East River or Long Island Sound from Hell Gate to three miles east and northeast of the boundary line of the present city of New York. Nets other than nets used especially for catching lobsters, crabs, catching of eels by the use of eel pots; or the capture of minnows, killies, spearing, or shrimp for bait by means of hand nets, shall not be used at any time in all adjacent bays, creeks, inlets, channels, narrows, kills, or confluent brooks within said limits, angling shall always be lawful.

This bill speaks for itself, and there is no good reason why it should not become law at once. It took some time to get on the right tack, and at last here it is. Up-the-State legislators should help pass this measure at once; for ask any of the Hudson River net men about the bill, and I predict they are all in favor of it, and why not? They have everything to gain and nothing to lose. The fact is, and I know it to be true, that that is just the kind of a bill that is wanted, and they might want to extend the Hudson River clause. Of course this measure relates only to within the three-mile limit outside of the present city of New York. If this bill becomes law, I am sure nothing more will be wanted, as it covers all that was wanted on both the netters' and anglers' sides, and it will be the most perfect law on the game statutes. I hope all interested in fishing, especially associations, will lend a helping hand, as I am sure the Hudson River Netters' Association will surely do its share in having it passed. It is the duty of all interested to do a little now toward having it passed at once. Here is your chance. Do not shirk your duty; you must be up and doing at once. Here we have a measure that was wanted for a long time, and I sincerely hope the Committee of Fisheries and Game will give it due consideration; and justice to all will be done when their part is done by reporting it favorably to the Legislature. I assure them that many thousands of citizens will praise them for the part they have taken.

The Jersey legislation will be almost upon the same lines as ours, and it is in good hands on that side of the river. At our next meeting of the League their delegates will be on hand to report. All who can come are most respectfully invited to attend. Do not forget the date, Feb. 19 at 106 West Thirty-first street, New York city, at 8 P. M.

Following is a copy of a note being sent out by our president to members of the League:

To Members of the League:

The aims and objects of our organization having become so widely known, and the scope of our efforts so far reaching, I am more than pleased to inform you that the applications for membership have reached such proportions that efforts are making toward securing our own permanent meeting house.

The aggressive advantages to be gained by such results are evident to you. The social benefits to be derived by such a realization are limitless. The open door of welcome. The pleasant reunion of old friends. The reminiscences of days of sport and the attractiveness of such a home for all lovers of angling would without question add to the popularity of our League and help fill our coffers.

As this subject, as well as other questions of interest, will be brought before you for your consideration, I ask you kindly to give us your attendance at our next regular meeting, which will be held at Wall's Hall, 106 W. Thirty-first street, Wednesday, Feb. 19, 1902, at 8 o'clock P. M. I respectfully ask that you forego all other social engagements for that evening, and come and see your old friends again and witness the zeal and energy of the officers and your friends in harness. I can assure you the evening will be well spent.

Trusting that you will not be counted among the absentees, and that I may be accorded a renewal of your acquaintance and friendship, I remain, yours most respectfully,

AL. BAYWOOD.

Let us hope that this appeal of our president has not been in vain. It will be the most important meeting in the history of the Protective League of Salt Water Fishermen, now that the olive branch, which has been extended, is about to be accepted by those who were killing the goose that lays the golden egg.

T. BIEDINGER.

"What d'y'er call de dog?"

"'E used to be called Gerald, but 'e's 'ad so many fits that now I calls 'im Fitz Gerald."—Ally Sloper.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Yachting.

Designing Competition.

IN view of the continued and increasing interest in yachting, a designing competition will be opened in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. In America the yachting season is comparatively a short one, and such a competition as has been determined upon will serve to stimulate the interest in the subject during the winter months. The competition is open to both amateur and professional designers. Three prizes will be given for the best designs of a yacht conforming to the following conditions:

- I. A pole mast sloop.
- II. 25ft. load waterline.
- III. Not over 4ft. draft (with centerboard hoisted).
- IV. At least 50 per cent. of ballast outside on keel.
- V. 5ft. headroom under cabin carlins.

All abnormal features must be studiously avoided in the design; and the construction, sail and cabin plans should be of the simplest character. It was our idea in laying out the conditions of the competition to make them simple as possible, so as not to hamper in any way the designer, and yet convey to all that we wished to produce a safe, comfortable cruiser on which two or three amateurs could live with comfort for a period of two or three months and cruise along our eastern seaboard from New York to Halifax with safety. A centerboard boat of moderate draft was decided upon, as so many more harbors would be accessible to a boat of that type.

DRAWINGS REQUIRED.

- I. Sheer plan, scale 1in. = 1ft.—showing center of buoyancy and lateral resistance.
- II. Half breadth, scale 1in. = 1ft.
- III. Body plan, scale 1in. = 1ft.
- IV. Cabin plan, scale 1in. = 1ft.
- V. Sail plan, 1/4in. = 1ft., showing center of effort.

The sails should consist of a jib, mainsail, spinnaker and balloon jib. No topsail will be carried.

A table of offsets and an outline specification must accompany each design. The drawings should be carefully drawn and lettered. All drawings should be made on white paper or tracing cloth in black ink (no colored inks or pigments should be used). The designs must bear a nom-de-plume only and no indication must be given of the author. In a sealed envelope, however, the designer should inclose his own name and address, together with his nom-de-plume. All designs must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York City, not later than Feb. 28, 1902. All drawings will be returned, but postage should accompany each.

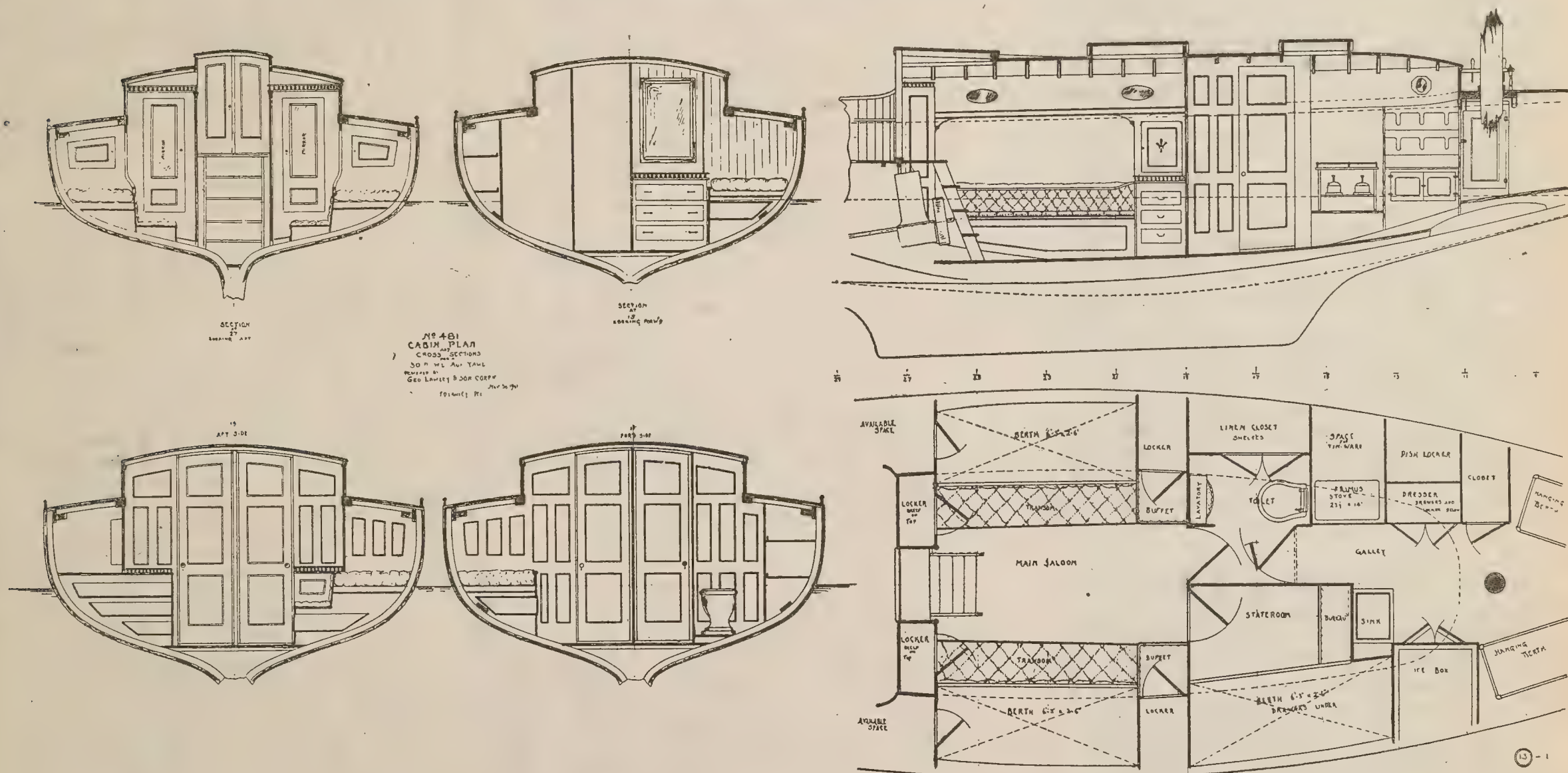
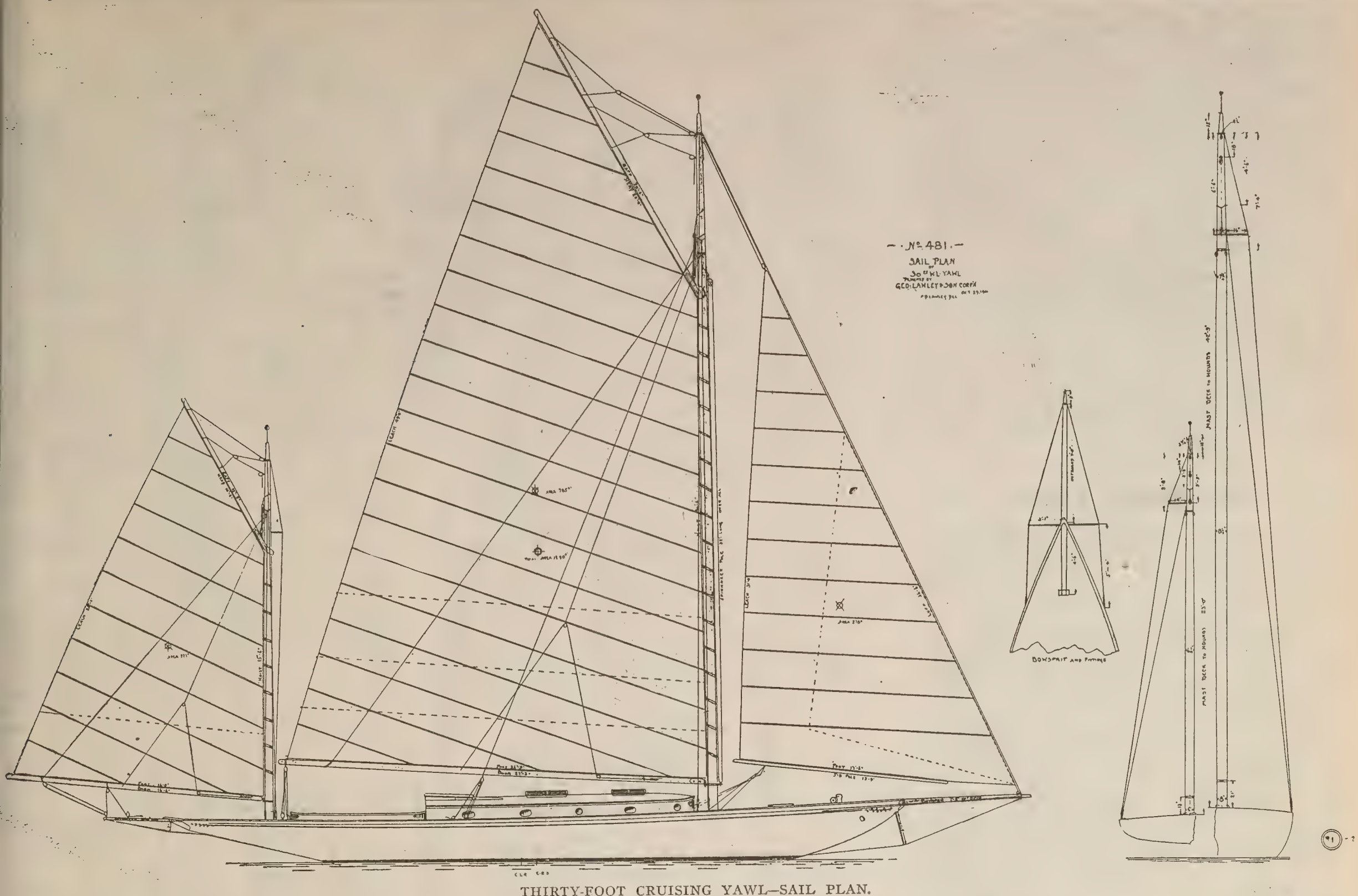
The FOREST AND STREAM reserves the right to publish any or all the designs.

The prizes offered are as follows: 1st prize, \$25.00; 2d prize, \$15.00; 3d prize, \$10.00. Mr. Theodore C. Zerega offers an additional prize of \$10.00 for the best cabin plan. Honorable mention will also be made of meritorious designs.

Mr. Clinton H. Crane, of the firm of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, has kindly consented to judge the designs and make the awards. Mr. Crane's professional standing is so high that he needs no introduction, and every confidence will be put in his ability and fairness.

THE competition for a 25ft. waterline cruising sloop, the announcement of which has appeared in our columns for some weeks past, is now drawing to a close. Feb. 28 being the day fixed when all drawings must be in our hands. In order to acquaint those who have not already become interested in this matter, we will again say that the object of the competition is to educate amateurs as well as professionals in the science of yacht designing, and to give them an unusual opportunity of securing a criticism on their own work by one of the best known naval architects in the country, Mr. Clinton H. Crane. There are many amateurs who are more or less interested in the mysteries of yacht designing, and many of them have turned out creditable productions, but without the assistance of some capable instructor their work is often along unscientific lines, and they do not make progress because they do not get proper advice on important points. The yachtsman who has a knowledge of the designing, construction and rigging of boats is greatly benefited in the sailing and handling of them, and it goes without saying that a grasp of the fundamental principles of boat designing helps the amateur designer to work intelligently. Amateurs who have given the subject of the designing and rigging of yachts careful study have occasionally worked out some valuable improvements to which the naval architects have given consideration and sometimes adopted. There are many men interested in this subject who live in places of small size and who are out of reach of good libraries, and who have no good examples from which to work, and it is through the medium of the yachting journals that these men can keep posted with what is going on in the yachting world. In this way the yachting papers become something of a public benefactor. The designs published in them are from the hands of the ablest men, and in almost every instance the boat built from them turned out to be successful, whether as a racing, or a cruising craft. A number of our naval architects located in the Eastern cities have received orders from men in the most remote parts of the world for designs of yachts, and in many instances the order can be traced to one of the yachting papers in which the yachtsman has seen a design that met his requirements. With the large number of excellent designs that have been published in recent years and the valuable amount of data to be had, there is no reason why the drawings sent in should not be of a high order. We have had many letters from possible competitors, and the success of our plan is already assured. The conditions governing the competition should be closely adhered to, as those who do not conform to the rules will be barred from receiving a prize. It is not well to wait until the last moment before sending in drawings, as the postal service is not over good, and express is much safer, as packages are subject to considerable delay.

All drawings should be at this office on the day mentioned above. The number of competitors in this compe-



There is 6ft. 1in. headroom under carlins in the main saloon, which is 8ft. long. On each side there is a berth 2ft. 6in. wide, and 6ft. 3in. long, in front of this is a wide transom that can also be used for a berth. On each side aft are hanging lockers of good size, with shelves on

top, and under the deck on each side of the cockpit is available space for the stowage of charts, etc. In the forward end of the saloon on each side are located buffets and lockers for the cabin silver, china, linen, etc. The stateroom, which is forward of the saloon on the starboard side, is unusually large for a boat of this size. There is a berth 6ft. 3in. long and 2ft. 6in. wide, and a bureau with three large drawers and a plate glass mirror above is placed against the forward partition. On the port side a passage leads from the main saloon to the gallery, and opening from the passageway is the toilet room, which is fitted with a water closet and a folding wash basin. There is also a large linen closet in the toilet room for bedding and towels. The saloon and the stateroom is finished in butternut and mahogany, and it makes a most attractive interior. In the galley, which is next forward, there is 5ft. 8in. headroom. The galley is roomy and well equipped. There is a two-burner Primus stove, back of which is a space for cooking utensils. Forward of the stove space is a dresser and dish locker. On the starboard side opposite is the ice box and sink. In the forecabin there are two pipe berths for the crew and a closet for the men's clothes.

The deck, cockpit floor and top of cabin house are of white pine finished bright. All the trim on deck, including skylights, companionway, hatches, rails, etc., are of mahogany. The boat steers with a wheel, and two boats will be carried on the davits. The ballast, which is of lead, is all outside on keel.

Our Boston Letter.

BOSTON, Feb. 10.—Last week there was on exhibition at the offices of the Edson Company the steering gear with which Meteor, the new schooner for the German Emperor, will be equipped. To say that it is a marvel in its line would be speaking lightly of it. It is called the Edson Positive Motion steerer, and was designed by Mr. George E. Loud, the treasurer of the Edson Company. It is of the screw pattern and, like the recent contrivances that have been installed in large yachts, it has right and left threads. But it has been supplied with new features which render it far superior to any gear that has heretofore been used on large yachts.

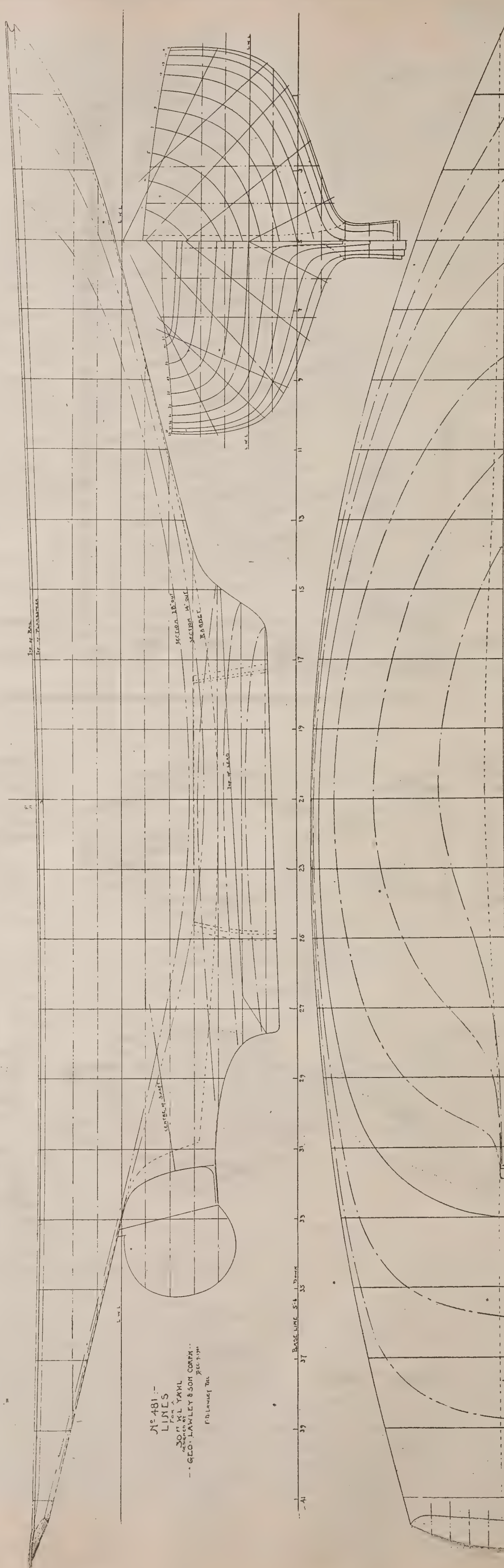
Much trouble was experienced on Independence and on other big racers because the gear on the rudder head was inclined to bind under the immense strain to which the hull was subjected. To overcome this fault, the new gear has been supplied with ball bearings, by which the motion of the screw will not be stopped by the binding. With the ball bearings supplied, the gear works remarkably easy, and, although it is necessarily quite heavy, it can be operated by a small child without any trouble. On the fore and aft screw, one half of which is forward and the other half aft of the rudder head, work the connecting straps. The outside diameter of this triple-thread screw is 2 $\frac{7}{8}$ in., the pitch of the screw being 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ in. The connecting straps are of Norway iron, the traversing nuts being of gun metal. A sample pouring of the cast iron in the rudder head casting stood a tensile test of 32,307 pounds to the square inch before breaking. This test was made by Prof. E. F. Miller, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

The rudder head swivel box is made of gun metal, while the rudder head is of steel, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. in diameter. The rudder post has a rake of 33 degrees, ball-bearing supports for the rudder post rest on thirty-two steel balls, running on case-hardened steel plates with four adjusting screws, which provide for the wearing strain on the rudder pintles. The gear is also provided with two taffrail boxes, one forward and one aft; with rubber springs. It takes five and one-half turns of the wheel to turn the rudder from hard up to to hard down, 45 degrees in each direction.

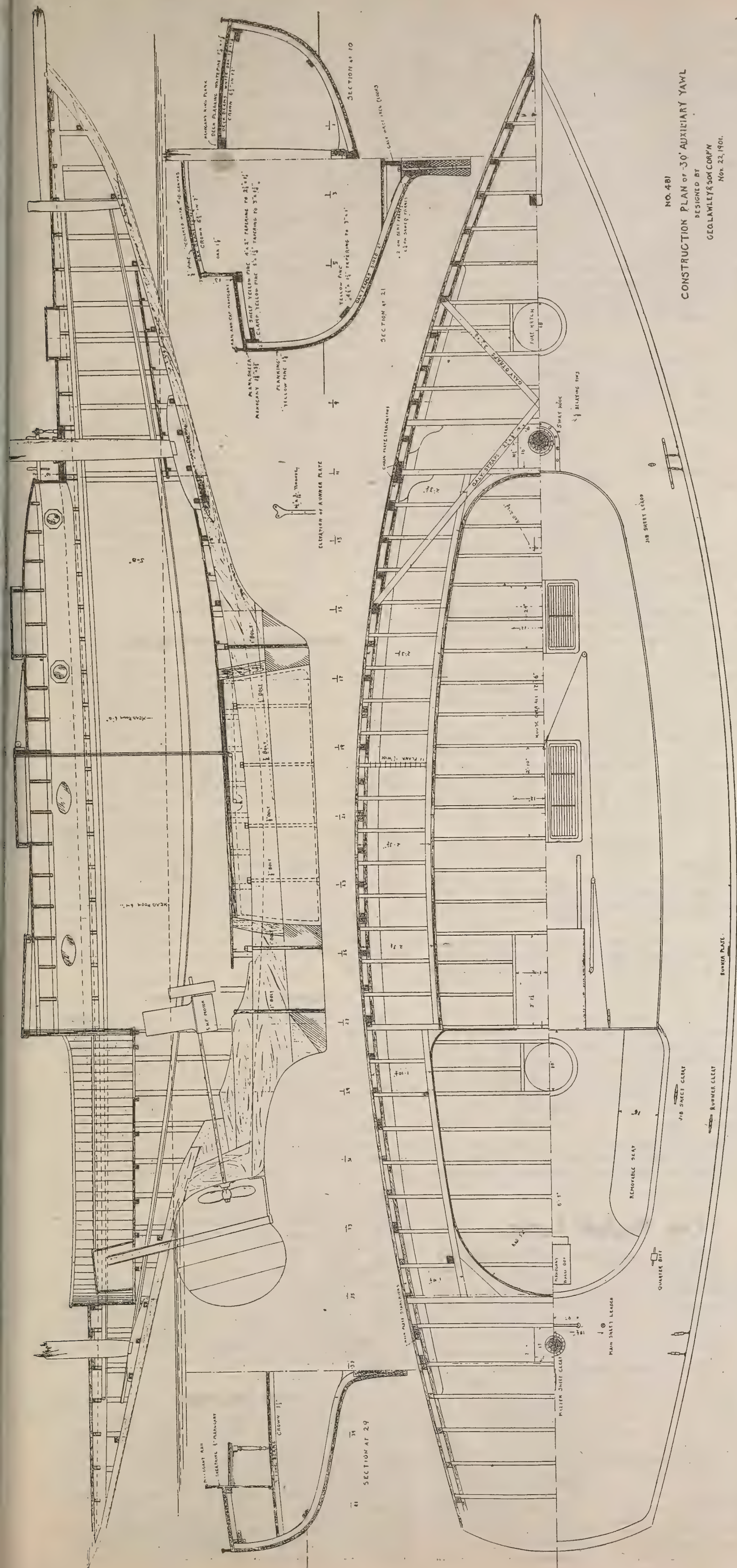
While the steering gear proper is a piece of mechanical perfection, one would, perhaps, be more attracted by the wheel. It is 54 inches in diameter from tip to tip. The hub is of highly polished brass. There are ten rose-wood spokes, the felloes being of teak and the rim of ebony. Where the king spoke passes through there is inlaid in the rim the coat of arms of the German Emperor worked in gold and silver. On the remaining part of the rim at each spoke is the German crown in German silver, while the tips of the remaining spokes bear plain caps in the same metal. The wheel alone was made at a cost of \$500.

Wilson & Silsby, sailmakers, have orders for 100 new suits of sails, including those for the yachts Scimitar, Ruth, Paukewis, Lady Mary, Torpedo, Dragoon, Pantoset, schooner Agatha, Malillian 2d, 25-footer, Neriad, 21-footer, Christina, Senta, 21-footer Micmic, 21ft. raceabout, 35ft. yawl for Bancroft Davis, 21-footer, 21ft. knockabout, yacht Volipsi, 26-footer for R. H. Lee, Devon, Eng; schooner for Arnold Lawson, sloop for H. C. Morse, 25-footer, Cherokee, 30-footer, 25ft. yawl, 60-rater for H. F. Lippitt, the Pirate, 21ft. knockabout for Mr. Pugh, Pasadena, Cal.; ice boat Ariel, 21-footer, Helen, Daniel Crosby & Son, yawl; George Lawley & Son, 18-footer for Alfred Douglass; Tam, Lemoine & Crane, 21ft. raceabout, and 30-footer; G. R. Liljegren, 38-foot L. W. L. cutter for O. Mark, Gothenburg, Sweden; 21ft. raceabout for Mr. Henry B. Rogers; Tams, Lemoine & Crane, 26ft. sloop; Arthur Binney, 30ft. yawl for Mr. Foss, and 46ft. yawl; J. A. McKee, 21ft. raceabout; George Lawley & Son, 25-footer; James Andrew, Oakville, Ont., 38ft. racing cutter, and Charles W. Cole, 18-footer.

Since the Massachusetts Y. R. A. restricted 21-footer has been introduced in the Columbia Y. C., of Chicago, and in the Lake Michigan Yacht Racing Association, it is expected that some of the yachtsmen there will purchase yachts of the class that have been raced in Massachusetts Bay. Last year there were 19 boats in the class, and, as there are 16 new ones building, the loss of a few of the older ones might not, perhaps, be felt. It is not thought, however, that many of the old ones will go to the Lakes. Mr. Thomas H. Webb, of Peoria, Ill., who was largely instrumental in having the class adopted there, is said to be one of the yachtsmen who will come East for a 21-footer. In a recent communication he stated to me that he thought the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts rules the best now in existence on either side of the water.



THIRTY-FOOT CRUISING YAWL—DESIGNED BY F. D. LAWLEY AND BUILT BY THE GEO. LAWLEY & SON CORP. 1902.



Mr. Webb is now having built, by Murray & Tregurtha, a 42ft. waterline cabin power yacht, which will be very complete in every detail. White oak will be used for the keel and stem and sternpost, and also for the frames, while her planking will be of cedar in selected lengths. Her cabin trunk, rails, doors and hatches will all be of mahogany, and the interior finish will be in butternut. She will have good accommodations, and will be fitted up with all the necessities for cruising. It is expected that she will have a speed of about ten miles. Mr. Webb intends to keep this boat in salt water as much as possible. It is likely that he will use her for cruising in eastern waters.

Crowninshield's latest venture in the merchant marine is a four-masted schooner. The managing owner of this schooner, the lines of which have been turned out by the designer of Independence, will be Edwin P. Boggs, who is Commodore of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. She will be built by the New England Company, at Bath, Me. She will be called Robert H. Stevenson, and will hail from Boston. She is a big bodied vessel, her sections being very square. She gains her greatest beam only a short distance from the stem and carries it nearly to the taffrail. She will be 220ft. 10in. over all, and 185ft. 2in. on the keel. Her load waterline will be 197ft., and on this length she will draw 20ft. Her beam is 40ft. Her displacement will be 2,862 tons and she will have a cargo capacity of 1,800 tons, or 1,000,000 feet of lumber. She has one general hold, as it is intended that she shall be used in the lumber trade, but she has beams for a third deck, and, if necessary, can be loaded with other cargoes.

At Lawley's a 35-footer and 25-footer are planked. The 46ft. schooner, designed by Crane for Arnold Lawson, is in frame. The frames have been turned out for the Lippitt bronze 60-rater, and it is expected that she will take form in a short time. Fred Lawley has three new designs for 21-footers and 25-footers.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

The Cruise of the Tunie.

THE "staunch and favorite" yacht Tunie had begun life in the service of her country as a man-of-war's "galley." I had, up to the time when I became principal, though not sole owner, of this vessel, supposed that a galley was a place to cook in; but this was not the case with the Tunie; she was certainly no place to cook in. On the other hand, I found the fact that she was a galley legibly set forth in black letters in several places in her interior, and as the statement had undoubtedly been made under the authority of the Bureau of Construction of the United States Navy (or whatever it called itself in those days), I suppose there can be no doubt that she had at some time certainly been a galley, though I don't think she ever carried a cook—she did not while Cheeksey and Phantom and I owned her, at any rate.

Beside being the only boat I ever owned in conjunction with a partner, the Tunie was the only boat I ever bought on anybody else's recommendation, a single experience in both cases being sufficient to convince me that I set too high a value on my own opinion to be satisfied with any other. Be that as it may, I listened to the glowing accounts I heard of her performances in the Straits of Karquinez, and betaking myself to Martinez, bought her at about double her value without even trying her. I can only plead youth and deference for the opinion of my elders as excuse for my idiocy, and I have never made exactly the same mistake since.

This yacht, with a length of 30ft. and a beam of only 7, had a draft which would have been none too great had she been 12ft. wide. In appearance she was something like a whaleboat, without a whaleboat's grace. She had rather more sail than she could carry; couldn't get out of her own way, going to windward; was nearly as hard to get about as a four-masted ship, and had, as far as I can recollect, but the single merit of being able to run before a breaking sea in a gale without showing the slightest tendency to take any water over the taffrail. The fact that she had no taffrail, being as sharp aft as forward, may have had something to do with this but it certainly was the fact that she left the water as clean as a knife.

While waiting for her to be towed down to our abiding place, we had had constructed some gorgeous white shirts and caps of a supposed sailor-like cut and fashion, and one Fourth of July a great many years ago made our appearance on the bay in full uniform.

There was, I think, some sort of a regatta on—probably one of the races of the "Master Mariners' Association," but what few yachts there were—this was several centuries ago, you must understand—were out making themselves as prominent as possible, and among them we were by no means the least conspicuous. When it did not blow too hard and we did not have to get anywhere in particular, the boat really looked very well, but the thing that paralyzed the assembly was those uniforms.

Such a thing as a yachting uniform was unknown. Commodore P., when elected Commodore of the S. F. Y. C. (he was its first), did attempt the innovation, but his brass buttons nearly swamped his dinghy and no one had strength of mind enough to follow his example; therefore, our complete rig out drew upon us an amount of attention which, though pleasant enough while the wind was light, became somewhat embarrassing later in the day when our inability to "fetch" anywhere became painfully apparent to the nautical eye; but for a time all went well.

The flagship, under steam and sail, vainly tried to leave us, until, in desperation, the Commodore set his foresail, and in imminent danger of capsizing, at last drew away. By this time we were in Islais Bay, and not deeming it prudent to run to leeward lest we might never be able to beat back again, I gave the jib to one and the foresail to another, and kept the remaining member of the crew as a reserve, whom unkind destiny might compel me to put on a sweep; then, with a rap full that brought the cockpit rail to the water, I gave her the helm and awaited developments.

To our intense relief she got far enough around to enable us to back the jib and slowly (very slowly) swing on the other tack; but it was not until we had made a spectacle of ourselves that we managed, after many miles of sailing, to get our yacht back to her moorings.

Chapter two of her adventures was a cruise to Napa,

made with "the full strength of the company."

I cannot at this late day quite understand how four of us managed to get a vacation at the same time—vacations were not by any means the rule, and you didn't get Saturday afternoons, either. Somehow we all found ourselves able to go, and great were the preparations. Under the half deck forward were stowed the mattresses, two tin-lined trunks, the club stove, brought down from the palatial (?) quarters of the Whip-poor-will Club, blankets and a few other trifles. The cockpit being some 11 ft. long and nearly 6 ft. wide, a tent more ingenious than practical was devised to cover it at night; the ends were made separate to lace in, so that the fly could be used as a square sail, a brilliant conception, which I fear must be laid to my door, and which was about as complete a failure as any I have ever designed.

There was no compass and no chart (by some oversight there was an anchor), but we were well supplied with flags, and there was even a fair outfit of spare ropes. The provisions were in charge of Cheeksey, the Purser, and if my recollection serves me, that end of the affair was creditably managed.

I don't remember what day it was, nor what month, and it was so long ago that I don't want to remember the year; but we set sail and cast off with a favoring wind and tide, merrily bound for—well, we didn't quite know where. The yacht distinguished herself; the wind was fair, the water smooth and the tide with us, and we slid along in a way that surprised us, and I resolutely put aside all thought of the journey back.

Near the Brothers we stopped long enough to pick up a floating boat's sail and mast, and then on again, making Vallejo in what seemed to us who knew the craft, phenomenal time.

At Vallejo we dropped one of our party, who took the train to keep a "date" at Sacramento, then on we sailed for Napa. Now, the navigation of the Napa River is something to test the skill of the amateur, but we bowled along before the wind, as happy as clams, as innocent as children, "and never touched it once," proving for the millionth time that fools, drunken men and incompetents generally are the special care of Providence.

I suppose we should have gone on sailing up Napa River to this day if we had not come to a bridge at Napa which forbade any further progress, so we tied up to a bulkhead, set the tent, and prepared our first meal, much to the edification of the populace who had never in their lives seen just that kind of a circus before.

We did the town a little after dinner, and Phantom and I bought a couple of pipes, not that we wanted them, as we already had many more than was good for us, and I think I've got mine yet; but the town seemed to hold little to interest us, so I fancy we must have been rather sleepy.

We put in a very good night, and were awakened in the morning by the rain pattering on our tent, but it was only a shower and soon cleared away. The tent was high enough to stand up in, and we dressed and got breakfast in great comfort, but as the tide was flood, there was nothing for it in a craft like ours but to wait until it turned before making a start back.

It was well on in the afternoon before we got under way, and the first thing our yacht did was to drift slap into that bridge. There was no damage done, except to our lacerated feelings, but after several attempts to coax her away from it we abandoned the attempt to leave Napa under sail, and sending a line to the foremast head Cheeksey took the other end up on the high bank, and for about a hundred and fifty miles patiently dragged her down the stream, while Phantom and I did our best to keep her from sticking on all the mud banks at the turns. Just before he died of exhaustion we got to a place where it seemed that we might venture to hope to sail, so we took him aboard.

We sailed back and forth across the stream pretty well, but as we lost as much in coming about as we made in sailing across, we figured out that we should either starve to death or die of old age, unless some other plan was devised, so the other two stationed themselves forward with the boat hook and a sweep, and when we got into water shallow enough, poled her around while I tended sheets. As a result of this maneuver, we actually got below Soquel, only delaying a team waiting to cross on the ferry some half an hour or so, and began to think we might only be middle-aged men by the time we got home.

But it was getting dark, the tide had turned against us, the wind was gone and we were hungry and pretty well fagged out.

At this juncture a small creek appeared, so we came to anchor there, set up the tent and had a good dinner, and over our pipes discussed our future movements. As owing to the fact that that part of the crew which had gone to Sacramento had informed us that he would strike Benecia on the next evening flat broke, it became absolutely necessary for us to be there to meet him, or he would have no dinner and no bed. This meant the utilization of all the ebb tide we could get if we did not want to find him a haggard and wasted skeleton; so we set up a box in the middle of the cockpit and by the light of a solitary dip played cards until midnight, when the tide turned.

There wasn't a breath of wind, and we got out a couple of sweeps—all we had—and swept that boat to Vallejo. For a time we relieved the toil with song and story, but as the night wore on those sweeps got to weigh about a hundred pounds apiece, and we had to stop and let the boat drift with the current to convince ourselves that the tide had not turned against us; but we did get to Vallejo at last in the early morning, just as the workmen were pulling over to the Navy Yard to begin their labors, and having about life enough left to pick out a place where we shouldn't ground at low water, Phantom and I slid under the cuddy and went fast asleep in two winks. Cheeksey foolishly stayed awake and cooked breakfast.

We spent the greater part of that day getting rested, and in the afternoon, with a soldier's wind, got under way for Benecia. In the straits it was blowing for keeps, and the sea was booming; but when we squared away before it the Tunie showed she had one merit at least, and except that we had to kick Cheeksey when we wanted him to wake up and slack the fore sheet, we had nothing to complain of, and racing with the big combers was great fun.

As an anchorage, Benecia left a good deal to be desired.

and by the time we had found a place where we could float at low water and yet not be run down by steamers making a landing, it was high time to set the tent, start dinner and look out for the man from Sacramento.

Pretty soon he came and we got him aboard, a task of some little difficulty in an 8 ft. dinghy in that sea, and he got out of his store clothes in short order and packed them away in one of those tin-lined trunks, carefully shutting the latch through the sleeve of his best coat; but he didn't know it then, and was hungry and happy.

Our tent proved to have been built on scientific, but mistaken, principles, and Phantom and I were compelled to go out on deck and with sail needles and palms stitch the forward end of the thing in. As it was dark, cold and blowing half a gale, and our only light a candle in a lantern, our progress was slow enough; but we got it done after a while, and after a fashion, and crawled in to get warm and get some dinner, only to find that the other two fiends had got away with all the milk in their coffee, and we had to put up with a half-cold dinner and milkless coffee. I fear that the opinions we expressed of the other chaps were far from complimentary.

That night was a somewhat uncomfortable one, for by a singular caprice of fortune I had managed to anchor exactly on the edge of the channel. The consequence was that everything that made a landing at the wharf that night, and up to that time I had had no idea how extensive the commerce of Benecia was, sent in a swell which broke just alongside and banged us on the bank, until every pot and kettle in our menage set up a separate clatter, and woke us up in a fright. By the time we got settled down again another would come, and so it went on all through the night.

Morning found us pretty well used up, and when we attempted to cook breakfast nothing would induce the stove to draw. As a last resort, we got under way under the jib alone, and then the stove did very well—to this day I don't understand the vagaries of that stove.

It came on to blow quite early, and we decided to make a harbor as soon as we could, putting in the rest of the day doing as near nothing as possible. Sailing along, still under the jib only, we made the mouth of the creek which in those days ran through the town of Martinez, and which was usually called the Alhambra—it should really have been "El Hambre," the Hungry, since it was so designated by the friars who discovered it, and who so called it in commemoration of their short commons at the time—and hoisting the mainsail shot in among the tall tules. The boat held on under the strong breeze, and flew over the water that was as smooth as glass, until we brought up at the bridge, which carried the principal street of the city across the stream.

We did not realize that we were in the heart of a metropolis, and without stopping to set up the tent, proceeded to get into our shore togs. While thus engaged, we were startled by a subdued titter, and looking up discovered a young ladies' seminary filing over the bridge.

We hastily ducked for shelter, and as soon as the coast was clear got the tent up. And right here was where we all missed the opportunity of our lives; one of those girls was the daughter of a man who owned no end of land and orchards and things in the neighborhood, and not so very long after this a fellow, nothing like such a good fellow as we were; I am sure, came along and married her. If we had only known—but we didn't, until too late to prevent the catastrophe.

Here the Purser applied for shore leave, and made a trip to Mount Diablo, and I think we put in two days waiting for him.

At some unearthly hour in the night (about 4 A. M., I think) we were routed out the morning after his return by a big scow schooner bumping her way in to tie up at a warehouse close by, so we concluded it was time for us to move.

Getting out of that creek was a picnic. We tried sailing out, and promptly drifted on to the mud flats before we could get steerage way. We made several attempts before we hit upon the plan of hauling her up to some piles on the windward side of the channel, just where the tules ended. We made fast fore and aft and set all sail, then when a good strong puff came we let her go.

The first attempt was a failure, but the second time we got headway enough on to slide her over the mud after we drifted out of the channel, and with a fair tide and a wind that we could carry all sail to (it must have been made on purpose), beat our way down through the straits and San Pablo Bay without accident. I remember trying to shave as we sailed, and succeeding after a fashion, but shaving in a breeze in an open boat is open to criticism, and I have never tried it since.

Phantom and I made another cruise later, before we got rid of the craft, but the other two could never be induced to try her again, and for my part I can hardly blame them. ***

Our English Letter.

BOTH Kariad and Sybarita have sailed for the Mediterranean, which happy hunting ground ought to be more extensively patronized by American owners of large racing yachts. Sybarita will probably show up in her very best form there, as she is particularly good in light weather. Kariad was built to suit our new rule, and she is of a better type than that to which we have been used of late years. She is a handsome vessel, and in her short racing career last season she gave great promise. Her great race was with Sybarita round Ailsa Craig, at the mouth of the Clyde, in a whole tear of wind. The yawl was of course favored on such a day—all reaching—by her light rig, yet she could barely beat the cutter, and could not have done so without her allowance for "inferiority of rig." This sounds funny after being told for so long that the pure champagne-glass section is essential for the highest speed. Both boats were sailed with grim determination, and had a rare dusting out in the channel.

Apropos of the launch of the Emperor's yacht, it may be interesting to mention that His Majesty has this year added another inducement to foreigners to visit Kiel regatta. He is presenting a handsome cup to be raced for by small boats with no paid hands. The rule for the boats is, length, beam and extreme draft not to exceed 32 ft. when added together; displacement not to be less

than 36 cwt., and sail not to exceed 500 square feet. The cost is not to be more than £250, and certain restrictions as to construction are imposed with a view to securing serviceable knockabout boats. The idea is an admirable one, but so far as we Britishers are concerned it is to be feared we have very few boats to suit. None of the boats now being built for our new rule would stand a chance, for no doubt a bulb-fin craft will prove the necessary type.

The new 52-footer designed and building by Mr. Fife will have a mixture of steel, cut oak and steamed frames. She is said to be a very powerful-looking vessel. This class is sometimes called "the twenties," in affectionate remembrance of the old Thames 20-ton class out of which a fostering legislation has gradually evolved it. The old twenties were passing large on 46 ft. waterline and 10 ft. beam, and the new 52-footers are about fifty feet on the loadline with huge overhangs, and 13 ft. beam. Unfortunately there is a gap between this class and the 36-footers.

No doubt there will be a large number of yachtsmen over here this season for the Coronation ceremonies. It will well repay a visit to witness the review of the Fleet at Spithead. Those who were over here at the Diamond Jubilee review will not readily forget the spectacle, and it is said that the forthcoming gathering will be considerably more imposing. A steam yacht is an ideal point of vantage from which to view the sight, and I noticed last time that the United States naval men fraternized more freely with their countrymen than was the case with other nationalities.

There is a new 36-footer being laid down by Fife for, it is said, Capt. J. Orr-Ewing, who last year had two boats built for this class, one by Gibbick and one by Fife. The Fife boat did fairly well, though she came out late and had to meet well tuned-up boats. The Gibbick boat was a failure, but might have been better sailed, perhaps.

A new class (handicap) is being formed on the Thames. It is composed of ex-52 ft. boats, and will include Gauntlet, Balaena, and Senga. These three will not need much to divide them, but quite a variety of older boats are on this station which could not be included in such a class by any ingenuity. A well-known German handicapper informed the writer the other day that a handicapper must needs be an elephant, and there is much truth in the remark.

E. H. HAMILTON.

Chicago Yachts.

Activity Follows Cabin Class Decision.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 8.—The decision of the Lake Michigan Yachting Association, to admit the new cabin type to at least an equal position under the rules with the old knockabout class, has been a good thing for yachting interests in this port. This will admit the cabin boat to the competitions in all the lake clubs holding memberships in the Lake Michigan Yachting Association, so that the type will be adopted not only by the Columbia Y. C. for the Lipton cup, but practically accepted in this part of the Great Lakes. The decision seems to be a very wise one, making as it does for a practical and seaworthy naval construction for waters which are admittedly rough and risky.

The adoption of the new class produced something better than a languid interest, and it is stated that six new boats will be built for the coming season. Mr. T. H. Webb, of Peoria, is conferring with Hanley for a new boat; Mr. H. B. Simonton, of Columbia Y. C., will go East for a 21-footer; a syndicate of three gentlemen will buy yet another; Dr. Pinkard orders one of Cuthbert; Vice-Com. McGuire will have H. Davis design one for him, and Mr. F. H. Osborne says he will go East to buy yet another. Given a fair and well-worked-out set of rules, it would seem that this innovation will be a desirable one.

E. H.

Seawanhaka Cup Notes.

THE boat building by Mr. Thomas Smith at Bayonne for Messrs. Mower and Hunt, from the former's design, is now in frame, and the work of planking has commenced. Mr. Smith has made a wonderfully fine job on the boat thus far, and she is very fair throughout. The boat is being built upside down, and as soon as she is planked will be turned over and the deck frames put in. The boat is 39 ft. 6 in. over all, 22 ft. waterline, 8 ft. 6 in. breadth, and 5 in. draft. The frames are spaced 3 in. apart and every possible detail of the boat's construction has been thoroughly done, so that the hull will be very strong and rigid. The spars will be hollow, and are now being made by the Spaulding St. Lawrence Boat Co., Ogdensburg, N. Y. This firm will make all the masthead fittings, goose neck on boom, etc. The sails will be made by Messrs. Wilson & Silsby, of Boston.

Word is received from Bridgeport that Mr. Thomas MacDonald, instead of being sole owner of one boat, will be interested in two boats, one of which is to be built by Hanley, of Quincy Point. It is not stated who the builder and designer of the other boat will be.

Larry Huntington, of New Rochelle, still has a possible customer for a trial boat, and White Bear Lake and Chicago yachtsmen are in correspondence with Mr. MacDonald in regard to sending on a boat from the West. As the season progresses more interest is manifested in the races, and there are now brighter prospects for a fair number of competitors in the trial races.

Yacht Club Notes.

The annual meeting and dinner of the Riverside Y. C. was held at the Arena on West Thirty-first street, New York City, on Friday evening, Feb. 7. About fifty of the members dined together before the meeting. The following officers were elected for the coming year: Com., George G. Tyson, schooner Nirvana; Vice-Com., William A. Hamilton; Rear Com., George J. Bascom; Treas., George T. Higgins; Sec'y, John G. Porter; Meas., T. E. Ferris. Trustees for term ending February, 1905: O. R. Houghton, W. J. L. Davids. Regatta Committee: Charles P. Tower, C. T. Pierce, Edwin Binney. Membership Committee: Robert Rutter, J. H. McKenna, George E.

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Jarks. Entertainment Committee: Ernst H. Brandt, Fred Beltz, W. J. L. Davids. Fleet Surgeon, Dr. H. H. Lyson, Jr. Chaplains: Rev. George C. Houghton, D.D., Rev. Charles F. Boylston. Delegates to the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound: C. T. Pierce, Frank Bowne Jones.

The annual meeting of the Stamford Y. C. was held at the Suburban Club in Stamford, on Feb. 4. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Com., James D. Smith; Vice-Com., Walton Ferguson; Rear Com., Edward F. Leeds; Treas., Charles H. Leeds; Sec'y, Herbert Lawton; Fleet Surgeon, Frederick Schavoir; Meas., I. Franklin Wardwell; Chaplain, the Rev. Charles M. Addison. Directors: George S. Hoyt, Schuyler Merritt, Albert C. Hall, Edward C. Hoyt, George H. Hoyt, H. P. Bartlett, E. E. Bruggerhoff, Alfred S. Pitt, Frederick M. Hoyt, Walter S. Hoyt. Nominating Committee for 1902-3: H. P. Bartlett, Walter D. Daskam, Malcom R. Pitt, Archibald Smith, Walter M. Smith.

At the annual meeting of the Stuyvesant Y. C., which was held a few days ago, the following officers were elected: Com., William J. Hogg; Vice-Com., Dr. H. Hepner; Rear Com., Granville Stibbens; Treas., C. S. Ogden; Sec'y, J. Alfred Smith; Fleet Surgeon, F. Le Count Dowe, M.D. Directors: William C. Cartwright, C. H. Clapper, Peter Barry, Frederick Kleinle, F. C. Kaiser. Finance Committee: A. W. Strong, A. Wise. Membership Committee: J. Babst, G. Stevens, J. McGregor. Regatta Committee: J. Kraus, G. Wagner, J. Muller, S. Wright, H. Merckens. Law Committee: Dr. Hall, A. T. McKenzie.

The New Amsterdam Y. C. was incorporated in Albany on Feb. 7. The club will be located in New York City, and the directors will be as follows: A. Hobart Walton, Ridgewood, N. J.; James F. Holder, Gustave A. Girard, New York City; John W. James, Brooklyn, and Thomas L. Buckingham, of Flastbush.

Rear Admiral Francis T. Bowles, U. S. N., addressed the members of the New York Y. C. on "Naval Construction," on Feb. 6. The two hundred members present were greatly interested in the lecture, which was illustrated by stereopticon views. This was the first of a series of entertainments that has been arranged for the winter. The next will be on Feb. 27, when Rear Admiral George Melville, U. S. N., will talk of "Arctic Experiences." Rear Admiral Charles O'Neil, U. S. N., will talk of "Ships, Guns and Explosives" on March 20, and on April 10 there will be a musicale.

The Canarsie Y. C. held its annual meeting on Feb. 8, and the following officers were elected: Com., T. H. Northridge; Vice-Com., George H. Matthaai; Sec'y, Walter W. Tamlyn; Finan. Sec'y, George E. Winters; Treas., J. K. Alexander; Meas., Joseph T. Fletcher. Members of Board of Trustees: J. C. Heinemann, Thomas M. Mannion, W. G. Herx, C. F. Kalkhaff, Charles J. Nielsen, Frank P. Mapes and Daniel J. Brinsley, Jr. The reports of the various officers and committees showed over one hundred boats in the club's fleet, and the first mortgage on the club's property, which had matured, was paid in full. This leaves but a slight second mortgage, all held by club members, on the new clubhouse at Sand's Point. It was decided to open the season on Memorial Day with a parade of the club fleet, inspection by the Commodore and races in the afternoon. During the season the club will hold races each Saturday and holiday.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The schooner Jennie R. Dubois, the first five-master ever built in Connecticut, will be launched on Feb. 11 from the yard of the builders, The Holmes Shipbuilding Company, of West Mystic.

The Electric Launch Company, of Bayonne, N. J., is building, in addition to some twenty-five launches varying from 20 to 45ft. waterline, a cruising keel yawl to be equipped with a 6 horse-power Globe engine, for a New York yachtsman. She will be 37ft. on the waterline, 50ft. over all, 15ft. beam, 5ft. draft, with 2ft. 3in. least freeboard. There will be 1,374 square feet of canvas in her lower sails. On the keel there will be 6,000 pounds of lead and 5,000 pounds more inside. The boat will be used on Long Island Sound. The launch for Mr. J. D. Johnson, of New York City, is finished and has been run out of the shop. The boat will be used on Barnegat Bay. She is 50ft. over all, 42ft. on the waterline, 11ft. beam, 2ft. 2in. freeboard, and 3ft. 3in. draft. Her pilot house is 8ft. long, the saloon 9ft., the lavatory 3ft., and the engine room 6ft. The forward deck is 10ft. 4in. long and the after deck 11ft. 8in. A 16 horse-power Globe engine will furnish the power and the builder guarantees a speed of nine miles an hour. The tanks have a capacity of 175 gallons, an amount sufficient to run 750 miles without refilling. Another boat shop is now under process of construction by the Electric Launch Company; this building was made necessary by the large amount of work now on hand.

Mr. George Robinson, of New York City, is having De Witt Conklin, of Patchogue, L. I., build for him a boat to race in the 36ft. class on Great South Bay.

The Northport Y. C. is to have a class of one-design boats next season. Nine clipper dories have been ordered from Gerry Emmons, of Swampscott, Mass. These boats are 17ft. over all, and carry a leg-o'-mutton sail and a small jib.

The Daimler Motor Company, of Steinway, L. I., has completed plans for a yacht of good size to be propelled by gasoline motors. She will be 105ft. over all and 16ft. breadth. She will be driven by two 50 horse-power Daim-

ler motors. The boat will have excellent accommodation under a low cabin house.

Mr. W. H. Childs, of Brooklyn, has purchased from Mr. Henry Hunt, of Boston, the 18ft. knockabout Trouble. She will be raced in the 21ft. class on Gravesend Bay. Trouble was designed by Mr. Fred D. Lawley, and built by the Geo. Lawley & Son Corporation.

Captain Charles E. Bailey died at sea on board the steam yacht Katoomba on Feb. 1, while making a trip to the West Indies. Captain Bailey was one of the best known yacht skippers in this country, and was for nine years in command of the old and new Corsairs owned by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan.

Thomas Manning, a well known yachtsman and yacht broker, and publisher of Manning's Register, died at his home in New York City from heart failure on Feb. 7. Mr. Manning was born in England sixty-nine years ago, and ever since he came to this country, in 1873, he had been most successful. He was a member of the New York, Larchmont, American, Atlantic and New Rochelle Y. C's.

Messrs. Read Brothers, of Fall River, Mass., have the yawl building for Mr. A. Homer Skinner well along. She will take the place of Penelope sold by Mr. Skinner last summer. She is 40ft. long on the waterline and 57ft. over all, and will have a 16 horse-power Murray and Tregurtha motor.

Frank N. Isham, Mystic, Conn., is building four launches 36ft. long and 9ft. beam. Each one will be equipped with a 10 horse-power motor.

At Patchogue, L. I., Gil Smith has the deck frames of the 25ft. waterline cutter for Mr. George Trowbridge Hollister in place. Mr. Smith is building a catboat for Mr. John Masury for use around Moriches. She is 29ft. over all and 19ft. waterline. Another catboat is being built for Edgar Lynn, for use on Shinnecock Bay. This boat is 16ft. waterline and 24ft. over all. Judge Carter is having a catboat built identical in design with Mr. Masury's boat. Mr. Smith is building for himself a racing catboat to be 35ft. over all, 23ft. waterline, 9ft. 8in. breadth, and 2ft. 3in. draft.

In addition to the boat Mr. Charles D. Mower has designed for the Seawanhaka trial races he has turned out a number of others. The largest of them was for Mr. William Clements, of West Perth, West Australia. She is a compromise keel and centerboard boat 45ft. 8in. over all, 28ft. waterline, 11ft. 2in. breadth and 4ft. 6in. draft. She is sloop rigged and carried 1,100 square feet of sail. Another boat was for Mr. H. H. Robinson, of New Haven, Conn. She is 21ft. waterline, 33ft. 3in. over all, 8ft. 10in. breadth, and 3ft. 6in. draft with centerboard hoisted. All ballast is of lead outside, and there is 4ft. 10in. headroom in the cabin. There are 500 square feet of canvas in the lower sails and a small sprit topsail will be carried. Mr. Mower got out plans for a 21ft. racing length sloop for Mr. W. H. Childs, of Brooklyn, to be raced on Gravesend Bay, but Mr. Childs did not build owing to the change in measurement rules. Mr. W. S. Wheaton had Mr. Mower design for him a racing catboat to be used at Atlantic City, N. J. She is 18ft. over all, 12ft. waterline, 6ft. breadth and 6in. draft; 225 square feet of sail in mainsail. Members of the Victoria Y. C., of British Columbia, are building six boats of Mr. Mower's design. They are 15ft. on the waterline, 24ft. over all, 5ft. 9in. breadth and 4ft. draft with 1,000 pounds of outside ballast. Their sail area is 328 square feet, 262 of which will be carried in the mainsail.

The Marine Engine and Machine Company, of Harrison, N. J., has secured an order from Mr. J. Beaver Webb for a 26ft. double cockpit tender equipped with a seven horse-power alco-vapor motor for the steam yacht Isis, owned by Messrs. W. S. and J. T. Spaulding, of Boston. This firm has shipped to Mr. H. Reginald Hunt, of Yokohama, Japan, a 25ft. alco-vapor launch fitted with a five horse-power motor.

A number of the members of the Shelter Island Y. C. have contracted with the Greenport Basin and Construction Company, of Greenport, L. I., to build for them a number of small sloops. These craft will be identical in design and construction with the boats being turned out by this company for the members of the Ardsley Y. C. The dimensions are as follows: 25ft. 9in. over all, 15ft. 6in. waterline, 6ft. breadth and 4ft. draft. The boats will carry 410 square feet of sail in mainsail and jib, and there will be 1,200 pounds of outside lead ballast.

At Huntington's yard at New Rochelle the frames of the ketch building for Mr. F. T. Hastings are all set up and the work of planking will soon commence. The boat was designed by W. Starling Burgess and will replace the 28-footer Peggy that was lost in the storm at New Rochelle last November.

Canoeing.

Down the Danube in a Canadian Canoe.—III.

(From Macmillan's Magazine.)

For a long time, strange as it may sound, we had been enforced vegetarians and drinkers of condensed milk. We could rarely get fresh milk, though we trudged many a mile to farmhouses and inns for it; either it was all used for butter, or had already been sent to the towns.

Of course it would not keep sweet in our canoe under the blazing heat, and we could only trust to the chance of getting it an hour or so before we needed it. But, when we were lucky enough to get it, how delicious were those messes of boiled bread and milk; meat, too, was hard to come at, except at certain hours. The butchers in the small towns open their shops at certain times only. Not one of them would ever trouble himself to supply us with merely a pound of meat, and more would not, of course, keep fresh.

We were drawing near Vienna now, but first we passed through another fine gorge. It began at Grein (where the Duke of Coburg's castle, Greinburg, looks down from the heights) and before we emerged breathless at the other end we had come through the famous whirlpools known as the Wirbel and Strudel. The river, narrowed by half its width, plunged with many contortions round sharp corners between high cliffs and past the island rock of Wörth. Rising in long, heaving undulations the water was alive with whirlpools, twisting and sucking and throwing us here and there, gushing up underneath us with ugly noises and seething on every side. There was no foam, no crests, no waves or spray; it was like a monstrous snake trying to writhe through a hole too small for it. The shore raced by at top speed, and steering was uncomfortable for a time. In former years these whirlpools were a source of great danger to the navigation; but in 1866 the Emperor had certain rocks blown up and now an inscription on the face of the cliff testifies to the thanks of a grateful people. The traveler in a big steamer might think this inscription exaggerated. He would not think so in a canoe.

It is impossible to mention, as one would like, all the abbeys, churches, monasteries, ruins, islands and other points of historic interest that throng the banks. The scenery is enchanting as well as enchanted. There were some interesting castles in these mountains, and grim they still look even in their ruins. Aggstein rose in solitary grandeur on a peak that commanded miles of the Danube in both directions. It was built in the twelfth century by the Kuenings, a robber race which stretched chains across the river, plundered the traffic and drowned the owners. We could still see the Blausch Tower from which the sentinel announced the approach of boats. Its was a plundering, murdering family, and was finally destroyed by the great Ulrich von Grafeneck.

Before Ybbs (the Roman Pons Isidis) we saw the wonderful ruins of Dürrenstein where Richard Cœur de Lion was imprisoned. Here, on the very spot, it was interesting to recall how he was recognized when walking through the fields at Erdberg (since merged in Vienna), captured and handed over to his enemy, Duke Leopold of Austria, who intrusted him in turn to the keeping of the Kuenings. They kept him for fifteen months (1193) in the great castle of Dürrenstein beneath whose grim walls we passed in our canoe. In Austria the story is implicitly believed, whatever we may think of it in England.

The following day we saw the blue hills of the Wiener Wald rising behind Vienna, and before long we were obliged to don our best clothes, and send a porter down from our hotel to fetch the luggage from the bathing house, where the canoe lay below the Reichsbrücke.

We did not stay long in Vienna. Rooms in July seem stuffy after a tent, and a fly-spotted ceiling is a poor substitute for the stars.

The canoe was packed full of provisions ready to start when our first accident occurred. The river had risen a couple of feet and was very swift. My friend had just taken off his shoes and placed them on the top of the other luggage. Several of the crowd, in their misguided fashion, were trying to help us, when I stepped into the little space vacant for me in the stern. How it happened no one knew; some one let go too soon, and she was instantly swept out sideways into the current. The next second I was dropped out nearly into 5ft. of water, and the canoe, settling till only the tops of the luggage remained in sight, went full tilt down stream. There were 50yds. of clear water, and then came a row of barges tied 10ft. from the shore and leaving an inner channel. Into this the canoe luckily was swept; had she careered off into midstream probably we should never have seen her again. With boat hooks and poles we ran along the banks to catch her before she banged into the barges. My friend ran in his socks. The hotel porter, the bath house man and a dozen idlers all followed shouting different things at once. But the canoe and the mad current had the start of us. Crash! with a sound of rending splintering wood she banged into the nearest barge and turned completely over. A few seconds later the various articles appeared on the surface again, and there began a sort of obstacle race that might have been highly comical had it not been so serious. Our beds with the cork mattresses floated high out of the water. Jumbo (a huge kit bag holding our wardrobe) came next, up to his neck. A smaller waterproof bag, tied at the neck and holding bread and cameras, followed, spinning merrily. The provision basket (filled with the morning's careful shopping and some tea just arrived from England) showed only its nose above the surface. Coats, hats, socks, maps, tent poles and tent followed in motley array at the end of an idiotic-looking procession. Every time an article banged into a barge it went under for a few seconds, and meanwhile the canoe was crashing on among ropes and poles in the van. The heavy articles defied our efforts, and Jumbo pulled one man bodily into the water when he tried to drag it ashore.

In the end, however most of the things were saved. The men caught the canoe as she spun past a barge and held her till help came. All the articles, too, were fished out except those that would not float. Thus, we lost our lantern, the prop of the kettle, a pair of my friend's shoes, an odd one of mine, the ridge pole of the tent and my town hat and coat. It was wonderfully little. The bows of the canoe, however, were completely smashed in; and to make it worse, the rain suddenly came down in torrents and a cold wind blew from the north.

Then a carpenter appeared on the scene and said he could mend the canoe and make a new tent pole. The people of the bath house took our things in to dry, while we jumped into a closed carriage and drove back into Vienna my friend with no shoes on his feet, and I without a hat on my head. Yet, such was our good luck, that three hours later we were spinning down the river in the mended canoe; the sun was shining brightly, our things were dried, we had a new tent pole, Vienna was out of

sight below the horizon—and when we landed for camp the place was so lonely that, on climbing the bank, I looked straight into the eyes of a great stag with branching antlers.

For two days at racing speed we journeyed through wild and lonely country toward the frontiers of Hungary. The river was like a wide lake—no houses, no boats, no token of man except the daily steamer between Vienna and Budapest. We passed signs of Roman days and Turkish occupancy strangely mingled; Carnuntum, where Marcus Aurelius is said to have written much of his philosophy; Theben on a spur of the little Carpathians, with its rock-perched fortress destroyed by the Turks in 1683, when they swept on to besiege Vienna, and again by the French in 1809. At its very feet the March (the boundary between Austria and Hungary) comes sedately in, and the Danube received a new impetus as we passed below its shadow and into Hungary at last.

The Germans had been kind in a negative fashion, the Bavarians courteous, the Austrians obliging; but the hospitality of the Hungarians was positively aggressive. "Nothing is too much," they used to declare when we expostulated with them on the overwhelming nature of their attentions, "nothing is too good for Englishmen. Everybody will tell you the same in Hungary." Kossuth was the magical word, and hatred of the Austrians the keynote of their emotions. We blessed the generation that had welcomed him in exile and went on our way rejoicing. The crowds no longer stood gaping; they helped without being asked. When we landed for provisions they ran down to hold the canoe, while others went into the village to make our purchases more cheaply for us. Even their questions were intelligent. German is of uncertain value here, and we had carefully learned the Magyar words for the articles we most needed. "Now you begin to learn Magyar when it is too late," laughed the woman in a Pressburg shop where we bought milk and eggs and bacon; "but it's no matter; you can't starve in Hungary." The Hungarian name of the town is Pozsony. It was formerly the capital, where the kings of the Hapsburg race were crowned. Below it the Danube branches into three arms, one of which makes a circuit of fifty miles and comes in again at Komorn. The main river is a couple of miles wide and full of islands, separated by rapids and falls. An officer assured us that we should get lost for days together unless we carefully kept to the main channel. The country is utterly deserted, save for the little black landing stages of the steamers that appear every twenty miles or so, the villages lying far back and protected by high earthen banks. The loneliness and desolation of these vast reaches of turbulent river and low willow-clad islands were impressive; in flood time it must be grand.

The water escaped into so many side channels and lagoons that the depth of the river was most variable. Gray shingle beds appeared often in midstream, and over and over again we were swept into them before we could cross to deeper water. It was difficult to distinguish them in time from the muddy, foam-streaked river, until we learned that the cormorants invariably used them for fishing grounds; and then we took the black bodies in the distance as warning signals that saved us much dangerous wading. The velocity of the stream is so great that one almost expects to see the islands swept bodily away. Big gray hawks circled ever over head and gray crows by the thousand lined the shores. That evening, after crossing and recrossing the river, we found a sheltered camp on a sandy island where pollards and willows roared in the wind. As if to show the loneliness of the spot an otter, rolling over and over among the eddies, swam past us as we landed. About sunset the clouds broke up momentarily and let out a flood of crimson light all over the wild country. Against the gorgeous red sky a stream of dark clouds, in all shapes and kinds, hurried over the Carpathian mountains, and when we went to bed a full moon cast the queerest shadows through the tossing branches. We dined—prosaic detail!—off tongue, onion potatoes, tea, and dried prunes which we stewed and ate with quantities of beet root sugar.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

- Feb. 18-20.—St. Edward, Neb.—St. Edward Gun Club's annual tournament.
- Feb. 22.—Louisville, Ky.—Jefferson County Gun Club's tournament.
- Feb. 22.—Akron, O.—Team shoot of Akron Gun Club.
- Feb. 22.—Albany, N. Y.—West End Gun Club's bluerock tournament. H. H. Valentine, Sec'y.
- Feb. 22.—Brooklyn, L. I.—Handicap cup shoot of the Fulton Gun Club.
- Feb. 22.—Armonk, N. Y.—First shooting tournament of the Westchester County Shooting League. H. T. Wayne, Secretary Armonk Gun Club.
- Feb. 22.—Lynn, Mass.—All-day shoot of the Birch Brook Gun Club. J. C. Hamley, President; J. W. Hay and C. F. Lambert, Managing Committee.
- Feb. 22.—Carlstadt, N. J.—Second match of series between Fairview and Carlstadt gun clubs.
- March 6.—Omaha, Neb.—Contest at 100 live birds for Hazard trophy between C. W. Budd, holder, and Russell Klein, challenger, at 2 P. M.
- March 8.—Carlstadt, N. J.—Invitation shoot of the Carlstadt Gun Club.
- March 31-April 5.—Blue River Park, Kansas City, Mo.—Grand American Handicap at live birds. Ed Banks, Sec'y, 318 Broadway, New York.
- March 19-21.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Annual Grand Central Handicap tournament; first two days, targets; third day, 25 live birds, \$25 entrance. Bert A. Adams, Sec'y.
- April 8-11.—Olathe, Kan.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament.
- April 15-17.—St. Joseph, Mo.—Missouri State Amateur Shooting Association's annual tournament. F. B. Cunningham, Sec'y.
- April 22-25.—Omaha, Neb.—Nebraska State shoot. H. S. McDonald, Sec'y.
- May 6-9.—Interstate Park, L. I.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap at Targets. Edward Banks, Sec'y; Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.
- May 13-14.—Enid, Oklahoma Territory.—Oklahoma Territorial Sportsmen's Association tournament.
- May 13-16.—Oil City, Pa.—Annual meeting of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. F. S. Bates, Cor. Sec'y.
- May 14-16.—Charleston, S. C.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Charleston-Palmetto Gun Club. W. G. Jeffords, Jr., Sec'y.
- May 20-22.—Ottumwa, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's tournament.
- May 20-22.—Elwood, Ind.—Annual tournament of the Zoo Rod and Gun Club of Elwood, Ind.
- May 20-22.—Wheeling, W. Va.—Fifth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association; added money and prizes. John B. Garden, Sec'y, Wheeling, W. Va.

May 21-23.—Springfield, S. D.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association tournament.

May 30.—Schenectady, N. Y.—Spring tournament of the Schenectady Gun Club. E. L. Aiken, Sec'y.

May 30-31.—Union City, Ind.—Spring tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club. O. E. Fouts, Sec'y.

June 3-5.—Cleveland, O.—Tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League, under the auspices of the Cleveland Gun Co.

June 4-6.—Memphis, Tenn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Memphis Gun Club.

June 9-13.—Rochester, N. Y.—Forty-fourth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game.

June 10-11.—Muncie, Ind.—Indiana Trapshooters' League's annual tournament.

June 17-20.—Warm Springs, Ga.—Annual Interstate tournament.

June 18-19.—Bellefontaine, O.—Silver Lake Gun Club's annual tournament. Geo. E. Maison, Sec'y.

June 25-26.—Raleigh, N. C.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Raleigh Gun Club. Jas. I. Johnson, Sec'y.

July 16-18.—Titusville, Pa.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Titusville Gun Club. T. L. Andrews, Sec'y.

Aug. 13-14.—Brunswick, Me.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Brunswick Gun Club. L. C. Whitmore, Sec'y.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot, every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Birch Brook Gun Club, of Lynn, Mass., announces an all-day shoot on its grounds in that city on Feb. 22. There are thirteen events on the programme, 175 targets in all. Entrance fees \$1 and \$1.25, a total of \$15.25. Events 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 12 and 13, 15 targets each, will be shot from the 16yd. mark; 6 and 11 at 5 pairs from 14yds.; 7, 8, 9 and 10, total of 50 targets, distance handicap, 11 to 24yds. The contestant scoring highest in prize events will receive a sole leather gun case; second, Thurman shooting blouse; third, Powers cleaning rod. High guns to win. Open to all. Moneys in sweepstakes will be divided according to Rose system, as follows: Twelve entries or under, 5, 3 and 2. Over twelve entries, 4, 3, 2 and 1. Price of targets, 1½ cents, included in entrance. Lunch served free of charge on grounds. Sweepstakes optional. Loaded shells for sale. Take Lowell cars, leaving Central Square, Lynn, at 8:07 and every thirty minutes for Elm street, Lynn. Time permitting, extra events will be arranged. W. Hay and C. F. Lambert, managing committee. J. C. Hamley, president.

The annual meeting of the New Utrecht Gun Club was held on Thursday evening, Feb. 6, at the Clarendon Hotel, Brooklyn, N. Y. The attendance of members was not as large as might be expected, considering that the books of the club show a record of eighty-nine members in good standing. The treasurer's report showed that there was a considerable deficit in the club's funds owing to the heavy expenses the club had incurred in connection with the New York State shoot last September, the programme of which was remarkably generous in the amount of cash added to the purses and number of valuable prizes purchased out of the club's funds for competition in the popular merchandise event. To wipe out the above deficit a pro rata assessment on each member in the sum of \$5 was authorized. The retiring officers were all re-elected to office for the ensuing twelve months. The club officials are therefore Walter F. Sykes, President and Treasurer; A. A. Hegeman, Vice-President; H. J. Keveny, Secretary.

Certain members of the Memphis, Tenn., Gun Club are making all necessary preparations with a view to having the Interstate Association's visit to Memphis, June 4-6 next, an unqualified success in the target shooting line. The club will throw targets at 2 cents each, and will add \$120 in cash per day to the purses, making a total of \$360 for three days. Of course none but amateurs will be entitled to compete for any portion of the regular purses, but the Memphis Gun Club also will give consideration to manufacturers' agents, for whom the club will hang up \$100, to be competed for in three general average prizes of \$50, \$30 and \$20, respectively. The programme will call for \$205 targets each day, seven events at 15 targets each, and five at 20 targets. Such are the present intentions of the Memphis Club's officials, but it is also quite possible that a five-man State team race will be arranged for the second or third day. An event of that nature would certainly prove a decided attraction.

The press dispatches of Feb. 6, concerning the efforts of the anti-pigeon shooting interests now in action at the New York State Capitol, are substantially as follows: "The Slater anti-pigeon shooting bill was reported favorably in the Senate to-day. Mr. McCarren, a member of the Judiciary Committee, who was unavoidably absent from the hearing, asked that the measure be committed in order that an amendment might be made. The amendment proposed is that pigeon shooting may be indulged in by members of clubs licensed by State Forest, Fish and Game Commission. Senator Slater opposed the proposition to recommit the bill, and declared he could amend the bill just as well in the committee of the whole. Senator McCarren insisted on a motion to recommit, whereat Mr. Slater asked a call of the Senate. The motion to recommit was lost by a vote of yeas 24, yeas 20."

The Westchester County Shooting League announces its first tournament, to be held on Feb. 22, commencing at 10 o'clock sharp. It will be supported by clubs as follows: Mount Kisco, Ossining, Pleasantville, White Plains and Armonk gun clubs. Loaded shells for sale on the grounds. Dinner, 50 cents. The officers of the League are: President, G. E. Sutton, Mt. Kisco; Secretary, Curry J. Barlow, Ossining; Treasurer, J. Carpenter, Kensico. There are twelve events on the programme, 160 targets, \$11.50 entrance for the day. To reach Armonk take Harlem R. R. to Kensico, where a stage will meet the 8:15 and 11:30 A. M. trains and take shooters to the grounds.

From an eminent and authoritative source whose center is Kansas City, we have received the following "word regarding the Handicap": "There is hardly a day passes but we receive a report from some section or town where they are getting up a Grand American Handicap party. A couple of the boys, just back from the Brenham and Waco shoots, say the Texas boys will be here about forty strong; they are getting up a special for the occasion. In fact, all through the South the enthusiasm is unbounded. They are anxious to meet their Eastern brethren at the trap, whom they have so far only met in print."

At a meeting of the Keystone Shooting League, of Philadelphia, on Saturday of last week, Messrs. Walter Sterling and H. L. David were elected to fill the vacancies on the board of governors caused by the resignation of Messrs. J. Anderson Ross and W. N. Stevenson. The matter of refusing the club scores to newspapers was considered, but left in abeyance for future consideration. As there is nothing wrong in pigeon shooting, there is no reason to recognize what others may do against it.

Mr. F. C. Riehl, in "Mississippi Valley Notes," published in our trap columns this week, enumerates twenty-one shooters of St. Louis, who will participate in the Grand American Handicap at Kansas City. Estimates concerning the number of entries, now settle near the 400 figure. It is possible that the managers may yet have to build an annex to the club house and grounds.

Mr. C. W. Budd, of Des Moines, high in the office of the Indians as Chief of the Wampum, has accepted Mr. Russel Klein's challenge to contest for the Hazard trophy. Mr. Budd has named Omaha, Neb., as the place for the match, and March 6 at 2 P. M. as the time for its commencement. Mr. Klein also is an Indian, and is known as Chief Toboggan.

Feb. 22 has been fixed upon as the date for the handicap cup shoot of the Fulton Gun Club. The grounds are reached via King's County "L" to Crescent street station or Douglass street. "Woodhaven" car to Crescent street. Stages are in waiting at the Crescent street station. Targets 1½ cents. There are eight events at 10, 15, 20 and 25 targets, and the special cup event at 50 targets, \$1 entrance. Sweepstakes optional. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock.

A series of target matches has been arranged between the Fairview, N. J., Gun Club, and the Carlstadt, N. J., Gun Club. The first match will take place on Feb. 12, on the grounds of the Fairview Gun Club, the second on the grounds of the Carlstadt Gun Club, the third, if one is necessary, to be determined later as to place of holding it.

Mr. C. F. Lambert, of Lynn, Mass., writes us that the Birch Brook Gun Club, of Lynn, are preparing for at least thirty-five shooters, as all who have ever attended this club's shoots were pleased and eager to attend again. Contestants will have prizes or their equivalent in money.

The Haverhill, Mass., Gun Club is already considering the details of the Interstate Association target shoot, to be held under its auspices later in the season. It is an active, energetic and popular organization, and is noted for its successful tournaments.

Elsewhere in our trap columns the Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, Ind., announces that its annual Grand Central Handicap tournament will be held on March 19 to 21. For programmes address Mr. Bert B. Adams, the secretary, Indianapolis, Ind.

Among the distinguished leaders of the trapshooting world visiting in New York last and this week were Mr. Irby Bennett, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., and Capt. A. W. du Bray and Mr. S. A. Tucker, of Parker Brothers.

On Tuesday of this week, Mr. W. L. Colville (Dick Swiveller), famous both as the representative of the Dupont Powder Co. and as an eminent writer, started on an extensive tour in Pennsylvania in the interests of his company.

The Carlstadt, N. J., Gun Club announces a big invitation shoot to take place on March 8, on the club grounds at Carlstadt. BERNARD WATERS.

A Lost Art.

WHEN have you ever seen anything in the papers about reloading shells? The writer hardly recalls just how long it has been. Even all discussion about the various methods of hand-loading new shells has almost ceased. How fondly we dwell upon the different kinds, number and thicknesses of wads; amount of powder, shot and pressure; just how, and how much to crimp, etc. All this is lost to us.

Each would read carefully the other's statements; feel, if he did not express sorrow for his ignorance or inexperience, and then return to his own best ways. Somewhere beyond careless scrutiny he had a box or closet full of all kinds of reloading tools; to this list every new one must be added, none of the old favorites discarded. There was the old janned brass-headed crimper, the Nye or wheel creaser, and the modern star of the B. G. I. Company's make. Shot measures, powder measures, cappers, decappers, rammers, jammers, ad infinitum. Where are all these cranks? I can't be the only one yet living. I see the implements are still being made and advertised. I also note with pleasure that the above-mentioned company is constantly improving this line of goods. So there must be a generous sale for them somewhere. It has not been so long ago. If living, they need not be so old. I was a thirty-second degree crank, and am not yet married. The fact that they have risen to affluent circumstances or that factory loads are much more convenient and as cheap will not account for his subsidence. The financial feature has nothing to do with it. It is a sentiment, a passion, and I deeply regret its lack of nurture. It will not die, being perennial and springs eternal.

Possibly the old guard in this age of millionaires may be ashamed to acknowledge they are so penurious. Some of their friends may comment on a man who will spend half the night reloading some old shells to save 15 cents. However, it is, I know of but few and hear of none.

There is nothing in the art to be ashamed of. On the contrary, it is a feeling that finds lodgment in the breast of a true sportsman. No one else could harbor it. The practice does not apply that one is pursebound, purse-empty or hidebound; that one is impecunious, stingy or money-loving. The fact that he likes to engage in whatever reminds him of his loved sport, of the beauties of nature; of rambles in field and woods, accounts for it.

I remember being at a trapshooting tournament with L. J. Wade, of Nagadoches, Texas, now, I think with the Peters Company. He had a way of catching the shell as it was ejected from his Winchester. All these he saved, no doubt through force of long-continued habit. It was at Many, Ga., and a ball was given to the visitors that night. Wade is a fine-looking fellow, just in the thirties. Calling at his room early before he should go to the ball, I was surprised to find him, instead of being arrayed, or arraying in white vest and swallowtail, down on his knees assorting over his shells. I asked him what he was doing. His answer was, "Nothing. Don't you know, I just like to fool with these." This is an expression of the true passion. Something to be proud of rather than to be ashamed of.

What one who has this sentiment deeply seated of "just liking to fool" with all the hunter's and shooter's paraphernalia, ever made any money shooting? The writer has wasted dollars where shooters who wouldn't know a crimper from a coffee mill, have shot away cents, and wouldn't shoot a reloaded shell.

I remember in a cross-country trip with Mr. F. M. Faurote, one of the best and most genial shooters before the public to-day, he spoke of a fellow up in Texas who was worth a quarter of a million, yet saved and reloaded his shells. Now, Mr. Faurote thought it was from a desire to save money. He is no doubt a species of the genus now under consideration.

Mr. A. H. Hogue, of Many, is another. He buys fine gun after gun, all the known loading tools, and there not being enough on the market, has made some of his own. Belcher loaders, Hunter loaders, B. G. I. loaders, etc. I have seen him load hundreds of shells for the boys, just for the fun of it. He would sit down by the table, one of his loaders screwed to it, pour out shells, wads, shot, powder and primers; and waste the profit. Then, with a beatific smile, as if in the seventh heaven of delight, he would go to work. He turned out an unequalled article, by the way. His apparatus cost him at least \$100, and he probably shoots 75 cents' worth of ammunition. There's the profit.

Only one in whom this is bred can appreciate what I am trying to tell. Loading new shells by hand, while it partially meets, yet it does not completely meet the heart's desire. The shells carried on a long hunt in the woods become a sort of companion. On the wad, and frequently on the sides are all sorts of hieroglyphics, almost requiring a Rosetta stone to decipher if a translation is sought by other than from the shooter. To him it is plain. Here is a light load of 2½drs. and 10z. No. 9s for a possible snipe; another with 10s for woodcock; one with 6s for the large fox squirrel; a few 3½drs. and No. 2s for a possible turkey, as he crones the old pine windfall; an occasional deer is seen among the holly shrubs, so in goes a load or two of blue whistlers.

On various trips each of these fills the expectation of, or disappoints the shooter in performance of their various missions. As he removes them from the stained old coat, carefully brushes away the adhering feathers, straightens out the throat and smooths over the outside, his memory dwells complacently on his pleasant outing. It is all gone over again, as he decaps and recaps the old standbys.

"This one, I know it by that mark on the side, must have been poorly loaded. I held dead on that snipe as he went straight away. I was afraid this one with the flaw in the crimp would fail, but it was the second of as fine a double shot as I ever made."

So on it goes till he regrets parting with them as he would with old friends. In truth, I still have some used in my boyhood, and shall always keep them. Now, as a fact, I shoot shells loaded by the manufacturers. Yet I still cannot help experimenting on the lines suggested just to be fooling. I had some Ideal shells heavily loaded for trap. This fall I extracted those loads and reloaded for game; just a comparatively small number of course, I have shells now which I have loaded three times, and the shells have never yet had the

original primer fired. Why is it? I do not know. It is an unexplainable passion. I just must sit down and get out all those tools and go to loading, "just as Coleridge's butcher must get up and go a-killing." Half may never be used; probably will not be; that is neither here nor there. The only way to prevent the loading is to enact a law prohibiting it, and then arrest and jail me in advance.

I think if you should call at my bachelor quarters I could show more guns, pistols, revolvers, etc., than you would see outside a store, and many more than some retail stores. Why is it I waste all this money? Don't know. If you ask the question, and it comes prompted by the feelings of your heart, I can't explain to you. One who is not prompted to ask the question will understand without explanation. He is one of the few elect. A member of the best circle on this earth, a true nobleman or sportsman.

I have twenty-one different styles of revolvers and pistols, all modern and thirteen rifles; beside the guns mentioned above, eleven old-time guns. Why, to save money, of course. Shut up! Don't ask any more fool questions.

Now, as to the practice of the art referred to, I shall say nothing now, but may later. I wish to finish this article with something that may be of value to its devotee, and of some interest to shooters in general. To satisfy my own curiosity, I experimented with a large number of the different makes of shells to test their wearing quality. I loaded each with the same load and fired from the same gun chamber. All were the same length. The new Club and Rival (old styles of each) broke off at fourth shot; the Leader and Smokeless at the fifth; also the Green Trap, Winchester. The U. M. C. Green lasted seven shots; the nitro Club four shots; Repeater five shots; the Ideal eight shots; the new Victor ten.

The Ideal held out longer than the Trap because it has thicker paper. All the above shells burned off just where the metallic base stops on outside shell, caused, I presume, by the unequal heating of the two materials. The secret of the long resistance of the Victor is the inside non-metallic support. This reaches up above the metal base on the outside. All these shells would crimp beautifully up to the third time; then began divergence. None would take a square crimp after first firing.

Here, then, to the country boy, farmer and reloader of shells generally is your combination. Buy twenty-five new shells, a box of primers and reloading tools, and you are fixed, if economy is your object.

And this, it seems to me, might be laudably encouraged. A shell is undoubtedly as good second shot as at first, and almost at the third firing.

The wealthy shooter and the one who apes his demeanor may be overlooked; the one because he can afford it; the other because he is a fool. The paid trapshooter must of course throw his away, because the company wishes to destroy shells; yet I think they would sell more if shooting were made cheaper, as a greater number will take part. Yet if you feel like saying your shells do so from this standpoint alone.

I see colored boys here who save coppers until enough are accumulated to buy a box of black powder shells, invest with all the abandon of a skilled roué, throw away the empty as a Vanderbilt would toss the stump of a Havana. So you will not at least be in this class. Some of these fellows who are now so lavish when boys put a little shot in a peppermint bottle, some powder in another peppermint bottle, five or six caps in a salve box, spent hours hunting up old hornet nests for wadding, then with an old \$3 muzzleloader, with a barrel as long as a stove poker, they went forth to kick and be kicked. One of the shells they now shoot with such apparent éclat would make a day's hunt then. Well, they are all good fellows; so is any one who likes to shoot and hunt and fool with guns and walk in the woods just because he likes to do so.

ROBELINE, La.

J. F. WELCH.

American Shooting.

WHILE we are quite willing to admit that our American cousins are excellent performers with the shotgun, that so far as skill in game shooting goes they have little to learn from us, we are scarcely prepared to admit that the American sporting newspapers are justified in pointing so exultingly to the result of the Anglo-American clay bird shooting contest here last summer as having demonstrated beyond doubt the superior skill of Americans as regards shotgun marksmanship. Those who witnessed the match at Hendon in June last were under the impression that they were spectators of a trial of skill with the gun between two amateur teams. The English team was known to be entirely an amateur team of sportsmen, who had gone into the contest purely as a sporting event that they scarcely expected to win. They expected to meet a team of American sportsmen solely, to the entire exclusion of the professional element, and on that footing, we understand, expressed or implied, the money was staked and the match entered into. But almost every man in the American team, it would now appear, was a recognized professional shot in the United States.

By the term "professional," according to the rules of the I. B. S. A., is meant a competitor who shoots or has shot in public for a livelihood. The majority of the American team were such professionals, we find, from the review of trapshooting in America for 1901, appearing in the American Sporting Life. The two names appearing at the top of the list, for instance, ranking first and second among the professional shots of the year, are Fred Gilbert and W. R. Crosby, both of whom shot at Hendon in the American team. The team, in short, was not composed of amateurs, but of professional shots, who would, by our English rules, have been precluded from entering to compete here in any club contest. This, as any reader of American sporting newspapers must see, compels a considerable discount from their victory, and deprives it of the character of the result of an international struggle on fair terms. This is a feature of the Anglo-American match that we do not think has hitherto been brought to light, and it leads us to deny the American claim to superiority in the skilled use of the shotgun. In any match of the kind that may hereafter be arranged, the first condition should be a stipulation for the exclusion of professional shots.—The Country Gentleman.

[We are under the impression that some members of the English team were professionals, and that the members of it knew that they were meeting professionals.]

WESTERN TRAPS.

Kansas City—Ho!

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 8.—Special train for the Grand American Handicap. I desire to announce through the columns of your paper, thus early, that I have arranged for a special train to Kansas City, leaving Chicago, Sunday, March 30, via C., B. & Q. This train is due to leave the passenger station of the Burlington Road, Adams and Canal streets, at 8 A. M., calling at Aurora, 9 A. M.; Mendota, 9:55; Galva, 11:15; Galesburg, 11:55; Bushnell, 12:35 P. M.; Quincy, 2:30, and due to arrive at Kansas City at 9:30 P. M.

This train will accommodate passengers from Decatur, Knoxville, New Boston, Tampico, Jacksonville, McHenry, Rock Island, Keithsburg, Neponset, Rockford, Danville, Springfield, Peoria, Ill., and Dubuque, Ia. Arrangements have been made for chair cars, buffet and dinings cars, one fare for the round trip.

I shall be pleased to reserve space, provide tickets and supply any further information required.

E. L. RICE.

Garden City Gun Club.

Burnside Crossing, Ill., Feb. 8.—At Watson's Park to-day the Garden City Gun Club held a club shoot, which was markedly well attended. The main event had a handicap allowance. Following are the scores:

Roll, O.	2121221221*02222	13
Rust, 2.	112*202112*200112	12
Weber, 1.	1212212122001221	14
O'Brien, O.	21212201211*222	13
Mack, 2.	2012220111102110	13
Alabaster, O.	220211220111122	13
Young, 1.	2222102210201112	13
Kleinman, O.	11202*12111011	12
E S Rice, 1.	2120120220122022	12
Robertson, 2.	1021020001010101	8
Sawyer, 2.	1120222112110*12	14
Oliphant, 2.	0111010012011212	12
Ratto, O.	110010211220222	11
Lord, O.	100222011122212	12
Gillis, 1.	122220112202020	12
Miller, O.	1022*2211220101	11
Shellenberger, 2.	022101111201221	13
Daly, 2.	22222*22201122222	15
Steck, O.	2*112*12221102	12
Amberg, O.	20222200*20122	10

The Late Charles Parker.

IN last week's issue of FOREST AND STREAM there was published a brief mention of the death of Charles Parker. Since then we have received a copy of the Meriden Journal of Jan. 31, which contains a brief biography of his career, substantially as follows:

The funeral of ex-Mayor Charles Parker, who died at 1:15 o'clock Jan. 31, at the advanced age of ninety-three years will be held Sunday afternoon. There will be prayer at the house at 1:45, and the regular service at the First M. E. Church at 2:30.

While the details of the obsequies were not fully completed this afternoon, it was announced that an opportunity would be given to all who wished to view the remains at the church at the conclusion of the services.

Notwithstanding his age, Mr. Parker had been in fairly good health until recently, and therefore his death was a surprise and shock.

Early last evening he began to fail, and at 8 o'clock his temperature was 108. Dr. Smith then thought he would not last an hour, but Mr. Parker's wonderful vitality, which on former occasions had pulled him through severe attacks, again manifested itself, and he lingered until 1:15 o'clock, when he died in the arms of his daughter, Mrs. W. H. Lyon. Death was attributed to nephritis, or inflammation of the kidneys.

Three weeks ago he caught cold and suffered from a grip attack. He was gradually recovering, and had almost rallied from the ailment when stricken yesterday.

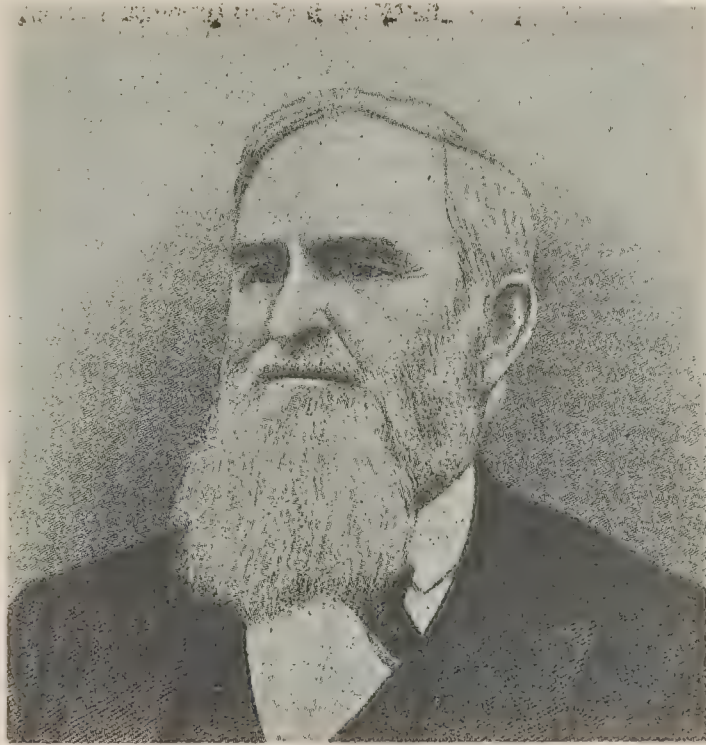
Mr. Parker retained his full mental faculties until a few hours before his death. He was always of a cheerful disposition, and never complained or was a burden in any way to the family. His death will be mourned with sincere sorrow.

All the factories of the Charles Parker Company were closed to-day and will remain closed until Monday, owing to the death.

While a member of St. Elmo Commandery, Knights Templar, the members of the commandery will not turn out in a body and hold Masonic services at the grave, as customary. This is at the request of the departed.

The following sketch of Mr. Parker is taken from Dr. Davis' "History of Meriden and Wallingford":

Charles Parker, son of Stephen and Rebecca Parker, was born in Cheshire, Conn., Jan. 2, 1809. When nine years of age he was placed with a farmer by the name of Porter Cook, where he remained until he was fourteen. He continued on a farm until he



CHARLES PARKER.

was eighteen, when he went to work in Southington, casting buttons for Anson Matthews. He remained there one year and then removed to Naugatuck, then a part of Waterbury, where he worked for Horace and Harry Smith about six months.

In August, 1828, Mr. Parker came to Meriden and hired out to Patrick Lewis making coffee mills. In December, 1829, he went into business for himself with a capital of \$70, taking a contract from Lewis & Holt for thirteen months to manufacture coffee mills. His shop stood nearly opposite his present residence. During the thirteen months Mr. Parker cleared \$1,300. He then took in as a partner, Jared Lewis, and took another contract from Lewis & Holt to manufacture coffee mills, lades and skimmers.

In January, 1831, he sold out to Jared Lewis and bought an acre of ground lying west of his present residence. On this ground was an old brown house, and Mr. Parker paid for the house and ground \$650. On the back of this lot he built a shop, which was finished in the spring of 1832, in which he manufactured coffee mills and waffle irons. Mr. Parker then went to market his own goods.

In November, 1833, Lewis & Holt failed, thus leaving the whole market in Mr. Parker's hands. In 1833 he associated with his brother Edmund, and Heman White, and carried on business until 1835, when Edmund Parker was sent to Montgomery, Ala., with clocks and dry goods. In 1836 he returned, and Mr. White went to Montgomery with dry goods, which sold readily.

In October, 1837, he made a second trip to Alabama with a large stock of dry goods; but the hard times came on and he lost heavily, much embarrassing the firm of Parker & White, who did not fully recover from their embarrassment for over six years. They were often advised by their friends to fail, but did not, and paid all debts in full with interest.

During this time Edmund Parker sold out his interest to Mr. White, and in 1843 the partnership was dissolved, Mr. White going South, where he soon failed. He came back to Meriden and hired out to Mr. Parker for \$100 a month.

Mr. Parker's business steadily increased, and in 1844 he added largely to his buildings, putting in steam power, having previously used horse power. He was the first to manufacture plated spoons and forks, and the first to plate hollow ware in Meriden.

At the age of thirty-one Mr. Parker experienced religion, and after two years united with the Methodist Church. He gave the Methodists the lot on Broad street on which their first church was built, and also gave three-quarters of what the building cost; and he and his brother John jointly contributed between \$30,000 and \$40,000 toward the erection of the present Methodist Church. His liberality was great, but unostentatious; and whenever he conferred a favor he endeavored to conceal it from the world. Mr. Parker always refused to accept office, though often urged to do so, until Meriden was incorporated a city, when he was elected mayor, which office he held two years.

Mr. Parker married on Oct. 6, 1831, Miss Abi Lewis Eddy, of Berlin, and had ten children. The youngest son, Dexter Wright Parker, was graduated at West Point in the spring of 1870, he being then in his twenty-first year.

In 1877 the several industries which Mr. Parker controlled were to a certain extent combined and the Charles Parker Company or corporation formed, so that Mr. Parker might be relieved of some of the arduous duties. Beside the main Parker plant between Elm and High streets, other concerns in which he was the principal owner and which are controlled by the Parker interests are: Parker Bros., manufacturers of the celebrated Parker gun; the Meriden Curtain Fixture Company, the largest manufacturer of shade rollers, curtains and fringes that there is in the United States; the Parker Clock Company, with factory situated about two miles west of the railroad depot. The Parker Company has manufactories at East Meriden for making cabinet locks, tea, table and basting spoons, and at Yalesville for making piano stools; coffee mills and packing boxes.

For the past few years the burden of management of the diverse industries has rested on William H. Lyon, Mr. Parker's son-in-law, under whose able direction the plant in all departments has been most prosperous.

Mr. Parker became connected with Harmony Lodge, No. 20, F. and A. M., of New Britain, Dec. 11, 1848, and later became a charter member of Meridian Lodge and its first treasurer. He was exalted in Keystone Chapter No. 27, Feb. 21, 1871, and knighted in St. Elmo Commandery Nov. 9, May 27, 1871.

Mr. Parker's surviving children are Dexter W. Parker and Mrs.

W. H. Lyon. The grandchildren are Miss Elsie Lyon, Mrs. J. F. Allen, Alderman Wilbur F. and L. C. Parker, and Charles P. Breese.

Mr. Parker's success in life was owing to strict economy and close application to business; he often working fifteen hours a day, attending to his large correspondence evenings. He was distinguished for good sense, great industry, method in business and punctuality in all his engagements. He was the ideal business man in his younger days, and for many years after others of less energetic character would have given up all business affairs, he kept in thorough touch with the many lines in which the immense Parker company was engaged. In his death Meriden loses its most distinguished citizen.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Van Allen's Shoot.

Interstate Park, L. I., Feb. 5.—There was a rallying from afar to the shoot of Mr. S. M. Van Allen, held at Interstate Park to-day. There were visitors from Rhode Island and Pennsylvania, and New Jersey was strongly represented. It was a good day for the birds; that is to say, it was hard shooting. There was a stiff 7 o'clock wind, full of a sharp coldness, which accelerated the flight of the birds and chilled the fingers of the contestants. The ground was covered with snow, whose glistening white surface added a further difficulty to accurate work with the gun.

The main event was well contested. The handicaps in it were none of the easiest, the 33yd. mark being scratch, a rather unusual distance as to length, as more than 32yds. is seldom used. But the first price was tempting, it being no less than gold in the form of \$75, a tempting morsel of wealth, all the more attractive since all the entrance moneys were divided. The conditions were 20 live birds, \$10 entrance, birds extra, high guns, handicaps 28 to 33yds.

Before the main event three preliminary events were shot, namely: A miss-and-out at 28yds., \$2 entrance; a miss-and-out at 30yds., \$3 entrance; an event at 7 birds, \$5 entrance, 26 to 31yds. handicap, two moneys, class shooting. The scores in the preliminaries follow:

No. 1, miss-and-out, 28yds.: Piercy 10, D. S. D. 10, Le Roy 9, Van Allen 8, Hopkins 8, Schoverling 5, Morley 1.

No. 2, miss-and-out, 30yds.: Morley 7, Van Allen 7, Schoverling 7, Piercy 5, Le Roy 3, D. S. D. 1, Hopkins 0.

No. 3, handicap, 7 pigeons, two moneys, class shooting:

D S D, 29.....211111-7 Bissett, 29.....221222-7
Morley, 31.....222221-7 Morris, 29.....222222-7
Piercy, 30.....222121-7 Van Allen, 31.....222012-6
Hopkins, 29.....121122-7 Le Roy, 30.....222202-6

Extra, miss-and-out, 30yds.: Annie Oakley 5, Bissett 4, Steffens 4, Butch 4, Buzby 4, Kroeger 3, Schoverling 3, Morris 2, Herbert 2, D. S. D. 1, Clark 1, Koegel 1, Dupont 1, Belloff 1, Piercy, Banks, Capt. Money and Fanning missed first birds.

In the 20-bird event there were twenty-six entries, and of these, some shot for birds only. Besides the first prize, there were six other prizes, which went to the high guns in order and value, as follows: \$28.50, \$19, \$14.25, \$12.35, \$11.40, and \$9.50. Mr. F. C. Bissett annexed the golden prize on a straight score, the only one made in this event. Messrs. S. M. Van Allen and A. A. Schoverling killed 19 each, which was a 95 per cent. gait, and a good performance. The scores:

Van Allen, 33.....222220222222222222-19
Le Roy, 32.....022222002222222222-16
Piercy, 31.....202022201220112122-16
D S D, 29.....101212*001122121222-16
Dutch, 29.....2022*122122202202202-15
Schoverling, 28.....222220222222222222-19
Bissett, 30.....221122122222222222-20
Morris, 31.....222202020222222222-15
Stevens, 32.....202222222222222222-18
Dick Swiveller, 28.....21110011202220*01110-13
Hopkins, 30.....222222*22022210*112-16
Ranks, 30.....22222012221*01*1022-15
Koegel, 32.....2222201222*01200122-15
Morley, 33.....222220222220222222-18
Annie Oakley, 28.....2022112112212202020-16
Fanning, 33.....02012222222222222201-16
Herbert, 29.....2110110021221122022-16
Clarke, 28.....202012122120111222-17
Capt Money, 31.....2022202101222112120-15
Voelker, 28.....0222212110110201211-16
Mohrman, 28.....2202220122210202202-15
O'Rourke, 28.....1222112021111211012-18
Belloff, 30.....20002211212022220021-14
Steffens, 31.....21221200221111222222-18
Glover, 33.....222222222222020222*2-17
E Leek, 30.....01122122202202202010-15

An extra event at 10 live birds, six high guns, was shot, and in it Messrs. S. Glover and H. Koegel were the only ones who scored straight. The scores:

Capt Money.....12121222*2-9 Piercy22202w
Herbert0212020210-6 Le Roy222222220-9
Fanning22012w Stevens022222220w
O'Rourke122120222-5 Bissett210202w
Steffens0211221*2-7 Schoverling022222022-8
Mohrman202202022-7 Swiveler12222121*-9
Hitchcock2111202202-8 Butch2220220w
Clarke1120212120-8 D S D2210*12121-8
Buzby220020202-5 Banks2221002w
Glover2222222222-10 Hopkins122*212121-9
Van Allen2222202222-9 Voelker111*112012-8
Koegel2112222222-10

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Interstate Park, L. I., Feb. 8.—Excellent birds and a strong 7 o'clock wind tried out the skill of the shooters to an unusual degree. In event No. 1 J. P. Brown won, the ties of it being shot off in No. 2. The ties in No. 2 were shot off in No. 3, and J. B. Brown won again. Ties in No. 3 were shot off in No. 4.

No. 1. No. 2. No. 3. No. 4.
F D Creamer, 28.....2211011-6 2111221-7 121*22-5 *221212-6
R W Haf, 28.....1*2211-5 1*01221-5 111212-7 *11212-6
W J Lurgan, 28.....1222012-6 222222-7 212222-7 222222-7
J P Brown, 28.....122220-6 2221221-7 111222-7 2221222-7
C A Ramapo, 28.....111210-6 2011*w 1112121-7 1122221-7
S Van Allen, 30.....2220112-6 *112221-6 1*02*22-4
G B Ritchie, 28..... 121*111-6

Shoot-off of ties in Nos. 3 and 4; Lurgan won:
W J Lurgan.....222222 C A Ramapo.....12220
J P Brown.....2112120

No. 5. No. 6. No. 7.
G B Ritchie, 28.....1121210-6 2201012-5
W J Lurgan, 28.....2222220-6 2222220-6 122222
F D Creamer, 28.....*10121-4 121122
C A Ramapo, 28.....1222212-7 220*w
R W Haf, 28.....2112121-7 1220121-6
R Scott, 30..... 1222120-5

Oceanic Rod and Gun Club.

Rockaway Park, L. I., Feb. 3.—The competition of the Oceanic Rod and Gun Club was favored with pleasant weather. The next shoot will be held on Feb. 16. The scores follow:

Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
Targets: 15 15 15 15 20 20 20 20 20 20 20 15
Mathews 9 10 8 10 9 8 13 15 13 14 6 ..
Jones 6 11 9 6 10 7 7 8 7 9 6 ..
Hughie 5 8 6
Johnson 11 14
Heckey 5
Smith 5 5 5 9
Ernst 7 7 7 9 15 12 6 7
Wilhardt 10 6 11 7 6 8 10 7
Voehringer 3 4 7 9 5 10 ..
Herman 6
Next shoot Feb. 16.

Limited Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Feb. 7.—The Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, Ind., will hold their annual Grand Central handicap tournament on March 19, 20 and 21, 1902.

The first two days will be at targets, and on the last day will be the big pigeon race at 25 birds, \$25 entrance. This leaves a week intervening before the Grand American at Kansas City, thus allowing the Eastern shooters a chance to attend our shoot and to have a week's practice at Kansas City.

Programmes will be forwarded in a few days. Any further information may be obtained from Bert B Adams, Secretary L. G. C.

Boston Gun Club.

Boston, Feb. 5.—Just fifteen real enthusiasts were present at the sixth serial prize shoot of the Boston Gun Club, held on their grounds at Wellington to-day, though a more congenial gathering would be hard to find. One of the welcome visitors was Bullard, of Watertown, who, it was thought, would be unable to attend many shoots for some time to come, owing to having a slight accident to his hand that necessitated the doctor's attention; but the fever struck in, and nothing would do but to be there, even for a short time, and come he did, and only regretted that the injury compelled him to cease shooting before the finish of the events.

Our usual 21yd. shooter being absent, the honors of long-distance shooting fell to the 18-yarders, who in the majority of cases acquitted themselves in the best of style. The honors of the afternoon were ably taken care of by the Brockton representative, "Worthling," easily leading in the prize match with a 21, and averaging high for the thirteen events with 78 per cent. Frank was a good holder of second place in the match with 18, and was second high gun for the afternoon with a small percentage lead over Spencer, who held third position in high guns, but had to give way in the match to Woodruff and Converse with 17. Other scores follow:

Events	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Worthling, 18.....	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Frank, 18.....	9	7	12	9	8	8	8	6	9	8	9	8	9
Woodruff, 18.....	7	8	7	10	6	6	5	11	9	7	8	8	8
Leverett, 16.....	9	7	3	11	6	6	3	7	6
Bullard, 16.....	3	3	6	6	6	3	8	11	8	4	..	3	5
Philbrook, 16.....	3	3	5	5	6
Converse, 16.....	7	4	4	7	8	6	3	6
Williams, 16.....	6	7	4	8	9	5	6	8	6	5	..	7	..
Nichols, 14.....	7	4	2	9	7	2	..	7	..	5
Manitoba, 18.....	2	3	1	1
Spencer, 18.....	7	5	9	5	4	..	3	4
Hawkins, 16.....	6	7	9	6	8	7	7	7
Ford, 16.....	6	4	8	7	8	4
Henry, 16.....	7	6	6	8	4	5	6	7
Fredericks, 14.....	2

Events 2, 3, 4, 7, 8, 12 and 13, magautrap; 1, 5, 6, 9, 10, and 11, Sergeant.

Merchandise match—25 singles—15 magautrap, 10 Sergeant—distance handicap:

Worthling, 18.....	01110111110111	101111111—21
Frank, 18.....	01111111000011	111110110—18
Woodruff, 17.....	11111010011110	101110010—17
Converse, 16.....	11000101110010	111101111—17
Spencer, 18.....	111100010100100	011111111—16
Williams, 16.....	011101109101110	011101101—16
Philbrook, 16.....	000011001011110	111010111—15
Hawkins, 16.....	101100101100011	101110101—15
Ford, 16.....	000000101100011	111010111—14
Manitoba, 18.....	111101101000101	101010010—14
Bullard, 16.....	001001000111100	001010101—11
Leverett, 16.....	000011010101010	101010010—10

Mississippi Valley Notes.

Emil Tonsenberger, of Jerseyville, and Loren Lamb, of McClusky, shot a match at 25 live birds recently, at the latter place, for a stake of \$50. The match was the outgrowth of a friendly rivalry between the shooters of these two thrifty Illinois towns, and although the weather was cold, it brought out a good attendance. The Jerseyville man proved the winner, killing 18 strong birds inside the bounds, while his opponent grassed 16. Each lost 3 dead out of bounds.

Incidental to this match a number of sweepstake events at targets, live birds and sparrows were arranged for the benefit of the crowd, and entries ran from ten to fifteen.

Another match is now being arranged between Fred Chappel, of Newbern, and Brance Dorsett, of Jerseyville, for a stake of \$100.

The Edwardsville Gun Club has promulgated a general challenge for an intercity team with any other club in Illinois outside of Springfield or Chicago. A number of neighboring clubs have already signified their willingness to accept the gauntlet, but no match has yet been arranged.

Scarcity of Pigeons.

Managers of shooting parks throughout the West are already feeling the effect of the demand for live pigeons, owing largely no doubt to the fact that the Grand American Handicap is to be held this year at Kansas City. Aleck Mermod, of Dupont Park, St. Louis, is offering fancy prices for good birds, and is unable to get enough at this, while several gun club secretaries complain that they cannot arrange live-bird shoots on account of the impossibility to get birds.

There is, and has been for several years, a steadily growing demand in the West for pigeons for trapshooting, and if this tendency continues there is going to be money for somebody in raising pigeons for this purpose. There seems to be no doubt that the day of 10, 15 and even 20 cent pigeons is past.

The Kansas State Shoot.

The genial, wholesome Western sportsman, Mayor Frank Hodges, of Olathe, writes, as president of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association, that his people expect to make that the greatest meet of shotgun experts ever brought together in the Sunflower State. They have claimed the week immediately following the Grand American Handicap, and will devote three days to target and one to live-bird shooting. Mr. Hodges states that the business men of Olathe are much enthused over the event, and while he is unable to state positively as yet, he believes that nearly if not quite a thousand dollars will be raised as added money and for the entertainment of the visiting shooters.

The programme will be made up as soon as the item of added money is decided, and as Olathe is but an hour's ride from Kansas City, Mr. Hodges will try to head all the boys from North, East and South who attend that event toward his own bailiwick when the big meet is over.

Excepting State and one or two special events, the programme will be open to all; and all events will be shot on the distance handicap plan, which Mr. Hodges personally guarantees to be as fair as it is possible to make it.

The April Circuit.

The month of April is destined to be an important one in Western shooting matters. Beginning at Kansas City, then follow Olathe, the 8th to 11th; the Missouri State amateur meet at St. Joseph, the 14th to 16th, and the Nebraska State meet at Omaha, the 22d to 25th, making a circuit covering the whole month, with but a few days intervening between tournaments, and only short railroad jumps.

And then, shortly following, in May, come the Missouri and Illinois State meets at Kansas City and Springfield, respectively.

Great Rabbit Shooting.

The unusually heavy snowfall and cold weather in the Mississippi and Missouri valleys has brought into prominence again the old-fashioned sport of rabbit shooting. It somehow takes a snowfall to enthrall one on the idea of rabbit shooting, as in this medium it passes from the category of hard work to that of sport. Within the past three weeks rabbit hunting has been the rage with our shooters, and none are too fastidious to join in the pastime. The names of no less personages than the mayors of St. Louis and Alton have been mentioned in the local prints of late as of those who sought the bunny in his native bush.

Quail Suffering from Cold.

I have had several reliable reports of the discovery of whole coveys of quail found frozen in fence corners during the past week. The weather has been more severe than for some years, and doubtless this, with the succession of snows, has been very hard on the birds. But we are very apt to overestimate a damage of this kind, and I do not think that there is cause, thus far, for serious alarm.

They are Busy at St. Louis.

It has already been said in these columns that the St. Louis shooting fraternity will be well represented in the entry lists for the G. A. H. At an informal canvass of the shooters at Dupont Park this week a partial list was secured in which appear the following names: W. Fred Quimby, Chas. Spencer, Aleck Mermod, H. B. Spencer, John Bowman, Frank Orvis, Fred Fink, Harold Money, Dr. J. M. Simms, C. B. Shaw, Frank White, W. A. Thompson, Dr. H. Cummings, Con. Cummings, Dr. M. Starkloff, W. D. Kenyon, W. E. Nason, John Cabanne, L. D. Cabanne, Blake Collons and E. Prendergast. This is only a partial list, and while

some live outside the city of St. Louis, all hail from the immediate vicinity, and are accredited to this point. Meantime, these are doing some lively practice work at the park, and will be very fit for the fray when the date arrives.

A Hunters' Protective Association.

An association has just been organized in St. Louis, designed, as the name implies, "for the protection of hunters, farmers and fishermen." At a preliminary meeting, held one week ago, a committee was named to formulate a code of suggestions as embracing the general objects of the order, and the report submitted is as follows: "Objects.—To provide a fund for the promotion of just laws regulating the killing of game in the State of Missouri; to protect farmers from trespassing pot-hunters; to regulate the quantity of game that may be killed by any one hunter in the course of a day, and to protect sportsmen from unlawful and blackmailing arrests." The temporary officers are H. C. Tully, Chairman; R. C. Wright, Secretary; E. J. Dients, Treasurer.

The Edwardsville Gun Club has elected Breese Glass, President; Henry D. Harles, Vice-President; Breese Glass, Jr., Secretary; Louis May, Treasurer; John Dotterway, C. F. Cook, John Grigsby, Trustees.

The sportsmen of Mansfield, Mo., have just completed the organization of a thriving new gun club. They will practice on their range every Friday afternoon, for a gold, silver and bronze button, representing A, B, and C classes, respectively.

At Minneapolis, Kans., Feb. 7, H. E. Crawley, of Minneapolis, and Frank York, of Junction City, shot a match for \$50 at 50 live birds, for championship honors. Crawley won easily on a score of 46 to 37. He is the present recognized wing shot champion of the State.

The Call of the Chiefs

(For the Grand American Handicap, 1902.)

Tune: "The Watermelon Season Down in Georgia."

All aboard, ye valiant warriors from the land of setting sun,
And from North and South and West, the Chieftain calls you,
every one;

Bring your quivers filled with arrows and the trusty scatter gun,
There is honor for the brave at Kansas City.

Chorus:

Come on! Don't linger in idle debate;
Forward together, to battle, don't wait!
Heed well the summons, and come not too late—
There are scalp locks ripe and rare at Kansas City.

Bring the shining string of wampum, which to stake upon the fray,
For a trophy to the winners, whom no foe shall gainsay,
For the strongest, bravest warrior who shall face the lists this day,
With a heart to do and dare at Kansas City.

Chorus:

Mark! the Chiefs have pitched their wigwam with the brothers of
the blood,
Who abide in friendly commune by the dark Missouri's flood;
And the manner of their welcome will be truly fair and good;
And the crown of conquest waits at Kansas City.

FRANK C. RIEHL.

Jeannette Gun Club.

ELTINGVILLE, S. I., Feb. 7.—The Jeannette Gun Club had a fine attendance of members at its monthly shoot to-day. Messrs. Loeble, C. Meyer, Greiff, Rolph and Steffens scored straight. The prize winners were determined by shooting off the ties miss-and-out, and the list of them is: First, G. E. Loeble, gold-mounted toilet set; second, G. E. Greiff, silver-mounted toilet set; third, L. H. Schortemeier, gold-mounted mirror; fourth, N. J. Kroeger, silver-mounted toilet set; fifth, J. Hainhorst, Italian vase, hand-painted; sixth, R. Debacher, dress suit case; seventh, J. Mohrman, toilet set; eighth, J. Bohling, Italian vase; ninth, W. P. Rottman, Italian vase.

The birds were a good lot, and there was a fair wind to make them fly. A large crowd was present. The weather was fine. An excellent dinner added to the pleasure of the meeting. The value of prizes was over \$300.

There was a consolation event for those who had failed to win in the main event; and in it were sixteen contestants. In the fifth round only two had straight scores, Messrs. Schmidt and Thysen.

Mr. H. P. Fessenden acted efficiently as referee; Mr. J. H. W. Fleming was skillful and alert as trap attendant; Mr. H. W. Gray was expert as scorer, and Mr. L. H. Schortemeier was accurate cashier.

A miss-and-out for a fishing rod resulted in a victory for J. Vagts in the seventh round.

F Ehlen, 28.....	100100*0*0—1	C Seigrist, 25.....	0000010010—2
R R Debacher, 27.....	0211*22212—3	I Schmidt, 26.....	1010002120—5
N Bunnie, 28.....	1010211112—8	K Kroeger, 29.....	2201222129—9
Job Lott, 31.....	2121222202—9	J Vagts, 27.....	2201100101—6
W Sanders, 28.....	2122202012—8	F Kastens, 29.....	10111*2200—6
J Mohrman, 29.....	2222201020—7	C Meyerdiereks, 29.....	1002212102—7
H Pape, Sr., 28.....	012222002*—6	G Greiff, 31.....	222222222—10
G E Loeble, 31.....	112222222—10	W Rolph, 28.....	2222112211—10
W P Rottman, 27.....	*21222*20—6	C Peters, 27.....	*22210202—7
J Hainhorst, 29.....	*02120111—8	C Steffens, 31.....	122221222—10
Capt Meyer, 26.....	1100122222—8	A Schumacher, 25.....	1012200200—5
J G Bohling, 29.....	2202020202—7	T Tomford, 28.....	1222010100—6
C Meyer, 30.....	2111212121—10	Shipen, 25.....	*100122001—5

Matches for birds only:

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	10	5	5	Targets:	10	5	5
Debacher.....	7	5	3	Hainhorst, 29.....	8	2	2

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., Feb. 8.—To-day the Ossining Gun Club shot for the Brandreth cup, Bedell, the winner of which, carried off with it the clay-bird championship of the club. The shoot was at 100 birds, with very trying weather conditions. A strong wind blew directly across the grounds, so that often the shooters were whirled completely around by the force of it. There were three visitors who shot through the race, Messrs. G. R. Schneider, of Schoverling, Daly & Gales, and Dick Swiveller and B. Leroy Woodard, of Dupont Powder Company. The latter, who has worldwide fame for cutting out high averages, led the pace here with 77 per cent.

The scores, 100 clay birds:

	1st 25.	2d 25.	3d 25.	4th 25.	Total.
W P Hall.....	15	14	14	17	60
D Brandreth.....	13	14	18	11	56
C G Blandford.....	15	18	15	16	64
A Bedell.....	16	19	18	17	70
Leroy.....	13	19	19	21	72
Swiveller.....	11	12	14	15	52
Gee.....	15	13	10	10	48
W Clark.....	7	13	7	13	40
G R Schneider.....	8	13	7	12	40
H W Bissing.....	10	7	2	7	26
I T Washburn.....	15	12	9	15	51
J C Barlow.....	14	9	12	6	41
N Fisher.....	18	14	10	10	52
D Tuttle.....	16	12	6	10	44
N O'Connor.....	7	7	6	5	25
W Coleman.....	19	11	17	13	60
R Kromer, Jr.....	10	11	13	15	49
A Rohr.....	8	6	10	12	36
Peters.....	9	6	w	w	w
E D Garnsey.....	12	w	w	w	w
M H Dyckman.....	15	w	w	w	w

C. G. B.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O., Feb. 1.—The scores made in the third handicap cash prize contest of the Cincinnati Gun Club, held to-day, are appended herewith. The conditions were 50 targets, distance handicap: R. Trimble (20) 44, Ahlers (19) 42, Squier (18) 41, Gambell (18) 40, Osterfeld (18) 40, Block (15) 40, Randall (17) 40, Herman (17) 40, Heyl (19) 38, E. Trimble (18) 36, Phil (20) 36, Tenny (16) 35, Goodman (16) 35, Littleford (15) 34, Peters (18) 34, J. B. (19) 32, Boch (15) 31, Boyd (15) 30, Roll (18) 29, Butts (15) 29, Falk (16) 29, Corry (16) 27, Van Ness (15) 25, Harris (16) 22.

The nineteenth contest for the Peters Arms Co. prize had cold and windy day for its competition. Squier was high, with 41. It was a handicap event. The distance in yards and the score are both given herewith: Harry (16) 21, Squier (18) 41, Ahle (18) 39, Heyl (18) 38, Block (16) 38, Gambell (18) 38, F. Littleford (15) 37, Falk (15) 36, Maynard (18) 35, Boch (16) 35, E. Trimble (18) 35, Osterfeld (18) 33, Michaels (16) 33, Van Ness (15) 33, Corry (15) 31, Ackley (16) 31, Coleman (16) 30, Tenny (17) 29, Herman (16) 27, Butts (15) 27, B., (18) 27, Brown (15) 25, Boy (15) 25, T. F. (16) 21.

Pigeon Shooting Legislation.

OSSINING, N. Y.—Probably by the time this article goes to print the fate of the Slater anti-live-bird shooting bill will have been decided. With the rantings of the yellow journals and the absurd arguments advanced by the S. P. C. A., it will be a wonder if the bill is not passed.

Of all the misdirected and senseless balderdash printed by newspapers, the climax was reached when one of the evening papers Saturday last, inserted cuts on the subject, one of which showed a pile of dead pigeons with this description: "Still another photograph shows a ghastly heap of slaughtered birds; their necks are supposed to have been wrung as soon as retrieved, but they are not. The dogs retrieve the birds so rapidly, and it takes so long to wring them from the dogs' jaws that many of the pigeons are still alive when cast into the pile. Thus in this pile many were still fluttering and were left to die in agony."

All pigeon shooters, in fact, any one with common sense, know this to be false, for pigeons are always killed when retrieved. With excuses for the slang, the writer of that article must be a "bird," for he ends it up in this manner: "Another here reproduced shows a retriever gripping a woman bird between his sharp white fangs now dripping with bloody foam. The poor dove is still fluttering though one wing hangs but by a shred, and its breast feathers are dyed red from its death wound," etc. This would read well in a nickel novel—"Bonanza Jake buried his trusty blade in Long Jim's heart."

Had the trapshooters' associations and the sporting goods people made some effort, the bill would never pass the Assembly, for there are men there who are not to be deceived by the false representations of its advocates. As far as we know, the Ossining Gun Club is the only organization which has made any effort to defeat the bill. Mr. B. B. McAlpin, who is a lawyer of note, brilliant and convincing in his arguments, is in Albany representing the Ossining Gun Club.

C. G. B.

Grand American Handicap.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Feb. 7.—We forward you to-day, under separate cover a copy of cover for our "Souvenir-Score" of the Grand American Handicap. We have endeavored to make it as attractive as possible.

The body will be about 25 pages, printed on heavy, glazed book paper, and contains a synopsis of all former handicaps, beside blank space for name, distance and score in detail of all the participants in the Grand American Handicap for 1902, and as this will undoubtedly be the largest shooting event this world has ever known, it is our aim, in publishing this souvenir, that every participant may carry home with him something to commemorate the occasion.

The souvenir will be ready for mailing about March 1, and will be free to the shooters. Beside, we will furnish any firm who advertises with us, if desired, a limited amount for their own distribution.

Committee: H. F. Schmelzer, R. S. Elliott, Chris. Gottlieb.

Hudson Gun Club.

Jersey City, N. J.—Shoot of the Hudson Gun Club, held on Feb. 9 at Jersey City. Duke won the cup for February. Wind very high:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
C V L. H.....	10	9	11	10	21	10
Boch, 9.....	11	9	8	6	21	10
Banta, 11.....	9	8	11	10	22	12	11	11
Brown, 7.....	..	8	10	8	24	11	12	4	15	5
Wild, 15.....	1	6	8	5	21	9
Van Dyne, 9.....	11	4	9	10	22	10
Fee.....	5	6	8	5	10
Caunitz, 12.....	6	7	8	9	20	10	7	6
Hansman, 13.....	..	9	8	11	19	9	9
Duke, 5.....	..	10	12	20	10	8	10	11
Tommy.....	9

J. L. H., Sec'y.

FOREST AND STREAM.

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Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

THE ADIRONDACK FORESTS.

WE publish to-day two communications relative to the proposed amendment of the New York Constitution in order to open the State Forest Preserve to the lumbermen. All that Mr. Von Hoffman, the writer of one of these letters, has to say in advocacy of scientific forestry is in the abstract sound and reasonable, and we opine that Mr. Wolcott, whom he criticises, is as thoroughly convinced as he himself of the merits of scientific forestry in its theory. That Mr. Wolcott and the rest of us oppose this proposition to open the forests to the lumbermen, is not because we are insensible of the advantages that would accrue from a rightly established system of forestry for the State lands, but because we recognize in this measure a scheme which, if carried into effect, would inevitably work havoc with the forests. No one can read the Commission's report in which this step is recommended without reading between the lines the impelling motive, which is not to perpetuate the forests, but to supply pulp to the pulp men and lumber to the lumbermen.

In the face of this menace of spoliation of the forest possessions by official connivance, the people of the State of New York are not in a mood to concern themselves with the pros and cons of theoretical scientific forest exploitation. The one thing immediately demanded of them is to thwart this attack upon the Adirondack forests. After this shall have been done, there will then be abundant time and opportunity to discuss scientific forestry.

The communication from John R. Spears is written by one whose knowledge of Adirondack conditions has come from the study of years; we commend his paper to the careful reading of all who would know the actual conditions prevailing in the North Woods, and the actual results which would follow the putting into execution of this foolish scheme of surrendering the people's forest to the pulp men.

THE BIG RIVER.

FAR from the homes of men, among the cold, gray rocks which lie beneath the vast snow fields and slow-moving glaciers of the Rocky Mountains, the Big River takes its source. Along a hundred mountain sides trickle a thousand unseen rills and rivulets and streams, which, uniting at last in mountain torrents, pour down some ravines and over the tall precipices until they reach some gathering place not far above the level of the prairie. In the lakes which form these rendezvous, the waters pause for a little, marshaling their forces for the onward journey, and then with a more deliberate haste set forth again. And now from every side valley come streams, muttering or babbling, moaning or roaring, to join themselves to the advancing flood, and little by little the crowding waters push out for themselves a way wider and wider, until rill and rivulet and creek and stream are united in a mighty river, that surges ever toward the distant sea.

The Big River, the Medicine Water, the River of Life, the Yielder of Fat! How full of character and meaning are names such as these, given by the red dwellers along the river's banks. The Blackfeet, journeying from a northern home, when they first looked upon the mighty flood, were impressed most of all by its vastness by comparison with any streams that they had known, and called in the Big River. To the shaven-headed Pawnees, who had come from the far southwest, it was the River

of Mystery, the Medicine Water, and who that has stood upon its banks and watched its tortuous, turbid tide—sullen, ponderous and deliberate, but never still, turning over and over, now thrusting up from below and again being sucked down from above, its flotsam and jetsam from afar endlessly appearing and disappearing—has not felt the same sentiment that led the Pawnee to call it mysterious? Is it the sign of a more material nature that the Algonquian Cheyenne—reasoning like the Blackfoot—gave the Missouri its name from the fat drowned buffalo that were cast upon its banks and furnished food for the people? The legend which comes down to us from the olden times tells us that when the Cheyennes, journeying westward with their dog trains, came to the banks of the great river, they saw many dead buffalo in the water, and hurrying down to see if they might be used for food, they found them fat. So, gratefully, they said of the stream, "It gives forth fat," and ever since that day this has been for them the river's name.

However we may look at it, the Missouri is a stream of mystery and of romance. Marvellous in a thousand ways are the mountains from which it springs, and not less strange for beauty and for interest the narrow valleys through which its tributary sources thread their course.

The far-reaching, silent plains over which it flows are not less impressive. As it wound its way through their brown vastnesses, the river heard no sound save the thunderous tread of the moving buffalo herd or the chatter of light-hearted people whose cone-shaped homes stood close along its banks. Its quiet reaches were disturbed only by the dip of the swallows or the breast of the mother goose and her brood, except when at evening or in early morning, the blunt nose of the beaver clove the muddy waters.

Sometimes the stream level is almost that of the prairie; again it has cut for itself a deep channel, and on either hand rise for a thousand feet bluffs of white and yellow and gray and brown, scarred and furrowed by the winds and rains and snows of perhaps a million years. Some Titan sculptor of primeval time might have carved the strangely grotesque figures which surmount these bluffs, and the narrow tongues which they stretch out to divide ravine from ravine and watershed from watershed.

Since the advent of the white man with his insatiate hunger for gold has come also the romance of the river which all can comprehend. The heroes who first tracked along its muddy banks were stirred by no ignoble impulse; the early Frenchmen, a white captive or two of the Indians, and our own Lewis and Clarke, were pushed on by thirst for knowledge or devotion to duty. But following on their trail came those who craved only their own material advantage. The trapper, the fur trader, the hunter, the gold seeker, each sought something that could be exchanged for dollars. These—like their predecessors—were men of heroic mould—at least when viewed through the lens of fifty years of distance. Most of them were brave, steadfast, enduring and devoted to the interests of those who hired them. They gathered wealth in amazing quantities, but saved little or none of it for themselves, and they remained to the end as poor as ever.

Then came the period of the Indian wars, when death and destruction for red and white alike lurked among the willows that grew in the bottom of the big river and of its tributaries, and looked out at the passer by from behind the great gray cottonwood tree trunks. Many a savage, rushing bravely upon an enemy as brave, was bitten by the leaden death, and never returned to his village. Others, defeated and penned up—as at the mouth of the Musselshell—sang their death song with stoic calmness, while the balls flew thick about them and their friends fell fast on every hand.

Many a luckless hunter and trapper and woodhawk died there and left no memorial more lasting than a few white bones and a few cartridge shells. Known to his fellows only by a nickname, he passed away, and those who—somewhere—knew and loved him, waited and watched, in vain, for word of his welfare or his fate.

Time passed on. The fur trade dwindled to nothing, the hoofbeat of the buffalo no longer sounded on the

hard plain, the Indians were defeated, gathered up and herded on their little reservations. The cattle supplanted the buffalo and fed on the thousand hills where once the bearded, crook-backed food of the red man had grazed. The domestic sheep took the place of the antelope, and may yet drive out the cattle. Yet among the desolate, wind-swept bluffs of the Big River, the traveler may still ponder over relics of ancient days—days which living men yet recall and declare were better days than these.

INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION RULES.

THE revised rules of the Interstate Association are now in the hands of the printer, and will be ready for general distribution in the near future. It was an easy matter to arrange all the points in them, save one, that relating to misfires with the second barrel. On this point the committee were unanimous in holding and maintaining that while all dishonest practice in the competition should be guarded against as vigorously as the circumstances of the case permitted on the one hand, on the other hand the rights of honest competitors should not be abridged a hair breadth if it were possible to avoid doing so.

A meeting for final action on the rules was held in the office of the W. R. A. Co., on Thursday of last week, at which it was decided to impose the old restriction in respect to handing the gun unopened to the referee after a misfire. While this restriction imposes added burdens on the minds of the contestants, it also is a benefit to them in safeguarding their interests from the men who might be tempted to adopt dishonest methods of which misfires afford opportunity.

As the rule now stands, a contestant who has a misfire with his second barrel, is entitled to an entirely new inning if he has not killed with the first barrel, but he must first hand his gun to the referee without having opened it. The referee then pulls both triggers, or the one trigger, in case of a single trigger, and by so doing determines whether the gun is cocked or not. If it is cocked, clearly there could not have been a misfire. If it is a bona fide misfire, the contestant is entitled to a new inning. The referee notes whether the misfire was caused by the fault of the gun or the fault of the cartridge. If it is the fault of the gun and the contestant uses such gun a second time in an event, he does so at his own risk and must abide by the results, and the same in respect to a faulty cartridge. It is probable that the referees will be instructed to take possession of all cartridges which misfire in the competition, and if there is any suspicion of dishonest practice by a contestant concerning them, they may be examined within and without; such contestant being permitted to compete provisionally.

The committee held in theory that all the details of contestant's inning are essential to it as a composite whole, therefore giving a contestant only one shot at a bird after a misfire is a direct and destructive invasion of a contestant's rights. One shot at each of two birds is not at all equivalent to two shots at one bird, which was the law under the old rules.

It has been stated that even the present rule does not offer a perfect safeguard against dishonesty; that a dishonest shooter could put in an imperfect or doctored cartridge in his second barrel, and, if he did not kill with the first, could hand his gun unopened to the referee and that the referee could not tell whether the misfire was genuine or not. In reply to this, it may be said that the contestant cannot know whether the referee will decide that the misfire is the fault of gun or cartridge; if the former, the contestant uses the gun again at his own risk. If the latter was due to a reloaded cartridge, the referee would decide a lost bird. Two or three misfires in succession would put a contestant under grave suspicion if his gun was all right, for the statistics of the last Grand American Handicap show that there were only three misfires recorded in a total of about 30,000 shots, so that with good gun and ammunition there is about one chance in ten thousand for a misfire, a chance so small indeed as to be hardly worth considering were it not for the abuses which it might let down the bars to were it not properly safeguarded.

Fortunately, the dishonest contestant is a *rara avis*, and should one happen to stray into the fold, the opinion of the good shooters, the firmness of the management, etc., would make his path anything other than one of roses. Rules do not make men honest, but they give ample power to bar men who are known to be dishonest.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Floating on the Missouri.—II.

We were brought back from the land of dreams by the keen whistle and beat of wings. Numerous flocks of water fowl were faring up and down the river—ducks principally, yet not a few gray geese were also passing, and their honking was most pleasant to hear. It was half-past four. I arose and lit the lantern, and then stuffing the stove with cottonwood bark had its top and sides glowing hot in no time. It did not take Sah-né-to long to prepare breakfast. Broiled teal, fried potatoes, hot biscuits and strong, fragrant coffee furnished us an ample and satisfying meal.

We had everything packed and stowed away in the Good Shield at daybreak. There had been a heavy frost during the night, and thin wisps of fog were rising from the water. There was not enough, however, to obscure a glimpse now and then of the channel, so we pushed out into the stream and bent to the oars. From the Coal Banks to the mouth of Little Sandy Creek, about five miles, the course of the river is almost due north; then it turns to the east again. As we were passing the creek Sah-né-to sighted a flock of geese sitting on the lower point of an island opposite it. "Stop rowing," she said. "There are some whitencks."

But even as she spoke they began to honk and rose from the shore, flying away down the river. Then they turned and came back, mounting higher and higher as they approached. They were probably eighty yards distant when directly over us, but I chanced a shot and was somewhat surprised to see one come tumbling and whirling down and strike the water with a splash that sent it high in fine spray. We held the boat back and waited for the fowl to drift down to us, and then drew it aboard. It was a young one and extremely plump.

Five miles below the Little Sandy we came to the first of the remarkable formations which the old river during countless years has gradually exposed to view. Here in the center of a wide level bottom stands the Haystack Butte, round, jagged, of dark volcanic rock and several hundred feet in height. Its sides are perpendicular for a part of the way, and then slope up to a sharp point. It is an odd sight, the lone butte standing there on the level plain. Away to the north of it and across the river to the south the bluffs are of white sandstone and blue clay; no rock of its character being anywhere in sight. As seen from the river, it is doubtful if it could be climbed. The eagles seem to think it a safe place to rear their young and nest upon it every season. As we passed we saw a couple of the birds soaring above it.

Not far below Haystack Butte the valley becomes much narrower. The wide bottoms disappear and from either shore there is a steep ascent to the foot of the bluffs or cliffs. These are of sandstone of varying degrees of density, and in color passing from brown to dazzling white. Some of it is so soft that the rains and melted snow have fluted and carved it with all the precision of a sculptors' chisel. Here and there along these cliffs, sometimes in groups of from dozens to hundreds, and of various heights, stand slender columns of sandstone, capped by circular pieces of a dark and harder variety, giant mushrooms of stone. And again all sorts of fantastic shapes come in view, which my poor pen is utterly unable to describe. With the camera I tried to catch some of the remarkable features of the valley, but the distances were too great. Nothing but canvas and colors, the touch of a great artist, could faithfully portray them.

Along through the cañon, as it may aptly be termed, the river flows very swiftly. In a short time we arrived at the mouth of Eagle Creek, fourteen miles from our starting point in the morning. Just below here stands a thin wall of rock, rising from the water's edge straight up for several hundred feet and running back northward until merged in sandstone bluff. The wall is built up, layer upon layer, of blocks of the stone of unvarying width and thickness, but of different lengths, which, singularly enough, always overlap, so that no interstice is more than the height of the block. On the opposite side of the river the continuation of the wall can be seen, jutting from the southern bluff. How long has it taken the old river to tear the half-mile gap in it?

Sah-né-to said that this great wall was built by Old Man when he made the world. I objected to her theory on the ground that no man could have lifted the massive blocks.

"Just by jumping," she replied, "he made the backbone of the world (the Rockies). Why, then, had he not the power to lift those rocks?"

I answered not. Surely it was no more of a fable than certain others we wot of; the rock, for instance, that gushed water upon the blow of a certain ancient individual's staff.

The river flows by the great wall with a sullen roar, battling with and wearing against some great boulders which impede its course. It is a deceptive stream, this old Missouri, generally so silent in its flowing toward the sea that one would think it had no life. But where a rock or snag impedes its course there is a hissing and roaring and foaming of water which tell of its power and haste. And then on its bosom there is a constant upheaving and sucking swirling which explains only too well the reason why the best of swimmers fear to breast its tide; the undertow seizes them and claims them for its own. The drowning man in this stream does not rise twice or thrice before he finally succumbs. Once drawn beneath the surface his body will only reappear long after death and miles and miles below the scene of the accident, where it may be found cast up on a bar and half-buried in sand. Years ago, one such victim of the river we found, left by the receding waters on a shelving bank, a swollen and shapeless form. We fastened some rocks about its waist with willow withes and consigned it to the depths. Who he was, how he met his fate, we never learned.

For some miles below Eagle Creek there are many narrow walls of the volcanic rock protruding from the clay and sandstone formation, some of them rising from the water's edge. Nearly all of them run due north and south, but in one place a double wall nearly encircles a hill, for all the world like the walls of an ancient city.

Another hour of lazy drifting brought us to Kipp's Rapids, named after that intrepid successor of Lewis V. Clark, who established the American Fur Company's post at the mouth of the Marias in 1833. Here on his voyage up the river with his long, deep "keel" boat, he found the water so shallow that he was obliged to make a portage of the cargoes. The water could not have been lower then than it was when we went over the riffles, for we bumped the gravel several times, and the boat drew only eleven inches. I fancied I could see those sturdy cordeliers bending, straining, tugging on the long rope with which they drew their heavily laden boat against the swift current. Here, waist and even neck deep in the cold water, there wading over a bed of quicksand or mud, and again forcing their way through a tangle of willows and prickly rose brush, they toiled early and late. The rough rope chafed sores on their shoulders, which formed into hard calluses and cracked and bled every morning. Their feet were blistered by the water and sand. At night they gathered around the fire and dried their clothes while they ate their simple meal of meat and tea. Then, retreating into the willows or sage brush away from the decaying flames of the fire, they lay down to sleep, their freshly primed flintlocks by their side, hoping no sneaking war party would disturb them. But there was a bright side to their life. It was not always a battle against the swift current of the river. There were the happy days in the winter; the excitement of the chase, the pleasant evenings in their warm quarters in the post. And then in the spring the long, delightful sail of 3,000 miles down to St. Louis, the meeting with friends and sweethearts, and the grand carouse. What would we dilettanti hunters of to-day not give to see the valley of the Missouri, teeming with game as it did, countless herds of buffalo, elk and deer; bands of antelope and sheep, droves of wolves and everywhere the grizzlies, singly, in twos and threes and dozens. Oh, theirs was the life!

Just below Kipp's Rapids, on the north side, is a dark cliff jutting out from the river of the valley, named Eagle Rock. At the very top of it Sah-né-to discovered something which she was sure she saw move slightly. I got out the glass and found that it was a lone bighorn, a ram, standing at the verge of the precipice watching us and occasionally stamping with his forefeet. And there he stood until we passed out of sight. Two miles from the rapids we passed Citadel Bluff, also on the north side of the river. It is at least a quarter of a mile long, and its summit looks for all the world like the pictures one sees of fortresses of the Middle Ages. One could well imagine it swarming with armored men, bristling with gleaming pikes and spears. We drifted along by with the current enjoying the view of it from different points, and meanwhile I told Sah-né-to of the ancient fortresses it resembled, and of the men of those times who wore shirts of mail, helmets of steel and whose weapons were the bow and arrow, spears and swords. "How silly they were," she said. "Men cannot fight weighted down with a mass of iron; the battle belongs to the agile and swift of foot."

Rounding a bend we came in sight of Cathedral Rock, a dark upheaval of volcanic rock on the south side, rising straight up from the water to the height of several hundred feet. The side facing the river terminates in a slender spire, and from the base of this the formation runs back toward the bluff, like the roof of a church. We passed close under its ice-scarred wall, the slow eddying and swirling of the water there indicating great depth.

"Surely," said Sah-né-to, "some of the water people must live down there; they love the deep, still places."

Half a mile further on we came to a thin strip of cottonwood and willow, service and bullberry brush fringing the shore; just back of it there was a narrow, level strip of grass land at the foot of the steep rise of the hills. "Why not camp?" Sah-né-to asked. And nothing loth, although the sun was still an hour high, I pulled in to the shelving bank. We soon had the tent up on the level strip of grass, and everything made snug for the night. Then, taking my rifle I struck up an old game trail, which ran along the comb of a ridge up toward the far-away level of the plain. It was a deep old trail, sunk far below the level of the ground by the countless feet of buffalo, elk, and deer which had traversed it in years gone by. I was not a little pleased to find that it was still used by the wild creatures of the valley. Here were numerous tracks of the coyote and wolf, and among them the fresh footprints of some mountain sheep—ewes and their young—and the long, tapering impressions of a buck mule deer's hoofs. If I could only get you, old fellow, I thought, how pleased Sah-né-to would be. Ever since leaving home she had been wishing for some ni-tāp-i-wak-siu, which, in plain English, means real food. Birds and such like she could eat, but meat, real fresh, was what she wanted. So I sprinted up the steep ridge after that deer, stopping now and then to get my breath and at the same time admire the wonderful view of valley, and winding river, sculptured cliffs and pinnacles spread out on either hand. Up and up, past deep cut barren coulees, past clumps of juniper and groves of stunted pine, and ever the tracks of the big buck were before me, enticing me on into the sunset and descending shades of the night. At last I was obliged to turn back, for the waning light no longer afforded a clear view of the rifle sights. How I ran down that ridge. The ground was soft, and jump as I would, I felt no jar. It seemed but a few moments until I came in sight of the tent, glowing like a pale opal from the light within. And then I caught the appetizing odor of fried chicken, coffee and other good things. As I sat down on the edge of our couch, Indian fashion, and the good cook set them before me, I thanked my stars that yet, even in this late day, there was a place left where one could get away from the discordant sounds of civilization—even the lowing of cattle—where nature had ever reigned supreme. And then, after the satisfying smoke, we lay down on the restful couch and went to sleep, serenaded by the coyotes and wolves far up in the breaks. Long may they escape the deadly poisons and traps of men.

Again we were afloat at daybreak. A warm west wind had blown during the night, and there was no fog. When the sun arose above the horizon, gilding the white bluffs and time-worn sandstones of the valley's rim, we thought we had never beheld a fairer or more weird piece of nature's handiwork. Sah-né-to was moved to tears. I

know not what was her simple prayer to the rising king of day—yes, I know; but why repeat her earnest supplications to her god? Who knows but what they were of as much avail as those of the Christian to his unseen God?

The Hole in the Wall! Never a traveler on the upper Missouri but remembers that wonderfully thin, high wall of sandstone. From the top of a high ridge it juts straight out over the valley and then drops straight down, hundreds of feet, to the level of the plain. Some fifty feet back from its fall, and perhaps twenty from its crest, some blocks of the stone have dropped out, leaving an oblong, jagged hole. When we came in sight of it, for a moment the sun shone through it, illuminating a bit of hill and river with an intense light, and leaving all the rest of the valley in dark shadows. No travelers were more careful to record the physical aspect of the country they passed through, than were Lewis and Clark, yet I find no mention of this remarkable freak of nature in their journal. Perhaps in their time it was a solid wall.

There were numerous flocks of Canada geese along the river this morning. From every bar and island point they arose ahead of us with a din of honks that echoed from bluff to bluff in the still morning air. I had many opportunities to go ashore and creep upon them, sheltered by high banks and growth of willow; but we had one fat one in the boat, and that was sufficient for our needs. For an hour or more after starting, we saw many flocks of chickens—sharp-tails, of course—coming to the river's edge for their morning drink. Once there there were a number of them running about among a flock of geese, the two species apparently paying no attention to each other. As a rule, the chickens came to water but once a day at this season, spending the rest of the day far back at the heads of the coulees. Earlier, in August, September and October, while the weather is warm, they can always be found near the river. I would not dare to estimate the number of those birds on the upper river from the Coal Banks, say, to old Fort Peck. Along this stretch of nearly 300 miles by water, they have never been disturbed, and are as plentiful as they were a hundred, or, for that matter, a thousand years ago.

From Cathedral Rock the river runs northeast for five miles, and then turns sharply to the southeast. Rounding the bend, we found a moderate breeze blowing in our favor, so I pulled in the oars and hoisted a small, square sail of muslin I had brought for just such an occasion. Aided by the current, we sped rapidly along through a continuation of the wonderful scenery of the day before. Here were the Pinnacles, a succession of needle points of sandstone, varying from a foot to fifty in height. And then we came to Steamboat Rock, a high, long, massive butte lying a mile north of the river. I never could see its resemblance to a steamer. On both sides of it and beyond, far to the north, are a succession of odd-shaped buttes and hills typical of this weird country. In another hour we came to the Dark Butte, a sharp, high mass of brown conglomerate, pumice and clay, rising from the river's edge to a height of at least 500 feet. Passing here on the steamer Red Cloud in 1880 we espied a big mountain ram almost at its summit, curiously looking down at the boat. One of our party, Eli Guardipee, knelt down on the deck, and resting his rifle on the rail, took a careful aim at the animal before he fired. At the report of the gun the ram made one bound straight up in the air, fell on its side and then rolling, tumbling, sliding, splashed into the river. The steamer was stopped at once and the great stern wheel held it back until the ram floated alongside, when the deck hands drew it aboard. That was a splendid and difficult shot, as the boat was making at least twenty miles an hour. If almost any other man had made it, I would have thought it a scratch, but Eli—well, more of him and his marksmanship later.

Down past the Dark Butte and around a bend we came to Pablos Island, named after an old employe of the American Fur Company. The upper part of it is a long, wide sand bar, but the lower end has a fine growth of tall, slender cottonwoods. Just below it are Pablos Rapids. As we came into them I was so absorbed in the scenery to the north that I forgot to point out the channel to Sah-né-to, and with a rude bump the Good Shield ran hard aground. I put on my waders and finally got her out into deeper water, although it was hard work against the swift current. From the rapids we had a run of fast water to Wolf Island, why and when so named I never learned. And then a couple of miles further on we came to the mouth of Arrow Creek and landed for lunch, having made sixteen miles since daybreak.

Arrow Creek rises in the Judith Mountains, and for part of its course flows through a deep and narrow valley, in places a walled cañon. At its confluence with the Missouri it has formed a wide and beautiful plain, ever pushing the old river further and further northward against the hills. There is a beautiful grove of timber along the edge of the plain skirting the river. Just back of it we found the ruins of an old "woodhawk's" and hunter's home, half-cabin and half-dugout. Nothing was standing except the fireplace and chimney of uncut rock. At one side of it was a great heap of bones, skulls and horns of the buffalo, elk, deer and mountain sheep. It was not all work for the old-time "woodhawk's," the men who supplied the steamers with fuel. Betimes they hunted and trapped, and took life easy. Many a pleasant evening they spent in front of the old fireplace after a long day's work or tramp. Many a tale of adventure they told as they watched a great side of fat ribs brown and crisp before the glowing coals.

After lunch Sah-né-to remarked with rather an appealing look, I thought, that she had found some heavily laden bushes of bullberries back in the brush. "And you want to gather them?" I asked. "Very well, then, we will camp. We will take our time on this trip, even if we get frozen in somewhere below."

APPEKUNNY.

Ticonderoga Gun Club.

THE second annual dinner of the Ticonderoga Gun Club, motto, K. W. Y. A. A. (Know What You Aim At), will be held at the New Yale Club, 30 West Forty-fourth street, New York city, Friday evening, March 7 (first week of Sportsman's Show). Hunters will meet in the colonial dining hall at 8 o'clock sharp, informally attired, and will be assigned to their "stands" by the head forester. About fifty brethren of the woods and streams have promised to attend. PETER FLINT, Secretary.

A Timely Lesson.

A Story of Early Days in New England.

"I WISH you'd show me jest how to load a gun. I 'most know now watchin' you so many times," said Reliance Staples, as sitting on a stool with one knee held between her clasped hands, she watched her brother, Asa, carefully load a long-barreled smooth-bore.

"Sho!" he answered, with good-humored contempt, while he smartly rammed a wad of tow down on the powder. "Loadin' guns is for men; cardin' an' spinnin' is for gals."

"Men, say you, and have to 'most lay the gun down to load it? But, Asa, it might be well for me to know how, if an Indian or a wolf came and me alone."

"A deal you'd do if they did," he laughed, "'ceptin' to run up the ladder an' hide 'n under the eaves," but being proud to be able to instruct his sister, he began at length to do so.

"First you want to pour the charger full o' powder in, an' shake it down good by thumpin' the butt on the floor. That I've done. Then make a wad o' tow an' ram it down till the ramrod bounds, an' that I've done, too. Then drop the ball in, so," taking a bullet from the buckskin pouch and rolling it down the long incline of the barrel. "An' if you've got buckshot, put three o' 'em atop o' the ball, but we hain't got none. My sakes!" he exclaimed in concern, as he fingered the attenuated pouch. "There hain't but five balls left, an' there hain't an ounce o' lead in the house. We couldn't stand much of a siege, that's sartain. Mebby there's some pewter 'round the cubberd—pieces o' somethin'. We don't need 'em now." Then he continued the lesson, as he tore a fragment of tow from a great bunch on the table, "Wraps up a great wad, so, an' ram it atop o' the ball, tight, but not so hard as on the powder."

Having accomplished this and returned the iron ramrod to its pipes in the stock that half-encased the barrel to the muzzle, he opened the pan and filled it with powder from the great horn.

"There!" said he, shutting down the hammer on the pan and leaning the gun against the wall, "that one's all ready, and now for the other."

"Now, Asa," Reliance pleaded in her most persuasive voice, as he brought a similar weapon from the corner near the broad fireplace, "you let me load that one, all by myself."

The brother graciously consenting, she set about the work under his direction, and soon proved that she was a ready pupil. She filled the horn charger from the big powder horn, poured the charge into the barrel, rammed the wad upon it till the rod rebounded smartly, and so on to the priming of the piece, doing each part a little nervously, but all so well that her brother said:

"Why, that's good enough!"

This boy of fourteen and his sister, two years younger, were of firm, tough fiber, like young trees that have grown in exposed situations. They were accustomed to most of the labors that employed their elders, for they were reared among the hardships of the eastern New England frontier where every one was compelled to do his utmost to maintain bare existence won from stern nature and defended against more relentless human foes.

The children were the sole tenants of the house that day. It stood at one end of the settlement that struggled along a rough highway not far from the seashore. Their father was gone fishing, and their mother, who was wise in the use of medicinal herbs, had been called to a sick woman at the other end of the village, so Asa had been installed as house guard with strict injunctions to let no wandering Indian or stranger enter it, and to fire an alarm if any number were seen lurking about. Reliance took her place as housewife, a duty which she was well qualified to perform even to spinning flax on the little wheel.

The house was built for defense, being of hewn logs with a jutting upper story, so that assailants attempting to batter down the door or set fire to the walls, might be fired on from above. It was the strongest in the settlement, except a similar one at the other end of the village and the blockhouse in the center. This had a stockade and flankers or small loop-holed towers at two diagonally opposite corners, from which an enfilading fire could be directed. A guard was kept in the blockhouse when danger was expected, and every one fled to its shelter on the first alarm.

There had been no attack on this settlement for nearly three years, so that the old vigilance was relaxed, and all the able-bodied men were gone fishing, or were making hay on the salt marshes, leaving old Gaffer Gray and Jason Gale, who had lost a leg in a sea fight, to garrison the blockhouse, and only womenkind and a few boys in the other houses.

Looking abroad from the door to the next house, forty rods up the rough highway, known as King's road, which his Majesty would not have been proud of had he seen it, Asa and Reliance caught occasional glimpses of Dame Jarvis and her brood of small children. Across the road, out on the broad meadows, they saw the haymakers, slowly moving specks against the blue summer sea, where the white sails of the fishing vessels shone in the sun. The children felt no loneliness except when they looked over the rugged clearing to the somber verge of the forest, where danger always brooded. That outlook recalled Reliance's thoughts to their meager store of bullets.

"Say, Asa, I couldn't find any lead on the top shelf. Can't folks make balls out o' pewter?" Asa nodding assent, she continued, "Then, if it comes to a stress, there's a mess o' buttons on father's Sunday coat, and there's the four spoons."

"My! I shouldn't know which to dast to take first."

"The buttons is the least use," she suggested, her gaze still wandering over the clearing, then with an alarmed start she asked:

"See, what ails the cattle?"

Some scattered members of the little common herd were running in wild fright toward the houses from the direction of the forest.

"Is it wolves? Is it a bear?" she asked, watching Asa's intent face growing pale before his answer came in a gasp, "Indians!"

As he spoke a heifer halted in her headlong flight to stare back at the half-discerned cause of terror. A puff of smoke burst from a log heap, the stricken beast stum-

bled and sank out of sight in the brakes and briars with a bellow of agony which came to the children's ears almost with the report of the gun, followed by a chorus of terrific yells as a dozen dusky figures broke from the cover of the woods.

"Into the house! Quick!" cried Asa, making for the door.

"Let's run for the fort," Reliance urged, hesitating at the threshold.

"Come inside, girl," he cried imperatively, pulling her after him and hastily barring the door. "They'd have our scalps afore we could get half-way. If there hain't more on 'em than we seen, I'd risk 'em if we had balls enough. Stir up the fire an' have the kittle b'ilin' ag'in the balls is spent, an' they try to burn us out or beat in the door. I'll peek out an' see what they be at. I wonder they don't fire a 'larm to the fort. If I can only fire one, that'll do some good."

Looking cautiously through the loop hole, he could not suppress an exultant exclamation when he saw the Indians swarming around the dead heifer. Evidently aware that the men of the village were all away, they made no attempt at concealment, and ravenous from long fasting, they at once fell to butchering the carcass, tearing at the reeking flesh like hungry wolves.

"All in a bunch, they be," Asa whispered in excitement, as he drew back and took up one of the guns. "A long shot off, nigh forty rod, but I'll try it in the thick on 'em."

He was not strong enough to shoot the long, heavy gun off-hand, but from a rest he was so good a marksman that he could cut off the head of a partridge at thirty yards. He poked the muzzle through the loophole and taking a carefully calculated high aim, pulled trigger.

"Massy! They be firin' at us, close to," cried Reliance, since all the noise save the quick spitting hiss of the priming seemed outside the house.

"It was me fired," her brother said, as quickly as he could, while he peered under the lifting smoke. No less to his surprise than his joy, he saw one Indian stagger and fall, and another skulk away nursing a wounded arm, while the rest vanished like a brood of partridge chicks.

"Oh, glory!" he cried joyfully. "I've downed one an' winged another. Now try if you can load whilst I look sharp for another chance."

As he put down the empty gun, he turned to see what kept his sister busy at the hearth. Their father's fine green coat lay across the chest, stripped of a number of its shining buttons. These were in the smelting ladle on the coals, Reliance watching their melting with the bullet mold in her hand.

"Well, you be a good one," he said in admiration. "Never mind the loadin', I'll 'tend to that. You run some balls. Douse 'em in a bucket o' water to cool an' trim the necks off wi' mammy's shears."

Puffs of smoke hurt out along the woodside and bullets struck the log wall with spiteful thuds or ripped the shingles off the roof with a sharper crash. Asa peeped out over the barrel of the loaded gun, but nowhere could he discover a living mark. Looking up the road through another loop hole, he saw the portly form of Dame Jarvis driving her scared flock before her toward the blockhouse, from which now came regular reports of alarm guns, and the sullen boom of the great patterero hurtling its screeching but harmless charge of pebbles at the hidden enemy.

Then he saw four Indians running at full speed, belly to earth, along a fence to cut off the old woman and children. He took a flying shot at the crouching figures with the happy effect of bringing them to a sudden halt behind the nearest log heap.

Reloading his gun, he returned to his first position and watched intently for some incautious enemy to disclose himself. Presently he saw the flutter of a feather above a stump, then a bead-wrought cap slowly rising beneath it. He aimed carefully and fired. A thicket near by belched an answering smoke, and Asa's left hand was stricken from its hold by a numbing blow. He reeled backward, and the gun, unsupported, came down with a clang on the puncheons.

"What is't, Asa?" Reliance asked, and then seeing the bleeding hand, "Oh, Lord, deliver us! You be wounded."

"It hain't no killin' hurt," said Asa, stoutly, inspecting his hand curiously at arm's length, and repressing a groan as pain came with returning sensation, "but it bleeds pretty smart, an' I guess you'll have to do it up."

She bound the wound with lint and a bandage that nearly stopped the bleeding, but to ease the hurt, the arm had to be put into a sling, and he could not use it.

"Now you will have to load the guns for me an' poke 'em into the port hole so I can shoot."

Taking fresh heart from his coolness, she set to practice the recent lesson to good purpose, and was proud to use one of the shining new bullets of which she had ten perfect ones cast.

Emboldened by the cessation of firing from the house, the Indians began to come out of cover and draw nearer, so that when a gun was ready, Asa had a fair shot at a big savage within easy range, and brought him to the earth, where he lay motionless, save as the wind tossed his long hair and gave the dead form a ghastly semblance of life.

His comrades scattered to cover again, and did not venture from it to carry him off as was their usual custom, for the exposure of a hand's breadth of their persons brought a shot from the ready guns of the house which they were sure was garrisoned by half a dozen Pastoniacs, as they called the New Englanders.

In such manner Asa and Reliance held them at bay in that quarter, while the pother made by Gaffer Gray and Jason at the blockhouse kept them from attacking in that direction till the armed haymakers came hurrying up from the meadows. Then the verge of the forest became silent and deserted as the savage band slunk back into its pathless depths.

Dame Staples hastened home in great alarm, and was full of joy to find the children unharmed but for Asa's wound. In the same breath she fell to scolding Reliance for despoiling the green Sunday coat of its buttons, till Zachary Staples coming in from the fishing stopped her.

"Hush, wife, thee should not berate the brave child. What signifies a few pewter buttons when Jason Gale has a mould and we can make dozens out'n the broken porringer thee saved in thy chist these ten year."

Gaffer Gray hobbled up from an informal inquest on the

body of the fallen Indian, with a bloody scalp lock of coarse, black hair dangling in his hand.

"I make out fro' the mark o' the Bear, on yonder dead un, these be some o' old Cap'n Bomaseen's gang, an' as tough-headed a beast as ere I tackled. Here, lad, this be thine, an' take what belongs to thee." The boy shrank back from the ghastly trophy and would have none of it.

"Then I'll get the bounty, for it's a sin to waste it. Thee's a brave lad, anyhow, an' done the most work whilst me an' Jason made most noise. An', Zach'ry, thee give thy gal the right name when thee called her Reliance."

RÖWLAND E. ROBINSON.

Adventures in Tropical America.

IX—Examining a Mine under Difficulties.

I ONCE made a boasting engagement that I would report fully on a mine in eastern Honduras, Central America, for which it was claimed that fabulous wealth lay exposed along a precipice where a stream had cut a deep gorge through the mountains. I found the place just as described, except that there was very little mineral, yet enough to make me anxious to see all the precipice.

I went to the upper part of the gorge, where a good view could be had down the river, but could see no signs of any mineral deposits. Then I said to my guide that we would go on down the river, but he told me it was impossible, that no person had ever been down the gorge, nor could they possibly go. However, we went on as far as we could, and presently came to a place where the river cut its way through solid walls of rock. I then proposed to go around to the other side and come up the gorge, but my guide said that was equally impossible, and that at this place there were about two miles of rock which no man or animal could pass. I quoted the description of the mine, at which the guide laughed, and told me that such a report was the exaggeration of an impossibility. I had no thought of giving up, however, and asked the guide if I could not swim down the river, at which he looked at me in astonishment. "Impossible; the place is full of snakes, and there must be a big waterfall in there, because the river is much lower on the other side of the mountain."

I wasn't going home without seeing every inch of that gorge, the precipice had been noted in a former report and I proposed to examine it. So I threw off my clothes, telling my guide I intended to take a bath. I found the water cool and pleasant, and presently let the current carry me slowly down, then swam to one side and came back again, as if I meant nothing, fearing that the guide might restrain me by force, for by this time he too had entered the water. Then I let the current take me down again. This time I went a little further, and when well beyond his reach, while he shouted to recall me, I let the current carry me into the gorge, then around a bend, and I was alone, rocks and water all about me, and a line of blue sky overhead. I was frightened, but having started I meant to keep on.

The river was low, and for a time I floated lazily along, watching out for signs of exposed mineral deposits; but there was nothing, only dark rocks of even texture. Presently I noticed that the current was becoming swifter, and so I caught hold of a convenient ledge, and held myself back to see what was ahead of me. There were some rapids, a little cascade, and further on more rapids, and I floated carefully down to them, keeping well against the rocks. There was not much difficulty about getting over the cascade, just a tumble into a deep basin of water, where I was washed up to one side and found a convenient seat on a gravel bed under a rock, where I stopped to rest and consider. The rapids were a little threatening, but I decided to try them, and soon had the pleasure of finding that, though the water was rough, it was deep and easy to swim in, with plenty of eddies along the sides, where I could avoid the heaviest currents. Going on down, I came to a place where the rocks of the precipice suddenly changed, and above the dark intrusive rocks a contact with sedimentary types could be distinctly seen; but there were no signs of mineral, and I floated on down, and presently came to the end of the gorge, about a mile or more from the place where I had left my clothes.

I rested for a time, and then started to swim back, but it was fatiguing work, and presently the current became too strong for me. Here was a predicament; it was some miles around the base of the mountain to where I left my clothes; to walk that distance naked in all the burning sun could not be even thought of, and to clamber along the rocks where, because of the dry season, hundreds of snakes had gathered, seemed madness. I was well perplexed as to what I should do, and not a little frightened. After considering, I determined to climb along the rocks, and started out on a really perilous journey. I saw snakes from time to time, but these were accommodating, and got out of the way, though I was constantly in dread of the next step. Scorpions and black tarantulas were numerous, and I climbed along the cliffs among the black rocks and saw poisonous snakes and dreaded insects; with deep shadows about me and here and there a radiant beam of sunlight, I was constantly reminded of Doré's illustrations of the Inferno. Weird and dangerous as it was, I soon became accustomed to it all, and then deeply interested in the strange, wild beauty of my surroundings. When I came to the place where I had noted the sedimentary rocks, I climbed up to them, selected a few small specimens to take back with me, and then tying them in a leaf, with a bit of inner bark from a convenient trumpet tree, I started on again, carrying the little package with my teeth. So I made my way on, swimming at times and at others climbing along steep rocks. A fall, the sting of a poisonous insect or snake would probably be fatal, and I was thoroughly tired out with excitement as well as from the exertion when I finally got over the little cascade, forced my way along the side of the swift water above it, and came to the open river with an easy swim ahead of me to reach my clothes. One can rest beautifully in the water, and by the time I reached my guide I was feeling quite rested again. A number of people had gathered there, all supposing I was dead, and they hardly knew what to say when I told them where I had been, and I think that none of them believed me.

FRANCIS C. NICHOLAS.

A Walk Down South.—XVII.

It was the great storm which did so much damage through floods that had come in my way at Taylor's. When we went down to the men's cabin on Friday night, we had to run for it, the rain was coming so fast. On Saturday morning it was pouring faster yet—the mud lying deep and the brooks bank full. The great ridge behind the house, to the west, and the one on yon side, to the east, were whiskered with cloud streamers. It was cold and dismal. But in the sheet-iron stove in the men's cabin was a hot fire, and by it Walter and I hovered most of the day—the women folks were ironing at the kitchen, and didn't want us around them.

Walter told of the boys' sports down at New Castle, county seat of Craig; chief of all was rocking niggers. The white boys, he said, would start around about 9 o'clock at night with their pockets full of rocks. When they met a band of negro lads they ordered them home and then the negroes ran for it, the rocks flying after. In this fashion are the young negroes kept from growing too pert. It sometimes happens that revolvers are drawn and many "shoots" exchanged, but seldom is any one hit. Of course, arrests are made at times, and white boys spend as high as thirty days in jail for their sport.

While we were talking, sparks fell around us, and looking up we saw that the iron stove pipe had set fire to the house-wall. Flames were climbing the hemlock boards in rapid fashion. We ran to the house, seized six-quart pails, ran to the flooded brook and then back to the house. The fire was soon out. A hole two feet across had been burned in the wall.

Harmon rode to New Castle, twelve miles away, on this day, horseback, in spite of the pouring rain. It was late when he came back, drenched through. He went after groceries.

As on the previous day, dinner was late, but I did not mind it so much. I learned that it was usual to eat two meals a day when no one was working—it saved lots of trouble. I judge that one could easily get used to that way of living. Before I came away I rather liked the idea of not having to bother to eat three times a day. What was the use of stirring around when one might so easily sit still? In such weather it was delightful just to sit by the fireplace and turn one's white cheek to the fire and give the red cheek a chance to cool off. The fire felt good to me, but it was plain that I was a long ways south of the Adirondacks. The fingers of the women folks were drawn with the cold, and the boys stuck their hands fairly in the flames every time they returned to the fireplace from as far as the door.

We went to the sleeping cabin as usual on Saturday night. But because the fire seemed more cheerful in the sheet-iron stove, and because the air seemed different, we did not go right to bed. To the music of French harps and bones there was jiggling and dancing, the like of which one might travel a long ways and not see.

In the morning I was awakened by squeals and snorts. Opening my eyes I saw my breath go like a cloud of steam. The weather had changed for bitter cold. The boys were fighting for the bed clothes in good-natured fashion. We were up at last, dressed in record time and ran to the kitchen. The boys roared, because the women didn't have a fire built. One was soon started.

When I washed at the brookside, my hair froze and I had to thaw it out at the fire before I could comb it. The mud was frozen as hard as planks, and the overflowing streams were shrinking till the ice along banks cracked of its own weight, yet Charlie ran the hundred yards from the dormitory to the kitchen with his shoes and stockings in his hands.

It was not the numbing cold of the dismal rainstorm—everybody jumped around lively instead of hanging over the fire. Some cut while others carried in oak billets for the fire. It was done in fast time.

The day was passed quietly. Two of the boys went courting, and one did not come back till long after dark. He was Harmon.

"Let's go rock him," Walter suggested, but Charlie objected. Harmon, Charlie said, would throw rocks back, whereas the sport of rocking required that the one who is stoned must get scared and run.

While we sat at the fireplace, first one and then another would stand up and hold his heels to the fire. It is the characteristic of the open fire that one's heels get cold on a cold day before one. Roy Tucker was a visitor that night. Small of his age, his eyes looked like cutting edges, for his eyelids were half-closed. He spoke but little, and that was chisel-like. He remained all night, and in the morning Walter lanced a boil on the lad's neck; he did it as roughly as possible, squeezing the wound, "just to make him holler," but there wasn't a sound came.

On Monday Walter, Roy and I went hunting. I had gone perhaps a mile along the ridges when I saw smoke way down in a hollow. They had become cold and lighted a fire to warm by. It took a couple of hours to get away from the pine-knot blaze. The country was covered with scrub oak and scattering bull pine. We saw a couple of pheasants, but shot nothing. To climb the high ridge to where the deer and other game was did not seem worth while, so we came back by the road past the little log schoolhouse, where the pupils were out on their noon recess, teetering, some of them on an eight-inch, twenty-foot oak log, splitting firewood, playing tag and eating snacks.

That night I was out at the spring when a tall figure glided up the path past me, opened the cabin door and entered. I heard no sound. Following, I saw a six-foot man, black and gray whiskered, wearing a broad-brimmed black hat aslant on his large head. He stuck two long-fingered bony hands into the fire flames and turned them over in the warmth. He drew a pound package of coffee from his pocket and dropped it into the lap of the oldest girl; the younger one sat on his left knee.

"Get some pine knots—this fire's 'most out," he said.

"There ain't none."

"Why not?" was the demand, with a black-eyed glance at each of the boys' faces.

"The weather's been totable bad," said Mrs. Taylor.

"Well, fix it up them," and in five minutes the "shiftless blaze" was feeding on a dry split board and the heat began to hunt the cold instead of the cold running the heat up the chimney. Colonel Taylor believes in big

fires on cold nights, and biscuit that cool soft instead of hard—and knows the reason why when he doesn't have them.

In the morning the sun was out; thick frost was on every limb, and the water in the runs rattled and rustled along in crispy fashion. The streams were low, so I started on. The road led back and forth across Barber's Creek. I crossed once on a pole, steadied by a grape vine, again on a fallen tree; a third time on an eight-inch log coated with ice. This last was a sticker, but I cut a ten-foot alpenstock and then put handfuls of sand on the ice. I crossed, pack and all, in safety and dry, where another man had waded an hour before. Fifteen minutes later I started over Red Brush Run on a pine scale or slab. It broke and I soused through quarter-inch ice into two feet of water. At no time on the trip have the short trousers shown to better advantage than then. My tight stockings did not freeze, but dried inside of five miles, where the legs of long trousers would have become like boards.

Everywhere was evidence of the high water—roads washed out, and brooks in a tumult. At John's Creek—a forty-foot wide stream, the fences had suffered, and some drift was lodged along the bank. The road bed was beautiful. The water had frozen in the ground and then the ice ferns grew up to a height of five inches in places. For miles I walked along a road glistening and gleaming with the colors of the spectrum, crushing a thousand sparkles at every step.

I came to a brook too wide to jump and too deep to wade. Yet the only way of crossing was a three-inch pole used to swing a tilt-up brook gate on. When the water is high the gate floats horizontal, but goes down and closes the gap in low water. The hinges are forks of saplings.

With my pack on my back and rifle in my hand, I started across. It was six feet above the water. I got one foot over the center fork hinge and then started to lift the other, but I swayed and had to go back with the foot. Time and again I tried, but each time I was set a-staggering. Then up drove two men and a handsome girl on horseback. They stopped to watch me. It was do or jump anyhow, apparently, and I did. I crossed in safety. But that was the worst five minutes I've had on the trip.

As it came on dark, my road led into woods. I met a man driving in his work team—on horseback, of course—and he said that the next house was two miles away. I could go back a couple of hundred yards and stay for the night, but I preferred to go on. To turn back a yard is hard to do. With careful directions, I walked rapidly ahead; a schoolhouse on stilts was at one turn. It was a still-looking place—the door open, with blackness sticking out of every window. The rail fences, the sullen trees, the increasing noise made by my feet due to the air grown heavy with falling moisture, warned me to move on more rapidly. It was plumb dark when I came over the ridge and trotted down to the run, up which I must go.

The big rain had flooded the stream, which washed out the road, leaving only cobbles and half-boulders for a dozen rods. In the night the round sides found my feet, and I stumbled at every step. I came to a church suddenly, and there the road ended. But my directions were specific, "follow the run." So I crashed down the slope toward the water, and there was the road again.

At last a light and the sound of an ax—Caldwell's. He "lowed I could stay there that night. I ate hot biscuit, fried pork, "fruit," apple butter and other things, and then I sat down with the lower rim of my heels on the broad hearth stove. Who might I be? Where might I be going? My pack was a source of wonder, too, especially when I disclosed its depths while I searched for the needle and thread kit to darn a hole. It is best to let the contents of the pack leak out slowly, rather than all at once. To the stranger my pack seems to be a constant source of wonder, a wonder that quickens the fancy and the curiosity.

"Do you carry a house in there, too?" some ask, and my tent makes them laugh, crinkling their foreheads.

Caldwell is the postmaster at Eakin (A-kin). Half a mile away is a summer resort, with water for external and internal use. I had stopped just in time.

The night grew cold. It was moonlight, but a drift of haze was thickening over the face of the famous huntress—she was about to spread snow upon the ground as a special favor to her respectful and not too eager devotees. Fame geese were feeding around outside with noisy gossip. Somehow it was a night that I remember more distinctly than many others. Perhaps because the motherly wife there spoke only with tears in her voice:

"We buried our youngest son the 20th of last February. It has not been the same to me since then. It never will be the same again in this world," she explained. She looked at me, seemed fairly to watch my every move. Another son at the house wanted to "go West" and grasp the opportunities there. Mrs. Caldwell seemed to think that I was a son who had started West. She acted for the mother far away, unobtrusively but distinctly.

In the morning I wrote some letters, and after dinner noon) I walked a couple of hundred yards further up the run, then turned to the left to take "the ridge road." I crossed the main run at a saw mill, and then a side hill road went down into a hollow, across a stream, then up on the ridge. The green of laurels contrasted with the snowy ground and the bleak landscape as it must always do to Northern eyes.

The ridge road is seven miles long. One's directions are simply "keep to the back." They are easily followed. One walks on the backbone all the way.

It was cloudy, windy and with whiffs of snow the day I was there. As the ridge increased in height, the valleys seemed to sink. To the east there was range beyond range of mountains, and John's Creek was hundreds of feet, perhaps a thousand, below, blue, still and cold. The yellow sunshine which sometimes came splashing through the clouds was colder still. One could fancy that ice snakes had left their trails in the snow in the woods across the valley and in the cleared bottoms, but it was only wagon roads leading from house to house, from the chimneys of which blue smoke issued in unusual volume—it was a cold day for Virginians, but I sweat and whistled under my pack—and saw the sundogs stepping from peak to peak instead of the fireplace flickers.

In one place on the ridge there were the hair, blood

and scraps of a rabbit, fresh. Round about were cat tracks, and crow tracks. The cat was a large one, and a wild one, I guess. Three other hunters whom I saw had not been so successful. Their dog had run a deer off the mountain on the wrong side, so they didn't get a shot at it. With their thick overcoats and ear flaps they looked the picture of shivers. They felt of my sweater and of my knickerbockers.

"Good law, strange," one said, "ain't yo' mos' froze?" The ridge is seven miles long. One log house is in a gap on the back, and two are out of sight down its sides. It was a pleasing place. I wished it was longer when I turned down to Squire Huffman's.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

The Destruction of the Adirondack Forests.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Much valuable space in the FOREST AND STREAM has been devoted recently to the proposal, made by our Forest, Fish and Game Commission, to turn the lumbermen loose in the State forests of the Adirondacks; but for the love of our good, green wilderness—the wilderness as God made it—let all the facts be brought out. I beg the reader to consider this quotation from the last report of the Commission (pp. 20-21):

"The annual output of the Adirondack forests show no diminution, the product for 1900 being largely in excess of the previous year, although not quite equal to that of 1898. Aside from the State holdings, there are now about 700,000 acres of forest land in the Adirondack Park that have not been lumbered, or from which a second cutting of spruce can now be obtained.

"Each year recently the soft wood timber on 80,000 acres or more is cut and removed by the lumbermen or pulp wood operators. This would indicate that, if the present rate of cutting continues, these industries will exhaust their supply of raw material in ten or twelve years, after which they will have to depend on the State forests or Canadian imports for a further continuance of their business. At present the Empire State leads all others by far in the number of its pulp mills and amount of product; but if it expects to hold its supremacy in this industry, it must make some prompt and intelligent provision for a future supply."

"It"—the Empire State—"must make some prompt" provision for the supply of these pulp mills and lumbermen. Those paragraphs were written by Mr. William F. Fox, Superintendent of Forests. Is it the duty of this Superintendent of Forests to promote the manufacturing interests of the State, or is it to preserve the forests for the people? The question answers itself. Mr. Fox has abandoned his duty to become the advocate of the pulp and lumber interests.

But that is not all. Further down on page 21 he revamps and prints, at the expense of the State, the old threat of the lumbermen and pulp operators. He says, speaking of the exhaustion of the New York and New England supply of pulp wood:

"Our people then will not only have to go to Canada for their raw material, but will have to take their mills and workmen with them. The millions invested throughout New York in the great manufacturing plants belonging to the lumber, pulp and paper business will be non-productive, and these industries will be paralyzed."

This Superintendent of Forests, who is paid to preserve the forests, tells us that, at the end of twelve years, these lumbermen "will have to depend on the State forests" or Canada, and that we "must make some prompt" provision for them or they will take their mills and their men off to Canada. It never occurs to him to say that the lumbermen ought to apply "scientific, conservative forestry" to their own lands.

Following this, under the subhead, "Industrial Statistics," Mr. Fox tells how many millions of dollars these lumbermen pay out every year in wages. It seems an impressive statement to him. The 9,382 pulp mill employes received, he says, \$3,040,478 in one year. He does not mention the fact that this pay roll includes the presidents, secretaries, superintendents, etc., who receive thousands of dollars a year each, but without enlarging on the way that increases the average income of an employe, it will be found, by simple division, that this average is \$6.23 per week for each man during the year. The men who work for the pulp mills are, on the year's average, compelled to support themselves and rear families on \$6.23 a week! But the saw mill statement is still worse, for the 8,617 men employed in saw mills received \$1,846,930, or 71 cents a day for a year of 300 working days.

The Superintendent of Forests wrote his report to tell us that we "must" open our forests if the Empire State is "to hold its supremacy" in the industries which pay \$6.23 a week, and 71 cents a day on the average to employes.

Unfortunately there is more to be said about this report. On page 25 it speaks of 14-inch trees as "matured timber." Governor Odell in his message advocated the cutting of 10-inch trees, but take the report at its word. Is a spruce tree 14 inches in diameter mature? On page 16 of Bulletin 30, U. S. Department of Agriculture, it appears that on a scientific survey of Township 40, in the Adirondacks (Hamilton county), there were found, on good spruce land, 24.23 trees per acre above ten inches in diameter, and that the average size of these was 14.2 inches. The maximum size was 35 inches in diameter. And that is not all. On page 31 of Bulletin 30, is a table which shows that a spruce increases its diameter .126 of an inch in a year, when it is 10 inches in diameter, and .1725 of an inch when it is 18 inches in diameter. In the face of such facts the Commission call a 14-inch tree mature.

The report of the Commission says of the spruce of 14 inches in diameter and upward, that "its removal would inflict no injury to the timber, or impair the protective functions of these woodlands." Let the reader familiar with the Adirondacks recall the picture of a good spruce stand, or look at the reproduced photograph at the top of plate III. in Bulletin 30. The fact is that to cut out the spruce trees of 14 inches in diameter and more (not to mention all down to 10), would open up wide holes in the solid green forest. For it is a well-known fact that in felling, dividing and skidding these trees, at least three small trees would be ruined for every one turned

into lumber or pulp, while the cutting of roadways to the skids would destroy another host.

There is one very important fact in connection with tree cutting to which but small attention has been given by the press. If these spruces be cut, the tops will be left in the forest; no matter what rules may be made the tops will remain on the ground, and will become the breeding places of uncountable hosts of insect enemies of the trees. The Adirondacks are now in fair condition as regards these insects, but the danger of destructive visitations is steadily increasing. In proof that this is not a light danger, let the reader secure "Insect Enemies of the Spruce in the Northeast" and "Insect Enemies of Forests in the Northwest"—Bulletins 21 and 28, U. S. Department of Agriculture. These two bulletins are alone worth the cost of the scientific work of that Department for a year. On pages 28 and 29 of Bulletin 28 are statements of damages done by insects. In 1876-1881 the destruction of spruce on the tributaries of the St. John River was estimated at 1,000,000,000 feet. "In some places 90 per cent. of the spruce is said to have been killed; in fact, all the grown timber."

The beetles that destroy these conifers are now to be found throughout the Adirondacks, but they have been kept in check by their natural enemies save in certain sections noted in Bulletin 28. But to turn loose the lumbermen in the great stands of spruce will result in furnishing these insects with such abundant breeding places that they will multiply into a pest that will sweep our forests, as the geometrid larva swept "the hemlock and Sitka spruce in a belt between an elevation of about 150 and 1,200 feet above tide" in Clatsop and Tillamook counties, Oregon, a few years ago.

Bulletin 30, already mentioned, will be found interesting also in this matter, for it says a saw fly destroyed the entire tamarack stand in the Raquette Lake region a few years ago.

Of the danger from fires nothing need be said, for that is well known. Of the dangers from fungi a word is necessary. In felling the large spruces many a small tree will lose branches and slashes of bark. In skidding logs and making roads many a root will be scraped. The fungus that produces witches' brooms on the spruce and balsam, is now spreading up the West Canada Creek, killing every tree it attacks. Fungi of several kinds spread through wounds in trees, and this destructive agency will be greatly increased by the proposed lumbering operations.

Lest this warning be thought the talk of a mere alarmist, I beg the reader to procure "Some Diseases of New England Conifers," the admirable work of Hermann von Schrenk, Bulletin 25, U. S. Department of Agriculture, together with the English translation of Hartig's "Diseases of Trees."

One more point of fact is to be noted: The forests into which the lumbermen are to be admitted are the original natural growths. In these solid green woods the roots do not penetrate as deeply into the ground as the roots of trees growing in open ground. Therefore, they are not so well supported as trees in old fields. It follows that when the big spruces are cut out, and to the wind is thus given a stronger sweep against the remaining trees, many will be thrown over. An example of this fact can be found at Northwood. One land owner cleared out all the pulp-sized spruce in his wood lot, but touched no other trees. Since then the spruces and hemlocks have been rapidly falling before the wind in an adjoining lot.

How does it happen, it seems fair to ask, that the Forest, Fish and Game Commission have shown such notable activity in the interests of the pulp and lumber operators? It was through their initiative that Mr. Ralph S. Hosmer and Eugene S. Bruce, of the U. S. Agricultural Department, came to the Adirondacks and developed "A Forest Working Plan" under which the last accessible 12-inch spruce is to be cut and made into pulp. A force of twenty-six men went, at the expense of the State, into Township 40 to develop this plan. Steadily—with "damnable iteration"—this commission that was appointed to preserve our forests, strives to overthrow the constitutional safeguard. They ask that "a constitutional amendment be provided for the application of scientific conservative forestry to State lands." The fact is there is nothing in the Constitution that forbids "the application of scientific conservative forestry." They are permitted to plant, and their preliminary work done last year is worthy of praise. They are permitted to apply remedies, if a tree is infected with fungus. If insects multiply they are permitted to make trap trees in the interests of "conservative forestry." There is no "conservative" work that is forbidden. In short, the desire of the Commission is permission to sell trees, miscalled mature, to the lumbermen. They wish to cut out every tree of 14 inches diameter, or more, and to say to the people, "Henceforth no more forever shall an accessible full-grown spruce be seen in the Adirondacks. Such spruces are worth money. A few sentimentalists may object to their removal, but in this practical age sentiment shall not interfere with business men willing to pay their employees an average of 71 cents a day."

And the Governor comes and says that "fourteen inches is too large. You shall not leave a stick above ten. If you wish to see larger spruces, you must beg or buy permission to visit the private lands of men rich enough to keep big trees standing. Your sentimental regard for an eleven-inch spruce is sheer nonsense. Get out of the way when the pulp man comes."

JOHN R. SPEARS.

NORTHWOODS, Adirondacks, N. Y.

Scientific Forestry.

NEW YORK, Jan. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read with the greatest of interest of the controversy now going on concerning the future treatment of our Adirondack forests, and since the appearance of Mr. Wolcott's article in your last issue, I feel called upon to say a few words as a probable enlightenment upon the subject. I say "probable," because there are people who never can and never will be enlightened upon a certain question, for which they have a fixed idea, clinging to it with stubborn desperation, only to awaken one morning to find out, that after all their struggles and opposition, theirs was a matter of mere short-sightedness, ignorance and prejudices.

This class, to judge from practical experience, while in the minority among the brotherhood of American sportsmen and lovers of the forest, is the very one which is raising most of the dust and smoke with their cry for "absolutism"—"absolute forest protection." These may well be classed as "extremists." They are the ones who like to see a fence put around the forest forbidding everybody else to enter; who like to see the forester watch and protect every tree therein, so it may not be damaged or removed by human hand, but who do not care a wink if the monarchs of the forest, after having reached maturity, succumb to the laws of nature which govern everything in this world, and becoming enfeebled by old age, are easy victims of diseases and decay, and are finally blown down by the storm—an entire loss to man—a hindrance to his progress in the forest. These "extremists" with their monstrous taste delight in the admiration of the jungle, brambles and briars of the down and decaying timber—never giving a thought to the possibility that man by his ingenuity has found a way, by which this immense loss of trees occurring each year in forests left entirely to nature to care for, may be turned into a source of financial remuneration, by the removal of trees which have reached that point where growth is stopping and decay is likely at any moment to set in thereafter. They do not believe the scientific forester when he tells them that by his methods he has it in his power to produce more than double the quantity, leave out the quality, of valuable trees per acre, than nature alone can do it, and that it has taken nature centuries to produce—what few monarchs we find in a virgin forest and which would take the forester just half the time to produce—less in size, but larger in bulk and number of trees. With other words, he can produce in half the time double the amount of valuable wood in bulk per acre that nature herself if left alone can do.

This is an absolute fact that has been proven to the satisfaction of every civilized nation in the world except our own, simply because we have had no occasion and necessity to try it.

To condemn a thing before trying it is unfair, and, in this particular case, where the management of our public preserve in the Adirondacks is concerned, it is simply a matter of short-sightedness and ignorance, and belittles the public-spiritedness as expressed in our President's message to Congress, in which he refers to the perpetuation of our forests by scientific forestry methods, and also put forth in the recommendations of Governor Odell to our Legislature. Mr. Wolcott claims that scientific forestry cannot be introduced and carried on in the Adirondacks without destroying the wilderness of the preserve—as it is desirable to have it preserved by himself and friends; but why not, he does not say.

Does he imagine that scientific forestry means the making of parks of our forests? If he does, and if this was the case, all of the professional foresters of the country would fight hands and fists against such introduction. But nothing of the kind is intended. There is one branch or system known to the scientific forester, called the "selection system," by which only those trees are removed as referred to above, and I leave it to the reader to judge for himself, if such a system once adopted and tried would not be found an entire success. It would not destroy the wilderness nor hundreds of thousands of smaller trees, as Mr. Wolcott seems to fear under the guise of scientific forestry, as he delights in putting it, but on the contrary it would improve the growth of millions of younger trees struggling for life. The cutting would be done carefully and scientifically, and above all, the revenues from such cuttings would at least balance all money outlays for the sustenance of an efficient corps of foresters.

I agree with Mr. Wolcott in claiming that the "clear cut policy" in the Adirondacks would be an entire failure, with very few exceptions—in fact, we find this throughout our entire country, also that German methods cannot bodily be applied to our forests, owing to the fact that we have not got the material to apply them to—the "selection system," though, is well adapted for the Adirondacks. I can say this from practical experience, and the future will bear me out in my claims. In speaking of the laws governing our preserve, Mr. Wolcott fails to see that they were enacted at a time when the majority of our citizens did not know anything about scientific forestry—he does not consider the fact that only a very minimal number of voters know and care anything about the Adirondacks—the greater majority never going there on account of not having means or time enough to do so and caring little or nothing about their future. This majority of voters are always prejudiced against any constitutional amendment "out of principle." It is this majority of disinterested voters who Mr. Wolcott trusts will vote down any amendment opening the way toward the introduction of scientific forestry in the Adirondacks—may be he is right—but I sincerely hope he is not.

This is a time of progress and expansion. Our country has made and is making continually tremendous strides forward in every direction; a good many of our laws have outlived their usefulness, and have become inadequate—the laws governing our forest preserves particularly so—what great pity would it be to keep them on the books simply to please a few selfish and short-sighted citizens at the expense and to the detriment of the ignorant multitude?

This much I claim: "If every voter of the Empire State were taken and the aims of scientific forestry intelligently explained to him, 99 per cent. of all would vote 'for' instead of 'against' the proposed amendment," but since this cannot be done, we must rely upon the educational system, which has done so much during the last few years in awakening interest in all forestry matters.

That scientific forestry is an established fact in our country nobody can deny at this date, and even if an amendment should be voted down in the near future by the indifferent voters—you cannot stop its passage sooner or later. It has got to come before long—the earlier the better for our commonwealth, for us and our children, who will have nothing but praise for us, for our "far-sightedness and intelligence."

F. VON HOFFMAN, C. E., Forest Engineer.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Natural History.

Musk-Oxen in Captivity.

THERE is now on exhibition at the Sportsmen's Show in Chicago the first living musk-ox that has ever been brought to the United States. It was captured not far from the shores of the Arctic Ocean by Capt. H. H. Bodfish, of the whaler *Beluga*. The place of its taking was east of Lady Franklin Bay, and about thirty miles inland.

Capt. Bodfish sent out four Esquimaux hunters on this expedition in March. They found the musk-oxen, and by means of their dogs succeeded in rounding up the herd and killing the adults. Capt. Bodfish states that he ordered the hunters to make every effort to capture young musk-oxen alive, but they killed two young bulls that were with the herd. Two female calves left alive after the old ones were killed came to the hunters for protection from the dogs, and were captured. After the two calves had been brought to the ship they did well, living on grass and willow twigs, but on Baillie Island, where they were turned out, the Esquimaux dogs got after them one day and killed one.

The survivor did well until the *Beluga* reached Port Clarence, where timothy hay was secured, and from that time on she subsisted largely on hay, until, when San Francisco was reached, she was eating hay altogether. Since then she has done very well, and appears in perfect health.

It is well known that there was a time when the musk-ox ranged almost from the southern portion of Hudson Bay north to the Arctic Sea, but owing to pursuit by man, its range for many years has been continually con-



YOUNG MUSK-OX IN THE LONDON ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.
From the London Field.

tracting, so that now it is found only in the barren grounds of the far North. Long ago it no doubt ranged over the whole of the northern hemisphere about the pole, for its remains have been found in Siberia, Germany, England and France, as well as in Alaska. It is no doubt a very long time since it became extinct west of the Mackenzie River.

Hearne, writing toward the end of the eighteenth century, says that he saw the tracks of a musk-ox not far from Fort Churchill, in latitude 59 degrees, and that during his first journey to the north he saw many in about latitude 61 degrees.

Dr. Richardson says: "The districts inhabited by the musk-ox are the proper lands of the Esquimaux, and neither the Northern Indians nor the Crees have an original name for it, both terming it bison, with an additional epithet. The country frequented by the musk-ox is mostly rocky and destitute of wood, except on the banks of the larger rivers, which are generally more or less thickly clothed with spruce trees. Their food is similar to that of the caribou, grass at one season and lichens at another; and the contents of its paunch are eaten by the natives with the same relish with which they devour the 'nerrooks' of the caribou. * * * When this animal is fat its flesh is well tasted and resembles that of the caribou, but has a coarser grain. The flesh of the bulls is high-flavored, and both bulls and cows when lean, smell strongly of musk, their flesh at the same time being very dark and tough, and certainly far inferior to that of any other ruminating animal existing in North America. The carcass of a musk-ox weighs, exclusive of the offal, about 300 weight, or nearly three times as much as a barren-ground caribou, and twice as much as a woodland caribou.

"Notwithstanding the shortness of the legs of the musk-ox, it runs fast, and it climbs hills and rocks with great ease. One, pursued on the banks of the Coppermine, scaled a lofty sand cliff, having so great a declivity that we were obliged to crawl on hands and knees to follow it. Its foot marks are very similar to those of caribou, but are rather longer and narrower. These oxen assemble in herds of from twenty to thirty, rut about the end of August and beginning of September, and bring forth one calf about the latter end of May, or beginning of June. Hearne, from the circumstance of few bulls being seen, supposes that they kill each other in their contests for the cows. If the hunters keep themselves concealed when they fire upon a herd of musk-oxen, the poor animals mistake the noise for thunder, and forming themselves into a group, crowd nearer and nearer together as their companions fall around them; but should they discover their enemies by sight or by their sense of smell, which is very acute, the whole herd seek for safety by instant flight. The bulls, however, are very irascible, and particularly when wounded will often attack the hunter and endanger his life unless he possesses both activity and presence of mind. The Esquimaux, who are well accustomed to the pursuit of this animal, some-



MUSK-OX CALF SHOWN AT THE CHICAGO SPORTSMEN'S SHOW.
From a photograph.

times turn its irritable disposition to good account, for an expert hunter having provoked a bull to attack him, wheels around it more quickly than it can turn, and by repeated stabs in the belly, puts an end to its life. The wool of a musk-ox resembles that of the bison, but is perhaps finer, and would no doubt be highly useful in the arts, if it could be procured in sufficient quantity."

The musk-ox at present is confined to the eastern half of northern North America north of latitude 65, including Greenland, where it is quite abundant. Many of the Arctic expeditions of recent times have supported themselves by its flesh, which is very nutritious, and a very few hardy sportsmen have journeyed to the north for the purpose of securing this rarest of all game. Among such may be mentioned Pike, whose faithful volume on the Barren Grounds of Northern Canada is full of interest, and Whitney, who published an equally interesting work entitled "On Snow Shoes to the Barren Ground."

The systematic position of the musk-ox is intermediate between the sheep and the oxen, but is perhaps nearer to the oxen. It takes its name from an odor with which the flesh of the bulls is said to be permeated at the rutting season, but this odor is reported as not disagreeable or even perceptible at other seasons, when the flesh is very good. It is compared with moose meat rather than buffalo meat by writers.

There are three points about the musk-ox which are very obvious and interesting.

One of these is the coat, which is extremely long—the hair on portions of the body being 15 or 20 inches in length—and hangs down toward the ground about to the hocks, and the wrists—which are commonly called the knees. This robe is generally very dark brown in color, but the forehead is paler, sometimes whitish, and there is a patch of yellowish or whitish on the back. The animal's tail is very short and is entirely hidden by the long hair.

The legs, which, owing to the long, down-hanging coat appear very short, terminate in large hoofs. These are well separated in the middle, but curved together again at the toes and hollowed out beneath like those of the caribou. This form of hoofs, as suggested by authors, enables them to climb the rocky ridges with great facility, and to scrape away the snow in their search for lichen and moss. No doubt it enables them also to run about without slipping over snow and ice.

The horns of the musk-ox in the young grow out from the side of the head, very much like those of the domestic cattle, as shown in the photograph; but with age these horns enlarge at the base with a flattening backward and forward, and also an approach to one another in the middle line, so that finally the bases of the two horns cover the whole top of the head, and almost come together. Whitney tells us that in its sixth year, and after that, there is a crevice between the horns which in an old bull is from an inch to an inch and a half wide. At the base of the horns, called the boss, the surface of the horn is wrinkled and rough, but where the horns bend downward and turn up again, it is smooth. The width of the boss in the cow is less than half the width of the average bull.

During the last few years several musk-oxen have been captured and brought out to civilization from their frozen homes, and it is quite apparent that these animals may readily be domesticated, providing only the proper food can be found for them. A few years ago Prof. Kolthoff, the leader of a Norwegian Arctic expedition, brought out with him from Greenland two musk-ox calves—a bull and cow—which were doing well, and that he hoped to be able to acclimatize on the hillsides of northern Sweden. Whatever became of them we do not know.

Again in August, 1900, a calf was captured in Jameson's Land, East Greenland. The occurrence is described as follows: The party, after having passed several solitary musk-oxen, came upon a herd of twelve full-grown animals, accompanied by one calf. Not far off there were two bulls, which afterward joined the other herd. This herd was lying on the hillside, and on its outer flank lay a cow with a calf near it, and a number of other cows not far off. One of the party managed to creep to a large stone, something over 100 yards from the cow and calf. He intended to shoot the mother in the hope that the calf would remain with it, and to permit the rest of the herd to run off. At the shot, however, the whole herd took to flight, but being pursued, by the help of dogs they were stopped from time to time and killed, until at last only the calf and two wounded cows were still on foot. The cows were killed and the calf captured. It was then two or three months old, and made a very good fight before it was subdued. But after being taken on board ship it became quite tractable, and has done well ever since. It was taken to Denmark and kept in the Zoological Gardens, Copenhagen. Of it the London Field says: "Additional interest now attaches to him from the fact that he has passed fifteen months, including an exceptionally hot summer, in a climate differing greatly from that of his native wilds in the Arctic, and that he is not only alive, but flourishing. Herr Jul. Schiött, the able managing director of the gardens, is to be congratulated on the success which has attended his treatment of the rarest animal in the collection under his charge. He has increased greatly in weight; his whole frame is sturdy and thick-set; he has completely lost the lameness with which he was affected, as well as the depression from which he for a time suffered; he has started a pair of horns, which are already 9 inches or 10 inches in length; his little wild eyes shine out from his shaggy countenance bright and clear, and he has a splendid coat—about the shoulders thicker than a bear's. Although the open-air inclosure in which he is confined is a roomy one, he looks as if a good straightaway gallop would please him greatly, and the chamois and pair of goats which constitute his companions get hunted about a bit. He has become quite fond of and eats a lot of hay, and every morning he gets three loaves of French bread, a luxury with which, says his attendant, 'he would not be supplied in Greenland, where the baker does not call every morning.' Such matters, however, can hardly be looked upon as necessities of life, and in so far as climate and food are concerned, there seems to be no reason why the plan, which has of late been much discussed in the Scandinavian press, of acclimatizing the musk-ox in Sweden,

should not be carried out. The main difficulty would appear to lie in the capture of living specimens, and it is earnestly to be hoped that in future those who proceed to the Arctic regions with such a purpose, whether they be members of scientific expeditions or Norwegian seal and walrus hunters, will be provided with materials somewhat more humane in their character and more suitable for the object in view than magazine rifles."

There are said to be other captive musk-oxen—one in England in the possession of the Duke of Woburn, and one in the zoological garden at Berlin.

Ways of the Gadwall.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was talking last week with an old gentleman who has lived here for over eighty years. He tells me that when he was a boy the gadwall was known all along the Eastern Shore by the name of bladen duck. I have spoken to several other gunners of the old days, and all agree that the original name was bladen duck. Why it was so called none can tell me. If you should ask any one here now if he can shoot a gadwall, he would look at you in bewilderment, but say blatin duck and he would know what you meant at once.

Now blatin would seem to mean that it was very noisy, and this is the fact. All the time they are on the wing they keep up a sort of whispering quack; of an evening you can hear the bunch coming long before you see them.

STOCKTON, Md.

O. D. FOULKS.

[As suggested in "American Duck Shooting" and in an earlier note from Mr. Foulks, blatin, bladen, are the equivalent of bleating and blatant, and these of the bird's specific name *strepera*, meaning noisy.]

European Widgeon in North Carolina.

By an unfortunate error of the type the reference in Mr. Ruthven Deane's note on this subject in FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 15, was badly mixed up. It should have been Nuttall Bulletin, Vol. I., 1880, p. 126.

Maryland Duck Shooting.

OUR correspondent, Mr. O. D. Foulks, of Stockton, Md., writes us:

Our December shooting was something fine, the best in years; gunners who were with me killed from my battery alone, 980 geese, brant and ducks from the last week in November to the first week in January. Since then we have not had one good day. The weather has been so cold and stormy and the bay always frozen or full of moving ice. It has been the coldest and stormiest winter for a great many years—in fact, I do not remember one where we have had so little chance to shoot. The bay is full of fowl of all kinds, and when the weather is such we can shoot, expect some nice work will be done. I wish the sale of wildfowl could be prevented. I have not sold one for years. On days that no one is here I do not go out, or if I do only kill enough for myself and a few neighbors.

Game Bag and Gun.

*Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Non-Resident Licenses.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is very evident after reading the article by Lexden in your issue of Feb. 15, that he belongs to that class of sportsmen who have money to burn, as the phrase is. If all sportsmen were in that class there would be very little kicking on account of any non-resident license law. As it is, there are a good many of us who cannot afford to have another piper added to those that already stand waiting to relieve us of our money when we step over the line of another State to do our hunting.

With from two to six others, I have made some eight trips to Maine for the purpose of enjoying the grand advantages of lake and forest, and for the chance of killing what game we legally could.

In that time we have expended at a low estimate some \$1,200, divided among the railroads, as little as possible to hotels and restaurants, some to guides for canoe hire, groceries and incidentals, nearly all of which was a direct benefit to the residents of the State where the hunting was done. Per contra, the State was the poorer by a few deer and grouse, the bait, we might call them, that tempted us to expend our dollars.

Now, if Maine is foolish enough to demand of us, say \$20, or even \$10, apiece, we shall be obliged to discontinue our trips and seek our pleasure elsewhere. It would appear to be a very short-sighted policy for any State to pass a law, the character of which will keep out at least one-quarter of the hunting visitors. Of course the license law will give more room to those able to pay it, the higher the license the more room.

Will the people derive as much benefit from the smaller number of visitors as from the whole number? And why raise this extra money to protect the game where no scarcity exists, and the outlying farmer is complaining of crops damaged by deer? It might become necessary to expend the money to buy wire fences to protect these gardens, or perhaps some of the wardens might be stationed there to keep out the deer. Seriously, there is a plenty and a great plenty, too, of deer. Why, coming out on the train this fall, there at the edge of the woods bordering the track, stood a deer watching the train as it whizzed by; this is no uncommon sight, either.

Maine is large, her forest grand and some of it hard to get at; her laws as they stand are good enough, both for the protection of game and the visiting sportsman, and in the name of everything sacred do not compel some of us to stay at home and forego our hunting trips, just because some people are not satisfied to let well enough alone.

PLYMOUTH, Mass.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Feb. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am a frequent visitor to Maine, and am interested in the proposed taxation of non-resident hunters. I do not believe in it at all. My own honest belief is that the serious depletion of Maine's fish and game reserves comes not from the sportsmen outside the State, who make an annual or less frequent visit to the woods, but from the residents of the State itself, particularly in those regions which are remote from the large cities, and where there are few, if any, game wardens, or, as is often the case, inefficient wardens. I firmly believe that many residents of the State get their entire meat supply at the simple expense of hunting down the game or catching the fish, in season or out, as opportunity offers.

In common with a number of other Springfield men, I have frequently visited John F. Haynes' Alligator Lake Camp, in Hancock county, Me., during the past twelve years, and one of my Springfield friends has often been there during the past seventeen years. Our joint belief is that the average city visitor to Maine is willing to observe any reasonable game or fish law, and that the large game killed will average considerably less than one animal to each outside visiting sportsman. I have seen that usually after a vacationist has killed his first deer he is not at all particular whether future trips result in securing more venison, although, of course, he is desirous that the camp should have at least one carcass for use in providing the table. We have carefully read your news report and editorial on the "Maine Non-Resident Tax" in your issue of the 18th, and cordially indorse Hon. Charles E. Oak's speech before the meeting of the Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association.

Why should not the railroads, which reap a heavy financial harvest from the traveling sportsmen, be induced to contribute materially toward the extension and improvement of the game warden service? All right-thinking sportsmen want to have the fish and game of Maine properly guarded, but most of us can hardly afford to add such a tax, as is proposed, to the expense of our vacations.

The people of Maine need to watch a very large element of their own fixed population, at all times, even more closely than they do the sportsmen from out of the State, if they want to preserve their game and fish.

E. M. WILKINS.

AUGUSTA, Me., Feb. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am very much obliged to you for printing my communication. I read your editorial in relation to it with some surprise.

I inclose you an editorial from to-day's issue of the Bangor Daily News, the leading daily morning newspaper in Maine east of Augusta.

Now you said in substance a few weeks since that if there is as much poaching in Maine as I allege, "that the demand is not for a non-resident license tax, but for a reorganization of the Commission."

Now, in Maine we are, as this editorial in the News states, in substance, confronted "with a condition, not a theory." We cannot get a larger appropriation for fish and game, strange as it may appear to you and others.

What, then, in your opinion, had we best do? Do the best we can with what we have, as we have been doing, and see our big game more or less rapidly disappear, as it

surely will under present conditions, or impose a moderate license fee to hunt it, sufficient to afford it reasonable protection?

Now, I for one, will be grateful to you, if you, as a practical sportsman, will answer this squarely. It is not argument to abuse me—that is being the question.

Ask you for your opinion what we had best do, granted that I state the conditions correctly in relation to our being unable to procure any large appropriation from the State.

I notice that your correspondent, Special, says the Maine papers are generally leaning against a license, except such as would create an exclusive hunting aristocracy. The Bangor Daily News in the editorial above referred to distinctly states the contrary, as I read it.

L. T. CARLETON.

[It has by no means been demonstrated that the Maine Commissioners have done "the best we can with what we have," and that therefore the provision of more funds is the *sine qua non* of better game protection in the Maine woods. On the contrary, there is reasonable ground for entertaining the belief that a Commission which should avoid the mistakes of the present one and administer its affairs with more gumption and ability might achieve a vast improvement even without being given more money. There is no necessity then of accepting simply on Mr. Carleton's bald statement, the conclusion that there are but two alternatives, to see the game disappear or to raise more money for the Commission.]

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just read what an advocate of a non-resident hunting tax had to say in your recent issue. Possibly I am not a sportsman, in the generally accepted meaning of the word. Moreover, I am an Indiana boy, who thinks a license tax is unnecessary and inconsistent. The transportation companies pay enough money into the State treasuries to compensate the State for any expense it is put to on account of game protection. Instead of appreciating this fact and drafting laws to limit the kill, they choose by direct license tax to take earnings from transportation companies by curtailing travel; or, if the travel continues, cover game warden expenses off non-residents. But the travel is curtailed in a marked degree by a non-resident license fee. Ask representatives of any of the lines running into the hunting grounds of Michigan, Wisconsin or Minnesota.

To limit travel is the real object of a \$25 non-resident license. It means "stay out of our State; we don't want you." If the man with easy money feels complimented by the knowledge that he can take his outing if he wants to, and that he is specially invited by this class legislation, he simply overlooks the intents and purposes of the law.

Of course, there are people who won't take no for an answer; and there are many others to whom the sport attending an outing during the hunting season means so much to their health and happiness, that they will meet any sacrifice within their means rather than remain at home. This is the class deserving of sympathy. The sportsman of this type can't afford to spend a month or two each summer at the seashore. He is the man of moderate means. He may be a doctor, lawyer, merchant, bookkeeper, clerk, farmer or what not. He wants an outing. He prefers to camp in the woods, with a few congenial companions, where he can ramble for a couple of weeks. A gun is considered a natural adjunct to a ramble in the hunting season. Four out of five of these people don't expect to kill anything larger than a rabbit. It is a hardship for them to pay \$25 for the privileges they ask, and, as I said before, it is inconsistent.

The only license fee within the bounds of reason would be the local market value of the game named in the license. And this game the licensee should be permitted to carry out of the State. I am not in favor of class legislation, nor a license to hunt on wild lands. I think American citizenship should not sink to the level of peasant life. Dollars and cents will not weigh in the scale with true manhood; and if a man to be a sportsman must be able and willing to spend money lavishly, then the time is at hand to classify under another title the army of sober, industrious men who, like the Boers of the Transvaal, know how to shoot, and love to tread the hills annoyed by the hand of oppression.

Those who are responsible for non-resident license laws make the mistake of legislating in the interest of a class, instead of the game or of the people in general. It is not their intention to do so. Legislators frequently vote on a proposition without knowing what it consists of, and our discussion of the subject will avail nothing.

The proper way to protect game is to limit the kill, but give rich and poor an equal chance at it while it lasts.

G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

Small Bores vs. Big Bores.

I WISH to publicly acknowledge my gratitude to Geo. F. Dominick, Jr., and also to Frederic Irland, for the graphic descriptions of moose hunting which appeared over their names in FOREST AND STREAM for Feb. 1.

Both of these descriptions are classic word pictures of the sport, for which every reader of FOREST AND STREAM should feel grateful. Mr. Irland's article is also a valuable contribution to the literature relating to small-bore rifles, and I think will do much to dissipate the mental fog in which many are groping as a result of conflicting reports in regard to the work these rifles are capable of.

When I was outfitting for my first moose hunt the praises of the .30-30 and the .30-40 were persistently sung for my benefit by my friends, but I looked at that little .30-caliber 160-grain bullet and closed my ears to the song of the siren, finally buying one of the much-maligned .45-90 repeaters. I will say here for this rifle, it has killed three big bull moose, one bull caribou, and about twenty-five deer, and no animal was ever struck by one of its bullets that did not go into camp with me. I do not argue from this that the .45-90 is an ideal moose gun, for in my opinion the ideal black-powder moose gun should have a bigger caliber and a cartridge holding more powder and lead—in fact, something very close to the .577 gun which Mr. Irland mentioned. The .375 high power gun which he described comes still nearer to my ideal, and I have waited a long time for our manufacturers to put such a rifle on the market, and have wondered at their failure to do so. There is certainly

sufficient demand for such a rifle to make its manufacture profitable. Most opinions in regard to rifles are based upon insufficient data.

The first moose a man kills may come out into an opening and stand like a pet lamb to be killed by one shot from a .30-30, or even a .44-40, and then the lucky hunter thinks his rifle is *ne plus ultra*, the best gun for moose, and straightway tells all of his friends of his wonderful achievement, and consequently a good many form erroneous opinions respecting the gun, all of which are based upon a single lucky shot. I have heard of a moose being killed by one shot from a .22-caliber rifle. I have also heard of a bear being killed by one blow from the butt end of a common carriage whip, but who would assume from such an occurrence that carriage whips are the best weapons with which to kill bear. Yet this would only be carrying the fallacies of the small-bore craze to an extreme. Some of our instructors in the noble art of rifle shooting, who decry the use of big bores and powerful charges, tell us that most any little bullet will kill the biggest and most ferocious animal if placed in a vital place, therefore bullets should always be placed in vital places, as this would not only make the use of big bores and powerful charges unnecessary, but would be evidence of greater skill and a higher type of sportsmanship.

This is a very beautiful theory and would be just the thing to put into practice if it were possible to do it. But it is impossible, and some of the most lamentable failures I know of were made by some of these same instructors while attempting to put their own theory into practice. When a moose hunter has spent perhaps years in a vain quest for the majestic head which he fondly hopes to some day see adorning his hall or dining room, and at last discovers it when it is being borne away from him at railway speed by a great bundle of muscular energy, now glancing between tree trunks, now plunging over windfalls, and now almost hidden by thick brush, do you think he will restrain his impulse to shoot, and await the fortuitous time when the prize shall be held motionless before him at easy range, with nothing in the line of sight between him and the great pulsing heart but one thickness of skin and a few inches of flesh which the little 160-grain bullet can penetrate?

No, it is the instinct of the hunter to shoot, and shoot he will, even to the last cartridge in his gun, and the result is generally a huge animal with a few sore spots near the surface of its anatomy at one end of the trail, and a hunter sick with disappointment and saying unspeakable things at the other.

A moose's skin, to say nothing of the tough, thick muscles and massive bones which it covers, is like a coat of mail. I once saw a wound on a big bull, made by a .45-caliber bullet weighing 400 grains, and driven by 60 grains measure of Dupont No. 1 smokeless powder. This bullet first cut squarely through one thickness of skin, then through about 6 inches of muscles, then squarely through another thickness of skin, and lastly, lengthwise through about 4 inches of skin, and then stopped. That was an eye-opener for me. Another bullet, from a .30-40 Winchester, struck the same bull squarely in the center of the neck, went through one thickness of skin and 5 or 6 inches of muscle, and then stopped against the neck bone without shattering it in the least. As Irland would put it, the old bull went right on thinking the world was a good place to live in, until about three hours later, when two more bullets from the Winchester got in where he lived and mixed things up a little. It matters little what the velocity and shock of a bullet is so long as it fails to deliver its shock at the seat of life. To do this regularly, it must have weight in proportion to the resistance it has to meet.

I agree with Irland that the .30-30 is all right for moose birds, but when I am dealing with moose, I want bigger caliber, more powder, and lead enough to cut its way through the tremendous resistance it sometimes meets from tough hide, thick muscles, and massive bones, and still have vim enough to smash the interior arrangements.

I shall await with what patience I can summon, the second installment of Mr. Irland's delightful story, which is promised us.

I am curious to know whether any more of the small-bore aftermath was gathered in up there on the Little Sou'west.

JOS. W. SHURTER.

GANSEVOORT, Feb. 8.

A Quaint Old Arm.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A description of an old flintlock gun, or musket, in the possession of the writer, may prove of interest to the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM, and incidentally call forth a clue to the origin or history of this relic of antiquity. Knowing the family from which it came, we are confident that it did duty against the British in the Revolution, and it is also quite possible it saw the heights of Quebec in the French and Indian war. It came from Ridgefield, Conn., a section rich in Revolutionary lore, and the scene of a minor engagement with the British.

After reposing quietly in an attic, with other antiques, it was only brought forth from darkness to light—not for love of country, but love of gain, and in this worldly manner became the property of the writer. Length ("over all"), 62 inches; length of stock, 12½ inches; the stock is of the club variety, and it and the woodwork appear to be of beech; length of barrel, 47 inches; gauge, three-quarters of an inch at muzzle. The fore end—or whatever they called it—extends to within three inches of the muzzle, and is the receptacle for an iron ramrod of unique manufacture.

The lock is in fair serviceable condition, and the flint looks as though it might still do duty—should necessity require it. The drop of stock we did not measure, and the pull is not of the hair-trigger variety. By the liberal use of emery and oil, aided by an abundance of "elbow grease," the name (or part of it) was deciphered on the lock plate to be "Jacque Valet" on first line, and "A Liege" under or on second, the letters "J. A. C." also the word "Valet," also the "A" and the letters "Lie" on second line we are positive of, but that it all spells "Liege" is a supposition on our part. The butt plate and trimmings are brass.

E. H. FOX.

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Some Foreign Game Birds.

THE exhibit of game birds, which will be a feature of this year's show at the Massachusetts Sportsmen's Association, will be the most comprehensive exhibit in its line that has ever been brought together, and will give the sportsmen of New England an opportunity to study at close range, not only the birds with which they are familiar, but many varieties from distant parts of the world.

Peculiar interest attaches to this collection of imported game birds from that fact that it has been arranged to turn them over, at the close of the show, to the Massachusetts Commissioners of Fish and Game for the purpose of experiment in breeding them. The Commission has two well-equipped breeding stations (at Winchester and Sutton), where the Mongolian pheasant has been successfully raised for some years, and at these stations the experiments in breeding the foreign varieties will be carried on. If they prove successful, as seems highly probable, the offspring will be used in the Commission's work of restocking the Massachusetts covers.

One of the varieties which seems to hold out the most promise of adapting itself to Massachusetts covers is the mountain quail of the Pacific coast. The native Bob White breed well here, and are at present quite plentiful, but Massachusetts is the extreme northern limit of their range, and an unusually severe winter is liable to sadly deplete the present stock. The fact that the mountain

CHICAGO AND THE WEST

In the Interest of Science.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 14.—Justice Hildebrand, of Waterloo, Ia., last Saturday fined Harry Fields, of Cedar Falls, \$120 and costs, penalty for killing six quail. In doing this Justice Hildebrand casts a certain damper upon the ardor of Mr. Fields in the interest of science. The complaining witness was Victor Speer, who claimed that Mr. Fields killed the quail in his orchard Jan. 22. Mr. Fields admitted the impeachment, but said that he had shot the birds under the broad powers of a commission from the Iowa State Normal School, to procure specimens of birds and animals for mounting and display in the scientific department of that school. Professor Arey, of the institution above mentioned, testified that Mr. Fields had done such work. It was the argument of the prosecution that to allow the killing of so many quail to go unpunished would incite others to shoot the birds illegally and to set up a similar defense. No case of a similar nature has ever been taken to the Supreme Court of Iowa.

Snowshoes for the Rockies.

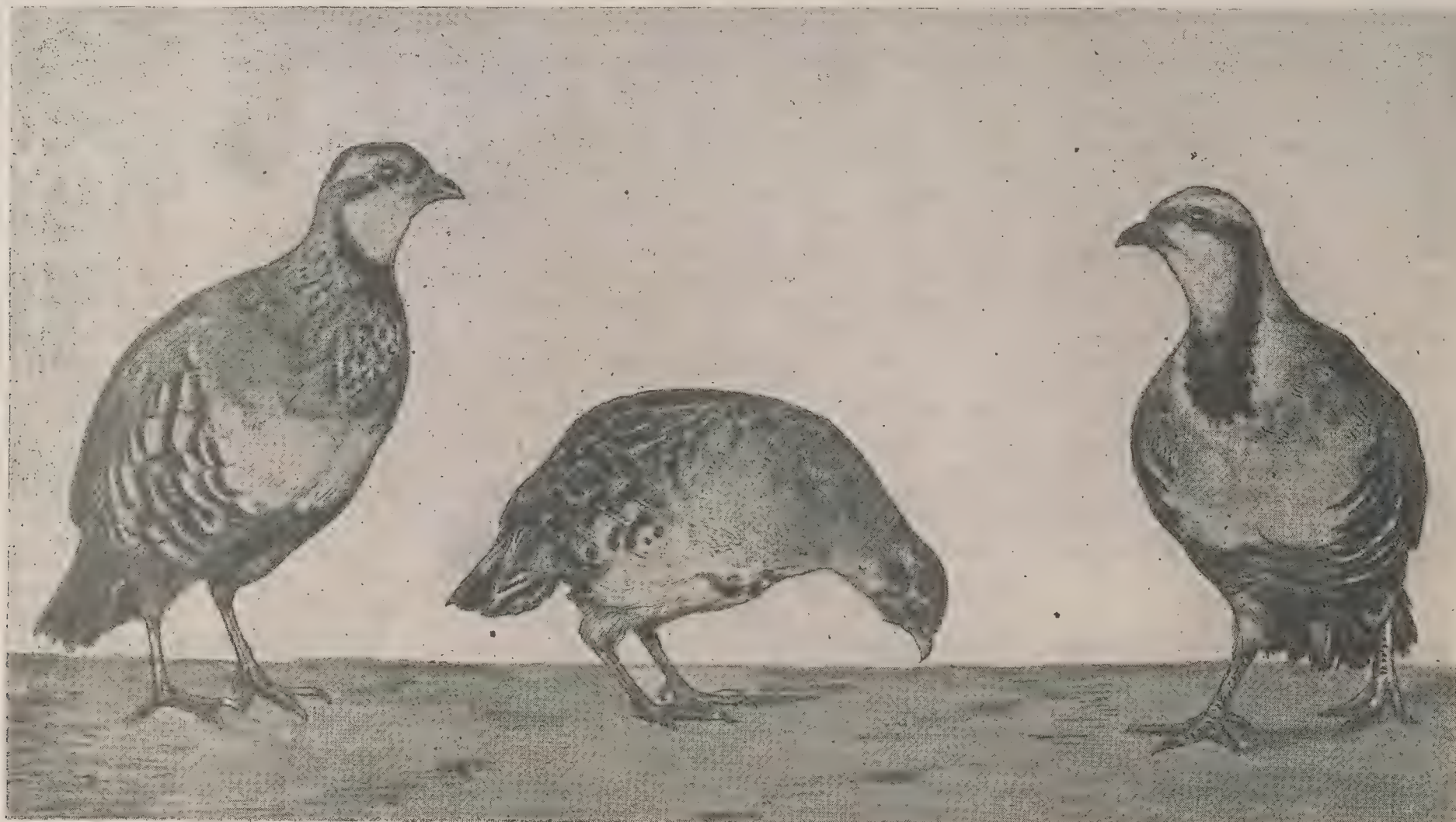
Mr. John M. Phillips, of Pittsburg, Pa., writes: "Some years ago you were experimenting with snowshoes. I want a pair for Rocky Mountain travel. My guides have advised me to get Canadian shoes, three feet long and fourteen inches wide. I would esteem it a favor if you would kindly advise me where I could get a first-class

very many more deer. He also states that so far as he can see, the annual take of fur at Moose Factory is about as good now as it was many years ago.

I asked Linklater whether he had ever seen sign that moose were killed by bears, and he said no. "I don't think the bears destroy very many young moose," said he, "or at least I don't know that they do, but they kill a great many young beaver, that I know very well." He stated that he has twice seen proof of the fact that the fisher can kill a full-grown lynx. The Indians also tell him that the fisher frequently kills lynx. He states that a polar bear was once killed at Moose Factory on the lower part of James Bay (this is, of course, salt water). The bear came down from the north and was killed while chasing a squaw, who had gone down to the water hole after a pail of water.

I asked Mr. Linklater what sort of weapon he preferred for killing moose or deer, and he said that the .38-55 was a good enough gun for him. He one time killed three moose in three shots with the .38-55. I asked him if he thought the .30-30 was good, and he said yes, although he once had to shoot a moose three times with that gun. Asked what animal he considered to be the shiest and hardest to stalk, he said that the red deer was very much more difficult in his opinion to kill by still-hunting than the moose.

As to the killing of moose by bear, our old friend, Henry Braithwaite, of New Brunswick, states that he is sure that bears often kill moose calves, and on one occasion he saw a bear in the act of killing a three-year-old moose. The bear had the moose down and was biting



THREE FORMS OF THE EUROPEAN PARTRIDGE.
Shown at the Boston Sportsmen's Show.

quail "buds" when the ground feed is cut off, ought to enable it to survive a season that would prove fatal to the Bob White, and, being a larger and more wary bird, adds to its desirability.

Of the European varieties, three, which are sure to attract much attention are the French, the Armenian and the Hungarian partridges, shown in the accompanying illustration. The French partridge is a very showy bird and of good size, but, being a native of a warm climate, is liable to find the New England winters a trifle severe.

The Armenian partridge is somewhat larger than the French and is quite as handsome a bird. In its markings the French and Armenian varieties are very similar. The French bird has the sides of the body barred with rich reddish brown, the corresponding color in the Armenian being black, and its white throat patch extends further down the neck, the black border not being so sharply defined, nor has it the speckled black and white upper breast of the French bird.

The Armenians, which have been here for several weeks, have become quite tame, and there is a possibility that they may not prove sufficiently wild for a prosperous career in so thickly settled and so hard-hunted a State as Massachusetts. However, they will be given a trial, and upon being liberated, may prove this fear groundless.

The Hungarian partridge is smaller than either the French or Armenian, and a less showy bird. In size he is midway between the Bob White and the ruffed grouse, resembling the former in body coloring, while in shrewdness he is reputed to rival the latter—and that is as good a recommendation as he could bring to New England shooters. Being a native of a cold climate, there is no doubt of his being able to winter here, and the Commissioners feel that this is the bird which will prove the most valuable addition to our game bird supply.

As the Massachusetts Commission is sadly hampered in its efforts at restocking, through lack of funds, it is a matter for sincere congratulation that, through the courtesy of the Sportsmen's Show management, they will be able to secure so extremely desirable a line of game birds for the coming season's work.

C. H. Morse.

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pair. Like yourself, I have been trying to get a fall grizzly, and after reading your last spring's experience, I have concluded to try to get one on the spring snow. I hope some day to read in the FOREST AND STREAM the obituary of your grizzly."

The Canadian shoe is not suitable for use in the damp snows of the spring in the Rocky Mountains, where there is nearly always some thawing during the day. It is all right for a cold, dry snow, but packs up horribly when the snow begins to stick. I have found the long Alaska-bow snowshoes the best for straightaway traveling, but for climbing in the mountain country of the West, I am on the whole disposed to believe that the most practical shoe is the bear-paw model, such as may be found in the Northern Rockies. I presume they could be bought at Kalispell, Mont. These are a short, oval shoe, about fifteen inches in length and perhaps twelve inches in width, and the filling is very coarse, indeed almost any kind of a crazy criss-cross in thongs, the thongs being cut very wide and stout. It is astonishing how these shoes will carry one up. In climbing they hold better than a longer shoe, as one can dig in his toes. Moreover, and this is a very valuable quality of the bear-paw shoe, when one has gotten up above the snowdrifts upon the bare rocks, he can carry these shoes on his back and they will not inconvenience him in his hunting. A longer shoe is much in the way in climbing a steep pitch of a mountain face, where very often one cannot keep on his feet at all, but has to wallow upward the best he can. I think if Mr. Phillips would write to Mr. J. B. Munroe, Kipp, Mont., that Jack Munroe could get him a pair. They are not very beautiful, but they get there.

Hudson Bay Guide.

It was a pleasure to talk this week for a little time with George Linklater, an old Hudson Bay man, who is in town. Linklater is one of the quiet, retiring sort, and he does not limber up very much at first, but it needs no practiced eye to discover in him the real article. Linklater has worked for twenty-eight years in all for the Hudson Bay Company, and for five years was stationed at Moose Factory, at the foot of James Bay. He says that the new railroads heading north through Ontario are going to open up a great game country, more especially for moose and caribou. He says that in the early days of his Hudson Bay service, moose were almost unknown, having been either killed out or not having moved into that northern country. He thinks the moose are steadily working north toward the James Bay, and says there are very many more moose in Ontario now, and

at its neck. Henry shot the bear through with a Wesson rifle, but had only the one shot with him, and the bear escaped. The moose was past surgery by that time. Henry says he has always had it in for bear ever since.

The Wariest Creature

By the way, speaking of the relative wariness of game animals, I have always personally believed that the wild turkey is the hardest of American game creatures to kill in legitimate fashion. Of course, one cannot classify roosting turkeys as sport, and I refer only to the fair outwitting of the bird in the daytime. This week I saw Mr. Charles Payne, of Wichita, Kan., very well known as a dealer in game animals, and of considerable experience in the field, and I asked him what, in his opinion, was the hardest bird or animal to kill by fair means. Without hesitation he replied that it was the wild turkey. "I have hunted white-tail deer and wild turkey both," said he, "and I would much rather undertake to kill two white-tail deer than one wild turkey."

From Wyoming.

Another outdoor man who is in the city this week is Ben Sheffield, of Livingston, Mont., a well-known Western guide. Mr. Sheffield hunts in one of the best elk countries of the Rockies—the Jackson Hole region below the Yellowstone Park. I asked him what he thought about the supply of elk, and he said that elk are decreasing very rapidly, and that unless something be done promptly within five years they will practically be exterminated. Mr. Sheffield thinks that the Wyoming law is responsible for the death of a great many elk. This law requires that the visiting shooter take out not only a license, but a licensed guide. All sorts and conditions of men offer themselves as such guides; many of them being of no account. Unable to make a living at guiding, they do a turn at a little elk killing upon their own account, according to Mr. Sheffield.

Salt the Hides.

William Kaempfer, the Chicago taxidermist, commenting upon the condition of a lot of hides recently received, offered the following advice: "It would be a good thing for sportsmen to know that nearly all hides killed in warm climates, or hides which have much grease on them, spoil very quickly if left in the sun, or if rolled tight with the fleshy sides together. If you spread a hide out and get it well dried, it will not sweat so quickly as if you put the fleshy surfaces together. If the grease once fries into

the hide, that means first a horny place and then a brittle place after tanning. For light hides like those of the fur-bearing animals, no salt is required, and it is enough to stretch them and dry them in the shade, but a party killing bear or elk, for instance, do not always have the time to thoroughly dry out their hides in the shade. The best way is to salt them thoroughly. The salt brings out the moisture, and after this is scraped off the hide, it can be rolled and shipped with the certainty that it will arrive in good condition at the taxidermist's."

Northern Shooter in the South.

Mr. R. B. Organ, of Chicago, is not content unless he is having a little fun with somebody, and he says he had fun with his pusher in his late Southern trip, where, among other places, he shot at the Chef Menteur clubs of Louisiana. Roll drew a pusher who was some tired, and who did not want to get out into the marsh any further than he had to. The Northern shooter thereupon gave the young man a lesson in Maksawba duck shooting, including the art of marking down a duck. The result was a bag of thirty ducks, which proved to be the top bag of the day, since out of fifteen other guns on the marsh, the total result was only twenty-two birds. These old Kanakee clubs of ours used to turn out some pretty good duck shooters, one of whom was Roll Organ.

In the South.

It was like old times to get a letter this morning from O. C. Guessaz, of San Antonio. It is Lieut.-Col. Guessaz now, inspector of rifle practice, First Division Texas Volunteers, and the same says he is well and hearty, also adding the information that Dick Merrill, of Milwaukee, and W. W. Peabody, Jr., of New York, are at present sojourning in old San Antonio, to the mutual pleasure of everybody on both sides of the transaction.

By the way, Mr. E. H. Brown, of this city, is among the Chicagoans who are headed southward. Mr. Brown goes next month to Aransas Pass for some tarpon fishing, and will probably put up at the Tarpon Club. In April he goes to Burdick, Ark., for a try at the alligator gars, with which he proposes to have some fun. In May he will go trout fishing on the Brule, of Wisconsin, and in June he will fish for muscullunge in the same State. Now, that is what I call a rational sort of business life.

Ephraim and His Idols.

Mr. Fred Irland, of Washington, D. C., is always interesting, and never more so than when he is writing on his favorite topic of the efficacy of the stove-pipe gun as compared to the small-bore. I fear that Ephraim is wedded to his idols, and that it would not be worth while to try to convert Mr. Irland away from his tomato-can load. I don't doubt for a minute that the big gun will kill game, although I have heard of cases where a man wanted another shot awful bad. I am afraid that neither Mr. Irland nor myself will ever reconcile all the conflicting reports about this, that and the other gun and load. As to the size of gun, I imagine that the 8-bore would kill more quail, and perhaps deader quail, than the 12-gauge. I like to use the 12-gauge, none the less. Sometimes a crippled quail gets away from the 12-gauge, and I imagine it would occasionally from an 8-gauge. There is no gun which is going to kill game every time you loose it off. It takes something more than general concussion to bring meat into camp. If I were afraid of being charged by a desperate quail, I might want to get me an 8-gauge, but I have usually found the game charging in the other direction, and must confess a sort of leaning toward something which will hit 'em quick and often. I do not know much about moose, but would hate to have a collar-bone broken mighty bad. I noticed that every time Henry Braithwaite fired off his two-bushel gun, we had to hunt about half an hour before we could find Henry. The old machine would kick him clear over the hill. Avaunt, Mr. Irland! Prithee, say not so.

The Belgrade Bull.

Anybody who is anybody in Montana society has heard of the Belgrade bull, which is owned by an English outfit near Belgrade, Mont., and which has more than a local reputation. The fame of this creature dates back some years, and rests for the most part upon the extreme looseness and flexibility of the aforesaid creature's hide. Whenever a new cowboy comes up into that part of the range, and gets full enough to ride anything with hair on it, the owner of the bull meekly suggests that he will bet \$500 that he has something with hair on it that the said cow puncher can't sit for love nor money. This is commonly sufficient to close the preliminaries. The owner takes the cow puncher out into the corral and shows him a meek, mild-mannered, thoroughly gentle old Hereford ox. The old fellow does not in the least mind being saddled and cinched, and he allows any one to pull the cinch as tight as he can. The cow puncher mounts into the saddle, and then the owner of the animal takes a long pole with a brad on the end of it and pokes up the bull. About two movements after that usually settle it. The bull takes a shift in his hide over to the right, and tilts Mr. Cowpuncher at an angle of about 60 degrees on that side. Then he pulls his hide over to the same point on the left side. The saddle slips around and the cow puncher falls off. That is all there is to it. Many a good, straight-up rider has come to grief in just this sort of fashion, among these Jerky Bill, a famous buster, and Spokane, another celebrated subduer of mean ones. Spokane was so ashamed when he found that he could not ride the Belgrade bull that he left for parts unknown, and was not seen for many a moon.

Yet it seems that the glory of the aforesaid bovine hath somewhat faded. A rumor is out to the effect that he has been "rid." It was done by a man who worked for the Story outfit, name otherwise unknown. Jack Monroe says that this man rode the bull, but did not do it fair—that is to say, he only succeeded after tying his stirrups underneath the belly of his mount, which is considered to be not quite professional in busterdom.

Kid Gabriel, when interviewed in regard to these episodes, said: "Down at the cow punchers' tournament in St. Louis, four years ago, there was a feller who come down there from the Northern range, and said deliberate that he had rid the Belgrade bull. He put on a lot of airs and allowed that he was about the best that ever come down the trail. We starts in to ride some mean

ones in the tournament, and says he to me; kind of careless, 'Shall I ride 'em fancy, Kid?' I says to him, 'You just ride 'em any way you can.' Well, you never saw a man pull out more leather than he did in all your life. He was the punkiest kind. He couldn't ride straight up at all. We knowed he never had rid the Belgrade bull, and we told it to him. Afterward we found out that he had taken on the name of the feller that did ride him, and at that with tied stirrups."

Mr. J. D. Hawks, president of the Detroit & Mackinac Railway, of Detroit, issues a beautiful pamphlet showing the resources of the country tributary to that line. This region is one of the greatest interest to all sportsmen, whether lovers of the rod or gun, and Mr. Hawks will be glad to send out copies of the publication to inquirers for sporting localities, more especially those who purpose forming sportsmen's clubs, whether for angling or shooting purposes.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

A Black Duck Pair.

REVERE, Feb. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The black duck has begun to come in on our marshes, but not in any large numbers. For the past few years they have been getting thinned out to an alarming extent. Spring shooting is the main cause for the scarcity, I suppose. Up to five years ago we could pick up a few birds during an evening's shooting, but it is almost impossible now to get more than enough to make a dinner.

While out gunning one day last March, we put up a pair out of a small stream. One of the party fired at them and dropped one. The duck floated down stream, and we were surprised to see it remain in the middle of the current. We did not have a dog with us, and we were in a quandary as to how we could secure the duck, which was in a small eddy and kept whirling about.

While we were doing our utmost to secure it by throwing sods of turf and other stuff, we were greatly surprised to see a lone duck come swiftly up stream and poise directly over it. The stream was about twenty feet wide, and the gallant mate of that poor duck was satisfied to meet a possible death in that narrow stream, so that he could locate his late partner. He was not more than four feet from the surface of the water, and not over eight feet from us.

We remained standing while the drake kept fluttering over the duck. We made no attempt to conceal ourselves, and we were filled with admiration and pity for such a courageous and noble fellow. Gladly would we have restored his partner to him, but it was beyond us. It was their season of love-making. Let us stop spring shooting.

Various evenings while sitting at supper, I noted the call of a female duck. I thought nothing of it at first, but determined to find out what a foolish duck could be quacking about in such close proximity to a railroad track in the night time. A small pool of stagnant water had formed just back of my neighbor's house. His ducks enjoyed its juicy contents during the day. I thought it probable that one of his ducks was out. I got a lantern and slid down the banking to the pool. I saw a black duck in the dirty puddle, and shoo'd at her to drive her into her box. She swam to the end of the puddle, which was not over ten feet long. I went to the end after her, when she startled me by jumping into the air like a skyrocket, leaving nothing behind but her quack, quack. Funny experience, wasn't it? She must have been visiting the tame drakes during early morning hours.

Last summer I found the nest of a thrush, with the old bird at home. By using caution I approached close enough to put my hand on the back of the thrush and stroked her feathers a few times before she left the nest. Her young ones had just been hatched. She drove me away very quickly by her rapid dashes. The partridge displays more cunning, but none of the courage possessed by the smaller birds in defense of their young. Pick up a baby partridge in the woods, and its tiny squeak will cause the old lady to resort to tricks to lead you away. But she will not dash at your head as the little birds do.

JAY PEE.

The Big-Game Rifle of the Future.

WHILE, for army purposes, the improvements along the line of small-caliber rifles may continue, yet do I firmly believe that common sense will sway the sportsman back again to the large-bored rifle.

The man who has chased a .30-30-riddled moose over a blood-bespattered trail only to eventually lose him, will be inclined in future to change his rifle for one that will drop a moose in its tracks.

I have read with much interest Mr. Irland's remarks upon this subject, and if experience counts for anything in the woods, his statements and conclusions must carry weight. To be able to drop your moose "all of a heap," as against making a stern chase for your wounded quarry through several miles of windfall country, between the two there can be no question as to the better method.

The bullet that will knock a moose off its feet as if hit between the eyes with a sledge would seem to be the bullet par excellence.

To drive a really expanded, soft-nosed bullet directly through the heart of a moose is apt to stop him in his tracks, but, if the reports one reads are true, to hit a moose "any old place" with a .30-30 is not apt to do anything immediately further than to make him run. He may eventually bleed to death or die from inflammation because of the wound—but *cui bono*.

And all this fortifies the many arguments against taking the .30-30 into the woods. The large-bore gun with black-powder-propelled bullet is not only a safer arm, for the rest of the fellows in the woods out of ordinary gun-shot, but is a surer arm with which to bring down your game. Of course, the result of planting a 480-grain bullet in a man's back, because his corduroy coat "looked like a deer," would be, perhaps, more disastrous, but yet more merciful than were the act done with a .30-30. Even in the shooting of a human being, if the man must be shot by mistake for a deer by his fellow man, the aim of the innocent murderer in such cases is so good invariably that it really cuts no figure whether the caliber is one thing or the other. But as to killing some one in

the next county, certainly the small-bore smokeless will always carry off the palm.

Fads and fashions rule temporarily in all things. I think the small-bore rifle fad for big game that haunt the woods has had its run, especially so with the men who have tried it and know.

I should like to know Mr. Weaver's opinion of the shocking powers of a .30-30. Just where he planted those thirteen bullets in that unfortunate moose. Mr. Irland's article does not state, but I'll venture to state that it would not have taken any such number of 480-grain bullets to have done the business—and the antlers would today be gracing Mr. Weaver's dining hall.

Years ago I remember reading an article in one of the standard magazines reciting the experience of one—I can not now recall the name, a noted pioneer Californian, and a great hunter. It particularly referred to his killing at close quarters five grizzlies, using, of course, the small-bore, muzzleloading rifle of the pioneer days. Where he planted his bullets (he wasted no second shot on the same grizzly) and what the grizzlies were doing when he was busy with his powder horn, patches, bullets and ramrod have always been mysteries to me. If I remember right, the article was written in a veracious, commonplace strain, and lacked the enthusiasm that sometimes permeates such tales. The article was illustrated, and I can see the leather-robed hunter, with the orthodox coon cap of the day, in the act of loading his Kentucky rifle, one dead grizzly at his feet and four real live ones on their hind feet in charging attitude and within arm's length of the hunter. Writers of hunting stories as well as engravers, like poets, are granted license with an open hand, and I have always thought that story-teller and engraver put their heads together and pooled their licenses.

The above was vividly called to my mind when on a fishing trip in Maine years ago, I saw hanging up in the shanty of a guide a single-shot, breechloading Remington rifle of very heavy caliber. Whether this had been bored especially large to order I do not know. Alongside the rifle, hung a leather pouch holding not more than three or four loaded shells. The bullet used was certainly as large as my thumb, and the fewness of them to the pound was a source of surprise to me. When I remarked on the size of the ammunition, the guide quietly replied that every bullet meant a moose or a deer. He never believed in spoiling meat by boring it full of holes. When he pulled the trigger he liked things to drop right there. After covering miles in finding his game, he liked to end the hunt right there and not have to follow his wounded game over into the next county.

I think Mr. Irland and this guide might shake hands and compare notes.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

The Megantic Dinner.

BOSTON, Feb. 16.—The members of the Megantic Fish and Game Corporation sat down to their fifteenth annual dinner at Hotel Brunswick Saturday evening. The attendance was the largest ever recorded—about 200. This is considered favorable, since it was for some time a matter of doubt as to whether a dinner would be held this year. Only two or three guests were invited. President Roosevelt was unable to be present by reason of the recent illness in his family. Chairman L. T. Carleton, of the Maine Fish and Game Commission, was present, and took occasion, as was expected he would, to get in his hunter's license work. After congratulating the club on the number of young men present and dwelling for a few moments on the delights of the woods and waters and general out-door life, he launched into his chief subject. As an introductory, he cited the destruction of the buffalo, and added that Maine does not propose to lose her moose, caribou and deer in such a manner. It is proposed to impose a license fee on non-resident hunters sufficient to furnish the money to protect the fish and game of the State. He did not take pains to say that this fee is suggested to be imposed on non-resident hunters only, while the people of his State will be permitted to hunt indiscriminately, without paying for it. He said, in substance, that there were less than 2,000 persons registered from outside the State who went in search of big game last season, but that throughout the season the forests were fairly alive with camping and canoeing parties. Each one carried a rifle, regardless of its being close season on all sorts of game. They carried these rifles for protection, though there was nothing in the Maine woods in summer time more dangerous than a red squirrel. The Commission feels that some means must be provided to prevent this summer destruction of game. They have come to the conclusion that it is best to impose a license fee on all non-residents who come into Maine to hunt, in order that sufficient funds may be provided to pay wardens to see that the game laws are enforced.

In reply, President Gleason said that he was sure that the members of his club would gladly assist the Maine Commission in protecting big game. He suggested that the members would doubtless be willing to pay a \$10 license fee. But he added that he felt confident that the destruction of big game in Maine comes not so much from visitors outside of the State as from hunting for the market by Maine residents. He might also have added that sportsmen from all over the country have carried on for two seasons, particularly last season, a regular system of market-hunting. Mr. Carleton might have gone into Clinton Market one morning last fall and seen fourteen handsome deer, nearly all heavy bucks, strung up by the heels. A hunting party of seven got home the night before. These deer were their trophies. A gentleman, who spent his boyhood in the Adirondacks, a hunter then and a good shot, who knows every one of the returned hunting party well, remarked of them: "They never shot one of those deer. Not one of the party could hit a deer if they saw it, let alone the finding of them and getting a chance to shoot." It is perfectly well understood that every one of those deer were shot by Mr. Carleton's registered guides. Neither were those deer the hundredth part of the game of that sort that came into Boston markets last fall. Mr. Carleton's licensed guides are deer slayers by trade—the most of them—and the deer come directly to the Boston markets.

Mr. Gleason also mistakes the sentiment of the Megantic Club, if he believes that a majority of its members are in favor of a hunter's license in Maine. At the meeting Saturday evening it was suggested in one little

circle at least that the matter be put to a vote, and if the volume of expression had come out against the system that I hear every day on the streets, it would have been overwhelmingly voted down. But there is an aristocracy, and it is to be found in the Megantic Club as well as elsewhere; an aristocracy that would be willing to pay for a license to hunt, in order to keep the common people back; to save the game for the aristocracy. But this aristocracy cannot accomplish its purpose through a non-resident license system in Maine. It may rest assured that the residents of Maine, among whom there are more rifles and experts with them, to the number of inhabitants, than in any other part of the country, will see to it that there is no great increase of game for the visitors to shoot. Almost every boy, and most of the men, in Maine are interested in shooting. Rifle makers have sold more rifles to go into Maine during the past eight or ten years, particularly the last four or five, than ever before recorded. The matter of a non-resident license to hunt in Maine was not put to a vote at that meeting.

Speaker Myers congratulated the club on its excellent showing, and added that Massachusetts, though having no great expanse of lake and forest, is doing good work in protecting and propagating fish and game. He added that he was sorry that Massachusetts has not already taken steps to prevent the sale of big game in her markets during the closed season on the game in the States from which it is shipped. SPECIAL.

That Queer New York Law.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., Feb. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Feb. 1, you discuss Section 33 of the New York Game Law, as amended in 1901, which section is given as follows:

"Wild birds (other than the English sparrow, crow, hawk, crane, raven, crow-blackbird, common blackbird, kingfisher and birds for which there is no open season), shall not be taken or possessed at any time, dead or alive, except under the authority of a certificate issued under this act. No part of the plumage, skin or body of any bird protected by this section shall be sold or had in possession for sale."

Your conclusion is that only game birds are protected by the section, and, consequently, that insectivorous or song birds have now no protection whatever in the State of New York. In this construction of the section *Amicus Curiae*, in your issue of the 8th, concurs, although he seems to hold the opinion that song birds are protected by other sections of the statute.

Amicus Curiae also declares that "the question is purely one on the construction of the English language."

It seems to the writer that the construction of the section under discussion involves much more than the application of the rules of grammar, and that the intention of the lawmakers should control, if a reasonable intention can be discovered. A careful analysis of the section will show that the section was not enacted for protection of game birds, but for the protection of wild birds other than game birds and those non-game birds specifically mentioned. The legislative intent is so apparent that it cannot be defeated nor obscured by the erroneous transcribing of a single word. The word "no" before the words "open season" has evidently, by some error, been written into the text of the law in the place of the word "an." The word "no" makes good grammatical sense, but a logical and legal absurdity of the entire section.

But assuming that your construction of the section is correct, and substituting the words "game birds" for their equivalent in the section, it reads:

"Game birds shall not be taken or possessed at any time, dead or alive, except under the authority of a certificate issued under this act. No part of the plumage, skin or body of any game bird shall be sold or had in possession for sale."

It is a little remarkable that an idea so simple and so easily expressed should have been expressed by such an obscure circumlocution as is used in the section. But let that pass; the New York Legislature may not have known how to express itself in good English.

The section defines two distinct offenses. The first offense defined, on the theory of the *FOREST AND STREAM*, consists in taking or having in possession any game bird. In defining this offense it should be noted:

1. That the section recognizes an open season in which one may lawfully kill game birds.
2. That it does not require one who kills a game bird, to have a permit to kill it.
3. That it does require one who kills a game bird to have a permit before he takes it into his possession.

Thus, on the theory assumed, the evil to be cured, so far as the sportsman is concerned, is the picking up of his dead birds without a permit.

The second offense defined consists in selling or having for sale any "part of the plumage, skin or body of any" game bird.

The section forbids the sale of certain specified parts of the bird of the class sold and used for personal adornment, and other parts not specifically named, but of the same class as those specified.

It is a rule of statutory construction that a general term connected with and following a specific term embraces only things of the class indicated by the specific term. Hence, the section does not forbid the sale of whole birds nor any part of the bird, except such as are sold and used for personal adornment. The crime defined consists not in selling game birds whole, but in selling and keeping for sale the feathers, heads, feet and skins, instead of sending them to the garbage heap.

The evil to be cured is the habit of using as millinery the heads, skins and other parts of the body of wild geese, ducks and other game birds.

The theory that Section 33 protects only game birds depends upon keeping the word "no" in the text before the words "open season." But the presence of the word in that position refutes the theory. With it in the text, the section recognizes that there is a class of birds for which there is "no" open season—that is, a class of birds which it is not lawful to kill at any time in the year. But, if the only class of birds protected by the section is game birds, it follows that the class of birds which it is unlawful to kill, at any time of the year, may, at any time of the year, be lawfully taken, dead or alive, divided into parts and sold to the ladies to trim their hats.

On the theory that the purpose of the section was to protect game birds only, that purpose would seem not to be economic, but purely æsthetic; and the title of the law should have been "An act to prevent the female population from decorating themselves with geese and ducks instead of orioles and hummingbirds."

ROBERT B. STIMSON.

Jacob Wier.

PRINCES BAY, Staten Island, N. Y., Feb. 10.—Jacob Wier was born in the first quarter of the last century, and died Feb. 8, 1902. He was well past the allotted age of three score and ten, and it is fitting that his death should be noted in *FOREST AND STREAM*, as he was a follower of *FOREST AND STREAM*'s Platform regarding game laws. Uncle Jake, as he has been called for a great many years, was the last of the old hunters in this vicinity; all his old hunting friends in the days of his youth have passed the Great Divide. He could well remember when Staten Island was the paradise of the wing shot. I often took advantage of my close personal acquaintance with Uncle Jake to lead him into conversation about the good old times he used to have with his dogs and gun, as well as his fiddle, for he was a great fiddler in his day. Even twenty years ago he was in demand by the young people to play at their little parties held around at private residences; they seemed to think that no one could do the Fisher's Hornpipe as Uncle Jake.

Jacob Wier in his younger days was a close friend of



JACOB WIER.

William H. Vanderbilt, when Mr. Vanderbilt conducted his large farm at New Dorp, Staten Island, many years ago. When Mr. Vanderbilt came down to this end of the island to some of the social functions, he would always insist on having Mr. Wier there with his violin. One evening, as Mr. Wier was wending his way down the road to the old Bennet mansion, where he was expected to play for Mr. Vanderbilt's party, he came in contact with a "pole cat," and Uncle Jake told me, "I did not smell anything else but skunk for three months." "Well," said I, "how did you make out to play that night?" "Now, see, it was just like this. I kept right on and went to the front gate and halloooed to William H. to come out, and he did, and I told him what was the matter. He pretended to me that he could not smell anything, but he said, 'Wait a minute, Jacob, I will go in the house and bring you out something.' Well, he went in the house and brought out another young fellow, I don't know who he was, but he was a mighty powerful young man. Any way, Mr. Vanderbilt and this young fellow grabbed me by the nape of the neck and hustled me into the house. I kicked and clawed, but it was of no use; they were too much for me, and I went right among all those fine people. Mr. Vanderbilt started to introduce me—they took one breath; that was enough. The women shrieked and the dog barked, and out went all hands helter skelter, and William H. stood there laughing; but there was no dance in the house that night."

Jacob Wier advocated the *FOREST AND STREAM* Platform many years before the paper was printed. He would put his gun away on New Year's Day, and it was not used on game until the next fall; but it stood in the corner ever ready for the hen hawk or any other enemy of the farm yard. I have often heard him speak in emphatic condemnation of shooting birds in the spring, and he had no use for a man who shot a rabbit sitting. He claimed that a man who tracked a rabbit on the snow and shot it sitting did not know what sport was; and that is sound logic. His idea of honest sport was correct.

For the last six or seven years Mr. Wier had been troubled badly with rheumatism, but before that I was always invited to go out with him every fall—in fact, he thought it was my duty to go out with him once a year anyway. He killed a partridge in the fall of 1880 in a

swamp back of his farm that, I think, was the last partridge ever shot on Staten Island. He could remember when foxes and raccoons were numerous on the island, when houses were few and far between, and the large farms were tilled and their products taken to market on the sloops in the bay; when quail were so plentiful that they mingled with the barnyard fowls for their breakfast, and good-sized trout could be caught in a nearby stream; but he said, "I never bothered with those little trout. I had more fun with sheephead and sturgeon down in the bay." One night, as I sat by his bedside in the long hours toward morning, he opened his eyes and told me of his younger days, and as he went on telling of the sport he had with rod and gun, I felt as if I would go and hide my gun where I could never see it as soon as I went home. As he lay there his mind was perfectly clear, and he told me he would be up and around again. I thought not, as one side of his body was perfectly helpless; but his prophecy was correct. He was able in a short time to get up and be around for a little while in pleasant weather, but he had a second stroke week before last, which was the cause of his death.

Jacob Wier was a good citizen, an honest neighbor and a faithful friend. ***

Ontario Deer.

THE Grand Trunk Railway system has just announced that the deer hunting season in the woods of Ontario was most satisfactory to the hunters who went there during the open season of 1901. Complete information is not yet at hand, but the officers of the road estimate that at least 5,000 licenses to shoot deer were issued. They also estimate the number of deer killed to be about 8,000. They say that it is marvelous how the stock of deer keeps up in that Province, and that it is partly accounted for by the shortness of the open season, from Nov. 1 to the 15th, and by the strict prosecution by the Ontario Government of any one transgressing the laws. This year the Canadian Express Company has conveyed, by actual numbering, 2,372 deer, which is an increase over the preceding year of 878 deer. The largest number were taken from the Magnetaway River region, the Muskoka Lakes district, and points on the Northern Division of the Grand Trunk, north of Huntsville. The number of deer transported by the express company can scarcely be considered a criterion of the whole number killed, since settlers, Indians, half-breeds and hunters who do not have to express their deer to their homes, have doubtless killed a great many more than were transported by that company. Neither is the number eaten by the hunters while they are in the woods taken into this account, and careful estimates suggest that at least 8,000 to 9,000 deer must have been killed in the woods of Ontario during the season of 1901. SPECIAL.

American Duck Shooting.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am in receipt of your valuable work entitled "American Duck Shooting." I have looked it over carefully, and can say truthfully, after upward of forty years' experience as a duck shooter, that in my opinion, it is the most valuable work on that subject that it has ever been my good fortune to read. I think the book invaluable to all duck shooters, and especially so to new beginners, as there are instructions therein which required many years of experimenting for me to learn—particularly the article entitled "The Art of Duck Shooting." "Guns and Loading," which, in my estimation, is the best advice that I have ever seen in print to any shooter, either veteran or novice. I can cheerfully recommend this book to all classes of sportsmen as the best that I have ever read.

W. W. MCFARLAND,
President Hennepin Shooting Club.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in *FOREST AND STREAM*.

The North American Association.

SCRANTON, Pa., Feb. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Could all small and narrow minded lovers of out-of-door sports read and read again the clear, concise report of Mr. J. B. Burnham, as he has so worthily and beautifully outlined the doings and defined the wishes of those grand representative men who, on Jan. 22 and 23, gathered at Burlington, Vt., under the name of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association, it is my opinion that these would even be willing to listen to the call for the better enforcement of law, in so far as regards protection of fish and game. Seldom, if ever, has it been my good fortune to see in print a worthier band of genuine sportsmen; and when one takes into consideration the good feeling and good fellowship pervading this grand gathering, he who has cast his flies and used his rifle on either side of the border, can appreciate the fact that we should be brother fishers and shooters in reality. It is quite apparent to very many that the inhabitants of Quebec, New Brunswick, Ontario and even Nova Scotia are in sympathy with their brother anglers and hunters of the Republic.

We of the States, year after year, visit the waters of Champlain, the islands of the St. Lawrence, the Laurentian Hills, Lake Edward, the feeders of Lake St. John and the Grand Discharge, looking for and finding great pleasure on or along the higher waters of the north; and while I for one have had occasion at times to protest against the actions of poachers, it is a fact that for the most part distance has added to the enchantment, when one realized that a wagon road could only be found at a distance of forty miles.

So long as my brothers shall continue to agitate the question of fair legislative protection, so long shall I be found with them in the field, in the deep forest and beside the stream,
A. B. BLAIR.

New Jersey Fish and Game.

JUST at present the Commission is engaged in an attempt to secure some modification of the present laws, for new circumstances are continually arising demanding a change in the laws. A number of bills have already been introduced in the Legislature, with every prospect of being enacted into laws. Commissioner Frothingham, who has a pleasant residence on the banks of Pompton Lake, in Passaic county, when approached on the subject of legislation, said:

"Perhaps the most important measure we shall ask the Legislature to pass is a law requiring non-residents of the State to take out a license for gunning. Such measures have been introduced before, and I have always been strongly opposed to them as altogether un-American and in violation of that hospitality which the citizens of different States should show toward each other. But with the lapse of years the potency of the arguments in favor of a license increased until I have been made a convert. In the first place, you must remember that we spend thousands of dollars every year in the propagation of game and its protection. The citizens of New Jersey pay for all this, and I think it would be only fair if non-residents were required to contribute their share. New Jersey has taken a front rank in fish and game protection, and the result is that gunners from all over the country are attracted hither, a state of affairs which is only accentuated by the fact that New Jersey is the great highway between the populous cities of New York and Philadelphia. The residents of both these cities find it very convenient to slip across a ferry and enjoy the game which belongs to New Jersey and which New Jersey pays for. The best hunting grounds near New York and Philadelphia are in New Jersey, but the time is coming when it will be impossible to stock our covers to satisfy the demand. Non-residents should be required to assist in defraying this annually increasing expense. Delaware and a number of other States have passed laws requiring such licenses from non-residents. Perhaps the principle of retaliation alone would constitute a sufficient argument in favor of the passage of a license law, but there is one thing certain, and that is if Delaware and other States deem it advisable to have such a law it is rendered imperatively necessary in New Jersey. Then, again, men of wealth in New York and New Jersey have bought up large tracts of land, especially along the sea coast, for wildfowl shooting. The resident of the State is kept off these preserves. If these non-residents want to enjoy the peculiar advantages pertaining to New Jersey, they ought to be willing to pay for them and, by affording funds to stock the fields and woods open to all, in a measure make up for what they have deprived the citizens of New Jersey of.

"The proper principle for the enactment of fish and game law is one of restriction. With every year there is an increase of gunners, and the progress of civilization and increase of population denudes large tracts of land of trees and shrubbery. The chances for the existence of game are decreasing. The chances of its being killed on account of the increase in gunners and the improvement in firearms are continually on the increase. For this reason we shall ask the Legislature to pass a law limiting the number of birds and other game animals a gunner may kill in a day, and also restricting the taking of fish as far as numbers are concerned. We cannot keep up the supply without some such measure.

"By an inadvertence the last Legislature passed a law permitting the killing of flickers, as the yellow-winged woodpecker is known in this State. The Audubon societies all over the State are up in arms over this enactment, but I hardly consider the subject worthy of argument. The flicker is one of the most beautiful and one of the most useful of birds to the farmer, for it devotes its whole life to the killing of insects. If flickers are not to be protected and if gunners are to be permitted to kill them in the months when our game birds are mere fledglings, we might as well let down the bars and kill off all our birds and game.

"By another inadvertence the Legislature last year removed all protection from deer, but I do not presume there will be even the slightest objection to the enactment of a statute giving proper protection to the few deer that are left in the State.

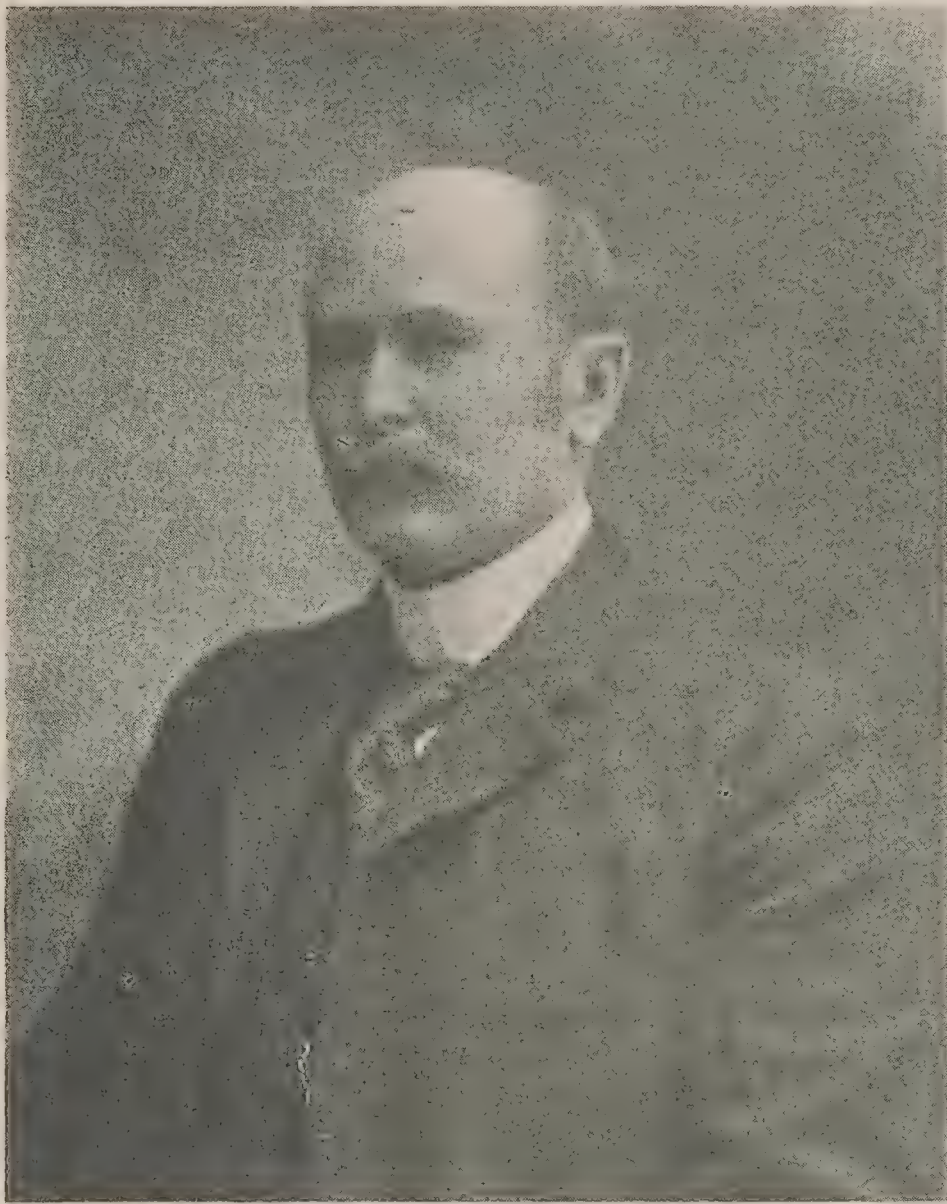
"I also believe that July woodcock shooting should be abolished and that there should be protection for eagles and beavers. The latter animals have again put in an appearance in the State, having been introduced by the owners of some game preserves. But these are minor matters, and our principal insistence this year will be the non-resident license law, the limitation in the number of fish and game to be taken and the protection of deer and flickers."

"Do you think that the stocking the Commission has done in the past few years has been rewarded with successful results?" inquired the reporter.

"That is a difficult question to answer definitely," replied Mr. Frothingham. "I should certainly answer it affirmatively, and that without any hesitation, but to give any definite idea as to the extent of the success would be impossible. I am free to say that as far as stocking with ring-necked pheasants is concerned, it was an utter failure, but I do not think this should be ascribed to the Commission. These birds and their Japanese congener have been successfully introduced in many of the Western States, where they have to a great measure taken the place of the native partridge or grouse. There is no reason why the birds should not thrive in New Jersey. We tried the experiment, and from nearly every place

where the birds had been put out we received encouraging letters and frequently glowing accounts of the success of the experiment. The birds bred well, and, although the old birds, from the fact that they had been bred in confinement, were rather tame and thus became easy marks for gunners, the young birds were sufficiently wild to afford good sport and to preserve themselves. Unfortunately a measure we had introduced prohibiting their killing for a term of years failed to become a law. The next Legislature was equally obdurate in this direction, and by the time the following Legislature passed the present law the birds had been killed off. Want of funds has prevented us from pursuing the experiment, but the matter will in all probability be taken up again.

"That the stocking of quail has been a success cannot be denied. For, according to all the accounts we have received from all parts of the State, there are now more quail in New Jersey than there have been for many years. We were very careful to secure only Western birds coming from high latitudes, calculated to withstand the rigors of our winters, for it is a well-known fact that Southern quail migrate in the late fall. Money expended for Southern birds is wasted, but the quail we have distributed bred here and did well. What we shall do this year I do not know, for the markets have been practically closed for live quail by the enactment of



HON. F. R. LATCHFORD.
President North American Fish and Game Protective Association.

strict laws in different States prohibiting their trapping and exportation. About the only State left open to us is California, which still permits the exportation of quail under restrictions from the State authorities. Whether the California quail will withstand our winters is something I cannot tell. We may try the experiment if inquiry warrants a belief that it may prove successful. The California bird would certainly be a glorious acquisition to our wild fauna, and the temptation to try to acclimate it here is certainly great. But the fact that we cannot secure any more of the common Western quail affords another strong argument in favor of further restriction and for the passage of a law limiting the number of birds that may be lawfully taken in a day's gunning.

As to whether the introduction of the pike-perch, the white bass, the channel catfish and other fish brought on from the Great Lakes will prove successful, time alone can tell. We have had very satisfactory reports from many waters where these fish were introduced, but whether the success was merely spasmodic, whether their breeding was merely due to peculiar and fortuitous circumstances or whether it will be lasting, cannot as yet be told. Hundreds of circumstances, many of which we know nothing at all about, govern the well-being and the multiplication of fish. Mankind has been studying fish for centuries, but what we do not know about fish would fill a far larger volume than what we do know about fish. Why fish should multiply one year and not another is something we cannot tell. This is not at all surprising. Ask a farmer why it is that one year he has abundant crops and the following year none at all, and he will simply shrug his shoulders and say he does not know. He uses the same quantity of seed, the same quantity of compost and does just as much work one year as he does the following, but the results are vastly different. How is it that an apple tree one year will be laden with fruit and the next year not produce enough to make a decent pie? And yet here you have the soil, the tree and all its surroundings under your eye. You can use the microscope, and you can make chemical analyses, but all the science in the world will never answer that simple question. With the fish you have the impenetrable veil cast over their doings by the water. Fish keep moving about continually in search of food or for some other reason.

The large fish feed on the small ones, these on the small animals that live on the weeds and other subaqueous plants, these plants subsist on the food found in the soil, and this food subsists on the Lord knows what, but a single break in this chain and there is disaster. If the weed in the water dies, the small animals which obtained life from the weed also die. Then follow the small fish and in course of a short time the larger. We may know all about these things some time in the future, but that does not help us in New Jersey in this year 1902.

"Fish and a great many other animals frequently change their habits, and this has given rise to disputes as to what these habits really are. I have read with some interest recent discussions as to whether the gray squirrel hoards nuts for the winter or whether he depends on his more industrious cousin, the red squirrel. The question has been answered both ways any number of times, and that by men who were positive that they were right, for what they knew they had learned from their own observation. I believe that the gray squirrel very quickly gets out of the habit of hoarding nuts when he finds that he can depend on robbing the red squirrel. Then a year comes when the red squirrels die off or leave the country, and the result is that the gray squirrel starves, and then people wonder what has become of the gray squirrels. I know that gray squirrels hoard nuts, for I have seen them do so, and I have seen them go to their hoard in the winter. But in Central Park, in New York, the squirrels must be supplied with food during the winter months, for they have long since learned to depend on man to keep up the supply of their food. Remove those gray squirrels into the wilderness, and they would quickly go back to the ways of their ancestors and put by a winter's supply of food. I only cite these facts to show how many matters must be considered when we undertake to interfere with the admirable balance nature has established in the animal kingdom, when we undertake to place animals where nature did not place them. Remove a white perch from the brackish water in which he had his home to some landlocked water, and he will spend the rest of his existence in trying to find a way out to get back to brackish water. Take a white bass a few months old and place it in the same water, and he will never worry about brackish water, but will promptly settle down and multiply. But these incidents are only a few of many hundreds. We know these, but we do not know the hundreds of others. Under these circumstances we use what knowledge we have, and then the rest is experiment. We know that certain fish will not thrive in certain waters, and these facts guide us in our work of stocking. A pond may be stocked, for example, with pike-perch, and the following year there may be thousands of them and a few years after none at all. In another pond the introduced pike-perch may apparently wholly disappear, only to show up some years later in large numbers. What the cause of all this is we do not know. We do the best we can, and I do not think that we have any reason to complain that our efforts have not been successful."

The New Jersey Commissioners are Howard P. Frothingham, Mt. Arlington, President; William A. Halsey, of Newark; Benjamin P. Morris, of Long Branch, and Richard T. Miller, of Camden.

The Commissioners appointed under the law of 1894 have made regular annual reports, and these show that during the incumbency of the Commission there have been collected fines for violation of the law to the extent of \$23,376.84, the State's share of which amounted to \$7,792.28. This latter sum was turned into the treasury of the Commission and expended for the furtherance of its work. The reports also show that there were distributed throughout the State 474 ring-necked pheasants and 8,626 quail. During the last year the Commissioners gave heed to some few demands for rabbits and distributed 180 cottontails. In the distribution of fish the Commission was among the first to recognize the fact that the distribution of grown fish proved more satisfactory than the planting of eggs or fry, for the latter were subject to too great a rate of mortality on account of their delicate condition. The Commission was the first one in the country to successfully carry out the project of bringing carloads of live fish from the Great Lakes to the waters of the East, and annually this work has been going on for the past five years. The Commission was at first at a loss to secure a supply of black bass, a fish that cannot be bought in the market like trout, but a happy solution was found in the discovery that annually thousands of these fish found their way into the Delaware and Raritan Canal, through which they traveled to certain destruction. Now most of these fish are netted and placed in the waters of the State, the work all being done by the wardens. The reports show that the Commission has distributed 256,300 yearling brook trout, 326 channel catfish, 13,318 black bass, 5,955 pike-perch, 180 strawberry bass, 2,510 pike and pickerel, 13,688 yellow perch, 3,393 white bass and 411 white perch. These were all adult fish and these figures do not include many thousands of fish transplanted from one pond to another, and of which no record was kept. In addition to this, the waters of the State were supplied with millions of bait fish, food for the fish which had been introduced.

The Commissioners serve without pay. The State allows them \$800 a year for expenses, but the Commissioners have annually turned this amount into their treasury and have paid their own expenses. Of the original board only one remains, Mr. Frothingham. The rest either resigned or failed of reappointment on account of political influence.

A Club Banquet.

ALL day Feb. 8 a great storm swept over Montreal. The wind blew a gale, the snow fell fast and was whirled into deep drifts; added to the masses already piled up it blocked the streets and roads. The guests of the Place Viger Hotel looked out over the park upon an Arctic scene.

But at night the curtains dropped and the electric lights made a summer interior. The main dining room of the hotel was given up to the Laurentian and the St. Maurice Clubs for their annual dinner. At seven o'clock the piper, in full regalia, led the procession down the long halls, and soon thereafter the train of waiters led on the delicious "Malpecque" oysters.

The invited guests were Judge W. Lynch, Hon. S. N. Parent, P. N. Martel, Q. C., Gen. Wm. H. Henry, U. S. Consul at Quebec, Hon. George W. Stephens, C. M. McCuaig, Messrs. L. A. Boyer, J. S. Brown and Mr. Boulter.

The president of the Laurentian Club, Mr. Joseph W. Howe, of New York, presided.

The company included members of the two clubs from Montreal, Boston, New York and other places in the States, for the membership extends from Quebec to Texas.

Among those present were Dr. William H. Drummond, author of "The Habitant," "Johnny Couteau," etc., of the Laurentian Club, and also president of the St. Maurice Club; Messrs. W. H. Parker, managing director of the Laurentian Club; J. George Veith, secretary-treasurer of the Laurentian Club; Mr. Johnson, V. P., of St. Maurice Club; Messrs. Charles P. Frame, Emory Lyon, Charles P. Cowles, George A. Weber, E. M. Fulton, W. H. McCord, L. A. Bevin, James McCutcheon, Wm. M. Ivins, W. J. Kingsland, Chas. G. Ritchie, Henry B. Bates, Geo. H. Hazen, E. A. Olds, all of New York; Dr. Wm. Gardner, Louis Sutherland, Capt. George C. Hiam, John Forman, C. J. McCuaig, H. W. De Courtney, A. W. Stevenson, all of Montreal; A. W. Leitch, of Hamilton.

After introductory remarks by the president, the first regular toast, "The King," was announced, and received the loyal and dignified response usual from every company over whom the flag of England waves.

The succeeding regular toasts were: "The President of the United States," happily responded to by Gen. Henry, U. S. Consul at Quebec; "Our Guests," wittily touched by Mr. L. A. Boyer, Hon. George W. Stephens, and Mr. J. S. Brown; "The Laurentian Club," "The St. Maurice Club."

A flood of brief, impromptu and appropriate speeches followed the calls to these toasts by Mr. Hubert R. Ives, A. W. Stevenson and J. George Veith, of Montreal; Messrs. Charles P. Frame, Charles P. Cowles, George A. Weber, James McCutcheon, E. A. Olds, of New York; and E. M. Farnsworth, of Boston.

Songs by Mr. Charles G. Ritchie and others were interspersed among the speeches.

Wm. H. Parker, the managing director of the Laurentian Club, moved the company to much laughter by his unique and facetious narrative of a patient and much-winding trip he took from Mistassini to the Gadabout River in a fog.

Dr. William H. Drummond, who was most tactful, genial and indefatigable in making the dinner a success, recited in his inimitable style several of his poems, among them "Johnny Couteau" and "Little Lac Grenier."

The feeling of the members toward their clubs and their enthusiasm for them, was manifested by their applause when, at the beginning of the speaking, it was said, in substance: "Montreal has the enviable reputation of being the foster-mother of many successful clubs, and if she is ever proud of that maternity she ought to be proud of the two clubs who are gathered at this family banquet. There is not a man of all this most intelligent company who does not believe in his heart that they are among the very best and most promising of all Montreal's forest-born children."

LAURENTIAN.

President Latchford.

TORONTO, Jan. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* You will no doubt have learnt ere this reaches you that the Hon. F. R. Latchford, Commissioner of Public Works for the Province of Ontario, was unanimously elected president of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association at the recent meeting of the Association at Burlington, Vt.

It was wisely decided to hold the next annual meeting in the city of Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion of Canada, and also the home of the Hon. Mr. Latchford. It augurs well for the future of fish and game protection to have such men taking an active interest in the important work as Mr. Latchford and his worthy predecessor.

I feel sure the warm-hearted sportsmen of Ottawa will do their level best to emulate the generous hospitality accorded us at our late meeting by the citizens of Burlington.

E. TINSLEY.

New Hampshire Ice Fishing.

BOSTON, Feb. 15.—The New Hampshire Fish and Game Commissioners have made public their findings on the numerous petitions handed to them both for and against ice fishing in certain lakes, ponds and rivers in that State. The hearing was begun on these petitions several days ago at Concord, and of which the FOREST AND STREAM has already had an account. The Commissioners say: "Under authority of Sec. 5, Chapter 78, of the public laws, we do hereby prohibit fishing through the ice in all ponds and lakes in the towns of Hillsboro, Newton, Plaistow, Danville, Hampstead, Salem, Atkinson, Derry, Brookline and Franconia; Suncook Pond, in the town of Northwood and vicinity; Kelly Pond, in the town of New Hampton; Trury Pond, in the town of Bow; Webster Lake, in Franklin; the waters, bays or basins supplied by the Winnepesaukee River, between the dam and East Tilton and the Tilton & Belmont Railroad bridge, over the same river—all for a term of five years." This finding will throw some ponds and lakes open to ice fishing after Feb. 24, but it closes a good many more. It is evident that the Commission had the good of the

fisheries of the State in view in their findings, and opened few if any, waters where the fish needed greater protection. In order that there may be no misunderstanding as to the status of any waters in the State since the new findings, the Commission is preparing for publication a list of lakes and ponds closed by the Legislature to ice fishing, as well as those lately closed by the Commission; and also those that will be opened to ice fishing after Feb. 24.

SPECIAL.

The Kennel.

Atlantic City Kennel Club.

THE first annual show of the Atlantic City Kennel Club will be held in Marine Hall, Young's Pier, Atlantic City, N. J., March 26, 27, 28 and 29.

The officers are: President, G. Jason Waters; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Jas. L. Kernochan, Hon. John J. Gardner, Hon. Jos. Thompson, Mrs. D. Murray Bohlen, Hon. Franklin P. Stoy, Hon. Allen B. Endicott, Capt. John L. Young; Secretary and Treasurer, Thos. H. Terry; Board of Stewards, Marcel A. Viti, chairman; H. K. Bloodgood, Louis A. Biddle, D. Murray Bohlen, Ronald H. Barlow, W. S. Blitz, G. M. Carnochan, S. Boyd Carrigan, John Caswell, Wm. C. Codman, Richard Croker, Jr., Frank H. Croker, John A. Davidson, R. W. C. Ellison, C. Wistar Evans, George Greer, Richard H. Hunt, Henry Jarrett, Rowland P. Keasbey, Harry T. Peters, Chas. W. Rodman, Jr., Winthrop Rutherford, Singleton Van Schaick and others; Superintendent, James Mortimer.

Classes: 165 in which the prize money is \$10, \$5, \$3 throughout; 29 winner's classes, 16 local classes; 210 altogether.

Specialty Clubs: The Ladies' Kennel Association, Fox Terrier Club, Irish Terrier Club, Great Dane Club, Collie Club, Welsh Terrier Club, Dachshund Club, and Pomeranian Club have made liberal response to our invitation to offer prizes at the show, and the others we expect will follow. The Philadelphia Dog Show Association will offer several prizes, and sixteen cups to cost \$25 each have been offered by individuals, and we expect many more.

Entry fees: \$3 in regular classes, \$2 in local classes. Entries close March 10 with James Mortimer, superintendent, at Atlantic City, N. J. Mr. Mortimer will come to Atlantic City directly after the New York Show and in the meantime any communication that may be addressed to the secretary of the club, Mr. Thos. H. Terry, Atlantic City, N. J., will receive prompt attention.

Yachting.

Designing Competition.

IN view of the continued and increasing interest in yachting, a designing competition will be opened in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. In America the yachting season is comparatively a short one, and such a competition as has been determined upon will serve to stimulate the interest in the subject during the winter months. The competition is open to both amateur and professional designers. Three prizes will be given for the best designs of a yacht conforming to the following conditions:

- I. A pole mast sloop.
- II. 25ft. load waterline.
- III. Not over 4ft. draft (with centerboard hoisted).
- IV. At least 50 per cent. of ballast outside on keel.
- V. 5ft. headroom under cabin carlins.

All abnormal features must be studiously avoided in the design; and the construction, sail and cabin plans should be of the simplest character. It was our idea in laying out the conditions of the competition to make them simple as possible, so as not to hamper in any way the designer, and yet convey to all that we wished to produce a safe, comfortable cruiser on which two or three amateurs could live with comfort for a period of two or three months and cruise along our eastern seaboard from New York to Halifax with safety. A centerboard boat of moderate draft was decided upon, as so many more harbors would be accessible to a boat of that type.

DRAWINGS REQUIRED.

- I. Sheer plan, scale 1in. = 1ft.—showing center of buoyancy and lateral resistance.
- II. Half breadth, scale 1in. = 1ft.
- III. Body plan, scale 1in. = 1ft.
- IV. Cabin plan, scale 1in. = 1ft.
- V. Sail plan, 1/4in. = 1ft., showing center of effort.

The sails should consist of a jib, mainsail, spinnaker and balloon jib. No topsail will be carried. A table of offsets and an outline specification must accompany each design. The drawings should be carefully drawn and lettered. All drawings should be made on white paper or tracing cloth in black ink (no colored inks or pigments should be used). The designs must bear a nom-de-plume only and no indication must be given of the author. In a sealed envelope, however, the designer should inclose his own name and address, together with his nom-de-plume. All designs must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York City, not later than Feb. 28, 1902. All drawings will be returned, but postage should accompany each.

The FOREST AND STREAM reserves the right to publish any or all the designs.

The prizes offered are as follows: 1st prize, \$25.00; 2d prize, \$15.00; 3d prize, \$10.00. Mr. Theodore C. Zerega offers an additional prize of \$10.00 for the best cabin plan. Honorable mention will also be made of meritorious designs.

Mr. Clinton H. Crane, of the firm of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, has kindly consented to judge the designs and make the awards. Mr. Crane's professional standing is so high that he needs no introduction, and every confidence will be put in his ability and fairness,

Our Boston Letter.

Boston, Feb. 16.—Last week B. B. Crowninshield received an order from Mr. Thomas H. McDonald, of the Bridgeport Y. C., for a yacht to compete in the trial races to select a challenger for the Seawanhaka cup. It was expected that the order would come from another quarter, but New England yachtsmen will be glad that the designer of Independence will be given a try in this class. He has had experience in designing a boat of about the same scantlings for the Quincy cup, and the knowledge gained in that venture should be of great service to him now.

A better choice for the builder of the McDonald boat could not have been made. She will be built by William B. Smith, of Town River, Quincy Point. Smith has always been known as a builder who constructs a boat in the most solid manner. Yachts which he has built are fitting examples of this fact. It was he who built Thetis and Huron, and who remodelled the schooner Gitana. He also built the schooner Alert, now owned by Clement A. Griscom, of the New York Y. C. Although his skill as a builder of solid yachts is known, he has also had an experience in light construction that comes in handy on occasions like the present. He was for some years connected with Ruddick, a builder of racing shells, and in this way he has thoroughly learned how to combine strength with the lightest possible construction in wood. No better example of his skill in this direction was shown in Hostess, the successful defender of the Quincy cup in 1899. Although she is an extreme scow with abnormal overhangs, her ends were not held up by turnbuckle trusses. She had a system of square and diagonal wooden bracing of the lightest possible kind, and it is interesting to note that she kept her shape better and held her original waterline length longer than any boat of the same type that has ever been built. She was supplied with a double deck of wood, the top covering being laid diagonally. This prevented wringing and the consequent loss of shape under strains.

It is quite likely that this boat will be wholly Boston in her make-up. Adrian Wilson was closeted with Crowninshield Friday afternoon, and, although it is not known that any contract for sails has yet been given, it is likely that they will be made by Wilson & Silsby. Crowninshield has wasted no time since the receipt of the order, but at once saw Smith and placed the contract for building. He knows well the value of tuning up, and intends that the McDonald boat shall be in the water as soon as possible. Crowninshield also has an order for an 18ft. knockabout for Com. L. B. Goodspeed of the Duxbury Y. C. Com. Goodspeed is also a member of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C.

At Lawley's things have commenced to hum. The east shop is filled with boats and it is likely that the same condition will prevail in the west shop before long. The lead keel for the 60-rater, designed by Gardner & Cox for Mr. Henry F. Lippitt, was run last week. Its weight is 21 tons, and it is a beautiful casting. There does not seem to be a bubble throughout its entire surface. All of the frames have been turned out, and it is likely that they will be set up this week. The frames that reach below the waterline are bronze and the floor plates are of the same material. They are very light, and to give them strength there is a reverse frame of steel. In the same shop the 51ft. launch for Yale has been planked and the work of installing the boilers and engines has commenced. The third boat in this shop, a 46ft. yawl, designed by Arthur Binney for Mr. W. L. Wharton, will probably be set up this week. The oak keelson, stem and sternpost were turned out last week, and the lead keel has been run.

In the east shop the 104ft. steam yacht, designed by Fred Lawley for Justus C. Strawbridge, of the Philadelphia Corinthian Y. C., has been planked and her deck partly laid. The interior joiner work is now being put in and the deck house forward is being built. She is 104ft. on the waterline, 128ft. over all, 16ft. 4in. beam and 7ft. draft. She will have good accommodations and should make a fine cruiser. There is but one deck house forward, which will be used for a dining room, a dumb waiter leading to the galley below. The bridge will be over this house. Below decks there are three staterooms, and the main saloon in the owner's quarters. There are three skylights. At the forward end of the main saloon there is a fireplace. There is fine closet room throughout these quarters. Forward of the boiler and engine space there is a large galley. Then come the captain's and the engineer's stateroom, while, in the forecabin, there will be eight pipe berths. It is expected that she will make 12½ knots under natural draft and fourteen forced. She will be used at Camden, Me., where Mr. Strawbridge has a fine summer residence. During the winter a large wharf has been built on his property, with boat houses, and a landing stage will be supplied where the yacht can come in at any tide.

In this shop the 46ft. schooner, designed by C. H. Crane for Arnold Lawson, is partly planked. She will be a very fine boat in every detail. Her garboards are oak, and, above the sixth strake of planking, she will be double planked, the outer skin being of mahogany and the inner of yellow pine. Capt. Oloff Cronstadt will be in command of her. He has been in Puritan, Volunteer, Pilgrim and Independence. He was also in the 40-footers Helen and Gossoon, and in the 46-footer Oweene. Close to the Lawson boat is a 35-footer, designed by Crane for H. A. Morse, of Boston. She is a large-bodied boat, with the easy sections seen in old-time cruisers. She will make a fine cruiser. She is now partly planked. A 30ft. yawl, designed by Binney for Messrs. Foss and Gunnison, is in frame. The Y. R. A. 21-footer, designed by Crowninshield for Hon. Charles Francis Adams, 2d, is planked and the deck is being laid. She is a very clean-looking craft, and looks Crowninshield all over.

Fred Lawley has an order for a 50ft. waterline auxiliary yawl for Mrs. J. B. Gibson, of New York. The yacht will probably be used at Bar Harbor. He also has orders for a 35-footer for Mr. W. H. Fleetman, of New York; a Y. R. A. 25-footer for a Marblehead yachtsman; an 18-footer for Mr. John Pridgeon, of Detroit; an auxiliary 25ft. cat for Mr. W. S. Hills. He has turned out the lines of a 35-footer for Mr. R. H. Harte. She will be built at Philadelphia. He has orders for two 18-footers for members of the Duxbury Y. C. One of these will be

built by Howard Linnell, of Sayin Hill, and the other will probably be built at Kingston by Shiverick.

MacConnell Bros. have made the following sales: The 46ft. sloop Gorilla, to a member of the Corinthian Y. C.; steam yacht Vivian, to Com. George Stewart, of the Chelsea Y. C.; 25-footer Beatrice, to Mr. J. P. Clare, of the Quincy Y. C.; Agness, to Mr. A. Willis, of Boston; 18ft. knockabout Dazzler, to Mr. C. D. Reynolds, of Auburn, R. I.; knockabout Comet to Mr. H. J. Gilbert, of Milton, and Caper, to Mr. C. M. Gibert, of Savanna, Ga.

Small Bros. have orders for an 18-footer for G. W. Glover; two 17ft. auxiliary knockabouts, one for Dr. F. I. Proctor, and the other for Mr. Charles Gammon; a launch for Mr. N. A. Smith, of Seneca Falls, and a 31ft. yawl for Dr. Edward Reynolds.

Burgess has received from Mr. J. Hopkins Smith, an order for another 18-footer from the same lines as the four which he previously ordered, and which have been completed by Graves, of Marblehead. This yacht will race in Massachusetts during the coming season, and will then go to Portland, Me.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Two Large Steam Yachts Launched

THE yard of the Burlee Dry Dock Company, Port Richmond, L. I., was the scene of two important launchings last week. Both of the yachts in question were designed by Mr. Clinton H. Crane, of the firm of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane.

The first of the yachts to take the water was Rheclair, which was launched on Monday, Feb. 10. She was built for Mr. D. G. Reid, and the yacht was christened by his daughter. Rheclair's dimensions are as follows: Length over all, 215ft.; waterline, 183ft.; breadth, 27ft., and draft, 13ft. She is built of steel and is fitted with bilge keels. The vessel is fitted with twin screws and her engines will be of 2,000 horse-power. The engines are of the triple expansion type and four Almy boilers will furnish the steam. A speed of 17 knots is guaranteed. As the yacht was designed primarily for cruising, her bunkers were made of sufficient size to permit her to cross the Atlantic at a speed of 10 knots without recoaling. There will be a continuous steel deck house covered with teak. The deck house contains the galley, pantry, dining-room, smoking-room; in the forward end there is a lounging room. A passageway extends the entire length of the deck house, so that the forward and after apartments may be reached without going on deck. The owner's and guests' living quarters are located both fore and aft of the machinery space, and they consist of seven staterooms, each with a bath room adjoining. The yacht is fitted with a large electric light plant as well as ice machines, clothes dryers, etc. The yacht will be steam-heated, and in summer cold air will be forced into the living-rooms throughout the ship. The windlasses are run by electricity. The yacht is fitted with two pole masts and one funnel.

On Tuesday, Feb. 11, the yacht Noma was launched. This vessel was built for Mr. W. B. Leeds, and was named by his wife. Noma is one of the largest pleasure vessels designed and built by Americans. The yacht is built of steel throughout, and conforms in every particular to Lloyds' requirements. She is 263ft. over all, 226ft. waterline, 28ft. 6in. breadth, and 14ft. draft. She is fitted with twin screws, four cylinder, triple expansion engines, and Almy water tube boilers. Noma has a large bunker capacity, and can cross the ocean at a speed of 12 knots without recoaling. Under forced draught a speed of 18 knots is expected. The yacht is fitted with every possible contrivance that would add to the comfort of those on board. In the main deck house are located galley, pantry, dining-room, smoking-room, with owners' office, stateroom and bath forward. A passage in the deck house connects the forward and after apartments of the vessel. In fact, her arrangements are very much like those of Rheclair, only on a much larger scale. The owner's and guests' quarters are located just forward and aft of the machinery space, while the officers' and crew's quarters are in the extreme ends of the vessel. The guests' quarters consist of eight staterooms, a bath room adjoining each.

Noma is also fitted with electric windlasses and boat hoists, and she is the first yacht to be equipped with what is known as the long arm system of closing the water-tight bulkhead doors. By this method it is possible to close all the bulkhead doors in the ship by pressing a lever on the bridge. Noma will also be furnished with a wireless telegraphy outfit and a space has been put aside for carrying automobiles. She will have a refrigerating plant of six tons capacity, an evaporator, which will make ten tons of water daily, and a distiller with a capacity of 500 gallons of drinking water.

Navahoe Purchased by a German Yachtsman.

THE yawl Navahoe has been sold by Mr. Royal Phelps Carroll, through the agency of Mr. A. J. McIntosh, of New York City, to Mr. George Wilhelm Watjen, fleet captain of the Kaiserlicher Y. C., of Bremen. Navahoe, whose name is to be changed to Alice, will be taken across in time to participate in the regattas at Kiel.

When Navahoe was in English waters in 1893 she did not do very well, and although she won the Brenton's Reef Cup the race was given to her on a protest. The race was sailed on Feb. 14, 1893, the course being from the Needles across the channel to Cherbourg and return, a distance of about 120 miles. The wind was strong from the east. Britannia led over the starting line by 54 seconds. Both yachts carried jib headers over single reefed mainsails. Navahoe took the lead early in the race, but the boats were within a few seconds of each other when they started for home. Topmasts were housed and smaller jibs set on both boats, as wind and sea were increasing. The sea was so rough off the Needles that the committee's steamer went into Alum Bay just inside the Needles, and anchored in smoother water, making the finish line east of the light. Britannia was declared a winner by 2½ seconds. Mr. Carroll protested on the ground that the finish line was not correct—the committee boat having shifted her position. The committee allowed the protest, and Navahoe was given

the race. Last season Mr. Carroll had Navahoe's rig changed to that of a yawl. The work was done at City Island under the direction of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, and Defender's hollow steel mast was substituted for her Oregon pine stick. She was not raced much till the summer was well advanced, but during the balance of the season made a most creditable showing against Vigilant and Ailsa, much to the surprise of yachtsmen. The big yawl class suffers a great loss by the sale of Navahoe, and Vigilant and Ailsa will now have to fight it out alone. It has been stated that Navahoe's new owner intends to change her rig to that of a schooner. As Navahoe never performed so well as she has since she has been rigged as a yawl, it would seem that any further change would be a mistake.

Navahoe is a splendid all around boat, having made a very fair racing record, and on her several ocean cruises has proved very seaworthy. Captain Watjen could hardly have secured a better vessel. Navahoe was designed by N. G. Herreshoff, and built by the Herreshoff Mfg. Co., at Bristol, R. I., in the fall of 1892 and spring of 1893. She was launched in February of that year. She is 123ft. over all, 84ft. waterline, 23ft. beam and 12ft. 6in. draft. Navahoe is in winter quarters at New London, near Constitution, and it has been suggested that a good ocean race might be had between her and the German Emperor's schooner Meteor, now building at Shooter's Island. While such a race is rather remote, still it would be of considerable interest.

Seawanhaka Cup News.

It was stated in these columns last week that Larry Huntington, of New Rochelle, had a possible customer for a boat for the Seawanhaka trial races. The order was placed by Mr. Clinton B. Seely, of Bridgeport. The boat will be a scow with lead ballast hung on a fin. The boat will be about 37ft. long on deck, while her breadth is slightly over 6ft., and she will be sailed by a very light crew.

The Hanley boat for the Bridgeport syndicate is said to have taken shape. The boat is only 35ft. over all, rather shorter than any of the other boats now building.

It is stated that another Bridgeport syndicate has ordered a boat from Jones and La Borde, of Oshkosh, Wis. This firm has turned out some wonderfully successful boats of the scow type.

One of the syndicates in which Mr. T. H. MacDonald is interested has placed an order with Mr. B. B. Crowninshield for a trial boat. She will be built by Smith, of Quincy Point, Mass. Her sails will be made by Messrs. Wilson & Silsby, and the Spaulding St. Lawrence Company will furnish the spars.

A slight misunderstanding as to the correct interpretation of the rule governing centerboards in the Seawanhaka cup class has arisen, and to make the matter clear beyond all doubt, Mr. MacDonald, chairman of the Bridgeport Y. C. Regatta Committee, gives the following information:

Wooden boards weighted to 450lbs. total weight can not be used. Wooden boards covered with iron or other metal plates may be used, but the iron or other metal used must not weigh more than just sufficient to sink the board. There are just three kinds of boards which may be used under the restrictions. First, one of a maximum weight of 450lbs. This must be made of a steel or iron plate of uniform thickness. It must be a plate and cannot be a combination of steel or iron and wood, or lead or other metal; simply a plate of iron or steel. Second, when made of other metal than steel or iron, the same remarks apply except that 300lbs. is the weight limit, and ¾in. the thickness limit. Third, a wooden or combination plate or board. This can have only sufficient weight to sink it, no more.

Calypso and Flirt.

QUINCY, Mass., Feb. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As the championship in class D of the 25ft. class of the Massachusetts Yacht Racing Association, appears to be in dispute in yachting circles, by reason of contrary publications as to the relative merits of Calypso and Flirt, contestants in that class, we, the designers and builders of Calypso, in justice to all concerned, beg leave to publish the following extract from the records of said Association, found on the first page, under this heading: "Championship Winners, Season of 1901.—Class D (25ft. cabin class), Calypso. A. W. Chesterton, owner."

HANLEY CONSTRUCTION CO.

Yacht Club Notes.

A large number of members attended the annual meeting of the Atlantic Y. C. which was held at the Waldorf-Astoria on Feb. 10, and the following officers and committees were unanimously elected: Com., Robert E. Tod, schooner Thistle; Vice-Com., Edwin Gould, steamer Aileen; Rear Com., Frederick F. Ames, schooner Varuna; Sec'y, Louis F. Jackson; Treas., Charles T. Pierce; Meas., George Hill; Trustees: J. Fred Ackerman, Frederick T. Adams, Robert P. Doremus, Frank McKee, Alfred W. Booth, J. Rogers Maxwell. Regatta Committee: George Hill, chairman; Edgar F. Luckenback, Frederick Vilmar. Membership Committee: J. H. Hallock, chairman; George D. Provost, William E. Sperling. Library Committee: J. M. Foote, chairman; T. B. Allen, S. L. Blood. Entertainment Committee: Edwin Hollis Low, chairman; F. E. Camp, Frank Bornn. Nominating Committee: E. B. Havens, chairman; Walter H. Nelson, G. E. Vernon, Henry Robert, Spencer Swain, Alexander H. Tiers.

The report of the secretary showed a large increase during the past year in the membership, which has now reached a total of 586, divided as follows: Active, 496; life, 68; honorary, 5; ex-officio, 7; chaplains, 8; flag, 2. The fleet, which also has increased, consists of 100 steamers, 36 schooners, and 130 sloops, yawls and main-sail boats, a total of 205 vessels.

An amendment to the constitution providing for the election of officers in the United States Navy to membership in the club upon payment of a fee of \$25, but without payment of annual dues, was passed.

Commodore Tod said on taking office that he hoped to boom ocean racing in the Atlantic Y. C. He sug-

gested that the cruise go as far east as Newport, and then the yachts race back, the big yachts sailing outside Long Island to Sea Gate and the smaller yachts going inside and finishing at Execution Rock. For these races he offered \$1,000 in prizes. The date of the annual regatta and the cruise was left to the flag officers.

The German Emperor and Prince Henry were elected honorary members.

The Passaic River Y. C. has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Com., George L. Staats; Vice-Com., Addis Wiley; Record, Sec'y, Frederick Keppler; Finan. Sec'y, William K. Wilkins; Treas., Frederick Weslow; Meas., William Scales. Board of Trustees: Theodore Hatfield, Thomas Chamberlain, William Busser, Frederick Hartung, and C. E. Krauth.

At the annual meeting of the Philadelphia Y. C., held on Wednesday evening last, Feb. 12, 1902, at the Tinicum Anchorage, Delaware county, Pa., the following officers were elected to serve for the ensuing year: Com., Abraham L. English, yacht Nanon; Vice-Com., Warren Webster, yacht Ibis; Rear Com., William H. Bromley, yacht Lesbia; Fleet Captain, Sylvester W. Bookhammer; Fleet Surgeon, Fred J. Haerer, M.D.; Meas., Philip H. Johnson; Harbor Master, Charles S. Warfield; Treas., Samuel B. S. Barth. Regatta Committee: Captain John S. Muckle, chairman; Robert C. Clarkson, George D. Gideon. Trustees: Col. J. Lewis Good, Robert P. Thompson, J. Horace Cook, S. W. Bookhammer.

The well-known English yawl Satanita is to be sold at auction by Messrs. Lory & Co., at the Hotel Cecil, London, England, early in March. Satanita has proven herself a fast and able vessel, and has shown phenomenal speed when sailing with a lifted sheet. Satanita won the last Queen's cup and made a record over one of the Mediterranean courses when she beat Ailsa, which up to that time held the record by forty minutes.

Satanita was designed by Mr. J. M. Soper and built by Messrs. J. G. Fay & Co., Ltd., at Southampton in 1893. She was altered from a cutter to a yawl in 1898. Satanita is of composite construction. She is 98.05ft. on the waterline, 24ft. 7in. beam and 12ft. 3in. depth, and carries under yawl rig 10,300 sq. ft. of sail. Satanita is very roomy below decks, having a large main saloon, four staterooms and five berths and a large bath room.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Messrs. Huntington & Seaman, yacht brokers, have sold to Mr. R. Poyntz Mackenzie, of Port of Spain, Trinidad, B. W. I., the one rater Keneu. She is to be used for racing and has been shipped direct by steamer.

William Raymond Townsend, a designer and builder of pilot boats and yachts, died at his home in Brooklyn on Feb. 8. He was eighty-four years of age. Sappho, one of the early America's Cup defenders, was modeled by him. Mr. Townsend designed altogether sixty-one vessels. He planned most of the sailing pilot boats used at this port. For thirty-five years he was superintendent in C. & R. Poillon's shipyard in Brooklyn.

The steam yacht Aroc, formerly Lady Beatrice, is being entirely refitted below decks at the Morse Iron Works, under direction of Messrs. Gardner & Cox.

At Wood's yard, City Island, five boats are being built from designs made by Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane. One is a raceabout for Mr. H. M. Crane, which will be quite similar to the raceabout Merrywing that Mr. Crane owned last season. Another boat is for Mr. John R. Suydam, who will race her in the 30-foot class on Great South Bay. She is 44ft. 9in. over all, 25ft. waterline, 13ft. breadth, and 3ft. draft. The other three boats will be raced in the 30-foot class at Bar Harbor, and will be owned by Messrs. Everett Macy, Walter G. Ladd and W. B. Taylor. The Bar Harbor Y. R. A. will race under the new rule adopted by the Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound, and the three latter boats are designed under the new rule.

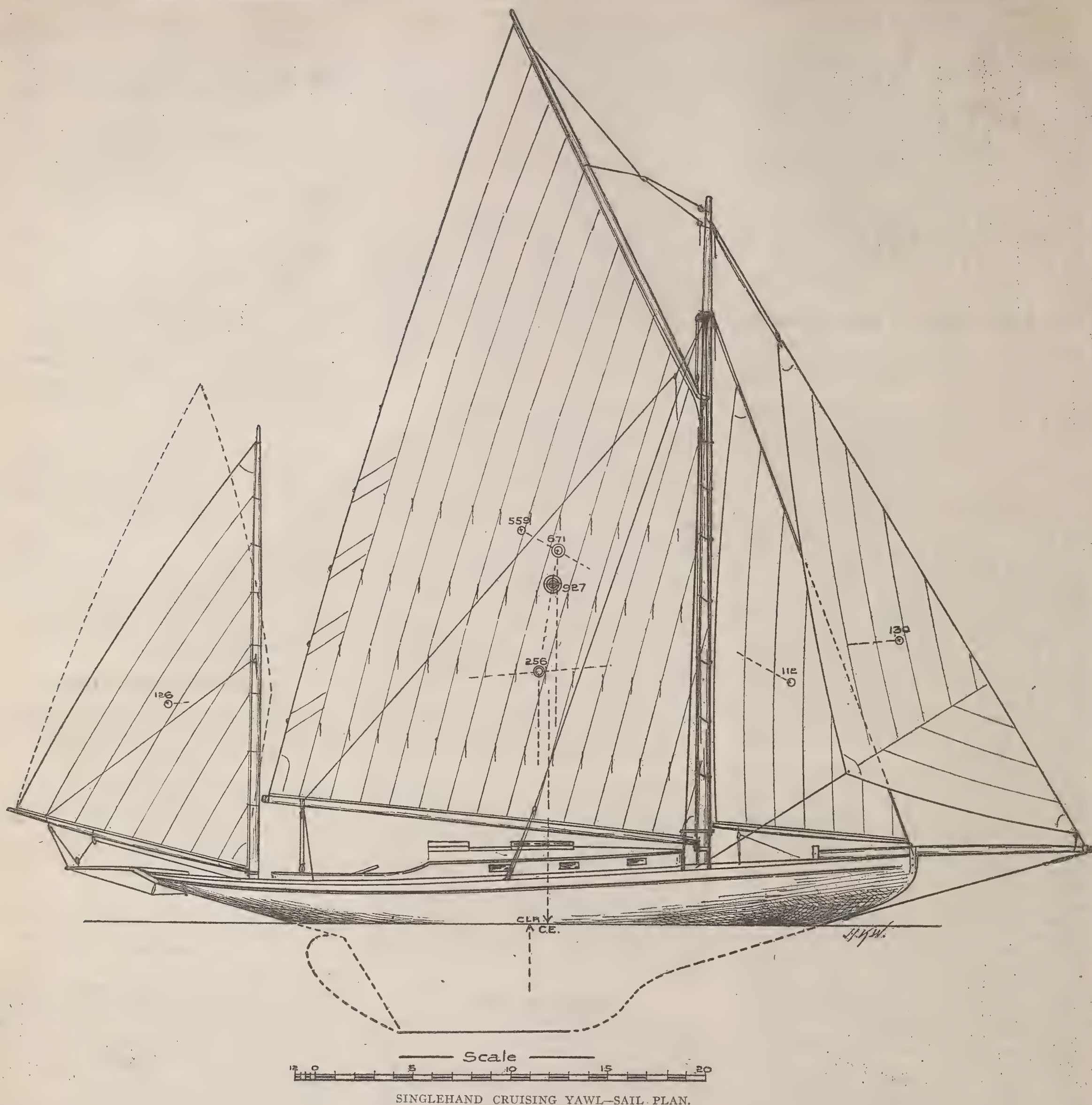
The New Rochelle Y. C. is to have a one-design class next season. Five boats are to be built by Mr. Robert Jacob, City Island. They will be 14ft. waterline, 25ft. over all, 6ft. 6in. breadth, and will carry 1,200 pounds of outside ballast.

The Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, former Viceroy of India, and who at one time was Governor General of Canada, died on Feb. 12 at Clondeboyne, County Down, Ireland. He was a well known yachtsman, and was commodore of the Royal Ulster Y. C.

More than a hundred members were present at the annual meeting of the Brooklyn Y. C., which was held at the Argyle, Fulton street, Brooklyn, on Thursday, Feb. 13. The following officers and committees were elected: Com., H. R. M. Cook, sloop Kiora; Vice-Com., C. H. Humphreys, sloop Kangaroo; Rear Com., Henry J. Heath, sloop Squaw; Meas., G. Ashton Kay; Sec'y, C. H. Parson; Treas., Willard Graham. Trustees: Term expiring 1905, Cornelius Ferguson, E. W. Graef; D. J. Culpeper, term expiring 1904; R. H. Sherwood, to fill vacancy, term expiring 1903; J. B. White, to fill vacancy. Committee on Racing: G. B. Waters, G. C. Gillispie, John R. Brophy. Membership Committee: N. T. Cory, Joseph M. Gans, J. E. Haviland. Nominating Committee: P. H. Jeannot, W. R. Sainsbury, J. R. Brophy.

Reports of officers and committees show the organization to be in prosperous condition. The receipts of the year were \$6,102.63; the expenditures, \$5,703.23, making a cash balance in the treasury of \$399.40.

At the beginning of last season 357 names were on the roster. One hundred and forty-three members were lost during 1901 by death, resignation and other causes, while



107 newcomers were admitted. The club now has 321 members in good standing.

The Staten Island Y. C. has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Com., C. F. Wiegand; Vice-Com., H. B. Johnson; Sec'y, E. S. Seguire; Treas., J. F. H. Lindeman; Meas., Matthew Taylor. Trustees: F. G. R. Roettger and George Cramer.

The regular annual meeting of the New York Y. C. was held at the club house, West Forty-fourth street, New York City, on Thursday evening, Feb. 13. The following officers were elected: Com., Lewis Cass Ledyard, schooner Corona; Vice-Com., Frederick G. Bourne, steamer Colonia; Rear Com., C. L. F. Robinson, steamer Wanderer; Sec'y, G. A. Cormack; Treas., Tarrant Putnam; Meas., John Hyslop; Fleet Surgeon, J. McWoodbury, M.D.; Regatta Committee: S. Nicholson Kane, Newbury D. Lawton, E. H. Wales. Committee on Admissions: Henry C. Ward, Frederick Gallatin, J. Searle Barclay, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Henry S. Redmond. House Committee: Thomas A. Bronson, William H. Osgood, G. A. Cormack. Library Committee: Theodore C. Zerega, Paul Eve Stevenson, Arnold Wood. Committee on Club Stations: William H. Thomas, Frederick G. Bourne, F. August Schermerhorn, Augustus C. Tyler, Charles Lane Poor, Ralph N. Ellis, Harrison B. Moore, Henry C. Ward, Amzi L. Barber, J. R. Maxwell.

During the meeting Commodore Ledyard offered a resolution upon the death of former Secretary Oddie, which was passed unanimously, and Commodore Kane offered a similar resolution upon the death of Chester Griswold.

It was decided to hold the annual regatta of the club on June 19 in New York Bay.

The club decided upon the night of March 9 as the time when the club will receive Prince Henry of Prussia. The arrangements for the entertainment will be decided upon by a committee later.

The following resolution regarding a new system of measurement was adopted:

"Resolved, That the commodore appoint a committee of seven members to obtain from such naval architects as may seem desirable their opinions as to the advisability of changing the present rule of measurement of this club and as to the practicability of formulating such a new system of measurement as would be generally adopted by the clubs of this country, and might eventually serve as a basis of an international standard and to report to this club."

The membership of the club, counting the 51 members elected, numbers 1,929. The total number of vessels in the club's fleet numbers 468.

The list of new members elected included the name of Nathaniel G. Herreshoff, who was proposed by Commodore Lewis Cass Ledyard and seconded by ex-Commodore E. D. Morgan. The following are the new members:

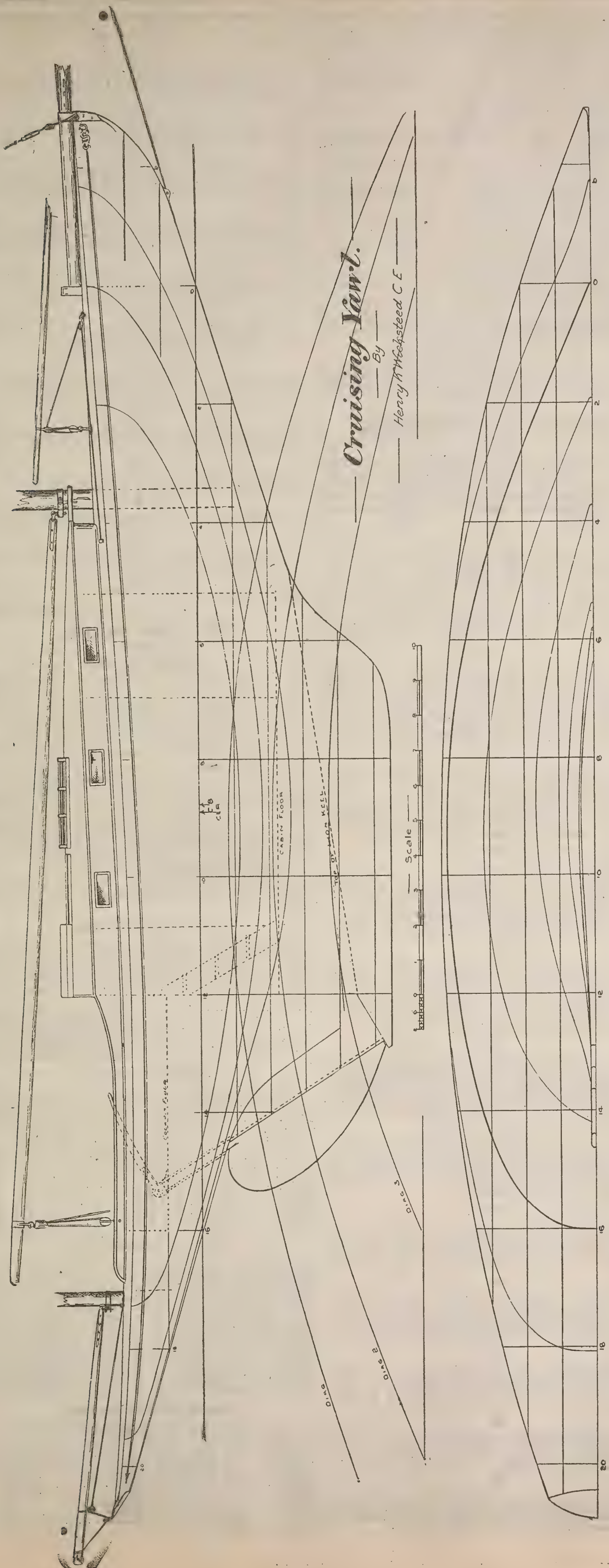
Augustus, Smith, Lieutenant Herman O. Stickney, U. S. N.; Henry Reuterdaahl, Commander W. Sheffield Cowles, U. S. N.; Lieutenant Commander Robert I. Reid, U. S. N.; Lieutenant Commander Reynold T. Hall, U. S. N.; Ensign Morris H. Brown, U. S. N.; C. Ritchie Simpkins, H. Seymour Houghton, M.D.; Albert S. Plummer, Johnston L. de Peyster, Captain B. H. Fuller, U. S. M. C.; Lieutenant Orlo S. Knepper, U. S. N.; Colonel Frank L. Denny, U. S. M. C.; Lieutenant Charles J. Lang, U. S. N.; Colonel James Forney, U. S. M. C.; Lieutenant John S. Doddridge, U. S. N.; Henry H. Melville, Albert B. Cameron, Captain Henry Schuyler Ross, U. S. N.; Ensign William R. White, U. S. N.; Frank W. Fletcher, Sidney Lanier Smith, Henry W. Putnam, Jr.; Ensign William P. Cronan, U. S. N.; W. H.

Beebe, Andrew McKenney, N. Townsend Thayer, George D. Cochran, M.D.; Lieutenant Arthur T. Chester, U. S. N.; Stewart W. Smith, Augustus B. Hart, Lieutenant Commander Carl W. Jungen, U. S. N.; Surgeon Eton O. Huntington, U. S. N.; Lieutenant Charles E. Gilpin, U. S. N.; Lieutenant Bion B. Bierrer, U. S. N.; Surgeon Carl D. Brownell, U. S. N.; W. Campbell Clark, R. H. Hooper, H. B. Smithers, L. C. Benedict, Charles H. Davis, John A. Burnham, Jr.; George T. Wilson, Calbraith Perry Rodgers, William S. Eaton, Jr.; Robert Toland, Joseph D. Redding, J. Van Schaick Oddie and Harold Hoyle Oddie; honorary member, Nathaniel G. Herreshoff.

At the annual meeting of the Huguenot Y. C., held at the Arena, West Thirty-first street, New York City, the following officers were elected: Com., A. P. Thayer, launch Thalga; Vice-Com., George C. Allen; Rear-Com., Joseph P. Donovan; Sec'y, H. H. Van Rensselaer; Treas., L. C. Ketchum. Trustees to serve two years: William B. Greeley and John Tatlock.

The annual meeting of the Gloucester (Pa.) Y. C. was held on Feb. 9, and the following officers were elected: Com., Benjamin Wilson; Vice-Com., John Minnehan; Rear-Com., Gilbert Taylor; Rec. Sec'y, Walter Flemings; Fin. Sec'y, Americus Brinton; Treas., John Casnet; Steward, Harry Quinn; Auditing Committee, Frank Dunn, James Flemings and Americus Brinton; Trustees, Frank Smith, James Flemings, Harry Quinn, Thomas Platt, John Benchert and George L. Kurtz; Measurers, Robert Murray, George L. Kurtz and Thomas Platt.

At the annual meeting of the Yale Corinthian Y. C., held on Feb. 7, the following officers were elected: Com., E. I. Low, 1902; Vice-Com., J. B. Thomas, Jr., 1903;



Sec'y, J. W. Reynolds, 1903; Treas., David Boies, 1904; Governing Board, M. L. Willing, 1902, Chairman; G. A. Cochran, 1903; F. Farrell, Jr., 1903; A. L. Ferguson, 1902; T. B. Thacher, 1904; Q. T. Reeves, 1902, S.; C. D. Rafferty, 1903, S.

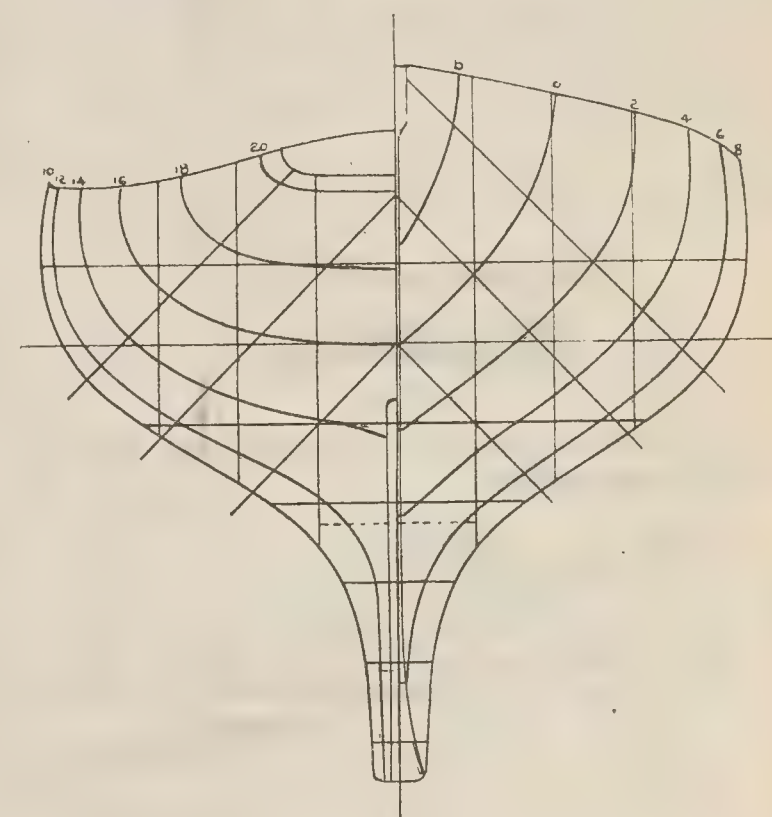
A Singlehand Cruising Yawl.

THROUGH the courtesy of the designer, Mr. Henry K. Wickstead, we are able to reproduce in this issue the plans of a 27ft. waterline single-hand yawl. Mr. Wickstead's work has appeared from time to time in these columns, and it is always of a high order. The boat is a particularly handsome and well-turned craft, and is admirably adapted for the purpose for which she was designed. Her dimensions are:

Length—	
Over all	40ft. 6in.
L.W.L.	27ft. 0in.
Overhang—	
Forward	5ft. 0in.
Aft	8ft. 6in.
Breadth—Extreme	9ft. 0in.
Draft	5ft. 6in.
Freeboard—	
Forward	3ft. 6in.
Least	2ft. 0in.
Aft	2ft. 6in.
Sail Area—	
Mainsail	559 sq. ft.
Staysail	112 sq. ft.
Jib	130 sq. ft.
Mizzen	126 sq. ft.
Total	927 sq. ft.
Displacement	7,400lbs.
Ballast—On keel	5,000lbs.

The following is from a letter written by the designer and gives a very clear idea of what Mr. Wickstead had in mind when working out the boat's design:

"I should have a man to look after her and to accompany me on long cruises, but on ordinary occasions I should handle her myself. The cutting off the rudder



SINGLE HAND CRUISING YAWL—MIDSHIP SECTION.

stem at the cockpit floor is a new departure for me, but seems to be a good idea, and gives room for the main sheet and traveler, and does away with the danger of the former getting caught in the tiller in case of a jibe with a slack sheet, a thing which has happened to me more than once, and which is very awkward when there is not room to come to and get the strain off it. The interior is arranged as follows: A hanging closet on one side of the companionway for oilers, etc., and a compartment with shelves for stores and kitchen utensils on the other. Two transoms 6ft. 6in. long forward of these, with folding berths over, then a lavatory fitted with closet and folding wash basin, and another clothes closet the full width of the boat. Forward of this is a pipe berth for man, and storage for lines, sails, chain, etc. The ice box is located under cockpit floor. I find that where no regular crew is carried it is much handier to have the galley and all connected with it in reach of the cockpit, not only because you can watch your boat and cook at the same time, but because of more air and better ventilation. One-half of the meals are generally spread in the cockpit anyway. In a final sail plan, I shall add another 6in. or even a foot to the width of the mainsail on the after leach, which will give a mizzen of quite insignificant size. After all, its main use is as a riding sail, and to keep the main boom inboard and in practice; the jib and mizzen alone are not used often, but the two inboard sails which, in spite of their greater size, are really easier to handle in going to windward through a narrow channel or anything of that sort. But of course the mizzen must be big enough to keep her head up when the main-sail is lowered for reefing.

"In designing the boat I had in view the coast of Nova Scotia and the Gulf of St. Lawrence, but it is equally applicable to the Great Lakes. Anything under 6ft. draft is unobjectionable, except perhaps on Lake Erie, and a centerboard is a tremendous addition to a single-hander's work and responsibility. Some people, I think, will want the main mast further forward, and only one head sail. So would I, on a smaller boat, but I have tried both ways, and believe the double headsail to be far better for a single-hander of this size, and besides, the question of staying the mast properly becomes important in so large a boat. The catboat problem over again. If the mast is left partially stayed and dependence put on extra diameter there, then comes the great weight in the eyes of the boat. The strain on the boat herself and the insufficient space in which to move around in when getting the anchor, making sail, etc.

"In regard to dimensions and form of midship section, I have tried to get full headroom, coupled with moderate draft and sufficient beam to give high initial stability without getting so much as would necessitate a big and lofty rig to drive her. The waterline length has been fixed quite independent of any attempt to evade measurement rules and has been reduced only so far as I thought proper to secure graceful outline and snug skin surface."

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, at Four-Mile House, Reading road, Feb. 16. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the Standard target. Strickmeier was declared champion for the day with the fine score of 91. Weather, cloudy; thermometer, 24; wind, 8 to 9 o'clock:

Strickmeier	91	81	77	76	76	7	7	10	—24	6	6	9	—21
Payne	86	84	82	79	79	10	10	10	—30	6	8	8	—22
Nestler	85	85	83	82	81	9	7	6	—22	8	4	8	—20
Speth	84	82	82	81	80	6	10	7	—23	10	6	9	—25
Odell	82	81	81	79	79	5	9	9	—23	7	9	8	—24
Gindele	82	79	78	78	74	5	8	6	—19	7	7	10	—24
Bruns	82	75	74	71	71	4	7	8	—19	6	4	5	—15
Roberts	79	77	76	73	75	9	7	7	—23	5	7	5	—17
Lux	78	77	75	75	73	7	9	2	—18	9	4	8	—21
Trounstein	77	73	65	64	64	8	6	5	—19	5	8	6	—19
Hofer	76	72	71	69	65	6	6	7	—19	7	5	6	—18
Hoffman	74	67	66	66	66	8	7	5	—20	5	8	9	—22
Drube	73	59	—	—	—	6	7	9	—22	8	10	5	—23
Weinheimer	71	68	61	61	61	6	4	9	—19	5	7	4	—16
Uckotter	67	65	61	—	—	6	6	4	—16	—	—	—	—

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 2.—The Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club held its regular meet to-day. A north wind made it cold and disagreeable, but a good number put in an appearance. Capt. Geo. E. Bartlett gave us an exhibition of his great skill in hitting flying objects of any size when thrown in the air, using Peters .22 short cartridges and a borrowed rifle. A Mexican gentleman of high estate was present and took much interest in our shooting. A. B. Dorrell carried off the honors with the rifle after a hard tussle with Hoffman. Brannagan broke in a new S. & W. pistol, and was high. Dr. Twist outdid himself and the rest with the .22 rifle, and Hoffman led with the revolver. Col. S. I. Kellogg showed up for the first time in years, and took a turn with the .22 rifle.

Scores, off-hand, 10 shots, Columbia target:
Rifle, 200yds.: A. B. Dorrell 47, 55; W. G. Hoffman 49, 49, 53, 53, 53, 60; F. O. Young 57, 60, 64; A. H. Cady, 59, 76; Alex. Pape 74, 88, 88, 89, 91; C. Bachman 96, 134.

Fifty-yard range, pistol: A. J. Brannagan 42, 45, 47; F. O. Young 46, 51; P. Becker 55, 64; Capt. Geo. E. Bartlett 58, 71, G. Johnson 127.

Revolver: W. G. Hoffman 52, 63, 66.
.22 rifle: Dr. J. F. Twist 21, 22, 24, 24, 27, 29, 30, 31, 36; Ed Hovey, 24, 25, 26, 30; A. J. Brannagan 25, 28; Col. S. I. Kellogg 32, 22; P. Becker 52.

FRED. O. YOUNG, Sec'y.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

[Fixtures.]

Feb. 22.—Louisville, Ky.—Jefferson County Gun Club's tournament.

Feb. 22.—Akron, O.—Team shoot of Akron Gun Club.

Feb. 22.—Albany, N. Y.—West End Gun Club's bluerock tournament. H. H. Valentine, Sec'y.

Feb. 22.—Brooklyn, L. I.—Handicap cup shoot of the Fulton Gun Club.

Feb. 22.—Armonk, N. Y.—First shooting tournament of the Westchester County Shooting League. H. T. Wayne, Secretary Armonk Gun Club.

Feb. 22.—Lynn, Mass.—All-day shoot of the Birch Brook Gun Club. J. C. Hamley, President; J. W. Hay and C. F. Lambert, Managing Committee.

Feb. 22.—Carlstadt, N. J.—Second match of series between Fairview and Carlstadt gun clubs.

Feb. 22.—Silver Lake, Staten Island.—Holiday shoot of the Richmond Gun Club. Live birds and targets. Albert A. Schoverling, Sec'y.

Feb. 22.—Brooklyn, L. I.—Holiday shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club. John S. Wright, manager.

Feb. 22.—Harrisburg, Pa.—Annual holiday shoot of the Harrisburg Shooting Association, for amateurs only.

Feb. 22.—New Haven, Conn.—Washington's Birthday tournament of the New Haven Gun Club. John E. Bassett, Sec'y.

Feb. 22.—Lynn, Mass.—Free-for-all shoot of the Lynn Gun Club.

Feb. 22.—Interstate Park, L. I.—Free for all; 25 live birds; \$12.50 entrance, birds included; high guns; handicaps 25 to 33yds.

March 6.—Omaha, Neb.—Contest at 100 live birds for Hazard trophy between C. W. Budd, holder, and Russell Klein, challenger, at 2 P. M.

March 8.—Fairview, N. J.—Open target shoot of the Fairview Gun Club.

March 8.—Carlstadt, N. J.—Invitation shoot of the Carlstadt Gun Club.

March 31-April 5.—Blue River Park, Kansas City, Mo.—Grand American Handicap at live birds. Ed Banks, Sec'y, 318 Broadway, New York.

March 19-21.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Annual Grand Central Handicap tournament; first two days, targets; third day, 25 live birds, \$25 entrance. Bert A. Adams, Sec'y.

March 25-27.—St. Thomas, Ont.—International live bird tournament.

April 8-11.—Olathe, Kan.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament.

April 15-17.—Asheville, N. C.—Target tournament given by Col. E. P. McKissick.

April 15-17.—St. Joseph, Mo.—Missouri State Amateur Shooting Association's annual tournament. F. B. Cunningham, Sec'y.

April 19.—Haverhill, Mass.—Patriots' Day shoot of the Haverhill Gun Club.

April 22-25.—Omaha, Neb.—Nebraska State shoot. H. S. McDonald, Sec'y.

April 29-30.—Greenville, O.—Annual tournament of the Greenville Gun Club. H. A. McCaughey, Sec'y.

May 6-9.—Interstate Park, L. I.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap at Targets. Edward Banks, Sec'y; Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.

May 13-14.—Enid, Oklahoma Territory.—Oklahoma Territorial Sportsmen's Association tournament.

May 13-16.—Oil City, Pa.—Annual meeting of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. F. S. Bates, Cor. Sec'y.

May 14-16.—Charleston, S. C.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Charleston-Palmetto Gun Club. W. G. Jeffords, Jr., Sec'y.

May 20-22.—Ottumwa, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's tournament.

May 20-22.—Elwood, Ind.—Annual tournament of the Zoo Rod and Gun Club, of Elwood, Ind.

May 20-22.—Wheeling, W. Va.—Fifth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association; added money and prizes. John B. Garden, Sec'y, Wheeling, W. Va.

May 21-23.—Springfield, S. D.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association tournament.

May 30.—Schenectady, N. Y.—Spring tournament of the Schenectady Gun Club. E. L. Aiken, Sec'y.

May 30-31.—Union City, Ind.—Spring tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club. O. E. Fouts, Sec'y.

June 3-5.—Cleveland, O.—Tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League, under the auspices of the Cleveland Gun Co.

June 4-6.—Memphis, Tenn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Memphis Gun Club.

June 9-13.—Rochester, N. Y.—Forty-fourth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game.

June 10-11.—Muncie, Ind.—Indiana Trapshooters' League's annual tournament.

June 17-20.—Warm Springs, Ga.—Annual Interstate tournament.

June 18-19.—Bellefontaine, O.—Silver Lake Gun Club's annual tournament. Geo. E. Maison, Sec'y.

June 25-26.—Raleigh, N. C.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Raleigh Gun Club. Jas. I. Johnson, Sec'y.

July 16-18.—Titusville, Pa.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Titusville Gun Club. T. L. Andrews, Sec'y.

Aug. 6-7.—Marietta, O.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Columbian Gun Club. Chas. Bailey, Sec'y.

Aug. 13-14.—Brunswick, Me.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Brunswick Gun Club. L. C. Whitmore, Sec'y.

Aug. 27-28.—Haverhill, Mass.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Haverhill Gun Club. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.

Sept. 3-4.—Nappanee, Ind.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Nappanee Gun Club. B. B. Maust, Sec'y.

Sept. 24-25.—Lewistown, Ill.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Lewistown Gun Club. H. H. McCumber, Sec'y.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot, every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The Harrisburg Shooting Association announces its annual holiday shoot, for amateurs only, to take place on Feb. 22. The programme has 12 events, at 10, 15 and 20 targets, \$10 entrance for the day. Other than amateurs will be allowed to shoot for targets only. Any shooter may enter for targets only. At one o'clock a live bird event will commence, the conditions of which are 20 birds, \$10 entrance, birds included; handicaps 26 to 29 yards. Moneys divided a la Rose system, in the ratios 6, 5, 3 and 2. There will be a silver consolation cup to non winners. Other events to fill out the day's competition will be arranged.

A meeting of the committee on rules appointed by the Interstate Association, met on Thursday of last week, in the offices of the W. R. A. Co., 312 Broadway, New York, for a reconsideration of a few points in the revised rules. The knotty matter of a misfire with the second barrel was the one of chief interest. It was finally decided that in case of a misfire with the second barrel, the contestant has a new inning if he does not kill with his first, but must not open his gun before handing it to the referee.

The cup offered by the Fulton Gun Club for competition at its all-day shoot, Feb. 22, is on exhibition in the window of Messrs. Schoverling, Daly & Gales, 302 Broadway. This cup was donated by Hon. P. J. May, president of the club. The cup event is at 50 targets, open to all. Competition commences at 10 o'clock. Targets 1½ cents. The grounds are in Brooklyn, and can be reached via Kings County Elevated to Crescent street station, or by Douglas street car to Crescent street, thence by stage to the grounds.

The Brooklyn Gun Club will hold an all-day shoot on its grounds, Enfield street, near Liberty avenue, Brooklyn, on Feb. 22. Competition commences at 10:30. There are eight events on the programme, at 10, 15, 20 and 25 targets, 135 targets in all, with a total entrance of \$6. No. 5 is a handicap at 25 targets, \$2 added. Two dollars are added to each of the two 20-target events. Moneys divided a la Rose system. Lunch complimentary. Any one may shoot for targets only. Loaded shells on the grounds.

Mr. H. D. Kirkover, one of the most skilled of New York State trapshooters, arrived in New York city early in the week. He will probably engage in the amateur championship of the Carteret Gun Club only contestant to kill straight. All stood at 28yds. In the club event for a trophy there were twenty entries, of whom Bergner and Longnecker killed straight. The club, since its recent reorganization, has closed its gates to the public. Visitors are now present at their shoots by invitation only.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association, writes us as follows: "Please announce to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM that the Interstate Association has made arrangements to give additional tournaments as follows: Marietta, O., Aug. 6 and 7; Haverhill, Mass., Aug. 27 and 28; Nappanee, Ind., Sept. 3 and 4; Lewistown, Ill., Sept. 24 and 25. This completes our circuit for 1922."

Col. E. P. McKissick, of Asheville, N. C., under date of Feb. 16, writes us as follows: "Please announce in FOREST AND STREAM that we will have a clay pigeon tournament here on April 15, 16 and 17. The shoot will be given by myself, and I presume that these dates will suit, as they are not claimed by any one else, except in the West for a tournament."

If matters can be satisfactorily arranged for it, Messrs. J. A. R. Elliott (holder) and R. O. Heikes will contest for the Review cup at Hot Springs, Ark., the second week in March. This is a postponed match, caused by the severe illness of Mr. Heikes. It was originally arranged to take place at Kansas City in December last.

At the recent annual meeting of the Altoona (Pa.) Rod and Gun Club officers were elected as follows for the ensuing year: President, R. A. McNaught; Vice-President, G. T. Bell; Secretary, G. G. Zeth; Treasurer, R. H. Fay; Captain, J. F. Killitts; Members of Executive Board: W. W. Wilson and W. E. Bell.

Owing to the illness of Mr. W. Weller, the match between him and Capt. A. W. Money, for the championship of New Jersey, Feb. 12, did not take place. Instead, a new match for the championship was arranged between Capt. Money and F. B. Carlough. Capt. Money won on a score of 41.

The Lynn (Mass.) Gun Club announces an open shoot to be held on Feb. 22. A feature of the competition will be a merchandise shoot, the only expense of which, to the contestants, is the entrance, the price of targets.

At the shoot of the Keystone Shooting League, Holmesburg Junction, Pa., on Saturday of last week, Mrs. Frank Butler (Annie Oakley) was a guest. In the open event at 10 birds, she was the only contestant to kill straight. All stood at 28yds.

Those who contemplate entering the Grand American Handicap at Live Birds should bear in mind that entries close on March 22. Read the programme published elsewhere in our trap columns this week.

We have been authoritatively informed that the Infalible Smokeless powder, manufactured by the Laflin & Rand Powder Co., will not be taken off the market, rumors to the contrary notwithstanding.

The Haverhill (Mass.) Gun Club announces an all-day shoot, open to all, on Patriot's Day, April 19.

There will be a free for all live bird shoot at Interstate Park, Queens, L. I., on Feb. 22. The conditions are 25 live birds, \$12.50 entry fee, birds included; high guns; handicaps 25 to 33 yards.

Mr. Ben Norton, of the Hazard Powder Company, arrived in New York on Saturday of last week, after several months of active travel in the West and South, in the interests of his company.

Mr. Chas. Schmeltzer, of Kansas City, famous in the world of trapshooting, has gone to California to recuperate, after a protracted illness from which he is slowly convalescing.

Mr. Dave Elliott, of St. Louis, and Mr. T. A. Devine, of Memphis, Tenn., eminent gentlemen of the sportsman world, were visitors in New York the latter part of last week.

The next shoot of the Richmond Gun Club will be held on the club grounds, Staten Island, Feb. 22, commencing at 10 o'clock. There will be live-bird and target events.

In a 10-mile team match between Omaha and Kansas City, 25 live birds per man, at Omaha, on Feb. 8, Omaha won by seven birds; scores, 216 to 209.

The second match between the Fairview and Carstadt gun clubs will take place at Carstadt club's grounds, on Feb. 22.

The next shoot of the Richmond Gun Club, of Silver Lake, Staten Island, will be held on Feb. 22.

The Greenville (O.) Gun Club claims April 29 and 30 as dates for their annual tournament.

The Fairview (N. J.) Gun Club announces an open to all target shoot on March 8.

BERNARD WATERS.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Feb. 12.—The holiday shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club, held to-day, was one of rare activity. Several prize shoots were held.

No. 2 was for a toilet set, a handicap allowance event, as follows: Conitz (8) 25, Wagner (10) 25, McDonald (10) 24, Marshall (3) 24, Dudley (2) 19, Welles (2) 14, Gil (5) 17, Hadfield (8) 19, Arrow-smith (9) 18, Froeligh (3) 25, Baron (5) 25, Awell (8) 25, Carman (5) 25, Ebbetts (8) 25, Voorhes (10) 25, Remsen (6) 25, Rider (5) 25, Martin (8) 25, Ruyl (9) 25, Griffith (4) 25, Wood (9) 25, Barnard (10) 24.

No. 6 was also a handicap event, the prize of which was a toilet set. It was at 30 targets, as follows: Conitz 30, Gil 26, Ebbetts 20, Ansell 30, Marshall 26, Carman 28, Arrowsmith 30, Froeligh 30, Welles 30, Hadfield 30, Rider 30, Dudley 30, Baron 29, Martin 30, Remsen 30, Voorhes 30, Ruyl 29, Wood 27, Barnard 30, Griffith 30.

Event 8 was for a hand-painted strawberry set, a handicap at 20 targets, as follows: Conitz 20, Marshall 20, Dudley 17, Froeligh 20, Welles 20, Gil 20, Hadfield 19, Martin, 13, Remsen 20, Voorhes 18, Ebbetts 20, Carman 16, Arrowsmith 17, Baron 19, Ruyl 18, Wood 20, Rider 19, Wright 20, Ansell 19, Griffith 20.

A number of sweepstakes also were shot. Griffith, Conitz and Remsen tied for the three prizes, but as it was too dark to shoot the ties off they agreed to draw for them. The results were: Conitz got the strawberry set; Remsen got the toilet set and Griffith got a brush set.

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Interstate Park, L. I., Feb. 15.—A light left-quartering wind and a beautifully clear, pleasant day were the weather conditions. The birds were a good lot. Birds which had been contracted for failed to arrive, and as the supply gave out, no regular events were shot. A three-cornered match, 50 birds per man, was shot between Messrs. Shevlin, who used a very light 28in. field gun, Creamer and Lurgan. The scores:

J Shevlin, 25.....	22*200**2211220021122202*-16
F D Creamer, 28.....	11111121011222102*12*1111-21-37
W J Lurgan, 28.....	11222202211111111110212-23
	011012*11*2111111210121-20-43
	201211212*022202212222112-21
	202212122222012111112222-23-44

Smithtown Gun Club.

Smithtown, L. I., Feb. 11.—Following are the scores made at weekly shoot of Smithtown Gun Club on Feb. 10. The attendance was small, although the weather was fine, excepting quite a stiff breeze, which, combined with new traps, made the targets fly fully 65yds. Event No. 5 was for medal and was won by Tyler.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	at. Broke.
Call	4	8	4	7	8	6	7	7	7	5	100
Tyler	10	7	8	10	9	9	6	8	8	7	100
Olivia	3	3	5	6	6	5	8	3	3	5	100
Higby	5	7	4	4	3	—	—	—	—	—	50
Wood	7	5	8	6	8	7	3	5	8	6	100
Brush	2	4	7	5	2	2	4	6	1	2	100
Smith	5	5	8	6	4	5	6	4	6	4	100
Ketcham	3	6	6	3	—	—	—	—	—	—	50

HALSEY.

Trap at Interstate Park.

Interstate Park, L. I., Feb. 12.—The holiday shoot given by Interstate Park had a main event at 25 birds, entrance \$10, birds included, class shooting, handicaps 25 to 33yds., surplus moneys divided according to the number of entries. For first prize there was a Parker gun; for second prize an L. C. Smith gun. The number of birds was changed to 16. Following are the scores:

Van Allen, 32.....	1*22*1221222*222-13	Mackay, 26.....	202212212222222-14
Hawes, 27.....	0212121111012202-13	C Steffens, 30.....	121121121212121-16
Greiff, 31.....	12222222222222200-14	Kroger, 28.....	000222020112120-10
Glover, 32.....	2212222222222220-15	D S D, 28.....	112212210212121-15
Geoffroy, 29.....	2202222*02022222-12	Schenk, 25.....	102211022112101-13
Creamer, 28.....	0111101111210111-13	E Steffens, 27.....	0112001122222221-13
Koegel, 31.....	2222202022222*00-11	Elliott, 28.....	*20212202121111-13

IN NEW JERSEY.

The New Haven (Conn.) Gun Club announces a holiday shoot for Feb. 22. Traps ready at 9:30 o'clock. Fourteen programme events; 180 targets in all, with a total of \$12.20 entrance. Eighth event, three-man team race. All invited. Targets 1½ cents. John E. Bassett is the secretary.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

The official score will be kept on a score sheet in view of the contestant. After shooting at a bird it will be the duty of the contestant to look at the score sheet and see to it that the right result is recorded. In case of error it must be corrected at once, as no appeal will be allowed after the contestant has left and passed on to the next set of traps.

called up to shoot in case he has a chance to win any portion of the purse. To facilitate shooting, and to prevent delays at Nos. 2, 3, and 4 sets of traps, a contestant who happens to score his fifth miss on either No. 1, No. 2 or No. 3 set of traps must finish that round of four birds, irrespective of the fact of his having five misses to his credit. If a contestant drops out after starting in on a round, the unfinished shots will be scored as misses, and the birds will be charged to him.

Every contestant will be numbered, each entry being known by his number when called to firing point. A small tag will be affixed to each contestant's back, giving his number on the shooting list, and also his handicap in yards. This will enable the referee to see at a glance if the contestant is at his right mark; and will also enable contestants, spectators and scorers to tell who is at the firing point by merely referring to the list of entries numbered in shooting order.

Each contestant must supply himself with five "no bird" tickets. In case the Grand American Handicap entries are so numerous that it is impossible to finish in good light on April 2, the management reserves the authority to stop the shooting at any time it may deem it necessary. In this case, the shooting will commence at 9 A. M. sharp, Thursday, April 3.

Positively no entry will be taken, nor shooting up allowed, after the last man has shot at his first bird.

The Interstate Association reserves the right to refuse any entry. It is requested that entries for the Grand American Handicap be made in ample time to permit the sending of receipt and admission ticket, and for same to reach the maker of entry prior to his departure for Kansas City.

All entries made must be accompanied by the maker's full name and address, which will be withheld from publication if desired, and "shooting name" only will be used.

When making an entry by mail, remittances covering amount of forfeit (\$10) should be made by bank check, draft, postoffice money-order, express money-order, or registered letter.

Make all checks, drafts, postoffice money-orders, or express money-orders payable to the Interstate Association.

Bank checks, drafts, or bills of exchange, will not be received at the cashier's office in payment for balance due on entries; nor will any check, draft, or bill of exchange be cashed during the tournament. This rule will be strictly enforced.

An official record will be made of the make of gun, kind of powder, shot and shell used by each contestant. This record will be compiled by an official appointed for the purpose, and contestants will be required to furnish such information as is necessary.

The Association reserves the right to select two cartridges from each contestant (to test the same for proper loading), the selection to be made, at any time, when a contestant is at the firing point.

Contestants are requested to make sure that their guns are not over eight pounds in weight, as all guns will be weighed at the firing point. Guns will be weighed without hand hold, and without recoil pad that can be readily detached from the gun. Silver's recoil pad, and pads of that nature, are considered part of the gun.

There will not be any lockers. Clothing and ammunition will be checked, but guns will not be received nor checked. The shooting box will contain a sufficient number of gun racks to meet all requirements. The Interstate Association will not be responsible for guns under any circumstances. The checking of ammunition and clothing will be done gratis, and the management of the Blue River Shooting Park has courteously consented to provide a check room similar to those in use at hotels, but the system will not include guns. Contestants desiring to leave guns at the cloak room over night may do so at their own risk.

This announcement is made thus explicit in order that contestants may know just what to expect, and that they may avoid any possible misunderstanding and disappointment. A very little misunderstanding sometimes mars events otherwise successful and pleasant.

The comfort and convenience of the contestants, as well as the spectators, has been looked after carefully, inasmuch as the entire shooting box is closed in and heated throughout.

A warm and substantial lunch will be served each day in the club house for the sum of 50 cents.

An admission fee will not be charged, but, in order to keep out any undesirable element, admittance to the shooting grounds will be by card of admission, which can be obtained, free of charge, by applying to any of the subscribers to the Interstate Association, the secretary-treasurer, the manager, or R. S. Elliott & Co.

To reach Blue River Park (from hotels in Kansas City), take Ninth street, Twelfth street, or Fifteenth street cable cars, and ask for transfer (at the time of paying fare) to the Independence electric line. The Independence electric line passes Blue River Park. The fare is five cents, and each of the cable lines issue transfers to the electric line.

Guns, ammunition, etc. forwarded by express must be prepaid and sent to R. S. Elliott & Co., 807 Delaware street, Kansas City, Mo.

At a meeting of the Interstate Association, held at Madison Square Garden, Jan. 17, 1898, the following resolution was introduced:

"That all paid representatives, whether paid in shells, guns, money or otherwise, and all those connected in any way with companies manufacturing guns, shot, shells, powder, targets and traps, shall be barred from participating in sweepstakes and purses, but will be perfectly welcome to shoot for targets only and display their goods. The decision as to who such paid men are to be left at all times to the manager, whose decision shall be final."

Resolved, "That the foregoing does not apply in any way to the Grand American Handicap Live Bird Tournament."

Regular entries must be made on or before March 22. Entries mailed in envelopes bearing postmarks dated March 22 will be accepted as regular entries. All entries must be made on application blanks, and they will be received at the New York office, Edward Banks, secretary-treasurer, 318 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Headquarters for sportsmen during the tournament, Midland Hotel, Seventh street, Walnut street and Grand avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

The Proposed Team Match.

DUNBARTON, N. H., Feb. 14.—The endeavor is being made to get up an interstate team match at targets between representative teams of the following States: Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Maine, Vermont and New Hampshire. As I understand, each of the above can enter one or more teams of five.

I have been asked by a prominent amateur expert of Massachusetts to try and interest New Hampshire trapshooters. I am a member of but one club, that the Concord Gun Club. Knowing the ability of the crackjacks of this club on other than home grounds, I should not care to advise them to enter a team. No doubt the team would have a good time, but some good times cost more than they are worth. I am told that the entrance per team will be \$25.

If the money is to be put into a silver, pewter, or other sterling trophy, we in New Hampshire, have no use for it. Arizona, in the dry season, is not in it with New Hampshire under present conditions. Or, if the money is to be divided by the Rose or similar rules, where every one expects to get something and no one gets anything, where would New Hampshire come in?

Here in this State we have a fair number of trapshooters; not a paid expert in the lot; I do not think we could score up a 90 per cent. man—that is, taking his average on from 500 to 1,000 consecutive well-trapped targets during the past season.

In Massachusetts they have so many paid experts and expert amateurs that 90 per cent. men are a drug on the market. There is the veteran Dickey. I saw him shoot a match some years since with a certain small, long-haired man in New Orleans, Buffalo Bill was present, and he had an abiding faith in Dickey. What a sort of cross-matched team they made when standing side by side—I mean Cody and Dickey. One tall and imposing, with flowing mane. The other sort of sawed off and docked all around. I think Cody backed both Dickey and his long-haired opponent. The latter, I believe, did not have any money. Dickey won the match.

As to the other States, Connecticut ought to produce two teams fully as good as, if not better than, any one New Hampshire can show. Rhode Island is so small that we could tuck the State in some corner of New Hampshire and not know it; yet this State stands at the head. It produced the duplicate winner of the handicap at both targets and pigeons. The silent man from the unpronounceable place did not say much (he resembles me in this way. Isn't that so, Dickey?), but he thought a lot, and he got there. As to Vermont, we will not consider it at all. The Concord men went there once, and were nearly struck by lightning—I mean the real thing. Now comes Maine. We outsiders are a little shy of the Pine Tree State. They may stick us with a non-resident hunting license, just to even things up.

Now if New Hampshire wants to send a burnt offering to this team contest, I would suggest that it would be well to have a sort of wedding out contest on some neutral ground. As a strictly

neutral ground I would suggest Manchester. Manchester is the largest and most active city in the State, except in trapshooting. It is pretty dry, and liable to burn at any time. Should the Manchester men not care to entertain the prospective horde of shooters, Concord will do its best. The Concord club have very accessible grounds, with modern things. Outside of the chumps of the club and a few of Exeter's experts—who had a little experience there last September—it is a fairly neutral ground.

Should New Hampshire conclude to enter a team in the prospective alluring contest, I hope it will use care in its selection. We don't want to be tail-enders in every contest.

C. M. STARK.

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, Feb. 12.—Fine weather was surely in evidence to-day at the Boston Gun Club's seventh shoot of the current series; and that the afternoon's sport was enjoyed by all to the limit goes without saying, it being next to impossible to find it the other way, with conditions so favorable.

Again, as in our last week's shoot, we were minus our 21yd. man, but in place of him we were favored with a visit of Griffith, of Pascoag, R. I., who shot the programme from the 19yd. mark, and though apparently out of form, was never found much to the rear. High gun for the afternoon turned out to be Train, a newcomer to these grounds, but evidently quite at home on them, and not content with averaging high for the afternoon, shared first place with Wellington in the prize match, though only after a good deal of up-hill work. Second in the prize match was Kirkwood, followed by Leverett with 15, who had a 1-target lead over Griffith. Spencer and Dennison, who shared fourth honors with 14.

Other scores as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Wellington, 18.....	6	9	8	11	9	8	6	8	7
Griffith, 18.....	7	4	7	7	7	7	5	10	..
Dennison, 18.....	7	5	6	9	5	3	5	7	..
Leverett, 16.....	1	8	8	7	8	9	7
Train, 16.....	8	7	8	10	10	9
Redla, 16.....	3	3	3	7	4	5	3
Bullard, 16.....	6	3	5	8	5	5	3	10	..
Kadub, 16.....	0	2	4	6	4	3	3	4	..
Kirkwood, 18.....	7	8	9	10	8	8	..	9	5
Ford, 16.....	9	7	5	8	6	13	8
Muldrown, 16.....	5	5	8	..
Hastings, 16.....	5	0
Spencer, 16.....	12	7	9	5	9	7
Fredericks, 14.....	7
Henry, 16.....	6
Hawkins, 18.....	7	5	8	5

Events 1, 2, 4 and 7, magautrap; 3, 5, 6, 8, and 9, Sergeant. Merchandise match, distance handicap, 25 singles—15 magautrap and 10 Sergeant:

Wellington, 18.....	11101110101110	01111111111111	20
Train, 16.....	10011011011011	11111111111111	20
Kirkwood, 18.....	00101101101111	11111111111111	18
Leverett, 16.....	010101001011001	11101101111111	15
Griffith, 19.....	11000011100101	11010101111111	14
Dennison, 18.....	10001000111111	01011101001111	14
Spencer, 18.....	00101111010101	01001101011111	14
Bullard, 16.....	00011111010010	10010110011111	13
Hawkins, 16.....	100100101101100	01011000111111	13
Muldrown, 16.....	10101110000101	00010110111111	13
Ford, 16.....	110101010001010	11011001001111	12
Redla, 16.....	100011100000111	01101100001111	11
Kadub, 16.....	101100010110000	10101000101111	10
Hastings, 16.....	010000101010001	00000000000000	5

Mississippi Valley Notes.

At the recent two-day tournament at Minneapolis, Kan., W. H. Heer won the high average for the entire programme. Other average winners were: First day, Wetzig, Norton and York; second day, Templin and O'Brien. At this meeting also H. E. Cawley, of Minneapolis, won the State championship from Mr. Heer, who formerly held the honor. Mr. Cawley, however, is not to be left long in peaceful possession of his honors, as he has already been challenged by MacStevenson, of Salina, to a match for the trophy and honor. He has accepted the challenge, and named Feb. 26 and Salina as the date and place for the contest, which must be at 50 live birds.

The Piasa Gun Club held its annual meeting and election this week: A. J. Howell was elected President; E. M. Gaddis, Secretary; Fred Schiess, Treasurer, and W. J. Beall, Field Captain. It was voted to hold a number of small tournaments during the season, and to practice weekly at the grounds for the A and B class medals. A committee was also appointed to make an effort to organize a central Illinois tournament league, with the object of holding one good, general tournament each month.

Manager Elmer Shaner is fast organizing his office force for the work of the Grand American Handicap, which will be a big contract this year; and he is taking much of his help from the Western representatives of the sport.

The regular contests for the Dupont and Rawlings trophies were held at Dupont Park, St. Louis, on the 15th inst.

The work of organizing new gun clubs in Illinois and Missouri goes merrily on. New ones are reported every week. Wanda and Dorchester, Ill., are the latest additions to the list.

The Washington Park Gun Club, of Kansas City, held its February medal shoot last week. Fourteen members and two visitors participated. The birds were an unusually good lot, and not a straight score was made. Guy Little won the first medal on a score of 14 out of a possible 15. The tie between Rickmers, Clark and Jarrett for second place was not decided. The scores are appended:

Rickmers12121011202211—13	Johnson2*2221010111222—12
Wright2222*2*2222*00—9	Esson010001201000010—5
Clark210212212212011—13	Jarrett112200212121111—13
Kelley01*102221202012—10	Hodges210002210222211—11
Little2212222011*21—14	Ostertag002010221002020—7
Gossett210220020102220—9	Holmes102220000011212—9
Berkey121111***1221*—10	Beesley020101112020111—10
Gregory002220100110001—7	Thomas001022201000212—8

F. C. RIEHL.

Shooters Abroad.

At Havana, Cuba, on Feb. 3, a complimentary shoot was given to Messrs. Hood Waters and E. C. Ferriday, of the Lafin & Rand Powder Company. The gentlemen in charge were Messrs. Eugene Crabb and S. Murray, of the Cienfuegos Gun Club. The latter club has the distinction of having in its membership the best of the field and trap shots of Cuba. They would be able to make creditable competition at any tournament in the States.

Mr. Hood Waters distinguished himself by some excellent shooting. Events Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 were at 10 singles; No. 5, doubles; No. 6, 15 singles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Hood Waters.....	10	8	10	10	8	14	Martinez.....	4	..	6	..	5	..
Crabb, Sr.....	9	6	10	8	8	8	Murray.....	10	..	9	7	12	..
Marraredo.....	9	..	6	..	4	10	Klittay.....	5	..	2
Terry.....	7	..	7	..	6	..	Crabb, Jr.....	3	..	7	5

Winchester Gun Club.

DETROIT, Mich.—In spite of the rigorous weather, a full squad faced the trap at the regular shoot of the Winchester Gun Club, Feb. 8. Brodie's holding was best, and he took the medal. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	25	25	Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	25	25
Brodie.....	7	7	9	9	6	..	20	Shiell.....	9	6	7	17
Guthard.....	5	4	4	5	6	4	17	Whitbeck.....	2	2	17
Jarvis.....	7	6	9	7	5	6	19	Hitchcock.....	3	7	8	5	7	5	15
McAdam.....	14

D. A. HITCHCOCK, Sec'y-Treas.

Betti vs. Carpon.

LONG RIDGE, N. Y., Feb. 14.—A match at 25 birds, \$25 a side, 30yds. rise, between A. Betti, of Mt. Kisco, and S. L. Carpon took place at Long Ridge, Feb. 13. It was a very close affair. Each killed 23 out of 25. Each contestant was shooting in great form. Betti was very unfortunate in losing his second bird dead out. The birds were a good lot, but the weather was very cold. The scores follow:

Carpon.....	21122221201222222222222202—23
Betti.....	2*22222221212222112122122—23
Shoot-off:	
Carpon.....	2222222202—9
Betti.....	1221222212—10

Omaha Handicap.

OMAHA, Neb., Feb. 7.—On Friday the Omaha Gun Club gave a twenty-five live bird handicap, twenty dollars entrance, high gun to win.

The weather was cold with about twelve inches of snow on the ground. The birds were a good lot and the shooting was quite difficult. B. 27, Terry, Fogg and Hafer scored 25 and drew about \$59 each. Loomis and Kimball killed 24 and got about \$30 each. Eight got \$7.75 for killing 23.

To-morrow the team shoot between Omaha and Kansas City will commence at 10 A. M. The conditions are 25 live birds to each contestant; ten men are on each team, losing to pay for birds. The scores in the 25-bird handicap follow:

Bray, 30.....	22222222222222222222222222—23
Roberts, 29.....	2022212122212102222122212—23
B. 27, 30.....	22222222222222222222222222—23
Cunningham, 29.....	23022222222222222222222222—23
Terry, 28.....	22222222222222222222222222—26
Gilbert, 32.....	12222222222222222222222222—23
Klein, 30.....	22222222222222222222222222—23
Burmister, 28.....	10122222222222222222222222—21
Robertson, 29.....	20222222222222222222222222—21
Loomis, 30.....	22222222222222222222222222—24
Budd, 31.....	2221201012221121211122122—23
Parmelee, 32.....	22212201222222222222222222—23
Fogg, 29.....	22221211222222222222222222—25
Townsend, 29.....	22222022222222222222222222—25
Goodrich, 27.....	2002222210
Little, 29.....	22210122221222122212200
Taggart, 28.....	012001
Hafer, 28.....	22222222222222222222222222—25
Forkner, 29.....	200010
Kimball, 30.....	12222222222222222222222222—24
Grant, 30.....	12222222222222222222222222—23
Willis, 28.....	0120222210
Simpkins, 28.....	02222220

Kansas City vs. Omaha.

The team shoot was called promptly at 10 o'clock Feb. 8. C. W. Budd, of Des Moines, Ia., was chosen referee. The weather was cold, with a stiff wind from the northwest. The birds were a good lot.

Cockrill, for Kansas City, and B. 27, for Omaha, were the first team called. When they had finished Kansas City was in high spirits, Cockrill beating his man 6 birds.

Burke, for Omaha, and Wilson, for Kansas City, came next. Score, 18 for Omaha and 19 for Kansas City. Kansas City now had a lead of seven and it looked like Kansas City's day.

Little, Kansas City, and Evans, Omaha, came next. Score, Little, 18; Evans, 20. Three again of five for Omaha.

Fogg, Omaha, and Hill, Kansas City, were next to the score. Fogg got 20 and Hill 18.

Holmes, Kansas City, and Montmorency, Omaha, made a good team, and Omaha gained one bird.

Townsend, Omaha, and Robert Elliott, Kansas City, came next. Elliott got 20 to Townsend's 19.

Grant, for Omaha, beat Bramhall, for Kansas City, two birds. Loomis gained one for Omaha over Berkey, of Kansas City.

Bray beat Dave Elliott 3 birds.

Captain Parmelee, of Omaha, and Captain Gottlieb, of Kansas City, came last. Each scored 24, and Omaha won by 7 birds.

The Kansas City team and their friends were given a smoker by the Omaha sportsmen at Charlie Lewis' cafe to-night. Captain Parmelee acted as toastmaster, and called on each sportsman present to say a few words. Rob. Elliott, of Kansas City, extended a hearty welcome to all the sportsmen to attend the Grand American Handicap at Kansas City, assuring them a good time and a good lot of birds to shoot at.

Captain Gottlieb said: "Omaha has beaten us again, but we are not going to quit yet. We will bequeath the job to our children's children, and hope to win out on our merits."

Mayor Moores now came in the room and was introduced by Captain Parmelee. In a neat little speech the Mayor welcomed the visiting team; invited them to come again, and said the keys of Omaha were at their disposal. If the Omaha sportsmen had votes enough we are sure Omaha's popular Mayor would have a life lease on the mayoralty of Omaha.

There have been six contests between Omaha and Kansas City teams of which Omaha has won five. The scores in detail follow:

Kansas City: C. Cockrill 23, Herman 19, Little 18, Howe 18, Holmes 23, R. Elliott 20, Bramhall 22, Berkey 20, D. Elliott 21, Gottlieb 24. Total, 209.

Omaha: Baird 18, Burke 18, Kimball 23, Fogg 21, Montmorency 24, Townsend 19, T. Kimball 24, Loomis 21, D. Bray 24, Parmelee 24. Total, 216.

Cockrill, C.....	2221212
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FOREST AND STREAM.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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THE BEST THING FOR NEW YORK GAME.

THERE is now before the New York Legislature a bill (Assembly 410) which provides that it shall be unlawful at any time to sell woodcock, ruffed grouse and quail. This is to put into effect, so far as concerns these important species, the FOREST AND STREAM Platform Plank, and aside from the general principle of the great utility of such a law, there are two special reasons which strongly demand the adoption of the non-sale system at this time in this State.

The first reason lies in the fact that the sale of game and its export for purpose of sale are now so generally prohibited throughout the other States that the rule may be said to be practically universal. This being so, it follows that there is no legitimate source of supply in other States from which the game dealers of New York may get woodcock and grouse and quail to sell. The New York game market then is supplied, as to these species, if supplied at all, with contraband goods, and those who deal in game thus unlawfully supplied are fences. It should not be permitted under the law thus to constitute the markets of this State receptacles for game smuggled out from other States. New York should stand with the rest of the country with a common system to preserve the game.

The second fact deserving special consideration is, as Mr. Tallett intelligently points out in another column, that because of the non-export laws prevailing in other States and the growing difficulty of deriving game from those States, the market demand is more and more insistent for game from New York fields. That is to say, if game continues to be sold, and if it cannot be had in sufficient quantities elsewhere, it will come from New York covers. If the markets have game it is New York which must supply it. For the protection of their own game, therefore, the people of New York must close their game markets by the adoption of the anti-sale law. This is the game protective expedient which is most needed to-day, and the one which will most surely prove effective and adequate to accomplish the end.

To make into a law Assembly Bill 410, to prohibit the sale of woodcock, ruffed grouse and quail, would be the best thing now practicable for New York's game supply.

POTOMAC FISHING.

THE anglers of Washington are confronted by a peculiar situation. For a number of years the members of the Fish and Game Protective Association of the District of Columbia have given much attention and devoted much effort to stocking the Potomac River with black bass and pike-perch; and as a direct result of the Association's activity, immense numbers of bass, crappies and other fishes have been preserved by a system of transfers from the canals to the river. The Association also has been successful in securing wise laws for the protection of the Potomac fish. All these public spirited undertakings of the Washington anglers have been for the common benefit of the District of Columbia, Virginia and Maryland; for the waters which have been stocked and protected lie in the District and in these two States.

Now, having restored the Potomac fishing and having provided for its continuance under the required laws, the Association members find themselves threatened with exclusion from that part of the Potomac which lies in Montgomery county, Md., except upon payment of a non-resident license. Whatever may be the merits of the non-resident shooting and fishing license system in general, it is very clear that in this case the adoption of the contemplated restriction by the Maryland Legislature would be nothing else than a gross injustice to the anglers of Washington. We print in our fishing columns the very convincing letter which Admiral Evans has pre-

pared. His presentation of the Association's case should prevail with the Maryland Legislature to defeat the proposed license imposition.

This cool proposition of the people of Maryland to appropriate to their own exclusive free use the stock of fish which has been provided by the very non-residents they would discriminate against, is a piece of effrontery matched only by the residents of Chautauqua county, New York, who, having had Chautauqua Lake restocked with muscalonge by the State, now want a county non-resident license law, to compel the people of the rest of the State to pay for the privilege of fishing for the fish produced by public funds.

THE CHANGING HABITS OF GAME.

NOTHING is better understood by sportsmen generally than that wild animals are susceptible of education. The wildfowler of long experience knows that to-day the canvasbacks fly higher and are more wary of approaching the battery or the blind than they were in the days of his youth. The upland shooter is convinced that the quail of to-day are better educated than those of old times. They come out from the swamps for a shorter time, often instead of walking to the feeding grounds they fly, and the dog is therefore unable to find them, unless by some fortunate chance he passes so close to the brood as to wind them. So with the pinnated grouse. In old times, in the treeless portions of Minnesota, it flew and alighted in the grass. Later it took to the corn for shelter, then to the windbreaks, and then to the trees of the timber claims. Now the birds sometimes even alight in trees; things that the species once knew not of.

With large game it is the same. Sixty or seventy years ago the wild sheep—now the most alert of North American game animals, and the wariest—was as stupid and gentle as the buffalo used to be, and did not know enough to run away; but it has learned its lesson, though even now in certain sections where it is little hunted or even hunted not at all, it is still gentle and unsuspicious.

But, if game which is persecuted learns the lesson of self-preservation, the converse also is true, and game that has been wild become tame, if the dangers which it has learned to fear cease to exist. The big game of the National Park has thus become educated. Bears—under most circumstances the shyest of creatures—wander contentedly among the tourists, feed close to the hotels, and occasionally are even enticed into the hotel office by the offer of a piece of pie. Antelope and mountain sheep understand very well that there man is not a dangerous animal, and there have been cases where officers driving along the road between Gardiner and the Hot Springs have come upon sheep lying in the roadway which declined to get up so as to permit the vehicle to pass.

The white-tailed deer which in one form or another is scattered over the whole of temperate North America, has within the past few years undergone considerable changes of habit in certain fairly well-settled portions of the country. Nearly twenty years ago a writer on the deer family of North America said: "The keenness of the deer's olfactories has become proverbial, and the experienced hunter when starting out always satisfies himself as to the direction of the wind; for a deer, when its nose has told it that a man is in the neighborhood, waits for no more definite information on the subject, does not seek to learn just where he is, nor how far off, but makes the best of its way from the spot." This used to be the fact everywhere, but in some localities the deer have learned new things about man. Recently an old Maine deer hunter, narrating his experiences of the last twenty years, related that in old times when hunting on the border between his State and Canada, he found that if a deer got his wind it promptly ran away, going so far that it was useless to follow it. Subsequently, when hunting deer in the southern counties of Maine, where people were more numerous and the deer far less hunted, he discovered that there the animals had become accustomed to the scent of man, and no longer regarded it as a thing to be greatly alarmed at. It was a question of use. The same thing, of course, has been observed on Long Island, where the deer, even if persons pass to windward of them, manifest no alarm.

In New England of late years deer have greatly increased in number. Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont are well supplied. Massachusetts has a few, which,

with protection, will increase. There are a very few in Connecticut and Rhode Island. Reasonable protection will unquestionably insure a constantly increasing supply of these animals, which, like others of their kind, will become tamer and tamer, and feeling secure will increase rapidly.

The State of Connecticut, which has recently very wisely authorized the setting aside as game refuges of small tracts of land called town preserves, which are under the control of the Game and Fish Commission, has made a long step in the right direction, and one which might well be imitated by others of the more thickly settled States. While the Connecticut town preserves are too small to be of great importance as refuges for deer, they still contain the germ of an idea well worthy of imitation and amplification.

In these days of widely spreading interest in nature study, a large portion of the general public is beginning to have a new feeling for our wild things, for the mammals, the birds, the reptiles and the plants; and in this newly roused interest is to be found a great hope for the preservation of many of our wild creatures, which have been regarded as speedily approaching extinction.

All this has a very direct bearing on the question, now becoming an active one, concerning the establishment of game refuges in forest reserves.

When a person grasps a gun and pulls it toward him muzzle foremost, and is killed by its accidental discharge, we speak of his act as fatuous folly. And yet this very thing occurred at Atlantic City, N. J., the other day, under circumstances which leave room for no word of censure for the victim who thus brought death upon himself. Three hunters were gunning on a pond, when one of them broke through the ice, and floundering in the water extended his gun to his comrades, one of whom, Willard Tucker, grasped it by the muzzle to assist him from the water. The weapon was discharged and Tucker was fatally wounded. This was the one instance out of a thousand where the pressing necessity for instant, involuntary, unthinking action left no room for ordinary caution. One cannot read of the incident without the thought that here was a victim of this common gunning casualty who gave his life for another.

The growing attention given to forestry and the increasing tendency on the part of individuals and of States to provide for the scientific administration of their forest possessions make it clear that the work of a forester is to be recognized in this country as one offering attractions and moderate financial rewards to young men. Mr. Gifford Pinchot, Forester of the United States, has written a circular of instructions to prospective foresters, in which he notes that the present demand for trained forest experts is far in excess of the supply. There are forestry schools at Cornell, Yale and Biltmore, N. C., the courses ranging from one year to four. Mr. Pinchot's "Suggestions to Prospective Forest Students" may be had on application to the Bureau of Forestry, Department of Agriculture, Washington.

Mr. John W. Titcomb, for many years one of the Fish and Game Commissioners of Vermont, has joined the United States Fish Commission and has succeeded Mr. Ravenal as chief of the Division of Fishculture. Mr. Titcomb has won national reputé as one of the most energetic and able men of the day engaged in the work of fishculture, and the FOREST AND STREAM congratulates him upon the enlarged field which has now opened before him at Washington. The Vermont Fish and Game League was of Mr. Titcomb's creation, and we assume that he will continue for the present at least the direction of its affairs. Mr. Ravenal gave up his place in the Fish Commission to go to the Smithsonian Institution.

The question of Sunday fishing came up anew in the Massachusetts Legislature the other day, and a proposition to repeal the law which makes fishing on Sunday unlawful was voted down.

We have had a fine illustration this week of the art of yacht launching as a great international social, commercial and political function.

The Sportsman Tourist.

The Courtship of Ebenezer Saunders

"No, Hi, ther' ent no use tryin' t' git 'raound hit, I'm lunsome. I'm doggon lunsome," Ebenezer Saunders declared in tones of absolute conviction. "Hit's all 'long o' Satan, I reck'n. Sence that air mule hung hisself hit's been so doggon still 'raound yere I kin most hear myself snore at night. An' what's wusser, nuthin' ever happens. Naow, when Satan was livin' I never knowed what was goin' t' happen next. He was plum full of action from them long ears o' hisn to his hind heels—specially his heels. Hi ganny! want he a kicker, tho? Spot here," he indicated with a nod an' homely black and white cur lying at his feet, "he's the only live thing on the place, but he ent no more like Satan than a chipmunk's like a wildcat. No, hit's deader 'n Satan hisself 'raound yere, an' I'm gittin' doggon lunsome, hi ganny."

"I s'pose the old bay mare I sold you all is sort o' too stiddy, eh?" Hiram Meeks ventured by way of condolence.

"Stiddy? She's stiddier than a blind caow," Saunders scornfully replied. "That bay mare, Hi, meanin' no on-respect t' you all, even ef y' did git the best of me in the bargain, that bay mare, Hi, is too lazy t' die. Don't hev t' nail up no gates fer her. I jest lay daown a fence rail on the graound an' she's too lazy t' step over hit. Nuthin' but a split rail, by Godfrey Simpson Daniels, s' help me, cross my heart. She makes hit lunsomer—sort o' like a undertaker at a fun'ral. Nope, ther' ent nuthin' kin take Satan's place. I'm off my feed, an' tobaccor don't taste right, an' lastly—as the parson sez—somethin's got t' be did, hi ganny."

They were seated on the old water-trough, Saunders' favorite loafing place, and ever and anon their gaze wandered from the neglected barnyard to the most remote corner of the small farm where, beneath the shade of the trees, an unique head board, bearing a simple legend scrawled upon its rough face, marked the spot where lay all that was left of a certain black mule of quondam notoriety.

"That's as fur as I ever git," Saunders continued, mournfully. "When it comes t' doin' somethin' I'm plum flabbergasted—that's the word, plum flabbergasted."

Just then the sound of a horse's hoof beats on the stony roadway that passed Saunders' gate reached their ears, and the two men slowly turned their heads in the direction of the sound.

"Hit's Sam Hawkins," Hiram announced, as an horseman appeared around a turn in the road.

Hawkins—for it was he—was astride a small, piebald pony. This pony seemed to have trouble in lifting its feet very far off the ground, consequently its progress was interrupted by every slight obstruction in its path. It stumbled ever once in so often with persistent regularity. To add to the difficulties, the man was much too large for the pony and his legs depended so far on either side of the saddle that when the pony stumbled a little too far forward the man's feet struck the ground with a sudden quick jolt. This gave a peculiar billowy motion to the rider's progress, and nothing save long practice could have enabled him to retain his seat so unconcernedly. As he came opposite Saunders and Hiram, he reined in his steed with a sharp jerk and a loud, "Whoa, thar, y' little fool."

"Howdy, Eb! Hello, Hi!" he called out in cheerful tones. "What's the news?"

"Howdy, Sam," Saunders responded. "Ther' ent no news." ("Ain't never any sence Satan hung hisself," he added, in an aside to Hiram.) "Won't y' come in an' rest awhile?"

"Don't care ef I do," Hawkins made answer. He slowly dismounted, tossed the bridle rein over the branch of a tree nearby, and joined the other two men at the water-trough.

"What you all chinnin' 'baout?" he inquired. "Nuthin' much," Saunders replied. "Jest sittin' here an' chawin'. How's folks?"

"O, to'able, to'able. We got a new kid, y' know."

"So? Y' don't say. Which 'tis? boy or girl?"

"Both. I meant t' say they was twins. Come night 'fore last."

He fumbled in his pocket and drew forth a small, dirty looking piece of tobacco.

"Got any chewin'?" he asked. "Reck'n I'd better save this fer on the way hum."

Hiram produced a huge black "twist," which he tendered to the other, remarking as he did so:

"Why don't you all git a fresh piece t' carry 'raound? You been carryin' that air one sence the Wright county raid."

Hawkins bore this broad insinuation with unruffled composure. This well known weakness of his for using another man's tobacco when he could possibly save his own was not peculiar to himself alone.

The three men sat for some time with silently working jaws before venturing a remark. Hiram was the first to break the spell.

"Say, Sam, what do you s'pose?" said he. "Eb's lunsome."

Hawkins stared at Saunders with newly awakened interest, as though he expected such a strange complaint to manifest itself by some outward, visible sign.

"Lunsome?" he repeated, incredulously. "Be you all lunsome, Eb?"

"I suttently be," Saunders averred, trying hard to look the part. "I'm lunsomer than a scare-crow in a corn field, hi ganny."

"What fer?" Hawkins asked.

"Fer Satan," Hiram quickly interposed, anxious to display his knowledge of affairs.

"Fer Satan," Hawkins exclaimed, edging slowly away from his friend. "Eb, that comes of not keepin' up yore religion. The Scripture tells us—"

"You're barkin' up the wrong tree, Sam," Hawkins interrupted. "Tent the devul, hit's that black mule o' his'n Eb's lunsome fer."

Hawkins looked relieved and asked for particulars. Saunders gladly rehearsed his woes afresh,

"You all orter git married," Hawkins unhesitatingly declared, when all the facts had been laid before him.

It was Saunders' turn to show his amazement.

"Married? Me married?" he almost gasped. "Man, you're crazy. Listen to that, Hi. Sam sez I orter git married," and Saunders burst into a loud guffaw, in which Hiram joined.

Hawkins said nothing, but waited placidly until their mirth had subsided.

"I know what I'm talkin' 'baout," he affirmed, dispassionately. "When it comes to excitement an' stirrin' things up a mule ent a circumstance to a woman. I got Scripture t' prove hit, ef I didn't know from my own 'sperience. Ther' ent but one mule specially mentioned in the Bible, an' that was the mule belongin' t' Balaam, but the hull book's full o' the onusual doin's of women folks, startin' with Eve fust. They ent no dif'rent naow 'n what they was then. I reck'n I orter know. Ent I been hitched up three times a'ready?"

This argument had a sobering effect upon the other two.

"I reck'n ther's some sense in what Sam sez," Hiram at length observed.

"Mebbe ther' is," Saunders rejoined, "but talk's cheap. I'm over sixty year old, an' ef I wanted t' git married—which I ent sayin' as I does—but ef I wanted to, who'd hev me? The sayin' of hit's easy 'nuff, but the doin's dif'rent some, hi ganny."

"Plenty o' women would jump at the chanct," Hawkins argued. "You got yore pension, y'see, an' could give 'em a comf'table hum. An' ef you choosed the meekest one in seven counties she'd make hit more interestin' than all the mules in the State."

"Ent y' never thought 'baout gittin' married?" Hiram questioned.

"Can't say 's I hev," Saunders replied. "No more 'n t' sorter wonder how 'twould seem like, or to ask myself what sorter wife some woman 'd make."

"Any partic'lar one?" Hawkins earnestly inquired.

"Waal, ther' was onct, but ther's drawbacks, as the feller sez," Saunders reluctantly admitted.

"Meanin' what?" Hiram asked.

"She's a widder."

"So much the better," Hawkins asseverated. "Give me a widder every time, by Godfrey. They got sense an' 'sperience t' boot."

"A widder," Saunders reiterated, "a widder an' three children."

"That makes no dif'rence. It'll be all the more livelier," Hawkins urged. "You all think it over an' call on me fer any pinters. An' that makes me think, I got a woman t' hum waitin' fer me, so I'd better be movin' on. S'long."

"S'long," responded the two in unison. Hawkins slowly mounted, and with a final "S'long," gradually got his pony under way and went stumbling down the road.

"I'll think 'baout the widder," Saunders shouted after him in a high, penetrating voice when he was almost out of hearing. Hawkins paused, wheeled his pony about, and began retracing his steps.

"What say?" he shouted.

"The widder," Hiram bawled. (He had the loudest voice in the county.) "He sez he'll think o' the widder."

"O, I thought he said lickin'," Hawkins called back.

"Don't waste no time," and then, with a ponderous salute, he again turned about and continued on his uncertain way.

"Who's the widder, Eb? Ef you don't mind tellin' her name," Hiram inquired, when they had again settled down on the old water-trough.

"The widder Jackson," Saunders replied, and glanced at his friend to see what effect the announcement would produce. Hiram said nothing, but looked very wise.

"Do you all know 'er," Saunders asked, with a vague suspicion that his companion was withholding information.

"Oh, yaas, I know her," Hiram admitted. "Y'wouldn't find it lunsome with her—an' the kids."

"Waal, I dunno. Mebbe she mought turn out too doggon interestin'. What would you all do 'baout hit?"

"Take my chances. Come t' think on it, the widder's a powerful handsome woman, as looks go 'raound yere. I mought try myself ef you don't."

"Hit's my fust choose," Saunders asserted, in some alarm. "How had I better go 'baout the business?"

"O, I'd sorter look things over an' spear 'raound a bit, an' then I'd up an' pop the question."

"Not all to onct, would you? Don't y' hev t' sorter lead 'em on—sorter coax 'em like?"

"Nope. Jest let 'em see you mean business from the start off."

"Hit don't seem right t' go at sech a thing that away. I reckon I'd better take a little time an' go slow. Ther' ent no hurry."

"O, shucks!" Hiram ejaculated, in disgust. "You mean you dassent do hit."

"I do dassent," Saunders protested. "I'll show you, hi ganny. I'll do hit tomorrer."

"Ef you all want any help—" Hiram began.

"No, sirree," Saunders hastened to decline the offer.

"I didn't go through the war fer nuthin', or live with Satan without larnin' a few pints. I reck'n no woman in Douglas county kin scare me."

"I'll come over the day arter an' hear haow things come out," said Hiram, rising to his feet. "I better be gittin' on toward hum. See you later. Good luck t' you. S'long."

"Good luck. S'long," Saunders responded, absent mindedly. His thoughts were with the widow Jackson.

He remained seated on the old water-trough, buried deep in thought until the lengthening shadows and a feeling of emptiness warned him that it was past his regular supper time. With a heavy sigh he roused himself, entered his cabin and was soon busily engaged in preparing his simple evening meal. His hunger appeased, he took down an old cracked mirror from the wall, and seating himself where the light from the tallow dip reflected his image in the glass, carefully surveyed his features.

"I need a hair cut, an' my whiskers orter be evened up some," he reflected aloud. "I can't do nuthin' with the hair, but I kin trim up the whiskers." So saying he hunted around in all the out of the way corners of the room until he unearthed a pair of very rusty, dull look-

ing scissors with which he proceeded to remedy his unsatisfactory appearance. The result was nothing to glory in, and Saunders gazed dubiously at his strangely altered reflection.

"Wish I hadn't a-tetched hit," he grumbled. "Looks sorter 's ef somethin' had been a-chawin' on the blame thing. Hope the widder a'n't special fond o' whiskers." And then he removed some of his clothing and crawled into his narrow bed.

The widow Jackson was repatching the patches of her eldest son's pantaloons from a piece of an old bed quilt and wondering why children were not allowed to run about unadorned in the simple garb of nature. It would be such a saving of time, trouble and bed quilts and the like. Suddenly the owner of the garment she was laboring upon burst into the room. The boy was clad in the only remaining portion of his wardrobe—a cotton blouse much too small for him.

"A man's comin'," he breathlessly announced. The widow leaned forward and peered through the open door, half doubting that she had heard aright. But the child had spoken the truth, for she espied the ungainly form of Ebenezer Saunders toiling slowly up the steep path that led to her cabin on the hillside.

"Here, you Johnny, git into them pants, quick as ever y' kin," she cried, thrusting her needle into the unfinished patch and tossing the pantaloons at the head of her son. The child hastened to obey, while the mother stood in the doorway to receive her caller. She had known Saunders for seven years, but this was the first time he had ever ventured upon a visit to her home.

Saunders was meditating upon the advisability of an unmanly retreat, but the appearance of the widow removed all hope of escape.

"Maw'nir," he said as cheerfully as his state of mind would permit, apparently addressing his greeting to the universe at large. "Purty day, ent hit?"

"Maw'nir," Mrs. Jackson responded. "Yes, 'tis a nice day, ent it? Got them pants on, Johnny?" she demanded over her shoulder.

Saunders stopped short in his tracks, and looked down at his own nether garments.

"I reck'n so," he stammered. It was an unusual beginning, he thought; but then Hiram had said that the widow was interesting.

Mrs. Jackson laughed shrilly.

"Lawsey me!" she exclaimed. "Why, I was talkin' to my boy Johnny."

Saunders looked relieved.

"I got 'em on, ma," Johnny here announced, "but they won't stay up 'less I hold 'em."

"Hold 'em, then!" his mother commanded. "Won't you all come in, Mr. Saunders?"

"Don't care ef I do," Saunders replied, and followed his hostess indoors. He seated himself on the edge of a chair, and waited for the widow to begin the conversation.

Johnny was standing in the corner of the room dressed after a fashion, with one finger in his mouth and his other hand tightly clutching the front of his pantaloons. He stared at Saunders as though the latter were some strange animal until Saunders became uncomfortable.

"Is that yore kid?" he finally asked, in desperation.

"Yep; that's Johnny," Mrs. Jackson answered, in tones of motherly pride. "He's jest goin' on 'leven."

"What makes him stare so?" Saunders ventured, after a long pause in which Johnny kept his unwinking eyes fastened upon the visitor's face.

"Johnny, quit yore starin' at the man," cried Mrs. Jackson, in a very shrill voice. "Kile, thar! Kile, I say!" This being interpreted meant, "Quail, crouch down! Efface yourself!" or if you were addressing a member of the canine family, "Charge!" Johnny tried to do all four at once. Saunders' sympathy was aroused.

"Oh, I don't mind hit. I was only a-wonderin'," he fallaciously declared. "Come over here an' see me, Johnny."

"Go to the man," Mrs. Jackson ordered, and Johnny obediently, though hesitatingly, obeyed.

"Waal, Johnny, you're quite a little man," said Saunders, awkwardly stroking the child's tousled hair.

"Our cat's got kittens," Johnny replied, with great solemnity.

"Y' don't say. Haow many's she got?" Saunders was beginning to feel a trifle at ease. Hiram was right; children were very interesting.

"Oh, a lot," answered the boy. "Most forty."

"The little liar," said Saunders to himself. He laughed furtively at the widow, and happening to meet her eye, again took refuge in Johnny. "Come sit in my lap an' tell me all 'baout 'em," he requested.

He lifted the boy from the floor and set him down rather hard upon his knee. Johnny uttered a loud howl of pain and terror, and Saunders released him in a hurry.

"Naow, what's the matter?" cried Mrs. Jackson. "Shet up yore bawlin'. The man ent goin' t' hurt you."

"He stuck a pin in me," wailed the boy.

"I never done no sech a thing," Saunders indignantly denied, rising to his feet and edging toward the open door.

"Come here, Johnny, an' let me see," Mrs. Jackson commanded. She made a brief investigation at the seat of trouble. "Hit's that patch," she announced. "I forgot an' left the needle in. Do sit daown ag'in. 'Twan't nuthin'."

But Saunders concluded that he had done enough courting for one day, and as Johnny refused to be comforted, he mumbled a few lame excuses and departed. As he hurried down the path the sound of Johnny's wailing floated out upon the air with increased volume, and mingled with it was another familiar sound that reminded Saunders of his own childhood days and a certain well-worn slipper.

"Hi ganny!" he muttered in quivering accents. "But that kid's suttently got a voice. I ent heard as much noise sence Satan died. Widders sholy keep a feller from gittin' lunsome."

When Hiram Meeks called to learn what progress Saunders had made with his courtship he found that individual in a most disheartened frame of mind.

"Land knows, hit's excitin' 'nuff," Saunders concluded, when he had given a full account of his visit to the widow Jackson's. "Ef 'twas t' keep up that a-way

it 'ud take a stronger man than me t' stand the racket, hi ganny. I'd never git to the p'int of askin'."

"You all need bracin' up," Hiram declared, after due consideration of the question. "I reck'n I'd better go 'long as fer as the widder's with you next time. It'll keep yore nerve up. An' you better go arter supper. 'Ten't as hard t' say things in the dark, an' the kids 'll be in bed then, like's not."

"She moughtent like yore comin' with me," Saunders objected.

"She wouldn't know anythin' 'baout my bein' thar. I'd hide, an' hang 'raound outside. Wouldn't it sorter brace you up ef you knowed I was some whar 'raound?"

"Yaas, t'would that. Let's go to-night, an' 'git the thing over."

"All right," Hiram assented. "Say, what on 'arth's the matter of yore whiskers? I been wonderin'."

"I cut 'em. They was too ragged like."

"You orten to a-done it. Makes 'em look raggeder, an' makes you look squeamish-like."

"Can't be helped, naow," Saunders replied in resigned tones.

"Y' better keep yore hand over it much as y' kin," Hiram advised.

They arranged their plan of action and impatiently awaited the coming of the appointed hour.

It was growing dusk, and Mrs. Jackson had just ordered Johnny to bed, when the sound of approaching footsteps brought her to the door. At first she was alarmed at the sight of two men coming toward her through the gathering shadows; but her fear gave way to surprise, when she recognized the forms of Hiram Meeks and Ebenezer Saunders. She had been very much exercised over the latter's former visit, and now the repetition of it so soon afterward set her poor heart to fluttering strangely. It could mean but one thing. Saunders was going to "keep comp'ny" with her.

"Good evenin'," Hiram called out. "I jest walked this fer with Eb. I'm goin' on t' Hawkineses." Without waiting for a reply, he pushed Saunders forward, and with a parting, "I'll stop fer you on my way hum," turned about and left the two alone. But so soon as he was out of sight, he made a wide detour through the woods, and crept cautiously up to the rear of the cabin. He concealed himself behind a clump of bushes until the darkness would permit a nearer approach.

The waning twilight faded into deeper gloom, the shadows became denser beneath the trees, and soon the rugged outlines of the cabin showed blurred and indistinct, finally merging into the enveloping darkness. A faint glow of light suddenly gleamed forth from the open window, and Hiram breathed a sigh of relief.

"He's goin' t' stick 'er out," he chuckled to himself. He crept slowly forward until he had gained a desirable position beneath the open window. He strained his ears to catch the sound of voices, but nothing could he hear. Silence most profound reigned within the cabin. Raising himself warily, he peered into the room. Saunders was sitting on the edge of a chair clasping his chin in one hand and nervously crossing and uncrossing his legs. The widow was obviously endeavoring to encourage him with an occasional meaning glance, while the rocking chair, in which she was somewhat violently rocking herself, seemed to be strangely attracted toward her visitor's corner of the room.

After what seemed like a long, long time to the impatient Hiram, Saunders cleared his throat:

"Be you all lunsome ever?" he asked, in desperation.

The widow coyly hung her head and twirled her thumbs.

"Sometimes I be," she faltered. "Awful lunsome."

"So be I," said Saunders, edging his chair a little nearer in her direction. "Mules is good fer lunsomeness," he added as an afterthought, apparently addressing his boots.

"Do tell us!" Mrs. Jackson bridled.

"Yaas, an' so is women." Alarmed at his own temerity, Saunders suddenly became speechless. From the corner of his eye he watched the stealthy approach of the widow's rocking chair. Soon, unless something happened to prevent, their feet would touch. At the thought he drew his own as far back as possible on each side of his chair and awaited developments.

The watchful Hiram observed every little detail of this scene, and he began to wax impatient with his friend.

"The blame fool," he whispered to himself. "Why don't he hitch along clusser! Ef I only knowed haow t' stir him up," and then he had an inspiration. "I'll make him think o' Satan, an' mebbe tha'll sorter git him started. She's only waitin' t' be asked."

He raised himself a little higher, and with his huge hands for a speaking trumpet, bawled a stentorian "Haw-hee! haw-hee! haw-hee!" at the top of his voice through the open window. The effect exceeded his fondest expectations. The widow screamed, and with a wild cry of "Save me!" threw herself bodily upon Saunders' neck. Saunders clasped her in a spasmodic embrace, and looked wildly about for the cause of this awful disturbance. A deep silence followed the startling interruption. Presently from the black darkness out of doors came the sound of a well-known voice.

"Eb," called the voice. "I say, Eb."

"Is that you, Hi?" Saunders demanded in amazement.

"Yep, that's who 'tis. I done the brayin'. Thought you all needed rousin' up a bit. Say, Eb, I'm goin' hum. I'll see y' later. Keep tight holt on her naow y' got 'er. S'long," and the sound of his retreating footsteps became fainter and fainter, and finally died away in the distance.

"Did y' hear what Hi done told me t' do?" Saunders asked, clasping the unresisting widow tighter to his bosom.

She nodded her head.

"Waal, I'm goin' t' do hit, hi ganny. An' I'm goin' t' drive over to-morrer arter you all an' take y' hum' with me, an' Parson Simon 'll be waitin' thar fer us—an' we won't be lunsome no more, narry one of us."

Tears stole a-down the widow's careworn face.

"Oh, Eb," she whispered. "That'll be jest like heaven."

At that moment a lone whippoorwill sent forth his plaintive cry from out the stillness of the night. Saunders raised a warning finger.

"Hush!" he said in low tones. "Hark at the bird! The little cuss is lunsome, I reck'n. But it means good luck. Hit's the fust one I've heard sence Satan died."

FAYETTE DURLIN.

A Walk Down South.—XVIII.

JUST a word from the Adirondacks:

"NORTHWOOD, N. Y., Dec. 31, 1901.

"This is Elgie's birthday, but he has not had his lickin' yet."

"We had what I supposed was a rabbit dinner yesterday—fried rabbit, biscuit and gravy as usual. There was some left and to-day I warmed it over. Mrs. Chrisman [a charming young widow] was here fitting some waists, and she was here to dinner. After we were through eating, Mrs. C. was asking how I cooked rabbit. She had not eaten anything but the biscuit and gravy. So I told her how I soaked it over night in salt and water and par-boiled it in soda, etc. She thought that meat looked funny for rabbit. Then Elgie told us that one of the animals was a skunk. I have been sick to my stomach ever since—and Mrs. C. said it would require no effort on her part to vomit. I think I have cooked the last rabbit or anything else till I know what it is. Elgie had told Pop what it was, and I thought he did not eat very hearty. I guess he nor Elgie enjoyed it very much * * *

MAMA."

"Jan. 2.—I suppose Mom told you about the fine meal of rabbit we had? Goll! How they praised it, while the insides of Pop and I just rolled. Skunk is all right, though i would be bully if you didn't know what it was. I ate quite a 'lot, but by thunder it went hard. When



THIS IS THE MAN WHO IS WALKING DOWN SOUTH.

I skinned him there was a good breeze and I got to windward. When the wind stopped, I stopped. ELGIE."

Same date: "This world is not all a wilderness of woe. POP."

I had enjoyed the sun dogs, the cold, snow-crystaled air and the vast outdoors away up on the Ridge. Perhaps a tinge of pity was felt for men who put on earflaps ten degrees before the thermometer got to zero, but when Squire Huffman's man brought in a whole pine stump, dripping with fat, and dropped it on the oak blaze, the charm of the artificial fire again asserted itself.

The school teacher, a hundred pound girl, said that her oldest boy was 19 years of age, six feet tall and nearly two hundred pounds heavy. But such pupils gave her little trouble. They are very chivalrous and moral suasion is sufficient to keep them in order. It reminded me of the Taylor boys, who would have gunned over two States to avenge an insult to their teacher. The historical text books of the Southern States vary materially from those used in the North, of course, for the needs are different. The climate and the history have different aspects. The novelty increases rather than abates as a northerner pursues his way southward. He is constantly reminded that there are we uns and you all in regard to customs and point of view, and almost as constantly pleased by the new ways. Here they say "come in and warm" first, and afterward, "What's your business?"

We sat by the fire for a long while that evening. I was more than a little lonesome. The wind was blowing a skiff of snow across the bottoms, and the cold was just great enough to suggest the broad white flats in the Adirondacks, and bring to mind the balsam swamps, the rocky, ice-covered streams and the deep mountain forests of home. I longed for a snowshoe tramp up Little Black Creek to the Reservoir, and a rabbit hunt on four feet of dry snow—not on the mushy, packing southern kind.

On Thursday morning, Dec. 11, I sat down to pot-roasted beef, hot biscuit, coffee, "fruit" and apple butter for breakfast. Squire Huffman thought of riding on horseback to New Castle, eighteen miles away, that day, but the weather was pretty bad. Had it been good weather, his 84 years would not have deterred him. Lloyd Huffman's wife poured coffee, but did not eat with the men—there were five or six. The women folks seldom eat with the men when visitors are present; why, I don't know; unless it is merely the custom. A girl usually stands by the oven to keep hot biscuit on the plates.

The school teacher appeared for a moment after breakfast. It was sitting snow outside, water was scaled with ice, and a slight wind was blowing. The school teacher had on a spotless white sunbonnet, starched and ruffled. The twelve-year-old daughter of the house wore as spotless a pink sunbonnet. These contrasted with their dark heavy jackets, their thick mittens, comfortable skirts and clear complexions in delighting fashion.

A visitor from West Virginia, after some money the Squire owed him, wore a pair of felts which excited much derision on account of their looks. That they were comfortable on horseback was a strong argument in their favor. To see this migrant from the "far North" where I lived and hear its merits discussed in voices that ran to peaks made me lonesome. I was glad to start on, for under the pack one can rid himself of any gloom.

This was to be a day of particular importance. It was to take me over "the divide." Before night I would go into the Mississippi Watershed.

It was not very cold as I walked up Johns Creek Valley. True, there was snow on the ground, and the wind was a chilly one. I plodded on. Rabbit tracks were everywhere. The road was gradually ascending. I stopped to rest at a horseblock in front of a house, intending to ask my road within. Looking backward, I saw two men coming—familiar faces. They were Harmon and Walter Taylor. It was like meeting old friends. They were going toward Newport, my destination, and I was to have company for a dozen miles.

We walked on together, and turned to the left a mile away. Instantly the road began to ascend. Up and up it went, the sweat running down my face, in spite of frequent rests. A ruffed grouse roared out of the brush at one place, the woods looked like good deer country all along—a great, steep ridge side sweeping up from the valley steeper and steeper to the backbone—Clover Mountain, and we were headed for Clover Gap. Once we stopped to drink at a spring—its waters were warm compared to the air. Many times we stopped at a rock or log where I could rest the bundle. The wind grew colder and the ice thicker in the road. Walter slipped in one place and wiped snow from a dozen feet of ice. The road led up gullies, held in place on the right side by logs. We could look down on the road in places a hundred feet below, in others five hundred feet down. But above we could see little, and that was misleading. Where the openings seemed to indicate the top of the divide we found only another U or S bend in the trail—and that always an up hill one till at last, after clinging for a while to a side hill slope we rounded a slight point—a last stagger up—and there the grade changed. The valleys of the great river were before me. It was then 12:15 o'clock. The wind was cold, the place exposed to the strongest blasts, but it was pleasant to me to be there.

Soon we started down hill—a grade as steep as the one up. It was just as hard for me. I slipped and stumbled, went down and rolled over three times, pack and all, on one slick snow-hidden ice scale. We came to a vacant house on the left in a gulley, a number of steep cornfields, some cattle, a big, brown, scared rooster, and then a house. Here we stopped, and though it was wash-day, prevailed on the wife to get us a snack. She brought a peck of big red apples for us to stay our appetites on. We ate them all. Sausage, apple sauce and butter, sweet milk, coffee, new biscuit, and old biscuit (dipped in hot water and then baked over), jelly and peach sauce vanished, and more was prepared. At last we were willing to warm by the fire again.

Newport was six miles away, and we had lots of time. We lingered until both sides had been warmed through and then toasted, after which we traveled on.

Soon the first water I was to see Mississippi-bound came across our road. We jumped across. Then we came to it again. This time we jumped further. The next time we crossed on a rail, and then on the ice, and then on the ice and a rail. Next time we built a bridge out of rail fence. I led the way, pack and all, over a pole. At last we had to take to the fields. A dozen times that stream crossed the road—the road crossed it?—in a couple of miles. But at last we got shet of it and walked in place. It was an impressive stream to me in every respect.

The boys wanted to carry my pack, and now, that the road was not so steep nor so hard, and there was little danger of their breaking legs or ankles, I let them try it. It was a new weight to them. At first it seemed easy, but in a mile I had the pack again. We came to the forks of the road, on one of which I must go, and they on the other, so we parted again.

A foot bridge suspended by two wire ropes and a hundred feet long was before me over Sink Creek.

"Careful now that yere's slick," a man said to me as I started over. I walked carefully, the bridge swaying at every step, but I crossed safely and soon rounded the point up the creek to Newport.

I walked into the office of the hotel and dropped my pack to the floor.

"Good Lord! what's that?" asked proprietor Smith, with genuine amazement. Then he hefted the pack. It made him grunt.

"Jerusalem crickets! Why, I'll bet if you've got any fight in you at all you'd tear a man to pieces; yes sir, tear five or six right to pieces," he continued. Then they all stood back and looked at me; guessed at my weight (twenty pounds too much), and wet their lips with their tongues when they thought of seeing me in a scrap.

The shooting of Clarence Martin by Kemper Sybrook at Pembroke a few miles away the day before was a leading topic of conversation that night in the office until somebody proposed poker. Then the doors were locked, the light put down on the bar and the cards brought out. The justice of peace got astride the bar, the negro stage driver counted the pack, Smith, Jr., watching, and a couple of others felt in their pockets to see how much money they had. A game "just to pass the time away," five cent ante, twenty-five cents limit. It was interesting to me, because I knew that three of the players at least had revolvers in their pockets. Every boy of sixteen years or more in that place is said to carry a deadly weapon. Young Smith has a silver-plated, hand-engraved Smith & Wesson, .38 caliber. The others carried similar weapons, and all had a "high sense of honor."

The second night wound up with proprietor Smith saying:

"Well, I declare, if that don't beat anything I ever did see. Bet my last cent on a pair of kings and beat this man [stage driver] out of all his day's earnings."

The buoyancy of hope and leadenness of despair intermingled at Newport. I sat by the coal fireplace in my room for several hours on the 20th trying to determine what to do. New River, six miles away, was so

full of mush ice that I couldn't get across it save at Radford, sixteen miles away, where there was a railroad bridge. So I headed that way on Saturday morning. It was cold; my road led over two mountain ranges, and over streams in two valleys. It was woody for the first eight miles over the mountains. I crossed the brook on a log and failed to find the road, but taking a compass course along the side hill, ascending steadily I found the trail again after a while.

In the next valley a wide brook was crossed on a foot-bridge of boards, with a wire hold-rail. It was novel in that it had two-inch thick wooden spools to grasp and slide along the wire from post to post—a dozen posts—so that one did not have to grasp the cutting strand.

I got a ride of several miles from Price's on and then I walked till I struck the railroad. This I followed for a ways. At sunset I sat down by the track to let a train go by. It was my first look at a Southern river. Broad, rustling, yellow and shallow, I watched the mush ice flow by till nearly plumb dark. Then, by the light of the moon, I tramped on toward Radford. Everywhere was evidence of the recent high water. In the trees were the peculiar matted tufts of drift from the waters with which I was soon to become exceedingly familiar, for I was looking forward to a boat ride down the Holston to the Tennessee River.

On Sunday night I took the train to Rural Retreat, intending to stay there over Christmas, but found a summer resort snowed under. I went on to Marion in the cars the following day, having gotten my mail at Rural Retreat, where I also crossed the divide between the New River and the Tennessee on the cars.

A man on the train had lost his grip. He was a student bound home for Christmas. He inquired of all where it was. A friend pointed to my pack and said, as innocently as possible, "Is that it?"

The searcher glanced at the great basket, blanket and stuff. His white collar, silk scarf and great overcoat fairly shivered at the sight.

"No!" the fellow almost yelled. "That God d—"

Then he saw me out of the corner of his eyes.

"No," he said, quietly, "mine's a leather grip 'bout so long."

It was the prettiest bit of Southern courtesy and regard for a stranger's feelings that I had seen, but typical of the region.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

Floating on the Missouri.—III.

AFTER putting up the tent and getting camp in shape, I shouldered my rifle and started up the valley. There is a thin fringe of cottonwood and willow bordering the creek and for a time I tramped along the edge of it looking for signs of game. Water was standing in pools here and there in the creek bed. The ranchers away up in the Judith Basin have long since diverted Arrow Creek to irrigate their homesteads, and it is no longer a running stream except during the June rains. Every one of the pools I came to was covered with ducks, mallards, widgeons, and teal. From the rose and buck bruck sharp-tail grouse were constantly rising ahead of me and lighting again after a flight of two or three hundred yards. And then, suddenly, a lone whitetail buck bounded out of a little grove of cottonwoods and made for the hills as fast as he could run. I fired at him twice, and was about to pull the trigger a third time, when he made a last leap and fell dead into the bottom of a coulee. I did not cut his throat, for by the location of the bullet hole I knew that he had bled internally, and upon opening him found that I was right. Sah-né-to had heard my shots and joined me, and how pleased she was at my success. I cut off the buck's head, first taking the tongue, and then, shouldering the carcass, we returned to camp. It was not a large deer, only a three-year-old, but it got very heavy, and I had to rest often before we arrived at the tent. There was a convenient tree in front of it, and running a stick through the deer's gambrels I hoisted it up to the nearest limb, clear of the ground. A hunter never feels just right until he has hung up a piece of meat in camp. There may be ducks, and chickens, and geese galore strung around, but the feeling of absolute contentment never comes until a deer or an elk, a sheep or an antelope, sways to the breeze from a nearby limb. So, at least, I felt, and Sah-né-to, too; we had the "real food," ni-tap-i-wak-sin, she had been longing for. And then, I felt rather proud of having killed the deer; for nineteen years I had not fired at a running animal, and yet I had dropped this one in two shots. Perhaps I owed my success to the Lyman sights. I had never before used them, but subsequent experience leads me to believe that it is nearly as difficult to miss as to kill with them.

Dinner was over, the dishes washed, a quantity of dry wood piled behind the stove. Sah-né-to lit the lantern and resumed work on a pair of moccasins she was embroidering with a vine-like pattern of various colored cut beads. "Tell me," I said, "why this stream is named Ap-si-sak-ta—the Arrow River?"

"It was given that name long ago," she replied, "by the ancient ones, on account of a strange, a very strange, thing which took place. One time in that long ago there was a beautiful young girl named Ah-we-kas—the Antelope—the daughter of a chief. She was as good as she was handsome, and very industrious. No one tanned whiter buckskin, softer robes than she. No wonder, then, that all the young men were her slaves, and longed to make her their wife. But to all of them she replied, 'No,' and remained with her parents, doing all she could for their welfare and happiness. One after another the great men, the rich men of the camp, made offers to the old people for her, offers of horses and other wealth, but always her parents would ask her if she was willing, and when she replied, 'Nay,' they did not urge her. So the girl grew up, year by year more and more beautiful, and reached womanhood. 'Tis said that her hair when unbraided almost swept the ground; that her large, soft eyes were like those of a fawn, deep and clear, with an expression in them—I cannot say just what—that made the heart of man beat furiously in his bosom. She was tall and slender, yet of a rounded and graceful figure. She could run like a deer, and swim with the speed of an otter.

"One spring the people were camping for a time somewhere on this river. One day there came from the camp of the Blackfeet, for to the north, a young man to visit his Piegan relatives, and that very evening he was invited by the father of Ah-we-kas to come to his lodge and feast. The young woman set some food before him, took one look at his face and hurriedly returned to her seat. He had one glimpse into her lovely eyes and was so distraught that he could not eat. In that one glance both knew that they were made for each other. After that the young Blackfoot came to her lodge every day and talked long with her father of the north country, of the doings of his people—of their wars, their hunts and adventures. But he never spoke to her, nor she to him; but if they gazed at one another shyly, bashfully, as lovers will—well, what harm?"

"At last, one day, the young man informed the chief that on the morrow he would return to his people. 'But,' he continued, 'I shall soon return, driving many horses before me.'

"As he passed out of the lodge somehow his hand met that of the girl, and he gave it a gentle squeeze; she in turn pressed his, and then covered her head with her robe in shame of her boldness.

"'I wonder, now,' the old man mused, 'what he meant by that—that he would soon return driving many horses before him?'"

"Ah-we-kas was sure she knew, but made no reply.

"Most importunate of all her suitors was Black Bull, a man of savage temper and a great warrior. He was tall, and broad, and heavy, of great strength, and as homely as he was strong. By his success in war he had become very rich; no one owned more horses, no one had a greater store of weapons, fine garments, robes and furs, than he. Two wives he had already, women whom he forced to toil incessantly, and whom he cruelly beat when anything went wrong. And now he wanted Ah-we-kas for his third wife. Almost daily he sent word to her father, offering this and that for her, until finally the messenger carried this: 'Thus says the Black Bull: Take my whole herd and of the rest of my property what you will, and give me your daughter in return.'

"But, as before, the answer went back: 'No, she refuses you.'

"Then Black Bull became angry, beat his wives, and rushed madly out of his lodge and away he knew not where. Passing the trail to the river he met Ah-we-kas and raised his hand to strike her, a fearful scowl on his face. Then he changed his mind and cried out: 'And so you refuse me; know, then, that you shall yet become my wife, or die.'

"'Twas but a few days after this that the young Blackfoot returned, driving before him, as he had said he would, a band of fine horses, red and white, yellow and white, black and white; all of them spotted horses. And his relatives took the horses and tied them up about the lodge of the father of Ah-we-kas, and gave him the young man's message.

"'What say you now?' the old man asked his daughter. 'What word have you for this new suitor?'"

"Burning with shame, her head bent low, she pressed his wrinkled hand and whispered: 'You may keep the horses.'

"So they were married. When Black Bull heard the news he cursed them and his unpropitious gods, and swore to have revenge. A day or two later Ah-we-kas went to the river for water, and as she stooped down at the shore Black Bull sprang upon her, bore her to the ground, and lifted his knife to stab her in the side. But even as the blow was descending the knife dropped from his hand, and with a groan he fell quivering on her senseless form, an arrow buried in his back. And there he died. The girl, recovering from her faint, shrieked long and loud, and people came running to her aid. They drew the dead man away, and noticing the arrow sticking in his back, withdrew it. No one had seen its like before; the polished shaft was black and heavy, the tip was long and broad, and made of some white substance neither bone nor stone, but most resembling bone; the feathers, stiff and well wrapped on were from some unknown bird, and had all the colors of the rainbow. The warriors looked long and curiously at it as 'twas passed from hand to hand, and then bethought them to search for the one who had owned and shot it. But Mik-sik-um, wisest of medicine men, stopped them. 'Search not,' he cried, 'for 'twill be of no avail; the owner of this arrow is not visible to mortal eyes. This man lies dead, the victim of his own bad heart and passions. 'Tis a judgment of the gods. Let his women bury him at once and get him from our sight.'

"And so," Sah-né-to concluded, "this river got its name."

"And the arrow?" I asked. "Whence came it? Who shot it?"

"How stupid you are," she replied. "For her goodness and virtue Ah-we-kas was favored by the sun. In her time of need he aided her. He shot the arrow, of course. Mik-sik-um, the medicine man, knew that as soon as he saw it, for he was wise in the mysteries of his craft."

"Well, anyhow, Sah-né-to," I said, "'tis a good story, and we will not question the truth of it. Put another stick in the stove for the night is chilly."

I lit a cigarette and after a little continued: "But, say, Sah-né-to, don't you think the young Blackfoot might have shot that arrow? It was of strange material and make, but he might have obtained it from some far northern tribe, people whom the Piegans had never heard of."

"No."

"Why?"

"Because."

I had no more to say, and smoked my cigarette in silence. When a woman says "because," a man is up against it.

Somehow we were a little late in loading up the next morning and resuming our voyage. I didn't regret it, however, as I wanted to examine a place a mile or two further down the river where Lewis and Clarke had found the remains of one hundred and twenty-six head of buffalo, the animals having been decoyed over a cut bluff by Indians. From this find they had named Arrow Creek "Slaughter River." But the name did not stick; the

voyageurs who followed them, Joseph Kipp and others, learning the Indian name for it, continued to call it as they did, Arrow River or Arrow Creek.

We had no difficulty in locating the scene of the "slaughter." A long level but narrow ridge runs southward from the edge of the valley to the water's edge, where it ends abruptly with a perpendicular drop of more than a hundred feet. In Lewis and Clarke's time there was quite a bit of shore between it and the river, but year by year the channel has shifted further and further to the north, and not only the shore but some of the bluff has been eaten away by the current. Landing just below the bluff, I climbed up to the top of it, expecting to find the rows of stone piles which generally mark one of these "buffalo pounds," as the old voyageurs termed them. There were none on it; if I had had time to walk back to where the ridge left the rim of the valley, I might have found them extending in V form out on the plain. My climb was not without reward, however, for on the way back to the boat I found an obsidian arrow-head. It was a very small and thin one, and precisely like those which are found about an old "buffalo pound" on the Two Medicine River, near the foot of the Rocky Mountains.

From Arrow Creek the river flows nearly due east for five miles. On the south side the hills rise abruptly from the shore; on the north side are three small sage brush flats. Scattering pines grow in the breaks on either hand. Looking eastward down this stretch we could see in the distance the breaks of the Judith River, dark with their heavy growth of pine and fir. In due time, turning the bend to the north, we came in sight of a wide gap in the north side of the valley, a flat four or five miles long through which Sage Creek flows into the river. Here we entered Drowned Man's Rapids. That is an ominous name, but they are really the safest rapids in the river. The channel is very narrow here, choked in by hills on either side, and the water rushing through has great depth. Both shores are strewn with huge boulders, and there must be many of them lying down on the bottom judging from the leaping and swirling of the rushing water. We went over the long swells all too quickly to suit the oarsman, who was glad to rest a bit, but it must be confessed that the one who held the rudder gave a sigh of relief when we finally glided into still water. A mile below the rapids we passed the point of a bare ridge on the right, and came in sight of the wide, long flats of the Judith River, opposite those of Sage Creek. I had been told to look for a certain grave in this flat, and re-mark it if necessary. Below the point of the ridge, at the western edge of the first coulee, and two hundred yards from the river, was the place. We landed at the mouth of the coulee and looked long and carefully for the wooden cross which had marked it, but could not find even a grass-grown mound. Time and the constant wash from the hills had obliterated all traces of it. So all trace of the last resting place of Nathaniel Crabtree, one of the bravest and most careless of men, is lost. It was here he met his fate. He and George Croff had long been partners in the woodyard business, in trapping, hunting and trading. "In 1865," George told me, just before I left home for this trip, "we had a woodyard at the Coal Banks. Winter and summer buffalo were always in sight of our cabin, but just for a change and a little sport we used to go out to the Bearpaw Mountains once in a while and kill a wagonload of elk, deer, sheep, antelope and bear, using the fat of the latter in lieu of lard. The Indians were always prowling around in those days in search of the white man's scalp and horses, and one never knew when a war party might jump him. So on these hunts, after supper was over, we used to go some distance from the fire and make our beds in a dark piece of woods or brush. On such occasions I would always ask Nat, where he had placed his rifle, and nine times out of ten he would reply: 'Oh, I don't know; it's lying somewhere over there by the fire.'

"Well, I'd lecture him about his carelessness, but he always laughed and declared there was no danger, and I usually had to hunt the weapon up and lay it by his side. He was as good a friend and comrade as a man could wish for, honest, brave, good natured, a tireless worker. But he was careless; your good natured, easy-going men generally are careless.

"In the fall of '67 we moved down to the mouth of the Judith and started to get out wood for the steamboats there, having cut and sold all there was in the vicinity of the Coal Banks. We built a good sized cabin on the flat about two miles west of the creek's junction with the Missouri. Camp Cook, a temporary post of three or four companies of mounted infantry, was located on this stream, and some four miles from us, so we felt pretty secure from Indian raids. Still, they used to bother us some, and the soldiers, too. One night a guard saw what he took to be an Indian sneaking up to the tarpaulin-covered supplies he was watching, and called out 'Halt!' a number of times. But the Indian never stopped, and when he got up as close as he wanted to, he leveled his old fuke and gave the soldier a mortal wound. Of course, the whole camp rushed out then, and what do you suppose the officers did? They ordered their men to light a lot of lanterns and search the timber and brush for the Indians! They were a pretty green outfit, both officers and men.

We had six men in our employ cutting pine up in the breaks and in the hills, but one of them was always on the lookout for any sneaking war party, while the rest worked. Nat and I hauled the wood to the river with three yokes of bulls (oxen). We had no horses, and we took turns going after the cattle in the morning. On the 5th of April, '68, I remember the date well, it was Nat's turn. I got up before daylight to prepare breakfast, and soon afterward he started out, leaving his rifle, as usual, I never went away from the cabin without mine. Well, daylight came, and at sun-up we had breakfast, but Nat did not return. The men shouldered their axes and rifles and were just starting to their work when we saw the soldiers' herd of horses, some four or five hundred head, running up the long, sloping hill on the west side of the valley of the Judith. And behind them, whooping, yelling and lashing, rode a lot of Indians, urging them on. I felt at once that something had happened to Nat, and we started out to look for him. After going half a mile

out on the flat I saw the bulls and turned toward them, and when near the coulée they were feeding in I saw my partner rise up out of the sagebrush, stagger a few steps toward the cabin, and then fall. I hurried over to where he had disappeared and found him lying face down in the brush, three arrows sticking in his back. He had fainted. I called the men, and sending one of them for the doctor at Camp Cook, had the rest help me get Nat. to the cabin. I pulled out two of the arrows, but the third one, which had struck him in the lower part of the back, and was pressing against the lower part of the abdomen, I dared not touch. In a little while Nat. recovered from his faint, and after drinking a glass of whisky and water, seemed his old cheerful self again. He had found the bulls, he said, and was going around behind them to drive them in, when five Indians rose up out of the sage brush only a few yards behind him and fired five arrows into his back. He got hold of the upper ones and pulled them out, and then looked around for a club or a rock with which to defend himself. But there was nothing of the kind in sight, and then the pain became so acute that he grew dizzy, reeled and fell. The Indians started off toward the hills, but after going a short distance one of them turned back, drawing his knife, evidently with the intention of taking his scalp. But Nat's hat had fallen off, exposing his partially bald head, and when the Indian saw the fringe of thin locks he turned and hurried to rejoin his companions.

"The doctor came after a while and extracted the remaining arrow. 'Poor fellow,' he said, 'I fear you're done for,' and leaving a little medicine of some kind to ease the pain, he went away.

"Of course I'm done for," Nat. told me. 'I knew that as soon as I was shot. But cheer up, old boy, and don't take it so hard; it can't be helped, and we've just got to make the best of it. Yes, I know I ought to have taken my rifle; if I had they would never have molested me. Well, old pard, give me your hand and let me go to sleep; if I never wake, good-bye and good luck.'

"Those were the last words he ever spoke. He dozed away into a deep sleep, from that into a stupor, quietly breathed his last soon after midnight, and I lost the best friend I ever had. I felt so badly about it that I couldn't bear to stay there any longer, and leaving everything in charge of one of the men, took the first boat for Fort Benton."

Reluctantly giving up our search for the grave, we returned to the boat, and in fifteen or twenty minutes came to the mouth of the Judith, where our friend, Wm. Norris, has a large ranch, ferry and general store. We had not met since the buffalo days, and of course began to talk of old times at once. Norris waters several hundred acres of land back from the river with a ditch from the Judith, and some immense stacks of alfalfa showed what irrigation will do in this dry region. Beside hay, he has succeeded every year in raising field corn, tomatoes, tobacco, melons and sweet potatoes, to say nothing of the commoner vegetables. Looking over the place and talking of other days, the time passed all too quickly, and 'twas sundown before we knew it; so leaving the Good Shield tied to the ferryboat, we camped where we were, and were well cared for.

Lewis and Clarke named this stream the Judith, after some Virginia girl they knew. The Blackfeet call it O-to-kwi-tuk-tai—Yellow River, on account of the quantities of yellow "paint" or ochre which is found near its source. The large flat here at its mouth and the Sage Creek flat opposite, were favorite camping places with them, good trails leading out to the plains north and south, and the wide flats affording ample room to graze their herds in sight of their lodges. It was here that the "Stevens" treaty of 1855 took place between the Government and the Blackfeet, Crows and Assinaboines. Stevens brought with him a steamboat load of presents for the red men; among other things sacks of coffee, beans, rice and bacon. The Indians prized the sacks, but they had no use for their contents, so they dumped the food out on the ground and went on their way rejoicing.

It is over this treaty that the Indians have since been so angry, especially since the disappearance of the buffalo. They claim that they merely gave the white men permission to make roads and travel through their country, and that the vast territory lying between the Missouri and Yellowstone Rivers still belongs to them. They certainly have a good claim to it; where is the lawyer who will take their case upon a conditional fee?

APPEKUNNY.

The Old Boathouse.

OID, N. Y., Feb. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While I sit by the cozy fireside, letting the February gales work off their rage outside, the memory and the picture of an old friend keeps itself to mind.

This old friend, my first boathouse, stands under the sheltering boughs of a weeping willow which, with its long, slender branches, sometimes dips into the cool water of the lake below. It is a homely little structure, somewhat longer than wide, with two doors, entirely out of proportion, opening to the west. A little point on the left shelters with its kindly sides the tree and building from the frequent fury of the south wind.

The slender willow and the dark, gloomy hemlocks on the high bank behind give one the impression that to this quiet, secluded spot that disturbing element—man—had never come. Yet a bright red padlock on those wide doors and the marks of feet in the clean black sand at the water's edge quickly dispel any such idea. Yes, those doors are often opened on pleasant September and October days, for a good bass ground lies just north along those rocks.

Scoop away the sand under the doors and peer inside. Resting on its rollers lies a trim-built skiff, its subdued coloring in perfect harmony with its present environment, and well adapted for the work for which it was designed.

This takes up the greater part of the floor space, though in one corner, as if on duty, rests a small anchor, its tiny flukes digging into the earth, while a tangle of rope, bait cans and a cushion lie near.

On the cross pieces above are two long-shanked spears, whose wicked barbs tell of their cruel use. In the corner beneath is a pile of fat pine knots, inseparable companions

of the spears above. In the end facing the lake is a small sliding window some six inches square, fastened securely by a large hook. Empty shells beneath give the clue to its use. The quiet little cove in front is a favorite feeding ground of the timid wildfowl, and from that window they have seen many a fatal flash.

Such is the spot and the building around which pleasant memories cling, while I wait for opportunity to enjoy them again.

B. E. BIRGE.

Natural History.

The Browsing Habit of Game.

VERY probably a majority of those persons who make the pursuit of four-footed game animals, small and great, in the forests, ever think of the manner in which these quite often large beasts feed. The moose, for instance, lives in the deepest woods, where ordinary pasture does not exist; indeed, the buffaloes which swarmed over the Western plains found a large part of their living, not on the grass, but on the shrubbery along the streams, and at times in the occasional forests. Now, what is there in what we call browse which supports these animals—the rabbit, deer, elk, moose, and the few buffalo remaining, which now harbor in the deep recesses of the forests? Grass, we know, will supply nutriment to all herbivorous animals, and the common thought—I do not say belief—for this, I venture to assume, is not a matter of thought ever considered, that somehow or other these animals do find grass enough to live on and survive the winters as well as the summers by some method of digging for the herbage under the deep snow.

The fact is that the excessively nutritious character of the so-called browse of the woods is not a matter of common knowledge among sportsmen, and, indeed, some of the writers in the special so-called agricultural journals even show their unfitness for their occupation by complete ignorance of the nutritive value of what is commonly called browse, but is more distinctly referred to by scientific writers and authors on feeding farm animals as leaves and twigs of trees. Just now there is one of those occasional revivals of public interest in goats, which have occurred several times to my knowledge, and one of the most enticing temptations offered to those persons who are always seeking something new, for the general adoption of the goat as a competitor of the sheep, is that this hardy cousin of the sheep will gain a luxurious and costless living by keeping the fence rows clear of the quite common brush which disfigures the average farm fences. This, however, is only the naked truth as regards this frisky, athletic quadruped, whose favorite roosting place is—if possible—on the barn roof, if it is denied the extra privilege of making his nightly refuge on the roof of the kitchen. And, as the goat is a feeder on the twigs and leaves of small shrubs and trees, so is the sheep; and we all know how the mule will enjoy himself and get fat during his summer holiday on the brush and saplings of the wood lot, and even the cow lightens the heart of the farm wife by increasing the quantity of milk, but still more that of the butter, when it is turned—as a last resource and forlorn hope to escape starvation in the bare, dried up meadow—into the last winter's clearing, and fills herself with the sprouts from the new-made stumps.

There is a reason for all things, and this for the circumstances mentioned is this simple fact: This growth from the sprouts, and the young herbage of the woods otherwise, is more than twice as nutritious as the best pasture grass, not even excepting the famed blue grass meadows of Kentucky and adjacent States. This knowledge we owe to the German agricultural chemists, who followed Liebig—one of the fathers of agricultural chemistry—and others who worked in this line with him, and the best known agricultural author, Wolff, whose work is the standard in regard to the character of the foods of herbivorous animals. Wolff's tables have never been questioned, and more modern agricultural chemists have verified his figures, so that they are now the basis of the science and practice of feeding animals. The following figures are quoted from Wolff's tables of the composition of the various food substances consumed by domestic animals. It is only reasonable that a German chemist should include the browse of woods in his list, for the German forests swarm with sheep and cattle, fed and fattened on the undergrowth. Indeed, we know something of it ourselves. For our grandfathers, who cleared off the forests to make our now millions of farm homes, were in the habit of going into the woods to cut down a few trees—I well remember it myself—and the basswood was the first chosen for its value in this respect, and how, by this provision, the cows gave milk the whole winter, kept in good shape, and reared the calves and came into the summer-pasture unwillingly; breaking the fences even to get back into the woods again. Then I first learned the use of the pokes used to prevent the cows from jumping the fences to get back to the preferred browse. But let us have the figures.

Composition of Leaves and Twigs:	Ky. blue grass.
Protein (flesh formers).....	15.6
Carbo-hydrates (fat and heat formers).....	44.96
	Per cent.

Of course, this average has extremes, and while some kinds of browse will be less valuable than the figures given, yet some will be worth more. The pines seem to be eaten with as much avidity as the other kinds, as far as I have taken notice; the basswood, soft maple, poplar, and all the oaks are eaten with more avidity than other kinds. Sheep in the spring seem to take to the pines, and this choice is probably wise for the peculiar nature of the resiniferous trees is decidedly healthful to the sheep, as an antidote to its very numerous internal parasites.

As to the nutritiousness of this forest feeding, I can give one special example. When in the northern peninsula of Michigan, near the Wisconsin border, and not far from the thousand-lake district of Wisconsin, the Indians brought into our village, soon after the first snow, a lot of deer, which they had trapped in one of their V-shaped runways. There were 132 deer in the lot, small

and great, from the yearlings up to the big buck I purchased for a dollar which weighed over three hundred pounds. These deer were as fat as any fatted sheep I ever saw. My big buck had clear fat on his back an inch and a half thick, and they fed and were fattened in the dense woods of the neighborhood, mostly made up of all the hard woods.

All this goes to show the value of the forest ranges to the sheep, cattle and horse feeders, and at the same time these figures should go to raise the estimate of the value of forest reserves, especially when brought under scientific culture and care. In fact, my observation and experience in these dense Southern forests go to show that under the right scientific management the mere feeding of cattle, sheep and horses should bring in to the park management—if the present proposed enterprise should be carried through in the Appalachian mountain region—such an income in this direction as will pay a good interest on the investment made by the United States Government.

HENRY STEWART.

HIGHLANDS, N. C.

Deer as Depredators.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I feel disposed to write a few words respecting some statements by Robert O. Morris in the article quoted in the last issue of the FOREST AND STREAM. He seems to be quite ignorant of the habits of deer where they are found in farming sections.

Speaking of deer, he says "he regrets to see a disposition on the part of some farmers to prejudice people against this interesting and valuable animal, and some of the most ridiculous charges against it are made and published. One man claims his seckel pears to have been eaten by deer," etc. And the farmer is doubtless right in his claim. Deer will eat any kind of fruit they can get at. They are especially fond of apples, and have often been seen eating them. Throughout the winter they visit apple orchards and paw up the frozen apples on the ground through the snow. In the fall an old apple orchard is one of the best places to find deer. They will rear on their hindfeet and shake the fruit from the limbs. The supposition that a man could not tell the depredations of deer from the toothmarks of a red squirrel is almost too silly to merit notice. Again, this writer says: "Another man said that deer had eaten up a field of cabbages," and confidently remarks, "This is very unlikely. It would be contrary to their usual habits for deer to eat this vegetable. Neither pears nor cabbages," he further informs us, "are the favorite food of deer." What wisdom is here displayed! The simple fact is (which can be proven over and over again up here in Vermont) deer eat, not only "pears and cabbages," but turnips, beets, peas, beans, oats, wheat, corn, buckwheat and about everything that grows in a farmer's field and garden, and will stay by such fodder until it is all eaten up.

I do not write at random. I live in a deer country, and know what I am talking about. Many instances of their destruction of gardens, oat fields and corn fields, so that the ground had to be replanted or resown, are too well known to be possibly denied, and abundant proof could be furnished of this fact. If anybody up here were told that deer would not eat and destroy vegetables like rabbits and worse, the informer would be laughed at, and with good reason.

Farmers as a whole desire the preservation of the beautiful deer; at the same time it is next to impossible for a farmer to get damages from the State for the destruction of his oat field, which has occurred in more than one instance. The "natural habits" of the deer do not stand in the way of their eating about everything under the heaven in the fruit and vegetable line that grows up here in Vermont, as many a farmer will testify. One man had to replant a field of beans three times. Another had a field of beets eaten to the ground. They eat carrots and all kinds of garden stuff unless it be potato tops. The amount of damage done the farmers may not aggregate a great deal, but it is enough to cause considerable complaint in certain sections of our State, and would not exist without some grounds for it. Ten or a dozen deer in an oat or corn field or a pear orchard do not improve it. Deer are very innocent animals, but they are not saints or angels.

Mr. Morris is evidently a devotee of science, but he is uninformed when he seeks to set up his learned opinion about what deer will and will not eat—if they get a chance—against what occurs or an actual fact in places where there are gardens and corn fields and pear orchards and cabbages.

W. A. REMELE.

BRIDGEWATER, VT.

An Adirondack Panther.

A PANTHER appeared on Adirondack Mountain Reserve territory in the town of Keene last week, chasing a deer down the Ausable Lake road. The deer ran in the road, broken out for ice drawing at present, a distance of nearly a mile, and did not leave the road until near the Adirondack Mountain Reserve toll gate, which is just south of St. Hubert's Inn at Keene Heights, then crossed the Ausable River and made for the spur of Wolf Jaw Mountain on the west. The panther's track was on the side of the road, in deep snow, and was parallel to the deer's track for about three-fourths of a mile. Several persons, among them J. W. Otis, game warden for the Adirondack Mountain Reserve, saw the tracks of the two animals and, judging from the wonderfully long jumps made by the pursuer and pursued, it must have been a race of "life or death" for the deer. Owing to the fact that the deer was somewhat tame, having enjoyed the protection of the reserve, and not afraid to run in a road made by man, its life no doubt was saved.—*Elizabethtown Post.*

When Primate Marcus G. Beresford was first appointed to an Irish living he proceeded to tramp over the glebe lands with his dog and gun; on his return he met a sour Presbyterian, tenant of some of the lands, who accosted him thus: "We never read, your reverence, that apostles went shooting this way with their dogs and their guns." "Ah! very true, my friend," replied the rector, with a humorous twinkle in his eye, "but, you know, they were so busy with their fishing, and they could not attend to more than one thing at a time."—*Shooting Times.*

Florida Rattlesnakes.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Do wish the boys would get through and quit with their snake tales. Other—in fact all—subjects are more interesting and less harrowing. I have held out valiantly against the invariable desire to chip in, and am unable to remain virtuous longer.

Mine is about large rattlers, or, rather, the skins seen in Florida. In the year 1893, before the railroad extended beyond Rockledge, Lake Worth was visited by a comparatively small number of tourists.

It was the Coconut Grove Hotel, if I remember correctly, that stood near the site of the world-renowned Royal Poinciana, on the narrow strip of land between Lake Worth and the ocean beach.

Outside of a few cleared spots, this strip was almost as wild and impenetrable as an African jungle. Situated a mile or more south of the hotel, and reached by boat or by a narrow path cut through the jungle, was the home place of a Mr. George Lanehart (as the name was called; I do not remember the correct spelling), and on his place was one of the finest specimens of the so-called rubber tree that grows down there, a species probably of the banyan. All visitors to the lake generally made one or more trips to Mr. Lanehart's place, to see this really wonderful tree, and probably many of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM have visited it, and may perhaps have seen, as did the writer, the skins of two enormous rattlesnakes that were killed on the place.

Making it a rule to learn as little as possible about snakes, and to forget that little without delay, I can only give a vague outline of the story told me about the two in question, together with a fairly definite idea of their size. They were said to have been the largest rattlers ever seen in that country, which was famous among the scattered settlers for large snakes. They were both killed near the house, one being discovered within a few feet of the front door, apparently engaged in leisurely selecting a chicken from among the flock which had come around him.

The skins were roughly tanned, with heads and tails cut off, and were hanging from nails on the walls of the workshop near the house.

By estimation, I should say they were at least 7 feet long, and 18 inches across in the widest part. A gentleman in our party, 5 feet 8 inches in height, and weighing 140 pounds, stood erect against the skin, as it hung from the wall to within an inch or so of the floor, and the edges of the skin extended in plain view on either side of his body at the widest part, while at least 12 to 14 inches of it extended above the top of his head.

If any of the bulky skin was lost in tanning, as I understand is usually the case, that interesting pair of reptiles must have had a waist measure of from 7 to 9 inches in diameter.

This is not very exact, but is authentic so far as it goes, and may remind some of the boys who saw them and took measurements. I can most emphatically and truthfully say that it is more exact and authentic as thus vaguely set forth after a survey of the tanned pelts, than it would have been had it been detailed from observations made when Mr. and Mrs. Rattler were still wearing them.

LEWIS HOPKINS.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

The Boston Show.

BOSTON, Feb. 24.—The Boston Sportsmen's Show is again open to the public. The opening night, an invitation affair, Friday evening, was well attended, considering that a snowstorm was raging outside. An attendance of over 5,000 showed that invitations had been liberal, and included most of the first society people of the Hub. Neither had the guides nor backwoodsmen been omitted, for they were there in good numbers. It was a "full-dress" affair for the gentlemen and ladies, and some of the "rigs" would vie with those of any Back Bay or Beacon Hill first-class affair. To some of the guides this feature was novel, and they found difficulty in recognizing some of the men and women they have guided and paddled in the woods dressed in corduroy and homespun. Not so the men and women. They had no difficulty in recognizing Tim, or Billy, or John, or Charley, who did so much to make last season's fishing or hunting trip enjoyable. It was a good illustration of what water and forest sports are doing, especially for women, to see gaily dressed ladies accosting guides, evidently with pleasure. The opinion of the guides was quite forcibly expressed in the remark of one guide to another, after he had had the pleasure of escorting a lady about the show: "Gracious, hain't she a stunner. I paddled her four days on — Lake last summer, and she caught trout and salmon, too, though new at the business. I was aware that she is nice and agreeable, but that rig knocks me!"

The duck exhibit is one of the best of the show, including over 150 wild ducks and a couple of dozen wild geese. These birds take to the occasion; only give them water enough to swim in, and they afford a great deal of entertainment. A cage of ruffed grouse has again been undertaken, but their wildness is almost painful. About thirty of them in a wooded pen gives some chance to watch these birds, although determined to keep out of sight as much as possible. The "woods full of 'coons" is as good as ever, the little fellows keeping in the trees in all sorts of positions. A yard of Maine deer is attractive, especially the one almost white. The elk exhibit is better than ever, while the buffalo are a new feature in Boston sportsmen's shows. Austin Corbin's game preserve has furnished another new feature this time—a wild boar sow, with a litter of pigs. The beaver are again on hand, in a more copious tank, with plenty of wood for dam building. The little fellows are eagerly watched, but they seem to succeed only in cutting a little wood. A

cage of prairie dogs are furnished with an abundance of sand for burrowing, but the sand is too loose, and falls back, leaving only a little nest. The common remark was, "Why do they dig, dig, all the time?" Unthinking people and persons not up in natural history ask such questions.

The fish and fisheries exhibit is a stronger feature than ever. Mr. Richard O. Harding has had much to do with perfecting this exhibit. In a grotto, apparently under ground, the exhibit is seen at its best, the light coming from above. Great trout and salmon swim the tanks, with angel fish and other curious features. The exhibit of over 100 tropical fish leads to much wonder and delight, on account of the beautiful colors of the individual classes. The fish are inhabitants of the waters of the West Indies. The still life display upstairs is good; the Eskimo settlement and other features of the frozen north. The gun exhibit is a rare one. The collection is admitted to be the finest in the world of what might be termed sporting arms. Here are old guns and new guns from several ages of the world. A part of the exhibit was once the famous Brooks collection of guns. Here are cross-bow guns, match locks, wheel locks, flint locks, percussion locks, down to the finest hammerless of the present day.

On the whole, the show is the best ever given here, and that is saying a good deal, from the standpoint of sportsmen. Its setting is exceedingly "woodsy," and one almost feels that if he should turn off the lights and let an owl or two hoot, he could be in the Maine woods again. The aquatic and athletic sports have been much improved upon, and will draw great crowds, while more room will be left to the students of natural history to study quadruped, bird and fish.

There has been an addition to the deer exhibit at the Sportsmen's Show. It is a baby hog deer, born eight or ten days ago. Its mother was imported from Africa by the managers of the show. It seems that the breeding of African deer has received some attention in this country, but that nothing had ever been accomplished in that direction till a fawn was produced from breeding a doe and a buck, shown here at the Sportsmen's Show of 1898. There seems to be little doubt that the hog deer is rightly constituted for breeding in this country, since the fawn produced has grown well and is now a fine buck. Several newly captured deer from the wilds of Maine have lately been added to the herd of Virginia deer that are in the show. One, a handsome buck, as wild as the woods from which he came, was in serious trouble when first liberated in the deer park. He is graceful and agile, and at first seemed untamable. But all at once he seemed to make up his mind that nothing was to harm him, and now the wild deer is one of the first to run to the game keeper when he approaches and ask for some choice morsel, such as his native wilds near Mt. Katahdin, did not afford.

SPECIAL.

A Snap Shot.

A GOOD many moons ago, before Texas had as many railroads as she now has, most of the mails there were carried by stage, those in the western part of the State generally being carried in buckboard wagons that were drawn by two mules each.

There was one of these star routes that extended from Fort Hill in the north clear to Fort Concho in southwestern Texas. Along this route about every thirty miles was a relay station, a small corral and a cabin, both having loopholes in them to shoot Indians through, for the Indians would call here now and again. Only a single man was to be found at one of these stations, unless one of us who acted as escorts for the mail should happen to be here. I was in this escort then, and my favorite stopping place, when not on duty, was at the station at "Mountain Pass," half way between Fort Griffin and the Concho.

I was here a few days at one time in the summer of 1869, and one day when examining the mules that the station keeper had here I found one of them sick; he appeared to have the distemper and we got him out of the stable right away, turning him loose in the chaparral back of the station. It rained that night, and the following morning the mule was missing, so I offered to go and look him up.

It was still raining a little, but I wanted to hunt anyhow, so taking my Spencer carbine with the magazine full and a load in the chamber, I started. The ground back of the station here was covered with a thick growth of mesquit, which looks something like young peach trees when you first see it. I carried my gun under my right arm with the muzzle pointed down to keep the inside of the barrel dry, and was walking along slowly, looking at the ground hard, trying to find the mule's trail, when suddenly a large doe (I have never seen but one that was larger) jumped up right in front of me. She had been lying at the foot of a bush trying to keep out of the wet, probably, and when she got up she was not ten yards from me. There was plenty of time yet for me to raise my gun and take aim properly, but I did not do it; but taking hold of the barrel half-way back from the muzzle with my left hand, I swung the gun out, holding it still on a level with my side, and pulling back the hammer, fired, just as the deer had begun to run from me; I had the gun pointed at her, of course, but had taken no aim. She jumped clear off the ground, then throwing herself backward fell and lay still.

I walked up to her and found that I had hit her in the neck, just where it joined her head; the ball had passed clear through her head and out between her eyes.

I stood here a minute or two looking at her. I had always made it a rule never to shoot a doe if I could aim at a buck, and never to shoot either with a shotgun. I have stood to one side and let a doe go when I could have blown her all to pieces with a shotgun. I was after turkeys, then, not deer.

I was rather sorry now that I had not missed this one. I might try this trick a hundred times again, though, and miss every time.

Leaving that mule to hunt himself now if he wanted to, I took hold of the deer and began to drag it home, but having my gun to carry made slow time and had not gone far when the station keeper met me; he had heard my

shot, and a shot out here generally means Indians, so he had lost no time in getting to me.

He handed me his gun, then tried to lift the deer to carry it. He could not, though, and had to drag it all the way home. We hung the deer up and after dressing her I started to look for the mule again, it having cleared off in the meantime. I found the mule several miles from the station, still going west; had he kept on west the Comanches would likely have found him; they were the Indians we used to hold shooting matches with every once in so often out here.

CABIA BLANCO.

Camp-Fire Stories from Canadian Woods.

VI.—Deer Hunting on the Madawaska.

IN the northern part of Central Ontario exists a vast region unknown until recent years to the tenderfoot or even to the ordinary hunter. Here, situated upon the headwaters of the rivers running northeast, south and west, is located the "Algonquin Park." This region, a veritable sportsman's paradise, has been rendered accessible by the building of the Ottawa, Arnprior and Parry Sound railway, afterward incorporated into the Canada Atlantic System, which has been recently sold to Dr. Webb and his New York syndicate.

For years I had anticipated an outing in this country, but so often as I had commenced to lay my plans, just so often something turned up to upset my calculations. But, as things always come to those who wait, at last my desire was gratified.

In the fall of 1892 an invitation to join in a deer hunt at the "Egan estate depot" on the upper Madawaska was kindly extended by the agent to myself and friend, "N," who was, by the way, a newspaper man and a "tenderfoot." A cordial invitation to partake of the hospitalities of a lumber depot, with a deer hunt thrown in, was not to be slightly treated. Therefore during the last days of October we repaired by an uneventful journey to Maynooth. Now, this place, situated in the northerly part of the county of Hastings, one hundred and twenty miles from the frontier town, is not to be confounded with Ireland's "Parnassus," but is the name of a small village comprising about a dozen or so houses, scattered along a country road, which does not possess the dignity, importance or modern improvements sufficient to be called a street. It was, however, prior to the building of the railway up the Madawaska valley about thirty miles beyond the entrepot for the great lumber region lying to the north, and a brisk trade was carried on here during the lumbering season. It was the extreme limit of comfort and civilization in this part of the Province. For a few miles out there were settlements, and then, extending away northerly to the shores of Lake Nipissing lay a vast unbroken wilderness.

Here we engaged a conveyance to carry us the remaining thirty miles of our journey, and it was here our experience began. That luckless spring wagon; far better would it have been for us had we packed our dunnage in a bag, and, shouldering our "turkey" and other outfit, trudged along on foot in the manner of shantymen.

The last fair day of the season was spent by the driver in tinkering his wagon, and, had we taken advantage of it by an early start, we could easily have walked to our destination. We started, however, on the following morning, and it began to snow.

For two miserable days of storm, rain and snow; after breaking down and sundry other mishaps; after exchanging our spring wagon for a "cadgers;" after spending a night in a miserable "stopping place," and after walking a larger part of the way through mud and snow, we reached the depot, tired, drenched to the skin, and heartily disgusted.

No pen picture can adequately convey an idea of those roads; they must be experienced in order that they may be appreciated. Five or six hundred weight is a fair load for a team with wagon. Riding up steep hills and then down almost perpendicular declivities is quite a "hair raising" experience to one not accustomed to it; while jolting and bounding into deep ruts and mud holes, over boulders, or long stretches of "coy-du-roy" transform, without much stretch of the imagination, the spring seat of a cadger's wagon into a bucking bronco.

The colonization roads, as they are called, in all the newly settled districts of this Province afford a fruitful source of patronage to the Provincial Government. Annually about \$100,000, and in the year preceding an election, a much larger sum is expended upon these roads.

The plan is to furnish sums varying from \$100 to \$1,000 to supporters of the Government to be expended in improving or making certain pieces of roads throughout all the newly settled townships. Each road-boss respectively engages men and teams to perform the work under his supervision. Supplies must be purchased and other incidental expenses incurred and all the money generally goes to Government supporters, so that the farmer, the laborer, the merchant, and the mechanic all participate in this species of patronage. When we consider the hundreds of road-bosses, the thousands of employees, and the numbers of tradesmen and mechanics, almost all of them composed of poor and struggling settlers in this rocky and ungenerous region, to whom a few dollars means a great deal, the effect of such patronage may be easily imagined. It is not at all surprising that the opposition should view with suspicion and characterize the annual appropriation for colonization roads as a huge electioneering fund.

In the more densely settled localities the work is entrusted to local men, who, as a rule, honestly expend the money, but where the settlers are few, jobs are too frequently given to needy politicians living miles away who have no interest in the localities where improvements are to be made, and, in these cases, there is perhaps too much force in the settlers' complaints that the money is not honestly applied.

In all this region there is no "till," or hard-pan beneath the mold to support a good roadbed, but the light, ochreous soil extends downward to the rock, and the waters from the rains and melting snow rush down the mountainsides like a mill race, leaving the roadway strewn

with rocks and boulders like the bed of a dried up stream.

Kennan, in his work upon Siberia, gives a graphic description of the "post station" or roadside hostelry in the Trans Baikal, which description, somewhat toned down, will give a fair idea of a "stopping place." In this sparsely settled country no hotel or tavern could exist. The long stretches of lonely road, however, make some place of shelter or rest a necessity, and, upon roads leading to the lumber camps, the lonely settler enlarges his log shanty and stables so as to afford accommodation for man and beast during the busy season. The comforts of these stopping places are rendered endurable only by absolute necessity. Mine host is invariably a hunter as well as a farmer, and his table is generally supplied with all kinds of game, but not always served up to the "queen's taste." You would prefer to do your own cooking, but that is not always practicable. Doubtless, however, on a dark and stormy winter's night the friendly light of a stopping place gladdens the heart of both driver and team, and some of these places are all that could be desired, and possess that air of tidy cleanliness and comfort so welcome to the tired traveler.

The road from Maynooth to the Madawaska abounds with ever varying scenes of beauty and grandeur peculiar to the Laurentian region. At one time you are traveling over a range of mountains trending off to the south and west and northeasterly, with wooded hills rolling away like billows upon your vision, here and there broken by the sheen of some pretty lake; at another you come upon some sylvan lake surrounded by evergreen hills and dotted with wooded islands, all mirrored upon the dark green surface. Here and there is heard the babble of mountain brooklets as they speed their gleeful course toward the placid water, and the fitful sighing of the gentle breeze through the towering pines—sounds so pleasing to the ear, so lulling to the senses, that you in fancy hear some fair wood-nymph, apprized of your approach and wooing you to her enchanted grotto in dulcet, mellow cadence—

"Come with me and be my love."

You would fain linger and listen or take your rod and try your flies upon the trout splashing and rippling the glassy waters. Again passing through some dark labyrinth of virgin forest where the air is laden with resinous odors from the pines and balsams, and where at every breath the lungs take in health and vigor.

We, however, were not permitted to enjoy the beautiful scenery, nor were we in a mood to indulge in poetic fancies. Traveling in this country after the stormy season has once set in is rather more prosy than poetic. Mists or blinding snow contracted our vision. Clambering over boulders or wading through slush occupied our attention, while the possibility of having, at any minute, a tree or a limb come crashing down upon our heads gave us a lively sense of our position.

E. B. FRALECK.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHICAGO AND THE WEST

The New Brunswick Moose Record.

The largest New Brunswick moose head of the season was killed by a Boston man, Mr. Edwin B. Holmes, on the northwest Miramichi, Mr. Arthur Pringle, of Stanley, being his guide. The antlers were shapely and had a spread of 62½ inches. Mr. R. H. Armstrong, of New Castle, killed a moose of 62 inches spread, this being one of the heads which will appear at the Boston show. Non-resident hunters killed more than 300 moose in New Brunswick last fall. An exact list is difficult to compile, but there may, perhaps, be a certain interest attached to the appended partial records of sportsmen who visited New Brunswick. It may be seen that the greatest number of sportsmen who go into New Brunswick are residents of the East, Western sportsmen not having yet fully realized the full extent of the game resources of this old but still unexploited wilderness.

F. M. Smith, San Francisco, Cal., 1 moose.
C. B. Zabriskie, New York, 1 moose.
F. E. Benjamin, Malden, Mass., 1 moose.
J. H. Hewitt, Cambridge, Mass., 1 moose, 1 caribou.
D. J. Flanders, Boston, Mass., 1 moose.
Charles Fox, Boston, Mass., 1 moose.
Dr. E. B. Holmes, Boston, Mass., 1 moose, 1 caribou, 1 bear, 1 deer.
E. A. Slack, Boston, Mass., 1 moose, 1 caribou, 1 bear, 1 deer.
Dr. F. W. Whidden, Portland, Me., 1 moose, 1 caribou.
Eugene Warren, New York, 1 moose.
Eugene Sykes, New York, 1 caribou.
Alfred Weed, Providence, R. I., 1 moose, 1 caribou, 1 deer.
John McIntyre, Dayton, O., 1 moose, 1 caribou, 1 deer.
Dr. J. D. Lance, Providence, R. I., 1 moose, 1 caribou.
Charles E. Mann, Providence, R. I., 1 moose, 1 caribou.
Edwin McKisson, New York, 1 moose, 1 caribou, 1 deer.
H. K. McKirkland, New York, 1 moose, 1 caribou.
I. W. Morton, St. Louis, Mo., 1 moose.
Miss Alice Morton, St. Louis, Mo., 1 moose.
Count Von Arnim, Washington, D. C., 1 moose.
W. M. Kidder, New York, 1 moose, 1 caribou.
George D. Pratt, New York, 1 moose, 1 caribou.
Dr. D. W. Greene, Dayton, O., 1 moose, 1 caribou.
J. R. King, Dayton, O., 1 moose.
Lambert Sydnay, Jr., New York, 1 moose.
N. T. Depauw, New Albany, Ind., 1 moose.
F. E. Hutchinson, New York, 1 bear.
Lyman Bass, Buffalo, N. Y., 1 moose, 1 caribou.
Evan Hollister, Buffalo, N. Y., 1 moose, 1 caribou.
C. W. Feigenspan, Newark, N. J., 1 moose, 1 caribou.
Dr. F. Schavoir, Stanton, Conn., 1 moose.
Mrs. F. Schavoir, Stanton, Conn., 1 moose.
George T. Bishop, Cleveland, O., 1 moose, 1 caribou.
Owen Scotten, Detroit, Mich., 1 moose.
Fred Irland, Washington, O., 1 moose.
Chas. W. Small, Portland, Me., 1 moose.
Emerson Hough, Chicago, Ill., 1 moose.
B. R. Houghton, Boston, 1 moose.
William Angel, Detroit, Mich., 1 moose.
Edward Ward, Worcester, Mass., 1 moose.
N. C. Nash, Boston, 1 moose.
Major Hinman, Boston, 1 moose.
Dr. G. A. Robinson, Sayville, N. Y., 1 moose.
Major John Dunlap, Hackensack, N. J., 1 moose, 1 caribou.
Charles Wade, Knoxville, Tenn., 1 moose.

The Shrinking of Sheep Horns.

If anyone is desirous of establishing a record for size in mountain sheep horns, it may be well for him to do his measuring as soon after the death of his specimen as possible. While I am not ready to say that ordinary domestic conditions will dry out the horn and reduce its dimensions, I can affirm that steam heat such as is cus-

tomarily found in a city residence, will effect a pronounced change in the horns of the bighorn sheep.

It may be, perhaps, borne in mind by a few that, at the New York sportsmen's show of 1897, there appeared the largest bighorn head which anyone present had ever seen, and which was called by the measuring committee quite the largest specimen ever recorded to their knowledge. My recollection is that the committee was composed of Theodore Roosevelt and George Bird Grinnell, of New York, and Thomas Fraine, of Rochester, N. Y. It is difficult to measure the horn of a bighorn exactly, and if memory serves correctly, the committee did not exactly agree upon the measurements of this specimen. Billy Jackson, the Piegan half-breed who brought the head from the St. Mary's country of Montana, stated that he and the hunter Norris, who probably killed the animal, made out the horns to be 20 inches. The committee could not make it so much. Mr. Fraine measured it to be slightly over 18¾ inches, and declared that he was satisfied to call it a 19-inch head. I do not recollect the measurements of either of the other two gentlemen of the committee, but believe that one set the figure at 18½ inches. The horns of this specimen were very massive, indeed, measuring even now 17 inches clean without following the curve of the base, and 16 inches clean well out toward the curve of the horn. Much broken at the ends as these horns are, they measure to-day 40 inches fair.

Billy Jackson gave me the above head and it was mounted by Fraine, of Rochester, and has since remained one of my much prized possessions. Seeing recently a statement that the record bighorn head was 16¾ inches, I bethought myself this week to measure the old ram's head once more. In this I was assisted by J. B. Monroe, of the Blackfoot reservation, who was of the Montana party at the New York show five years ago. We did not remove the head from the wall, and therefore could not make so perfect a measurement as we desired. Jack Monroe held the tape, and with two measurements he checked on the circumference at 17¾ inches, or fully one inch less than the same head measured five years ago. Jack told me then that he knew these horns would shrink when continually exposed to dry air. We, perhaps, did not quite do justice to this mammoth head in our crude measurements, as we could not get down under the hair, and hence could not follow the curves of the horn at the base, yet we were both satisfied that the measurement to-day is much less than it was at the time this specimen was in the hands of the committee at New York. Even so, this head maintains a supremacy of a good strong inch over that recorded as record size.

Fremont, in his second expedition across the Rockies, speaks of seeing mountain sheep, but does not write as though his statements were the results of exact measurements. He says the horns are "often 17 inches about the base, and three feet long." If anyone has ever seen a 21-inch or indeed a 20-inch bighorn head he has seen something that is not authentically recorded anywhere. I have always believed and still believe that the record bighorn head of America is in my own possession.

Wishininne will Organize.

The Wishininne Club of Chicago sportsmen, about the busiest club of its size, I imagine, that may be found in the length and breadth of the land, held a warm session to-day. It was decided that the club should adopt a pin or badge consisting of a miniature of the skull of old Chief Wishininne, the Sioux warrior. There were originally only five members of the Wishininne Club, but it was decided to increase the number of badges to ten. There was where the trouble began. The club is generous with its invitations, and many sportsmen who have sat at the Wishininne table for some months are covetous of owning one of these club badges. The president of the club says ten are to be made, no more, no less. The waiting list beyond that is a large one, and will continue to be large. Just who the lucky ten will be cannot, at this writing, be stated. One of the original five is no longer in the club, and his place will be filled with one friend to be chosen by each of the charter members. There will be great doings when the club badge is ready, and the membership will then be announced.

The Wishininne Club, to the extent of nine members, attended the sportsmen's show Thursday evening of this week, and enjoyed themselves very much. Mr. W. B. Mershon, of Saginaw, Mich., was another distinguished sportsman to honor the entertainment with his presence on the same evening.

Lake County Quail Stock.

A few sportsmen of Waukegan, Ill., are endeavoring to stock Lake County, Ill., with Bob White quail. A fund of more than \$100 has been raised, and early this spring there will be 300 or 400 birds put down, in the hope that they will flourish and take the place of the quail which were formerly found there, but have been gathered to their ancestors.

Hard to Tell.

Mr. J. Garry Waltemeyer asks for a trapping country. I should dislike the responsibility of advising him if he expected to make a living for four persons. There is some trapping country in Arkansas, for instance on the White River, but one would need to be careful about going there, and he would not find the region heathy at all times of the year. Parts of the Rocky Mountains, of course, still have some fur-bearing animals, and in Michigan and Wisconsin, near the dividing line between those two States, the trappers manage to pick up a little fur every winter. It is a far call, however, from Maryland to those localities, and the undertaking is so risky nowadays that I should not like to counsel Mr. Waltemeyer to undertake to live chiefly by hunting and fishing in the West.

Buffalo Jones and the Musk-Ox.

Buffalo Jones passed through Chicago yesterday on his way to Topeka, Kas., after a visit of some days at Washington, D. C. Mr. Jones, as may perhaps be not generally known, is the holder of a permit from the Canadian Government to go into the Arctic and sub-Arctic country and to bring out 20 musk-ox and 20 wood bison. It is stated that this permit has not been granted to any

other person, and certainly there is no other person who would be able to handle it with the same success as Buffalo Jones himself. I understand that Buffalo Jones is making arrangements for another expedition, and if so we may look forward to a record of complete success.

Alaska Traveler Interviewed.

I had the privilege of a long interview with Mr. Chas. A. Woodruff, formerly of Chicago, and now owner of a number of claims in Alaska located near the Forty-Mile district in the lower Yukon. Asked as to the game on the Yukon River, Mr. Woodruff stated that there was very little there, but that the hunter must go up the side streams such as the Pelly or the Stewart, which make back 75 or 100 miles behind the high plateaus. The Yukon itself is a dead country, so far as game is concerned. Mr. Woodruff says that better shooting can be had on the Pacific Coast. He says that Barinoff Island is almost unexplored, and that only one or two miners have crossed its interior. He says that the Taku Inlet is another good game country. All this western slope of Alaska is hard to get through, but when one has once gotten over it to the east side of the big mountains it is easier traveling. Mr. Woodruff says that within twelve miles of Juneau there is good shooting on sheep and goats. The biggest bear, he says, are to be found up in the mountains near the glacier regions, and he says the Muir Glacier, easily accessible by steamship, is not far from good bear country. He declares that there is no slaughter of game being made in interior Alaska. Bill Lee, a government corral man, on Oct. 12, 1901, killed 106 caribou in one day, and did not go out of his steps more than 500 yards. He was killing for meat. This was near Eagle City, about 150 miles from Dawson. Meat is worth 50 cents a pound, but it is hard to pack, and moreover cartridges cost too much to be wasted.

Mr. Woodruff killed one fine moose near the head of the Forty-Mile River, and he brought out the antlers 600 miles by dog team. They were worth it, for the spread is 69½ inches.

Asked what a dog team could do, Mr. Woodruff stated that he and his companion averaged 42 miles a day on their way out to the Pacific Coast. They both rode in their sled, and the weight of the load carried averaged 600 pounds. The sledge used was eight feet long and shod with iron shoes. Mr. Woodruff says the brass shoes wear out too easily. Mr. Woodruff says that Sitka is a good country for grizzly, bald faced, blue or brown bear. That is to say, one can get into good bear country from that point.

Contrary to the popular opinion, Mr. Woodruff says that the interior of Alaska does not have a very heavy snow fall, not over two feet on the average. The thermometer, however, goes very low. January 16, 1901, showed the thermometer at 76 degrees below zero at his camp, and there were 16 days when the thermometer was never above 47 degrees below zero. He says the old-timers have a rule that when the thermometer freezes it is better to stay indoors, and he thinks it is a good rule to follow. As to provisions, a year ago Mr. Woodruff paid \$2 for four cans of milk, with other supplies in about the same ratio. He paid \$2.50 for a pound of tobacco, \$4 for a sack of flour, and \$1.05 for three pounds of beans. Grub is taken into his camp by means of Indians and dogs, the Indians putting about 25 pounds in each dog pack. For a distance of 85 miles Mr. Woodruff paid \$168 carrying charges, on grub which had originally cost him \$118. He says Alaska is an expensive country to live in, but that there is plenty to do, and he believes the country will be better ten years from now than it is to-day.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

That New York Law Again.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The discussion in your paper concerning the construction of Section 33 of the Forest, Fish and Game law, in the storage case, by Judge O'Gorman, has been of interest to me, and as I have formed an opinion as to how that section should be construed, and as it seems too bad to have gone to the trouble of forming an opinion and then not be able to do anything with it, I have been moved to inflict it upon you.

The correctness of the following proposition will probably be conceded, i. e., "All wild birds have an open season the year around, except as such season has been restricted by legislation."

Now, Sections 20-32, both inclusive, of the game law provide for certain close seasons, but those sections still leave all wild birds an open season, except that there is no such season for quail, grouse and woodcock in certain counties until 1903, and for pheasants until 1905.

We come to the construction of Section 33, therefore, with this proposition still in mind, i. e., that all wild birds have an open season, except quail, grouse, woodcock and pheasants in certain counties.

Section 33: "Wild birds other than the English sparrow, crow, hawk, raven, crow-blackbird, common blackbird, kingfisher, and birds for which there is no open season, shall not be taken or possessed at any time, dead or alive, except under the authority of a certificate issued under this act. * * *

As I understand it, the intent of the lawmakers must be gathered from the context, if possible, and such a construction should be put upon the statute as will carry into effect that intent, unless such construction is in plain violation of the ordinary meaning of the language employed.

Let us look first at this construction, "Wild birds (other than the English sparrow, * * * and birds for which there is no open season), shall not be taken or possessed at any time, dead or alive," etc.

Under that construction no wild bird could be taken or possessed at any time, alive or dead, except the birds enumerated in said Section 33 and birds for which there is no open season.

In other words, all of Sections 20-31 would be rendered utterly meaningless and useless. Birds which the Legislature had provided might be killed and possessed during part of the year could not be taken or possessed at any time, while birds which it had been the special

care of the Legislature to protect at all times would have no protection whatever.

Now, let us look at the other construction: "Wild birds (other than the English sparrow, etc.) and birds for which there is no open season shall not be taken and possessed at any time," etc.

Is not that manifestly the intent of the Legislature? Such construction leaves all of the preceding sections with a meaning and a mission. It protects all song and insectivorous birds and also prevents the taking and possession of the birds for which there is no open season and for which taking and possession no previous provision had been made. And at the same time it does no violence to the language employed, except perhaps in the omission of the word "and" between the words blackbird and kingfisher, or in the displacement of a comma, both matters too insignificant to be allowed to stand in the light of a fair enforcement of legislative intent.

Neither do I believe that the return to the Section 33 of 1900, where the word "an" was used instead of the word "no" would be an improvement. On the contrary, I believe that that section could not be construed so as to effect the intent of the Legislature.

Let us see, always remembering that all wild birds have open seasons, except quail, grouse, woodcock and pheasants in certain counties.

"Wild birds (other than the English sparrows, etc., and birds for which there is an open season), shall not be taken or possessed, etc." But we have seen that all birds have an open season except quail, grouse, woodcock and pheasants in certain counties, and by substitution we would have something like this: "Wild birds (other than all wild birds, except quail, grouse and woodcock and pheasants in certain counties) shall not be taken and possessed, etc." In other words, no birds would be protected under that section except quail, grouse, woodcock and pheasants in certain counties, thus leaving song and insectivorous birds wholly without protection.

Or this: "Wild birds (other than the English sparrow, etc.) and birds for which there is an open season, shall not be taken or possessed, etc." Of course, no one will contend for this construction.

Perhaps this is a case of *reductio ad absurdum*, but it is my honest opinion that the construction "Wild birds (other than the English sparrow, etc.) and birds for which there is no open season, shall not be," etc., is the one intended by the Legislature, is the only reasonable one and the only one which can be adopted without shattering the whole game protective system, so far as it concerns wild birds.

Be it understood that I speak wholly without authority in this matter, and perhaps unwisely, but certainly from a personal conviction based upon some study of the sections referred to.

F. A. C.

Non-Resident Licenses.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., Feb. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The articles which have recently appeared in *FOREST AND STREAM* regarding the "non-resident license" have, with the exception of the article this week by Lexden, been written by hunters who believe only in the present and do not look into the future. Why not consider this question as a business proposition? Why not face it fairly, and solve it in a way that promises us both immediate returns and also provides for the boy now coming on?

"Laws and religion must change to suit the times."

We all understand how the abundance of game in years gone by made unnecessary any laws regarding non-resident license, but what of the future? The increase in the number of hunters, cheap guns, cheap ammunition, cheap transportation, the small bore, the pump gun, innovations and inventions, have, in the hands of selfish game-destroyers (not sportsmen), brought about a condition that must be met, or the coming generation will have but little to go afield for, so far as game is concerned.

We all have boys coming on. Shall we not consider them? Near all our cities game has practically disappeared. The same is true practically of some of our States. What is the result? Cheap transportation allows the hunter of the State or city where game has disappeared to quickly reach a territory where game can still be found. The fact that game has disappeared around the city or in a State means that this region is one of "civilization" or "agricultural perfection." This means wealth. The party who can afford to go to a distant State to hunt, should, from his better chances for making money, be perfectly willing to pay a moderate license for such a privilege. The residents of a game country are as a rule poor or in moderate means. Their game should be a means of income. Is, in fact, from the city hunter-boarder; but how about the city hunter who has no restriction on him? Too often he kills more than a decent, thoughtful man should. He helped to devastate his own State, and now he would do the same by his neighbor.

Some have said that a license would keep a poor man from going into a neighboring State to hunt. Personally, I do not believe this, and again, if any man is too poor to pay a small license, he has no business in spending his time hunting.

A fair sample of what happens in a no-license State is found here around Asheville. Ten or fifteen years ago we had plenty of deer a few miles from Asheville. To-day they are gone, and yet we have millions upon millions of acres of virgin forests all around us to-day. A country which, if protected by the State in close seasons and by license, would have had plenty of deer to-day for us and also for our boys in years to come.

We have a hundred thousand tourists in Asheville a year. One-third the trunks that come here contain guns. Result: Even our song birds have disappeared, where a few years ago they were here by the thousand. Our deer are gone. To-day the visiting hunters are after the birds. Ten years more and our birds will be gone with the deer. I to-day know of one individual who has spent the winter here with his dogs and gun. I have recently heard him say that he had killed a thousand quail this winter. Is it right? Is it fair that, after killing all the game in their own country in such butchery, he should come into our fields and do the same? Yes, tax him!

and I would to God that I had the power not only to tax him but also to fine him.

Comparatively poor as I am, I take a trip every fall to either the West or Canada. Where do I go? Always to the State or Province where they have a license. Why? Because at such places I am sure to find game. I have paid \$40 in Wyoming and my \$30 in New Brunswick with pleasure. It's well worth it. I want to go for years to come. If they take off this license I am well satisfied my boys now coming on will never visit these States on a hunting trip. There will be nothing to hunt.

The man who can afford to hunt to-day can afford to pay his hunting tax.

If we don't think of to-morrow our boys will censure us as long as they live.

We provide for their future otherwise, why not here?

As I wrote to the editor of *Outdoor Life* in Denver a few months ago, "If the man of to-day cannot afford this tax let him stay at home. His son may be able to go later on."

It has been my experience that the kicker against the license, like the party who pays no attention to posted land, is invariably the man who has no limit to his game bag. His game bag is like his nature. He wants the earth, and wants it now. He thinks not of the future.

Every person whom I have heard kick against the non-resident tax has invariably lived where game has ceased to exist. In his own community he has killed the goose that laid the golden egg, and now he would kill ours.

Every State should have its own license, and should spend such money derived in protecting its game and stocking its streams.

I trust that Wyoming and New Brunswick (and all States that to-day have a license law) will retain them. I want my boys and their boys to have the privilege of paying that license. (They will get game if they do, too.) Yes, and I trust that they will have to pay a State license at home for every firearm they own.

License the non-resident. Tax every sort of firearm. Put a thousand dollar tax on every firearm dealer; make him report every sale, and we will have fewer murders, less crime, less lynching, less hanging and more game and more song birds.

C. P. AMBLER.

REVERE, Mass., Feb. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My boyhood days were spent in the stifling atmosphere and crowded streets of New York city. The only taste of country life I ever enjoyed was an occasional visit to Jones' Woods and Central Park. A love of trees and fields and running brooks developed in my youthful heart in those days, and time has failed to obliterate or weaken that love. I am never so supremely happy as when I am in the silent depths of a pine forest. No jarring noise or discordant note ever reaches one there; all is beautiful and harmonious. For the best part of a year I am satisfied to toil from sunrise till sunset, buoyed up by the refreshing thought that I will have two weeks' vacation in the woods of Maine.

It is the only form of recreation that affords me relief from the daily vexations of this busy life, and not being a "wealthy sportsman," I am often compelled to make many sacrifices to enable me to take my cherished outing. If the proposed scheme of taxing non-residents goes into effect, it will be an added hardship for us "duffers" who are not wealthy.

I have made trips to Maine for the past two seasons, and have been compelled to be very careful in my expenditures. It costs quite a bit to go to Maine, as the following list will show.

Railroad fare for round trip.....	\$15 50
Two weeks' board bill.....	15 00
Mounting one head.....	10 00
Two weeks' pay lost.....	30 00
Running home expenses during absence.....	30 00
Liquors and tobacco.....	4 50
Moccasins and hose bought in Maine.....	2 25
Compass, knife and axe.....	3 00
Freight to American Express on one deer.....	2 00
Team from depot to woods and return.....	1 00
Hauling out one deer.....	1 00
Rifle hire, and ammunition for gun and rifle.....	6 50
Tips to folks at camp.....	10 00
Lunch at various railroad stops.....	1 00
	\$131 75

Quite a bit of money for a fellow to put out. If the Maine Legislature sees fit to affix a tax of \$20 upon us folks, why we will refrain from going to Maine, and the widow at whose house we stop will then be deprived of the means of lifting the cumbersome mortgage that now rests upon some woodland property she is trying to own.

JAY PEE.

Wild Geese on the Arkansas.

It is not often that we of Western Arkansas can get any of that most fascinating sport, shooting wild geese, but the past cold snap was an exception, and when the news came to town that along the Arkansas River, some eight miles south of town, thousands of geese were congregated, I lost no time getting in shape to give them a round. Taking my shotgun, a 12 gauge, and I know I will be called a has-been in regard to guns when I say that in all my hunting the past five years I have never found a gun with the killing powers of this little 7-pound arm. I have killed a hawk one hundred yards with No. 6 shot, and at 80 yards sent seven No. 6 through a gray squirrel. I also took a small rifle, a single shot breech-loading Remington, and plenty of shells for the shotgun and a lot of cartridges for the rifle. I hitched John, my faithful hunting horse, to the buggy and soon was in the land of the honkers. And such a sight! It sent the blood tingling through my veins, when nearing the field of rye I saw in the middle of the field on a slight elevation at least one thousand geese.

It was late in the evening, and to get a shot at these was impossible; so I put my horse in a friendly barn, engaged a couple of darkies to aid me at night, and then went down on the river and waited for any stray goose that might come along. Hundreds of them were flying up and down stream. Occasionally I would hear the report of a gun, and finally I saw a bunch coming in to the river low down and coming direct for my hiding place. Cocking my gun I waited until they had passed over me, when I gave them the right barrel and then the left and down came one old gander with a broken wing;

and when they had gone some three hundred yards an old goose let go and struck the sand bar with a thud, stone dead. I reloaded, and with my little rifle finished the gander, and waited, but got only some long shots until dark and only succeeded in getting the two out of the first bunch. After a good supper, I took my two helpers and a spade and soon, under cover of the darkness, had a pit sunk in that rye field, covered over with cornstalks, and was ready to meet them in the morning. At 4 o'clock in the morning I was out of bed, and after a hearty breakfast made for the blind, and was soon in it. I could hear some geese in the darkness that had come in late at night, and remained in the field.

Soon a gray line began to show in the east, and away down the river I heard the honk, honk of the coming geese. Directly a shotgun boomed up the river and the whole world seemed alive with flying geese, and ere the light was so I could see to shoot the rustle of wings told me they were circling over the rye field; and in a few minutes I saw a large bunch coming direct to the blind. Waiting until they curved their wings to light, not forty yards away, I rose and gave them both barrels, and then sank back to load. They seemed not to know what to do, and kept on coming in and passing over my blind until away after sun up, when finally the flight ceased, after I had used a whole bag of shells. I got out of my cramped position, cold and stiff, but happy, and in that field I got nineteen geese dead and wounded. I piled them up, went and got John to the buggy, and drove out and got the finest lot of wild geese ever killed in this part of the country in one morning. Then I left for home, but I am going back again this week, and will tell the *FOREST AND STREAM* family of my luck at some other time.

J. E. LOUDON.

ALMA Ark., February.

Hunting Rifles.

I SPENT a couple of weeks this fall moose hunting in the calling season. The weather was wintry, making it unfavorable to call.

We had only two good mornings to call during the two weeks. The first was Oct. 7. My guide called just about dawn of day. He had not called over ten minutes when we heard a moose answer. The moose was about a mile away, the guide judged. The moose kept answering every few yards. He did not stop but once, and that was just before coming out on the bog. My guide gave a low call or whine, and the moose came out on the run. He stopped about 125 yards from us. I gave him one shot with my Savage .303 back of the left foreleg. He reared up on his hindlegs and fell over, a dead moose. He was a fine large animal, and in prime condition.

We tried another morning, but got no answer. We saw signs of very many moose. The bogs were completely cut up with tracks. I also shot two black bears; one weighed about 300 pounds. One shot each was all they could carry.

I had for a caller and guide W. T. Crooker, of North Brookfield, Queens county, Nova Scotia—a good caller and a good guide. One who has his services may feel fairly sure of bringing home moose. I engaged him very early in the season. He has tents, canoe and teams. All the sportsman needs to carry with him is his rifle.

I have hunted in Maine and New Brunswick, but for moose I think Nova Scotia far ahead of either. Of course, the license is high, but when you buy it you have all the privileges of the residents. You do not have to pay \$50 for a shot at a moose and \$100 to get him out of the woods, which seem to be the prevailing rates of Maine.

Now, in *FOREST AND STREAM* of Dec. 21, 1901, Mr. Hardy, of Brewer, Me., claims the .45 caliber rifle the best for big game. But my experience has been, since using the .38-55 and .45-70 caliber rifle, beside several others, that the .303, with the expanding bullet, is far ahead of any black powder rifle. Since I owned this rifle I have killed eleven deer, one moose and two bears; killed them with one shot each, and never had any of the animals go 25 yards after being hit. This does not speak too bad for the small bore.

I think that any sportsman that will take good steady aim at his game with a small-bore rifle will be perfectly satisfied with the killing power, and in the future use no other.

Here is a trick that .45-70 men have to do after shooting at game—run 25 yards to get ahead of the cloud of smoke made by the rifle in order to see whether they got the game or to fire another shot at it, while with the small-bore, smokeless powder rifle, you can stand in one place and fire a hundred shots.

W. G. MILLER.

WEST MEDWAY, Mass.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Something over a year ago the writer purchased a new .30-30 smokeless rifle, and during last summer its killing qualities were tested, principally on the festive woodchuck and other small game in the vicinity. There seemed to be no discount on its accuracy, and the paralyzing power on small game was amazing. The soft-nose bullet upon striking a 'chuck would, before its exit, upset to double its former capacity, dealing instant death to its victims.

The first of November came and found the narrator up in Herkimer country with the .30-30 to be first tried on deer. The first week was spent in getting located in camp and looking up sign on bare ground and dry leaves. During the second week snow fell and we struck a fine buck track one afternoon, and had not followed it far till we discovered him standing broadside at about 60 yards distant, with head and shoulders hid by a bush. The sights were placed on him, and at the report we expected to see him drop. Not so, however, as he didn't paralyze worth a cent, but was up and off in a hurry. Upon reaching where he stood, there could be seen a few hairs scattered on the snow. Taking the trail, we noticed now and then a drop of blood scattered on the snow, not enough to be of any avail in tracking had the ground been bare. After following for a good half mile, we discovered him standing back of a fallen spruce tree-top, when a second shot through the neck brought him down. Upon dressing out the carcass, the first ball we

found lodged against the hide on the further side, having gone through the lights in its course, upset as usual, with copper casing attached. Do you wonder that my faith in the killing power of small calibers fell several degrees that afternoon while following and looking for a mere trace of blood along the trail? I am convinced that had the ground been bare of snow, I could not have followed the trail one-half the distance without losing it, and perhaps would have been cursing myself for such foolish shooting as to miss a deer at that distance or carelessly hit a saddle in range that I did not see.

No, give me a caliber of .40, with at least 70 grains of powder behind the bullet for hunting deer. I would not care to pattern after Mr. Braithwaite, with a rifle of .577 caliber, taking 160 grains of powder and ball of 500 grains, as I think that is unnecessary, even for moose.

The present craze for smokeless small bores to hunt large game will have its day. After the hunter has puzzled his brain following up on bare ground several wounded deer which are only to be lost in the end, his faith in a .30-30 will gradually cease. The bullet is altogether too light, and the striking surface too small to be of practical value in letting blood flow sufficiently to aid the hunter on bare ground in tracing up wounded game.

A flat trajectory is quite desirable in a hunting rifle. But it will not do to sacrifice a good-sized bullet, with heft enough to secure sufficient penetration, for the sake of cutting down trajectory.

I may add that one other of our party, while out the first week on bare ground, came up to within 100 feet of a nice buck, with head down, picking up beechnuts. Our friend drew his .30-30 on to the deer and fired, when to his amazement the buck ran away. He followed the trail some distance, lost it, and after reconnoitering for some time, gave it up as an unaccountable. After breakfast next morning he shouldered his rifle, and remarked, that if he could not kill a deer at that distance he would not shoot at another, and left for home.

Now I did not do that; but I did say that if I ever went hunting for deer again that my old .40-70 rifle would accompany me.

OLD SHEKARRY.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have noticed with a good deal of interest the discussion going on in your paper as to the killing qualifications of the small-bore rifle, with special reference to the .30-30. The article in the FOREST AND STREAM of the 15th inst. by Mr. Frederic Irland is to the point, and carries conviction in favor of the large-bore rifles.

Let me add my quota of evidence on behalf of Mr. Irland's argument. Last fall, while hunting moose on the Tobique River, I used a .30-30, much against my better judgment.

Early one morning (the light was good) a large bull moose came out about 200 yards distant. I fired three shots. The third one hit. He fell full length on his side. A distinct impression was left in the mud, and he laid there for at least two minutes, got up, fell a second time full length each time, got up, fell a third time on his knees, then off.

We hunted carefully for traces of blood, but none were to be found. I am convinced, with a large-bore rifle I would have had my moose.

J. W. Y. SMITH.

New York Game Legislation.

Up to Jan. 30 forty proposed amendments to the fish and game law had been introduced in the Assembly and twelve in the Senate. A large number of these are county bills, and it is very gratifying to note that, with two or three exceptions, these bills ask for a shorter open season for the better protection of fish and game. Among the bills which apply to the State at large, and which every sportsman should urge their representatives to support are:

Assembly bill No. 410, "FOREST AND STREAM plank." To stop the sale of woodcock, ruffed grouse and quail at any time or place throughout the State.

Assembly bill No. 598 provides that grouse killed in this State shall not be sold or offered for sale at any time or place throughout the State, and possession of the same shall be presumptive evidence that the same was killed in this State.

Assembly bill No. 454. Amending section 52, adding the words, acids, sludge, injurious to the life of fish or fish spawn or destructive of the natural spawning beds or feeding places of fish, or otherwise disturbing the habits of fish inhabiting the same, and striking out the words [in quantities destructive of fish inhabiting the same].

Assembly bill No. 403, amending section 30, making close season for plover and other birds Jan. 1 to Aug. 31.

Assembly bill No. 255, amending section 6 by striking out [before August 15, 1902].

Assembly bill 246, making the close season for woodcock and grouse December 1 to September 15.

Assembly bill No. 212, asking for twelve additional protectors. (This bill has passed the Assembly.)

Senate bill No. 167 making the close season for grouse and woodcock December 1 to September 15.

Senate bill No. 243, amending section 173 relating to the powers of game protectors by striking out the words [except the counties of New York and Kings].

Senate bill No. 338, making the close season for deer November 1 to August 31.

Senate bill No. 339, amending section 6 by striking out [before August 15, 1902].

Assemblyman Day, of Jefferson, has introduced a bill making the close season for black and gray squirrels December 16 to September 15.

I hope that this bill making the opening day the same for grouse, woodcock and squirrels will meet the approval of the sportsmen of the State.

For those who believe in a non-resident license, Assembly bill No. 253 provides that every non-resident of this State shall pay a fee of ten dollars, one half to go to the county in which the license is paid, and one half to the State treasury.

The local or county bills which may interest the resident sportsmen are:

Assembly bill No. 38, which amends sections 82-83, making the law in regard to fishing and spearing muscallonge and billfish apply to Chautauqua and Cassadaga Lakes.

Assembly bill No. 39 requiring a license fee of ten dollars from non-residents of the State to spear in these waters.

Assembly bill No. 128, amending section 80, allowing nets to be used in Seneca Lake from May 1 to September 30.

Assembly bill No. 38, 288, amends section 82-83, making the law in regard to fishing and spearing muscallonge and billfish apply to Chautauqua, Cassadaga and Bear Lakes.

Assembly bill No. 307 amending section 21, so as to permit the shooting of ducks from a battery with or without decoys on any part of Cayuga Lake during the day-time on Wednesday of each week from the first day of October to the 31st of March.

W. H. TALLETT.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., Feb. 6.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The awakening of friends of the Adirondacks, as shown by the exposure in your last issue, of the scheme to let in the lumbermen, did my old North Woods heart good.

But why is there not an awakening among the honest sportsmen? I have been looking over the bills now slipping through to amend the fish and game law, and I tell you there is the worst lot of them that ever was seen. And they seem to be booked to go through. Our member who is on the committee says that you can get anything voted out "if you are right." I asked him if the Commission approved such legislation, and he said: "We don't have to ask them." I asked him if they had many sportsmen come before the committee, and he said: "All we want of them. They are mostly cranks." I wanted to oppose some of the bills, and asked him about it, but he said it would do no good and would be a waste of time. He said the members that had the right backing could get anything out, no matter who opposed. He said the committee knew some of the bills were bad, but had to let them out if they wanted to get any legislation, as the Speaker wanted to be nominated for Lieutenant-Governor, and was looking for friends in every county. That is why I appeal to you to let the public—that is, the sporting public—know what is going on.

I was told also that the first fish law amendment signed by the Governor the last of the past week was one to which the Commission had filed strong objections. It was Assemblyman Fowler's bill legalizing fishing through the ice in Bear and Cassadaga lakes in Chautauqua county. One of the old Fish Commissioners told me that there had been a lot of brown trout put into Cassadaga Lake and many thousands of muscallonge had been planted in both bodies of water. I also learned that there are thousands of little houses on Chautauqua Lake where the men sit to spear fish, and that there is a bill gone through that makes a license fee for non-resident fishermen in the county waters. But the Speaker is from that county, and he is ambitious, as I have said, they say. He is the man also who is the bosom friend of the Deputy Comptroller of the State, Gilman, who is called Quiggs' man in New York, and who in Albany is called the head of the cold-storage combination to beat any legislation aimed to regulate the cold-storage places, such as those where a protector recently seized so many thousand birds illegally kept there. I do not know what has become of that case, but heard it was in the hands of a political law firm and would be buried.

E. WILSON SALTERS.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 28.

The Plank for New York.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Assembly Bill 410 provides for the adoption in New York of the FOREST AND STREAM's Platform Plank so far as to stop the sale of woodcock, ruffed grouse and quail at any time or place throughout the State. If you want it, ask your representative to support Assembly Bill No. 410. I am in receipt of reliable information from Albany that unless there is a great change of sentiment in our legislators, especially those from Greater New York, this bill cannot pass at this session.

It seems to me that the question is not fully understood by the people or their representatives. And that the vital importance of the passage of the bill is not appreciated.

The danger of extermination of the small game of this State is imminent. The time has come when this bill must pass or our woodcock, ruffed grouse and quail are doomed. Few of us are aware of the immense quantities of game that the markets of this State demand each year, and that this supply must in the future come from the State itself, for the reason that nearly every State in the Union forbids the export of game, and the Lacy act, passed by Congress in 1900, has made the enforcement of these laws so easy and sure that it has cut off all those vast supplies of game that used to come from other States. This is the question that confronts the people of this State to-day. How long will the game of this State supply our markets?

This danger, which threatens the game interests of New York, threatens every State in the Union as well, and many of them have been quick to see and guard against it by passing such laws as will preserve the game for the people to whom it rightfully belongs.

Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Maine, Michigan, Minnesota, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, California, Alabama, Kansas, Nevada, Missouri, North Dakota, Texas and Washington, have already passed laws which forbid the sale of game at any time or place throughout the State, and in nearly every other State similar bills are pending. Are our representatives at Albany so blind or indifferent to the interests of the people as to permit by their neglect the certain extinction of the small game of this State?

W. H. TALLETT.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., Feb. 21.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

A Plea for Spring Shooting.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As one of the great many poor devils who are compelled on account of their business to take their vacation in the spring of the year, I protest most heartily against the new proposed law just sent up to Albany prohibiting the shooting of wildfowl in the spring of the year. I cannot understand how spring shooting in New York of wildfowl will decimate them any quicker than fall shooting, and even not as much, as the young birds are flying southward, and are surely not as able to take care of themselves as when on the northward journey.

Laws are being formed year after year in the interest of the wealthy sportsman and their game preserves, where they are allowed to shoot and kill to their hearts' content, and in some places out of season.

As an illustration, take the Currituck Sound. It is mostly divided up into game preserves, and the State laws are such as to make it impossible for a poor man or one in moderate circumstances to go down there for a short shooting trip without a big bank roll; and where are we going to get the roll?

We hear almost every week where some poor devil is arrested for illegal shooting; but who ever arrests the wealthy man for doing the same thing?

We have a goodly number of sportsmen in this vicinity who work from thirteen to fifteen hours a day, and who can only get a vacation in the spring of the year. Now, the only shooting left us is the wildfowl, and now the wealthy sporting associations propose taking that from us. If they are sincere, and as they have had lots of sport all the fall and winter and have killed their share and also somebody else's, let them put up their guns until the following fall, but don't prevent us from having a little sport in the spring on the wildfowl.

There are two classes who are killing off the game so rapidly, and they are the pot-hunter and his prototype the wealthy sportsman.

There is no finer sport in the world than taking a good dog and tramping the fields for quail and partridge, but we thirteen-hour men never expect to get any of this shooting. Even if we should get a day off, where can we go? The well-to-do commuter living in the country around the large cities has compelled the farmer to post his land so that the aforesaid commuter can have it all to himself; and if the farmer protests, why, the commuter refuses to purchase the farmer's produce. Then an association is formed, purchases a couple of dozen birds, posts all the land for miles around, and then cleans off all the game after the season opens after the first week or two.

Now, I will guarantee, out of every one hundred small business men I can get seventy-five per cent. to sign the above statement of facts.

Now, Mr. Editor, a good, common-sense law would be "Abolish the sale of all game and game birds." The poor can't afford to purchase them; so the only ones put out will be the pot-hunter and the wealthy man, who are in a very great minority.

LOU. H. JOHNSON.

NEW YORK.

Wolves in Wyoming and Colorado.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following are some items from the Saratoga Sun, of Saratoga, Wyo., and the North Park Union, of North Park, Colo., of recent date, which may interest those who are interested in knowing where some of the wild creatures still exist and afford some of the topics for local mention. From the Saratoga Sun we quote:

"Gray wolves are troubling the Brush Creek stock men this winter. They killed four-head of cattle for Caleb A. Cook some weeks ago, and have done much damage in other parts. There has been a number of these pests seen on that creek the past two or three months. Last week William Turnbull took his pack of hounds up there, and he and Jesse Barkhurst and the ranchmen engaged in a two days' hunt for the vicious brutes. They saw four wolves, but were not successful in catching any. The only results of the trip was a bobcat."

"It is stated that a great quantity of elk, deer and antelope hides are shipped from Rawlins that have been taken in Colorado, contrary to law."

From the North Park Union we quote: "Notice is hereby given by the subscribers to the Wolf Bounty Fund that a bounty of \$35 will be paid on each adult gray wolf, and \$10 on each gray wolf pup, killed within the boundaries of North Park during the current year. Parties claiming said bounties will present the pelts to W. J. Dawson, of Walden, together with certificates from two responsible stock men, certifying the time and place of being killed."

"Now that the Stock Association has made ample provision for a bounty on gray wolves, let our nimrods and sporting men get out and annihilate the droves of destructive beasts that roam over the park. A lively hunter or trapper can pick up a hundred dollars a week easy enough at the present price, \$35 per scalp."

EMERSON CARNEY.

American Duck Shooting.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I beg to acknowledge receipt from you of Mr. Grinnell's book on "American Duck Shooting."

I have not had time to read it carefully, but I have looked over it enough to be able to assure you that I am delighted with it. I am very fond of all field sports, more especially those which come under the heads that are treated in Mr. Grinnell's book. It is a great pleasure to me to read his accounts of personal experiences and his explanations of many peculiar traits of the different species which are the result of his extremely close observation. His quotations are also very aptly chosen, and to lovers of duck shooting are interesting in the highest degree.

It is useless for me to say all that I think of this book; I doubt if there are many as enthusiastic as I am on such subjects. I should think that one who knew nothing of duck shooting, after reading it, would speedily become a devotee of the sport if he had any natural inclination that way.

EDWIN F. DANIELS.

Illinois' Prairie Chicken.

MACOMB, Ill., Feb. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* No time in twenty-five years have the prairie chickens been so plentiful in McDonough county as they have been this winter. Large flocks from twenty to fifty have been seen in all parts of the county. I can only account for this by the fact that several years ago the Legislature passed a law making its open season Sept. 1, and through the mistake of the engrossing clerk it was made Sept. 15. By this time the weeds got so high and the birds got so strong it was almost impossible for the hunters to kill them. The late law has been Sept. 1, and the dry weather has been very beneficial for nesting in the sloughs, where the high wild grass grows the last two years. In the wet seasons many of the eggs are washed out of the nest when the heavy rains fall. There were very few killed last season. The weather was so dry and the cover was so slim they took to the cornfields, and all hunters know the trouble to kill them there. I believe that if we pass a law preventing killing them for five years we would have old-time shooting again, as we had thirty years ago. On my way to Chicago last week I saw many, and a large flock between Aurora and Chicago.

This has been a grand winter for quail. None have been lost by deep snow, as the snow has not been more than three or four inches deep, and undoubtedly we will have fine shooting among them another year.

W. O. BLAISDELL.

Transporting Quail.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Feb. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There is some doubt lurking in my mind about climate changing pigmies into giants. Hundreds, if not more, small men have been known to migrate from the sunny south to the frigid north, and the first case is yet to be reported of a small man being turned into a six-footer by the change of climate; and, moreover, if such a thing did happen, the rule ought to work both ways, and the giant on going back to the south ought to dwindle down to his original proportions. I admit that if a squad of Florida quail just out of the eggs were taken to the north they might lose their bearings and grow into eight-ouncers; but I see no way of proving that their fathers and mothers would.

I confess to harboring doubts whether our little brats could stand the Northern winters unless protected, and that ought to be done for your own birds wherever practicable.

A shelter could easily be made late in the fall by driving forked stakes in the ground at four corners, then laying poles across and covering the whole over with brush. Then, if wheat or buckwheat is thrown inside by a little cleared path scraped off each side and sprinkled with grain, they would soon find it and live there through the winter.

DIIDYMS.

Emperor William's Hunting.

THE New York Staats Zeitung of recent date prints a report of a hunt by the German Kaiser in the Grunewald, situated between Potsdam and Berlin. The Kaiser had as his guest on this occasion the Russian Prince Michael.

The game was driven into a small corner of the park by a detachment of soldiers, and surrounded so that none could escape. Then at a certain signal the game was permitted to go, and the shooting began. In two hours' time, between the hours of 11:30 A. M. and 1:30 P. M., the royal party killed not less than 739 fallow deer, of which 502 were does. Of this number 39 large bucks fell to the Kaiser's gun. There are estimated to be still 2,000 fallow deer left in the park.

On another hunt, two of the rare and almost extinct aurochs were driven to the Kaiser and killed by him, as were also 45 wild boars and stags, and a great quantity of smaller game.

On still another occasion the Kaiser and his party killed in the space of five and one-half hours, 6,256 pheasants, 159 hares and 13 rabbits, of which the Kaiser bagged 940 pheasants and 12 hares.

These figures are an indication of an almost perfect system of stocking and protection, for, in spite of this wholesale slaughter, there still remains in the Grunewald an enormous quantity of game.

Exposition of Sportsmanship at St. Petersburg.

CONSUL-GENERAL Holloway writes from St. Petersburg, Jan. 18, that an international exposition of sportsmanship will be held at St. Petersburg during May, 1902. There will be sections devoted to automobiles, bicycles, aeronautics, rowing, horsemanship, athletics and games, hunting, sailing and photography. The exposition will be held under the auspices of the benevolent society having charge of the Labor House for Cripples.

The death of J. M. French, one of the veteran showmen of America, recalls the experience of the United States Government with camels just after the war. The Government imported from Asia a large number of camels and dromedaries, with the purpose of establishing a mail line from San Antonio to the Pacific coast. The venture failing, Mr. French bought a large number of the camels and made quite a famous show feature out of them. Those that he did not take were turned loose in the Arizona desert, where, it is said, a considerable drove of wild camels still exists.—Springfield Republican.

Written upon a Blank Leaf in "The Complete Angler."

While flowing rivers yield a blameless sport,
Shall live the name of Walton: Sage benign!
Whose pen, the mysteries of the rod and line
Unfolding, did not fruitless exhort
To reverend watching of each still report
That Nature utters from her rural shrine.
Meek, nobly versed in simple discipline,
He found the longest summer day too short,
To his loved pastime given by sedgy Lea;
Or down the tempting maze of Shawford Brook.
Fairer than life itself, in this sweet book,
The cowslip bank and shady willow tree;
And the fresh meads, where flowed, from every nook
Of his full bosom, gladsome Poetry!

—Wordsworth.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Black Bass of the Cottonwood.

ABOUT 150 miles southwest of Kansas City as the crow flies, on the line of the Santa Fe railroad, is the town of Cottonwood Falls, the Cottonwood River, and the best fishing for big-mouthed gamy black bass in the State of Kansas. The Cottonwood is a stream of perhaps 150 yards in width, fed by smaller creeks and springs from the surrounding hills. Its waters are deep and clear as crystal, and bountifully stocked with the above mentioned members of the finny tribe, ranging from one to six pounds in weight. And they are gamy enough to give the fisherman his money's worth before he succeeds in landing them.

Every fall I go down from Topeka, and rousting out my lawyer friend, Judge Rightmire, from his law office duties, we hie away to the river for hours of rare sport with rod and gun.

Our last effort was on a glorious day in October, and the sun had just tipped the tree tops when we pushed the little boat from the bank, and with long steady strokes passed cheerily down the stream toward some favorite pools. Underneath one seat was a basket of lunch and nearby a bucket of live minnows and crawfish, which occasionally required a change of water. This duty fell to me while the Judge did the rowing. I was also expected to keep my eyes open for a red fox squirrel or two, many of which made their homes along the banks in the hackberry and cottonwood trees. Notwithstanding that the Judge was rowing and sending great clouds of smoke in front of his vision from an ancient briar pipe, he espied a shot quicker than myself. The little animal was far up in the top of a cottonwood on the opposite shore. A quick glance along the sights, and without a struggle a plump cornfed specimen came tumbling down through the branches to the ground below. It was the work of a moment to beach the boat, secure the game, and pull on toward our goal.

A quarter of a mile was traversed before I caught sight of a "patch of red," which indicated that the owner of the frowny tail was lying outstretched on a limb getting the benefit of the morning sun. How to get at the little rascal was a problem, for not a portion of his body big enough to hold a bullet was visible. After a brief consultation, the Judge drove the boat to land and I softly stepped up the bank and worked quietly out from the tree, while the Judge, with gun in hand, let the boat drift back toward the center of the stream. The squirrel hearing me walk among the dead leaves, scented danger, and began working around the limb toward the water side. In a moment more the Judge's gun cracked and down tumbled Mr. Squirrel, as fine a specimen as the other, but a trifle older. This proved to be our last squirrel of the day. Several more were noted, but they were back in the woods, bounding from limb to limb, too rapidly for a successful shot.

The Cottonwood is a tortuous, crooked stream, and it was nearly ten o'clock before we reached the place desired, which we could have made in an half hour's brisk walk "afoot and across lots."

Letting the boat float idly along we dug up our cane poles, of which we had four, unwound the lines and prepared for business. Now, a bass is a peculiar chap and somewhat of an epicure. Some days his appetite craves a crawfish or a young catfish, while other days he wants nothing and will take nothing but a lively "chub" minnow. Knowing this, we baited our hook with samples of each, placed our corks about five feet up, tossed the lines overboard, and settled down patiently for a bite.

To one cooped up in an office fifty weeks in a year, the hour and the surroundings were of the utmost pleasure. Nature was on her best behavior, and the day as perfect as is often given mortals here below to enjoy. The silence was so intense that the fluttering fall of leaves on the water was as dripping eaves after a summer shower. The softening cries of a circling flock of cranes floated down through the hazy air, and nearer by a saucy jay sat scolding its mate. The first frost had turned the sumac to tints of brown and scarlet, and from the vines along the drooping willows hung hundreds of ripened, purple grapes. Under such arcanian conditions worldly cares and the fishing lines were both forgotten.

But a kick on the shins from the Judge brought me back from my day dreams just in time to see one of my corks disappearing at an express train speed, and the tip of the pole bending to the water surface in close pursuit. Now, a bass should be given a good start, and it's a mistake to jerk too soon, but that is just what I did. Oftentimes the fish makes a friendly tackle of the bait in the preliminary skirmish, and seizes it in dead earnest in the second round. This proved the case in this instance. With a quick side jerk to hook him I swung the pole upward, but met with strong opposition and a frantic sideplay of the line, which indicated a "big one." After a few seconds' play there came a flash of a silvery side at the top of the water, a glimpse of an enormous mouth, and an empty line told the tale of preliminary eagerness. "Great Heavens!" shouted the Judge, "what a whale; but you pulled too soon," and with a smothered ejaculation that wouldn't look well in print, I added, "I guess you're right."

The bait taken, as I remembered, was a crawfish, so another was quickly attached to the hook and cast in the same vicinity. One, two, three, four, five, ten, fifteen minutes, at least, passed without the sign of a nibble. With a disgusted snort, the Judge dipped the oars and slowly propelled the boat around over the pool. Hardly had we moved twenty feet when he dropped the oars and grabbed the pole on the right. The fish had made the strike close to the boat and started deep under toward the other side. When I first noticed the pole it was bent nearly double and I knew that a veteran was hooked. For a time the catch remained almost stationary, with the Judge working cautiously to avoid a break in pole or hook. In the meantime I had gotten a paddle in action and gently shoved the rear end of the boat toward the

fish. And now ensued a battle royal. The fish used every effort to escape, darting this way and that, at times jumping clear from the water, then again back under the boat with a rush. But the "ancient mariner" at the butt end of the pole played his opponent finely, and after at least a five minutes' contest, began working the thoroughly exhausted fish toward port, and finally, with an adroit swing, landed the prize in the bottom of the boat. It was one of the finest black bass it has ever been my good fortune to have been in at the death of, and afterward, when weighed, forced the scales up to six pounds.

The safe capture of this big fellow so pleased us both that we heartily grasped hands, and the Judge, as heavy a man as he is, gave a spirited "Highland Fling," until the rocking of the boat warned him to desist.

For another quarter of an hour we rowed around trolling for a catch, but unsuccessfully, so decided to move further down stream to another favorite spot.

Lifting in the minnow bucket and stowing away the poles we started for "the island," a long, narrow strip of land down the river, where we intended to cook our dinner and rest through the noon hour, as the bass are not so apt to bite during the middle of the day.

In the wake of the canoe sleepily churned the waters for a moment, then settled back to a dead repose, while the prow, swiftly, yet silently, split a path through the sodden leaves. As we rounded a bend, drawing near to the island, a great blue crane arose awkwardly from a shallow rift and flapped its solitary way beyond our vision, doubtless to some other haven of quiet refuge. At the landing the Judge grounded the boat, produced a broiler, and started a fire, while I took a bucket, climbed the bank and passed through some woods to a farm house for fresh well water. The squirrels were skinned and ready for cooking when I returned, and by the time I had gotten the bread and butter, some cheese, pickles and a pie out and spread on a newspaper, the game was "done to a turn." Of course we had to take "a wee nipple," as an appetizer, but from that standpoint it was entirely unnecessary, because we were both ravenously hungry without the application of false stimulants. And how we did eat, sitting there in the autumn sunshine, with an occasional ant crawling over the tablecloth and not the sign of a knife or a fork. A light breeze would frequently send a rift of cinders from the dying embers among the victuals and into the water, but what mattered these trifles. No banquet at home had seemed so thoroughly enjoyable. For an hour or more we loitered at the improvised table, making merry with our lunch and tales of former fishing trips. Then I, acting as Bridget, with one fell swoop, cast "tablecloth, dishes and all" into the fire, and quenched the flames with a dash of water.

Below the island about a half mile a little narrow stream known as Buck Creek empties into the Cottonwood, and after an hour's smoky siesta at the dinner camp we decided to try our luck in that vicinity, and accordingly weighed anchor for the spot. On the way down I was fortunate enough to land a couple of crappie of regulation size. The crappie are a splendid table fish, sweet and toothsome, but do not put up a fight worth a cent. The minute one is hooked it "throws up the sponge," figuratively speaking, and allows itself to be landed without a protest. As a rule, they travel in schools, and when the fisherman strikes a school he is liable to get a boatload. How I did that once I may relate some other time. Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof. And again the Judge is opposed to fishing for anything save black bass, so we did not tarry long trying to coax the crappie from their lair.

"If we can't yank some speckled boys out of here," remarked the Judge, as we dropped anchor at the mouth of Buck Creek, "we might as well fly our kites for home, for the conditions are certainly most favorable. Just see the clear, cold water pouring in here. The fish should swarm around such a place." And he was right. For when we left at dark and struck across country for home, we had a string of twenty-three as fine fish "to tote" as one would care to see. But to return to the thread of the narrative.

We had scarcely struck the mouth of the creek when the trouble began. All four of the lines were out, and at periods we were getting bites on all at the same time. And we had the best of luck capturing the majority of our strikes.

There were none, however, as large as the early catch of the Judge. The greater portion averaged from two to three pounds in weight. Once I actually had a fierce bite on each hook at the same moment while the Judge was wrestling with a three pounder on one of his lines. And the best part of all was that we saved all of them from escaping. The next largest catch of the day fell to my lot "just as the sun went down." I happened to be awake this time, and was shown a strenuous time. It was easily the most rebellious four pounder that I have ever had the pleasure of enticing from the waters.

We had early discovered that the bass in this particular vicinity hankered after the small yellow catfish rather than the crawfish or chubs, so catfish they were getting. I had just placed a particularly tempting bait overboard when, like a flash, a strike was made and the cork started under the water at race-horse speed. Remembering my early failure because of jerking too soon, I gave the line plenty of play. Although I was simply wild to yank the fish into the boat at one swift rush I managed to control myself. And when I did hook the game, with a swift side play, I knew from the resistance that there was fun ahead. And there was. For, without any sense of the proprieties of the occasion, his nibs made a rapid sprint back under the boat and became entangled with my other line. This made matters decidedly frisky for me, and the Judge, too, became interested. Now, I am not left handed, and was never very dextrous with the member on that side of my body. But the way I swung the pole in that hand in rhythmic concert with the one in the right was a caution. The Judge remarked, "after the battle was over," that I did it so gracefully that he was actually proud of me. Just how long the struggle lasted, or as to the details, I am unprepared to state at this writing. It all seems like a hazy dream as I sit scribbling away at this distant date. "But," quoth the Judge, "it was a famous victory," and worthy of taking something on, and, if my memory serves me right, we did. By this time it had grown so dark that we were reluctantly com-

pelled to abandon our sport, as we could no longer see when we had a bite.

Our afternoon's sport seemed so good to us that we decided to try it again the next day, and concluded to hide the boat up in the mouth of the creek, bury our minnows and walk to town. The plans were quickly carried into execution, and with a long sigh of regret we climbed the bank and struck off through the patch of woods for town and supper. A brisk walk of an half hour's duration brought us to the lights of the little village, and soon we had our feet under the table while a colored boy was cleaning and salting down our fish. E. W. ELLIS.

TOPEKA, Kansas, Feb. 11.

Fish and Fishing.

The Halifax Fishery Award.

MANY readers of FOREST AND STREAM will recall the fact that on the 21st of November, 1878, the United States paid over to the government of Great Britain the sum of \$5,500,000, being the amount of the award of the Halifax International Fishery Commission for the fishing rights exercised for twelve years by American fishermen in Canadian waters. The Imperial Government turned over \$4,490,882.64 of this amount to the Dominion of Canada, and now there promises to be a pretty kettle of fish over the disposal of the funds. The Provinces of Ontario, Manitoba, and the others farther west, had no interest, of course, in the Atlantic fisheries, and the eastern Provinces are consequently claiming possession of the whole sum received by the Dominion Government from that of the United States, together with interest. The Province of Quebec claims \$1,425,855 for its share of the principal, and including interest asks \$3,393,531, for which amount a demand has been sent to Ottawa. The federal government will probably contest payment of the claim, on the ground that it has been employing the revenue of the award in the payment of fishing bounties, and in this event there will doubtless be a pretty case for the determination of the law courts. The provisional claims are largely based upon the recent decision of the Imperial Privy Council, declaring that the fisheries are the property, not of the Dominion, but of the different Provinces. Hence the Province of Quebec is also asking the federal government to hand over to it the sum of \$490,000, which it has collected from time to time for fishing leases and licenses. These figures are interesting, if for no other purpose than to indicate the valuable character of the fishing rights owned or controlled by the Province of Quebec.

Net-Fishing in Lake Champlain.

Thanks principally to the efforts of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association, it is believed that a final death blow has been dealt to the suicidal policy of netting the pike-perch of Lake Champlain upon their spawning beds. The officials of Vermont, of New York and of Quebec have tried repeatedly, and in vain, for some years past, to stop the nefarious habit. New York was anxious to put an end to it, for it was visibly decreasing the fish life of the lake. Vermont was just as anxious, but permitted her netters to fish because Quebec did the same. Quebec has only six miles of the lake, but in these six miles the pike-perch come to spawn, and in the spawning season they have been ruthlessly destroyed by the netters licensed by the Province of Quebec. Vermont sent a deputation to Quebec to ask the government there to act the part of good neighbors and withdraw the netting licenses. But with this deputation there went to Quebec representatives of the Vermont netting industry to negative the good work attempted by the others, and the Quebec authorities, worried with conflicting demands from the same State, did nothing at all.

At the recent annual meeting of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association, however, held at Burlington, Vermont, brave and successful efforts were made to bring the conflicting interests into accord. Mr. J. W. Titcomb, then president of the association, representing Vermont, Mr. C. H. Wilson, of Glens Falls, representing New York, and Mr. L. Z. Joncas, of Quebec, threshed the whole matter out very thoroughly, assisted by ex-Lt. Governor Nelson Fisk, and others, of Vermont, and it was plainly shown that Quebec's refusal to act was due to the conflicting representations from Vermont. The Vermont Fish and Game League met in Burlington at the same time as the North American Fish and Game Protective Association, and placed the demands of Vermont before the latter in a manner that left no possible room for misunderstanding in the minds of the Canadians present at the meeting. United action was at once agreed upon. A deputation from Vermont and New York went to Ottawa to interest the Department of Fisheries there in the matter, for that department, though it cannot issue licenses itself, can close any waters that it chooses to netting. It was easier for Quebec to ask the federal authorities to prohibit netting in Missisquoi Bay of Lake Champlain than to withstand the political pressure brought to bear upon it for the issue of netting licenses. So the Fisheries Department at Ottawa has placed the necessary prohibition upon netting in Canadian waters bordering upon the United States and the Province of Quebec, and this difficult question has been satisfactorily adjusted, mainly through the efforts of members of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association. Surely this association is entitled to the assistance and support of every sportsman interested in the protection of the game and game fish of the eastern Provinces of British North America, and of the neighboring States.

Mr. Titcomb's Appointment.

The members of the association are much flattered, and with good reason, at the appointment of their worthy president, Mr. Titcomb, to be Chief of the Division of Fish Culture at Washington, in place of Mr. Ravenal, resigned, and if zeal and ability can command success, the fishery industry of the United States has reason, indeed, to be congratulated upon Mr. Titcomb's appointment.

In this connection, it may be mentioned that the North American Association is taking an active interest in the

application of another of its members to be appointed Fish Culturist of New York. I refer to Mr. C. H. Wilson, of Glens Falls, vice-president of the association for the State of New York, and the author of the paper on the spawning and hatching of the pike-perch, published in FOREST AND STREAM of the 1st of February instant.

British Appreciation of American Methods.

It is interesting to note the frankness of British testimony to the superiority of American methods in the development and preservation of national and State fisheries. A paper by Mr. R. B. Marston, of London, in one of the leading reviews, attracted my notice the other day, and it occurred to me that all the national and State authorities on this side of the Atlantic ought, for their encouragement, to read the author's thoughtful commendation of their work in fishery matters. Mr. Marston says: "No one who knows the benefits which the United States of America derive from the great national and State fisheries departments but must regret that the United Kingdom does practically nothing in this way beyond providing a gunboat or two for police duty." He further places on record his belief in "a wise national development of our natural resources; such a policy, in fact, as has placed America first among the nations."

A Fish Story.

A friend sends me the following fish story, printed in one of the early years of the last century by a Dr. Barlase, who claims to have had it from "a clergyman of veracity," in illustration of "the patience and sagacity of the lobster." "A lobster made several attempts to get at an oyster, but the latter promptly closed his shell at the former's approach. At length the lobster, having waited with great patience until the oyster opened again, contrived to throw a stone between its gaping shells, when he sprang upon his prey and devoured it."

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Drum Fishing off Barnegat.

From a letter to a friend and fishing companion.

My Dear W.:

I did not get your note till after my return home, and then what, with settling in our new home (you know we had just been married), and the constant and indeed almost incessant demands made upon me by my business, I have not found time to answer your note as I meant to, but I have kept it lying upon my desk waiting for the time to come when I could find time to write you, for I have wanted to tell you of my experience with the drum.

I arranged with John Adams to take my chum and go out to the inlet, anchor there, start chumming and get things started. I was to come down with Captain Sprague in the Lively Polly, fish for a while and then return. I only took my big surf rod and Vom Hofe reel with me and a tarpon hook with piano wire snell. Captain Sprague brought his boat around alongside John Adams' big bank skiff so handsomely that I sprang from one boat to the other without the Captain's having to check the speed of the Lively Polly. I was eager for the fray. I felt in my bones I would get a drum—and I did. I baited with a bit of menhaden which Adams cuts so nicely from the back of the fish, making a bait that looks almost good enough for a man to eat, let alone a fish. I had not been there over ten minutes before John, who was fishing for bluefish with a hand line, struck a drum. He handed his line to me and held my pole while he watched the fun. We could see the fellow plainly. He was a red drum. I should think he weighed about 25 pounds. He made very little resistance, coming along not easily, but still not fighting. I expected him to make a rush every moment, and so hauled him in slowly and warily, hand over hand, keeping my hand at right angles to the line so as to be prepared for him when he broke. He came up this way to say within fifteen feet of the boat, then suddenly he seemed to realize his danger, and as he slid down the side of a wave he threw his whole strength into one sudden lunge and the line parted just above the snell, and he was gone. While John repaired his line I took up my own rod and reel and in a few moments I had hooked a fish; what it was I never found out. I had out perhaps a hundred and twenty-five feet of line. The fish never once came to the surface, but at apparently one burst of speed, reeled out another hundred feet of line. The handle of the reel flew out of my fingers, rapping my knuckles till they bled. The line running out fairly burnt my thumb, for I had left my thumb stall in the Lively Polly. I tried my best to check the fellow and thought I had succeeded, but only for an instant; then he was off again. I was using a No. 15 Cuttyhunk line, that I got from Mr. Chandler, one of the finest and lightest lines of the kind I ever saw. I had taken off the old heavy Cuttyhunk line I had on my reel, which I was using the day we tried for striped bass over on the North Beach. I had only 300 feet of it and was afraid it would not hold him, and it did not. When he started with apparently undiminished vigor the third time, the line parted, and I never knew what it was I had hold of. It felt as though it might have been the submerged torpedo boat Holland.

While John was bending a new snell on my line, I took his line and in a few moments was fast to a black drum. I knew him in a moment by his actions. He bored down to the bottom persistently, head down, tail up. Again and again I raised him, only to have him slowly and sullenly bore his head down again as though he were bound to have one more clam before he gave up the fight. Gradually he came to the boat, but within about six feet of it the hook pulled out of his mouth, and he sank for the last time to our gaze, in search, probably, of that lost clam.

This made three fish I had lost, and Pete, the chummer, told me if I didn't catch the next one he'd spatter me with a handful of chum. (I had told him if he got any chum on me that day I'd take an oar to him, for I had just had my flannel shirt washed, preparatory to going home.)

When John got my line fixed I soon had it out again. Then I caught a few bluefish, which I regarded as almost fingerlings. I was not out after bluefish. Presently I had a bite that I knew meant business. I gave him

time, until I felt he was fairly mine, then set the hook and commenced cautiously to pull him in. I wasn't going to lose that fish if I could help myself. He started to fight from the word go, but I felt my tackle hold him even in his wildest rushes, and then I felt, baring accidents, he was mine. Foot by foot, fighting every inch of the way, he came closer and closer to the boat, always on top of the water; we could see him from the time he was hooked, a hundred and fifty feet off, till gradually he came within ten feet of the boat. John, stooping low over the gunwale, his eyes fired with excitement, was wild to gaff him. "Steady, John, steady," I said. "Don't touch him till I give you the word, and that won't be till I bring him up the third time." I swung him back and forth as you would swing a bass when you are playing him, and the third time as I brought him up he turned slightly on his side, and in an instant there was a flash of steel and John had the gaff in his gills and hauled him aboard. He was a beauty, weighed 32 pounds, and I didn't get spattered with chum. I wished ever so much you had been there. I know you would have enjoyed it so much.

At five o'clock I was back at Barnegat. In two hours—indeed, in much less than two hours—I had been fast to three drums and a Mother Hubbard engine, lost three and captured one. It was a fitting close to a delightful two weeks' trip. J. H. FISHER.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Potomac Fishing.

MEMBERS of the Fish and Game Protective Association of the District of Columbia are displaying some anxiety concerning the proposed amendment to the Maryland fish law so far as Montgomery county is concerned, reports the Washington Star. The amendment pending before the Legislature provides that persons who fish or hunt within the county mentioned must first take out a license. Particular attention is being paid by the local association to the question of angling. It is claimed that the proposed amendment is the work of anglers who live in and about Rockville, and that its enactment will deprive many Washingtonians of legitimate pleasure after they have worked so hard to stock the river and canal with game fish.

The matter is one which also appeals to the keepers of hotels and boarding houses along the Potomac River from the Chain bridge to Washington Junction, as many of these people depend almost wholly upon Washington anglers for support. Admiral Robley D. Evans, president, and Dr. William P. Young, secretary, of the local association, have prepared a circular letter concerning the subject, which is of interest to all anglers in this city who visit the upper Potomac.

The letter is as follows:

"The Game and Fish Protective Association views with alarm the suggested amendments to the Maryland fish and game law, which proposes to require persons who fish or hunt within Montgomery county to take out a license. The members of the Game and Fish Protective Association of the District of Columbia originated the agitation which resulted in the enactment of the tri-state Potomac River fish and protective law, and expended considerable money and energy in securing the passage of that act.

"This Association instigated the movement to seine the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal in the winter after the water had been drawn off, and paid the expenses for the seining, assisted by contributions of the angling fraternity in the District, and thereby saved thousands of bass, crappie and other fishes, which would otherwise certainly have perished as soon as a heavy freeze occurred. All these fish were put in the Potomac River, which practically restocked the stream. Our Association did this two seasons at a large expenditure of money.

"In the fall of 1890, through the efforts of this Association, nineteen cans of black bass fry were placed in the Potomac River between Little Falls and Great Falls, all within Montgomery county. During the year just passed this Association made requisition for, and had placed in the Potomac River, 1,750,000 pike-perch, otherwise known as wall-eyed pike, or Susquehanna salmon. This plant was made above Little Falls in Montgomery county. Individual members of this Association have also stocked the Potomac River at various times with crappie, and very recently the Association had placed in the mouth of one of the creeks a large consignment of rock bass.

"This is some of the work which has been accomplished by an Association composed of as conscientious sportsmen as ever organized, with the reasonable expectation that they would derive in part the pleasures and benefits accruing from their efforts, and now that these great ends have been accomplished, it is but natural that we should be alarmed at threatened legislation which would practically debar us from reaping any of the fruits of our labors.

"Aside from the foregoing, the Anglers' Club is located on the river in Montgomery county, possessing a very valuable property there, improved and established at a large cost, the members of which are mostly citizens of the District of Columbia. The purpose for which this club was organized was that the members might have a quiet and retired place where they might go from time to time for rest and recreation. They are all true and law-abiding anglers, who never violate a game or fish law, and their presence tends to restrain others who incline to disregard those laws. The enactment of the proposed law would largely destroy the usefulness of this club because of the increase in the cost of the pleasure.

"The Montgomery County Sycamore Island Club is an incorporated body composed of anglers, which has bought and improved the island whose name it bears. Many of the members of that club, like those of the Anglers' Club, are citizens of the District of Columbia. They, too, observe the fish protective laws and jealously guard the waters which surround their island against violations of the fishing laws. The moral support of both these clubs has been thrown with that of the Fish and Game Protective Association in the matter of restocking the river, as well as protecting the fishes from vandalism. Citizens of Montgomery county have been in no way disturbed because of these organizations, as they have created conditions which are desirable rather than unde-

sirable, and it might be reasonable to expect a feeling of appreciation rather than an unkindly one.

"Still another phase of this subject presents itself. There are many persons in the District who cannot afford to pay a license for the privilege of fishing, and the proposed law would consequently debar them from one of their most pleasant, healthful and innocent pastimes. Hundreds of residents of Washington spend their summer season in Montgomery county, drawn there because of the fishing attractions, spending money freely among the inhabitants for board, boats, bait, livery, etc., and such a law as is under discussion would cut off that source of revenue from the residents of that county.

"Taking all the foregoing facts into consideration, we feel that the enactment of the law as proposed would work a great injustice upon many worthy persons, and we earnestly ask you to exercise your influence against a bill, the enactment of which would deprive so many people of a legitimate pleasure."

Copies of the letter will be sent to members of the Maryland Legislature and others who are interested in the subject, and every effort possible will be made to defeat the proposed amendment.

Fly-Casting at the New York Show

Editor Forest and Stream:

From present indications one of the most popular features at the coming New York Sportsmen's Show will be the fly and bait casting competitions to be held on the stream surrounding the big wooded island that will this year occupy the center of the amphitheater. As the stretch, including the back cast, will be nearly 240 feet in length, by from 14 to 16 feet in width, there will be ample facilities for the most expert among amateur casters to show their skill. The contests will be confined to amateurs only, and as events have been arranged for schoolboys, schoolgirls and women, as well as men, interest in the competitions will be much wider than at any similar series of events yet held about New York.

The Fly-Casting Committee of the show has been hard at work for some time past, and has interested nearly every prominent amateur about New York as probable competitors in the events, while Toledo, Cleveland, Syracuse, Providence, Boston and Philadelphia will, with little doubt, send on their representative casters. Following is the committee, together with the essential points in the rules governing competition, and the programme as arranged for the several days of the show:

Committee—Ezra H. Fitch, F. K. Tuthill, George H. Johnson, W. K. Park, Charles H. Stonebridge, Clarence W. Alling, C. C. Curtis, George B. Hayes, W. F. Kimber, H. L. Cadmus, D. T. Abercrombie, chairman; Harry Palmer, secretary.

Rules.

Contest for amateurs only; guides, dealers and other professionals not eligible, except in such events as may be especially opened to them. Entrance fee, \$1. Two judges and a referee. Casting to begin at 2 P. M. daily. Competitors to cast according to entry, those not at hand when called to lose turn.

Distance—Time to be taken at call of the word "Ready"; longest cast in five minutes to count.

Accuracy—Trial to commence on call of the word "Count"; casting to be at buoy, six feet in diameter and level with water; to be marked by concentric circles; spaces marked, 10, 9, 8, etc., down to 5. Highest score in five casts wins.

Rear Obstacle—To consist of net 30 feet high, placed 18 feet back of caster. Time to count from word "Ready"; longest cast within five minutes to count.

Forward Obstacle—Horizontal tape 7 feet above water; longest cast under tape to count.

Accuracy and Delicacy—Semi-circular buoy to be placed against bank of stream, under overhanging bush, 3 feet above water. Count same as for accuracy.

Bait Contest—Bait furnished by judges; no allowance for accident; rod in one hand not to exceed 11½ feet; single gut leader, not less than 6 nor more than 9 feet; hook not smaller than No. 12 nor larger than No. 8, usual professor style, barb and point removed.

Prizes to be gold, silver and bronze medals. Course open for practice from 10 A. M. to 1:30 P. M.

Programme.

Thursday, March 6—Fly-cast for distance; only those who have never cast over 75 feet in contest eligible; 6-ounce rods or less.

Friday, March 7—Fly-cast for accuracy, distance 60 feet.

Saturday, March 8—Fly-cast for distance; youths only (under 20 years).

Monday, March 10—Fly-cast for distance; guides only; no entrance fee.

Tuesday, March 11—Bait-cast for distance.

Wednesday, March 12—Fly-cast for distance; girls only; no entrance fee.

Thursday, March 13—Fly-cast for distance, open to all; rods 4¼ ounces.

Friday, March 14—Fly-cast; rear obstacle.

Saturday, March 15—Fly-cast for distance; open only to women; no entrance fee.

Monday, March 17—Fly-cast, forward obstacle.

Tuesday, March 18—Fly-cast for accuracy and delicacy; distance, 30 feet.

Wednesday, March 19—Bass fly-cast for distance; open to those who have not cast over 75 feet; fly supplied by judges.

Is Angling a Cruel Sport?

THIS is a big question. Its answer, to carry weight, must come from an all-round angler with wider experience and more patient observation than have been given to me. I do not myself impale wriggling worms, or use half-asphyxiated and struggling livebait, but in my ignorance as to the amount of suffering inflicted thereby I do not blame those that do. Every fact, however limited though it may be in its application, that tends to show how little pain, or even inconvenience, is caused by the penetration and presence of a hook in a cold-blooded animal, cannot fail to be useful in the inquiry hereby sug-

gested, and that must be my excuse for recording a trifling incident, otherwise of no interest to anglers.

The wind fitful, wayward and gusty, the scene a small back stream overhung by a tangled growth of wild brier and hawthorn, pictorially inviting, but piscatorially irritating. Not once, not twice, but many a time my minnow gleamed in the sunshine, as it swung to and fro, pendulous from branches, now kissing the dimpled face of the water, now high as the most coveted gift on a Christmas tree. Worthy of study were the various knots and hitches improvised by the playful wind, and serious the scars inflicted on my fine gut foot-link by the fierce embrace of thorn and brier. At last the minnow was coaxed into a dark hole where the stream eddied under the red fibrous roots of a stunted but patriarchal sallow. One flash of sunbeam reflected from its golden side as it glides from light to shadow, and it is lost to sight—to human sight, that is—for the sudden shortening by a few inches of the slack reel line in the water shows it has been seen and seized. An anxious pause of some few seconds, a firm but respectful reply, and, confound the thorns! the line and foot-link fly back in my face, but where, oh! where is my dip-hook?

A few minutes are consumed in reciting poetry and rigging up and baiting fresh tackle. A plump minnow, freighted with lead and steel, shapes the same course as the lost liner, and is captured at the same spot; but this time the gear stands the strain, and a fine perch is landed with two dip-hooks firmly imbedded in its gullet! And this within five minutes of his having pouched the first bait! I trust this story (for the truth whereof I vouch) may comfort all anglers of tender conscience as it did comfort me. And I tell it not to encourage gorge bait fishing, which ultimately kills most fish, and certainly all small fish that pouch the bait; but I merely record a fact that may be prayed in aid of the proposition that fish feel but little pain from the penetration and presence of a hook, even when loaded with nearly a quarter of an ounce of lead.

BASIL FIELD.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

MEDAL contests, series 1902, Sunday, contest No. 1, held at Stow Lake, Feb. 16. Wind, west; weather, cloudy:

Event No. 1, Distance, Feet.	Event No. 2, Accuracy, Per cent.	Event No. 3, Acc. %	Event No. 3, Del. %	Event No. 3, Net %	Event No. 4, Lure Casting %
T C Kierliff... 80	91.8				
H Battu... 90	92.4	88.8	75	81.10	70.7
H F Muller... 105	88.4	91	79.2	85.1	..
W E Brooks... 107	93.4	88.8	75.10	82.3	..
K Charles... 81	76.8	82.4	73.4	77.10	..
F M Haight... 85	91	87.8	72.6	80.1	..
T Brotherton... 117½	94.4	91.8	81.8	86.8	92.6
E A Mocker... 101	85	92	75	83.6	46
J Turner... 91	93.4	83.4	74.2	78.9	..
F Daverkosen... 110	89.1	83.8	76.8	80.2	..
C G Young... 90	96	91	74.2	82.7	..
A M Blade... 90	87	79.8	72.6	76.1	..
C Kenniff... 110	86.8	90.4	75	82.8	97.9
J Kenniff... 114	93	87	75	81	93.3
W Mansfield... 91.4	92.8	86.8	75	89.8	92.3
H C Golcher... 129	91	81.4	75	78.2	..

Saturday, Feb. 15, contest postponed one week on account of the weather.

Judges, Mansfield and Daverkosen; referee, Turner; clerk, Wilson.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 15.—At the annual meeting of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, Feb. 10, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, H. C. Hascall; Vice-President, A. C. Smith; Secretary-Treasurer, E. R. Letterman; Captain, Geo. A. Murrell; member of the Executive Committee for a three years' term, William T. Church.

The matter of sending delegates to California to attend the tournament to be given during the coming summer was discussed, and referred to the Executive Committee for action, and a decision will be made at the next Executive Committee meeting, to be held within the coming week.

E. R. LETTERMAN, Sec.-Treas.

The Kennel.

The New York Show.

THE twenty-sixth annual dog show of the Westminster Kennel Club, held in Madison Square Garden, New York, on Feb. 19, 20, 21 and 22, was greater even than its predecessors in the number of entries, and it is fair to assume that as a whole the show was superior in quality to its predecessors.

The benching arrangements were planned with excellent skill. The galleries were utilized for the pet and some of the smaller dogs, ample space being left in front of the cages for the visitors. The front of the galleries, next the main floor, were draped in cloth of simple yet pleasing color effect. Here and there in different places on the main floor were cases containing the beautiful trophies of the different specialty clubs. Many of them were beautiful as works of art, and of great intrinsic value from the great weight and massive size. They were of great interest in themselves, both from their beauty and as an index of what they represent in the way of enthusiasm and earnest effort.

The judges worked industriously, yet the greater part of the four days was occupied in determining the awards. The catalogue had 1,678 dogs enumerated, and as there were several hundred re-entries, it is self-evident that the judges had a mammoth task. Beside the regular prizes, there were an infinity of special prizes to award, and, so close is the competition for these, often times the judging of them requires more time and greater care than in that in the regular classes. The classes and their judges were as follows: St. Bernards, Mr. John Keevan, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Great Danes, Mr. J. Blackburn Miller, New York; foxhounds (Eng.), Mr. W. Rutherford, New York; pointers, Mr. Fred J. Lenoir, Greenwood, Mass.; all setters, foxhounds (Amer.) and Chesapeake Bay dogs, Mr.

Wm. Tallman, Greensboro, N. C.; sporting spaniels and poodles, Mr. H. K. Bloodgood, New York; collies, Mr. John Black, Harrisburg, Pa.; Bulldogs and Boston terriers, Mr. W. C. Codman, Providence, R. I.; French bulldogs, Mr. Francis G. Lloyd, New York; beagles, Mr. George B. Post, Jr., New York; dachshunde, Mr. Jos. Graefle, New York; fox terriers, Mr. Jas. A. Caldwell, Jr., Penlynn, Pa.; Irish terriers, Mr. S. Van Schaick, New York; Scottish terriers, Mr. W. P. Fraser, Toronto, Can.; Newfoundlands, greyhounds, whippets, bull terriers, Dalmatians, Skye terriers, black and tan, Bedlington, Yorkshires and toy terriers, and Pomeranians, Mr. T. S. Bellin, Minneapolis, Minn.; Russian wolfhounds, bloodhounds, mastiffs, deerhounds, Griffons, old English sheepdogs, Basset hounds, Airedale terriers, Welsh terriers, toy spaniels, pugs and miscellaneous classes, Mr. R. F. Mayhew, Clinton, N. Y.

The inspection of the dogs on their arrival and the medical care of them during the show was done by the eminent veterinarian, Dr. H. Clay Glover, of New York, who was the official veterinarian of the W. K. C., and indeed has held that very responsible office for many years.

The dogs were benched and fed most efficiently and satisfactorily by the well-known firm, Spratts Patent (American), Limited, Newark, N. J.

The show was under the superintendence of Mr. James Mortimer, which in itself is a guarantee of the thoroughly efficient manner in which all the details were managed.

The field dogs were out in force, the pointers in particular being in evidence in large numbers and good quality. They were superior to the setters, both in number and quality. They numbered 184. There was one, however, whose name was mighty in the annals of the New York and other shows, now numbered with the absent, Mr. George Jarvis' Lad of Kent. He died on Jan. 27, aged twelve years and ten months, an age which may be termed exceedingly old in respect to the bench show dog. Mr. Jarvis buried the old hero in his yard. In pointer puppies, dogs, George Jarvis' Chappie of Kent won first. In novice dogs, fifteen entries, Westlake Pointer Kennels' Blackstone, a trimly built large dog of excellent quality, took first. He has a cleanly cut, shapely head, neck lean and well set; a smoothly turned body; excellent legs and feet; spirited carriage, and superior pointer quality. R. Compton's Dan Woodstock, a well-made, symmetrical dog, was second. In limit dogs under 55 pounds, Fairbairn & Wilcox's Fair Acre Puzzle had a heavy, though well-shaped, head, and while being smooth turned, he might be better in front. Second went to Fair Acre Bonnie, rather coarse headed, yet fairly well built. Third went to Blackstone, already noticed. There were fourteen entries in this class. Limit dogs, 55 pounds and over, there were ten entries, and of these Dan Woodstock won first, second going to Young Flint, third to Tioga Sam. In open dogs, under 55 pounds, there were eleven entries, and of these Lansdowne Malt, a bit throaty and heavy in shoulders, was first; second going to Prince's Boy, a good dog, somewhat out at elbows, while third was won by Shotaway. Open dogs, 55 pounds and over, had twelve entries, of which one, Ace of Clubs, was absent. The winner, King William, is coarse in head. There was close competition between him and Dustaway, the latter shown in the pink of condition. Dan Woodstock was third. Lansdowne Malt was first in winners' class, dogs. Bitch puppies had five entries. Fair Acre Anna, somewhat lathy, yet showing promise and quality, was first. In novice bitches there were twelve entries. Fair Acre Jady won first; she is a nicely formed bitch of superior quality. Second and third were respectively Miss Westlake and Ruth of Kent. There were eleven limit bitches under 50 pounds. Of these, Prince's Alice, a good bitch, was first. Westlake Surprise, second, has a light muzzle and thin in flesh; good body, legs, feet and symmetry. Lass O' Yoka was third. Limit bitches, 50 pounds and over, had five entries. First was won by Westlake Ornament, a superior bitch, nicely formed; second was won by May Hobson, light in head, good in back, loin, quarters and trimly made. Linden Bess was third. Open bitches, under 50 pounds, had five entries. Champion Westlake Startle was first; Miss Westlake, second, and Bessie Bang II, was third. There were four in the open class for bitches, 50 pounds and over. Belle Westlake, a good bitch, was first; May Hobson, second; Daisy Steen, third. Belle Westlake also won first in the winners' class for bitches. In the class for dogs and bitches that had been placed in any field trials in the United States or Canada, there were five entries, and the winners were: First, W. A. Austin's Tioga Sam; second, Westlake Pointer Kennels' Blackstone; third, Prince Lad's Lassie. The kennel prize for best four was won by Westlake Kennels; reserve, Geo. S. Mott's kennels. There was a profuse allowance of V. H. C.'s, H. C.'s and C.'s.

English setters were a mixed lot as to quality, some being excellent, while there was a variation from that down to very commonplace. There were fourteen contestants in the dog puppy class. They were a fair lot only. The novice class for dogs had eleven entries. The winner of first, Fred's Boy, is heavy in skull; otherwise he is quite well made. Second went to Fleet Highland, a lightly built, symmetrical dog, very pretty and rather delicate in form; nice coat and feathering. There were eight entries in limit dogs, and of these Mallwyd Sirdar won first; Bracken O'Leck, second; Deceit, third. There were eight in the open dog class; first was won by Barton Tory, a well-known winner; second went to Sirdar and third to Bracken O'Leck. Champion Barton Tory won also in the winners' class for dogs. There were ten in the bitch puppy class. First went to Blue Bess, neatly made, alert in carriage and of good setter character. Her litter sister, Pauline B., a symmetrical bitch, won second. Fairy D. was third. Her litter brothers, Roderigo D. and Mike D., were second and third respectively in dog puppies. There were fourteen novice bitches, of which first went to Fan O'Leck, well shaped in head; second went to Beatrice of Salop; third to Nellie Allis, a timid bitch, so much so, indeed, that she did not show her full merit. In limit bitches, seven entries, Mallwyd Queen was first; she is long cast, yet symmetrical; has good legs and feet, a shapely neck, clean cut head, and good general quality. Fan O'Leck was second.

Pride was second, and Queen's Pride, good in head, legs and feet, was third. Mallwyd Queen was also first in winners, bitches. W. B. Meares' Tar Heel was first in the class for dogs and bitches which had been placed in any public field trial in the United States or Canada.

Irish setters numbered thirty-one. There were only three puppies in their class for dogs and bitches. There were nine novice dogs. First was won by Toronto Blaney, good in head, heavy in shoulders and light in forearm. Barrack's Finelcho was second; is light in short ribs, good head, legs and feet. Timothy More was third; he has a heavy but well-shaped head; flat in ribs. Limit dogs numbered twelve. First went to Rockwood, Jr., a well-made dog; second to Rory O'More, light in muzzle, very good otherwise; third to Toronto Blaney. Open dogs numbered eight. First, Rockwood, Jr.; second, Rory O'More; third, to Prince Victor. Rockwood, Jr., was also first in the winners' class. Novice, bitches, numbered three. Limit, bitches, numbered seven. St. Lambert Mollie was first; she is flat in ribs, is good in head and well made otherwise. Signal Bess, second, is pinched in nose, but is finely symmetrical. Lady May Finglas was third.

Gordon setters numbered fourteen all told. There were no puppies. They varied in quality a great deal.

Following is a list of the winners of the pointer and setter classes:

POINTERS.—Puppies.—Dogs: 1st, G. Jarvis' Chappie of Kent; 2d, Fairbairn & Wilcox's Fair Acre Hector; 3d, F. W. Fellows' Mark's Rush; res., G. S. Raynor's Brownie. Bitches: 1st, Fairbairn & Wilcox's Fair Acre Anna; 2d, G. S. Mott's Granny; 3d, Mrs. M. F. Throckmorton's Woolton Girl; res., W. D. Buckner's Quito. Novice.—Dogs: 1st, Westlake Pointer Kennels' Blackstone; 2d, R. Crompton's Dan Woodstock; 3d, H. H. Peck's Lumber Boy; res., Fairbairn & Wilcox's Fair Acre Trinket. Bitches: 1st, Fairbairn & Wilcox's Fair Acre Jady; 2d, H. W. Richardson's Miss Westlake; 3d, Geo. Jarvis' Ruth of Kent; res., A. D. Keim's Linden Bess. Dogs under 55lbs.: 1st and 2d, Fairbairn & Wilcox's Fair Acre Puzzle and Fair Acre Bonnie; 3d, Westlake Kennels' Blackstone; res., M. T. Mason's Flynt's Boy; 55lbs. and under: 1st, R. Crompton's Dan Woodstock; 2d, M. T. Mason's Young Flynt; 3d, W. P. Austin's Tioga Sam; res., Westlake Pointer Kennels' Sam's Mars. Bitches under 50lbs.: 1st, G. S. Mott's Prince's Alice; 2d, Westlake Pointer Kennels' Westlake Surprise; 3d, Fairbairn & Wilcox's Lass o'Yoka; res., G. B. Walton's Bessie Bang II. Over 50lbs.: 1st, Westlake Pointer Kennels' Westlake Ornament; 2d, R. Crompton's May Hobson; 3d, A. D. Keim's Linden Bess; res., J. J. Rockwell's Nellie III. Open.—Dogs under 55lbs.: 1st, J. H. Ogden's Lansdowne Malt; 2d and 3d, G. S. Mott's Prince's Boy and Stowaway; res., Westlake Pointer Kennels' Blackstone; 55lbs. and over: 1st, W. Ferguson, Jr.'s, King William; 2d, Swift Brook Kennels' Dustaway; 3d, R. Crompton's Dan Woodstock; res., M. T. Mason's Young Flynt. Bitches under 50lbs.: 1st, Westlake Pointer Kennels' Westlake Startle; 2d, H. W. Richardson, Jr.'s, Miss Westlake; 3d, G. B. Walton's Bessie Bang II.; res., Dr. A. Fitch's Prince's Lad's Lassie. 50lbs. and over: 1st, Westlake Pointer Kennels' Belle Westlake; 2d, R. Crompton's May Hobson; 3d, J. S. Williams' Daisy Steen. Winners.—Dogs: 1st, J. H. Ogden's Lansdowne Malt; res., G. S. Mott's Prince's Boy. Bitches: 1st, Westlake Pointer Kennels' Belle Westlake; res., G. S. Mott's Prince's Alice. Field Trial Class.—Dogs and bitches: 1st, W. A. Austin's Tioga Sam; 2d, Westlake Pointer Kennels' Blackstone; 3d, Dr. Allen Fitch's Prince's Lad's Lassie.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Puppies.—Dogs: 1st, Joe Lewis' Real John; 2d, J. E. Daniels' Rodrigo D.; 3d, J. E. Daniels' Mike D.; res., F. E. Conlon's Queen's Patch. Bitches: 1st and 2d, H. A. Belcher's Blue Bess and Pauline B.; 3d and res., J. E. Daniels' Fairy D. and Flirt D. Novice.—Dogs: 1st, F. Herroder's Fred's Boy; 2d, E. F. Powers' Fleet Highland; 3d, Windholme Kennels' Windholme Woodchuck; res., J. S. O'Neil's Monk's Spot. Bitches: 1st, Vancroft Kennels' Fan O'Leck; 2d, G. P. Finnigan's Empress of China; 3d, W. W. McCain's Nellie Allis; res., J. O. Bourne's Locksley Clip. Limit.—Dogs: 1st, G. C. Thomas' Mallwyd Sirdar; 2d, Vancroft Kennels' Bracken O'Leck; 3d, R. P. Cushman's Decet; res., G. C. Thomas, Jr.'s, Stylish Sergeant. Bitches: 1st, Joe Lewis' Mallwyd Queen; 2d and 3d, Vancroft Kennels' Fan O'Leck and Queen's Paragon; res., G. C. Thomas, Jr.'s, Pera. Open.—Dogs: 1st, Vancroft Kennels' Champion Barton Tory; 2d, Geo. C. Thomas, Jr.'s, Mallwyd Sirdar; 3d, Vancroft Kennels' Bracken O'Leck; res., R. P. Cushman's Decet. Bitches: 1st, J. Lewis' Mallwyd Queen; 2d, Vancroft Kennels' Queen's Place Pride; 3d and res., Vancroft Kennels' Queen's Pride and Queen's Paragon. Winners.—Dogs: 1st, Vancroft Kennels' champion Barton Tory; res., G. C. Thomas, Jr.'s, Mallwyd Sirdar. Bitches: 1st, J. Lewis' Mallwyd Queen; res., Vancroft Kennels' Queen's Place Pride. Field Trial Class.—Dogs and Bitches: 1st, W. B. Meares' Tar Heel; res., G. C. Thomas, Jr.'s, Sport Solomon.

IRISH SETTERS.—Puppies.—Dogs and bitches: 1st, St. Cloud Kennels' Dermond; 2d, and 3d, Coulson & Ward's St. Simon and St. Lambert Kathleen. Novice.—Dogs: 1st, Coulson & Ward's Toronto Blaney; 2d, J. S. Lacock's Barrack's Finelcho; 3d, Mrs. L. Fitzgerald's Timothy O'More; res., H. A. Smith's Duke of Essex. Bitches: 1st, Coulson & Ward's St. Lambert Norah; 2d, E. G. Harder's Belle of Newark; 3d, Woodbury Kennels' May Rockwood. Limit.—Dogs: 1st, B. B. Lathbury's Rockwood, Jr.; 2d, and 3d, Coulson & Ward's Rory O'More and Toronto Blaney; res., J. S. Lacock's Barrack's Finelcho. Bitches: 1st, Coulson & Ward's St. Lambert Mollie; 2d and 3d, Vancroft Kennels' Signal Bess and Lady May Finglas; res., B. B. Lathbury's Tribby Girl II. Open.—Dogs: 1st, B. B. Lathbury, Jr.'s, Rockwood, Jr.; 2d, Coulson & Ward's Rory O'More; 3d and res., Vancroft Kennels' Prince Victor and Toronto Blaney. Bitches: 1st, H. B. Lathbury's Tribby Girl II.; 2d, Vancroft Kennels' Heather Pet; 3d, J. Lewis' Red Rose III.; res., Mrs. H. N. Ransom's Rockwood Queen. Winners.—Dogs: 1st, B. B. Lathbury, Jr.'s, Rockwood, Jr.; res., Coulson & Ward's Toronto Blaney. Bitches: 1st and res., Coulson & Ward's St. Lambert Mollie and St. Lambert Norah.

GORDON SETTERS.—Novice.—Dogs and bitches: 1st, W. G. Kugler's Echo Clinton II.; 2d, W. C. Allison's Heather Crack; 3d, R. Schimp's Ned S.; res., Luck Kennels' Lad O'Luck. Limit.—Dogs and Bitches: 1st, Vancroft Kennels' Downham Victor; 2d, W. G. Kugler's Echo Clinton II.; 3d, Vancroft Kennels' Heather Charm; res., W. C. Allison's Heather Charm. Open.—Dogs: 1st, Vancroft Kennels' Downham Victor; 2d, Miss Mignon-Morrough Shannon's Duke; 3d, W. G. Kugler's Echo Clinton; res., W. C. Allison's Heather Crack. Bitches: 1st, Vancroft Kennels' Heather Charm; 2d, Vancroft Kennels' Heather Twinkle; 3d, W. C. Kugler's Wagona Clinton; res., J. Fearnley's Gordon's Pride. Winners.—Dogs and Bitches: 1st, Vancroft Kennels' Downham Victor; res., W. G. Kugler's Echo Clinton II.

Atlantic City Kennel Club.

THE list of judges of the Atlantic City show follows: Mr. James Mortimer, bloodhounds, mastiffs, St. Bernards, spaniels, Boston terriers and whippets.

Mr. Ronald H. Barlow, Great Danes, Russian wolfhounds, deerhounds, greyhounds, bulldogs, French bulldogs, Airedale terriers, Welsh terriers and poodles.

Mr. G. Muss-Arnolt, pointers, setters and dachshunde.

Mr. A. D. Lewis, collies.

Mr. W. G. Rockefeller, beagles.

Mr. Frank H. Croker, bull terriers.

Mr. W. W. Caswell, Irish terriers.

Mr. R. F. Mayhew, fox terriers, Old English sheep dogs, Scottish terriers, black and tan terriers, Pomeranians, Yorkshire terriers, toy terriers, toy spaniels and miscellaneous.

The premium list is a liberal one. Entries close March 10. Mr. James Mortimer will superintend the show. For premium lists, etc., address the Secretary, Mr. T. H. Terry, Atlantic City, N. J.

Points and Flushes.

The number of entries at the recent New York show was a record breaker for American bench shows. There were 2,366, though, of course, this does not indicate the number of dogs, as some were entered more than once in the different classes.

The championship field trial had two entries, and was run the latter part of last week. Of the two, Mr. H. B. Duryea's Sioux won; her competitor Clip Windem, quit before the expiration of the time limit. The judges were Messrs. Hobart Ames, C. E. Buckle and H. S. Bevan.

Canoeing.

Down the Danube in a Canadian Canoe.—IV.

(From Macmillan's Magazine.)

Next day the river grew wider, swifter and even more deserted. At Korteljes we landed to buy provisions, though only the watchman's hut was in sight. As we stepped on shore my hat blew off and floated down stream. At once the man (who spoke a little German) went into his hut and produced one of his own, which he begged me to wear; it was a greasy, wide-brimmed felt, but I could not refuse it, and he seemed delighted. He directed us to a farm a mile inland for milk and eggs, and gave us the correct pronunciation of the necessary words. The farm stood on the broad plain in a grove of acacia trees, with snow-white walls and overhanging thatched roofs, forming a square, within which were oxen, buffaloes, pigs, geese and romping children in brilliant skirts. The older girls had yellow kerchiefs on their heads; one little girl, in flaming colors, was chasing a chicken in and out among the trees and oxen; all stopped to stare as we approached, swinging an empty milk can. Through the farmhouse door I got a glimpse into a spotless kitchen, and a most courteous woman with brilliant dark eyes sold us what we required very cheaply. I took off my new greasy hat to them when we left, and the children followed us to the river, a motley escort.

On we went down the great rushing stream, ever flanked by a sea of silvery willows swaying and bending in the wind, reed beds, soft high, alternating with stretches of gray shingle. Between the wooded islands vistas opened in all directions; narrow glades where the river sent out new arms in patches of sunshine with the faint sound of water tumbling over distant shallows; while down some far blue reach, filled with the afternoon shadows, we could see immense herds of cattle, swine and flocks of geese, feeding in meadows lined with poplars and birch trees. Horses in vast quantities roamed along the banks, watched by herdsmen who wore cool white skirts instead of trousers. Often, in the backwaters, oxen, horses, buffalo, pigs and geese were all crowded together trying to keep cool in the great heat.

At Komorn, rising with its fortress just above the dead level of the plain, we laid in provisions. The grocer was inquisitive: "Where have you come from? Where are you going to? How do you cook? Where do you sleep? Are you not afraid of grasshoppers and snakes? What an awful distance you have come—the source of the Danube, where is it? You are both quite young, aren't you? But you are so enormous"—and so on, and so on.

From here we saw the blue mountains that encircle Budapest—not more than forty miles away as a crow would fly it, but a splendid loop of sixty-five miles by the river. Budapest draws one like a magnet. There is a suggestion of delicious wildness about it born of I know not what. The very name seems set to some flying fragment of the wild national music—a bar of the *csardas*, or of the wailing Hungarian songs that thrill with such intense virility. The west, too, sinks lower on the horizon when Budapest is reached, and the Danube sweeps you on through the Iron Gates to Turkey and the Fekete Tengerig (Black Sea).

Willows, reeds, and islands have all vanished now, and there were no sudden whirlpools in midstream. With majestic dignity that disguised the real speed, the mass of water, a mile to a mile and a half wide, swept steadily down under that fierce heat toward the mountain. We kept to midstream and were never tired of watching the banks slip by with their ever-changing pictures: open shore; fields with barley standing in sheaves; vineyards coming down to the water's edge; cottages with thick thatch and white walls; villages full of wild, over-grown gardens, and groves of acacia trees of brilliant washed green. We landed for milk at a farmhouse on the right bank and found that the proprietor spoke English and had traveled in England and Norway and studied in Vienna. "It's only twenty-six kilometers to Budapest," he told us. Later on we overtook some peasants in a boat full of vegetables, and kept pace with them for a little while we chatted in German. "It's a little over forty kilometers to Pest," they said. Boats became frequent after this, broad, flat-bottomed, laden with farm produce, and rowed by men and women who took their hats off to us and asked many questions in bad German. All agreed on one thing—that the Austrians were a poor lot of people compared with the Hungarians; and all differed on another thing—the distance to Budapest. It varied with every boat, and at length we became so confused with the arguments of the spokesman in German and the mocking chorus of the rest in Hungarian, that we almost expected to hear that we had already passed it, or were perhaps on the wrong river altogether.

To avoid calamities we increased our speed and left the string of boats behind. In the afternoon we came to Gran. The dome of its huge Italian basilica dominates for miles the plain we had just traversed, but looks like a round gleaming pebble beside the mountains that rise behind it. The charms of this quaint little town made us realize that time is after all but a form of thought; in other words, we stayed too long. At half-past six we entered the wide deep valley of these magical mountains hoping to find a camping place so soon as we were beyond the town. The sun was hidden; the mountains stood outlined in purple against a wonderful sky, with long thin clouds just touching some of the higher peaks; the water

glowed as though fires burned beneath the waves. Mile after mile we followed the windings of the valley, the hills folding up behind us, but opening even in front again into new and darker distances. But no camping place appeared; one side was too steep, the other treeless. The shadows lengthened and grew deeper; the hills changed from purple to black; the lights of villages twinkled across the river as across a wide lake. They fairly lined the base of the hills, and secluded camping spots were evidently things of the past; there was not even an island.

Eight, nine o'clock passed; it became too dark to cross or recross with safety. We hugged the left bank, eagerly scanning the shore under the steep hills and waiting for the moon to rise. It was 10 o'clock when the moon topped the mountains of the other shore and filled the valley with silver. We found a level yard or two below some vineyards, unpleasantly close to the abode of the proprietor, and there made a small fire and dined late off eggs and cocoa. The scenery was more thrilling than the meal: the dim hills rising through the moonlight; the white river filling the space between as if the whole valley were sliding noiselessly past, the fragrant air, warm and still, shot here and there with fire flies—and Hungary—wild, musical, enchanted Hungary! The fire had died down and we were smoking at the mouth of the tent when sounds of music floated to our ears, and presently a barge of peasants towed by three men along the shore came slowly up the stream. Cymbals and violins were playing a national air and a few low voices were singing. The barge floated past as if no one had seen us, and the music died away in the distance.

And on the mere the wailing died away.

A man fishing woke us early and asked if the *Wein-huter* (watchman of vineyards) had not disturbed us. Luckily, he had not. "That's because it's Sunday and he's overslept himself." In spite of this warning we breakfasted leisurely, and then paddling down stream in blazing sunshine landed a mile below at Visegrad on the opposite bank. This little town, with its ruined castle, and fortress destroyed by the Austrians, nestles among the mountains, and here the good folk of Budapest come in summer to their villas among the acacia trees. Everybody spoke to us, helped to pull up the canoe, told us what to see, where to get good coffee or cooling drinks, described (with painful detail) the remaining twenty miles to Budapest, and showed themselves in all ways most courteous and obliging. Gipsy music sounded everywhere among the trees, and the peasants in bright Sunday costumes lent color to the scene.

Below Visegrad, which we left with much reluctance, begins an island which stretches the whole twenty miles to Budapest. Taking the inner channel, we paddled peacefully all day under blue mountains in a haze of delicious heat, past villages, ferries, churches, castles, private villas, acres of vineyards over the slopes of the hills, and vast herds of horses and oxen standing in the water, till we camped at sunset on a treeless bit of plain at the extreme point of the island, only a mile from Budapest. It was like camping on the Brighton downs. With difficulty we collected scraps of wood enough to make a fire that would boil water. It was a windless night, and our candle stood tied to a stick in the open air with a motionless flame. The moon, rising late, showed rounded curves of bare hills behind us—and then, two figures approached us cautiously from the river. They came to the outside of the firelight circle and stopped; but at our invitation they came within and smoked the last of our *noblesse* cigars—poor fellows! Night fishermen they were, short, thick-set, dark-faced Huns. They drank our cocoa and explained their strange-looking nets to us while waiting for the moon to rise higher. All night long they fished, and on their way home to bed at 5 next morning they looked in to give us a hearty good morning and the information that the cows were coming.

The thunder of hoofs confirmed this, and we got up in time to protect the tent from a herd of several hundred cattle. A herder followed them, a dwarf-like creature with a pole axe as big as himself, and a badge which proclaimed him Government keeper of the plain (Crown-land) where all men's cattle might feed on certain conditions. He spoke no German, but he understood the meaning of a plate of veal, and he finished our meat (two pounds) in about ten minutes. Then he drank some cocoa, asking, with a wry face, if it were *paprika* (Hungarian pepper).

It was piping hot on the treeless plain, and Budapest lay waiting for us. We shaved and donned our town suits. The herder, grateful for his meal, helped to carry our things to the canoe, and, long after we were off, stood shading his eyes with his hand and staring after us. We drifted lazily down another mile of steaming hot river and landed at the wharf of the Hunnia Rowing Club on the right bank—nearly a thousand miles from the sleepy little village in the Black Forest where we had embarked six weeks before.

ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

Till the Sea Gives up Its Dead.

From the London Fishing Gazette.

The boats sailed into the eye of the sun,
Into the eye of the sun they sailed;
The women sat by the door and spun—
Spun till the daylight failed.
There was blue-eyed Otto betrothed to Kate,
But Jack was betrothed to me;
And I thought of Jack, and she of his mate,
That night by the brooding sea.

"Oh! the sea takes all," the old crone said,
Bent low to the driftwood fire—
"The young, the old, and the newly wed,
The son, and the gallant sire.
Some come ashore when the tide is neap,
But the waves be deep," she said;
"And them ye weep will wake from sleep
When the sea gives up its dead."

The boats sailed into the eye of the sun,
Into the eye of the sun they sailed;
We heard the throb of the signal gun,
But never the hulks were hailed.
There was blue-eyed Otto, betrothed to Kate,
And Jack, who was pledged to me,
Came back, each fast in the arms of his mate,
Cast up by the thundering sea.

"Oh! the sea takes all," the old crone said,
Crouched over the dying fire—
"The young, the old, and the newly wed,
The son, and the gallant sire.
Some come ashore when the tide is neap,
But He rules the deep," she said;
"And them ye weep secure will sleep
Till the sea gives up its dead."

Yachting.

Designing Competition.

IN view of the continued and increasing interest in yachting, a designing competition will be opened in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. In America the yachting season is comparatively a short one, and such a competition as has been determined upon will serve to stimulate the interest in the subject during the winter months. The competition is open to both amateur and professional designers. Three prizes will be given for the best designs of a yacht conforming to the following conditions:

- I. A pole mast sloop.
- II. 25ft. load waterline
- III. Not over 4ft. draft (with centerboard hoisted).
- IV. At least 50 per cent. of ballast outside on keel.
- V. 5ft. headroom under cabin carlins.

All abnormal features must be studiously avoided in the design; and the construction, sail and cabin plans should be of the simplest character. It was our idea in laying out the conditions of the competition to make them simple as possible, so as not to hamper in any way the designer, and yet convey to all that we wished to produce a safe, comfortable cruiser on which two or three amateurs could live with comfort for a period of two or three months and cruise along our eastern seaboard from New York to Halifax with safety. A centerboard boat of moderate draft was decided upon, as so many more harbors would be accessible to a boat of that type.

DRAWINGS REQUIRED.

- I. Sheer plan, scale 1in. = 1ft.—showing center of buoyancy and lateral resistance.
- II. Half breadth, scale 1in. = 1ft.
- III. Body plan, scale 1in. = 1ft.
- IV. Cabin plan, scale 1in. = 1ft.
- V. Sail plan, 1/4in. = 1ft., showing center of effort.

The sails should consist of a jib, mainsail, spinnaker and balloon jib. No topsail will be carried. A table of offsets and an outline specification must accompany each design. The drawings should be carefully drawn and lettered. All drawings should be made on white paper or tracing cloth in black ink (no colored inks or pigments should be used). The designs must bear a nom-de-plume only and no indication must be given of the author. In a sealed envelope, however, the designer should inclose his own name and address, together with his nom-de-plume. All designs must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York City, not later than Feb. 28, 1902. All drawings will be returned, but postage should accompany each.

The FOREST AND STREAM reserves the right to publish any or all the designs.

The prizes offered are as follows: 1st prize, \$25.00; 2d prize, \$15.00; 3d prize, \$10.00. Mr. Theodore C. Zerega offers an additional prize of \$10.00 for the best cabin plan. Honorable mention will also be made of meritorious designs.

Mr. Clinton H. Crane, of the firm of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, has kindly consented to judge the designs and make the awards. Mr. Crane's professional standing is so high that he needs no introduction, and every confidence will be put in his ability and fairness.

A number of packages containing drawings for our designing competition have already been received at this office. All plans must be in our hands by Friday, Feb. 28, and it is to be hoped that all intending competitors will send their drawings in time to reach us on that day.

An 18-Foot Waterline Racing Sloop.

WE publish in this issue the lines, construction, deck and sail plans of an 18ft. waterline racing sloop that was designed by Mr. Charles D. Mower for Mr. W. H. Childs. It was Mr. Childs' idea to race the boat on Long Island Sound and Gravesend Bay, but when the Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound adopted the new measurement rule last fall, it was found that the boat would measure over the 21ft. sloop class, for which she was designed, and in consequence Mr. Childs gave up the idea of building for a year at least.

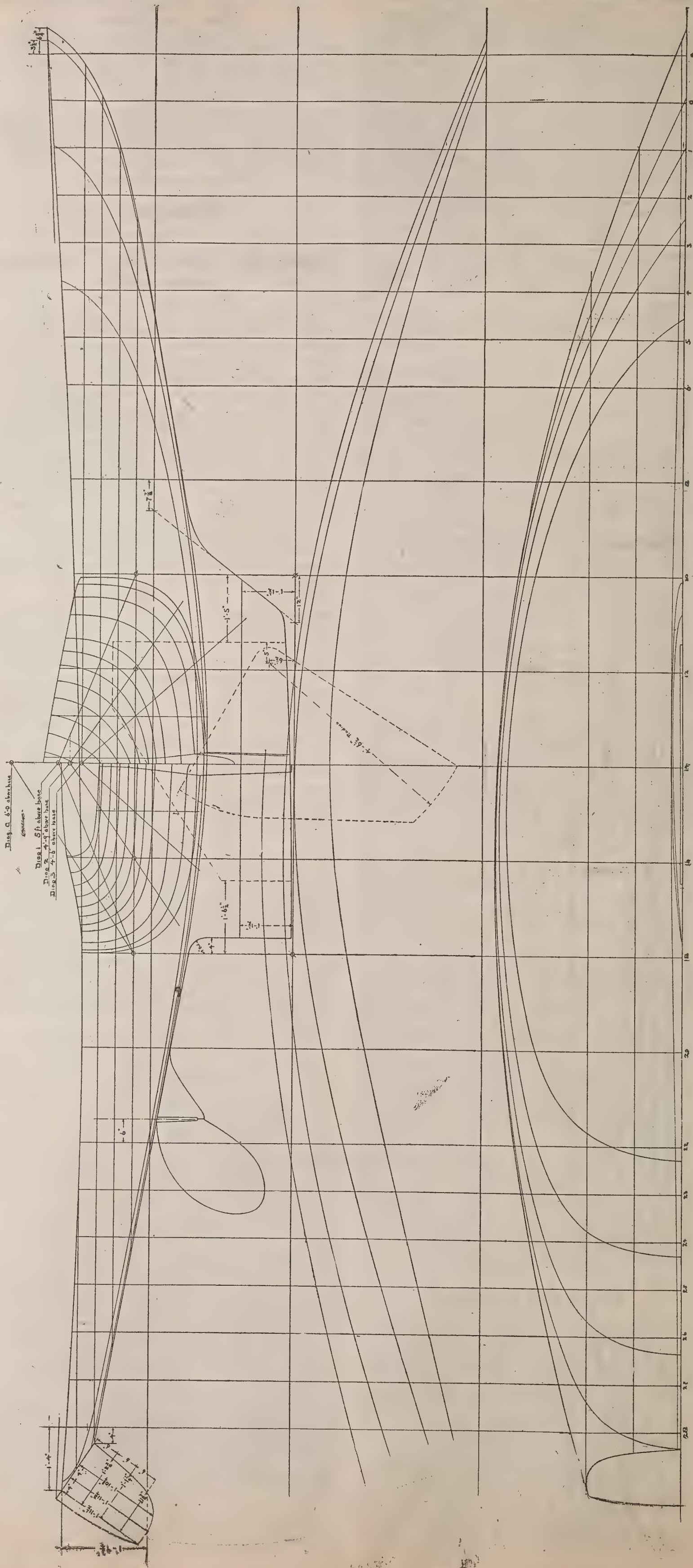
The design shows a boat very much like the Massachusetts Y. R. A. 18-footers, the boats that have been so popular down east for the past two seasons. The boat should have been easily driven by her moderate sail plan, and would have made an excellent craft for day sailing single-handed, and the roomy open cockpit gives ample space to take a large number of persons without crowding.

A coach roof is arranged over the forward end of the cockpit, which gives a place to keep light sails, etc., and a place on top on which to place cleats for halyards, etc.

There will be a thousand pounds of outside ballast, and the boat would be non-capsizable. Her dimensions are as follows:

Length—	
Over all	31ft. 0in.
L.W.L.	17ft. 9in.
Overhang—	
Forward	6ft. 1in.
Aft	7ft. 2in.
Breadth—	
Extreme	8ft. 0in.
L.W.L.	7ft. 6in.
Freeboard—	
Forward	2ft. 4in.
Aft	1ft. 10in.
Least	1ft. 6in.
Draft—	
To rabbet	1ft. 2in.
Extreme	3ft. 0in.
Board down	6ft. 6in.
Sail Area—	
Mainsail	407 sq. ft.
Jib	120 sq. ft.

Total 527 sq. ft.



Our Boston Letter.

Boston, Feb. 24.—Already the yacht clubs in the vicinity of Boston are making active preparations for the coming racing season. The Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, is always early in the matter of arranging racing dates, and this year there was no exception to the general rule. A schedule for the season was arranged soon after the annual meeting. This has been published in FOREST AND STREAM. It is a temporary schedule, but all of the dates given will be kept. The only changes that will be made will be in the addition of races. It is because the Corinthian Club has always been early in the arrangement of its dates that it has had success with its club events. This rule generally prevails. When the programmes for the season are arranged long before the season opens, there are always opportunities of changing the dates when there is possibility of confliction. With the programmes arranged early there is less trouble in making changes, that may become necessary, than when everything is left until the last minute.

The Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. is another one of the early birds. Last year and the year before the programme for the season was laid out long before the snow had left the ground. This year the racing dates have been made early, and a fine programme has been made by the Regatta Committee. The committee has organized with the following officers: John Taylor Humphrey, chairman; C. W. Cole, secretary; Louis M. Clark, Foster Hooper and C. C. Clapp. There will be only two members regularly constituting the board of judges, Charles A. Cooley, chairman, and Charles E. Lauriat, Jr., secretary. The members of the Regatta Committee will, however, when present at the races, help in the matter of judging.

The racing programme, which has been arranged so far, is as follows:

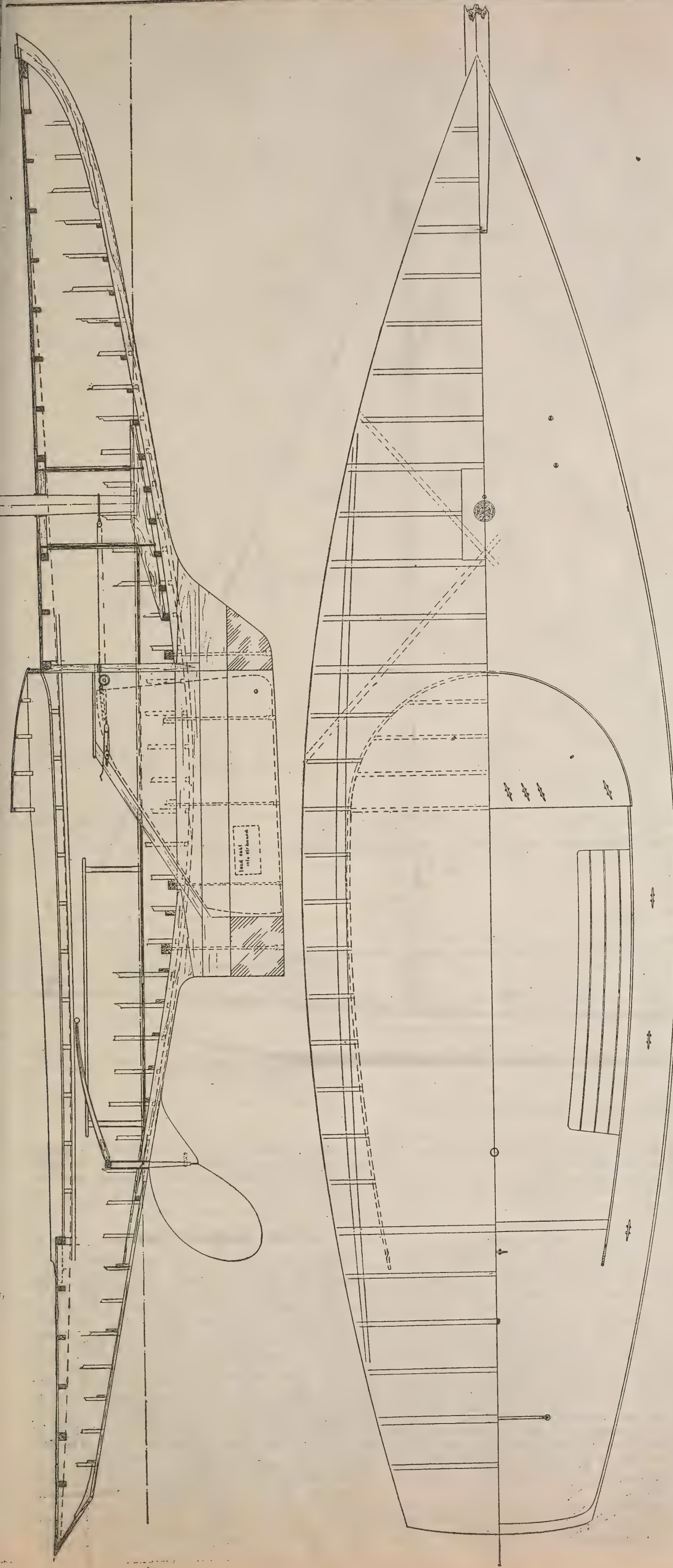
- June 14, Saturday—Club race.
- June 17, Tuesday—Y. R. A. open.
- June 28, Saturday—Club race.
- July 5, Saturday—Club race.
- July 12, Saturday—Club race.
- July 24, 25 and 26, Thursday, Friday and Saturday—Midsummer series of Y. R. A. open races.
- Aug. 16, Saturday—Club race.
- Aug. 30, Saturday—Club race.
- Sept. 6, Saturday—Club race.

This year, as in the two preceding years, championships will be offered in the different classes. There is sure to be a good flock of Y. R. A. 21-footers in the field, and it is likely that many of them will race at Hull. In this class a championship cup will be offered for the best season's work, and there will also be cash prizes offered for each race. There will also be a big bunch of 18-footers, knockabouts, old and new. Most of those which have been built to sail in the waters of Boston and vicinity, are owned by members of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. Last year the club fostered this class and adopted the restrictions of the Eighteen-foot Knockabout Association, and the result was that many boats were built. The attendance at the club races was very good. With the addition of several new boats, it is expected that the class will be much larger this year. For this class there will also be a championship prize for the best average work, and also cash prizes for every race. It is a little uncertain as to how well the Y. R. A. 25-footers will show up in the Hull Club. Flirt and Chewink have been sold, and are expected to race at Islesboro and Bar Harbor. It may be that both of these boats will linger in Massachusetts Bay to take a try at the championship before going east. There are several new boats being built, and if they are out for racing, the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. is likely to get their attendance. If there should be a sufficient number of 25-footers to warrant it, a championship prize will also be given in this class, as well as cash prizes for every race. The prizes offered by this club are always most generous. Every inducement is offered for the yachtsmen to race, and it is not likely that they will want to let the opportunity of getting these prizes go by.

It will be noticed that this year the club has scheduled fewer club dates than it did last year. This is because last year there were some complaints made about the club taking every Saturday for club races. While this was partly true, a sweeping statement of that nature would be doing the club and its Regatta Committee an injustice. It is true that the club scheduled as many club races as it could. It is only natural that the club which is the most active south of Boston and has the largest racing membership should do so. But last year, when there was an open race scheduled for the popular classes, this club cut those classes out of its regular scheduled club races so that the Y. R. A. boats might attend the open races of the other clubs. In this feature the club has always been consistent. It wants all the races it can get for its members, but it does not by any means want to "hog" the races, and is always willing to give way to such an extent that the smaller clubs can have the attendance of all of the Y. R. A. boats at their open races. Already the Regatta Committee has consulted with the committees of three of the clubs that will figure most in club events, so that there will be no conflicting of dates. The Y. R. A. schedule has not yet been made out, but when the time comes, this club will also give way, in the interest of racing, to such clubs as can only hold their open races on certain dates, because of the depth of water or other sufficient reasons.

This year four Y. R. A. open races have been scheduled. The first of these is on June 17. This date belongs to the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. club by right of precedent. It has had this date for some years, and nobody thinks of contesting it. Last year, for the first time, there was a midsummer series of invitation races. For the first venture, these races were very well attended. It is desired this year to make the attendance even greater, and to encourage racing in the popular classes, the Regatta Committee has decided to make the midsummer series Y. R. A. open races. As the object is a good one, and by the arrangement the club will put a big benefit in the way of yacht racing in Massachusetts Bay, it is not likely that any other clubs will put anything in the way of having these races held as scheduled. The Regatta Committee also is desirous of encouraging handicap racing among

EIGHTEEN-FOOT RACING SLOOP—CONSTRUCTION AND DECK PLANS.





EIGHTEEN-FOOT RACING SLOOP—SAIL PLAN.

the club boats, and will offer every inducement to those who wish to race in these classes. It has been found that the courses which have been given the 18ft. knockabouts have been too long, requiring the greater part of the afternoon to get ready, sail over them and clean up after the races were finished. This year the courses for these boats will be reduced to about seven or eight miles.

Last Friday evening the reception and banquet of the Boston Y. C. was held at the Parker House. The banquet was well attended by the members of the club and their friends, who were treated to talks upon yachting and other entertainment during the evening. Thomas Fleming Day spoke at length upon the measurement rules in New York. Mr. Louis M. Clark told of the evolution of the racing yacht. This is a subject with which Mr. Clark is very familiar, and he had some interesting things to tell. Among other things, he recommended a national yacht racing association, with delegates from all clubs, to meet every year and frame rules to meet the demands of the racing men. This proposition of Mr. Clark's is one that well might be enlarged upon. Mr. Charles E. Russ told of the founding of the Boston Y. C., and Mr. W. D. Turner told of the club's official life. Mr. Odin B. Roberts, a former member of the Boston Y. C., represented the Eastern Y. C. The Eastern Y. C. sprung from the membership of the Boston Y. C., and the greeting sent by the younger club was one of the features of the evening. During the banquet, about the second leg of the course, a waiter hove in sight with a large magnum of champagne, which was anchored in front of Vice-Com. Walter Burgess, presiding in the absence of Com. B. P. Cheney, who was called to New York suddenly. This was an object of much curiosity among the company, until Vice-

Com. Burgess arose and read the following stanza, the greeting from the Eastern Y. C.:

"Like sunshine, greeting comes from out the East,
The Eastern sends this token to your feast
Of healthy fellowship and loyalty,
Of seamen's cheer and jollity.
Drink deep and long, it is the tribute sent
To mother, with affectionate compliment."

Then the magnum was started upon a cruise around the tables, giving a little of its good cheer to each on the way; and when the course had been covered, all arose and drank the health of the Eastern Y. C.—the child of the Boston Y. C.

Last week Frank N. Tandy sold for C. H. Jones, of Boston, the 70ft. centerboard schooner *Attaquin*, to Mr. Durbin Horne, of Pittsburg, Pa. Mr. Horne summers at Provincetown, and this season will cruise in Massachusetts Bay and along the coast of Maine in *Attaquin*. He also owns the 18ft. knockabout, which was built by Lawley for Mr. Tandy last winter. *Attaquin* is a fine cruising schooner. She was designed by B. B. Crowninshield especially for the shoal waters of the South. She was built by Frisbie, of Salem, in 1899. Mr. Jones' cruise in her to Southern waters in the fall of that year proved her an excellent craft. Although she is of extremely light draft for a yacht of her waterline length, she is well laid out below, and there is full headroom. She carries two centerboards.

Small Bros. have an order for a 27ft. waterline cruising yawl for Alfred Rowell, of New York. She will have moderate overhangs and a good bulk of hull.

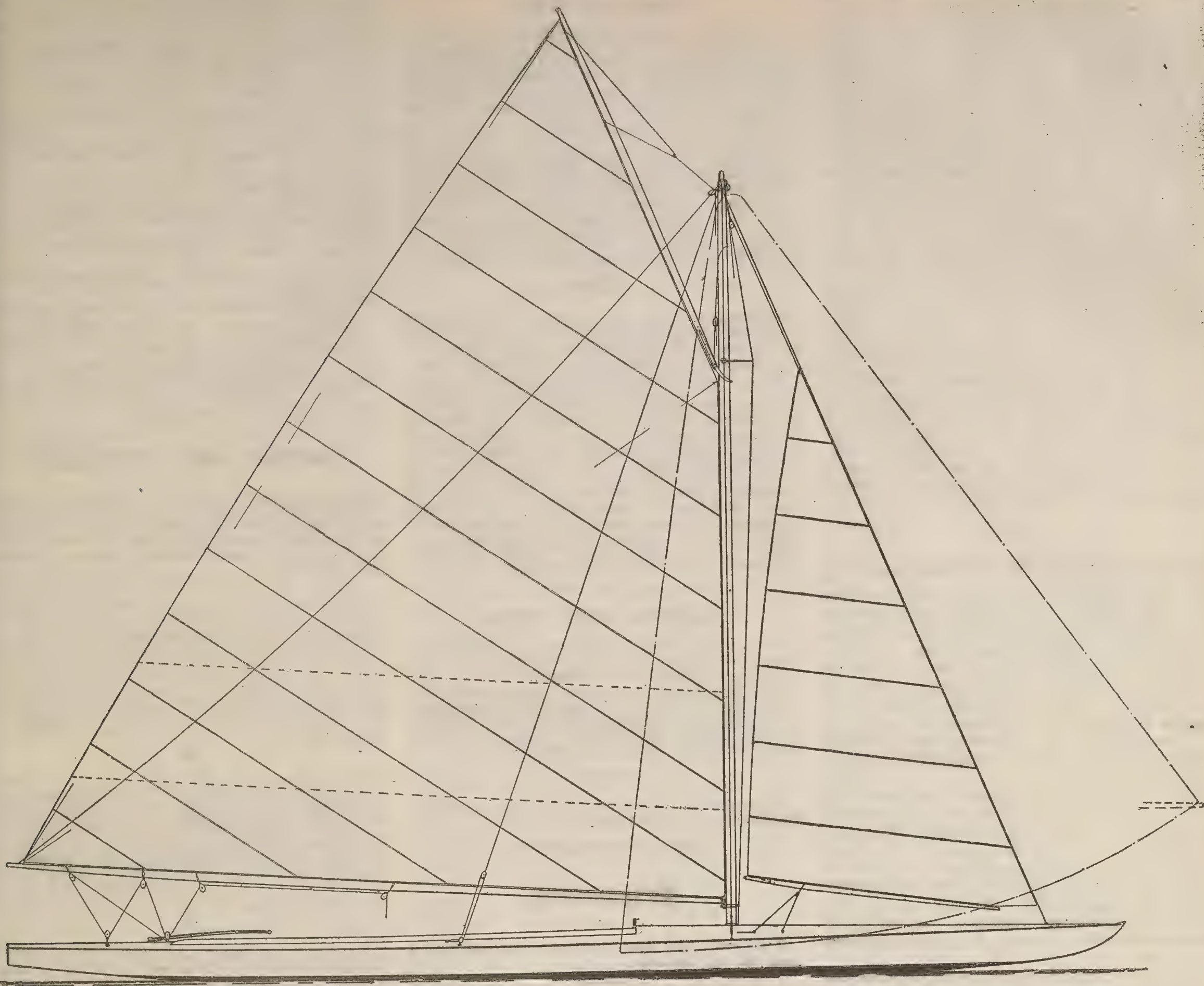
At Lawley's the Lippit 60-rater is in-frame. In the

same shop a 46-footer, designed by Binney, is partly framed. The Morse 35-footer is planked, and the deck is being laid on the Adams 21-footer. The 33ft. yawl for Foss and Gunnison is planked.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Our English Letter.

It appears that Bona is not to be raced in the first-class open matches this season, but will make a show in the handicap races about the Clyde, and may come south later on. No new yachts for racing are being built above 52 rating, though there may be good sport in the smaller classes. The handicap classes year by year come into greater favor, and this shows there is room for cruiser-racer classes, such as they have in Germany, with limitations on the number of paid hands, for it is this, more than any other cause, that operates against racing in the open classes. The Yacht Racing Association is introducing quite a variety of specifications as to the size of sideboards, beds and so forth, in racing yachts, hoping by this means to render them (the yachts, not the beds) more popular. Until the South African trouble is over no amount of legislation will have any effect. The description of the German Emperor's new schooner has excited considerable interest over here, for there is a decided boom in schooner building. None of these large vessels are, however, built for racing, that having long since been killed by the practice of mixing up schooners, yawls and cutters together. The schooners managed well enough for a time, simply because they were larger, but as the cutters and yawls increased in size, the



OUTBOARD PROFILE AND SAIL PLAN OF SEAWANHAKA TRIAL BOAT. OWNED BY MESSRS. MOWER AND HUNT.

schooners collapsed, and the clubs never sought to encourage them by giving separate races for this rig.

One of the most notable boats now building is a fine schooner for Mr. Cecil Quentin. She is designed by Fife and is being built by Messrs. Fay & Co., of Southampton. Though she is being built regardless of racing and to Lloyds' highest class, she will be all there when paced against any other schooner. One highly significant feature of the ship is that the deadwood aft is being left sufficiently thick to admit of a motor engine being fitted later on. Given a good motor, this spells the beginning of the end of the moderate-sized steam yacht. Very few yachtsmen go into steam without a twinge of conscience, and fewer still will take the plunge when they find that all the advantages of steam are at their disposal, together with those of sail, at half the cost, both running and initial.

Mr. W. P. Burton, who is having a new 52-footer built, is trying to have our luffing rule altered. He wants to avoid an overtaken yacht waiting until the other gets abeam to windward, and then luffing into her. Of course it is very unpleasant when this happens—for the overtaking boat—but it is also very unpleasant to have another vessel planted bang between you and the wind. Nothing is likely to come of the idea, for it is worded in a shockingly vague way.

Kariad arrived at Marseilles on Jan. 30. She was being towed by her tender before Gibraltar was reached and the rope broke. Both vessel then made for the port "on their own," and Kariad got there first. Sybarita made the passage from Falmouth to the Rocks in five days. Sir Thomas Lipton's steam yacht Erin is being put in order for a spring commission. At Messrs. Summers & Payne's yard, Southampton, a very bad fire broke out on Mr. Albert Brassey's fine steam yacht Czarina. She was having new decks, etc., and the fire broke out through the explosion of a paraffin lamp. The damage to the yacht herself is considerable, but it did not spread beyond her.

The captain of the steamer Ban Righ (Libertador, she is called now) is Capt. Willis, of Southampton. He was for years the sailing master of the big yawl Lethe, and sailed her remarkably well. He is a fine sailor, but nobody suspected him of such bellicose proclivities. He took out an English crew of yachtsmen, some from Southampton and some from the neighborhood of the Colne, Essex. When they got out to South America the Essex men came home, but the Southampton men thought they would go through with it. Probably the Essex men chose the better part, but the experience of our yachtsmen points to the desirability of having the deep-sea

sailor or fisherman as a paid hand, rather than his coast-wise brother.

No doubt your readers have heard that there will be a great motor exhibition at Berlin next summer. This ought to be a good opportunity for motor makers to exhibit their engines in Europe. Of course, they will be copied at once, but they need hardly fear the German imitation. A canoeist who has returned from a trip in a canoe-yawl through the French canals to the Mediterranean, tells me that he wanted to buy a Primus cooking stove en route. The dealer showed him three, and explained that one was the real Primus, the second a French adaptation and the third a German imitation of the French make. The prices were graduated, in the above order, from high to low, and the dealer explained that the French stove would work fairly well, and so would the German imitation, but that after a time it would explode! That fairly well represents the methods of both countries. By the way, a trip through the French canals is an ideal holiday, but for some reason the jack-in-office at the British Embassy and Consulate in Paris appear to put all manner of impediments in the way of their countrymen. There must be some reason for it, but the French themselves are delightful.

E. H. HAMILTON.

Seawanhaka Cup News.

As the season progresses, more interest is manifested in the trial races to be held by the Bridgeport Y. C. for the selection of challenger for the Seawanhaka Cup. Four boats have been ordered and the work has been started on all of them.

The syndicate at Bridgeport headed by Mr. T. H. Macdonald will have two boats, one of which is to be designed by Mr. B. B. Crowninshield, of Boston, and built by Mr. Wm. B. Smith, of Quincy Point, Mass., and the other is to be designed and built by Messrs. Jones & La Borde, of Oshkosh, Wis. Messrs. C. Barnum Seely and Wilson Marshall will have a boat that will be designed and built by Mr. L. D. Huntington, of New Rochelle, and the fourth boat was designed by Mr. Charles D. Mower and is now building by Mr. Thomas Smith, at Bayonne, N. J. The Hanley boat has been abandoned.

The four boats thus far ordered come from the boards of men who have had more or less experience with this type of boat before. Mr. B. B. Crowninshield's first attempt at this type of boat was when he turned out the Nahant splasher dories. These boats were of light con-

struction and carried about 500 square feet of sail, and they proved very satisfactory, as they showed considerable speed. In 1899 Thelma and Algonquin came out; both were from Mr. Crowninshield's design. Thelma was designed to have a try for the Quincy cup and was a very slick looking craft. She did not show up very well, and it has always been a matter of surprise because she did not develop more speed. Algonquin's failure to win out in the Seawanhaka cup trial races was due solely to her poor handling. She was a very fast boat, and did not do better as her crew sadly lacked practice and experience in that type of boat. Mr. Crowninshield also designed the Marblehead 16-footers. These boats are extreme fin keel scows with restricted sail area and have shown great speed. Mr. Smith, who will build the Crowninshield boat, is a clever workman, and in addition to this was the builder of Hostess, the Quincy cup winner, and has excellent ideas about the designing and construction of these boats. The Crowninshield-Smith combination is undoubtedly a strong one.

For several years past the championships of the Inland Lake Yachting Association have been won by boats designed and built by Messrs. Jones and La Borde. Their boats are all of the extreme scow type; and have proven wonderfully fast. Up to a short time ago this firm was little known in the East, but the recent successes of their productions have placed them in the front rank of designers of fast racing craft. Milwaukee (the Canada cup trial boat), Emanon, Anita, and Caroline were designed by this firm.

None of the men who are designing trial boats for the Seawanhaka cup races this year is better qualified to undertake the work than Mr. L. D. Huntington. From the time Mr. Huntington turned out the famous 15-footer, Question, the pioneer of the scow type of boat, his name has been associated with fast racing craft. Following Question came Paprica, and after her Mr. Huntington turned out Kenen and Skate. The year following he built Akabo, which proved to be the fastest craft he had yet produced, and had she been well sailed would have unquestionably won out in the Seawanhaka trial races. After Akabo Mr. Huntington designed and built Palm, his first fin boat, and she was not a success. However, he is satisfied that there is speed in the fin boats, for the craft he is now building is of that type. With the exception of Palm, all his boats have proven very fast, and generally at their best in strong breezes. As Mr. Huntington is to sail his own production this year he will be able to bring out all there is in her, and she should make a formidable competitor.

The first boat of note turned out by Mr. Charles D.

Mower was Vitesse, and from the year she was launched, 1897, up to the present year, she has taken the championship in her class in the Massachusetts Y. R. A. She is really a remarkable boat, and although many craft have been designed solely to beat her, up to the present time none has succeeded in doing so. She never lost a first prize as long as she was sailed by her designer. In 1898 Mr. Mower turned out Gaboo for the Annisquam Y. C.'s half ruler class, and she won the championship, defeating the Dugger designed boats. In 1898 Mr. Mower brought out Duchess, a very smart little boat that took the championship in the 18ft. class that year. In 1899 Mr. Mower built Heiress from his own design. She was the largest boat he had built, and she, too, won the championship in the 21ft. class. At the end of that season Mr. Mower moved to New York and has devoted his attention to racing in New York and vicinity. Last season Don, a production of Mr. Mower's, won the championship in the 25ft. class on Long Island Sound. For the past two years Mr. Mower has followed the racing of the Seawanhaka boats and the Inland Lake craft very closely, and is conversant with all the details, both of the designs of all the boats and of the weather conditions that exist in the several places where the boats are raced, as well.

Word is received from Canada that the Royal Canadians are not to build any new boats this year. It is also stated that Mr. Duggan will not be so closely identified with the racing as heretofore, owing to press of business matters. At present it looks as if the cup would be defended by Senneville, and that the boat would be sailed by either Mr. Charles Routh or Mr. Fred Shearwood. Mr. Routh sailed Red Coat in the trial races for the selection of a defender last year and Mr. Shearwood has been in every race with the exception of one that the Canadians sailed either in winning or defending the cup.

The German Emperor's Yacht Meteor Launched.

No more successful launching ever took place than that of the German Emperor's schooner Meteor, that went overboard from the yard of the Townsend & Downey Co. at Shooter's Island on Tuesday, Feb. 25.

The affair was a brilliant success in every way, and the drizzling rain marred but little the occasion. The yacht was launched without a hitch. The arrangements for handling the large number of spectators were excellent—for there were over two thousand persons present, in addition to the police, marines, soldiers and the workmen employed in the yard.

The yacht was christened Meteor in the name of the German Emperor by Miss Alice Roosevelt, daughter of the President. After breaking the bottle of champagne against the vessel's bows, Miss Roosevelt severed the rope which allowed heavy weights to fall on the ends of the dog shores, which released the yacht and permitted her to slide down the ways. The vessel moved slowly at first, but gained more headway as she moved, and finally stopped when about half way over to the Staten Island shore.

The Kill had been cleared of ice by the tow boats, and Government vessels kept the surrounding water free of all craft not directly interested in the launching.

The presence of the President and Prince Henry added much to the interest of the occasion. In addition to members of the Cabinet and a number of German and American army and naval officers, there were many representatives of the press.

The Staten Island shore, which is but a short distance from Shooter's Island, was black with people, thousands having turned out to see the launching.

Meteor is 120ft. on the waterline, 161ft. over all, 27ft. breadth and draft 15ft. The least freeboard is 6ft., freeboard forward 11ft., and freeboard aft 8ft. The overhang forward is 18ft., and overhang aft is 23ft. The sail area is just under 12,000 sq. ft.

Bridgeport Y. C.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., Feb. 18.—At the annual meeting of the Bridgeport Y. C., held Tuesday evening, Feb. 18, in Bridgeport, Conn., the following officers were elected: Com., T. H. Macdonald; Vice-Com., Walter A. Wilmot; Rear-Com., E. D. Chittenden; Sec'y, H. A. Hill; Treas., Thomas Fish. Members of the Board of Governors for three years: J. Percy Bartram and George C. Edwards.

The committee on building Seawanhaka cup challenger reported that four boats were in process of construction—the first being by Jones & La Borde, of Oshkosh, Wis.; the second by C. D. Mower, of the Rudder, New York; the third by L. D. Huntington, of New Rochelle, and the fourth by B. B. Crowninshield, of Boston, Mass. The Western boat and the Crowninshield boat will be owned by the same syndicate in the Bridgeport Y. C.; the Huntington boat will be owned by Wilson Marshall, vice-commodore of the Larchmont Club, and Clinton Barnum Seeley; the Mower boat will be owned by C. D. Mower, the designer, and Albert Hunt, yachting editor of FOREST AND STREAM.

In scattering the orders thus widely, the builders hope to obtain the advantages of the various ideas upon this type of boat in different sections of the country. The club is enthusiastic in the progression of the challenger, and a season of exciting racing may be looked forward to.

T. H. MACDONALD.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Yacht Club Notes.

At the annual meeting of the Bridgeport Y. C., held on Tuesday evening, Feb. 18, the following officers were elected: Com., T. H. Macdonald; Vice-Com., Walter A. Wilmot; Rear-Com., E. D. Chittenden; Sec'y, H. A. Hill; Treas., Thomas Fish; members of the Board of Governors for three years, J. Percy Bartram and George C. Edwards.

The annual meeting of the Bergen Beach Y. C. was held a few days ago at Colonial Hall, Flatbush avenue, Brooklyn. The following were elected to serve during the ensuing year: Com., Geo. E. Fitzmorris; Vice-Com., W. E. C. Vens; Treas., Edward A. Clapham; Record, Sec'y, T. L. Dennis; Finan. Sec'y, A. Miller; Treas., A. McDougall. Trustees: Dr. George Cooper, J. H. Green, E. A. H. Frohme, Dr. Everson, G. T. Buyers.

The annual meeting of the Larchmont Y. C. was held at Delmonico's, New York city, on Wednesday, Feb. 19, and a large number of members were present. The following officers were elected: Com., Frederick T. Adams, schooner Sachem; Vice-Com., Wilson Marshall, schooner Atlantic; Rear-Com., Frederick M. Hoyt, sloop Isalde; Sec'y, A. Bryan Alley; Treas., William Murray; Meas., John Hyslop; Trustees (to serve three years), Francis M. Scott and Eugene L. Bushe. The membership now consists of 634 regular members, 60 life members and 19 army and navy members, a total of 713, which is an increase of 81 over last year. The fleet consists of 47 schooners, 5 auxiliary schooners, 107 sloops, cutters and yawls, and 8 mainsail cabin yachts, 23 jib and mainsail open boats, 21 mainsail open boats, 72 steamers, and 42 launches, a total of 323 vessels, an increase of 25 vessels during the year. The German Emperor and Prince Henry were elected honorary members of the club.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The American Power and Construction Company has sold the following yachts: Yawl Taormina for Count Von Colledge Mansfield to Col. Cornelius McLean. The yacht will be rigged as a schooner. Steam launch Electrica to Salem Davidson, of Albany; schooner yacht Sentinel to Raymond B. Gilchrist, of Chicago; yawl Active to A. H. Dayton, of Naugatuck, Conn.; sloop yacht Avoca to James R. Taylor, of Barnegat, N. J.

Mr. Anthony J. Drexel has chartered his steam yacht Margarita to Mr. C. B. Alexander for two years.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

March 4-5.—Concordia, Kans.—First tournament of the Concordia Blue Ribbon Gun Club. F. W. Olney, Sec'y.
March 6.—Omaha, Neb.—Contest at 100 live birds for Hazard trophy between C. W. Budd, holder, and Russell Klein, challenger, at 2 P. M.

March 8.—Fairview, N. J.—Open target shoot of the Fairview Gun Club.

March 8.—Carlstadt, N. J.—Invitation shoot of the Carlstadt Gun Club.

March 11.—Interstate Park, L. I.—Live-bird event, 25 live birds, \$10 entrance, birds included; class shooting, four moneys, handicaps 25 to 33yds., optional sweeps; other events. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock.

March 12-13.—Junction City, Kans.—Tournament of the Junction City Gun Club.

March 17.—Cresson, Pa.—Third annual live-bird handicap of the Cresson Gun Club. A. B. Earhart, Sec'y.

March 19-21.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Annual Grand Central Handicap tournament; first two days, targets; third day, 25 live birds, \$25 entrance. Bert A. Adams, Sec'y.

March 31-April 5.—Blue River Park, Kansas City, Mo.—Grand American Handicap at live birds. Ed Banks, Sec'y, 318 Broadway, New York.

April 8-11.—Olathe, Kan.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament.

April 15-17.—Asheville, N. C.—Target tournament given by Col. E. P. McKissick.

April 15-17.—St. Joseph, Mo.—Missouri State Amateur Shooting Association's annual tournament. F. B. Cunningham, Sec'y.

April 19.—Haverhill, Mass.—Patriots' Day shoot of the Haverhill Gun Club.

April 22-25.—Omaha, Neb.—Nebraska State shoot. H. S. McDonald, Sec'y.

April 29-30.—Greenville, O.—Annual tournament of the Greenville Gun Club. H. A. McCaughey, Sec'y.

May 6-9.—Interstate Park, L. I.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap at Targets. Edward Banks, Sec'y; Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.

May 13-14.—Enid, Oklahoma Territory.—Oklahoma Territorial Sportsmen's Association tournament.

May 13-16.—Oil City, Pa.—Annual meeting of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. F. S. Bates, Cor. Sec'y.

May 14-16.—Charleston, S. C.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Charleston-Palmetto Gun Club. W. G. Jeffords, Jr., Sec'y.

May 20-22.—Ottumwa, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's tournament.

May 20-22.—Elwood, Ind.—Annual tournament of the Zoo Rod and Gun Club, of Elwood, Ind.

May 20-22.—Wheeling, W. Va.—Fifth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association; added money and prizes. John B. Garden, Sec'y, Wheeling, W. Va.

May 21-22.—Baltimore, Md.—Maryland county shoot for amateurs.

May 21-23.—Springfield, S. D.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association tournament.

May 26-31.—Lincoln, Neb.—Grand Interstate tournament; three days shooting; three days golf; three days tennis. H. C. Young, Manager.

May 30.—Schenectady, N. Y.—Spring tournament of the Schenectady Gun Club. E. L. Aiken, Sec'y.

May 30.—Ossining, N. Y.—Holiday shoot of the Westchester County Trapshooters' League. J. Curry Barlow, Sec'y.

May 30-31.—Union City, Ind.—Spring tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club. O. E. Fouts, Sec'y.

June 3-5.—Cleveland, O.—Tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League, under the auspices of the Cleveland Gun Club.

June 4-6.—Memphis, Tenn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Memphis Gun Club.

June 9-13.—Rochester, N. Y.—Forty-fourth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game.

June 10-11.—Sioux City, Ia.—Eighth annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.

June 10-11.—Muncie, Ind.—Indiana Trapshooters' League's annual tournament.

June 17-20.—Warm Springs, Ga.—Annual Interstate tournament.

June 18-19.—Bellefontaine, O.—Silver Lake Gun Club's annual tournament. Geo. E. Maison, Sec'y.

June 25-26.—Raleigh, N. C.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Raleigh Gun Club. Jas. I. Johnson, Sec'y.

July 16-18.—Titusville, Pa.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Titusville Gun Club. T. L. Andrews, Sec'y.

Aug. 6-7.—Marietta, O.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Columbian Gun Club. Chas. Bailey, Sec'y.

Aug. 13-14.—Brunswick, Me.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Brunswick Gun Club. L. C. Whitmore, Sec'y.

Aug. 27-28.—Haverhill, Mass.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Haverhill Gun Club. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.

Sept. 3-4.—Nappanee, Ind.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Nappanee Gun Club. B. B. Maust, Sec'y.

Sept. 24-25.—Lewistown, Ill.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Lewistown Gun Club. H. H. McCumber, Sec'y.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot, every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

We have received the following communication: "The Cresson Gun Club, Cresson, Pa., will hold its third annual live-bird handicap on St. Patrick's Day, Monday, March 17. There will be two events. The first at 5 birds and the second at 15. The entrance fees will be \$4 and \$10 respectively, three moneys, class shooting. The price of the birds is included in each event. There will be sufficient birds on the grounds to permit extra events if they are desired. The handicap committee is G. G. Zeth, Altoona; P. J. Trego, South Fork; Dr. F. M. Christy, Altoona; D. D. Stine, Tyrone, and C. Wenderoth, Cresson. The handicaps will be from 26yds. up. Headquarters will be at the Anderson House, and shells, etc., shipped there will be delivered to the grounds free. For further information, address the secretary, A. B. Earhart, Cresson, Pa."

Pastime, of San Francisco, has the following to say of a charming gentleman: "Harvey McMurchy, the well-known and popular representative of the Hunter Arms Company, dropped into town Monday last unannounced and unheralded, but this fact did not affect the warmth of his greeting from his many friends in this city. No more popular traveler is on the road than genial McMurchy, and it is needless to say that his success is second to none. Given a good gun and a good man to sell it, and success is sure to follow. McMurchy reports splendid sales, good times and more orders in the factory than can be filled. He will be here for some time, and hopes to enjoy some wild goose shooting, and if his time will permit, he will whip some of the California trout streams before departing."

Feb. 22 was an active day on the grounds of the Crescent Athletic Club, at Bay Ridge, Long Island. Dr. J. J. Keyes won the President's cup, his four high scores aggregating 179 points. Mr. G. Stevenson won the State trophy with a score of 27. Mr. H. Vanderveer won the Washington's Birthday cup with a score of 46. Mr. H. M. Brigham won the February cup. In the team race Messrs. Brigham and Keyes won the Sykes cup with a score of 41. Messrs. Brigham and Sykes won respectively in other trophy events. The first shoot for the March cup will take place on Saturday of this week.

The Concordia Blue Ribbon Gun Club has claimed March 4 and 5 as the dates for its first tournament, Concordia, Kans. A magnum trap and bluerocks will be used. The programme is alike for each day, namely, twelve target events at 10, 15 and 20 targets, entrance based on 10 cents per target. In all, 200 targets; \$20 entrance. On the second day there will be a five-man team race, 25 targets per man, \$2.50 entrance per man; money divided 60 and 40. Rose system, 7, 5, 4 and 3. Shooting commences at 9:30. Highest three averages, \$5, \$3 and \$2. All are invited.

The Carteret amateur championship, an event at 100 live birds, \$100 entrance, was shot on the club grounds at Garden City, L. I., on Friday and Saturday of last week. There were eight contestants. Dr. F. C. Wilson, of Savannah, Ga., won with a score of 96, killing his first 62 straight. Messrs. H. D. Kirkover and D. I. Bradley tied on 93 and took second and third. "Stanley" was fourth with 91. The weather was something phenomenal in the way of badness.

On Thursday of this week there will be a live-bird shoot on the grounds of the Bound Brook Gun Club, Bound Brook, N. J. Take C. R. R. of N. J. There are two events. No. 1, handicap at 10 birds, \$5, a hammerless gun to first, and surplus divided, 60, 30 and 20 per cent. No. 2, handicap, at 10 birds, \$5, high guns. Also sweepstake shooting. Trains leave New York at 9, 9:10, 10, 12 and 1 o'clock. Leave Trenton at 10:10 and 12:05. U. G. Tingley, Manager.

Mr. W. S. Stein, Secretary, Lincoln, Neb., writes us as follows: "We should like very much to have this notice appear in your 'coming shooting events' column: Grand Interstate tournament, Lincoln, Neb.; three days' shooting, three days golf, two days tennis. May 26, 27, 28, 29, 30 and 31. H. C. Young is manager."

If pigeon shooting is not legally prohibited, Mr. J. S. Wright will give a live-bird shoot at Interstate Park in the near future. If it is prohibited, he will give a target shoot instead. In either event, he will give in added prizes, \$17.50 in gold, \$10, \$5 and \$2.50, first, second and third respectively.

The Oceanic Rod and Gun Club will hold its next shoot on March 2, at Rockaway Park, L. I. Trains leave Thirty-fourth street and Flatbush stations of L. I. R. R. at 9 and 11 o'clock. A. M. Targets, 1½ cents.

Mr. E. D. Fulford, of Utica, N. Y., has perfected and put on the market his patent single trigger, a most ingenious and perfect device. He warrants it to wear out the gun without a double blank or balk. Write to him for a description.

June 10 and 11 are the dates claimed for the eighth annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. Mr. W. F. Duncan is the secretary.

The weather in this vicinity on Friday and Saturday of last week was of mixed storminess, rain, snow and sleet. As a consequence, several shoots suffered, and some were not held at all. Of the latter was that of the Fulton Gun Club, of Brooklyn, whose grounds were more or less overflowed. On the other hand, some clubs were gainers in attendance. The question of bad weather with the enthusiastic trapshooter arises only when he has not whereon to place his feet.

Mr. Ed Rike, of Dayton, O., was a visitor in New York this week. He reports that his side partner, Mr. R. O. Heikes, is not convalescing so rapidly as could be desired since his illness, of some weeks ago. The latter is now in Texas, enjoying the relatively balmy climate of that section, and it is to be fervently hoped that good health is quickly coming to him.

It is expected that the Legislature of New York will settle the fate of the anti-pigeon shooting bill this week one way or the other. At present the indications are that most of the New York shooters will do their live-bird trapshooting in the neighborly State of New Jersey, in which New Yorkers have the privileges of the open door and of a most favored nation.

Mr. Tom Donley, of St. Thomas, Ont., writes us as follows: "I am sorry to say we have been obliged to call off the shoot which we had arranged for March 25, 26 and 27, as we found it impossible to procure the pigeons. Kindly cancel notice in your 'Fixtures' column."

We are informed that the matter of a match for the Cast Iron Medal is being agitated, the contestants of which will be Messrs. W. R. Crosby and J. A. R. Elliott. If it is arranged, it probably will take place at Kansas City, Mo., March 29, the Saturday before the Grand American Handicap.

A main event at 25 live birds, \$10 entrance, birds included, class shooting, four moneys, handicaps 25 to 33yds., will be shot at Interstate Park, L. I., on March 11. There will be other events. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock. Plenty of birds are on hand.

Capt. J. A. H. Dressel, president of the Interstate Association, informs us that he has added two more gentlemen to the G. A. H. Handicapping Committee, namely, Messrs. Tom A. Divine, of Memphis, Tenn., and Walter Hallowell, of Kansas City, Mo.

The New Jersey Legislature is considering a bill whose tenor is the prohibition of pigeon shooting. It may be well for those who are short of a supply of pigeon shooting to lay in a stock sufficient to last some weeks to come.

The second of the series of matches between the Fairview and Carlstadt gun clubs, of New Jersey, fixed to take place last Saturday, on the grounds of the latter, was prevented by the fierce storm. March 8 is now fixed for it.

Mr. J. Mowell Hawkins, of Baltimore, informs us that he has fixed upon May 21 and 22 for the Maryland county shoot for amateurs.

BERNARD WATERS.

Boston Gun Club.

Boston, Feb. 19.—The eighth serial prize shoot of the Boston Gun Club, held on their Wellington grounds to-day, while not having the usual attendance, was not one whit the less enjoyable according to one of the older gunners present, and another shoot of just this kind will be looked forward to by the majority. Only one straight score was the result of the afternoon's shooting, and the credit of that belongs to the club's oldest regular, Woodruff, who has been a constant attendant for at least fourteen years, and even now can make the majority of the younger shots look like the usual amount of 30 cents; but never without the usual good word to every one.

In the prize match, where the interest lay naturally, the representative of the Birch Brook Gun Club, Frank, was the leader, having 20 breaks on his ledger to 19 on the books for the next man in line, Leroy, the latter shooting from his usual handicap of 21yds., and the former from the 18yd. mark. Woodruff held third position with 17, just one target ahead of Leverett with 16. Other scores as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Leroy, 21.....	5	6	6	5	11	8	9	15	9	9
Woodruff, 17.....	4	7	7	10	8	9	6	11	8	..
Hawkins, 16.....	5	3	5	7	8	5
Leverett, 16.....	5	7	4	7	8	8	7	11	7	..
Frank, 18.....	7	4	5	3	11	9
Webster, 16.....	3	7	5	6	8
Nichols, 14.....	2	3	3	4
North, 16.....	4	7	6	4	8	7	8	9	5	..
Fredericks, 14.....	3
Williams, 16.....	7	6	7	4	10	4	7	10	3	..
Firth, 16.....	4

Events Nos. 1, 3, 5, 7, 8 and 9, magautrap; Nos. 2, 4, and 6, Sergeant system. Merchandise match, 25 singles—15 magautrap, 10 Sergeant system—distance handicap:

Frank, 18.....	011110011110111	1111111100—20
Leroy, 21.....	00110111111101	1111111100—19
Woodruff, 17.....	000110101010101	111111011—17
Leverett, 16.....	110011000101010	101011111—16
North, 16.....	0110111000101010	111011101—15
Williams, 16.....	011010011111110	0010001101—14
Hawkins, 16.....	010000010001001	1011010100—10
Webster, 16.....	1111111010 w	..
Nichols, 14.....	000011100000010	w

SECRETARY.

The New England Interstate Team Match.

Boston, Mass.—The Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company, through Paul North, has very kindly given \$100, to be used as added money in the above-mentioned match. As the gift was entirely unsolicited and made without restrictions or conditions, the thanks of the trapshooters of New England are hereby extended to the Chamberlin Company and Mr. North, by the committee having the matter in charge.

Now, as to the match itself. Without wishing to assume absolute authority, somebody has got to suggest conditions under which the match can be made and shot. As Leroy, Dickey, and I started the project in your columns, and have done an endless amount of talking to and writing to shooters all over New England, it certainly will not appear an unnatural exercise of authority, after our efforts, to suggest the following conditions, and ask that they be considered as binding, until the representatives of the States which enter a team shall meet and either ratify or modify them:

1. Each New England State to be entitled to enter one team of five men, bona fide residents, and unlimited substitutes allowed.
2. Entrance fee, \$25 per team, to be paid before April 1, 1902.
3. The contest to consist of a shoot in each State which enters a team. Each State to name the time and place for its shoot.
4. Each member of the respective teams to shoot at 100 birds at unknown angles at each shoot.
5. The aggregate of the birds broken in all the shoots to determine the winners.
6. Entrance fees and all added money to be divided among the teams on the high-gun system, as follows: (a) If six teams, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. (b) If less than six teams and more than three, 60 and 40 per cent. (c) If three teams or less, one money.
7. Each State which enters a team to select one of its number to act as its representative in arranging all details of the shoots, the action of said representative to be absolutely binding on the team he represents.
8. Said representatives shall on or before April 15, 1902, arrange all conditions and details for the match.
9. Now, boys, get together, select your teams and make your entries. Rhode Island and Massachusetts have entered. Dickey and Leroy have requested me to attend to all the correspondence, so that hereafter address all letters to me and they will receive prompt attention. I will also receive entrance fees and act as stakeholder until your representatives meet.

HERBERT M. FEDERHEN, JR.

558 Columbus Avenue.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Emerald Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I.—There was an unusually small attendance at the shoot of the Emerald Gun Club to-day. The ground was covered with snow, and consequently the shooting was trying to the eyes. This is the last shoot of the season. Schorty won with 92 per cent.; Schoverling 90 per cent. The scores:

T Short, 28.....	11*1021200—6	Dr Stillman, 28.....	2112022*21—8
F Kall, 25.....	220220*121—7	R May, 28.....	2101222022—8
E J Roberts, 28.....	210221111*—8	O Brown, 25.....	0210112012—8
Dr Hudson, 28.....	1*11012*12—7	J Rathjen, 28.....	020*001112—5
A Schoverling, 28.....	2222220222—9	W Catton, 28.....	2110111120—8
J Moore, 28.....	1110012*11—7	R Regan, 25.....	101200110*—5
W J Corbett, 25.....	*10102112*—6	Capt Dyers, 28.....	2*12120102—7
W Joerger, 28.....	121*222000—6	F Hansmann, 25.....	00*210*120—4
H Quinn, 28.....	*12120120*—6		

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Interstate Park, L. I., Feb. 22.—There was a strong wind, which blew in the faces of the shooters. The birds were a very good lot. A great many of the lost birds were carried out of bounds by the wind, although killed well inside of the boundary. There was some excellent shooting nevertheless, as the appended scores will show:

No. 1, 25-bird match:	
T W Morley, 30.....	2220222022202221210222*2—19
F D Creamer, 28.....	121111*0221*1112121*1111—20
E C Griffith, 30.....	0*212222122221*21121112—22
No. 2, miss-and-out:	
T W Morley, 30.....	222222222—9
F D Creamer, 28.....	111122110—8
No. 3, 7 birds, for prize. Ramapo won.	
C A Ramapo, 28.....	211121—7
F D Creamer, 28.....	1*1120w
*E C Griffith, 30.....	2112121—7
No. 4, 25 birds, for cup:	
T W Morley, 30.....	222021222222*2222221222—23
W J Lurgan, 28.....	222*022222*22*2*21212221—19
F D Creamer, 28.....	1122121*2112022211211111—23
C A Ramapo, 28.....	21121212222221211222212*—24
H P Fessenden, 29.....	2222222222222222222*—22
J P Kay, 28.....	2222222222212222202*0w
No. 5, 15 birds, for cup:	
T W Morley, 30.....	12222022202222—12
C A Ramapo, 28.....	20*22*22221222—12
H P Fessenden, 29.....	22222222222222—14
J P Kay, 28.....	2220222122210—12
*S Van Allen, 30.....	22222222222222—15
*E C Griffith, 30.....	222121222022222—14
*J A Arthur, 28.....	000222212222002—9
H T Nelson, 28.....	1122*2022*11120—11

*Guests.	
No. 6, miss-and-out:	
C A Ramapo, 28.....	211220
S Van Allen, 30.....	22220
E C Griffith, 30.....	122212

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Feb. 22.—The shoot held on Washington's Birthday, under the management of John S. Wright, was an eminent success, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. There was a larger number of shooters present than were gathered there in many a day. Shooting progressed actively and about 4,000 targets were thrown during the day. The weather conditions were unfavorable for good scores, and some of the best shooters fell off in their performance in consequence. Mr. Wright will give a live-bird shoot in the near future if that sport is not prohibited in the meantime, or he will give a target shoot, \$17.50 in gold as prizes:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	10	25	15	20	10	20	15	10
Welles.....	8	13	7	22	13	19	10	18	..	9
Dudley.....	9	12	6	19	13	17	5	12	13	5
Schneider.....	10	10	7	22	10	11	5	10	..	6
Schorty.....	9	12	7	22	12	14	8	19	11	8
Fred.....	3	4	4	8	8	9
May.....	9	8	4	19	6	..	7	18	..	6
Sitzler.....	6	7	6	9	7	11	3
Conitz.....	7	10	5	21	7	12	4	..	7	4
Kaiser.....	5	8	7	..	8	13	7	3
Potter.....	9	10	6	22	11	17	8	17	11	10
Keller, Jr.....	8	9	8	19	10	12	6	13	8	5
Arrowsmith.....	3	10	8	16	8	12	6	14
Everett.....	..	6	1	..	4
Spencer.....	..	5	4	..	2	..	3
Super.....	8	15	10	14	5	12	8	..
Woods.....	4	..	5	11	..	9	..	3
Mertens.....	11	13	3	10
Garry.....	10	..	5
Blake.....	12	8	12
Strolbe.....	0
Jones.....	14	9	16	12	..
Mohrman.....	5	13
Hitchcock.....	5	..	6	..
Frost.....	2
Hillebrandt.....	5
Mayer.....	0	..
Howard.....	6	..

Richmond Gun Club.

SILVER LAKE, Staten Island, Feb. 22.—There was a high north-east wind. There was a fall of snow, sleet and hail. The next shoot of the Richmond Gun Club will be held on March 8, commencing at 2 P. M. All are welcome:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	10	10	15	10	10	10	25
A A Schoverling.....	3	9	5	9	10	7	8	6	22
G Bechtel.....	5	6	6	8	11	7	16
F W Schoverling.....	7	6	1	6	12	6	7	6	15
M Riersen.....	1	6	4	9
Bradley.....	7	6	7	8	15	20
J Schoen.....	4	4	7	15
F J Crystal.....	1	6	13

Ten live birds, all 28yds., \$4 entrance:

J S Lewis.....	**21222121—8	M Riersen.....	1112020102—7
A A Schoverling.....	202202022—7	J Schoen.....	2010222100—6
F W Schoverling.....	1010021112—7	Bradley.....	2221212012—9
G Bechtel.....	0011200212—6		

Miss-and-outs, \$1:	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4	No. 5	No. 6
A A Schoverling.....	22220	20	0	0	120
F W Schoverling.....	1222	10
G Bechtel.....	11120	11110	121	1201	211	1110
M Riersen.....	0	21222	0	1200	10	1210
J Schoen.....
Bradley.....	110	20
J S Lewis.....	221222221	0	220	0

Westchester League.

OSSINING, N. Y., Feb. 23.—Kindly insert the inclosed in your "Fixtures" column, with notice:

May 30.—Ossining, N. Y.—Clay bird shoot of the Westchester County Trapshooters' League, Decoration Day, May 30. Lunch, loaded shells, etc., furnished at lowest prices. Trolley direct to grounds. Ossining is on the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, thirty miles from New York city. The League is formed of five gun clubs, which are under forfeit to send three representatives to all shoots held under direction of the League. The programme will consist of twelve events of 15 targets each, \$1.30 entrance, targets included. Money divided Rose system. Five dollars to first general average; \$3 to second for those who shoot through the entire programme. Trade representatives are invited to shoot for targets only, at 1 cent each.

For programmes address J. Curry Barlow, Sec'y Westchester County Trapshooters' League, or Chas. G. Blandford, Capt. Ossining Gun Club, Ossining, N. Y.

Mrs. Innocent—What did you enjoy most about your fishing trip, dear?
Mr. Innocent—I got most excited when I was reeling in, my love.
Mrs. Innocent (bursting into tears)—And to—to—to think, you promised me y-you wouldn't drink a drop.—Harlem Life.

Birch Brook Gun Club.

LYNN, Mass., Feb. 22.—Well! We held our Washington's Birthday shoot, all right, with the help of twenty-seven. (don't just know what to call them, but they were game) shooters. We used a large part of the week removing the snow from about the grounds, and had gotten everything in capital order, but something above us broke loose on Friday night, and when our skirmish line, composed of that faithful few which every gun club possesses, and who do all the hard work, reached the grounds, they saw about eight inches of heavy snow to clear away, covering an acre—more or less.

The scores of the working squad tell the story of relaxed muscles and aching backs more eloquently than mere words. Railroad trains and street cars were late, and shooters dropped in on us by ones and twos until 2:30 P. M., thereby causing delay; but the shooting appetite they brought with them was good to behold. Had we carried all the extra events they shot to the inclosed summary sheet, there would have been an extra edition from lack of space.

As is usually the case, our out-of-town contingent made our shoot fairly successful. There were Le Roy and Baker, of Brockton, the former shooting from the 21yd. mark in the prize events; Hatch, Lockwood and Follansbee, of Amesbury; Williams and Horace Kirkwood, from Boston; Charlie North, of Cleveland, O.; Hebbard, Dr. Judkins (Mason), and Collins (Munroe), of the Lynn Fish and Game Protective Association; Bancroft (Phillips) and Hillard (Everett), of the Harvard Gun Club, and Tozier, of Haverhill, Mass. Nearly forgot Miller, of Haverhill, but he was with us, although Tozier declared that he did not see Miller until too late.

In the prize event, 50 targets, Events Nos. 7, 8, 9 and 10 of the programme, distance handicap, Frank, 19yds., won first, sole leather gun case, with a score of 44; Horace, 18yds., second, Thurman blouse, score 43; North, 16yds., and Phillips, 14yds., won third, Powers' cleaning rod, score 42.

Horace donated his prize to the club for further competition under same condition, Everett, 18yds., and Miller, 16yds., tying, with Everett winning on the shoot-off, by annexing the whole number of 15.

The handicapping was based largely on the results of the first six events, and a glance at the scores will show how trustful we were, and the cruel blow at our conceit.

The scores below are really better than they look, the weather conditions being of the worst.

We trapped over 4,000 targets, the magautrap working exceedingly well, that being used exclusively. We are expecting an invitation to visit Haverhill, April 19, but shall go if we receive none. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	5p	10	10	15	15	5p	15	15
Le Roy.....	14	14	13	15	14	9	6	6	14	13	8	15	12
Baker.....	13	11	13	9	13	7	6	7	8	12	6	13	10
Horace.....	9	12	15	9	15	4	9	8	14	12	6	9	9
William.....	12	11	11	13	11	6	4	9	12	12	..	9	..
North.....	8	7	4	7	9	4	9	8	11	4	5	13	12
Straw.....	9	9	11	9	8	4	6	8	10	11	6	7	10
Rand.....	13	14	13	11	11	6	6	8	11	13	5	10	12
Yelmah.....	5	5	4	5	5	5	4	6	6
Hatch.....	10	9	6	8	11	2	7	7	9	10	6	10	11
Lambert.....	13	12	15	12	11	6	7	8	9	12	7	11	10
Miller.....	6	14	9	13	11	3	6	8	12	12	5	10	13
Tozier.....	9	10	12	6	11	5	6	4	14	9	2
Dudley.....	8	6	7	9	10	7	..
Currier.....	3	3	1
Tilton.....	2
Mose.....	10	4	6	9	12	10	8	9	..
Rowe.....	15	6	7	7	8	8	12	5	8	10
Hebbard.....	7	3	9	8	9	6	7	11	8
Phillips.....	7	3	8	13	13	6
Lockwood.....	4	7	7	12	10	10	6	11	12
Follansbee.....	11	11	13	..	1	4	7	11	9	3	8	7	..
Everett.....	7	7	13	11	3	14	11	..
Frank.....	9	7	14	14	14	8	13	10	..
Mason.....	10	14	8	9	12	..
Munroe.....	5	11	4	8	6	..
Baxter.....	9	7	..
Emery.....	10
											C.	F.	L.

The Hamilton Gun Club.

HAMILTON, Can., Feb. 20.—Inclosed please find scores of shooting done over the Hamilton Gun Club traps on Feb. 15 and 20, which may prove of interest to our friends, as they shot the competition of scores in the first round for the Peters Cartridge Company trophy.

The trophy presented to the Hamilton Gun Club by the Peters Cartridge Company is a very handsome loving cup, and it is being shot for under the following conditions and handicaps:

1. The cup is to be known as the Peters Cartridge Company Trophy.
2. The first shoot for this cup will be held on Feb. 15 and Feb. 20, and on each alternate Saturday and Thursday following.
3. The trophy is to be shot for sixteen times, and the aggregate of the twelve highest scores to count; 25 targets per man and each competitor must shoot twelve times to entitle him to an aggregate score.
4. The trophy is to become the property of the winner.
5. Each competitor must state whether he intends to shoot on Saturdays or on Thursdays.
6. Each competitor scoring over 80 per cent. to go back 1yd., and up 1yd. if less than 80 per cent.
7. If any competitor with a dead bird allowance should exceed 90 per cent., 1 bird will be deducted from his allowance, and so on, until his allowance is exhausted.

We have in our club a number of good members whose business prevents their attendance at our regular Saturday semi-monthly shoots; hence, the arrangement of a regular shoot on some other day than Saturday that no one may be barred from participating in the contest, for the Peters Cartridge Company's trophy, and in the small voluntary sweep connected with this event.

We had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. N. P. Leach, of the Robin Hood Powder Company, to-day, and regret that their absence from the city deprived many of his friends of having the pleasure of renewing their acquaintanceship with a sportsman whose reputation is too well known to require any further reference on our part than that we were glad to see him and hope that he may soon return to place his name again on the score of the Hamilton Gun Club.

The Hamilton Gun Club will go to Toronto on Saturday to shoot a match with the Stanley Gun Club. Every available member will be taken along, just for revenge, this being the rubber in a series of three matches in which each club has won their home match.

There will be a meeting of the executive committee of the Dominion Trapshooting and Game Protective Association in Toronto on Feb. 22, and reports will be duly forwarded to you.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	15	25	10	*	Targets:	10	15	25	10	*
President's Team.						Vice-President's Team.					
T Upton, 19.....	7	12	21	10	..	M E Fletcher, 20.....	10	17
C Brigger, 19.....	10	13	22	5	..	Dr Wilson, 20.....	7	12	20
Dr Hunt, 18.....	6	10	19	8	..	J Hunter, 19.....	9	12	12	8	..
H Graham, 18.....	..	12	21	A Bates, 17.....	9	13	19
J Crooks, 18.....	5	11	20	Clifford, 17.....	6	13	23
D Fitch, 16.....	9	8	19	Waterbury, 16.....	6	8	18
Ben It, 16.....	9	12	18	..	4	W Work, 15.....	7	8	18	..	4
E Oile, 16.....	2	3	F Wilson, 15.....	..	3	6	..	5
Murdock, 16.....	6	7	14	..	4	Crawford, 16.....	7	11	18	8	2
83						90					

No. 2 was the team shoot.

*Dead-bird allowance to be added to the scores in No. 3.

The first round of the Peters Cartridge Company trophy follows:

Targets:	10	10	25	Targets:	10	10	25
Crawford, 16.....	5	..	18	*Geo. Stroud, 18.....	6	6	8
N P Leach, 17.....	8	8	17	*Reardon, 18.....	8	9	16
*Langhorn, 17.....	7	4	15				

*Competitors in trophy race.

Mississippi Valley Notes.

Trap at St. Louis.

TWENTY shooters faced the traps in the Dupont medal contest at Dupont Park on the 16th inst. The birds were a very fast lot, and the contest was one of the most interesting held on this ground in many days. Counting the handicaps, twelve contestants finished with 8 straight kills to their credit, and then began a shoot-off in which 8 more birds were shot. After this, Bowman, Lambert, O'Neill, Dr. Spencer and John Cabanne concluded to decide the winner by lot, and the honor finally went to Lambert.

Two target sweepstakes of 15 singles and 5 pairs were then shot, in which Harold Money made the excellent score of 25 straight, Frank Orvis coming next with 24.

Many spectators were present during the day, evincing a growing interest in the sport.

The scores in the preliminary Dupont Handicap are appended:

Total.		Score.		Total.		Score.	
White, 29.....	11101110	6	7	O'Neill, 29.....	21102211	7	8
J Walker, 29.....	21001229	5	6	Clay, 30.....	12001100	4	4
J Bowman, 28.....	11220112	7	8	Jonah, 28.....	01010012	4	5
Hughes, 28.....	12112200	6	8	Dr Spencer, 28.....	22122122	8	8
Cummings, 29.....	10220010	4	5	Melone, 28.....	02221122	7	8
Dr Cum-				H. Spencer, 28.....	21101111	7	8
mings, 29.....	12122121	8	8	Caudle, 28.....	00010221	4	5
Orvis, 28.....	00210221	5	7	Cornell, 28.....	10222222	7	8
Kenyon, 29.....	20111110	6	7	J Cabanne, 28.....	22122222	8	8
Lambert, 28.....	20221120	6	7	Barker, 28.....	22222121	8	8

John Cabanne and Dr. Spencer, who each killed 16 straight, shot in splendid form, and appear to be in fine feather for the work at Kansas City.

In fact, the entire St. Louis contingent is doing exceptionally good work, and they who reckon with this talent as one of the formidable features in the big contest will make no mistake.

And still there are new names being added to the list. The shooting game in St. Louis never promised more interest or better work than at the present time.

A one-day shooting tournament was held Wednesday of this week at Salina, Kans.

The Junction City Gun Club, Junction City, Kans., announces a two-day tournament on March 12 and 13. There will be ten events daily, with \$75 added money. It is understood that the shoot will be open, and the club boys say they will have a splendid meet.

Amateur sportsmen of Lincoln, Neb., have conceived a novel plan for a general meet of all field sports to be held in that city about the last week in May. They mean to raise plenty of money and devote a week to all field sports, with shooting in the foreground, and invitations will be scattered broadcast throughout the Middle States.

The programme for the G. A. H. as published in the current sportsmen's papers is thoroughly approved here in the West, and there is every promise of the big attendance that was first predicted. The appointment of Western men in connection with the management of the tourney is especially gratifying to the sportsmen of the valley.

The heavy snows of the past six weeks throughout the central Northwest have relieved the drouth of the country thoroughly, and at least reasonably high water is predicted when the warm rains take away the snow. This will put water back in the lakes of the big river bottoms, and insure good duck shooting.

F. E. Chappel and Emil Tonsenberg will shoot a match at 50 live birds for \$50 a side, at Jerseyville, on or about March 1.

F. C. RIEHL.

Pleasant Hill Gun Club.

PLEASANT HILL, Mo.—I have just received a letter from Mr. Jas. S. Nuttall, brother to the late Ed R. Nuttall, holder of the colored championship challenge trophy, emblematic of the colored champion wing shot, notifying me of the sad news of his death, which occurred at his home in Ohio, Neb., Jan. 30, the cause of which was pneumonia. His death is greatly mourned by all colored shooters who knew him.

Mr. Nuttall won this trophy at the fifth annual merchandise and sweepstake shoot of the colored shooters at Pleasant Hill, Mo., last August, in the opening contest by scoring 23 out of 25 with 1 dead out of bounds, and was justly conceded to be the champion of his race by all who knew him.

Under the conditions governing the trophy, "If holder of trophy die while in possession of it, it will revert back to donors of same, and again be put up in open competition," hence the Pleasant Hill Colored Gun Club now has possession of it, and desires any information or suggestion from any colored aspirant for said honor, and if it is not called for by any one for another open contest before that time, it will again be put up in open competition at the sixth annual merchandise and sweepstake shoot in August, with greater inducements to draw all colored aspirants to this great annual gathering of colored shooters of the scatter gun.

T. H. COBBIN, Sec'y.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Barto Wins Good Sweep.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 22.—A hot little sweep was shot at Watson's this afternoon between J. B. Barto, of Chicago; Geo. Roll, of Blue Island; C. R. Stevens, of Moline, Ill.; A. D. Sperry, of Rock Island, and H. S. Blake, of Racine, Wis. The terms were \$25 a corner, 25 birds, 60 and 40 per cent. Barto won with 25 straight. He drew 17 incomers, and would seem to have the luck of the draw. Blake, of Racine, was second, with 24, and one dead out of bounds.

Chicago and the Handicap.

An estimate to-day places the number of the Chicago party which will start for the Grand American Handicap at Kansas City at about thirty, including Chicago and immediate vicinity. The special car will no doubt carry many more than that number.

Better.

Mr. Oswald Von Lengerke, who was at home ill nearly all of last week, is out this week, and although not yet a well man is pursuing his duties as usual.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Trap at Watson's Park.

Burnside Crossing, Ill., Feb. 22.—A special event at 25 live birds, \$30 entrance birds included, was shot to-day. It was a high-gun competition, 60 and 40 per cent. division of the moneys. J. B. Barto was first with a straight score, and won \$75. H. S. Blacke was second with one bird less to his credit, and won \$50.

Geo. Roll.....2212221022221222211*1212-23
A D Sperry.....2222221212*221222022211-22
H S Blacke.....122222*22222222222222212-24
C R Stephens.....22222222222202*2222220202-19
J B Barto.....222212212112222212121212-25

Seven birds, \$3; 60 and 40 per cent.; high guns. Straights divided; to catch train:

Alabaster.....	0111212-6	Myrick.....	111110w
Roll.....	1221121-7	J R Graham.....	2111121-7
Oliphant.....	1221121-7	Ed Graham.....	2222222-7
Leff.....	1211010-5		

Nonpareil Gun Club.

Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Ill., Feb. 22.—The Nonpareil Gun Club held a club shoot to-day. It was a high-gun event, money divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Roll was first, Graham second, Kuss third. The scores:

Shaw.....	22202221221112-14	J R Graham.....	1122*222222222-14
Roll.....	21212221221112-15	Leff.....	121221120221222-14
Stephens.....	21201111111112-14	Rice.....	0*2102w
Kuss.....	22221222122122-15	Myrick.....	000000222211000-6
Barto.....	22122122211211-15	Dr Miller.....	012112000001111-9
Blake.....	222222020*22222-12	Amberg.....	1211012121211-14
Ed Graham.....	222222222222222-15		

Ties on 15, miss-and-out, for first, second and third:

Roll.....	1111122222222221212-19
Kuss.....	2222222222222220
Barto.....	211121210
Ed Graham.....	222222222222222220-18

RAVELRIGG.

IN NEW JERSEY

Carlstadt Gun Club.

Carlstadt, N. J., Feb. 22.—The bad weather overhead and under foot was no bar to the attendance of the Carlstadt Gun Club members, as the appended list of shooters and scores will show. The weather was exceedingly stormy. During the flooded state of the roads, the trolley cars did not run, which will explain the absence of the Fairview Gun Club and the failure to shoot the match. It will be shot on March 8:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	25	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Smith.....	11	10	5	6	7	6	7	3
Van Dyne.....	13	10	6	3	5	..	6	7	8
A Roemer.....	10	6	4	4	5	..	4	7	..	6
H Krug.....	20	10	9	6	8	..	7	6	5	7	8	7
Lawrence.....	14	9	1	5	4	..	4	4	4
Gempp.....	5	..	3	5	6	9	8	6	3	3	6	..
Rasmus.....	5	..	3	1	2
P Rasmus.....	10	7	7	7	5	7
G Frank.....	6	3	3	3	..	6	3	..	2
W Johnson.....	11	..	4	6	7	5	5	4
W Tygert.....	10
J Vohs.....	4	..	4	5	7

The New England Interstate Team Match.

Boston, Mass.—My friend Stark, from New Hampshire, in his usual breezy style, has started the shooters of that State in motion by his letter in your last issue. He has spoken of the division of the entrance money and expressed a wish that whatever money there is may not be wasted in the purchase of pewter, etc. While all such matters are to be settled by mutual agreement, I think Brother Stark need have no fear that anything but the coin of the realm will pass into the hands of the winning team or teams. New Hampshire, if she wins, will not receive any gold bricks, even if there be still a market for them in that enterprising State.

His attack upon the Rose system appears to me to be a little hasty. If it was agreed that there should be three moneys in the contest, the same amount would be paid the winning teams, whether the money was divided high guns, class shooting or Rose system, in case there were no ties. I am personally in favor of high guns in any kind of a contest, but nevertheless I regard the Rose system as the most honest, most equitable and most attractive system ever adopted for shooters taking them as a whole. The objections to the class system are numerous and weighty. The single fact that a man shooting poorly enough to land in fourth place may win more than the man who shoots well enough to land in first place, should condemn it. The system is utterly bad and illogical.

My friend Stark appears to think that some of the States can put in better teams than New Hampshire can. Now, all the teams cannot win; that is a certainty. The New England States have never met in a team contest, and the supremacy of any State is an open question; so that it was to decide that question, as well as to promote the interest in trapshooting, that a few of us in Massachusetts had the temerity to propose the match.

New Hampshire certainly will not acknowledge defeat before it comes, but enter the contest and accept victory or defeat in a sportsmanlike manner. I am acquainted with many of the New Hampshire shooters, and have always found them sportsmen of the first water, and am fully satisfied that they will live up to their reputation in this match.

The contest will afford an opportunity for the shooters of the New England States to meet both away from home and at home in friendly rivalry, and the result cannot be other than a desire to improve on the part of the weaker teams and a constant evening up of strength in contests of the future. May the best team win!

HERBERT.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

The tenth annual programme of the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club, of San Francisco, follows:
The range is at Harbor View, San Francisco. Shoots are held on the first and third Sundays, 9:30 to 5:30. Intermission, 12:30 to 1.

All matches are reentry on the Columbia target. The ten best scores of the year count. All shooting off-hand. Prizes, bars and medals are awarded at the annual banquet in December, 1902, after the final shoot. Classification for bars and prizes on ten best 10-shot scores.

Rifle, 200yds., 15 cents per 10 shots; one-half cash returned to

each class in 50, 30 and 20 per cent. prizes; prizes also donated to match:

	Gold Bar.	Silver Bar.	Bronze Bar.
Experts.....	420	500	550
Sharpshooters.....	600	700	750
Marksmen.....	800	900	1000

Pistol, 50yds. Conditions same as rifle, above:

Experts.....	350	400	450
Sharpshooters.....	500	550	600
Marksmen.....	650	750	850

.22 and .25 rifle, 50yds. Conditions same as rifle, above:

Experts.....	180	190	200
Sharpshooters.....	220	240	260
Marksmen.....	280	300	350

Revolver, 50yds., same classification and conditions as rifle, above.

Military and repeating rifle, 200yds., Creedmoor count, 10-shots, 10 cents. Prizes donated. No cash returns: Experts' gold bar, 470; sharpshooters' silver bar, 440; marksmen's bronze bar, 420.

Columbia gold medal is given with the first bar won with either rifle or pistol in the above classification. It consists of a winged bullet and scroll from which the bars are suspended.

Bars are won by members only and on 10-shot scores, as above classified. Each member may win one bar in each match, or five bars during the year.

Cash prizes of classes consist of one-half of the cash shot in by the shooters that are in the respective classes at the end of the year, and it is divided into 50, 30 and 20 per cent. prizes in each class.

Prize donations may be placed by the donors, otherwise by prize committee on the matches. First choice of cash or trophies shall be given to the contestant entitled to the highest cash prize in any class. Second choice cash or trophies shall be given to contestant entitled to second highest cash prize in any class, etc.

The all-round champion diploma shall be given to the shooter making the best score in the above five matches, counting his best two scores in each match, ring count.

Three-shot rifle, 200yds., open to all comers; 10 cents per score. Three prizes guaranteed, \$15, \$10, \$5 and donated prizes.

Three-shot pistol, 50yds., open to all comers, 10 cents per score. One-half cash received divided into 50, 30 and 20 per cent. prizes.

All comers may shoot for cash prizes and trophies in the 10-shot matches only in the expert classes.

Rules.—Military rifles, trigger pull not under 6lbs., regulation sights; repeating rifles, allowed 3lbs. pull of trigger, Lyman rear sight, open front sight; fine rifle allowed any sights and trigger pull, and same rule with .22 and .25 rifles. Revolver, not under 2½lbs. trigger pull, open sights; pistol, not under 2½lbs. trigger pull, open sights.

When starting any score contestant must designate on what match it counts, and after the score begins, every shot fired in the stand shall count. Each contestant must see that his shot is properly recorded.

All disputes, over marking or recording of shots shall be decided by the shooting master. An appeal can be taken to the executive committee.

Any aggrieved contestant must present the question in dispute immediately upon its occurrence, or it will receive no consideration.

Ties for cash prizes shall be divided equally, and for other prizes they shall be decided by the worst shot in the winning score or scores, and if still a tie, by the next worst, etc.

The club is to be congratulated on being able to claim a larger membership than ever; better and more modern range facilities; more equality in the matches, and last, but not least, the great shooting records that have been made. The Walnut Hill system of clean targets has been adopted at the 50yd. range, and each member now shoots his score on a clean target, which is verified and given to the shooter, thus insuring a correct count at and on the target, and preserving the shooter's record beyond dispute. The club is contemplating the introduction of the same system at 200yds.

We thank the donors of the many prizes to this Club. They have stimulated the members and sport at large, and have not given in vain, since they are not only encouraging this sport of all sports, but are aiding the younger generation to acquire skill in the use of the weapons which are used for self and national defense.

Committee: A. J. Brannagan, president; G. M. Barley, C. M. Daiss, W. G. Hoffman, F. O. Young.
Secretary's address: Fred O. Young, 40 Ellis street, San Francisco, Cal.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 16.—Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club had hurricane conditions to-day, the worst storm of the year. W. G. Hoffman tried for a 100-shot rifle record and made a fine showing, for conditions. He had a run of 34 in 10 shots, all in the 4in. ring, but one shot, a 7—and he was high with the fine score of 43. He had 98 shots in the 12in. bull. He shot FFF semi-smokeless, primed with King's No. 3 Smokeless. A. J. Brannagan led with the revolver, Dr. Twist with the .22 rifle, and P. Becker in military match. Scores, off-hand on Columbia target, range, 200yds.:

Rifle: W. G. Hoffman, 57, 61, 56, 77, 43, 61, 60, 82, 74, 74—645, or 6.45in., ring average; A. B. Dorrell, 63, 57, 63, 53; F. O. Young, 56, 70, 71, 72, 79; A. H. Cady 57,

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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WOOD DUCK AND WOODCOCK.

IN 1890 the Legislature of Ontario enacted a law providing that "if at any time it shall appear that any migratory game bird is in danger of extinction, and that the shooting and sale thereof has been forbidden in any two or more of the States lying to the south of Ontario, one of such States being New York or Pennsylvania or Michigan, the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council may protect such bird in Ontario for the period in which it is protected in the States." With a view to making this effective with respect to the two species of wood duck and woodcock, the Game Commissioners in May of last year directed Chief Warden Tinsley to correspond with the sportsmen's associations in the States concerned to learn their attitude toward a close time for this game. Mr. Tinsley also, through the FOREST AND STREAM, invited correspondence on the subject.

The result of this request is given in the current report. Mr. Tinsley received responses from representative sportsmen in Michigan, Ohio, Illinois, New York and Delaware, expressing the generally held conviction that immediate steps should be taken for the protection of the two species. The testimony adduced is to the effect that the wood duck in the territory concerned is a vanishing species. Mr. C. T. Bodfield, Secretary of the Ohio Sportsmen's Protective Association, says "the wood duck is almost unknown to our hunters in this State, and very few are seen each year." Mr. W. B. Merston writes from Saginaw; "Wood ducks, I think, are practically extinct here. I have not seen one for years, and our little streams used to be full of them."

Whatever may be the immediate result of the agitation for protection of this duck—one of the most beautiful and valuable of all the feathered tribe—and one cannot hope for any speedy result, the efforts of Mr. Tinsley and his associates have at least served to direct attention to the subject and have awakened interest in it; and if the discussion shall be kept up, there is reasonable ground of confidence that Ontario and the States concerned may in the near future have uniform laws which will accomplish the desired end.

OUR FOREST RESERVES.

ALTHOUGH it is well known that forest reserves have been established by the United States, and their area has often been stated, the general public has little or no specific knowledge of where they are situated, the extent of each or the character of the country within their boundaries. These details should be known. The table published this week gives much of this information. The only point untouched is as to the character of the country embraced in the different reserves. On the other hand, the table is a historical document which shows the date at which each reservation was set aside and at which each has been added to or diminished. All this information is of great value to every citizen.

When these reserves were set aside by Presidential proclamation, their precise permanent geographical limits were not known, nor was it known whether the whole tract set aside was public domain or was in part occupied by settlers who had claims or titles within the boundaries established. To have waited until the tracts decided on as suitable for reservations should be surveyed would have postponed the establishment of the reserves for very many years, during which the work of destruction of the forests would have continued without let or hindrance, to the very great injury of the inhabitants of the Western country. It was very wisely determined to establish the reserves' boundaries by straight lines then, and to survey them afterward, and when their proper limits had been learned, to correct errors by subsequent proclamations. The work of surveying and of correction is now going on, and the table shows a number of cases where large areas have been subtracted from certain of the reserves as originally established, and are now restored to the public domain.

Of the character of the country in all these reserves no one person is thoroughly informed. Yet some of the most competent men in the United States have journeyed over most of them, and as time goes on we may expect full reports on all. One such report—that on the Black Mesa Forest Reserve—is now in our hands, and will soon be published. What we do know about these reserves is that in the past they have been the homes of almost all the species of big game native to temperate America. In

the northern central reserves, or in some of them, are still found a few elk, moose and sheep, and a greater number of bears, goats, deer of two species, and perhaps a few antelope. In this same country the buffalo once ranged. To the west of the Rocky Mountains in the north are deer of three species, a few elk and moose, many goats, some sheep and bears, and possibly still a few caribou. Again, to the southward, there are sheep and deer, while still further south there are sheep, deer, a few antelope and the almost extinct Merriam's elk, if any of that species still survive.

The unanimous voice of the nature lovers and sportsmen of the United States calls for the setting aside as speedily as possible of these forest reserves, in part at least, as game refuges, where no hunting whatever shall be permitted, but where the game shall be allowed to live and to increase undisturbed. If this shall be done, and done soon, the results will be such that the wisdom of the action will soon be apparent to every one. The rapidity with which game increases when protected is well known and has been nowhere better shown than in the Yellowstone National Park. There is no reason why we should not have scattered over the Western country a dozen or twenty great areas similar to the National Park, all swarming with big game, which would overflow into the surrounding country. To the borders of such refuges hunters would come from all parts of the world, each anxious to secure specimens of the great game now so hard to find, and each visiting hunter would leave among the guides and ranchmen hundreds of dollars, paid out for services, supplies and horse hire. From the same overflow the settlers round about could kill their winter's meat and would thus receive a double benefit. Indeed, no one would be so greatly profited by the establishment of such refuges as the settlers living near them. One would suppose that from the States in which these forest reserves lie there would come a united demand for the action suggested, for it is these States that will receive all the money benefit from the refuges.

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE DUCKING WAYS.

WE spoke last week of the way in which various species of game became educated under new conditions of relationship with the human race. A noteworthy example of this is referred to in the current report of the Ontario Game Commission, in which attention is directed to the fact that the wildfowl are coming more and more to frequent the marshes controlled by wildfowl preserves. At the first blush it might appear an anomaly that the game should seek refuge and security on the very grounds dedicated to their destruction; but there is a very good reason for their action, and the security which they seek is in large measure given them. This is due, as Commissioner MacCallum, who writes the report, points out, to the fact that on the club grounds it is in many cases with Ontario preserves the rule that shooting does not begin promptly with the opening of the season on the first of September, but later, and often not until late as October. With shooting elsewhere from the first day continuously, it is a matter of course that the fowl should seek harbor on the marshes where there are no deadly guns. Again, on the preserves, when shooting actually is in progress, none is practiced before 8 o'clock in the morning and after sundown in the evening; and as nothing tends to drive ducks from their feedings grounds more certainly than shooting before sunrise and after sunset, it is not strange that the club marshes should have game while other territory is abandoned.

For this reason the club preserves are preserves in fact, and the benefit of them is by no means confined to the club members, but in a general way extends to the public at large.

This is another illustration of the great truth that public business should be conducted on the lines approved and practiced in private business affairs; and those principles of game protection which govern in private preserves should be adopted also for the vast preserve of which the public is owner and user. If our game laws were a transcript of the rules of a game club, and if our fishing laws were copied from the rules of a fishing preserve, and our general practice with respect to replenishing the supply and limiting the take should follow those of the club organizations, the ideal theory and practice of game and fish protection would be in a fair way of attainment.

It is to be noted that a club which owns a fishing or shooting privilege which has cost it something to acquire, does not this year proceed recklessly to use up and exhaust its resources without thought of next year. On the contrary, it considers carefully the question of how to provide a new stock of fish or to leave a parent stock of game for the fishing and shooting of another season. It drafts rules to govern its members and to control their action with a view to this conserving of the common stock for the common enjoyment of all. No club member in these days is allowed to kill indiscriminately and without limit the fish or game of the club; he is strictly bound by club rules. It is only the individual who is taking the public fish or game who considers that he has license to get all he can. The legal limitations on numbers of fish taken in a day or of birds killed in a day, are nothing more than an incorporation into the laws governing shooters in general of the rules of demand and supply which the clubs have voluntarily adopted for themselves. That State to-day has the best game and fish laws which in its statutes has approached most closely the club rules of a preserve.

THE STORM AND THE BIRDS.

THE storm of two weeks ago was of the destructive kind which imperils in vast areas the lives of the game birds, and the kind which, in the mind of sportsmen, arouses forebodings of an open season devoid of birds and therefore devoid of sport. The experience of previous years in respect to similar storms affords good grounds for apprehension of grave disaster.

The storm followed a spell of pleasant weather. It was a heavy downfall, ample in volume to cover up the bebies which sought shelter from it in the fence corners or fallen tree tops, or hollow logs. A boisterously fierce wind set in, drifting the snow thoroughly and thereby adding further to the dangerous situation of the game birds. In the night the storm changed to mingled rain and sleet, which froze on everything with which it came in contact. Daylight brought to view a beautiful sight of glistening perspective. Every branch of tree, twig, telegraph wire, as well as larger objects, were heavily coated with firm ice, enchanting to behold. So heavy, indeed, was the encrusted ice, that many trees were more or less wrecked by the weight of it.

The ice, formed by the sleet and cold, was the final touch which endangered the life of the game birds. The snow covered them and the icy crust imprisoned them. When thus covered over with snow, over which an icy crust is formed, quail are as firmly imprisoned as if they were within iron walls, and death comes to them from starvation or slow suffocation, or both. Whole bebies dead in the spot where they sought shelter are the common results to be seen after the snow has melted away, over the whole area affected by such a storm. The full consequences, however, cannot be known for weeks to come. Farmers, when the plowing season comes, may report finding the remains of many bebies here and there in their fields; the whistle of Bob White will be seldom heard in the spring season, and when the open season comes there will be a dearth of birds, and by such, if it happen, the sportsman will know that this great storm of February, 1902, brought great loss to bird life and wholesome sport.

And yet, often as the lesson of the storm has been driven home by disaster, there is seldom any precaution taken to protect game bird life against a possible recurrence of the disaster. Birds are imported, turned out in the denuded grounds, and, as a rule, the rest is left to Providence. A few rough shelters here and there in their haunts, to which they could safely retreat in case of destructive storms, a few bushels of grain scattered about in the season of winter's dearth, and the worst storms could be safely passed through without loss. The lesson of the storm, however often taught as it concerns the game birds, seems to be one which is taught only to be forgotten.

Rev. Percy F. Grant, of the Church of the Ascension, New York city, in a Lenten sermon the other Sunday, exhorted his congregation during the forty days of Lent to "eat as few birds as possible, particularly pigeons and song birds." That is pretty good advice as to song birds for the year around.

The Sportsman Tourist.

The Toter's Gun.

"SHE's pooty good o' gon yet, anyway. Maybe I keel heem one bock some day bimeby."

"Got any ammunition, Pete?" asked a young and tender sportsman who stood beside the jumper, his new woven cartridge belt bristling with the deadly .30-30.

"Oui, I got heem in my pawket," and old Pete, the toter, shoved a grimy hand in the pocket of his sawed-off trousers and dug up a highly polished .38-40 cartridge.

"Maybe I see one to-day, maybe so; maybe pas d'un bock to-night." And Pete gravely returned his ammunition to his pocket where he deftly exchanged it for a piece of spear-head. He weighed the tobacco mentally with one eye closed and bit off just enough to leave two chews for the trail and one for the river crossing. Then Pete took his archaic weapon, tied it carefully on the stakes of his jumper, and prepared to hit the trail. The rifle was an 1873 model, full magazine and full stock, rusted outside, and the top slide and butt-plate were missing.

"Aren't you afraid it will blow back and hurt you some day?" asked the "sport."

"Sapré non, not dis gon. He shoots out by dis end," said Pete, placing his finger argumentatively on the muzzle of his rusty rifle.

"By gar, I guess maybe I sleep hout on trail to-night," he added. "Gee dap, you new hoss. What you know 'bout jumpers?" Then the toter, balancing himself on a thin rope stretched across the standards of his rude jumper, wended his squeaky way down the trail.

At the camp the cook stood in the doorway waiting for Pete and his jumper load of provisions. He waited till Pete rose stiffly from his seat of torture and stepped in toward the cook room door. Johnny was eyeing the toter sharply.

"Pierre, avez vous tuez un gros bock?"

Peter made no reply, but sniffed the air of the cook room hungrily. It was his habit to force the cook to speak English and then he would make his reply in the French of the North woods.

Johnny grew impatient. "Did you keel one big bock, Pete? You only gat one days lef' for keel him, you 'member dat."

"Go on wid your soupai, boy. I don' need but one leetle part one days for keel one bock when I get ready for heem."

"Pas d'un bock," shouted the cook, and he executed a nimble step on the cook room floor.

"Bien, mon oncle, you lose two pouns la belle spear-head and buy your own ammunition. Honly, by gar, you don' need heem. You got mos' nuff do you hall winter less you keel one hedge peeg," and the young chef de cuisine of the Burnt Lands camp went about his cooking singing a merry chanson of the river.

After supper, while a group of sportsmen were gathered around a table in the big camp, Johnny and Pete sat on the bunk in the cook room. Pete smoked in silence and Johnny looked long into the glowing embers. The subject of the younger man's thoughts was probably several days' snowshoe journey to the northward, where an apple-cheeked maiden was also counting the days until the hunting season should close and Jean should return to the settlement to be snubbed and petted, frozen and smothered according to her caprice.

Finally Johnny slid off the bunk and took from over the door the log book in which the guides made from time to time rudely inscribed entries of events of moment to the gens des bois. After carefully sharpening a stubby pencil he rode it laboriously across the page four times, his tongue between his teeth and a look of agony on his handsome, boyish face. Then he laughed softly, and looked at old Pete, whose stolid countenance showed no sign of interest in the procedure. If Pete had been able to read writing the page might have told him that:

"Jean Bateese Badeau win two poun' spearhead tabac de P. Rosignol, 7 octobre, parce que Pierre don' keel him no bock between 1 octobre to 7 octobre, 1901."

But Pete had had no bright-eyed Louise to teach him to write the English during the long winter evenings at the settlement, and he slept none the less soundly on that night of October 6.

The next morning the young and tender "sport" was going out. His wangan was all packed and lashed on the buckboard. A white choker had replaced the blue flannel shirt and the bristling cartridge belt was far down in his box below most of his clothing.

The young "sport" had won old Pete's gratitude by reading to him Johnny's entry in the log book, dated one day too soon.

"I'll clean heem out once," said Pete, as he shoved an oily rag down the rusty throat of his old rifle. "She's got to keel me one bock dis mornny, 'cause I need some tabac an' when I shoot dis ones I need him some cat-ridge, too."

The goddess of the hunt arranged things nicely for the toter that morning, probably for the same reason she sends a big buck down back of the camp for the Mexican moso who can shoot and who needs but three cartridges for a week's hunt.

Old Pete was walking ahead of his horses over the well worn river trail. His lively gait, the noise of the rattling buckboard and the fact that the "sport" was insistently whistling a jerky if merry tune, did not keep the toter from looking ahead on every turn of the trail, or from placing his bots sauvage carefully at every step. It was a habit of long standing. Your true woodsman never makes an unnecessary noise on the trail or in the woods.

Suddenly Pete stopped, wheeled and held his hands up before the horses' heads so that they were checked so quickly that the young sportsman nearly pitched over the front of the buckboard. Against all customs of the woods, and against all traditions, a handsome buck stood on the open ridge, 75 yards from the trail, looking intently at the horses.

Pete trotted quickly and noiselessly back beside the buckboard, keeping the horses between himself and the deer. He cast loose the spun yarn that lashed the old

rifle to the side of the buckboard seat, dropped the lever, slipped his shiny cartridge into the chamber and closed the action quickly and noiselessly. The young man on the seat saw the deer and reached nervously for his rifle case, and then remembered that all his cartridges were in the belt far down in the box, and he sank back on the seat and watched the buck which was walking slowly along the ridge still gazing at the horses.

Old Pete's aim was long and steady. Then the .38-40 spoke sharply, and the buck gave a great bound and disappeared behind a little patch of undergrowth. Pete turned and was replacing the rifle on the buckboard. There was to be no wild pumping of shells in this hunting.

"You hit him, Peter, you hit him!" shouted the young man, wildly, as he leaped noisily to the ground.

Pete caught his arm. "Prenez garde," whispered the toter, "maybe she's lay down in a minute. She's got a shoulders broke down," he added, as he took his short-handled ax out of the seat box. He moved silently up and over the ridge, not a sound coming from beneath his carefully placed moccasins.

After waiting and listening ten minutes the sportsman again climbed down from the buckboard, and 150 yards from the trail he found the driver dressing out a fine buck.

When the toter's team returned to the camp on the lake, Johnny again stood in the doorway, arrayed in a long and loud pair of lawn tennis trousers, a present from the young "sport."

Pete climbed slowly down from his seat and unhitched his horses. Not a word was spoken, and a look of confidence sat on the boyish features of the young cook as he turned to his duties in the cook house.

Pete returned from the "hovel" after caring for his horses, and with a fine display of carelessness tossed a bright and shiny empty .38-40 shell to his nephew, and taking down a rod from the gunhook on an overhead beam began to clean his "longue carabine" with some ostentation.

"Vous avez tuez," Johnny began, with a gasp of surprise. "You keel one, Oncle Pete? Where is she?"

"I got heem een ma pawket," replied Pete, slapping his leg and bringing forth a muffled jingle.

Sunday Johnny walked twelve miles over the trail to the river camp and returned with two big plugs of spear-head tobacco and six .38-40 cartridges.

Once more by the ruddy glow of the firelight the young woodsman rode the stubby pencil across the page of the log book, and when he finally arose from his task the page showed a new entry beneath the one canceled by two black lines.

He read it to Pete:

"7 octobre. Pierre Jacques Rosignol win 2 pouns spear-head and some catridge de J Badeau. Pierre keel him bock alright."

FRANK E. WOLFE.

Wild Horses.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Several weeks ago there was an article in the FOREST AND STREAM about "Wild Horses." I have in my library a book entitled "Trip to the West and Texas," comprising a journey of eight thousand miles through New York, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Louisiana and Texas in the winter of 1834-5 by A. A. Parker. The book was published by William White, Concord, N. H., in 1836.

The picture of a wild horse that your correspondent says he saw in one of the school readers when he was a boy is in this book.

The author gives his personal experience of the wild horse. I quote from page 169:

"The scenes of Texas have so much fascination about them, that one is disinclined to come down to the details of a commonplace description of the country. But the whole truth must be told. The public have a right, and in fairness ought to know the true state of the case. The emigrant cannot live on air, or by admiring the beauties of the country. It is of importance to him to know what facilities the country offers, for obtaining the necessities and conveniences of life, and what the prospect may be of enjoying them when obtained."

"In the first place, I shall strike off from the list of the resources of the country, 'the immense herds of buffalo and wild horses.' They are often paraded in the many published descriptions of Texas, as a most prominent feature in the bright picture exhibited, and as one of the many inducements to the emigrants to remove thither. They are no sort of benefit to the settler at all. They generally keep ahead of population, some small herds only are ever seen near the settlements, and there is not inducement enough for the husbandman to leave his farm and go far into the interior, to catch the wild horse and kill the buffalo among the tribes of hostile Indians, as the prospect of gain would not equal the hardship, risk and expense. The wild horse is an animal hard to catch, and when caught, it is difficult and troublesome to tame him, and render him gentle and kind in harness and under the saddle. It would be as well for the farmer if the fact of their existence were not known, as it is easier to raise the animal in this country of ever-green pasture, than to catch and tame the wild one. There is one point of view, in which a knowledge of the existence of these animals may be of some importance to the emigrant; it is proof positive of the natural luxuriance of the soil, and of the mildness of the climate."

"The wild horses are called by the Spaniards, mustangs. I saw some small herds of them prancing at random over the plains. They are quite wild; you can seldom approach very near them. They are of various colors and of rather smaller size than the American horse. The Spaniards are fond of good horses, and are good horsemen. Some of them make a business of catching and breaking the mustangs. This is done by building a fence in the shape of a harrow, with a long pen at the small end, and driving them into it; or mounting a fleet horse, get as near as they can unperceived, then start after them at full speed, throw a rope with a slip noose at one end, and the other fastened to the saddle, around the neck, haul out at right angles with their course, and choke them down. When caught, they put the bridle on, take them into a large, soft prairie, mount them at once,

flog them with the greenhide, and let them plunge and rear until they become fatigued and subdued. After undergoing a few more operations of this kind, they are 'fit for use.' They are sold at various prices, from six to twelve dollars; but unless they are caught when young they never become gentle as other horses."

TERRY SMITH.

A Walk Down South.—XIX.

On the morning of Christmas Eve I ate breakfast in Marion, and then headed down the road for Seven Mile Ford and Saltville. The snow was three inches deep, and the mud underneath about the same. It was neither cold nor warm, a damp day on which one could neither shiver nor sweat, though it seemed as if I would do both. My shoulders ached, and the pack drew down insistently. The first two miles were miserable, then the region asserted itself. The valley was broken with nubs and knolls, and there were patches of brushy woods.

My trail was along the railroad track, and I walked on the ties. Too close together for me to step on every one, they were still too far apart to skip every other one. I forgot the disagreeable features of the atmosphere in my study of the railroad track.

Pretty soon a little man overtook me. His shoulders were covered with wheat straw and chaff. His brown whiskers, likewise, had straw in them. He wore a blue blouse and blue overalls, and shoes that let in a good deal of the weather from above, and of the slushy snow from beneath.

He was piking it southward, too; what part he didn't know or care. He had started late, and that weather overtook him; he didn't like it. He was in a hurry. He didn't like to talk—what was the use? His voice was clear, his eye bright, his words were well pronounced—better than my own, in fact—yet he was a plain tramp, a hobo wanderer, used to the ties, for he stepped on every one, which I found to be the best way after a bit.

We met a freight train, and a big brakeman in the caboose whom I had met at Radford waved a greeting at me and took a second look at my companion. In a rock at a curve I saw a railroad watchman's house. Two men have been kept there for thirty years to warn trains in case a rock rolls down into the cut. The cost of removing the rocks would be less than the cost of keeping the men there two years.

I reached Seven Mile Ford and ate dinner. It was good. One feature was a seven-story chocolate layer cake; there was the usual abundance of fruits.

When I started on for Saltville, twelve miles away, the snow was melting and the walking slippery. I wanted to reach Saltville, but I had my doubts about doing it in such walking. I leaned to my pack, however, and plodded on, up the middle of the road, turning aside only when the water actually covered the mud and snow, ankle or more deep all the while.

Three miles down the main road I turned to the right and started up a brook-side road. On a hill to the right was a clump of trees, with scores of buzzards among and over them. They seemed to take turns in circling around through the air, perhaps in a kind of grace contest. They alighted with more ease and less fuss than any bird I ever saw. Some came down on the branches and some swept up to them, but they all alighted with widespread wings and closed them without the awkward balancing which characterizes the hawks and crows, for instance.

I met a couple of young fellows on horseback, who 'lowed to have some fun with me, I reckon. They wanted to swap a shotgun for my rifle, they said. But I wasn't trading. The jeering note in the tones of their voices gave way after a bit, but I came away, not having time to satisfy their curiosity there, for I was pressed for time.

A couple of miles further on I saw a flock of twelve or fourteen quail in an orchard, proud little dandies with a pert way of tossing their heads and looking as if flirting with one another. A few rods beyond I found a dead rabbit in the middle of the road, but could not determine the cause of its death. There were no shot marks that I could see.

There was a gap in the first ridge of the mountain on the south side of the north fork of the Holston River. As I entered it the woods were rich velvety in appearance, caused by the rich hues of dark-barked trees and the sun spreading a pink glow over the cloudy sky. It was then sunset.

The grade was long and up all the time, as the road sought a gap in the next ridge. I saw quail and rabbit tracks at intervals in the snow. I reached the crest at last in time to see the last red coal of the sunset, and then I went down into the still gloom of a valley. I came to a log cabin. An old woman was washing a red sock at a roadside spring there. She turned on me with a keen, repulsing voice to say that she didn't know how far it was to Saltville. A girl of twelve years or less was chopping wood in the snow beside the cabin. On one of her feet was a shoe, with water oozing in and out of the holes. Her other foot was perfectly bare, and half-buried in the lead-colored slush. She stopped her work and drew in her head as she looked at me, her lips curling and her ball-eyes starting. I came on down the hill a ways and met a ten-year-old boy with the same kind of eyes, the same long tawny hair, carrying a sack of meal as big as his body. He passed me with the expression that an oft-kicked dog has, an expectant side-long look at my heels.

Down in the gully I came to a cluster of cabins, from one of which came the strains of banjo picking and a song, cheerful in the falling gloom.

I went down to the door, and one of several colored young people came to tell me the road to Saltville. It was a short cut through the pasture bars, across yon corn-field, through the woods and then down the road.

With night had come a frosty cold, much pleasanter than the shivery warmth of the day. A crackly crust formed on the snow, and, by the light of the moon, I neared the end of the longest and hardest day's tramp I had ever taken. It had begun with a miserable feeling of doubt and weariness, but toward the last I whistled a march tune, stepping buoyantly, forgetful of the pack and miles behind me.

Before I cleared the patch of woods I saw, far below me off across a flat, an electric light. Slipping, scrambling and jumping, I plunged down the road, leaving long

lines in the snow where my feet plowed in the hillside.

I came into a sidehill cow pasture with a big hulk, where an overhead wire tram got its buckets filled. There I lost the road, but by the big electric light and the many yellow house lights, I succeeded in finding my way along a Z-route to the Palmer Inn, guided by a big darky who was going that way, but hesitated to walk beside me for fear he might be rebuked. But he was a good darky, named Henry Johnson, and the mile-long walk with him down the railroad track in a drizzly rain, past a hillside row of houses, located by their yellow, comfortable-looking lights, was not the least interesting of the miles I've come.

It was toward the close of the supper hour when I came dripping up the hotel steps and dropped my pack with a thump at the feet of a plump young lady, Miss America Farris, and asked could I get something to eat?

I ate; then listened to a discussion about mesmerism, hypnotism and some of the —ologies, which I could keep track of, though it was mighty interesting. Then the negro question came in for its share of motion and emotion. One young man said he hoped that when the time came to kill off the black men, that he'd be there with a double-barreled shotgun.

One man in the office was exceedingly attractive. He was very broad in the shoulders, erect, brown-eyed, black-haired, and black-mustached. His skin looked soft, rendered pliable by many climates. There was something in the bearing of the man that showed he was not like the others there in most respects. It was Christmas eve, and in spite of the rain there were fireworks being set off—Roman candles, skyrocket and giant firecrackers. When one of the latter went off with a bang unexpectedly many of those in the room—some professed fire-eaters—jumped and looked behind them. This man's eye lightened a little, but that was all the sign he gave.

I answered a few questions on the following day, and somebody pointed to the man whom I had noticed on the previous evening to say:

"There's a man who's traveled everywhere. He's been all over the world. His name is Backley."

We passed a "Good morning," and then Backley and I became acquainted. It was a dismal Christmas so far as the weather was concerned; a harsh mist came down intermittently, all the while the clouds hung leaden-hued at the tops of the fort-crowned ridges around Saltville—fortified because the salt wells there were very important to the Confederacy during the Civil War. A mile above town was a battle ground. It was hard for me to be 800 or so miles from home on that day, and Backley was not more cheerful than I.

Backley had been in New Zealand and Australia for many years. He was longing for that land of moderation, as I was longing for the deep snow and teathed winds of the Adirondacks. We could, at least, tell of those lands we could think of only with quickening pulse and lifting chests.

His room had a fire in it, so we went there. He had "camped down" by many streams, on many trails. Once he and a pardner were coming down a New Zealand river in a canvas canoe with 2,000 ounces of gold; a sharp rock split the craft in a rapid and the men were glad to escape with their lives. He had rolled the dough of his baking powder bread round a two-foot long stick and turned it over and over a blaze made out of dry grass for fuel. While his pardner fed the fire and pulled grass the roly-poly was kept as close to the heat as was best. He had seen the Yagans at Cape Horn, and the Indians of Canada. He had been a United States Navy sailor, a cowman in Australia, and had dug the vegetable caterpillar under the rata tree. He had been from New York to California, from Egypt to Australia; he could sympathize with the foot-sore and travel-stained more than anyone I had seen before. So I got out my French harp (harmonica) and he took down his banjo, and we went at it with a quiver and a twang.

"Did you ever step into
An Irishman's shanty,
Where the boys and the girls
Are always in plenty,
And the door of the shanty
Was locked with a latch?"

"Oh, round town gals,
Can you come out to-night?
Can you come out to-night?
Can you come out to-night?
And dance by the light of the moon?"

These and other tunes followed one another in rapid melodious progression till even Christmas was bearable far from home.

Backley had a knife—one of those 9-inch bladed, bone-handled, pound-and-a-half affairs. His pardner had carried it through British India to Australia, where on some wallaby trail Backley met him. After a while Backley received the knife as a gift, and he carried it through France, Egypt and the Australasia wilds. Far up in the mountains of Southwest Virginia, at a little town where they make caustic soda, alkalies and salt, Backley and I met.

"You're started now," said Backley, when he heard that I was inexperienced. "I'm afraid there's no telling when you'll stop. Take this knife; you'll find it useful."

I took it and then looked through the window at the hills beyond the oil-well-like salt derricks.

For days Backley and I kept the music or the memory going. Others heard us at the music. One night we had a dance. The three fast jigs I knew were just right. Many of the changes in the square dances were familiar ones, but some were new, and some had novel names. We of the Adirondacks call "Cut that figure eight," where the Virginian called out "Now chase the squirrel." "Swing through" means balance to the rear; "Shoo-fly" is just "Cut 'er down."

Backley and I were astonished when we tried some waltzes and two-steps on the dancers. There was not one present among them who could go through the round dances.

The rain fell steadily most of the time I was at Saltville. But Backley and I got out our cameras and took photographs in spite of the weather. We were equally entertained by the accounts Ed Eulis gave of his experiences. He had shot a man in self-defense, "rocked niggers," seen men shot and stabbed. He knew of a West End

Radford (Virginia) boy who went to see an East End Radford girl, greatly to the dislike of the East End boys. The East End boys tried to run the West Ender out. The West Enders came to the rescue. There were thirty-two shots fired, and four boys hurt.

Meantime I learned that it would be a good plan to get a boat and go down the Little (North Fork) Holston after I got down the river a ways. The days of my pack carrying seemed to be drawing to a close, and, all rose-hued and lovely, loomed before me the idea of a skiff ride down the Holston to the Tennessee, and down the Tennessee to—where?

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

Floating on the Missouri.—IV.

OUR friend Norris had said that the prairie chickens were not nearly so numerous as they had been the previous season. In the spring great numbers of them had nested in his hay fields, and their nests and young had been destroyed by irrigation. When I stepped out shortly after sunrise, I wondered what the number of the birds could have been the year before, for here they were on every hand in the haystacks, the barn roof, in the trees around, and covey after covey was in the air. Large flocks of ducks were also on the wing, flying up and down the course of the Judith, and geese were honking here and there from their roosts in the sandbars of the river. This was surely an ideal place for sport with gun and dog.

After an early breakfast we boarded the Good Shield and resumed our voyage. A mile below Norris' place we passed a ranch on the opposite side of the river, which depended upon a wheel for irrigation. It was an immense affair of wood and steel rods, sixty feet in diameter, and revolving by the force of the current against its broad blades. Large, deep troughs, or buckets, took up the water and poured it into a long flume extending to the irrigated land. It kept up a constant stream of more than 100 inches, and that quantity will water a very large acreage.

Passing Council Island, so named from the Council or Treaty of 1855, we shot through the rapids and entered the country Lewis and Clarke named the Dark Hills, the highest elevations on the whole course of the river below Great Falls. The formation is brown clay and decomposed pumice stone, in places wholly devoid of verdure. Some of these butts have sharp summits, others are table-topped and support a crown of pine and fir. In places they rise abruptly from the river's edge, and again there are wide sagebrush flats at their base. There is no place along the river where the sagebrush grows so luxuriantly as in these flats. We startled a couple of mule deer which were browsing along the shore, and they were lost to view as soon as they entered its shelter. But in any case they were safe, as we still had a portion of the buck we had killed at Arrow Creek. The larger part of it had found its way into the larder of our Judith friends, and right glad we were to dispose of it, as we then had an excuse to kill another one in the near future.

The swiftest part of the navigable Missouri is a twenty-six-mile stretch east from the Judith; the water is all swift, and there are thirteen rapids in the course. We found well-defined channels of deep water through the Birch, Holmes, McKeever's, Gallatin, Bear and Little Dog rapids, and then drew near the Dauphin Rapids, which I had been worrying about ever since our start from Fort Benton. Years before the Government engineers had run a long wing dam out from the south shore at this point, throwing all the water into one narrow, deep channel. But the ice had battered it season after season, wearing it away, and as I looked now I could see only a line of white foam where it had once stood. The roar of the water was sullen and menacing. On the flat near by some men were building a cabin, and rowing ashore I walked over to them. "Are you building a sheep ranch?" I asked.

"Not on your life!" one of them replied. "We've got a little bunch of cattle; the sheep men run us out where we were located over on the railroad, and we've found a good range here. The first blankety blank sheep man that shows up in this vicinity with his flocks had better come hceled, for we'll sure fight."

I sympathized with them. The sheep men are, without doubt, "killing the golden goose"; the luxuriant range which would have lasted forever if stocked with cattle only, is being rapidly ruined by them. And then, what will our children do? There is no great West for them to explore and exploit.

The cattlemen were very sociable. They pointed to a cellar they had dug, about five feet in depth, and said that at the bottom of it their shovels had uncovered the remains of a fire, some .44-caliber cartridge shells and some human bones. There were no cartridges of that kind used in this country until 1866, so in thirty-five years or less the wash from the hills had deposited five feet of soil upon the bottom. How I wished I could know the tragedy which had here taken place. Most likely the bones were the remains of some white men, surprised and murdered by Indians.

Game, especially mule deer, the cattlemen said, was fairly abundant. The day before one of them had seen two good-sized bunches of mountain sheep back in the hills. "But," he continued, with a sly wink, "of course I didn't shoot at them, as the game law prohibits the killing of them at any season of the year."

I asked about the rapids, and was informed that the main channel was full of boulders, two boats having been wrecked on them that season. This was not encouraging, so I decided to investigate a gap I had seen in the wing dam near the south shore. Crossing over, I put on the waders, and staff in hand, ventured out step by step to the center of the opening, finding eighteen inches of water in the shallowest place. Below the gap that part of the stream narrowed considerably, and while it was too swift to be sounded afoot, it looked to have plenty of depth, so I waded back to the boat and determined to try it. We started slowly, with just enough speed to afford steering way. Sah-né-to was frightened and confused by the leaping, foaming, roaring, water off to the left, so I bade her let go of the tiller, and steered with the oars. We glided over the shallow place and through the gap without a bump or scrape, and then into the narrow channel; here I could not touch bottom with the oars, and felt sure I had solved the problem of the dreaded rapids. And

so I had, for in a minute or two we ran safely into the main channel at the foot of them.

I have been unable to learn much about "old man" Dauphin, for whom these rapids were named. He was a French Creole, born in St. Charles, Mo., and was long an employe of the American Fur Company. In 1857 he resigned from their service and became a "freeman," or free trapper. Employes were known as "company men." In the winter of 1857-8, Dauphin made his headquarters at the mouth of Milk River, trapping for some distance up that stream and on the Missouri. When spring came he made four large, long dugouts, lashed them together, and then piling his beaver skins on them drifted down to St. Louis with the current, nineteen hundred and fifty miles by the channel of the river. What a large number of the flat-tails he must have had.

Below these rapids the hills are lower, the valley wider, the pine groves on the slopes more frequent. Five miles further down we passed a rock chimney, sole remnant of a once comfortable woodhawk's cabin. I remembered taking refuge in it once, on a trip up the river on the ice. It was bitterly cold, night was coming on, the horses were tired, and we were looking for a sheltered place to camp when we sighted the cabin. No one was at home, but the latch string hung out, and we took possession of it after unharnessing the horses and picketing them. My half-breed companion built a roaring fire in the broad fireplace and we had some meat roasting, the coffee pot boiling, in short order. Many and many a time since I have thought of the unique chair which stood in front of the hearth. The framework was of large pine poles, over which had been stretched a green buffalo hide, dark and glossy, and heavy furred, the head, where the hair was longest and thickest, forming the seat, the rest of it the long, sloping back. Used day after day as the hide dried, it had shrunk here and given away there, until when it finally set, it fitted every curve of one's body. It was the most comfortable chair I ever sat in, and I determined to make one like it as soon as I got back to our trading post. But one thing or another always prevented, and at last the buffalo were exterminated, and then there was no more of the required material to be had.

The Lone Pine Rapids were met; by the time we came to them a fierce, hot, gusty wind was roaring down the valley and tossing the water so, that I could not make out the channel. However, from the lay of the shores we thought the deep water was next the north side, and chanced it, running through without touching bottom. Then we came in sight of Castle Bluff, a bold, high, white sandstone promontory on the south side of the river. On its rim are all sorts of fantastic carvings of the soft stone by Mother Nature and Father Time, turrets, minarets, escarpments and bastions, all capped by the usual portion of dark, hard stone. The bluff was well named. Opposite it are Castle Bluff Rapids, and below them a short distance the Magpie Rapids, through both of which the channel is next to the north shore. We went through them with water to spare, then through a nameless piece of swift water, and finally came to the head of the last one, the Bird Rapids. Just above them on the south side there is a fine grove of cottonwoods, and as the wind was blowing unpleasantly hard, bringing with it occasional squalls of rain, we decided to camp in their shelter. We tied up, and digging a trail to the top of the bank with a pickaxe, set out to find a clear place among the willows and buck brush for the tent. Not twenty yards from the shore five whitetail deer broke cover and ran for the hills, on their way starting four more, which ran up the valley. There was no grassy place in the timber, and upon coming to its outer edge we saw something which made us think that we did not care to camp there after all. In the center of the wide flat just above was a deserted woodhawk's cabin, windowless and doorless, and in front of it stood two men watching the deer which had run up that way. Then they turned and looked in our direction long and carefully. With my glass I could see that their faces were covered with beard and that beside their rifles, they each had two revolvers at their belts.

Before leaving Fort Benton I had heard that a certain desperado named Larson, who had escaped from the Canadian mounted police and from the Montana authorities, was in hiding somewhere on the river. At the Judith it was claimed that he had been seen near Cow Island. Also, it was surmised that the Kid Curry gang, murderers and robbers of the Great Northern express car, were still hiding somewhere in these bad lands.

Now Sah-né-to knew nothing of this, as she does not understand English, and I had thought best to say nothing about it; but as soon as she saw the men near the deserted cabin, their horses picketed nearby, her suspicions were aroused. "Surely," she said, "these men are not of good heart; let us go on."

And we went. They saw us and hurried toward their horses; we rushed to the boat and pulled across to the north side, where the channel is, and shot down through the rapids. Just below them, at the bend, cut coulees and a high bluff precluded any possibility of their following us horseback if they felt so inclined, but we saw no more of them. Likely they had been badly scared. I hoisted a part of the sail and we fairly flew for about four miles before the fierce wind, landing finally on Sturgeon Island for the night. Its broad, sandy shore was dotted with tracks, fresh and old, of both whitetail and mule deer, and when we came to put up our tent in the shelter of a few cottonwoods, we found their trails and beds everywhere in the tall grass. While unloading the boat two men passed us in a long, narrow scow. They had up an immense square sail and the craft went with the speed of a steam launch, piling up a roll of foaming water at the bow. In answer to my hail they shouted that they were from Fort Benton, and bound for "St. Louis or bust." They were undoubtedly frozen in somewhere in the Dakotahs.

Beside deer sign, we had noticed many wolf tracks along the shore of the island, and shortly after dark, as we sat down to dinner, a band of the animals serenaded us from the nearby hills. The wind had ceased and their long and melancholy wails filled the silent valley with vibrant sound. It was pleasant to hear, bringing back many memories to both of us of other days we had spent along the river and upon the adjacent plains.

Sah-né-to had lost her bearings during our devious windings through the dark hills. I explained that we were a short run above the mouth of Cow Creek, the

Middle Creek of her people, so named because it flows through the center of the gap between the Bear Paw and Wolf Mountains (Little Rockies), on its way southward to the Missouri.

Mention of the creek reminded her of many incidents of her childhood in this locality. She told of the immense herds of buffalo which once covered the nearby plains; of the numberless bands of elk and deer and antelope along the foothills of the mountains and the valleys. "How many years ago was it," she asked, "that Big Eared White Man [an old trader named Upham] traveled with us and kept the camp supplied with cartridges, tobacco and sugar?"

I thought a little and replied that it was exactly twenty-four.

"That was the winter," she said, "we lost my cousin, Weasel Moccasin, bravest, kindest, most generous of men. We had camped at the lower south end of the Bear Paws for a long time, and the daily hunting had finally driven the game away for some distance in every direction. So one morning my cousin announced that he would go eastward to the Wolf Mountains for a few days' hunt. A number joined him with their wives, taking a few lodges and many pack and travois horses with which to bring back the meat and hides. The next afternoon they came to the buffalo, herd after herd, and camped on a little creek putting out from the mountains. There for some days they had good success, the hunters killing fat cows faster than the women could handle them.

"One evening Weasel Moccasin stood outside the lodge; the sun was setting, and just before it went down it seemed to split into a thousand parts, sending bright colored rays flashing in every direction. 'It is a sign,' he said aloud, 'that to-morrow I shall meet my death. Somewhere on the plain, in some way, I know not how, my body will grow cold before the sun goes down again.'

"His aunt, busy inside preparing the evening meal, heard his words, came out and scolded him: 'Go in at once and sit down,' she said. 'You have no right to think such things; you are not well. This very night I will prepare some of my herb water, and you shall drink it.'

"I need it not," he replied. "I am not sick. Pay no heed to my words. I know not why I said it, and yet, surely that is a sign of approaching death."

"True," said his aunt, "it is the sign, but why for you any more than for any of the rest of us here, or for some one back in the main camp? Come in now, and eat."

"Early the next morning the hunters started out again, riding eastward and some distance before they sighted a herd of buffalo. Then they separated to surround it. Weasel Moccasin riding ahead slowly with his uncle, Big Plume, in order to give the others time to make the circle. Suddenly, from a knoll ahead of them, four Assinaboines jumped up and ran for a coulee further on. My cousin had a swift horse, the fastest of all our people's herds, and in no time he was upon them. Twice he fired, and each time one of the enemy fell dead. The other two had separated, and he rode down upon one of them regardless of the bullets which were whizzing by him. Suddenly the Assinaboine ceased firing, his cartridges apparently all expended, and disdaining to shoot, Weasel Moccasin raised his gun as a club, to brain the enemy. Alas! At that very moment the Assinaboine drew an old pistol and shot him through the body. The next instant he was felled by my cousin's blow, and his shadow went to join those of his companions along their dreary trail.

"Big Plume came hurrying up, as did the others. 'I am shot,' said the warrior; 'help me get to camp.'

"Big Plume got up behind and supported him, and the little party started for the camp. Some of the others were anxious to follow and kill the remaining Assinaboine, but the wounded man forbade it. 'Let him return to his people,' he said, 'and tell them that the Piegiens killed his companions.'

"Very slowly they rode toward camp, and their hearts were heavy. The wounded one became weaker and weaker; blood oozed from his lips; he reeled to and fro in his uncle's strong arms. They came to a deep coulee and were sheltered from the wind. 'Help me down,' he said, 'I am dying.'

"Gently they laid him down, spreading their robes and blankets for his couch, and saying to his uncle: 'Pity and care for my family,' he breathed his last. His words had come true: the sign had foretold his death.

"Well do I remember the hunting party's return. They came riding slowly and silently over the hill, and we all stood by our lodges instead of running to meet them, for we felt that they brought sad news. We saw that their faces were painted black, their hair unbound and streaming in the wind. Then presently the word spread through camp, 'Weasel Moccasin is dead; but before he fell he killed three Assinaboines.' The women wailed, the warriors shouted his name in praise, and for a long, long time the whole camp mourned. They had brought his body, and that day we buried him, wrapping him in choice robes and lashing him on a platform in his lonely lodge, with all his weapons by his side. And near about three of his favorite horses were shot, that their shadows might accompany him on his lonely road to the Sandhills. As soon as this was done, we struck camp and moved south-east to Middle Creek. But the people sorrowed; they could not forget his untimely end. All that long winter there was no more dancing nor singing in the camp."

APPEKUNNY.

Chippewa Words.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., Jan. 28.—In Fayette Durlin's interesting article, "The Old Logging Camp," in your issue of Jan. 25, he refers to the unintelligible Indian words, and wonders if there was really any actual meaning attached to them. My knowledge of the Chippewa language is exceedingly limited. However, I recognize "Cowin" as "No," and "Nischin" as "Good," hence the combination would be "No good." F. J.

"Uncle Lisha's Shop."

"UNCLE LISHA'S SHOP" is temporarily out of print. A new edition is in press, to be ready soon. It will have as frontispiece an excellent portrait of Mr. Robinson. The price will be \$1.25.

"The Hole."

EL PASO, Texas.—What is "the Hole"? Ask this question of greaser, Yaqui or wandering prospector in the mountainous regions of that section where the Chihuahua-Sonora state line and the Continental Divide are one and the same, and from each you will get a different answer. The Mexican piously crosses himself as he declares to you that it is the abode of witches and devils, and exists only to be avoided. The Yaqui has no such superstitious fears, but says it is a wonderful, deep, inaccessible cañon—a place formed by the gods of his fathers in the long ago as a place of refuge in time of peril, a place where game is plentiful and easily taken, and where none but the Yaqui can enter. Nevertheless, if you pin him down he is obliged to confess that he has never entered its sacred precincts. Disappointed, you turn to your own race of people, and ask some grizzled old prospector about it, and after pondering the question a full minute, he tells you that it is a deep, inaccessible cañon, which has its head near the Continental Divide, and runs southwest for twenty-five or thirty miles, and empties into the Goviland, a headwater stream of the Yaqui. But when you come to inquire closely, you find that he, too, is disappointing, and, like Moses and the Promised Land, he has viewed it from afar.

With three companions, a guide and mose, I was in that region hunting last October, and being camped near the head of the cañon, I climbed a peak and got a birds-eye view of it. The sides are almost perpendicular, and at least 3,000 feet deep, inclosing quite a little valley, widening out in one place seven or eight miles; but nowhere could the powerful binoculars which I carried discover a trail by which a descent could be made. At the lower end where the stream which flows through empties into the Goviland, the rocky walls come close in, forming a narrow, deep gorge, through which nothing unprovided with wings can pass. Thus it is that it remains a *terra incognita*, but evidently a region rich in archeological treasure, as several cliff houses were to be seen, and this is a region of cliff house ruins, as well as other evidences of occupation by a prehistoric people. But it is to-day a paradise for sportsmen, and one of the most beautiful countries for camping out in I ever saw.

I am determined to explore the "Hole" next time I visit that section. There is said to be a secret trail entering it, and I am determined to invade its sanctity armed with rifle and camera, and hope ere another year rolls around to tell the readers of FOREST AND STREAM what I saw therein.

I. J. BUSH.

Woodcock and Watermelons.

As a reward for standing well in my class, I received from my father a double barreled muzzleloading gun, I was very proud of the gift, because I thought no better or finer gun had ever been turned out of the gunsmith's shop. It had been made to order for Commodore Chauncey by one Blissert, of Liverpool. It was a masterpiece, and I have it to this day stowed away in its brass-trimmed, mahogany, green baize-lined case, a memento of my first shooting days.

And following quickly upon the gift of this gun came an invitation to try it on some woodcock, two gentlemen inviting me to accompany them to Huntington, L. I., and become initiated into the art of wing shooting. It was a great day of preparation; wads and caps were stowed away in my shooting coat (bought for the occasion), and pocket flask and shot pouch filled to the neck—a reserve of powder and shot being stowed in my grip.

How I enjoyed the ride in the baggage car surrounded by the pointer dogs and listening to the stories told by my hosts! I certainly drank in long draughts of anticipation and inspiration.

We were bound for Abner Chichester's farm, and, if I remember correctly, it was perched on the steepest hill in the village of Huntington. The horses seemed to climb and keep a climbing ever since they left the depot. But in time we got there, and the last thing to be removed from the wagon was a huge watermelon, the largest to be found in Fulton market. It was forthwith placed in the tub-encircled spring under the old oak, and was to be left there until we came in from our afternoon's Fourth of July shoot the next day, hot and parched, and in the right mood to cut a melon.

We were off early in the morning to a neighboring grove, where the trees grew so closely together as to almost perfectly keep out the sun's rays except during the middle of the day.

Whether it was because I missed or was not quick enough or what, or was perhaps in the way, I do not know, but I soon let my friends hunt with the dogs by themselves, and I wandered here and there where the skunk cabbage indicated a wet spot where the longbills could bore.

There were plenty of birds, and I walked up bird after bird. Of course, I missed and missed, and missed again, but now and then the birds would fly into it and I would get one. How excited I became when I heard my bird drop to earth and saw the floating feathers drift slowly toward the ground! I knew I fired many shots, and as a result my shot pouch was much lighter than when I started out, and when at noon we sat beside a spring-fed brook and laid out our game upon the moss-covered stone, I thought my four birds made a brave showing against the score or two heaped up beside them. We talked and dozed for a couple of hours under the cool shadows of the trees and I listened to much valuable advice on wing shooting. My friends were so engrossed in their morning's sport that they did not heed my absence, knowing that there was no danger of my getting lost, the grove not being more than a mile square. They, however, had enjoyed such good luck and the birds were so abundant—the weather had been hot and sultry for days, driving the birds into this spring-fed and shaded cover—that they insisted that I should during the afternoon shoot over the dogs and have the first shot at the rising birds. Of course I missed and got my "eye wiped" by my two friends repeatedly, yet I seemed to do better, and now and then got my bird, once or twice, they told me, making a clean and difficult kill. This, of course, by way of encouragement. By three o'clock we voted that we had had enough, and we wended our way

back to Abner's. It was a hot, dusty walk, and we were pleased when, after drawing the caps from our guns, we laid them up against the milk house close to the spring.

We sat under the friendly oak around the spring. Abner deftly lifted out the melon, fresh and green and sweating at every pore. I can hear even now the crackling sound of Abner's jackknife as it plowed its way through the chilled rind of that melon. And as the melon parted the sight was one that a parched and thirsty man would never forget.

Well, suffice it to say there was enough of that melon and yet some to spare. It certainly was a case in nature where excellence and bigness were combined with exact mathematical precision.

Years afterward I stood one Saturday afternoon on the porch of a Luray, Va., hotel and saw file past a hundred or more darkies returning from work, each and everyone of them carrying a "watermelon" under his arm. They had been paid off, and a convenient farm wagon loaded with melons happened to pass as they filed along and the darkies all bought.

One young buck, after hugging that melon for several blocks, "just couldn't stand it no longer," and without ado sat down upon the curb and in the absence of a jackknife he deftly tapped the melon against the edge of the curb until it broke asunder. Mansfield, in transforming his Jekyll face into that of Hyde upon the stage, never equalled the lightning change of countenance exhibited by that ducky. One moment his eyes bulged, his mouth distorted, his teeth glistened and his face fairly glowed with pleasurable expectancy, and in the twinkling of an eye, when the parted halves of that unripe and white-seeded melon fell from his palsied hands, his eyes contracted to mere slits, showing an angry, snake-like red, his face became of an ashen hue—call it pale, if you will—and through his slightly parted lips like a devil incarnate he hissed out imprecation after imprecation upon the farmer, showing the fact clearly that the disappointed one was a past grand master in the art of profanity.

But I started writing about woodcock and have digressed into melons—so au revoir.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

Natural History.

Nature at Boston.

Boston, March 3.—At the Sportsmen's Show the attendance is large, and spite of the attractions in the main hall, the swimming tank, the high diving, hundreds will be found walking about to get a better view of the natural history attractions. The cage of armadillo, near the lower entrance, excites considerable comment. Said a fellow to his companion: "Box turtles. I've seen enough of them; not just that color, though." His companion looked to the cage label and read, "A-r-m-a-d-i-l-l-o." "Oh, that's only another name for them. Why not call them box turtles and be done with it. Don't you see their shells?" But wise youngster No. 2 beat them all. "I tell you, they are sweet potato bugs. They're larger than the ordinary kind." Dr. Heber Bishop's dogs are worth more than a passing notice, and there is a crowd in front of their compartment. Robbie Burns and Lady Montell and their progeny, a litter of seven. Robbie has a pedigree dating back to 1836, and Lady Montell back to the Seminole Indians of Florida. "One of the pups," the doctor says, "is the most affectionate dog in the world," and everybody agrees with him. The obedience and intelligence of the whole seven is remarkable. Here is a cage of barred owls. The turn of their heads, in pivoted necks, makes everybody laugh. One wise man remarked to a lady, "That's well done. I don't see how they made them look so natural. But there, anybody can see that their necks are only a hinge." A couple of great horned owls makes a fine exhibit; plumage almost perfect, with black tufts of feathers, smooth and exactly like horns. The black timber wolf is a noble specimen, and said to be a very valuable animal. The wise man comes in here also with the remark, "I don't like those collie dogs very well, especially the black ones." Curious, but the wise ones don't seem to read the cage labels. Here is a good specimen of cinnamon bear, seen in almost any menagerie. The two mountain lions that President Roosevelt did not shoot are good specimens, though both females. The ocelot (*Felis pardalis*) from Mexico is a good specimen. Here the wise man comes up again. He will not down. "A good specimen of tomcat!" The bay lynx are wild and almost untamable; at least they snarl and growl at the keepers, even. As for deer, the show is simply full of them. One runs on to herds of them at every odd turn; so surrounded with trees and evergreens that they scarcely appear to be inside of wire fences. A handsome herd of Maine deer on the east side of the building is made up of some fine specimens; sleek and bright-colored. "All does," remarks our wise man again. "Why don't they show a buck or two?" To the lady beside him he further remarks: "I am disappointed. I wanted you to see a buck with fine antlers." He doubtless would have felt a little chagrin to have been told that the very deer he was looking at were more than half bucks, and that the scars of their last antlers were yet plain on the heads of several. It is not easy to make unthinking people believe that moose, deer and elk shed their antlers every winter. The herd of antelope is good. "White deer," is the common remark. But to the sportsman of the plains they convey more of an idea. They seem to thrive well in confinement, and several approach the front of their compartment to be fed or petted. Peanuts they take with avidity. The little fawn of the India deer, not bigger than a cat, with its mother, attracts a good deal of attention. This little fellow was born since its mother came to Boston this time. It is the second one born in captivity in this country; the buck in the next cage being the first. This buck was bred at the Boston Sportsmen's Show two years ago. The herd of twenty elk is a good exhibit. Only one bull has his antlers, and these very small and poor specimens, doubtless dwarfed, and hence slow about coming off. The American bison, from Austin Corbin's New Hampshire game park, are fine specimens of the king of game ani-

Chronological Table of United States Government Forest Reserves.

Prepared by the Bureau of Forestry.

Reserve.	Proclamations and Executive Orders for Each Reserve.	State.	Reserves Created Under Administration of	Nos. of Proclamations and Executive Orders in Chronological Order.	Dates of Proclamations and Executive Orders.	Area of Reserve Under Each Proclamation and Executive Order, Acres.	Present Areas of Reserves in Acres.	Remarks.
PRESIDENT HARRISON.								
1, 2		Wyoming	Timber Land Reserve, Yellowstone Park.....	1	Mar. 30, 1891	1,239,040	1,239,040	Proclamation revised.
2, 3		Colorado	Timber Land Reserve, White River Plateau.....	2	Sept. 10, 1891	1,198,080	1,198,080	
3, 4, 36, 37		New Mexico	Pecos River Forest Reserve.....	3	Oct. 16, 1891	311,040	430,880	See Proclamation No. 36.
4, 5, 6		Colorado	Timber Land Reserve, Pike's Peak.....	4	Jan. 11, 1892	184,320	184,320	Proclamation revised.
5, 7		Oregon	Timber Land Reserve, Bull Run.....	5	Feb. 11, 1892	142,080	142,080	
6, 8		Colorado	Timber Land Reserve, Plum Creek.....	6	Mar. 13, 1892	179,200	179,200	
7, 9		Colorado	South Platte Forest Reserve.....	7	June 17, 1892	683,520	683,520	
8, 10		California	Timber Land Reserve, San Gabriel.....	8	June 23, 1892	555,520	555,520	
9, 11, 61		Colorado	Battlement Mesa Forest Reserve.....	9	Dec. 9, 1892	858,240	856,960	See Executive Order No. 61.
10, 12		Alaska	Atnognak Forest and Fishculture Reserve.....	10	Dec. 20, 1892	403,640	403,640	
11, 13		California	Sierra Forest Reserve.....	11	Dec. 24, 1892	4,096,000	4,096,000	
12, 14, 28, A. C.		Washington	Pacific Forest Reserve.....	12	Dec. 24, 1892	967,680	967,680	See Proclamation No. 28.
13, 15		Arizona	Grand Cañon Forest Reserve.....	13	Feb. 14, 1893	1,851,520	1,851,520	
14, 16		California	San Bernardino Forest Reserve.....	14	Feb. 20, 1893	737,280	737,280	
15, 17, 42		California	Trabuco Cañon Forest Reserve.....	15	Feb. 20, 1893	49,920	109,920	See Proclamation No. 42.
Total						13,457,080 Acres.		
PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.								
16, 18, 34, 46, 56, 57		Oregon	Cascade Range Forest Reserve.....	16	Sept. 28, 1893	4,492,800	4,577,120	See Executive Order No. 34.
17, 19		Oregon	Ashland Forest Reserve.....	17	Sept. 28, 1893	18,560	18,560	
18, 20		California	Stanislaus Forest Reserve.....	18	Feb. 22, 1897	691,200	691,200	
19, 21, 62		California	San Jacinto Forest Reserve.....	19	Feb. 22, 1897	737,280	668,160	See Executive Order No. 62.
20, 22		Idaho and Montana	Bitter Root Forest Reserve.....	20	Feb. 22, 1897	4,147,200	4,147,200	
21, 23		Idaho and Washington	Priest River Forest Reserve.....	21	Feb. 22, 1897	645,120	645,120	
22, 24, 41		So. Dakota and Wyoming	Black Hills Forest Reserve.....	22	Feb. 22, 1897	967,680	1,211,680	See Proclamation No. 41.
23, 25		Utah	Uintah Forest Reserve.....	23	Feb. 22, 1897	875,520	875,520	
24, 26, 53		Washington	Washington Forest Reserve.....	24	Feb. 22, 1897	3,594,240	3,426,400	See Proclamation No. 53.
25, 27, 50, 59		Washington	Olympic Forest Reserve.....	25	Feb. 22, 1897	2,188,800	1,466,880	See Proclamation No. 50.
12, 14, 28, A. C.		Washington	Mount Rainier Forest Reserve.....	26	Feb. 22, 1897	1,267,200	2,027,520	The title: "The Pacific Forest Reserve," abandoned; Reserve now included in "The Mount Rainier Forest Reserve." See Proclamation No. 14 and "A. C." See Proclamation No. 51.
26, 29, 51, 54, 55		Wyoming	Big Horn Forest Reserve.....	27	Feb. 22, 1897	1,127,680	1,147,840	
27, 30		Wyoming	Teton Forest Reserve.....	28	Feb. 22, 1897	829,440	829,440	
28, 31		Montana	Flathead Forest Reserve.....	29	Feb. 22, 1897	1,382,400	1,382,400	
29, 32		Montana	Lewis and Clarke Forest Reserve.....	30	Feb. 22, 1897	2,926,080	2,926,080	
Total						25,891,200 Acres.		
PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.								
30, 33, 38		California	Pine Mountain and Zaca Lake Forest Reserve.....	31	Mar. 2, 1898	1,144,594	1,644,594	See Proclamation No. 38.
16, 18, 34, 46, 56, 57		Oregon	Cascade Range Forest Reserve.....	32	April 20, 1898	—11,520	4,577,120	Original area reduced by Exec. Order by 11,520 acres. See Executive Order No. 46.
31, 35, 49		Arizona	Prescott Forest Reserve.....	33	May 10, 1898	10,240	423,680	See Proclamation No. 49.
3, 4, 36, 37		New Mexico	Pecos River Forest Reserve.....	34	May 27, 1898	120,000	430,880	See Proclamation No. 4 & Exec. Order No. 37.
3, 4, 36, 37		New Mexico	Pecos River Forest Reserve.....	35	June 2, 1898	—160	430,880	Reduction of 160 acres by Exec. Order. See Proclamation No. 4 and 36.
30, 33, 38		California	Pine Mountain and Zaca Lake Forest Reserve.....	36	June 29, 1898	500,000	1,644,594	See Proclamation No. 33.
32, 39		Arizona	San Francisco Mountains Forest Reserves.....	37	Aug. 17, 1898	975,360	975,360	Only even-numbered sections reserved.
33, 40		Arizona	Black Mesa Forest Reserve.....	38	Aug. 17, 1898	1,658,880	1,658,880	
22, 24, 21		So. Dakota and Wyoming	Black Hills Forest Reserve.....	39	Sept. 19, 1898	244,000	1,211,680	See Proclamation No. 24.
15, 17, 42		California	Trabuco Cañon Forest Reserve.....	40	Jan. 30, 1899	60,000	109,920	See Proclamation No. 17.
34, 43		Utah	Fish Lake Forest Reserve.....	41	Feb. 10, 1899	67,840	67,840	
35, 44		Montana	Gallatin Forest Reserves.....	42	Feb. 10, 1899	40,320	40,320	
36, 45		New Mexico	Gila River Forest Reserve.....	43	Mar. 2, 1899	2,327,040	2,327,040	Only even-numbered sections reserved.
12, 14, 28, A. C.		Washington	Mount Rainier Forest Reserve.....	44	Mar. 2, 1899	—207,360	2,027,520	Act of Congress (A. C.) creating "The Mount Rainier National Park" reduces "The Mount Rainier Forest Reserve" by 207,360 acres. See Proclamation No. 28 and 14.
16, 18, 34, 46, 56, 57		Oregon	Cascade Range Forest Reserve.....	45	April 6, 1899	—160	4,577,120	Reduction of 160 acres by Executive Order. See Executive Order No. 56.
37, 47		California	Lake Tahoe Forest Reserve.....	46	April 13, 1899	136,335	136,335	
38, 48		California	Santa Ynez Forest Reserve.....	47	Oct. 2, 1899	145,000	145,000	
31, 35, 49		Arizona	Prescott Forest Reserve.....	48	Oct. 21, 1899	413,440	423,680	See Proclamation No. 35.
25, 27, 50, 59		Washington	Olympic Forest Reserve.....	49	April 7, 1900	—264,960	1,466,880	Original area reduced by 264,960 acres. See Proclamation No. 59.
26, 29, 51, 54, 55		Wyoming	Big Horn Forest Reserve.....	50	June 29, 1900	53,120	1,147,840	See Proclamation No. 29 and Executive Order No. 54.
39, 52		Wyoming	Crow Creek Forest Reserve.....	51	Oct. 10, 1900	56,320	56,320	
24, 26, 53		Washington	Washington Forest Reserve.....	52	April 3, 1901	—167,840	3,426,400	Original area reduced by 167,840 acres. See Proclamation No. 26.
26, 29, 51, 54, 55		Wyoming	Big Horn Forest Reserve.....	53	April 15, 1901	—5,440	1,147,840	Reduction of 5,440 acres by Exec. Order. See Proclamation No. 29, 51, and Executive Order No. 55.
26, 29, 51, 54, 55		Wyoming	Big Horn Forest Reserve.....	54	June 25, 1901	—27,520	1,147,840	Reduction of 27,520 acres by Executive Order. See Proclamation No. 29, 51, and Executive Order No. 54.
16, 18, 34, 46, 56, 57		Oregon	Cascade Range Forest Reserve.....	55	June 20, 1901	—46,080	4,577,120	Reduction of 46,080 acres by Executive Order. See Proclamation No. 27.
16, 18, 34, 46, 56, 57		Oregon	Cascade Range Forest Reserve.....	56	July 1, 1901	142,080	4,577,120	See Executive Order No. 56, 46, 34, and Proclamation No. 18.
40, 58		Oklahoma Territory	Wichita Forest Reserve.....	57	July 4, 1901	57,120	57,120	
25, 27, 50, 59		Washington	Olympic Forest Reserve.....	58	July 15, 1901	—456,960	1,466,880	Reduction of 456,960 acres. See Proclamation No. 27, 50, 59.
41, 60		Utah	Payson Forest Reserve.....	59	Aug. 8, 1901	86,400	86,400	
Total						7,050,089 Acres.		
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.								
9, 11, 61		Colorado	Battlement Mesa Forest Reserve.....	60	Oct. 7, 1901	—1,280	856,960	Reduction of 1,280 acres by Executive Order. See Proclamation No. 11.
19, 21, 62		California	San Jacinto Forest Reserve.....	61	Oct. 17, 1901	—69,120	668,160	Reduction of 69,120 acres by Executive Order. See Proclamation No. 21.

Present grand total, 46,327,969 acres.

males, a race that would be extinct but for the efforts of such men as was Mr. Corbin. The beaver are here, three of them. They are the property of Mr. C. W. Dimick. He bought them in Canada just previous to the Sportsmen's Show two years ago. They cut wood, and eat poplar bark with evident satisfaction. Their swimming and diving is a source of delight to the crowd in front of their compartment. Their efforts at dam constructing are scarcely successful. They can cut the wood into lengths, but somehow they cannot make it stay on the bottom, as on the running, natural streams they desire to convert into ponds. A pair of swift foxes is a new feature in animal exhibits; little gray fellows, smaller than the red fox, but evidently rightly named, from their length of limb and sharpness of contour. The cage of South American peccary, with their spindle legs, long snouts and skins of bluish brown, shows "another kind of hog" to the wise man. He remarked Saturday evening that he considered them no good. Well, perhaps not, but a friend, who has hunted in the country of the Amazon, tells me that they burrow along in the "duff," or alluvium, so deep in that part of the world, with their backs barely out in sight. Startled by the hunter, they commence to move forward, giving the impression that the whole surface of the ground is in motion. The compartments of squirrels are a delight. Whole high trees are surrounded with netting. In one there are less than a million gray and fox squirrels. The little red squirrels take well to captivity. Saturday evening they were evidently trying to catch a little sleep under the glare of the electric lights. Their zinc water tank has a drinking place in front and a cover and a flat bail. Two or three were cuddled up under this bail; it shaded their eyes. Others wanted the position, and there were frequent squabbles. Some had curled down in a corner, where the frame

afforded a shade. The little prairie dogs have given up digging in the sand as a hopeless task; it falls right back and makes no sort of a burrow. The wise man "can't see much of a dog about them," but he probably has not heard them bark. The little flying squirrels are here in good numbers, bright and cheerful. It was something of a delight to hear a lady instructing a school girl that "they really cannot fly, but run up a tree, and with wing-skin feet and broad tail spread, are able to make tremendous leaps, partly sustained by the air." A couple of little weasels have scarcely forgotten to turn white, though they have not been out in the snow this winter. Out of doors they turn white, all but the tips of their tails and a little black about their heads, every winter. "The Happy Family" is one of the features of the show. In a single compartment is a man—an old man with snowy locks—a bear, a peccary, a skunk, a silver gray fox, a civet cat, an albino coon and an anteater. The old gentleman loves animals. "I live with them," he remarks, "and study their wants and their habits. I sleep here, and if there is any trouble I get up and quiet them. Here, there, si-cat"—short for civet cat—"I want you." In response to any of his pet names, the animal immediately comes forward to be fondled. The peccary he calls "a pigareene." He takes the little beast up in his arms, and the creature lays his head and long snout up against the old gentleman's shoulder and grunts with satisfaction. "This is a skunk"—and by the time the words are half out, everybody has stood off. "He's perfectly well-behaved," and the funny little face and little beads of black eyes are up beside the face of the keeper for a kiss, which both apparently get. The skunk has a history. The favorite cat of the household of a Newton doctor had kittens a year ago last summer. They were not wanted, and all were promptly drowned. The

next day the old cat brought in a baby skunk, doubtless to take the place of her departed offspring. This would never do. The doctor decided on a surgical operation, and the little skunk was promptly deprived of the scent glands, hence his appearance at the Sportsmen's Show. Ladies stopping in front of the compartment and admiring the animals are promptly accosted by the old gentleman with, "Are you fond of pets?" The answer is generally yes, and then the keeper sizes his victim up. "Will her dress be spoiled? Does she care more for her dress than all the animals in a whole menagerie?" If his impression is favorable, he opens the compartment door and says, "Come right in here." If the lady hesitates, he says, "I will guarantee that nothing will harm you in the least." The lady comes in. Seated on a rude stool, the silver gray fox is passed to her, and the little fellow is as pleased as a pet kitten. The little skunk is next brought forward. Does the lady hesitate again? "He is perfectly well-behaved," remarks the old gentleman, and the skunk, too, is in the lady's lap. But when it comes to taking the peccary up in her arms, the lady generally politely declines, though the civet cat and the anteater are not neglected, both running up to be petted. The ducks. What shall we say of them? There are nearly 200 individual birds in the duck and geese compartments. They scarcely seem to mind the confinement at all. They swim races around the big circular tank, with the old wild goose gander for starter. In the main tank are many varieties. Some of the finest specimens of black or dusky ducks are to be seen. The wood ducks are always the same attractive little fellows, especially the drakes, and they seem almost conscious of the importance their brilliant plumage gives them. The little mandarins over in the square duck compartment can distance them in the way of dress, however. Canvasbacks

are not often seen in captivity, but here is a good number of fine specimens. There are also ruddy ducks, lesser scaup, American widgeon, European widgeon, shovellers, gadwall, redheads, sprigtails, American green-wing teal, European green-wing teal, gargany teal and blue-wing teal.

The partridge show is most remarkable and near to the sportsman's heart. The ruffed grouse have already been described at considerable length in this paper. Then come the English partridges in a large compartment, some twenty-five or thirty of them. They seem to bear confinement well. The French partridges come next. To already a goodly number, Mr. Dimick received an addition of ten on Saturday. The Hungarian partridges are rare birds in this part of the world. Most of these birds will be subject to a trial for breeding in confinement, when the Sportsmen's Show is over. The Virginia quail are sprightly little fellows, and readily breed under fair conditions. Commissioner Brackett is brought, to mind by the good showing of Mongolian pheasants, very attractive birds.

The fish exhibit is simply remarkable. Commissioner Nathaniel Wentworth, of the New Hampshire Board, is proud of what his State shows here, and he has good reason to be. His tank of lake trout is one of the best ever shown, with individual fish up to nearly 15 pounds. Taken right off the spawning beds, he has been able to move them to Boston without a scar, and so far they have not shown a particle of fungus. His Sunapee trout (*Aureolus* or seibling) are most beautiful fish. Behind the scenes one was dipped up in a net for me to see. It was truly a beautiful fish, and rightly named from the brilliancy of its colorings. Mr. Wentworth has succeeded in crossing the seibling with the brook trout, and shows a fine result of this crossing. The question is, Is it a mule fish? Mr. Wentworth thinks not, for the cross seeks the spawning beds with the other fish. The seibling are found originally in Lake Sunapee, Dan Hole Pond, in New Hampshire, and the Avery ponds in Avery, Vt. Mr. Wentworth thinks that they also exist in other waters of Maine and New Hampshire, though not yet established. The tank of brook trout from the Diamond Ponds, New Hampshire, is excellent, with fish ranging from 1 to 2 pounds. These fish are also beautiful specimens. Right from the spawning beds, they are perfectly natural, without fungus or defect, so common with artificially reared and fed trout. The exhibit of landlocked salmon includes only small fish, 1 to 1½ pounds. It has been found to be no easy task to transport the larger of these fish without scar and fungus, so great is their power and ability. The Massachusetts exhibit includes some fine specimens of large and small trout and salmon. Maine has no fisheries exhibit at this show. The show of tropical fish is a wonder and a delight, and will be likely to be greatly enlarged at future shows. The angel fish and the trunk fish are sufficiently wonderful to cause our friend the wise man to declare that "they are not fish at all; only automatons, put into the water and propelled by some sort of machinery." He says further, "I for one can't see why they can't get up a sportsmen's show and give us more of the real thing, without adding so much cheap trash? Just a catch-penny game." Well, it takes all sorts of people to make up a world. Give some people a good deal of reality and they will cry sham.

SPECIAL.

Ruffed Grouse in Confinement.

BOSTON, March 1.—It has been done. Partridges or ruffed grouse are being shown in confinement, without that terrible fear of man and everything else that has heretofore rendered such exhibitions almost painful. Mr. C. W. Dimick has once or twice failed in exhibiting these birds in former sportsmen's shows. The birds have refused to eat, and have evidently died of starvation. But a thing that is difficult has a particular attraction for him, especially if it concerns birds or animals. Last year he made up his mind to try again. He obtained, several months ago, permission to trap or snare partridges alive in both Massachusetts and Maine. He made known his wishes to several men, and two of them claimed that they could trap partridges without destroying their lives. These two he engaged; the others all backing out. The two men employed were soon reduced to one, the other writing Mr. Dimick that he could trap no birds. The last one finally sent him one bird, which soon died of fright or starvation. At last the other man gave up in discouragement. Still other men applied for the job, but after hearing what the others had gone through and failed, they were ready to abandon the idea. Out of all the applications one or two were secured who succeeded in catching a few partridges, which were forwarded to Mr. Dimick. Experience seemed to teach the trappers, and they soon secured over twenty partridges, and Mr. Dimick had them in an inclosure. Wild was no name for the state they were in.

Now the problem was begun. Mr. Dimick and his son, a boy of 18, who loves birds and animals as well as his father, made a great study of the subject. They put the birds in an inclosure, padded with cloth of a dun or dead leaf color. The windows, large and capable of great ventilation, were covered with mosquito netting that the birds could fly against and not cling to or injure themselves. The floor was of earth, and covered with leaves and moss. Green boughs were supplied in plenty, with plenty of hiding places. But the greatest difficulty was yet to overcome. They had already lost a number of birds, evidently through starvation induced by fright. What was to be done? The poor partridges would only crowd into a corner, and refused to eat. Mr. Dimick reasoned that they were actually made sick by fright. If a man were sick from fear, something must be done to quiet his fear and tempt his appetite, and it must be a natural, most tempting and stimulating food. What must be obtained for the frightened partridges? They studied further when almost everything had failed. At last they thought of ant eggs or larvae. These they could obtain from anthills and decayed wood. They were tried. The partridges eyed them. Soon one "grabbed for them." The others followed. From that forward the birds began to mend—began to eat; and the thing was done. But their wildness was improved but a little bit. Here was another knotty problem; how could the wildness, a part of the nature of the ruffed grouse, be overcome? Mr. Dimick made up

his mind that it was best to enter the inclosure where the birds were with as little motion as possible. At first he would be several minutes in moving a few feet toward the birds; moving very slowly, with hands down and without motion of his head. If the birds showed extreme fear, he stopped—remaining motionless till they were more quiet. For a long time he would not raise his arm, or even move his hand, if he thought it increased the alarm of the partridges, huddled together under the brush in an extreme corner of the inclosure. Gradually they seemed to lose their fear. Now he enters their inclosure and they do not manifest the least alarm.

The opening night of the Sportsmen's Show they were greatly frightened. They were in a new inclosure, with hundreds of eyes staring at them; moving people in all sorts of dress. Mr. Dimick noticed that it seemed to calm their fears somewhat when he or his son came along with others. The next morning early he came into the Mechanics' building, and the first place he visited was the partridge compartment. There they were, huddled in the corner the same as the night before. They had not moved from the position first taken. He entered the compartment, crawling flat on the floor, so as not to frighten them more by his standing height. Very carefully he approached the crouching birds. He worked his hands under one, at the same time making a soothing whistle or chirp which he and his son have learned that the grouse make to one another. The birds seemed to begin to lose their fears. Cautiously he pushed one bird forward toward the other end of the inclosure, the others followed. Others were moved still further ahead, and within a half hour Mr. Dimick had the whole brood of 23 partridges moving about the inclosure. Since that time they seem to enjoy running about in and out of the little hiding places made for their comfort. They show little or no fear, jump or skip over the little logs of wood and artificial stones with all the beautiful dexterity and grace of motion that the hunter loves so well. The male birds are particularly beautiful. One of them, Mr. Dimick says, already begins to strut, and then hops on to a little log. "I will have that fellow drumming on that log before the show is over," says Mr. Dimick. That will be a sight worth seeing. He will surely try to breed them, and has good reason for hope of success.

Mr. Seaton-Thompson, the author, has seen the grouse and seen one of them come down and drink. He says that the sight has given him great satisfaction. Later it is possible that he may see the male bird drumming and the female on her nest. Mr. W. H. Weld, a gentleman of means, with a big place on Cape Cod, is desirous of trying some of Mr. Dimick's partridges in the way of breeding them. He will be allowed a few, and if he succeeds in getting them started in good shape; that is, does not get them frightened and lose them, others will be put in his keeping. Both gentlemen will do all in their power to breed partridges in confinement. Their operations will be watched with a great deal of interest. Both will do everything that can be done in the way of inclosures and attendance. Men will be put in charge who are bird lovers and have shown some adaptability for the work. At present the birds are being fed regularly on white birch buds, brought in fresh every day. They are also particularly fond of apple tree buds, and are treated with the same. Wild rose buds and the dried berries of several species of blueberry, etc., are given to them. Mr. Dimick will have about a dozen more partridges to add to his coop when the show is over. It is more than probable that the great problem of raising ruffed grouse in confinement is to be solved, and hence the depleted game covers restocked.

SPECIAL.

Foreign Game Birds.

MACOMB, Ill., Feb. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The picture of the Armenian partridge in your last number of the *FOREST AND STREAM* is nothing more or less than the *Caccabis chukor* partridge I imported from Karachi, India, some nine years ago. These birds will stand any New England climate. I raised some here that stood 28 degrees below zero. They are a strong bird, and will fight like a game cock. They will fly as fast as a quail, and can be introduced into the country. The young cannot be held in confinement. If so, they will die by the time they are one week old. They must have their liberty and have animal food. The best way to hatch the eggs is under bantams, and turn them loose and they will take care of themselves. I turned a bantam loose in a field with six young chicks one mile from a house, and in eight weeks she found the way to a farmhouse with the brood, and they roosted with the other chickens all winter. They weigh about 2¼ pounds, and are fine eaters. Col. Ramsdale, of the English army in India, wrote to me that they would stand any climate on the face of the globe. He had shot them on the higher mountains covered with snow, and he had shot them on the burning sand in the valleys.

I have my doubts about raising the California quail in New England. Some twenty years ago I imported four dozen of the valley quail from Knight's Landing, on the Sacramento River, to this city, about the first of April. I turned them all loose on a man's farm about two miles from this city. They laid and hatched large broods, and sometimes we would see twenty in a flock. We were more than delighted over our success. They did not sing "Bob White," but they had a song of their own, and made the music lively till about the first of October. Not a voice could be heard after this. We took our dogs and hunted the country for miles around, and not a bird could be found, and not one was ever seen after this. The next spring the Smithsonian Institution had a man in Kansas hunting birds for the institution. He came across a large flock of California valley quail. He said in his report that this was the first time he ever knew that there were any of these quail this side of the Rocky Mountains. We believed that those quail were ours, and were moving in the direction of a warmer climate.

W. O. BLAISDELL.

[The birds figured in last week's *FOREST AND STREAM* are forms of the widely distributed Old World partridge (*Perdix*), and its near relatives, found under many names in many localities, and adapted to many different climatic conditions. Obviously, for the severe climate of the northern United States, such birds, when imported, should come from regions having cold winters.

It is hardly to be wondered at that the valley quail has not done well in New England, since they are not adapted to so severe a climate. It is quite possible that the mountain quail of California, or plumed partridge, might have done better. In Vancouver Island—well to the north, but on the other hand with a mild climate, where the grass remains green throughout the winter—the valley quail have done fairly well.]

A Mother Grouse.

KETTLE FALLS, Wash., Feb. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I note in the issue of Feb. 22 the statement made by Jay Pee that the partridge displays no courage in defense of her young.

By the word partridge I understand him to mean the ruffed grouse, and in reply to his statement I want to bear testimony to the courage of at least one of these faithful little mother birds.

When first I came to the Territory of Washington, the desire to explore the mountains to the west of my home near Valley grew upon me, and at the first opportunity, taking ponies and blankets, and accompanied by my eldest son, a lad of seventeen, set out on a four-days' trip into the new wonderland.

The summit of the range was reached on the second day, at a point entirely out of the line of travel of either Indians or whites, and when almost at the summit, just as we were passing a clump of bushes, on June 6, 1884, we ran into a brood of little ruffed grouse.

My boy was riding in front a couple of rods in advance, and the first move of the mother bird seemed to be to hustle her babies away from his horse's feet, and just as he rode past she rose in the air and flew directly toward me.

I pulled up my pony instantly, and as I sat still she flew straight for my head, rising just above it as she came, and suddenly the boy cried out, "She is going to alight on your head."

It was true, and to the day of my death I shall regret that the unexpected sound of the fluttering of her wings as she settled toward my head for an instant startled me from my composure, and the temptation to glance upward was momentarily irresistible, and, in consequence, my slightly tilting hat brim frightened her while just in the act of settling her feet upon my head, and swerving lightly to her left, she swung round and settled on the rump of the tired pony under me. The pony stood perfectly still, and slowly—very slowly—I turned my head and looked at her. Beginning in a very low tone and gradually raising my voice, I talked to her and to my boy about her for a minute or two before she fluttered away in search of her babies.

Telling her what a graceful little beauty she was, and how we had no thought of hurting either her or her babies, I cajoled her into listening for quite a time, and though I am well persuaded that she had never before seen either man or horse, I contend that it was courage—pure and simple—which prompted her to fly in the face of so formidable an apparition in defense of her little ones.

ORIN BELKNAP.

Hawk Killed by a Bone.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I send you herewith a bone—commonly called wishbone—which has a rather interesting history, inasmuch as it appears to have demonstrated the fact that predaceous birds may sometimes suffer death in a peculiar manner.

This bone, which has been assumed to be the wishbone of a quail, caused the death of a rough-legged hawk. The hawk was found in the town of Marblehead, Mass., on Jan. 18, 1902, by Mr. T. Kenney, of that town, and it had apparently died as a result of the bone being in its throat, where it had become so firmly fixed that parts of it protruded through the skin of the hawk's neck.

The hawk was taken to Mr. George O. Welsh, the well-known taxidermist at Salem, for the purpose of having its skin mounted. Mr. Welsh gave the bone to Mr. Thomas L. Burney, president of the Lynn Fish and Game Club, and he handed it to me, together with the facts above stated.

J. W. COLLINS.

[The occurrence noted by Capt. Collins is an interesting one. We fancy that birds are killed by eating more frequently than is generally supposed. We recall once catching, with a landing net in a small fresh-water pond, a broadbill duck which had a mussel firmly clamped to the root of the tongue. The hinge of the mussel was toward the throat, and the partly opened valves directed forward. The bird had evidently seized the open mussel and attempted to swallow it, and the shellfish had closed on the tongue so firmly that it could not be moved. That this had taken place some time before was made evident by the fact that all the flesh of the mussel had disappeared. Stories are frequently told of ducks caught by the bill by shellfish which were open.]

The Porcupine's Quills.

CARTHAGE, Ohio.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My attention has just been called to Stanstead's query in a recent number of our paper. I have met and killed quite a number of these pests of the woods, and have observed their action when attacked by a dog, as well as when pursued by a man with a club, and I have never as yet seen any flinging of quills. A favorite spaniel that I had in the Adirondacks was intent on rushing at every quill pig that he saw, notwithstanding a number of experiences when his nose and mouth were filled with the quills (and which would take an hour's work to remove with tweezers), and on several occasions I was so near as to observe the procedure. The porcupine would run, but when about overtaken (by either dog or man) would stop and turn his nose down, apparently between his forelegs, and thus in the shape of a ball, with quills erect, await the attack, and the dog that touched or nabbed him was glad to let go at once with a muzzle filled to repletion. If given opportunity, the porcupine will climb a tree or seek refuge under roots or in holes in rocks.

E. S. WHITAKER.

All communications intended for *FOREST AND STREAM* should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in *FOREST AND STREAM*.

The Strenuous Life.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In no pursuit of life can disappointment be recalled, the recollection of which can be termed a pleasure, except that of a sportsman. Disappointments of sportsmen are anything but pleasurable for the time being; but who cannot recall, now that it is all past, instances of excessive toil, long tramps after dark through rough woods to reach camp, or perchance hugging a little smouldering fire all night in the woods to keep from freezing when camp could not be reached, and the scores of disappointments and blank days, and take a certain pleasure in thinking and telling it all over, even as we do of our successes. The experience of any who have lived much of their life in the woods, and hunted the inhabitants therein, if written out in full, would show a surprising proportion of its pages dealing with that which passed at the time as disappointments and failures, but which in reality were not such, inasmuch as they furnish us food for pleasant reverie, long years after they are past.

Naturally the idea comes to the uninitiated that there is a certainty of getting game at some stage of the hunt, the reason for this natural belief being that in nearly all accounts of hunts, whether written or told, it is the successful days which are recorded at length, while the unsuccessful ones, which far outnumber those bringing success (referring to big-game hunting) are scarcely mentioned. A man goes off for a two weeks' hunt (or a woman either, if she chooses) and perhaps hunts ten days, nine of which are blanks so far as concerns killing anything; but no mention is made of them, save passing over them lightly, like the preacher who announced to his flock that he wished to preach to them on the world, the flesh and the devil, and began by saying: "As I desire to be brief, I will dwell for a very short time on the world, pass lightly over the flesh and hasten on to the devil." The one day, the bright day of the trip, furnishes the material for the story. Thus the inexperienced are always having the bright side dished up to them, from which they must form incorrect ideas which are only corrected by hard personal experience.

True, the rough and trying parts of camp life are often set forth vividly by narrators, but notice that almost invariably the supreme moment at last arrives which brings compensation—that is, when we read it—for how rarely are accounts written of hunting trips in which absolutely no game was secured; but how many hundreds go out each year for big game and come home without having so much as seen any?

In the Dec. 14 issue of *FOREST AND STREAM* we have a grateful departure from the general rule of hunting experiences by "H." in "My Vacation for 1901," and by C. M. Stark in "New Hampshire Deer Hunting," in each of which we have the refreshing novelty of reading hunting experiences in which the writers killed nothing during the entire trip. I say refreshing, because it harmonizes so well with many of the trips which we may have made ourselves with the same result, and helps us to see some of the pleasures which may be obtained from such a trip, even if we do come home without trophies.

Human nature is averse to exposing its failures to the public or even to friends; especially where the failure has come through carelessness or inability of their own; and it has been my fiendish delight to spend many an hour shadowing such unfortunates, just for fun, to see how their report would correspond with the facts.

I had been out for an hour's hunt one evening, trying to get some meat, and was coming home empty. Just as the last rays of the sun had ceased to shine on the mountain tops, I emerged from the woods at the upper end of my meadow, and naturally stopped just before coming out into the open to look over the meadow. I saw my near neighbor, "Old Elick," coming stealthily out on to a high rocky point, half a mile away, overlooking some meadow land; where he had built himself a little cover of pine boughs, where he could hide and watch for deer. I settled myself to watch his performance, as he was generally one of the unlucky sort.

He crawled into his blind, and was scarcely out of sight when I saw a deer coming out of the woods about 100 rods from him, and go directly toward him.

It went right along without much delay, but stopping every few rods to look and listen. It finally got within about 75 yards of him and directly opposite him and stopped; being broadside to him and standing perfectly still, it offered an easy mark. A puff of smoke shot out from the blind, and after it there came to me the report of the gun, but the deer never moved. Directly another puff of smoke and the deer made a wild jump and started back for the timber, and I could see that one fore leg was broken. Old Elick jumped out of his blind and started after it, running and shooting.

I always had a horror of seeing wounded game get away, and would sacrifice any amount of time and labor to prevent it. There was an open, rocky knoll nearly a half mile from me, which I believed it would cross, after first going through a belt of green timber, and I felt sure that the only hope of getting it was for me to outrun it and get there in time to intercept it, as a deer with a broken leg, when it once gets beyond reach, where it has to be trailed, is about the hardest wounded game there is to capture. Between me and that point flowed a good sized creek, with a thick growth of willows spread out on either side of nearly a hundred yards in width. When I started, the deer had scarcely two-thirds of the distance to go that I had to reach the objective point, but I judged it would slacken its speed when once in the woods, if Elick didn't chase it too hard. I started on the race as if the prize was a hundred, and a gold medal. I found an open spot through the willows to approach the creek, dashed into the ice-cold water up to the knees, and raced through, but unfortunately struck a dense growth of willows on the other side; there was no time for hunting a better place, and by just throwing myself against them, I forced my way over and through them,

not being able to see a step ahead. During a freshet, or rather a high water from melting snows, which was the only source of high waters there, the water would spread out through these willows, and in places would wash out deep holes. Well, there was one such directly on my course, and there was such a dense growth of willows up to its very brink that I had not the slightest chance to escape it. Madly bursting my way through the tangled mass of willows, I plunged headlong into this hole, which was about four feet deep with two feet of water in it. Of course there was no half-way business about it; I just went in all over, and the only thing left dry was my rifle, which I instinctively held up in one hand.

Coming up spouting like a whale I tarried not, but rushed on out into and across the open meadow, and with a mighty effort reached the foot of the knoll just as the deer was passing through a little open space on the knoll, about 40 yards ahead. I shot toward it, hardly knowing where I might hit, so "tuckered out" was I. Seeing and hearing nothing after the shot, except some comanche yells from Old Elick, I made my way up as fast as I could, and was well rewarded by finding the deer lying dead where I had shot it.

I just tumbled on the ground and lay there till Elick came up and dressed the deer, then we slung it between us on a pole and packed it to his house; but not for several hours afterward did I feel in normal condition again.

EMERSON CARNEY.

Camp-Fire Stories from Canadian Woods.

VII.—Deer Hunting on the Madawaska.

THE lumber depot is the headquarters for all operations upon the limit, and is, in its way, a small village. First, there is the farmhouse or dwelling for the agent and farm foreman and his family. Second, dormitory for the men as they come and go to the various lumber camps. Third, the office and store, in the latter of which all manner of supplies connected with the business are kept in stock, from a box of pills to a jobber's outfit. Fourth, there are several large storehouses. Fifth, blacksmith's shop. Sixth, carpenter's shop, and lastly, vast barns and stables and other outbuildings of an extensive character.

The depot farm consists generally of from five to seven hundred acres of cleared land, cultivated where practicable. From seventy to eighty Percheron and Clydesdale horses are pastured over the summer, and in the fall are fitted for work in the various camps, and drawing supplies. Also, about one hundred head of cattle, of which there are a number of milch cows, the remainder being "stockers" growing into beef for the winter's use. It is the object of the foreman to grow large quantities of hay and oats, and other supplies for lumbermen's use.

The agent is a "Czar" in a way on the limits over which he is sent to manage. Generally, the discerning eyes of the proprietors select a young man of promise at headquarters, who, after an apprenticeship under the eyes of his superiors, is sent out to the depot as clerk or bookkeeper, and, after years of training, is advanced to the agency of the limit. It is the duty of the agent to look after the purchase and distribution of supplies, and generally to supervise all the work going on in the various camps. In the spring he must look after all the different drives of logs on their way to their destination. In fact, he is the one man responsible for the carrying on of all lumbering operations upon his limit until the logs are safely secured within the booms at the great mills.

The foreman of a camp is selected for his ability to plan his work methodically and handle men. He must explore and blaze out all log-roads with a view to their facility and distance. A camp in full operation consists of from sixty to one hundred men, and it requires no small ability and forethought to make the proper requisition for supplies upon the depot authorities, and see that every man and team perform their proper share of duties, and that those duties are assigned and carried out to the best advantage. On another occasion the lumber camp will be described as well as the life and characteristics of the typical lumberman.

The "Egan Estate" depot buildings had been reared out of the monarchs of the forest which stood upon the spot. The skillful hewers had performed their work well, and the walls displayed the evenness and regularity of master workmen. Miles from any mill where lumber could be manufactured, all boards had been made in the primitive ways of our ancestors. Four upright posts with cross pieces and platform on top upon which are two bed pieces to hold the log in its place, and upon which the log is rolled and fastened; then a man at each end of the saw, one above and the other below, supply the motive power. With this appliance two men will saw from two to three hundred feet per day.

Prior to the building of the railway, all supplies were brought in by sleighs during the winter season, and a sufficient store conserved to last until sleighing again.

In summer the depot is deserted, with the exception of the farm hands, but during the winter season the arrival of teams with supplies from without, the departure of others distributing them to the various camps, the incoming of the men and their dispersion to the different shanties, form a lively scene among these eternal solitudes.

The depot is situated in the township of Murchison, upon the upper Madawaska, and is owned by Mr. John R. Booth, the lumber king of Ottawa. Mr. Booth is a self-made man, and worked in some of the mills at Ottawa as millwright. Many lumber millionaires have risen from the ranks of the ordinary workingman. Quite a few have walked into camps with their ax on their shoulders and left millions to their families.

From the depot the valley of the Madawaska, circling in majestic sweep to the south and east and expanding into the waters of Bark Lake, some twenty miles away, affords a fine panorama of mountain and vale. To the north lie the hills of Victoria Lake, while a little to the northwest giant hills rear their smoky heads miles away in the direction of the Great Opeongo. The plateau upon which the depot is situated, rising by a gentle slope for some two or three miles from the river bed, and about

fifteen hundred feet above the same, forms a vast amphitheatre in which one would imagine giants of old were wont to meet in grand conclave.

This limit was originally taken up by Mr. Egan, a wealthy lumberman of Aylmer, near Ottawa, in the early fifties, and a large part of the buildings were erected by him. Considerable clearings (now grown up to bush) were made, with a view of growing supplies for the lumber camp. In those days everything had to be brought by team from Ottawa, a distance of nearly one hundred and fifty miles. Some idea of the difficulties and expense of transportation may be had from the prices of supplies in those days. Hay was \$60 per ton; oats, \$2 per bushel; flour, \$30, and pork, \$50 per barrel.

An attempt was made to grow wheat; a small flour mill was built a few miles west of the depot, the ruins of which at this time, along with some broken machinery, might have been seen. Considerable flour was made here, and Mr. Egan, who was very enterprising, with a view of advertising the capabilities of this north land, sent several barrels of the same to the Inter-Colonial Exhibition held in London in 1862. But this whole region was never intended by nature for an agricultural country, and never can be made so by the hand of man.

E. B. FRALECK.

Some Iowa Facts and Notions.

MARSHALLTOWN, Feb. 27.—If the recent crusted snow and cold weather does not destroy too many, Iowa's quail shooting for the next season will break the record for excellence. When the season closed, Jan. 1, there were coveys that had never been disturbed by hunters, and the seed left over was sufficient to stock the next year's coveys bountifully. This, together with the strenuous effort now making to perfect or improve the game laws, give hope that the game supply in Iowa may be kept up. The arrest and subsequent fining to the full extent of a Cedar Falls poacher is matter for congratulation to every sportsman and advocate of game protection in Iowa. In this case, which was tried last week before a Black Hawk county justice, the delinquent had been caught in flagrante delicto. He had been seen in the act of killing, and was in possession of six quail, prima facie evidence of guilt. His attorney set up a plea for special privilege, claiming the violator of the law to be a taxidermist, and that the six quail were killed for scientific purposes. He failed to make good before the very sensible court, however, and his client was mulcted \$131 in costs and penalties. The case will be appealed.

If by mistake there is law in Iowa to allow for any purposes the killing of protected birds during the close season, such law is bad and should be repealed. Professional taxidermists are taxidermists because there is money in it, and the zone of demarcation between the professional taxidermist and the market-shooter grows narrow when each sees cash in perspective over the gun barrel. Whether the birds are to be killed for the scientific purpose of being stuck up out of all proportion in a dusty glass case, or that other scientific purpose of adorning an Easter hat, comes to the same thing. Both work havoc among the birds. And when a quasi taxidermist who has shot game birds in January, when the previous two months are an open season with the birds in full plumage and splendid condition, puts up a plea of special privilege, it is most refreshing to find a justice who calmly metes out the fines and trimmings provided for such derelictions.

Speaking of special privileges, some fellow up in northwestern Iowa is asking permission to trap quail. He wants to capture a dozen and rear in captivity multitudes of their progeny. It is to be hoped that all requests of this nature may be firmly and decidedly sat upon. A law permitting the trapping of game birds would be a calamity. Traps designed for the capture of quail for purposes of domestication would multiply and quail grow correspondingly scarce in the covers, and plenty in the meat markets and country kitchens. There is but one method of protecting game, and that is to make the game laws water tight against privileges that are susceptible of abuse. Stop the capture of game birds in every way but by shooting. Absolutely prohibit their sale in or out the close season. Hire and pay the warden under bond to prosecute all violations of such provisions, and game birds will increase in Iowa against the gun.

The trouble is at present as much with the warden as with the poacher. While many of them are capable, honest and perhaps commendably efficient, most of them are notably deaf to the shooting going on by their neighbors through August. In fact, many of the wardens themselves rest under the imputation of being rank poachers—and deserve it. If a stranger with a dog shows up in town a day or two previous to the opening, this sort of warden becomes active and vigilant to a degree. I once had one follow me thirty miles from Burt to Dolliver on the 29th of August, in hope of a \$10 fee, paying his railroad fare and being sadly disappointed and out of pocket in the outcome. This fellow at home had the reputation of a poacher, and it was said by the owner of the farm he lived on that he cleaned out every covey in reach by August 15. It is hard to get a reputable and efficient man to take the position under the present system. If wardens were made State officers under salaries from August 1 to Jan. 1, and obliged to give sufficient bond to investigate and prosecute violators, a better class of wardens might be obtainable and better results secured. The office of State warden should not be a reward for political services, and the salary thus indirectly made to swell the campaign fund of any partisan political organization.

The idea of a \$1 gun license, while it will be favored by city sportsmen, will meet with determined opposition in the country. The farmer with a half dozen boys who hunt on rainy days and at other times when a day off from farm duties may be secured will not take kindly to a law requiring payment for the privilege of hunting on his own or neighbors' premises. The license fee of \$1 will multiply in his case to a \$5 bill, and the average farmer does not part with these in any reckless and unthinking manner. Then it would have no effect in cutting down the undesirable class of shooters. The ability to pay a license fee, whether it is \$1 or \$100, does not constitute a sportsman. In fact, it sometimes acts the opposite way.

Not very long ago, at the opening season, I landed at an Iowa town two days in advance of Sept. 1. In that neighborhood a millionaire land owner has an extensive ranch and had been shooting for several days with a party of friends. No one had bothered him and he had announced his willingness to settle all fines promptly if such a necessity should arise. In fact, he had deliberately counted the cost of an infraction of the written and unwritten law and was willing to pay the price. Two prominent judges of Iowa, twenty miles from this place, were arrested for illegal shooting and paid out.

If the question of fines might be eliminated from the game laws and each violation punished by imprisonment with no loop holes to escape, no chance to pay out, a half dozen examples would settle the entire business. Many a man will take the chance of a fine who would be slow to run the risk of ten days in jail. The wealthy shooter who means to pay out if caught and the minor law breaker who knows the neighbors won't give him away would pass up the illicit sport that carried with it incarceration and imprisonment. MOSCRIPT.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Wisconsin Waking Up.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 27.—The formation of the Koshkonong Fish and Game League, at Fort Atkinson, seems to be the result of a determined effort to put a stop to certain abuses, and such is the resolution shown that one is disposed to believe that this is not going to be simply another instance of all cry and no wool. The undertaking is backed by all the clubs in and around Lake Koshkonong, and the press of the vicinity is taking a very rational and commendable attitude in the matter, quite different from the old senseless outcry against the "city sport." The bulk of the money invested in sportsmen's clubs at Koshkonong is that of non-resident members, and it is at last admitted that these do not all have cloven hoofs, and that some of the wanton destruction of the fish and fowl of Koshkonong may have been attributable to local and not non-resident causes.

It need not be said that the money of these non-resident men will be as freely offered as that of any dweller of the State, though in the nature of things the non-resident member of such a club as the Blackhawk Club, for instance, cannot avail himself so freely of his club privileges as those living nearer to the shooting preserves. Mr. J. V. Clarke and other Chicago members of the Blackhawk Club express their unqualified approval of the purposes of the League, and their intention of giving it support in all possible ways. The League is putting out little folders, giving a resumé of the situation as below:

"There is a movement in many parts of the State, including Beloit, to join the Fort Atkinson sportsmen in their efforts in a reasonable and just cause. One of Milwaukee's best known sporting men, writing on the subject, has the following to say:

"Having hunted and fished in this State for more than thirty years, I feel a somewhat natural interest in this subject. I can remember when the first flocks of canvas-back ducks made their appearance upon Lake Koshkonong, and while that noble game bird greatly increased in numbers for a number of years, many other varieties are in danger of utter extinction and the pot-hunters and market-shooters have done their best to exterminate all kinds of game birds, as well as the large game of the State.

"It is no secret that for more than twenty-five years past there have been shipped from Lake Koshkonong many tons of fish every winter; nearly all of them caught through the ice by unlawful means, and the wonder is that a game fish remains within its waters.

"All the game and fish laws depend for their value upon public opinion, and it is good to see the people of Fort Atkinson and other cities and towns in the vicinity of Lake Koshkonong waking up to the fact that not only good citizenship, but their own interests, demand the enforcement of the fish and game laws. One visiting sportsman from Milwaukee or Chicago is of more value financially, to the citizens of Fort Atkinson, than all the pot-hunters that disgrace the neighborhood, and the people are beginning to realize that fact.

"The Koshkonong Fish and Game League intends to stop illegal fishing and hunting upon Koshkonong and in its vicinity. The League already has a large membership, and it is growing with great rapidity, and every member is pledged to report every violation of the game and fish laws which shall come to his knowledge, and to aid in all possible ways in the conviction of the offender.

"It should be noted that the destruction of our game and fish is caused by the wantonness and greediness of our own people, the residents of Wisconsin, and the cry against foreign hunters, non-resident clubmen, etc., is the sheerest nonsense, and every one posted upon the subject is well aware that, though the law prohibits spring shooting, every spring you can hear the boom of the shotgun upon almost every lake and marsh in the State, but no non-resident can be found violating the law. It is the citizens of Wisconsin, residing in the deer country, that slaughter the deer out of season; it is not the non-resident that is guilty of this iniquity."

Big Cities and Non-Resident License Laws.

Hon. Hempstead Washburne, formerly mayor of Chicago, and a sportsman of much experience afield, as well as in the legislative halls, when asked to-day what he thought of the Indiana license law, replied, "I don't altogether like it, of course, but at the same time I can see the other side of it. For instance, if the license demanded of us Chicago people were \$10 instead of \$25, I would go there, and I might also take my young son there, who is now just learning to shoot. But at \$25 each, when we could not both go there more than three or four times in the season, I consider the luxury as having a shade too high a price attached to it. I think the idea is right, and its virtues may be seen by any one who will consult the local gun dealers, who rent guns and sell ammunition. They will tell you the non-resident law cut down the numbers of city shooters going to Indiana by more than one-half. If that is true, the birds of Indiana must have profited to that extent; and, of course, the main thing is to realize that there are now birds enough to go on in the same old way.

"There is one point in this question which I have never seen taken up, yet I consider it should be a great factor in the discussion as applied to this State, or rather this vicinity of Illinois, Indiana and Wisconsin. This is the matter of the great concentrations of population at or near the edge of a shooting country. Take the State of Illinois, for instance, with Chicago at one end of it and St. Louis at the other, just across its border—no State could furnish game enough for free and unrestricted shooting for all the dwellers of these two cities who might want to go out shooting. It was plain enough that St. Louis was cleaning out the game in the lower part of this State. It was not a theory or a supposition, but a condition and a fact. So I think the Illinois license of \$10 for all St. Louis and all other non-resident shooters is not only just, but wise and necessary.

"If there were no cities in any of this group of States with more than 25,000 inhabitants, I would not favor a non-resident law, for it would not be necessary. Certainly I do not think it necessary to protect Illinois against St. Louis, Indiana against Chicago and Wisconsin against Chicago. We had to take our choice of no license or no game, in all this group of States, and I take it to be largely because the big cities furnish many guns in these days. But I don't think it necessary or right to put the license so high as \$25 as is done in Indiana. The Wisconsin bird license of \$10 is high enough in my opinion, and I think the license is a good thing.

"This shooting country in the West is not as big as it once was. It is growing smaller every year, while on the other hand the shooting population is getting bigger and bigger every year, multiplying out of all proportion to the extent of game country, just as well as it is true that the readiness with which this population can get into the shooting country is increasing every year. To that extent the cry against the city sportsman is, in my opinion, a just one. It is not a question of quality, but of quantity. The city sportsman is a good fellow, but there are too many of him for the shooting offered. Naturally the city man wants his shooting as close home as possible. This has meant lower Illinois for St. Louis, Wisconsin and Indiana for Chicago. I don't blame the local men for objecting in any one of these three cases. The man who can't afford a small license won't break anybody's heart by staying home. I should not be surprised to see the day when there is a movement for a resident shooting license in this State, and the money turned in part for the purposes of a game farm. We can't tell where these questions will run nowadays, but there is a tendency to swift and radical measures, on the belief that something has got to be done mighty quick if it is going to do any good."

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Mountain Sheep.

YUMA, ARIZ.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: Some time since the writer of these notes addressed a letter to Mr. R. A. Hume, Chief of Police at Lillooet, British Columbia, on the possibility of securing alive a few of the big-horn sheep and wild goats to be found in that section of country. His reply, under date of Feb. 4, is far from encouraging. He says:

"Regarding the big-horn sheep and goats of which you wrote me, I may say that their home is in the Lillooet district, and some of the finest specimens in the world are to be had within twenty-five miles of this town. We are entirely surrounded by a double range of mountains, varying in height from 4,000 to 8,000 feet, and on their summits is to be found the game in question, but to capture and deliver any of them alive is too stupendous a task for any hunter in this section. To trap or snare one or more of them is within the bounds of possibility, but to deliver them alive is not. The mountains are rough and precipitous, and as the range of the sheep is ever in the most dangerous spots, one might as well try to lead down a wild bull as a big-horn. Beside these sheep, so far as known here, will not live in a low altitude. From one year's end to the other they are always close to the snow, their food being the young grass always to be found between the black and white lines. Therefore, the only practical way to establish a zoological garden in the interest of the big-horn is to do it on the sheep's own ground, and as this particular spot is a long way uphill, it means a big climb, and sometimes a very cold job. Last year there were some very fine heads taken in this vicinity. One pair measured 17 inches in circumference and over a dozen others measured between 15 and 16 inches.

"Goats are less difficult to obtain, but like sheep they will not thrive in captivity. Their natural food is not to be found at a low altitude, and they pine away like a disappointed Democrat after a Republican victory. There are two species of them in British Columbia. Near the coast line they are small of size and decidedly rank of flesh. They sometimes weigh about 150 pounds, but in the interior of the country I have seen them weigh over 300 pounds, and, in season, they are really fine eating.

"British Columbia is, without doubt, the best hunting ground on the American continent—black, brown, silver-tip and grizzly bear; three species of deer, and nearly all the fur-bearing animals known to northern America can be found. But for big-horn, the greatest and most cunning of its kind, the district of Lillooet is without equal in the world. Quite a number of Americans visited us last summer, some from as far east as Philadelphia, and several parties came all the way from England. All non-resident hunters are required to pay a license tax of \$50, and as it is a part of my duty to collect this trifle, I occasionally hear some oddly shaped language."

While on the subject of big-horns, it, perhaps, will not be amiss to say something of them nearer home. Formerly they had a wide distribution in Arizona, but in many of our mountain ranges they are now little more than a memory. The mountains of southwestern Sonora are still blest with a goodly number of them, but the handwriting of their undoing is already on the wall. Occasionally I hear of them being taken alive, but they do not live long in captivity. When food becomes scarce they migrate from one range to another, generally covering the intervening distance during the night, but at long intervals daylight finds them still on the plains, where they are run down and roped by the vaqueros. Again, they are caught on the detached spurs of an adjacent

range, are driven to the plains, where vaqueros have been stationed in waiting, and then the fun begins. It is an old story in this country that, if necessary, a good vaquero will kill a horse to catch a calf, and he will surely do it, if needful, to catch a big-horn. Under the laws of Arizona, mountain sheep are supposed to be protected, but the law is effective only so far as it can be felt. It does, however, prevent the public marketing of their hides and flesh, and this of itself is no little virtue.

Referring to the big game of Arizona and to the various causes that are now leading to its material decrease, if not final extinction within its borders, there comes up one against which no bar can be raised. Oddly enough, the mineral resources of the Territory point to and conspire at the destruction of game. The ubiquitous prospector, lured on by the glitter of gold, appeals at no obstacle, shrinks at no danger and would, if it were possible, explore heaven and hell with equiformity in the omnipresent hope of "striking it rich." The desert places of the earth are his; no mountain is too rugged or too high for him to climb, no cañon too deep or too dark to explore, and no desert too dry or forbidding to cross. At the beck of a fourteen-carat prospect he will take death by the beard and laughingly walk in. Against him there can be no contention. Settlements follow his discoveries, camps and towns spring up and the remotest wilds are robbed of their isolation. His very presence is disquieting to the beasts of the fell. With the boom of the rock-rending blast and powder-tainted air, the time comes for them to be off. In a few more years, with an extensive development of the mineral interests of the Territory, the big-horn and all big game will practically disappear. In the meantime they should be saved from the butchers, and a good thing made as lasting as possible. B.

Non-Resident Licenses.

BOSTON, Feb. 27.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: I have been very much interested in the many letters from all over the country in the question of the proposed tax on non-resident hunters in the State of Maine, and I do not recall that many of the writers of these letters have favored the proposition. At any rate, the great majority have been against it. Now it seems to me that there are distinctly two sides to this question, and although I do not favor Mr. Carleton's plan, I am convinced that he is working on the right lines. If some strong measures are not taken to insure better protection against the market-hunters and hunters that kill in and out of season for sport and to supply meat for sporting camps, as well as for lumber crews, history will, I firmly believe, repeat itself in the woods of Maine, as it has in the forests of other States that in years past had the moose and deer as plentiful as they are in the State of Maine to-day. They will go as the buffalo went. It will take some time, I know, but it will be only a question of time, and then when the game is scarce and hard to get, we will realize what we have lost, and that we have lost what cannot be replaced.

The reason why I do not favor Mr. Carleton's plan is because I do not think that it is a fair one to the non-resident hunters. I favor his plan as far as it goes, but if, as has been shown, the resident hunters do the larger proportion of the killing of the game, why should the non-resident hunters be asked to take out all the hunting licenses to furnish money to protect the game of which they are killing probably not over 20 per cent.? I have not forgotten the fact that the non-resident hunters pay no taxes in the State of Maine, but the millions of dollars that they spend on their trips into the woods will, I claim, more than make up for this. However, I am going to favor the resident hunter and not propose an even break. My idea is that if it is necessary to raise additional funds for game protection (and I am sure it is) that the resident as well as the non-resident hunters should be taxed, but only a part of what the non-resident hunter is taxed. If every non-resident hunter would pay a license of five or six dollars, and every resident hunter one or two dollars, I am sure that enough money would be raised to answer the purpose for which the Commissioners want to use it.

I am aware that Mr. Carleton has had a good many hard knocks on this license question, but I am sure that he believes that unless we provide for our own no one else will. That he intends to do all in his power for the good of the fish and game of Maine I am thoroughly convinced.

There is one other way to protect the game, and that is to stop its sale. When that is done the pot-hunters and market-hunters will stay at home, where they are most appreciated, no doubt. Now I presume some old *FOREST AND STREAM* crank will say, that feller has either got lots of stuff or else he doesn't do any hunting. Well, he's right and wrong, too, for I don't do any hunting, and have never taken a gun to the Maine woods yet; simply because I never have been there in hunting season, and I prefer the rod; but I would be willing to chip in with the rest to help along the cause, and he can call my hand in turn.

L. O. CRANE.

American Duck Shooting.

CHICAGO, Feb. 8.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: I have read the book carefully and with much pleasure. It's the best book of the kind I have ever seen or read, and I shall certainly advise all my friends to get a copy. I have shot ducks for forty years, and really thought there was little I did not know of ducks and their habits, but I find I have another "thought coming," for I find many new ideas in the book.

In the last article, "What shall be done?" I see the writer advocates Limiting the Size of Bags, Forbidding the Sale of Game and the Prohibition of Spring Shooting, all of which I believe in. Would make it in a way stronger by prohibiting cold storage houses from handling game of any description. If such a law could be passed by the different States, the business of shooting for the market would soon be a thing of the past, and unless stringent laws of this kind are soon adopted, our duck shooting will be gone. Really, the two evils and cause of disappearance of game in this country are cold storage warehouses and cheap guns. E. W. BANGS.

The Adirondack Forests.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Were it not, that the article written by me, favoring the introduction of "scientific forestry" into the Adirondacks, to judge from various communications which have reached me, had produced a misunderstanding and misconception in the minds of a few, I probably would have considered the argument closed. But, since the latter is the case, I ask *FOREST AND STREAM* in justice to the good cause to give me a little more space for a few words of enlightenment upon the subject.

I wish to have it distinctly understood that nothing but honest conviction, that the time has come to do something to improve the forest conditions existing in the Adirondacks, has induced me to come to the defense of "scientific forestry" and its introduction there. To be short in expressing what should not be done and what ought to be done to better these conditions, permit me to sum up as follows:

1. Lumbermen should never be permitted upon a public preserve.

2. The leasing of any part thereof should be prohibited for all times to come.

These are matters which should never be permitted.

Following is what ought to be done:

The superintendency of the preserve ought by common sense be in the hands of a trained and politically independent "forester," but not a layman. We, in our business enterprises, demand from every superintendent or foreman, that he must be trained in the work whose execution he is to oversee.

Why on earth should we not demand that the very same business principle be applied to the administration of our public preserve? Well, we all know the "why not" too well, you, dear reader, as well as myself.

One thing is sure, and that is this, neither Governor Odell's nor Colonel Fox's recommendations to admit the lumbermen into the preserve have sprung from their "over love" for the people, neither has the ill-gotten advice to which they have lent an entirely too willing ear come from the citizens of the Empire State. It was bred outside the State by the very man who has declared over and over again, that German forestry methods were not adapted for our country, but who all of a sudden feels called upon to prescribe a "rotation" of 70-80 years, the cutting of all spruces of 14 inches and even down to 10 inches in the management of the preserve for the benefit of the people.

Our State officials will have a hard time to defend their own recommendations; they will have to go to Washington. I am afraid, for further enlightenment, although there is enough talent right here in our own State which may be had for the asking. Think of the spectacle. The management of the Empire State's forest preserve in the hands of a Federal employee. These recommendations are the result of having a layman at the wheel to guide the ship, and the captain down below to fire the engines.

This is a most important matter, and the very first one, which ought to have due consideration at the hands of those who honestly stand for the best interest of the people's property.

The second one is the introduction of scientific forestry into their property by increasing the safeguard they have put around it. This means better protection against losses of timber by fire, insects and fungi. Furthermore, dead, dying and diseased trees ought to be removed by the State for the benefit of other trees, because the former are breeding places of such forest-destroying insects and fungi.

The "selection system," as embodied and understood by the science of forestry, ought not to be bodily introduced as it is practiced in Germany, where the forests for almost two centuries have been under scientific management. There, the soil having become impoverished by too heavy demands made upon it, the rotation has gradually shrunk from 120 to 60 years, at the latter age of which the spruce has been found to be at its prime as far as the financial rotation is concerned, the owner's pocketbook, but not in regard to the trees.

The selection system ought to be introduced into the preserve only in regard to the removal of such trees which show disease or give signs of an early death, 18 inches on an average to prevent their entire loss. Actual lumbering operations though should never be permitted.

This is perfectly feasible, and if carried out by the State would turn thousands of dollars into the treasury from the sale of the material, which at present is an entire loss. See Bulletin 30, Department Agriculture, yearly loss \$23,605.

Natural and artificial regeneration combined, as well as the reforestation of denuded lands, are other important items.

All these together are matters which I have referred to above "ought to be done" by the State for the owners of the Adirondack preserve—the people. This is the kind of scientific forestry the citizens want, and no other.

Mr. John R. Spears, in your last issue, rightly quotes Bulletin 30, Department of Agriculture, in which it says that spruces of 10 inches in diameter increase 0.126 inch in size per year, and those of 18 inches 0.1725 of an inch per year. In the face of this, he says the Commission "call a 14-inch tree mature." Does he know who this Commission is? Who is behind it?

Although Bulletin 30 bears a well-sounding title, viz., "Working Plan," a "plan" by which any layman may go to work the Adirondack forests, it is nothing more than a statistical gathering of such confusion and so full of misleading statements that I am afraid the man must yet be born who could "work" by it.

To obtain these scientific statistics, our Legislature appropriated \$5,000, which amount is brought back to us with interest in the recommendations to introduce a 70-80 year rotation for the preserve, to cut every spruce that has grown to a diameter of 10 inches, which means the same. What a poor showing and proposition for a "virgin forest!"

Indeed, we can do better; a one-hundred-year rotation would not even do when, in fact, we do not require any "financial rotation" whatever, only a "physical one," as our citizens will never give their consent to a clear cut policy on their property.

Before closing, I wish to say one word regarding the term "mature," as used in reference to trees. In a general sense, trees are called "mature" when they have

reached the power to produce germinable seeds, which, with spruces, falls between the fiftieth and sixtieth year—rather later than earlier. As it has been used in the recommendations by Governor Odell and Colonel Fox, though, the word "mature" is used in reference to the "wood," meaning with other words, that the wood of a spruce with a diameter of 10 inches is at its prime, and that thereafter it loses its quality. It does not take a very scientific man to discover what absurd and poor advice they must have had to recommend the cutting of spruces 10 or 14 inches in diameter, or, with other words, when the latter just have reached the age to reproduce themselves by germinable seed, and telling us at the same time that the wood also must be in its prime. I need not go into any lengthy discussion about this "maturity." Every layman knows from school that maturity for reproduction and quality of wood do not go hand in hand.

Some species of trees reach the point of maturity—to reproduce themselves by fertile seeds—already with the twenty-fifth, thirtieth and fortieth year, dependent upon local conditions, whereas their wood is not considered in its prime until decades later. Why, then, should a spruce of 10, 12 or 14 inches in diameter be removed when its power of reproduction is at its height? When, in fact, "seed years" don't occur every 5-8 years at intervals?

Were it not better to remove them when this power is on its wane, when the tree is 100 to 120 years old, of a diameter of 18 inches and over? And only then ought they be removed, when their natural death, representing a total loss, may safely be predicted by a practiced eye.

In closing, let me appeal to every lover of our preserve to "stand by the forests." Let us have scientific forestry by increasing the safeguard put around them in the right direction by the people and for the people.

F. VON HOFFMANN, Forest Engineer.

Thinks Game Should Not be Eaten.

TORONTO, Ont.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I belong to that very large and constantly growing class who love to go down to the water front and see thousands of wild duck, geese and swans disporting themselves in the water. I love to go out in the woods and hear the partridge whirr; the thump, thump of the white hare; hear the twigs crackle under the feet of the harmless, much-abused black bear; the twitter of the coon up the creek; see the swift flight of Bob White, and hear his delightful grasshopper-eating music; see the graceful movements of the black and gray squirrels. Therefore, I ask you to help me say a word for the bird and animal life of America, (1) because they are weak; (2) because they are beautiful; (3) because they are useful; (4) because their presence is a source of very great joy and comfort to man; (5) because their absence makes the world feel deserted; (6) because they are common property, and the man with the gun has absolutely no right to murder them; (7) because fruit and nuts are the natural food of man, and all game is very inferior food. Let the good old days, in fact, better days, come back when the swarms of geese, wildgeon, teal and ducks will fly from Florida to Alaska. Let the song birds be again allowed their natural occupation of insect eating instead of adorning some woman's hat. For these things I pray; therefore, I would ask that a law be enacted in every State and Province making it a punishable offense to carry a gun at any season.

G. H. CORSAN.

The Eider Duck on the Great Lakes.

GREEN BAY, Wis., Feb. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I would like to know if any eider ducks have been seen on Lake Michigan during this last season.

During the past week there have been on this bay a flock of ducks of very large size, white and black feathered, with black above the eyes and bill, and from Mr. Grinnell's book the description of the king eider comes near to what these birds on this bay are.

The flock is composed of seven birds, and have been seen at a distance of less than forty yards, both flying and sitting, and are a duck never seen here before.

Everything is ice here yet, excepting a few holes in the ice, made by fishermen, but the birds go east to Lake Michigan, a distance of about twenty-eight miles, to open water, I suppose, at night. The gulls go across to the lake every day.

As this duck is a stranger here, I thought it should be reported. The gentleman who saw the birds knows ducks of all kinds killed on Lake Michigan or this bay, and from the pictures of ducks takes it to be an eider duck. Are these birds in the habit of staying this far north in the winter?

A. G. H.

[Reports from gunners about the Great Lakes in response to the question asked by our correspondent, will be very welcome to him and to all duck shooters. As stated in "American Duck Shooting," the king eider has been taken on a number of occasions on Lake Erie, Lake Michigan and the Illinois River. Of course, it is impossible to tell from any general description what the birds seen were, but it should not be difficult to have a specimen identified in case one should be taken. We are very sure that Mr. Ruthven Deane, of 504 N. State street, Chicago, Ill., would be glad to examine specimens and name them.]

New Hampshire Deer and Dogs.

WINCHESTER, N. H., Feb. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice a number of articles in your paper in regard to New Hampshire deer. Winchester is located at the lower end of the State, joining the Massachusetts line. The deer here are getting to be quite plenty; we hear of their being seen almost every day. The dogs are disturbing them very badly in this section; a large buck was run down and killed by three dogs a few days ago. A nice doe was run over on the railroad last week and killed; it had been driven out by dogs.

Not over ten years ago deer were all gone, and we never heard of their being seen; but now they are getting quite plenty. A number of yards of them were heard of early in the winter, but these have been badly broken up by dogs. The dogs are going to drive them all out unless something is done to prevent so many dogs running at large. Fox hunters must take better care of their hounds if we want to keep the handsome deer with us. I am a

great lover of outdoor sports with the gun, and take great interest in protecting our game birds and animals. What shall be done, go without the deer and let dogs run at large, my brother hunters, or shall we take care of our dogs and have both?

L. R. NELSON.

Possession of Mounted Fawn.

A CURIOUS and rather interesting trial took place not long ago on Long Island, where Game Protector Overton prosecuted two men at Riverhead before a local justice and jury for having in possession part of a spotted fawn—a mounted specimen.

The defendants, John Ginnochio and Chas. Murdock, were represented by attorneys Timothy F. Griffing and Geo. H. Furman, two of Long Island's shrewdest lawyers. An effort was made to induce the jury to believe that the animal in question was only a small, or stunted, deer, or if a fawn at all had been killed three years or more ago in the Adirondacks by some person other than themselves, but by just whom they seemed somewhat uncertain.

The taxidermist who mounted the skin sent a man to the trial as a witness for the defendant, but he declined to swear that the skin was not a fawn.

Hon. B. Frank Wood, Superintendent of Shell Fisheries, appeared in behalf of the Game and Fish Commission, and held that the plaintiff had proved the animal to be a fawn—still in the spotted coat—and inasmuch as the law says that "no part of a fawn shall be taken or possessed," that the defendants were clearly liable. The jury held this contention to be the fact, and the justice gave judgment for \$100 and costs.

This decision is worth remembering by taxidermists and all others, as showing that it is unsafe to possess a fawn in any condition.

Illicit Venison in Maine Camps.

NEW YORK, Feb. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Although a very young man, I have spent fourteen vacations in Maine and have, during trips varying in length of time from one to five months, visited a great many hotels and sporting camps. These camps, with few exceptions, serve venison on their tables during the summer months. Deer carcasses are regularly left in unlocked meat houses of the camps, and are seldom troubled by passing game wardens. They as a rule visit each camp once or twice a year, and after taking a meal or spending the night, pass on to the next place. This is simply done in order to send in a decent report. Searches of camps are seldom made unless a complaint of illegal killing has been made against the camp, which is seldom done. If Mr. Carleton would stop crying for more money and more wardens and see that the wardens now employed were doing their duty instead of hanging around village hotel bars for weeks at a time and charging their expenses up to the Commission, I think he would save considerable time, money and game.

The illegal killing is mostly done by the employes of camp proprietors, or guides staying at sporting camps, as well as occasionally by the sportsmen, but I see no reason why I, as a non-resident, should pay for their misdeeds.

GEORGE M. PETE.

A Stray Doe.

SAUQUOIT, N. Y., Feb. 20.—When we who read *FOREST AND STREAM* think of deer, we usually, and with good reason, think that to get sight of one we will have to take long drives and long tramps, and sometimes even after all that score zero. At least such has been the experience of us who live ten miles south of Utica, and fifty miles from deer country. The least expected, though, usually happens in all things connected with deer. This winter when the report first came that a deer had been seen within two miles of us, and in a country with not much cover, we smiled. Since then so many people have seen it, we believe. It is a small doe, and when first heard of a man was on the track with a rifle, but he soon quit when informed of the \$100 part of it. Since then we have heard of her a number of times, usually with a dog chasing her. She seems to have chosen a stopping place within a radius of three miles from Clayville. We heard a day or two since she ran through Clayville, stopping at the back door of one of the houses on the principal street, a dog having chased her. Then again, we hear that she visits the same farm buildings nearly every day, probably to feed. Should every one do as the last named, she would live to a ripe old age, just as we wish, and be the mother of the biggest buck extant.

SAGHDAQUADA.

The Scooter for Ducks.

NEW YORK, March 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It may be of interest to you to know that at the New York Sportsmen's Show there will be exhibited a sink box (or battery) and a scooter, the uses of which and method of handling will be fully explained and demonstrated by experienced guides who have handled traps for years.

The sink box is used for duck shooting, where bodies of water are too wide for point work, and it is a feature of Long Island.

The scooter is used in the ice in the same manner as a punty or sneak box on the point, being thatched with snow or ice, and also as a pleasure yacht, being equal to the ice boat in speed and unsurpassed for safety, as it sails as well through water as it glides over the frozen surface.

H. K. FRANK.

Electro-Magnetic Cannon in Sweden.

UNDER date of Christiania, Jan. 25, 1902, Consul-General Bordewich reports: Prof. Birkeland (who two years ago was sent by the Government to northern Norway to study magnetism, the aurora borealis and cloud formations) is engaged in the construction of a cannon with electro-magnetism as the motive power in place of explosives. A small model of the invention throws projectiles weighing a pound with great force.

Railroad Conductors as Quail Dealers.

I HAVE a complaint to make against the conductors and trainmen on the Southern and the Atlantic Coast Line railroads. These men make a business of buying quail at small stations along their routes for ten cents apiece and selling them to marketmen in Washington and Richmond and other large cities for twelve and a half cents apiece. This business is carried on very extensively, sometimes carrying from two to five hundred birds and seldom less than one hundred. I hardly think that such traffic will further the best interests of the roads as far as keeping up the game supply along the roads is concerned.

GEORGE M. PETE.

All communications intended for *FOREST AND STREAM* should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

The Red Badge of Courage.

SPEAKING of pluck! The fact has been fully established, to my own satisfaction, at least, that a ferret, small as he is, is susceptible of putting up a pluckier, more persistent fight against overwhelming odds than any other animal now living, without allowance for age, weight or size. I have the highest authority for this claim, and for my belief in the same, which is none other than that well-known big-game exterminator and all round expert in matters pertaining to the strength and weakness of everything that wears fur, feathers or scales, Charles Ste. Claire Lennebacker. Everybody knows Charles; when not engaged in terrifying the biggest game in Michigan, he may uniformly be found successfully engaged in the less dangerous pursuit of convincing the traveling public that there is but one hotel in Detroit for the self-respecting class to expect all the enjoyments, comforts and excitements of home, and that is the Ste. Claire. Charles is a mind-reader withal, which is a mighty useful as well as ornamental gift, worth untold money to a hotel clerk when discreetly used, but few there be that possess it. It is almost as good as hypnotism. The moment a newly arrived traveler makes his appearance in the spacious marble and onyx lobby of the Ste. Claire, this mind-reader aforesaid casts his eagle eye over his left shoulder, looking due south by east toward the room assignment rack, makes some sort of a cabalistic sign to some unseen confederate, and before the approaching guest reaches the register has him located, his suit case and grip sent up to his room, electric lights on, a pitcher of ice water on the inlaid mahogany, together with writing materials on the carved desk, and the guest's mail and telegrams are properly placed; also, just as likely as not, there will be a copy of *FOREST AND STREAM* and a sherry flip on the table within easy reach. This simplifies matters for the guest very much, and though somewhat mystifying at first, one gets used to these things.

Should a person approach and express a hankering for a room with a bath, he is told with that guileless air so familiar to many of us, that the last room with a bath was given out the day before yesterday, but that a room with a beautiful folding bed as well as a charming mahogany wardrobe with a beveled plate glass mirror forming the panel in the door is quite at his disposal, which causes such extreme elation on the part of the guest that he forgets temporarily having had his pocket picked on the train, and other troubles, and endeavors to hang up his apparel on the folding bed and retire to rest in the wardrobe, which he has pulled over for that purpose.

This, however, is a digression, and inserted, primarily, to show that I am at least partially justified in my belief in the trustworthiness of my authority on the bravery of ferrets, as well as to illustrate the fact that with such a man as arbiter of one's hotel destinies, hotel life is one giddy round of pleasure and excitement of one kind or another, especially if my friend Sutton, the steward, is feeling as well as usual, and the market is reasonably well supplied with the good things of life and other delicacies of the season.

Now, my friend Sutton is not the largest of his species, any more than the ferret is the largest of his, but size counts for nothing in this world if one only has the courage of his convictions and is given half a chance. Here is a peculiar paradox in the Hotel Ste. Claire: Usually, you understand, the steward is the one who does the purchasing, but, although Mr. Sutton is the steward and a partner in the firm, the other partner is the Beyer. (That ought to be good for at least one ham sandwich.) There is also to be noticed that the young gentlemen who respond to the calls of the annunciator, unlike some others, reach the proper room some time before sunset the following day, and when they courteously make their salaam with "Good night, sir; anything more, sir?" they do not surreptitiously look back to discover if perchance there is a dime or a nickel suspended in the air; yet they are quite excusable for stopping at the door to ascertain if the key is on the right side and casting a business eye to windward.

Where does that ferret business come in?

Right here.

What Charles Lennebacker said in regard thereto, pertinent and impertinent, was as follows, to wit: (Having just returned from a short vacation spent amid the wilds of Macomb county, he is not under oath.)

"It was an ideal rabbit morning, a light snow had fallen over night (without injury), the January air was keen and exhilarating. (It being the month of January of course we could not expect any April or August air.) Rabbit tracks were plentiful, even to the most casual observer; the winter landscape was fine, and even without a gun that tramp through the fields would have been a most enjoyable experience, as such experiences always are to him who hath ears to see and eyes to hear. As for me I would a little rather have a gun along than not. The park, or what would have been a path had there been one, skirted along

the east side of a thicket of alders and hazel for a distance of eighty rods or more, while just beyond were groves of second growth oak and poplar. Scattered here and there were a few remaining relics of the grand old white oak and walnut forests once the glory of this region, but which have long since disappeared before the woodman's ax, the pioneer of civilization.

"Wrapped in the thoughts which these things suggested and engrossed in the intense enjoyment of the perfect winter day I approached the thicket and soon discovered in the snow the evidence that Bunnie had been on moving parade, and that he was not very far away. Crashing through the thick brush, I had not made much headway, but now stopped suddenly, as a streak of gray flashed across the open, some fifty feet away. No explanation of this phenomenon is considered necessary in this connection; but it usually occurs when one is creeping under low hanging branches, and, as in this case, the flash of gray passed on unchecked and unharmed. My new 12-gauge Parker had no significance whatever under these circumstances, but moving more cautiously and searching the myriad tracks over the snow, I was quickly aware of the near presence of a tuft of gray fur, a long pair of ears laid backward, and those large, round, wide open eyes of a dozing rabbit. (I know of no other animal that sleeps with its eyes open.) The sharp-snapping of a dry twig under my foot started the sleeper mightily suddenly, but modestly as I try to say it, his flight was stopped as suddenly, simultaneously with the gun's report.

"The sentiment that prevents hypersensitive persons from rabbit killing on the score of inhumanity toward 'the delicate, harmless, timid little things,' etc., is no doubt creditable to such persons' tenderness of heart and general 'feller feelin,' but somewhat a misfit up here or anywhere in the midst of highly cultivated fields of small fruits, to say nothing of young orchards representing investments of thousands of dollars and days of toil and care which are at the mercy of these same little 'innocents,' to whom the temptations of the succulent tender bark of the young trees overcome all scruples of justice or consideration for the owners thereof—even of common prudence in guarding against inevitable dangers to the depredators.

"Bre'r Rabbit is much like humans—when he sets his heart on the gratification of a pet desire he is apt to take long chances on the consequences. Soon the consequences in this particular case became very much in evidence, and a half dozen of the too reckless chaps were dangling by the heels. Rabbit signs were abundant, and every clump of hazel brush was tolerably sure to harbor or or more of the little chaps peering out through the branches to estimate the probable amount of danger to be feared from this intrusive stranger.

"Down a lane which ran between the next fields ahead came Joe Barker, a native. He was a rabbit hunter, too, and he stopped to exchange a fraternal greeting and a remark or two on the auspicious nature of the day, the weather and the abundance of rabbits and partridges. Joe had a shotgun on his shoulder, and a disreputable old firearm it was. But Joe had acquired a reputation for hunting rabbits with other weapons than guns, to wit, ferrets, having not the fear of the law nor the game warden before his eyes. Just as we met there was a scurrying among the bushes in the angles of the fence, and two exceedingly animate things made off toward a fallen tree, which had lain there so long that its interior was well rotted away. It was hollow for some distance from the opening.

"It was the consensus of opinion that at least one of the rabbits had gone for the log, but this was open to doubt, because tracks led not only to the entrance, but past it, and on both sides; further search showed quite plainly that one had gone into a very handily situated hole, which was probably the little chap's family abode, or bachelor's quarters, as the case might be. Ways and means were discussed for dislodging the rabbits.

"Joe was wary, and evidently had something on his mind. Finally, he took courage, and, evidently impressed by the conviction that he could trust me, cast a cautious glance around and said: 'If you not tell nobody, I show you way for git two rabbit yer' quick, you bet; but you mus' swear you be mum, you hunderstan?'

"The necessary convincing assurance was given that his confidence would be respected. Then in a twinkling Joe produced a ferret from one of the capacious pockets of his old reefer. This interesting addition to our hunting force was intimate with his job in ten seconds, theoretically at least, though there were destined to be some surprises. After one or two preliminary skirmishes, the ferret made a dash for the interior of the log. He was gone about thirty second; when he emerged, he was accompanied by an odor that filled three townships. I have smelled that variety of smell before, at close range, too, but I never had the misfortune to encounter anything to match this for density and all-pervading powers—never. Nothing like it ever assailed the human olfactory. That skunk was simply a sixty-horse-power skunk with triple-expansion-compound-condensing engines operating under a pressure of not less than three hundred pounds to the square inch, with all valves open!

"The ferret shook his head viciously, gave two or three emphatic sniffs of disgust, and immediately re-entered the lair of the loud-smelling beast. Here is where the ferret's philosophy, reasoning, pluck and instinct showed themselves with the greatest strength and brilliancy, especially the instinct; he rightly judged that there could be nothing worse in store for him in the way of smells—he had run up against the limit in that line—and now there was a little score of revenge to be settled, so in he dashed again.

"He was absent about a minute this round, but reappeared minus his enthusiasm and more or less of his fur. Nothing daunted, however, he took a deep, long breath of fresh air, of which he evidently stood in need, and made another sortie. Once more he made a mad dash to seek his enemy. He found him still doing business at the old stand. Heavens and earth, what a smell! The stink pots of Egypt were as violets compared with this—that old log could give them cards and spades and still have margin enough to supply the nations of the earth.

"This last dash of the ferret was, to my mind, imprudent and superfluous, not to say risky, but it proved a

howling success.* This time he had with him upon emerging the entire perfumery factory, and as he laid the fragrant trophy proudly at—my feet? No, thanks, not by a large majority. I was thence in rapid but disorderly flight—whew! Many of the inhabitants flocked to the scene, aroused by the volumes of odor, under the impression that a mineral well like the Mt. Clemens variety had been struck on Duncan's farm. That ferret just strutted up and down with unutterable pride mingling with the smoke of battle, cocking his little red eye up with the unmistakable expression: 'Well, I won out all right, boys, on this deal, but if you've got any more rabbit holes to explore with skunk annexes, you can get some other chap to take the job beside yours truly.'

"About this time a cutter hove in sight with two or three of the natives, who, recognizing Joe about the same time they did the smell, called out: 'Joe, it's a dead give away; a blind man could tell what game you are hunting to-day.'

KEUKA.

*The remarkable thing about this incident is the well-known fact that a ferret will not stand for a second within sight of a shrunk, much less attack one anywhere. He will not even drag a rabbit from a hole, where he has tracked him, but will fasten his teeth into the back of the rabbit's neck and suck his blood until the victim passes in his checks. The rabbit hole is a very nice, warm, comfortable place for the ferret, and as likely as not he will curl himself up after his rich meal of rabbit's blood and stay there, dozing for hours, while the hunter remains outside on the surface, guessing and freezing.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in *FOREST AND STREAM*.

Chautauqua Lake Ice Fishing.

From the Jamestown, N. Y., Evening Journal, Feb. 7.

It is probable that every muscullonge in Chautauqua Lake that made a move Thursday found himself flopping helplessly on the ice in less than ten minutes from the time he started.

This theory is justified from a careful inspection of the lake Thursday morning, for, from the outlet to the inlet the broad expanse of ice was covered so thickly with fish coops that it made one think of a long level meadow covered with haycocks.

Thursday was really the opening of the fishing season. It was one of the days the fishermen will hereafter date time from. Long before the first beams of the morning sun had lighted up the eastern horizon the hosts of enthusiastic fishermen could be seen on the shores of the lake making preparations for the coming day. By sunrise the lake view from the surrounding hills looked like an immense ant heap. As far as the eye could reach in every direction could be seen moving specks on the white snow covered surface. These specks were the men putting their coops in position for the day. They were everywhere. Between Celoron and Greenhurst there was a colony that fairly honeycombed the ice with fish holes. Opposite Lakewood there was another large colony, and above in Ashville Bay the coops were huddled as close as tenement houses in the slums of a city.

From the Ashville Bay colony to Stow there were intervals of unbroken ice, but these intervals were not far apart. Cheney's Point had a number of coops and there were individual coops all the way between.

The bay south of Bemus Point was another favorite spot for the fishermen. Fully 100 coops were set within the radius of a mile from the shore at Phillips Mills. Another colony was located in the lake between Bemus Point and Long Point, and still another above Long Point. Dewittville Bay was filled with fishermen and the lake space between Point Chautauqua and Mayville contained coops enough to catch every fish that dared to roam from his winter home. Altogether it is safe to say that there were fully 20 per cent. more coops on the lake than ever before and that the fishing is fully 20 per cent. better than that of some of the preceding seasons.

Of course every professional fisherman in Chautauqua county is out on these fishing days. In ice fishing it is difficult to draw the line of demarcation between the professional and the amateur, so great is the fascination of the sport to all who engage in it, but in a general way the professional is this year outclassed in numbers by the amateurs. These amateurs come from every section of Chautauqua county and from western Pennsylvania as well. Jamestown is represented on the lake by two or three hundred enterprising amateurs and not a few strictly professional fishermen, and it will therefore be readily seen that the native—the man who resides on the shore of the lake 365 days in the year—is greatly outnumbered.

In the olden times this crowd of foreign fishermen would not have amounted to much. The superior skill and unflagging patience of the resident would have outweighed superior numbers in the matter of making catches, but now all is changed. The foreign fishermen know all there is to know about this fishing game. They have studied it in all its aspects. Some of them have read up on the habits of the muscullonge until they seem to have developed a special sense that instinctively leads them to the best spot to capture the largest and liveliest fish. The local fisherman, however, holds his own pretty well. He can crawl out of bed at 5 o'clock in the morning, haul his coop out on the ice, chop a hole, set the coop, build a rousing fire inside, eat a hurried breakfast, and then climb inside the coop and sit as silent as a statue from daylight until dark, moving only when some fish pokes an inquisitive nose in the hole.

The average amateur is hardly up to this kind of a performance. He is too restless. If he doesn't see a fish in 15 minutes he wearies of the task and gets outside to look around. If in an hour or so there is nothing done he hunts a new hole and thus misses the 40 pounder that passed over the route ten minutes after he left. When he finally gives up empty handed and hauls his coop off the ice he frequently wonders why Jim Blank who had the hole next to his made such a magnificent catch, while he never saw a fish, and says things about the luck some people have.

The real amateur, though, who is drilled in the game, goes after the fish in the same business-like way as his professional friend. If he lives in Jamestown he sets his alarm clock at 5, or else hires a policeman to ring his door bell at that hour. By 5:30 or 6 o'clock he is on his way up the lake. An hour later you will see him working like a pack horse on a Rocky Mountain trail, and as the first beams of the rising sun sparkle across the ice his coop door closes behind him, and that is the last you see of him until nightfall, when he crawls out and compares notes with his neighbors, and then hies his way homeward with the day's catch strung proudly on his back with the tails snapping on his boot tops.

Henry Tiles, of Mayville, is one of the last mentioned class of amateurs. He went out last Thursday morning and advices received up town at 4 o'clock in the afternoon were to the effect that he had caught one 30 pounder and two smaller fish, which would bring the total catch of the day up to at least 60 pounds.

Dewittville Bay was covered with coops. In all 53 fish were caught during the day, the weight of the catch figuring up to 185 pounds, making an average weight of three pounds and a half per fish. It will thus be seen that numerous small fry were taken out, especially when the fact is taken in consideration that several large catches were reported. One weighed 35 pounds and another which was caught by Reuben McCoul weighed 21 pounds. A young man named Aikens caught 11 fish which numerically was the largest catch at Dewittville.

West Frank, of Celoron, made the champion catch of the day. He went out bright and early in the morning and set his coop in the vicinity of Grass Island, and ensconcing himself snugly inside, patiently awaited the coming of the fish. He did not have long to wait. Soon a little fellow flopped merrily into the hole and was speedily captured by Mr. Frank. "The first fish was small, but the fisherman consoled himself with the thought that the next would be larger, and so it was—a half pound or so. Mr. Frank remained in his coop spearing fish until the sport became as monotonous as pitching hay. When he finally concluded to quit he had depopulated the lake of 17 muscallonge, all of which, however, were small.

Joseph Gould, of this city, went in for variety. After spearing a nice fat muscallonge, he captured six bullheads and then concluded to quit. Bullheads are pretty fair eating.

Albert Shildmacher was fortunate enough to spear four fish, the whole of which averaged about 20 pounds. A billfish that came his way was also removed from the lake.

Frank Cheney, the veteran fisherman, who has studied the habits and haunts of the muscallonge so carefully that he almost knows the 'longe language, was up the lake and when he had nothing else to do he counted fish coops.

"Between Bellview and Celoron," said he, "including both shores of the lake, there were 360 coops."

Mr. White, of Lakewood, captured a fine 25-pounder, and was naturally elated over his success.

Harry Seymour, of Bemus Point, made the champion catch of the day at that place. The fish weighed 38 pounds.

It was also reported at Bemus Point that an 11-year-old boy named John Carlson, from Ellery Center, made the next best catch, his fish weighing an even 30 pounds. Other Bemus Point catches reported are a 15 pounder by Ira Brown, a 23 pounder by Taft, and smaller catches by Mark and Morris Cheney.

At Mayville the list of catches may be summarized as follows: Will Tyler, 9 fish aggregating 45 pounds; Elton Miller, one, 25 pounds; A. Sackett, five, the largest being 22 pounds.

Ed. Irwin is reported to have caught a 25 pounder near Chautauqua and Mr. Wilcox a 20 pounder at the upper end of the lake.

District Attorney Green has a fish coop at Mayville, and as soon as court adjourned he disappeared from view in the direction of the lake. His catch has not yet been reported, but it is rumored that there was wild commotion among the leaders of the muscallonge tribe as soon as the story was circulated by submarine telephone that the district attorney of Chautauqua county was on the lake. Mr. Green remained in Mayville over night, and, if he is as persistent in pursuing piscatorial prey as he is in chasing criminals, there will be little left for the other fishermen.

J. F. Taylor, of Stow, caught over 100 pounds of fish during the day. The largest weighed 33 pounds. Mr. Morton, of Stow, also brought in a 20 pounder. Another gentleman, whose name was not learned, brought in a 35 pound fish.

The dealers are paying from 10 to 12½ cents per pound for muscallonge, and selling the same at retail at from 15 to 18 cents per pound, according to size. The large ones, of course, are sold cheaper than the smaller.

E. L. Underwood spent Thursday in his fish coop near Midway, and came home in the evening with three nice muscallonge as a result of his day's work.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

MEDAL contests, series 1902, Saturday, contest No. 1, held at Stow Lake, Feb. 22. Wind, west; weather, good:

Event No. 1, Distance, Feet.	Event No. 2, Accuracy, Per cent.	Event No. 3, Acc. % Del. %	Event No. 4, Lure Casting %
J B Kenniff....109	92	92.8	77.6
H E Skinner....	91.8	91	79.2
H Brownie....89	91.8	87.8	77.6
E A Mocker....93	82.4	92.4	77.6
W Mansfield....	93.8	92.4	82.6
T Brotherton....	91.8	91	78.4
C R Kenniff....104	92	76	70
T C Kierulff....79	81.4	80	72.6
C F Grant....115	90	88.4	76.8
W J Kierulff....77	79.4	74	75
C G Young....	93.4	91.4	85.10
H C Golcher....119	92	88.4	80.10
W E Brooks....101	94	89.8	76.8
H F Muller....100	94.4	88.8	81.8
G H Fouls....87	..	86	76.8
Chas Huyck....88
S A Heller....	..	77	74.2
Blade....90	75.7

Judges, Mansfield and Muller; referee, Grant; clerk, Wilson.

The Old Shad Fishing Piers.

From the Hartford Times.

ENCOURAGED by the unusually large catch of shad in the Connecticut River last season, the fishermen of the down the river towns from the Haddams to the Sound are making more extensive preparations for the spring fishing than they have ventured into within the past quarter of a century. From present indications it is safe to predict that when the dogwood trees burst into their spring raiment of shad blossoms (the fisherman's infallible sign that the proper time to string his nets has arrived) the shores of every reach along the river banks will be dotted with the huge net reels.

It is also understood that the owners of many of the old fishing piers located below the Shore Line railroad bridge are considering the advisability of putting them in running order and try their luck for the season. The demand for Connecticut River shad, the Simon-pure article, has for several years been considerably larger than the supply, and with a fair season's catch the pier fisheries would be certain to pay a high dividend. Forty years ago it was not uncommon for the "hand shares" or "lays" on the piers to amount at the close of the season to several hundreds of dollars. Opportunities to ship on the fishing crews were eagerly sought for and often a large bonus would be paid.

The first shad fishing pier ever operated on the Connecticut, as far as can be traced, was located at the mouth of Ragged Rock Creek, at a point a few rods below the Shore Line bridge, on the west side of the river. Capt. David Ingraham was the leading spirit in the construction of the pier, and for many years he was the acknowledged "boss" of operations there. The pier was built of huge logs floated down from Lyme and placed one above the other, forming an immense oblong box, the interior of which was filled with stones brought in scows from the Sound shore, several miles below. In the center of the pier stood the great capstan reels, with their tremendous barrels, to which were attached the long hauling lines running to the shore and hauling arms of the net. The fishing gang usually worked the reel which brought in the shore arm, but the hauling arm, which had to be towed shoreward against the strength of the swift and powerful ebb tide was reeled in by horse-power. At this pier some large catches were made. The pier was called Jamaica by its owners, and even at this day traces of it can be seen.

Going northward from the mouth of the river, the first fishing pier was located just north of the lighthouse. It was known as Pavement, taking its name because of the hard stone bottom that stretched out from the shore to the bank of the river channel. The greatest day's catch recorded at the pier was 4000, some 1700 being taken in the second hauling of the net. North of Pavement very near to the present location of the pretty quarters of the Hartford Yacht Club was Folly pier, so named because the pier was erected against the judgment of experienced fishermen, who predicted that owing to a strong eddy which continually threw back in a tangled mass upon the shore the nets as fast as they were set it would be a failure, and so it proved.

Cooteborough pier lay northerly from the lighthouse. It was owned and operated by people from Pettipaug (now Essex), and its peculiar appellation was a derisive reflection upon the bravery of their up-the-river neighbors during the British raid in 1814 at Essex. The English commander was Lieut. Coote, and as the inhabitants deserted their homes and fled like sheep to the hills in the rear of the town on his landing at the river front, they for years were laughed at by the people of sister towns.

Next in order came Knock-em-Stiff, a pier where only one haul was ever attempted. That one was never completed, as drifting into a strong and powerful eddy, the net became unmanageable and in spite of the most strenuous efforts of the men at the capstan, the latter began to revolve rapidly backward and finally threw several men to the ground so forcibly that a physician had to be brought by boat to the pier to dress their injuries. No further attempts to fish it were ever made.

Under the long wharf that runs out from the front of the Peace house are the remains of the Fort Fishery. A few rods above it stand the old Saybrook fort, which for many years in the early history of the colony and State was kept continually garrisoned.

As a means of raising funds for the support of the church, the members of Saybrook Congregational Society, early in the last century, erected a pier at the mouth of the North cove and for a number of years it was considered one of the most successful on the river, and added many dollars to the church treasury. It is an old tradition, perhaps an untrustworthy one, that one season, when the shad were running in unusually large numbers, the crew of the Parsonage pier could not resist making a haul on Sunday, and to the dismay of the rigid Sabbath day observers of the vicinity, it proved the largest of the season.

Directly opposite the lighthouse, on the east shore of the river, was a famous pier, known as Sodom, but which early in the '50s was nearly washed away by the changing of the river channel. With that liking for biblical names which was characteristic of the pious inhabitants of Lyme, the owners of the pier when they moved to another location a few rods northerly called the new pier Zoar, for, said they: "Did not Lot flee from Sodom to Zoar?" Then came the two Griswold piers, Gibraltar, so named from the fact that it was at the foot of a rocky eminence, and two piers known as Sanford's and St. John's. On the same side above the bridge was the Calves' island, the lower, middle and upper-end piers upon Nott's island, located directly across from the Essex steamboat wharf.

Some idea of the number of shad caught in olden days can be gained from a record taken from the note-book of an old-time fisherman, which states that in 1817 the 26 Saybrook piers salted 2,194 barrels; 17 Haddam piers, 146 barrels, and the five East Haddam piers 169 barrels.

While the life of the pier fisherman demanded much hard and oftentimes uncomfortable labor, it had its pleasures as well. In every fish-house there was some inmate, usually the cook, and he was a high and mighty personage, too, with whom each member did his best to

ingratiate himself, who could play the violin, and nightly, after the day's catch had been dressed, salted and packed, out over the water would drift the strains of lively music and the echoes of tapping boot-heels on the floor. The great holiday of the fishing season was the spring election day, when a grand supper was given, to which all the wives and sweethearts of the crews were invited. The menu was an elaborate one, the piece de resistance being bass chowder, broiled sturgeon and planked shad, and they were washed down by copious draughts of hard cider, a few barrels of that beverage being a customary and important portion of the outfit of each fishing pier.

The first pound nets, which of late years have caught nearly all the shad that have been shipped from this section, were introduced by Frederick Kirtland in 1858. Several years later Mr. Kirtland was induced, by a large salary, to visit Lake Ontario, and instruct the fishermen of those waters in the methods of manufacturing, setting and fishing pound nets.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST

Destruction of Western Fish.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 27.—During the past week there has been observed in the Desplaines River, just west of this city, the greatest number of dead fish ever recorded there, the shores being in some localities lined with the dead fish to such extent as fairly to constitute a nuisance. It was hardly supposed that this highly civilized and not very much valued stream had so many fish left in it as it has produced, albeit in a condition quite past all surgery. Refuse from mills is the cause assigned. Nobody to blame, not in the least, and nobody gets the worst of it except the fish, or possibly those who might some day have had an interest in them.

Similar destruction of fish for some more or less mysterious cause is also reported this week from the Calumet River, which flows into Lake Michigan at South Chicago. The dirty little stream was yesterday so full of dead fish that fear was expressed lest the water supply at the lake cribs might be polluted. Never mind. It is nobody's fault. If the water is bad, never mind. Take your medicine.

Still another case of stream pollution and great loss of fish life is reported to-day by Mr. John Melbourne, of Saginaw, Mich., occurring in the Cass and Saginaw rivers, the cause being the refuse from the beet sugar factories. Mr. Melbourne says, "There is no stream in the State which had such variety and such numbers of fish as the Saginaw, but as the sugar factories are on the increase, it looks as though the fish would have to go." The Saginaw News prints a report from Vassar, on the Cass River, as below:

"A few weeks ago the dam in the Cass River was blocked by a mass of fish which had collected there as a result of the slaughter caused by the emptying of the refuse from the Caro factory into the river above. He said that it was a sight never before witnessed by the residents of that village. The authorities there took the matter in hand and men with rakes were put to work cleaning out the dead and decaying mass, and it is claimed that thirty-five teams were used in hauling away the refuse and that many tons of fish were taken out and buried. The mass contained everything in the fish line, from the smallest minnows to grass pike over three feet in length. The citizens of Vassar, it is said, intend to appeal to Governor Bliss to have a State Fish Commissioner sent there to investigate and steps taken toward the abatement of the nuisance.

"The Cass River between Caro and Vassar is comparatively narrow and shallow, so that the contamination is much more than in the Saginaw River, which is fed with much fresh water from the Tittabawassee and Shiawassee, thus accounting for the comparative freedom from injury to fish in this river. The large volume of water here, it is claimed so dilutes the refuse from the factory that it is rendered practically harmless. Reports from the mouth of the river at Bay City are to the effect that many fish are killed there, but the amount of refuse poured into the river there is much larger, making the contamination of the water so much stronger.

"Governor Bliss was asked by the News this morning what report, if any, he had received of the matter, and he stated that no word had come to him at this time. He stated that when the factories were running last season a similar complaint was received from that locality and that he sent the game warden to investigate. The report which came back to him at that time was that the factories had provided a way in which to get rid of their refuse without turning it into the river and that the trouble had been corrected. He says that when he has any further complaint he will take such action as seems best."

Market Firm Fined.

The Booth Packing Company, of Chicago, was fined at Grand Rapids, Mich., last Tuesday, the fine being \$75 and costs, for fishing in waters of Lake Michigan near St. Joseph during the close season. This is one of the cases brought against market-fishers by Deputy Brewster last fall, and it is pleasing to see that he is making the cases stick. Appeal was taken by defendants, the case being hotly contested on both sides.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

E. HOUGH.

Senate Bill No. 367 in the New York Legislature provides that wherever in the law the possession of fish or game is forbidden, "reference is had equally to such fish, game or flesh coming from without the State or to that taken within the State." This is a most important provision, and is designed to remove any possible ground of evasion of the laws against the possession and sale of game under the plea that it is of foreign origin, and not subject to the law. The bill also provides that dealers may hold in stock during the close season game and fish on hand at the close of the open season. This provision, we understand, has the sanction of the Fish and Game Commissioners, and Protector Pond is of opinion that it would render more practicable surveillance of the markets,

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

March 5-8.—Pittsburg.—Duquesne Kennel Club's bench show. F. S. Stedman, Sec'y.
 March 12-15.—Chicago.—Chicago Kennel Club's show. D. E. Gardner, Sec'y.
 March 20-22.—Winnipeg, Man.—Western Canada Kennel Club's bench show. A. H. M. Clark, Sec'y.
 March 18-21.—Uhrichsville, O.—Twin City Kennel Club's bench show. C. S. Walker, Sec'y.
 March 26-29.—Atlantic City, N. J.—Atlantic City Kennel Club's show. Thos. H. Terry, Sec'y.
 April 1-4.—Boston.—New England Kennel Club's eighteenth annual show. Wm. B. Emery, Sec'y.
 April 9-12.—Seattle, Wash.—Seattle Kennel Club's annual show. H. S. Jordan, Sec'y.
 Oct. 7-9.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society's show. John W. Bacon, Treas.
 Oct. 21-24.—New York.—Ladies' Kennel Association of America's show. Miss M. K. Bird, Westbury, L. I., Hon. Sec'y.
 Nov. 26-29.—Philadelphia.—Philadelphia Dog Show Association's show. M. A. Viti, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Aug. 26.—Salem, S. D.—South Dakota Field Trial Association's third annual trials. E. H. Gregory, Sec'y.
 Aug. —O'Neill, Neb.—Nebraska Field Trial Association's inaugural chicken trials. M. H. McCarthy, Sec'y.
 Oct. 13.—Ruthven, Ont.—North American Field Trial Club's fourth annual trials. Richard Bangham, Sec'y.
 Oct. 20.—Mich.—Michigan Field Trial Association's fifth annual trials. C. D. Stuart, Sec'y.
 Oct. 27.—Mo.—Missouri Field Trial Association's sixth annual trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y.
 Oct. 27.—Pa.—Monongahela Field Trial Club's field trials. A. C. Paterson, Sec'y.
 Nov. 3.—Robinson, Ill.—Illinois Field Trial Association's fourth annual trials. W. R. Green, Sec'y.
 Nov. 10.—Bicknell, Ind.—Independent Field Trial Club's fourth annual trials. H. S. Humphrey, Sec'y.
 Nov. 11.—St. Joachim, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's fourteenth annual trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.
 Nov. 17.—Elizabethtown, Ky.—Kentucky Field Trial Club's third annual trials. F. W. Samuel, Sec'y.
 Nov. 24.—Washington C. H., O.—Ohio Field Trial Association's fifth annual trials. C. E. Baughn, Sec'y.
 Dec. 1.—Interstate Championship Field Trial Association's second annual trials. C. D. Cooke, Sec'y.
 —Western Field Trial Association's second annual trials. C. W. Buttles, Sec'y.

Field Trial and Bench Show Judging.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Feb. 27.—With each recurring year the field sportsman, or rather the practical sportsman, who believes that setters, pointers and spaniels are pre-eminent workers rather than house or pet dogs, on his visit to the bench shows deplores the utter disregard of the working features of these dogs as they refer to his powers of motion, and, indeed, the judge is likely to impose a penalty for visible signs of work, such as shown by a ragged, faded, mud-stained coat, featherless legs and stern, rough feet, and a general appearance of the veteran field campaigner. When placed in contrast with the smoothly groomed, even-haired, full-coated dog of leisure, with colors brought out in perfection, and each hair groomed to perfect cleanliness, the field dog, though possibly of incomparably better physique, has not a possible show of winning. It has these many years been the plea of the practical field man that this should not be so. He unyieldingly maintains that show type should be field type, and vice versa. To him the setter, the pointer and the spaniel should be the same everywhere, whether on bench or field. It is a comfortable theory, but it is not a success in practice. It is of the ideal world and not of the practical. It is a belief that would best be abandoned.

If we consider the matter apart from one's special prejudices, we find that the bench show and the field trial or field work features are irreconcilable. There is no relation between the two in a way to be recognizable in a competition. A field dog, fresh from a season's work, is not in a condition to take part in a beauty show any more than his master in soiled field costume is fit to appear in an opera box among gentlemen and ladies in evening dress. The master can change his coat, however, and the dog cannot. It is quite time to recognize that bench shows and field work are two distinct and separate fields of effort, so different in purpose that one is not essentially a part of the other. They are as distinct in a way as the mimic stage of the theater and the stage of real life. How a dog looks at rest and how a dog acts in serious work are two distinct matters.

It has been said that there are bench judges so wise that they could judge of a dog's field ability by his form. Is it not strange that judges of such abnormal acumen could not judge a field trial by looking the dogs over and deciding their merits without actual competition.

The preparation of the dog for a bench show is necessarily different from that of the field. He is judged by a different scale. His bench show merit is one of physique and type; his field merit is one of work. No theory can reconcile the two specialties. The practice negatives the theory every time. No bench show judge can judge of type and beauty on a basis of worn or absent coat, faded color and a scarred skin, etc. Conversely, no judge can judge of field merit by a clean coat, full grown and richly colored. Let us abandon our bench-field delusions.

H. A.

Some Ancient Classification.

SOME very funny ideas as to dogs prevailed in England even so recently as 300 years ago. In Topsell's translation of Gomer's Natural History a peculiarly quaint list of "dogges" is given, of which the following is an epitome: The harier (leverarius) heads the list, followed by the terrar (terrarius), the bloudhound (sanguinarius); the gasehound (agasaeus), the greyhound (leporarius), the Lyemmer (lorarius), the tumbler (vertagus), the theevish dogge (Canis furax), the spaniell (hispaniolus), the setter (index), the water spaniell or finder (aquaticus), the fisher (Canis piscator), the spaniell gentle (melitaeus) or fotor, also called comforter, the shepherd's dog (C. pastoralis), the mastive or bandog (villaticus or cathenarius). After this follow the "Curres of the Mungrell and rascall sort," headed by the wappe or warner, the turnspete, the dauncer, and ending with three very remarkable crosses with the wolf, fox, and beare. Of the first of these crosses, Topsell says: "We have none naturally bred within the borders of England, the reason is for the want of wolves without whence so such dog can

be ingendred." "Of the second we are not utterly voide of some." * * * "The thirde, which is bred of a beare and a bandog we want not heere in England." To return to the bandog, Topsell says it is "vaste, huge, stubborne, ougly, and eager, of a hevy and bourthenous body, terrible, and frightfull to behold, and more fierce and fell than Arcadian cur, notwithstanding they are said to have their generation of the violent lion." Such was our knowledge of the dog A. D. 1607, which is the date of the first edition of Topsell's translation.—London Field.

Yachting.

Designing Competition.

First prize, \$25, and special prize offered by Mr. Theodore Zerega, for the best cabin plans, \$10, won by Mr. MORGAN BARNEY, New York City.

Second prize, \$15, won by

Mr. CHARLES H. HALL, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Third prize, \$10, won by

Mr. HAROLD W. PATTERSON, New York City.

The time limit of the FOREST AND STREAM's designing competition expired on Friday, Feb. 28, and twenty-six drawings were received up to that day. The competition was thus a great success, both in point of numbers, and it was so too in the excellence of the work, only one design being thrown aside, as it was too badly drawn for consideration.

Mr. Clinton H. Crane, who judged the drawings, reached his conclusions with much difficulty, because of the large number of designs submitted. One unfortunate feature of the competition was the fact that several of the competitors made the mistake of drawing their plans to the wrong scale, thus disqualifying them on the start. An undoubted prize winner was thus shut out. This plan was submitted by Trysail (Mr. Charles D. Mower, of New York City).

Other designs just missed a prize because of some important technical error—poor arrangement of center-board, faulty overhangs, too large plans, etc.

It is our intention to publish not only the plans of the winners, but also to use a number of others, for while not considered quite so good as the first three, still a number of them would make really excellent craft.

Before awarding the prizes, Mr. Crane had gone over all the drawings and checked up the calculations on each to see that they were correct. Thus every boat receiving a prize is a practical craft in every way, and not only are the lines fair, but the boat will float on her designed waterline, and carry the sail shown in the plans. Mr. Crane has also found that the cabin accommodation would really exist if the boat was built as shown on paper.

When laying out the conditions governing the competition, it was not realized that such splendid boats would be produced under them. The drawings of the prize winners show cruising boats of 25ft. waterline length which are as fine as exist anywhere.

Mr. Crane has very kindly consented to give a short criticism on all the drawings sent in, and we shall publish this in our next issue. A criticism from one of Mr. Crane's ability will be of very great value to those who wish to improve the standard of their work. While the criticisms will necessarily be short, owing to the large number of drawings, still they will cover the main points in each. Several of the designs will be very highly commended. Four sets of plans were received from England, and the work on each of these was of a high order, and had the authors been familiar with the weather conditions existing over here, and could they have made their designs conform to these conditions, they, too, might have been among the prize winners.

It is proposed to put all the drawings on exhibition for inspection and comparison by those who are interested. Mr. Crane suggests that this will be of unquestionable benefit and interest to all the competitors, and might also attract many outsiders interested in yachting matters. Competitors will not receive their drawings for some little time yet, if they are to be exhibited, for it will mean a delay, and, in some cases, where the drawings are to be published, there will be further delay in making the engravings.

The Theory of Measurement Rules.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There is so much sound sense, so lucidly and cogently expressed, in the article of Mr. William Q. Phillips on yacht measurement in FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 21, 1901, that one hesitates to take issue with the author on some points. His three statements following go to the root of the mischief that arises from the current type of measurement formulas:

(1) "The prime function of a measurement rule is simply to measure the size of a yacht." [In terms of speed.]

(2) "Restrictions on form or proportions are a separate and distinct consideration, and should not be embodied in the measurement formula unless it is entirely convenient to do so."

(3) "We have got into the habit of thinking that restriction gained by an elaborate formula is proper, scientific and right, while the same end attained by plain figures is empirical and wrong."

These propositions, if true, prove that the current type of measurement formulas is illogical and mischievous. The advocate of such formulas have repeatedly been challenged to show any error in these three statements of the fundamental principles governing yacht measurement; but they have never attempted it to the writer's knowledge.

The words supplied by the writer in brackets in the foregoing proposition (1) are implied in Mr. Phillips' conclusion, though not stated by him; and they serve to illuminate the question raised by his correspondents, Thalassa and another, who disagree whether the old Seawanhaka rule measures speed or size.

This formula, and all other so-called measurement formulas used for measuring racing yachts, are, if logical, attempts to express the size of yachts in terms of speed—to express the speed-size, the speed of the yachts being

supposed to vary as their size expressed in units of the measuring or rating rule—i. e., speed-size units.

Whether a formula be a measure of mere size, or of speed-size or of something else, depends upon what factors compose it. If the factors are units of dimension which have definite numerical relations to speed, and their coefficients are so fixed that the speed will be proportioned to the number of such speed-size units, and that the relative speed of yachts of different dimensions can be calculated by means of the formula, it will be a measure of speed in terms of size—i. e., of speed-size.

If a formula is made up of factors whose sum is proportioned to cargo-carrying power, it is a measure of tonnage size. If made up of dimensions in such relations as are necessary for good performance in a sea-way, the formula is a measure of seaworthiness. If composed of cabin dimensions, it measures what Thalassa calls "hotel accommodations."

If all of these elements are included, the hybrid compound measures—makers of formulas of the current type may state what.

Obviously but one of these formulas would be suitable for measuring racing yachts for speed contests—viz., the one expressing size in terms of speed alone, racing length or rating, which is proportional to speed.

The only dimension of a yacht that is a true speed factor is S; and this therefore should be the only factor in a speed formula.

Here we regret to find ourselves at odds with Mr. Phillips. He thinks the $\frac{L + \sqrt{S}}{2}$ formula is a logical measure

of speed; though it is not entirely clear from his article why he holds this opinion. He accepts the theory of naval architects that the possibilities of speed vary as \sqrt{L} .

If this means sail spread being constant, there can be no more fallacious statement. Other dimensions constant, length is a hindrance to speed. This may be demonstrated by increasing the length of a well-designed yacht, leaving the sails of the same size. The amount of sail (to which speed is due) carried by sailing vessels is roughly proportional to length; and this probably accounts for the use L, as a measure of speed. Mr. George Hill, who has contributed many valuable articles to FOREST AND STREAM on yacht measurement, once pointed out in these columns that if the possibilities of speed varied as \sqrt{L} , it would be possible by merely increasing length to get any degree of speed.

Mr. Phillips says further: "The necessity of taking into account other factors of size, beside length, led up to the measurement of sail area which is not itself a factor of size. * * * He does not state what the necessity was that led to this step, though he maintains that the makers of the $\frac{L + \sqrt{S}}{2}$ rule, did not insert \sqrt{S} in order to influence design.

If \sqrt{S} is not a factor of speed-size (as he says, it clearly does not belong in a measurement formula. The writer has always supposed that \sqrt{S} was introduced into the length formula for the express purpose of influencing design—namely, in order that length might be exchanged for sail—i. e., increased at the expense of sail area without enlarging racing length. If speed is assumed to vary as the \sqrt{L} , there would seem to be no reason for adding \sqrt{S} to a pure speed formula.

In the restricted classes $\frac{L + \sqrt{S}}{2}$ does not vary largely from \sqrt{S} ; and therefore the old Seawanhaka formula may be used as an approximate practical measure of speed; but it is not a logical measure of speed.

SEXTANT.

Thalassa's Measurement Rule.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Dec. 7, 1901, Thalassa asked if it is not evident that any logical rating rule for yacht racing should tax the "three speed producers" S, L and D. To which the writer suggested (1) that L and D are not speed producers, and (2) that it is futile to try to rate fairly in a rule the effect of D and L upon speed, because the complex relations of D and L to speed cannot be quantitatively stated.

In his reply (FOREST AND STREAM, Jan. 11), Thalassa confines his remarks to (1), and does not mention objection (2) which would be fatal to the proposed type of rules even if objection (1) were not valid.

Will Thalassa, for instance, state how he arrived at the conclusion that \sqrt{S} and L are of equal effect in producing speed? Also how he ascertained that 16 should be the

coefficient of \sqrt{D} , and how certain he is that 14 or 18 or some other number would not more truly represent the relations of D to S and L in the matter of speed? And will he state whether in his opinion the coefficient 16 fairly represents these relations for all speeds or for an average of the speeds made by large and small yachts, say from 3 to 13 knots? If it represents an average, like 8 knots, how much is the mean value of coefficient 16 in error for the extreme speeds 3 and 13 knots?

Concerning the objection that L and D should not be included in the formula because they are not speed producers, his reply is in substance, that L and D should not be omitted from the formula, because taxing S alone would be like taxing racing steam yachts on horse power only; whereas (he alleges), "we all know that a rating rule for steam yachts should certainly acknowledge the weight driven at speed." On this point he says again: "In yacht racing the rating rules should be a measure of the yacht's speed efficiency, and consequently must deal with some other elements than sail alone."

It is not quite clear what this means. These two quotations taken by themselves would seem to mean that, so far as resistance is due to weight, the performance of a yacht caused by sail power should be measured by the weight carried per mile per hour, instead of by speed

alone. In other words, speed would vary inversely as the weight, and time allowance should be directly as the weight, so that, for example, two tons carried a mile in two hours would be as meritorious a performance as one ton moved a mile in one hour. And for racing purposes these two finishes would be deemed a tie, the light-displacement yacht giving the heavy yacht one hour allowance.

That is to say, Thalassa does not consider yacht races to be speed contests, but contests of speed efficiency in moving weights.

To this, there are two answers: (a) This reasoning does not justify the retention of $+L$ in the formula, but would seem to require its exclusion for, other dimensions (including sail) remaining the same, increase of L reduces speed by increase of skin friction due to added weight, which under this scheme is not to be taxed, but rewarded.

(b) If by inserting $-D$ in a measurement formula racing length were to be reduced in proportion to increase of resistance caused by added displacement and thereby a proportional time allowance given, then tug boats with tows, and merchant vessels with cargoes, could compete successfully in races with steam and sailing yachts, making up for loss of speed by amount of load carried.

But in his discussion with Mr. Phillips (FOREST AND STREAM, Jan. 18), Thalassa takes just the opposite position, and says: "Now, our rating rule is a measure of speed. * * * We no longer race with cart horses, but with thoroughbreds." This is inconsistent with his "weight driven at speed" measure of efficiency for racing yachts.

Yacht races are presumed by the writer to be speed contests pure and simple, the test of excellence being speed alone. That this is also the view generally entertained by yachtsmen seems evident from the fact that in racing rules, credit has not usually been given for the amount of weight carried.

In speed contests, prizes are given for speed alone and not for work efficiency. The load is reduced as much as possible, and all the available energy is used to produce speed. The minimum load to be carried is, for expedient reasons, often fixed by rule. No one is obliged to carry more than this, and the contestants are thus put on even terms with respect to the weight carried. If any one waste his energy by carrying more, and lose speed thereby, it is his own fault, and is not to be rewarded.

In yacht racing the separation of the yachts into classes, the taxation of any important element of size as S or L , the penalty of lost speed for excessive weight, and the natural limitations to light construction, tend to insure substantial uniformity in the load carried by competing yachts. But, if desirable, with a measurement formula containing S only, it is easy to fix a minimum displacement for each class.

If the factor, $-16 \sqrt[3]{D}$, in Thalassa's proposed formula does not insure a time allowance that is sufficient to exactly compensate for loss of speed due to burden, then instead of being a logical measurement formula, it becomes what Thalassa pronounces a "pernicious shape rule." And in any case it is not a logical measure of speed.

Whatever amount of D is deemed desirable in racing yachts may better be secured by a special regulation made for that purpose only, than by putting a factor $-D$ into the measurement formula, thereby making cargo carrying, in some measure, equivalent to speed. Thalassa gives unqualified approval to restricted classes for local racing. It is not apparent why they are not equally suitable for international races. They have been used with satisfaction in the Seawanhaka international cup races, and they would make the races for the America's Cup more interesting and instructive than the last two races, which have been largely contests in mechanical engineering.

SEXTANT.

Remarks on The New Rating Rule.

My remarks on the rating rules, published in FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 30 last, were scarcely complete from the point of view of American yachtsmen, because no mention was made of the rule recently adopted by the racing association of yacht clubs on Long Island Sound. The omission was intentional and was mainly due to the writer's ignorance concerning the said rating rule now generally known as Mr. Hyslop's rule. Since November, however, the report of the Committee on Measurement, February, 1901 (published by the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.), has been received with a request to analyze the rule and write an article upon it; by no means an easy task, as the rule is extremely complicated. Any designer who has to build to the rule will probably agree in this. To half the waterline length is added half the square root of the sail area, and to this is added a term called L , an ill-advised nomenclature, because it has for so long been employed to signify length of hull on waterline, not only in America, but in all countries where yacht racing has been introduced as a sport.

I shall, therefore, for the sake of clearness and simplicity, venture to express Mr. Hyslop's formula in its more rational terms, and avoid the employment of his very confusing " L ." It then becomes:

$$1.1 \text{ (Linear Rating)} = \frac{1}{2} L + \frac{1}{2} \sqrt{S} + C + E,$$

using his own letters C and E , although C is also a bad letter to employ, because it has hitherto been frequently used to represent the constant multiplier.

There is no conceivable reason for introducing the fractional coefficients in connection with the two principal items of the formula, and inasmuch as the old Seawanhaka rule used unity for these coefficients, it will be better to state the formula in that way. It then becomes:

$$2.2 \text{ (L R)} = (L + \sqrt{S}) + 2(C + E),$$

which collects the Seawanhaka old measurements and Mr. Hyslop's new taxes into two items—the first term, so to speak, comparing with the old Seawanhaka rule, wherein

$$2 \text{ (L R)} = L + \sqrt{S}$$

is the ratio of 2 to 2.2, or of 10 to 11. Hence, in all cases

such as those of Lasca, Iroquois, Volunteer, Titania, Katrina, Minerva, Nymph, Kathleen, etc., where $C+E=0$, their linear rating by Mr. Hyslop's rule would be only 10-11ths of their rating by the old Seawanhaka rule. Thus, Volunteer's old rating was 91.08, and 10-11ths of this is 82.80, her new rating.

Kathleen's old rating was 37.44, and 10-11ths of this is 34.04, her new rating. And so on with the others. But the main point to investigate is the effect of the new rule on design. In other words, the evolution of new boats under the rule.

It causes the waterline plane to be measured for beam in three places:

B at one-eighth of L.W.L., fore end.

B' at one-eighth of L.W.L., after end.

B'', greatest beam.

Then $C=B+B'-B''$, with the proviso that C is only used as a positive quantity, and consequently this tax is in the nature of a limitation at a definite point, and anything of this kind is bad style for a rating rule which should never tend to limit design at any particular point.

If it be advantageous to design yachts with a scow-like water plane, the formula tells the designer he may do so up to the limit of $B+B'=B''$ without tax. This is like telling a man that baccy is bad for him, but he may have four pipes a day.

It seems to me that if the Seawanhaka Y. C. wish to tax the scow-like water plane in a mathematical and reasonable manner, it could be done far better by new measurements of L rather than of B . Thus, let $L=(LWL+2l)$, one-third l being the length of waterline plane measured at one-quarter beam of waterline plane at the MSS (midship section)—or at the 0.6 LWL section adopted by the British Y. R. A. in preference to the MSS. Then, the actual L used for rating would be the mean value between $2l$ and LWL , and the scow would be sufficiently hard hit, I think. Moreover, all scow-like forms would be proportionally taxed according to the amount of their scow-like tendency. In other words, it would, as it were, tend to make even one pipe of baccy distasteful to the inveterate smoker.

Mr. Hyslop's second tax, E , is very much of the same nature as C . It is a limitation aimed at securing a fair amount of submerged area of MSS as compared with the area of the inclosing rectangle of (B'') multiplied by (D) draft at that MSS, "plus two-fifths of any greater draft aft" (which is bad English, as I presume two-fifths of any excess of draft aft is really intended; "and all of any greater draft forward" by which I presume all of any excess of draft forward is intended. The actual algebraic form of tax for E is any excess of $B''+D$ over $3\frac{1}{2} \sqrt{M}$, M being the immersed area of MSS (midship section).

$$\text{Then, } E = B'' + D - 3\frac{1}{2} \sqrt{M}$$

E only being used as a positive quantity, and therefore here again we find a limitation of something regarded as undesirable.

From this point of view it would be better if the Hyslop rule were altered so that (C) and (E) might be used not only as positive, but as negative quantities.

Instead of playing the tune on one octave, the whole gamut could then be usefully employed.

The rule would remain unaltered in form, but the taxes (C) and (E) would be used as either positive or negative quantities as derived from the equations:

$$C = B + B' - B''$$

$$E = B'' + D - 3\frac{1}{2} \sqrt{M}$$

But, just as I thought a revised method of measuring L would be preferable to the complication (C); so, I think, the simple measurement of (d) the depth of immersed hull of MSS at its quarter B (waterline) would be found quite as effective as the complex proviso marked (E) in Mr.



Hyslop's rule. But before I proceed to elaborate this idea, a rather curious algebraic fact connected with Mr. Hyslop's rule should be noted. If the two equations for C and E be examined, B'' is found in each, but positive in E , and negative in C , consequently when C and E are added together as they are in the rating formula, B'' vanishes, and we find

$$C + E = B + B' + D - 3\frac{1}{2} \sqrt{M}.$$

Hence, a designer may make maximum beam on waterline anything he likes (other taxable things remaining unchanged) without altering the rating. A flat surface, four nails, one pegged at each end of the LWL and one at each end of B and B' , and a pliable batten will prove that they do not by any means fix the dimension B'' which can be varied within certain limits quite easily—and—as the total displacement of the yacht should not increase with increase of B'' , the section would require reduction in immersed depth and its area might remain unaffected.

In any case I think the Hyslop rule might be more conveniently stated if B'' were unmentioned and the rest stated thus:

$$\text{Linear Rating} = \frac{1}{11} (\text{Seawanhaka} + \text{Hyslop's tax})$$

$$= \frac{1}{11} \left(\frac{L + \sqrt{S}}{2} + H \right)$$

$$\text{and } H = B + B' + D - 3\frac{1}{2} \sqrt{M}$$

but only used if positive.

The measurement of (d) must be done when yacht is hauled up or beached, and both sides would require measurement, not only in order to check any discrepancy due to the yacht's hull being slightly out of plumb, but also because the two sides of a yacht bottom are not invariably exactly alike. The (d) in each side being found, and the mean value used as the true (d), the rule I would then suggest to employ, as having the same tendency as Mr. Hyslop's, but being far simpler for designers to work

to, is: Linear rating = $\frac{L + \sqrt{S}}{d}$ divided by a constant;

say 15. Applying this rule to Minerva, as shown in Dixon Kemp's "Yacht Architecture" and to a small fast cruiser by Linton Hope of 24 linear rating by the present Y. R. A. British rule (published in Yachtsman of May, 1901), we find:

	Minerva.	Linton Hope's Cruiser.
LWL	40.50	22.50
l at $\frac{1}{4}$ beam	27.25	17.90
	27.25	17.90
Divide by 3	95.00	58.30
L	31.67	19.43
\sqrt{S} , multiply	56.50	24.80
D , divide	2.90	1.30

Result 617.02 370.70
Divide by 15 and linear rating.... 41.14 24.71

In the "illustration" showing the sections "chargeable" under the Hyslop rule, the centerboard is shown with its board hoisted. Of course, this would give centerboard boats a tremendous advantage under the E tax of the formula, if such tax were continuous into negative quantities. It may be that this is a reason for the non-continuity of the rule, and for its limitations. If continuous and without limitations, the section chargeable for centerboards would evidently in all fairness have to include the draft when board is dropped to full extent, and if this were done, the proviso as to the board's specific gravity and all restriction of the kind could be omitted.

As one of your correspondents very truly pointed out quite recently, a rating rule should not require any additional restrictions. It should be automatic, and the type evolved from its action should be untrammelled by anything outside the rule.

Speaking generally, the great defects of Mr. Hyslop's rule are the introduction of limitations, converting it into a restriction rule rather than a rating rule, but the tendency of the rule so far as one can foresee at present appears to be healthy, and it certainly compares favorably in this respect with the wretched production of the British Y. R. A.—a rating rule that destroys the seaworthiness of all small yachts built to fit it.

Poor little boats!
It cuts off their keels with a Y. R. A. knife,
"You never saw such a thing in your life,"
The Y. R. A. Council has caused all the strife;
Poor little yachts!

Reverting to the rating rule which I have suggested, viz.:

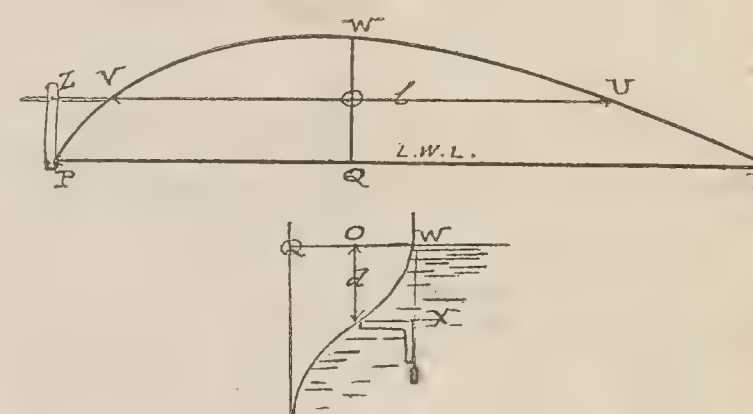
$$L R = \frac{L + \sqrt{S}}{15 d}.$$

It can, of course, be used in the plus and minus form, when it may be expressed thus:

$$L R = L + \sqrt{S} - 15d$$

Examples.	Minerva.	Linton Hope's Cruiser.
LWL	40.50	22.50
$2 l$	54.50	35.80
L	31.67	19.43
\sqrt{S} , add	56.50	24.80
15 d , deduct	88.17	44.23
	43.50	19.50
Linear rating	44.67	24.73

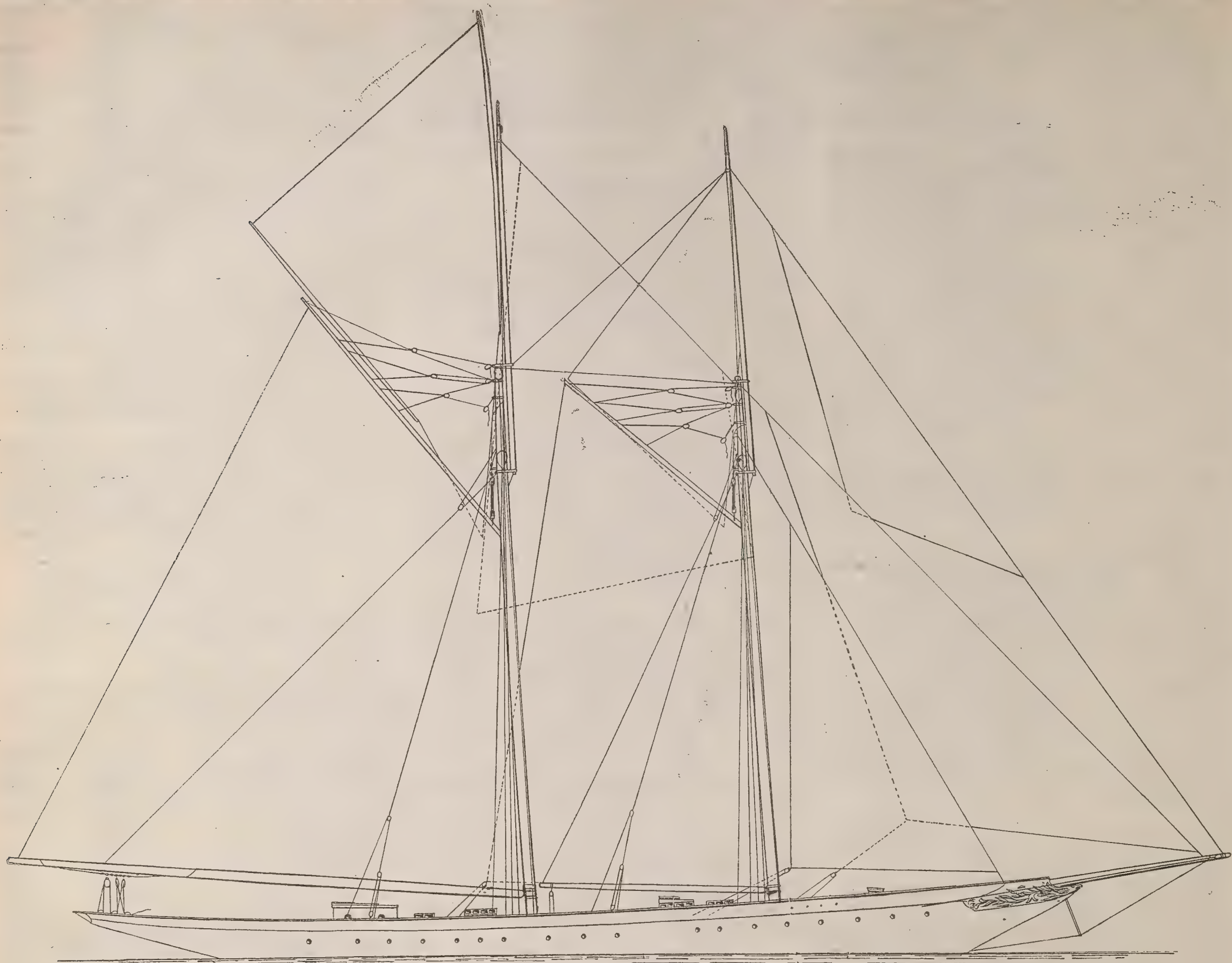
A rough sketch of the waterline plane is given on Figs. 1 and 2, showing the positions of l and d . PQR is the central length of WL plane; RQ is 0.6 LWL measured from the fore end R .



Both d and l should be measured on the port and on the starboard side, as the two sides of a yacht always differ a little, and sometimes a good deal. d can be found by using a heavy plumb line from W , and a square with its horizontal leg equal in length to OW . The measurement WX (Fig. 2) then gives d . This measurement must be taken when the yacht is ashore, and standing as nearly upright as possible. d must be taken both on the port and starboard side, and the mean value adopted. I can be found by using a square adjusted so that $ZP=OQ$ or OW . Then ZV and ZU , similarly found at the fore end, added together and deducted from the LWL, will give l . This measurement can be taken either afloat or ashore, the latter preferred, in which case the waterline must previously be carefully marked on the hull from P to and slightly beyond V , and from R to and slightly beyond U .

No difficulty can possibly arise in making these measurements, d and l , and no one can deny that the rating formula connected with them, whether the multiplying form or the plus and minus form be used, is far simpler than any of the rating rules now in vogue. I still think that a premium on displacement by a similar rating rule as I have already described in your columns is superior to a premium on depth at quarter beam—but so few racing men like the idea of weighing their yachts for a rating rule [N. B.—the German Emperor is a brilliant exception, as H. I. M. has adopted the principle in connection with his small restricted classes for the coming season], that it seems necessary to bring to their notice the substitution of depth at quarter beam of MSS.

The only fear is the possibility of such a rule again encouraging the type of narrow and deep hulls. But I remember the remark once made to me by one of our first designers, that he had no fear of the plank on edge type being again successfully employed as a racing yacht. If this be a correct view, as it probably is, the employment of depth of immersed MSS at one-quarter beam may be employed in a rating formula without misgiving, and it



METEOR—SAIL PLAN—DESIGNED BY A. CARY SMITH & BARBEY FOR THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

certainly forms a very convenient dimension for the designer to manipulate in his draughtsman's office.

Of late there has been a marked tendency to elaborate rating rules until they become a nuisance by their complications and intricacies. Depend upon it, that the simpler a rating rule can be made the better will it be for all concerned in the sport of racing yachts. For this reason I should almost prefer a simple length of hull rating, L being found as herein suggested, viz., L (LWL+21), L being waterline length at one-quarter beam—and an allotment of sail area in accordance with the yacht's displacement. THALASSA.

German Emperor's New Schooner.

The Launching.

METEOR III., the German Emperor's new schooner yacht, was launched on Tuesday, Feb. 25, from the yard of the builders at Shooter's Island. The occasion was a brilliant one, and the affair was a great success.

Several thousand persons occupied the special stands built for them at the yard, and the Staten Island shore was lined with spectators. The launching took place at 10:30 A. M., and Prince Henry and President Roosevelt arrived with the official party about a quarter of an hour before that time. As the Prince and the President came ashore from the boat that had brought them to the island, a salute of twenty-one guns was fired. The Prince wore the uniform of a German admiral.

As the official party passed through the lines of Naval Reserves from where they landed to the shed where the yacht was, they were greeted with hearty cheers.

A grand stand had been built under Meteor's bows for those who were directly interested in the launching. On the platform were Prince Henry, President and Mrs. Roosevelt, Miss Alice Roosevelt, Secretary and Mrs. Root, Baron von Holleben, Admiral von Baudissin, Rear-Admiral Evans, Adjutant-General Corbin and A. Cary Smith, the designer of the yacht. On board Meteor, in addition to the workmen, were Captains Ben and Dan Parker, Lieut. R. H. Parmley, U. S. N., and Capt. Berthold.

Hanging at the port bow of the yacht was a bottle of champagne, covered with a silver net work. On the neck of the bottle was tied the German colors, and the bottle also bore the German coat of arms, as well as the coat of arms of the United States.

Shortly after 10:30 a whistle was blown, and the workmen began driving in the wedges and knocking out the shores under the vessel's bottom, leaving only the two dog shores.

At a signal from Mr. Downey, one of the builders of

the yacht, Miss Roosevelt stepped forward and grasped the bottle of champagne. "In the name of the German Emperor I christen this yacht Meteor," said Miss Roosevelt, and swung the bottle against the yacht's bow with a sharp blow. Miss Roosevelt then took a silver hatchet and severed the line in the box on the platform, which released two wire ropes that held heavy weights, allowing them to fall on the dog shores. The yacht began to move at once. In a moment there was an uproar, the whistles on vessels, guns booming and every one cheering, made a great racket. As the yacht slid down the ways two short masts were raised on her. On the fore was an American flag, and a German flag flew at the main, surmounted by the Emperor's racing flag. Over the taffrail hung another American flag. A tow boat brought the yacht back to one of the docks.

While the yacht moved down the ways the Prince and his staff stood at salute, while the President and his associates stood with hats off.

After congratulations had been offered all around, the President, the Prince and Miss Roosevelt were roundly cheered. After the yacht went overboard Prince Henry sent a cable to his brother, the Emperor, notifying him of the successful launching.

A luncheon was served in the mould loft, which was decorated with bunting, after the launching. The Prince, the President and Miss Roosevelt drank each other's health. The spectators distinguished themselves by fighting for the souvenir plates that were given away.

After a short stay the President, his royal guest and the official party were taken aboard the royal yacht Hohenzollern, where the Prince entertained them at luncheon.

Description of the Yacht.

From the time the German Emperor purchased Thistle, the unsuccessful America's Cup challenger of 1887, he has been much devoted to yachting. Thistle's name was changed to Meteor when he became her owner. Meteor II., the Emperor's next yacht, also came from the board of Mr. Geo. L. Watson. She was a composite vessel, and was quite successful in the English and German regattas. From Meteor II., a racing craft, although a wonderfully fine sea boat, the Emperor's next venture in the way of a yacht was to the very wholesome cruising schooner Yampa. This yacht had been used more or less abroad and was greatly admired by the German Emperor, and finally came into his possession, and her name was changed to Iduna. Yampa was designed by Mr. A. Cary Smith, and proved herself to be such a fine vessel in every particular that her royal owner was prompted to order a larger yacht from the same designer. Mr. A. Cary Smith is one of the most practical of the American yacht designers, and his productions have earned for

him a well-deserved reputation for turning out cruising and racing yachts.

Mr. Smith has embodied all the good points of Lasca, Yampa and Genesee in Meteor III.'s design, and his experience in turning out cruising vessels from 80 to 110ft. waterline length has stood him in good stead in this instance, and Meteor III. will undoubtedly prove a splendid boat in every particular.

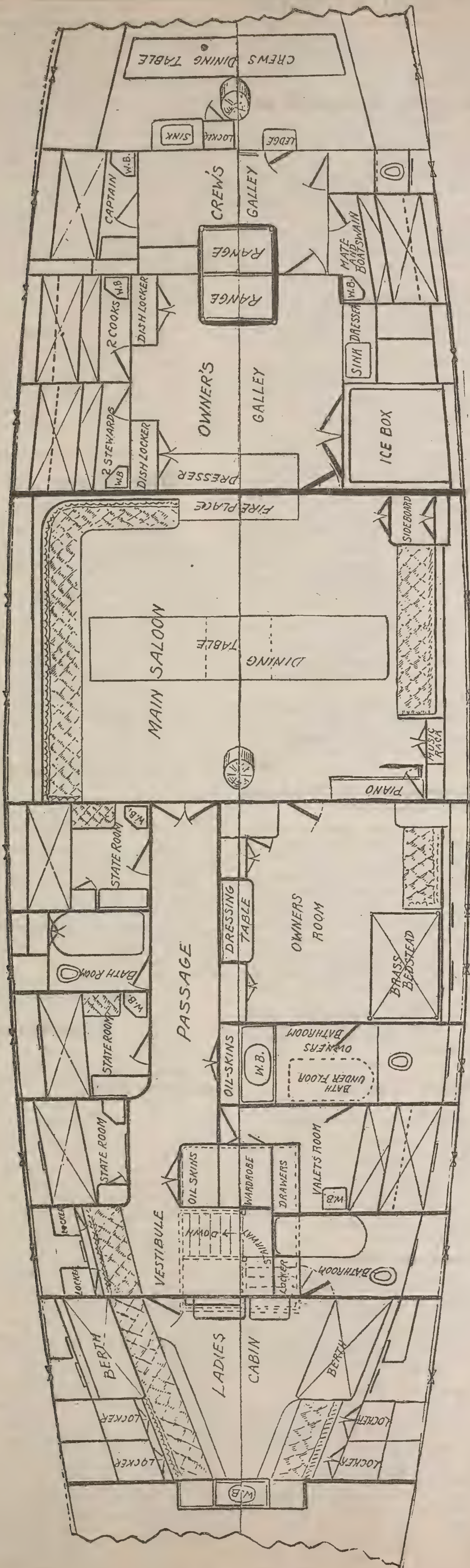
Her dimensions are as follows:

Length—	
Over all	161ft. oin.
L.W.L.	120ft. oin.
Overhang—	
Forward	18ft. oin.
Aft	23ft. oin.
Freeboard to Top of Rail—	
Forward	12ft. oin.
Aft	8ft. oin.
Least	6ft. oin.
Breadth	27ft. oin.
Draft	15ft. oin.
Depth of hold	18ft. 8in.
Displacement	315 tons
Ballast, lead	120 tons

All extreme features have been eliminated from the yacht's design. Her overhangs are of moderate length and are rather fine. From the heel of the stern post, which rakes at an angle of 33 degrees, the keel runs along almost straight for about 50ft.; from there up to the turn of the forefoot there is an almost continuous sweep, and from the forefoot on the line runs above water to a clipper bow. At the end of the stem just under the bowsprit is a figurehead which represents an eagle's head, which measures 18in. in diameter. The head and feathers will be in relief, while the scroll will be cut in. The S section is rather full below, with a sharp floor and easy bilge. The boat is beautifully fair throughout. The forward waterlines show considerable hollow, a rather unusual feature in these days. The freeboard is liberal and there is a bulwark 2ft. 4in. high. One is impressed by the boat as being an exceptionally fine and well-turned vessel in every way. The graceful sheer, well-balanced ends and the high side all tend to give the yacht a very shippy appearance.

Meteor is constructed of steel. The frames are steel angles 2in. by 3in. and the plating is of the in and out pattern. The lead ballast is run in the trough keel. The rail, hatches, companionways, waterways and in fact all the deck fittings are of teak. The capstans, winches, etc., will be of bronze. The windlass is of the vertical type, and was made especially for the yacht by the American Ship Windlass Co., of Providence, R. I.

The steering gear was made by the Edson Manufacturing Co., of Boston, and was constructed with the great-



METEOR-CABIN PLAN. DESIGNED BY A. CARY SMITH & BARBEY FOR THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

est care. The screw of the gear is placed over the center of the rudder post, one-half of the screw being forward of the post and one-half aft of it. The ball-bearing supports for the rudder post rest on thirty-two steel balls, running on steel plates, provision being made for the strain on the rudder pintles. The wheel itself is 54in. in diameter, and is made of rosewood, and has ten spokes. On the king spoke there is a miniature German crown made of silver. It takes five and one-half turns of the wheel to put the rudder from hard up to hard down.

The sail plan was laid out with great care, and the vessel was given sufficient sail to drive her at a good rate of speed, still she is in no way oversparred. The Boston sailmakers, Messrs. Wilon & Silbee, are making the suit, which will be used on the passage across, while Messrs. Ratsey & Lapthorne are making the sails that she will use on the other side. The sail area, measured under the New York Y. C.'s rules, is just under 12,000 sq. ft.

The following figures give the area of sails and dimensions of spars:

Sail Area—	
Mainsail	4,048 sq. ft.
Foresail	2,450 sq. ft.
Staysail	896 sq. ft.
Jib	1,470 sq. ft.

Total area lower sails (actual)..... 8,864 sq. ft.

Foremast (20in. in diameter)—	
From forward end of L.W.L.....	29ft.
Deck to cap	84ft.
Fore topmast	57ft.
Masthead	15ft.
Foreboom	36ft.
Foregaff	36ft.

Mainmast (21in. in diameter)—	
From forward end of L.W.L.....	68ft.
Deck to cap.....	89ft.
Main topmast	59ft.
Masthead	17ft.
Main boom	82ft.
Main gaff	49ft.
Bowsprit—Outboard	24ft.

Meteor's great length, liberal breadth and high free-board give an unusually large amount of room below decks. The cabins are reached from a small steel deck house aft, which is covered with teak. This house is arranged very much the same as was the one on Genesee, and serves as a shelter in bad weather, and gives ample room to get up and down the companionway stairs at any time. The windows in this house are placed high enough so that a clear view is obtained over the rail.

Arriving at the foot of the companionway steps one reaches a sort of vestibule or steerage, in which is located a wide sofa, back of which are lockers. Aft of the steerage is the ladies' cabin, which is 11ft. long and runs the full width of the yacht. This cabin is very large and is lighted by a skylight overhead and port holes in the sides. On each side is a wide berth and comfortable transoms. On each side aft are roomy lockers, and, set in the after bulkhead, is a wash basin and closet for bottles, etc. Forward of, and connecting with the ladies' cabin on the starboard side, is a bathroom 5ft. long and 9ft. wide, and there is a porcelain tub and a patent closet.

Forward of the steerage, or vestibule, on the port side, is a stateroom 6ft. 6in. long, with a wide berth, wash basin, hanging locker, etc. Still forward is another stateroom of larger size, fitted up very much the same as the one just mentioned. Forward of this room is a bath room 5ft. wide, and forward of the bathroom is another stateroom of good size, fitted with bureau, locker, transom and wash basin.

Opposite these rooms on the starboard side is a valet's room, which contains unusually large wardrobes, hanging lockers and drawers. Between the valet's room and the owner's cabin is a roomy bathroom, equipped with a large porcelain tub, set marble basin and closet. The owner's cabin is about 13ft. square; here there will be a brass bedstead, wide sofas, writing and dressing tables, hanging lockers; in fact, everything possible to make the room complete.

In the passageway leading from the steerage forward to the main saloon there are lockers for oilskins, etc. Charts, navigating instruments, etc., are kept in the lockers in the steerage.

The main saloon, which is just forward of the owner's room, is 18ft. long and extends the full width of the yacht. On each side are wide sofas. In the center of the room is an extension table, which will seat twenty-four people. In the center of the forward bulkhead is a fireplace. In addition to the usual sideboards, lockers, etc., there is an upright piano. The mainmast cuts through the after end of the main saloon.

Separated from the main saloon by a heavy bulkhead is the owner's galley, which is 13ft. long, on the port side of which are two staterooms. Two stewards will occupy one of these rooms, and two cooks the other. On the starboard side of the galley is a very large ice box and a sink with drainer, back of which are lockers. On the after bulkhead is a dresser and serving table, while the range is opposite, backing against the forward bulkhead. Forward of the owner's galley is the crew's galley, in which the food for the officers and crew will be prepared. On the port side of the crew's galley is the captain's cabin, while on the port side is a room for the mate and boatswain, and the officers' water closet.

Forward of the crew's galley is the forecabin and mess room. The forecabin has accommodations for twenty men. In the forepeak is the crew's water closet and lockers for boatswain's stores.

All the quarters of the vessel are unusually well ventilated, almost all the cabins having skylights overhead. The ventilators used on the yacht are of the mushroom pattern, and were made after the Emperor's own ideas.

The cabins will be finished by Messrs. Waring & Co., an English firm, after the yacht arrives at Southampton. The interior work will be quite simple, the general scheme being to paint most all the woodwork an ivory white, and have the doors and some of the trim of mahogany.

Meteor will carry three boats on the davits. A launch 26ft. long, which is being constructed by the Gas Engine and Power Co. and the Chas. L. Seabury Co., at Morris Heights, N. Y.; a gig 26ft. long, and a 14ft. market boat; the latter two boats are being built by the Spalding

St. Lawrence Boat Co. at Ogdensbury, N. Y. All three of the boats are of mahogany.

Meteor will be in command of Messrs. Ben and Dan Parker, the well-known English yacht skippers. Their crew will be made up of twenty men, taken from the Emperor's racing yawl Meteor.

Our Boston Letter.

BOSTON, March 3.—Boston is to send another boat to compete in the trial races of the Bridgeport Y. C. to select a challenger for the Seawanhaka cup. This boat will be owned and raced by a syndicate of Boston yachtsmen. She will be built by some Massachusetts man. The designer of the new candidate is W. Starling Burgess. She will be of the usual scow type which is employed in races for this cup. Her dimensions have not yet been fully decided upon, but it is very likely that her overhangs will not be abnormally long. Burgess is one of the youngest designers in the business, and it will mean much to him if he is successful in this latest venture. He has started in the business at a time when skimming dish racers are not so prevalent as they were ten or fifteen years ago. He is, however, a great student and has much valuable data which will help him out. Although he has not had a chance at the Seawanhaka cup before, or even the Quincy cup, this will not be his first venture in the line of turning out a "sled." Last year he turned out a 15ft. scow with extreme overhangs, which got the best of everything she went up against. He has turned out another of the same type this winter, which he expects to be much faster. But the conditions governing the construction of boats to compete for the Seawanhaka cup are so peculiar that the designing of boats which will prove winners is one of the hardest yacht designing nuts to crack that has yet confronted the talent. They are quite a little different from the usual scow boat of the East, and the designer has to govern himself accordingly. Burgess will carefully study his subject before he draws a line, and when he gets all the information he wants there is no doubt that he will turn out a fast one.

The Boston Y. C. is another of the early birds in getting ready its racing programme for the coming season, and this year it has a very fine one. The programme, as arranged so far, was announced by the regatta committee last week. The first event will be a club cruise. As June 17, Bunker Hill day, falls on Tuesday, an opportunity is offered for a cruise of four days and the regatta committee was quick to perceive its value. By this means the boats of the club, new and old, will be gathered together sooner and the club will benefit by it. The last run on this cruise will be from Marblehead to Hull, on June 17, where the racing boats of the fleet will enter the Y. R. A. open races of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. The establishment of a station at Marblehead is already proving to be valuable to the club. Since the annual meeting many candidates have been proposed for membership, most of whom are boat owners. This club will show an enrollment of more Y. R. A. boats at the opening of the season than any other club in Massachusetts Bay. The following is the programme so far arranged by the regatta committee for the coming season:

June 14, Saturday.—Beginning of club cruise; racing run, Marblehead, City Point to Marblehead.

June 15, Sunday.—Racing run, Marblehead to Gloucester.

June 16, Monday.—Racing run, Gloucester to Marblehead.

June 17, Tuesday.—Racing run, Marblehead to Hull.

June 28, Saturday.—Y. R. A. open, City Point.

July 28, Monday.—Y. R. A. open, Marblehead.

July 29, Tuesday.—Y. R. A. open, Marblehead.

Sept. 6, Saturday.—Club races for cups presented by Com. B. P. Cheney.

At a special meeting of the Beverly Y. C., held at the office of Com. Geo. H. Richards, last Wednesday, it was voted to abolish time allowance in the regular races of the club, including championship races. In all other events the matter of time allowance is left to the discretion of the regatta committee. This action was not unexpected, and, as a matter of fact, the regular classes of the club have been racing without time allowance for some time. This is a feature which is growing stronger in Massachusetts Bay, and it now seems only a matter of time when all of the racing classes will race without time allowance. At the time that the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts formed the present restricted classes and abolished time allowance, there were many who objected very strongly, but it has turned out that the officers of the association who drew up the rules were looking well ahead and had foreseen that racing boats up to the waterline limits of the various classes, without time allowance, would sooner or later be the rule. The Corinthian Y. C., which has been opposed to the association, has been racing its classes without time allowance, except where handicap classes were provided; and it is likely that it will continue this feature in connection with the Y. R. A. 25ft. and 21ft. classes, and the 18ft. knockabouts, which it has adopted.

The work of plating is progressing at Lawley's on the bronze 60-rater, designed by Gardner and Cox for Mr. H. F. Lippitt. The east shop is full of boats in various stages of construction, and the west shop will be filled before the season opens.

Crosby, of Osterville, has built a 21ft. cat for Mr. Alfred McKessen, of Woods Hole; a 17ft. cat for Dr. Gorham Bacon; a 23ft. cat for E. W. Swett, of Boston; a 21ft. knockabout and a 24ft. knockabout for Mr. George W. Brown, of Boston.

Howard Linnell, of Savin Hill, is building two 18ft. knockabouts, one for C. C. Clapp, designed by Fred Lawley, and the other for Goodspeed Bros., designed by Crowninshield. He is also at work on the Y. R. A. 21-footer designed by Jefferson Borden for J. E. Robinson, of the Savin Hill Y. C. He has built a 19ft. auxiliary cat for N. Silsbee, Jr., which will carry a three horse-power motor. He has built two 18ft. gasoline launches, and another will soon be set up. Repairs have been made on the yachts Marguerite and Wideawake. There are about 60 boats hauled out in the yard.

Jensen, at the Cape Ann yacht yard, is to build a 21-footer for Mr. George R. Peare, of the Columbia Y. C., of Chicago. She will race in the M. R. Y. A. class that has been recently adopted on Lake Michigan. Jensen

designed this boat. He has nearly completed the Y. R. A. 21-footer designed by Crowninshield for Richard Hutchinson, of Boston.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Another Race Between Shamrock II. and Columbia?

MR. C. V. POST, of Battle Creek, Mich., sent the following letter to Sir Thomas Lipton:

Fifth Avenue Hotel, Madison Square, New York, Jan. 31, 1902.—Sir Thomas Lipton, London, England. Dear Sir: A feeling exists in America that the barrier which prevents the removal of the yacht Cup is to be found in the Yankee yachtsman, and not in the yacht itself.

To demonstrate the facts, I beg to place before you the following proposition: I will charter Shamrock II. (if it meets with your wishes), paying therefor \$10,000, or such sum as is a proper charter price for the yacht in condition, and man her with an American crew, you to man Columbia with a crew from Great Britain, and during the coming season test the relative merits of the men under these changed conditions, the final details subject to careful consideration and approval. I will provide a suitable cup to be contested for, and hereafter known as the Yachtsman's cup.

With renewed assurances of the high esteem in which you are held by all Americans, I beg to subscribe myself, very respectfully,

C. V. POST.

Sir Thomas Lipton's reply, dated Feb. 18, is as follows: My Dear Sir: I have to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 31st. ult., conveying your offer to charter Shamrock II. for \$10,000 during the coming season, and to give a presentation cup for competition by Shamrock II. and Columbia, Shamrock II. to be manned by an American skipper and crew, and Columbia to be manned by a British skipper and crew provided by myself.

In the first place, I do not know whether or not Columbia will be in commission this season, but if so, it would, in my opinion, be a far better test to race Shamrock II. against Columbia with the latter vessel's own skipper and crew of Americans, and if you wish to do this, I will not accept a charter of Shamrock II., as you so kindly offer, but I will let you have the use of her during the coming season without charge, on condition that you fit her out in racing trim and pay all expenses for the racing season.

I do not wish to discourage you, but I feel certain that Columbia would lick you. I am yours faithfully,

THOMAS J. LIPTON.

Mr. Post has signified his willingness to send a representative to London to arrange the details of such a race as mentioned in the letters.

It is doubtful if Mr. J. P. Morgan, the owner of Columbia, would consent to the boat being raced under any such arrangement. Capt. Charlie Barr has already been engaged by Mr. August Belmont to sail Mineola next season, so that it is not probable that his services could be secured.

The Handling of Algonquin in the Seawanhaka Trial Races in 1899.

In our last issue a statement was made to the effect that Algonquin, the boat representing the Bridgeport Y. C. at the Seawanhaka trial races at Oyster Bay, in 1899, did not win out on account of being poorly handled.

Mr. Thomas H. Macdonald, the owner of the boat, has kindly called our attention to the fact that this was incorrect. We find in looking further into the matter, that the reason the boat did not do better was owing to her poor windward qualities, and not to poor handling. We are very glad to state the facts as they existed, because of the general impression that the boat lost on account of bad management. In justice to Mr. Herbert Jennings, her helmsman, who is rated as one of the cleverest amateurs on the Sound, it should be said that he certainly got the best there was out of her.

While Algonquin was strong in reaching and running, she was so deficient in windward qualities that what she gained over Constance with started sheets she soon lost when hauled on the wind.

Western Yachts.

Milwaukee Accepts Chicago Y. C. Invitation.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 1.—Milwaukee Y. C. yesterday accepted the invitation to join Chicago Y. C. at its annual regatta, July 4, and it is announced that at least ten boats will come down from the Cream City to meet the Chicago fleet on the national day. This group will be headed by Com. Vilas' Thistle. The invitation of Chicago Y. C. was accepted by the Milwaukee boys just in time to shut out the invitation of the Columbia Y. C., extended for the same regatta date.

Seawanhaka Cup Challenger.

The rumor, not an unusual one, by the way, comes up again this year that a Western boat will appear at Bridgeport in the Seawanhaka trials. Jones and Laborde, of Oshkosh, are reported to be designing a challenger, and there is a deep, dark and mysterious hint out to the effect that yet another boat will go from Chicago. In point of view of earlier rumors of this sort, it is safest to say in regard to the present one that we shall see what we shall see.

Chicago Y. C. Type.

Chicago Y. C. is to have a boat after its own design. Messrs. John B. Berriman and Ed. Rosing are at work on a design for a 25-footer fin-keel. It is said that six of these boats will be built this spring.

E. HOUGH.

Yacht Club Notes.

The Rhode Island Y. C. have elected the following officers to serve during the ensuing year: Com., Frank F. Olney; Vice-Com., Dr. W. P. Church; Rear Com., James E. Dawson; Sec., Charles G. Easton; Treas., Jesse B. Sweet, Jr.; Race Committee, H. A. Grimwood, Jr., E. C. Law, E. A. Robinson, W. F. Boon, D. W. Reeves, Jr.; Committee on Admissions, Ernest L. Fuller, Gustav Taylor, Walter R. Taft, Nathan B. Horton, Henry A.

Monroe, Charles E. Holmes, Samuel Whiteley, E. M. Clarke and Charles J. Davol.

The annual meeting of the Excelsior Y. C. was held at its club house in Brooklyn on Thursday evening, Feb. 27, and the following officers were elected: Com., Lewis Lawson; Vice Com., Olaf Harrison; Rear Com., Frank Boyck; Treas., George W. Daniels; Finan. Sec'y, William R. Murray; Record. Sec'y, John M. Russell; Meas., Richard Stapleton; Surgeon, Dr. Thomas Johnson. Trustees: R. Heinke, L. Lawson, E. De Vos, A. Jarroch and Thomas Johnson.

The annual meeting of the San Francisco Y. C. was held on Wednesday, Feb. 12, and the following officers were elected: Com., R. S. Bridgman; Vice-Com., A. C. Lee; Sec., W. M. Edgell; Finan. Sec., A. G. A. Mueller; Treas., R. M. Welch; Port Captain, F. A. Robbins; Meas., A. L. Dennison.

The club now has 130 members.

The boat being built from Mr. B. B. Crowninshield's design for the club syndicate has been completed.

At the annual meeting of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., of Montreal, held on Feb. 3, the following officers were elected: Hon. Coms., the Right Hon. Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal and Mr. James Ross; Com., the Hon. Mr. Justice Davidson; Vice-Com., Mr. Wm. C. Finlay; Rear-Com., Mr. Wm. A. Angus; Hon. Sec'y, Mr. J. J. Riley, Jr.; Measurers, Prof. R. J. Durley, Fred L. Barlow, Fred P. Sherwood.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Knickerbocker Athletic Club Tournament.

New York, Feb. 28.—A shooting tournament will be held in the theater of the Knickerbocker Athletic Club on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, March 12, 13, and 14, from 1 until 10 o'clock, which will be open to all. There will be a revolver match at a distance of 20yds., on the Standard American target, with a bullseye 2 1/4 in. in diameter; entries, unlimited, 50 cents each; targets of three for \$1, if taken at one time. Six shots on a target; five targets to count for prizes; five prizes; any revolver with barrel not over 8 in. in length, with open sights in front of hammer, and trigger pull of not less than 2 1/2 lbs. Ammunition must be loaded with smokeless powder and a gallery load. Contestants may furnish their own ammunition, which must be approved by the shooting committee of the Knickerbocker Athletic Club.

There will also be a pistol match at the same distance under the same conditions, open to any .22cal. single shot pistol whose barrel is not over 10 in. in length with plain open sights in front of the hammer and with a trigger pull not less than 2 lbs. Ammunition must be loaded with smokeless powder and submitted to the shooting committee of the Knickerbocker Athletic Club for approval. Revolvers and pistols, as well as ammunition, can be procured at the range.

At this same meeting the Indoor Pistol and Revolver championships of the United States Revolver Association will be held under the rules of this Association, the distance and targets being the same as in the previous matches, 50 consecutive shots in an hour or less, entrance fee \$5, no re-entry. First prize, the championship cup, to be held by the winner for one year, and a gold medal; second prize, a silver medal; third prize, a bronze medal.

There will be six ranges, so that ample facilities will be afforded contestants, while the seats for the accommodation of spectators being arranged in tiers will permit an unobstructed view of the match.

This departure of the Knickerbocker Athletic Club from the limits which are usually supposed to encompass athletics is by no means recent, a series of revolver matches having been shot by its members some years ago with a team representing the Boston Athletic Association; but this is the first time that arrangements have been made to conduct a shooting match on so extensive a scale, except when held in connection with the Sportsmen's Association.

The arrangements of the shooting galleries of Paris have long been admired by the Americans who have visited them, and the present match will afford those who are interested in this fascinating pastime an opportunity for taking part in it under conditions which will be much more favorable than have yet been offered in this country.

A. M. LEMERCIER,
Chairman Shooting Committee, K. A. C.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

March 6.—Newark, N. J.—Smith Brothers' annual sportsmen's live-bird handicap, on East Side shooting grounds, Ferry and Foundry streets.

March 6.—Omaha, Neb.—Contest at 100 live birds for Hazard trophy between C. W. Budd, holder, and Russell Klein, challenger, at 2 P. M.

March 8.—Fairview, N. J.—Open target shoot of the Fairview Gun Club.

March 8.—Carlstadt, N. J.—Invitation shoot of the Carlstadt Gun Club.

March 12-13.—Junction City, Kans.—Tournament of the Junction City Gun Club.

March 15.—Armonk, N. Y.—Postponed tournament of the Westchester County Shooting League. H. T. Wayne, Sec'y.

March 17.—Cresson, Pa.—Third annual live-bird handicap of the Cresson Gun Club. A. B. Earhart, Sec'y.

March 19-21.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Annual Grand Central Handicap tournament; first two days, targets; third day, 25 live birds, \$25 entrance. Bert A. Adams, Sec'y.

March 23.—Brooklyn, L. I.—Club shoot of Fulton Gun Club; cup event, handicap.

March 31-April 5.—Blue River Park, Kansas City, Mo.—Grand American Handicap at live birds, Ed Banks, Sec'y, 318 Broadway, New York.

April 8-11.—Olathe, Kan.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament.

April 10.—Marjatta, O.—One-day target tournament of the Columbian Gun Club. Chas. Bailey, Sec'y.

April 15-17.—Asheville, N. C.—Target tournament given by Col. E. P. McKissick.

April 15-17.—St. Joseph, Mo.—Missouri State Amateur Shooting Association's annual tournament. F. B. Cunningham, Sec'y.

April 19.—Haverhill, Mass.—Patriots' Day shoot of the Haverhill Gun Club.

April 22-25.—Omaha, Neb.—Nebraska State shoot. H. S. McDonald, Sec'y.

April 29-30.—Greenville, O.—Annual tournament of the Greenville Gun Club. H. A. McCaughey, Sec'y.

April 30.—Wellington, Mass.—Third annual team shoot of the Boston Gun Club. Horace C. Kirkwood, Sec'y.

May 6-9.—Interstate Park, L. I.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap at Targets. Edward Banks, Sec'y; Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.

May 13-14.—Enid, Oklahoma Territory.—Oklahoma Territorial Sportsmen's Association tournament.

May 13-16.—Oil City, Pa.—Annual meeting of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. F. S. Bates, Cor. Sec'y.

May 14-16.—Charleston, S. C.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Charleston-Palmetto Gun Club. W. G. Jeffords, Jr., Sec'y.

May 15.—Sherbrooke, P. Q.—Sherbrooke Gun Club's inanimate target tournament. C. H. Foss, Sec'y.

May 20-22.—Ottumwa, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's tournament.

May 20-22.—Elwood, Ind.—Annual tournament of the Zoo Rod and Gun Club, of Elwood, Ind.

May 20-22.—Wheeling, W. Va.—Fifth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association; added money and prizes. John B. Garden, Sec'y, Wheeling, W. Va.

May 20-23.—New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association.

May 21-22.—Baltimore, Md.—Maryland county shoot for amateurs.

May 21-23.—Springfield, S. D.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association tournament.

May 26-31.—Lincoln, Neb.—Grand Interstate tournament; three days shooting; three days golf; three days tennis. H. C. Young, Manager.

May 30.—Schenectady, N. Y.—Spring tournament of the Schenectady Gun Club. E. L. Aiken, Sec'y.

May 30.—Ossining, N. Y.—Holiday shoot of the Westchester County Trapshooters' League. J. Curry Barlow, Sec'y.

May 30-31.—Union City, Ind.—Spring tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club. O. E. Fouts, Sec'y.

June 3-5.—Cleveland, O.—Tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League, under the auspices of the Cleveland Gun Co.

June 4-6.—Memphis, Tenn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Memphis Gun Club.

June 9-13.—Rochester, N. Y.—Forty-fourth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game.

June 10-11.—Sioux City, Ia.—Eighth annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.

June 10-11.—Muncie, Ind.—Indiana Trapshooters' League's annual tournament.

June 17-20.—Warm Springs, Ga.—Annual Interstate tournament.

June 18-19.—Bellefontaine, O.—Silver Lake Gun Club's annual tournament. Geo. E. Maison, Sec'y.

June 25-26.—Raleigh, N. C.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Raleigh Gun Club. Jas. I. Johnson, Sec'y.

July 16-18.—Titusville, Pa.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Titusville Gun Club. T. L. Andrews, Sec'y.

Aug. 6-7.—Marietta, O.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Columbian Gun Club. Chas. Bailey, Sec'y.

Aug. 13-14.—Brunswick, Me.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Brunswick Gun Club. L. C. Whitmore, Sec'y.

Aug. 27-28.—Haverhill, Mass.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Haverhill Gun Club. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.

Sept. 3-4.—Nappanee, Ind.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Nappanee Gun Club. B. B. Maust, Sec'y.

Sept. 24-25.—Lewistown, Ill.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Lewistown Gun Club. H. H. McCumber, Sec'y.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot, every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifth-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

First Saturday of each month for a year, Burnside.—Contest for the Troisdorf live-bird and target medals; 10 live birds; 25 targets; open to all. First contest, March 1.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

March 13.—Interstate Park.—Target shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club. J. S. Wright, Manager.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed footing grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

The Interstate Association Trapshooting Rules.

Targets and Live Birds.

DEFINITION OF TERMS.

Broken Target.—A broken target is one which has at least a visible piece or pieces broken from it, or which is completely reduced to dust, or which has a visible section broken from it, even though such section be broken into dust by the contestant's shot.

Dusted Target.—A dusted target is one from which more or less dust is knocked by the contestant's shot, but which shows no visible diminution in size therefrom. A dusted target is not a broken target.

Duly Notified.—A contestant is duly notified to compete when his name is called out by the referee, scorer or other person authorized to do so by the management. If a squad hustler is furnished, it is a matter of courtesy only, and does not in the least relieve the contestant from responsibility. It is the duty of each and every contestant to be promptly on hand, to compete when called to do so. Failing therein, each contestant is responsible for his acts of negligence.

Pull.—Besides being a command to the puller, the command "Pull" is a declaration by the contestant that he is in the competition, and thereafter he must abide by the result.

Balk.—Any occurrence, not chargeable to the contestant, which directly and materially interferes with him and the equity of the competition after he calls "Pull," constitutes a balk, if it deters him from shooting or if it incidentally interferes with him when he actually shoots; but if he shoots after the balk occurs, he must abide by the result. The referee shall alone decide on a claim of balk, and the claim can be made only by the party directly interested. Misfires, a half-opened trap, etc., are considered as balks. A balk, when allowed, restores the contestant to a complete new inning.

Disqualification.—Disqualification carries with it a forfeiture of all entrance money and rights in the competition to which it relates.

Jarring Back.—Jarring back is a term which denotes that from the concussion of the first barrel the safety has been jarred back to safe. The slipping back is not infrequently caused by the thumb of the shooter, but whatever may be the cause, the contestant must abide by the result.

Walk Around.—Walk around denotes that, after shooting, each contestant walks to the next consecutive firing point to shoot again. After shooting at No. 5, the contestant next shoots at No. 1.

No Bird or No Target.—After the referee declares a "no bird" or a "no target," such bird or target is thereafter no part of the competition, and is irrelevant to it.

Widely Different Angle.—When a target varies more than thirty degrees either way, in shooting at known angles, it may be refused by the contestant, but he does so subject to the decision of the referee as to whether it was a legal angle or not.

Simultaneous Discharge.—A simultaneous discharge is one wherein both barrels are discharged together, or nearly together, from any cause.

Dead Bird.—A bird is scored as being dead if it is gathered legally; and legally is according to the requirements of the rules.

Lost Bird.—A bird is lost when it escapes beyond the boundary, even though it be killed.

Pivot Man.—In squads of six, the system of shooting is "walk around," and, five men at the firing points, the man in waiting is the pivot man. When No. 1 shoots, the pivot man takes his place at No. 1 firing point, and, each contestant moving to the next place, No. 5, after shooting thereafter, is the pivot man.

Inning.—The term "inning" denotes a contestant's time at the firing point, commencing with the call of "Pull" and ending accordingly, as specified in these rules.

Targets.

RULE 1.—THE MANAGEMENT.

Section 1. The management of the Interstate Association reserves the authority to reject any entry without giving any reason therefor, and to disqualify, in whole or in part, any contestant who acts ungentlemanly or disorderly, or who handles his gun dangerously.

Section 2. The management or its authorized representative shall appoint a referee or referees, or a referee and judges, and a scorer or scorers, and a trap puller or trap pullers, and such other assistants as it may deem to be necessary.

RULE 2.—THE REFEREE.

Besides attending to the special duties as set forth hereinafter, the referee shall adjudicate the competition. He shall distinctly announce the result of each shot by calling out "dead" or "broke"

when the target is broken, and "lost" when the target is unbroken. He shall decide all other issues which arise in relation to the direct competition. His decision in all cases shall be final.

RULE 3.—THE REFEREE AND JUDGES.

Whenever a referee and judges are appointed, the referee's sole duty shall be to decide any and all disagreements between the judges, and, pending the issue thereof and the referee's decision thereon, there shall be no competition. The judges shall assume the responsibilities and are vested with the authority set forth in Rule 2 concerning the referee, except that, in case of any disagreement between them, they shall forthwith submit it to the referee, and his decision thereon shall be final.

RULE 4.—THE SCORER.

The scorer shall keep an accurate record of each shot of each contestant. Accordingly as the referee calls "dead," "broke" or "lost," the scorer shall promptly respond with the call "dead," "broke" or "lost." He shall mark the figure 1 for "dead" or "broke," and a 0 cipher for "lost." The scorer's record of the competition so kept shall be the official score, and it shall govern all awards and records of such competition. When possible to do so, the scorer shall keep the scores on a blackboard, plainly placed in view of the contestants. He shall announce the total of each contestant's score at its close.

RULE 5.—THE PULLER.

Section 1. The puller shall have charge of springing the traps. He shall spring the trap or traps instantly in response to the contestant's call of "Pull."

Section 2. The puller shall have an unobstructed view of the contestants at the firing points.

Section 3. When a mechanical device is used to determine which trap shall be sprung, the puller shall be so placed and shall so act that any contestant at the firing point cannot know in advance which trap is to be sprung.

Section 4. The management may appoint an assistant puller to take charge of the mechanical device, and to require that the traps be sprung accordingly as determined by it.

Section 5. If the puller springs the traps so negligently or so irregularly as to impair the equity of the competition, the management may forthwith remove him.

RULE 6.—CONTESTANT.

Section 1. A contestant is prohibited from loading his gun at any time other than when he is at the firing point. In single target shooting, he shall place only one cartridge in his gun, and he shall open it and remove therefrom the cartridge or empty shell before turning from or leaving the firing point. Should any contestant willfully violate this section of this rule, or violate it after having been warned, the referee or the management may fine him from \$1 to \$5, or may disqualify him.

Section 2. When at the firing point, ready for competition, the contestant shall give distinctly the command "Pull" to the puller, and after giving such command, such contestant is unqualifiedly in the competition.

Section 3. All claims of error must be made before or immediately after the close of a score by the contestant, or the contestants, directly interested in it; otherwise any claim of error shall not be considered.

Section 4. A contestant may hold his gun in any position.

Section 5. A contestant must be at the firing point within three minutes after having been duly notified to contest; failing therein, he may be fined \$1 by the referee or the management, or may be disqualified. However, when so requested by a contestant, the referee may grant a reasonable delay to him.

Section 6. Shooting on the grounds in any place other than at the firing points is prohibited.

RULE 7.—CHALLENGE.

A contestant may challenge the load of any other contestant, under Section 2 of Rule 9. Such challenge must be in writing, and signed by the challenger, and must have \$5 forfeit posted therewith in the hands of the management. On receipt of such challenge, the management shall obtain a cartridge or cartridges from the challengee when he is at the firing point, and if, after public examination of the cartridge or cartridges so obtained, the management finds that the challengee was violating Section 2 of Rule 9, he may be disqualified or not, accordingly as the management deems the offense to have been willfully committed or otherwise. In case the challengee is wholly innocent of any violation of Section 2 of Rule 9, the \$5 forfeit shall be paid to him; otherwise it shall be returned to the challenger.

RULE 8.—TARGETS.

Section 1. If a contestant does not shoot in any of the instances herewith specified, the referee or judge shall declare a "no target," but if the contestant shoots, the result shall be scored, respectively.

(a) when the trap is sprung at a material interval of time before or after the call of "Pull";

(b) when the trap is sprung without any call of "Pull";

(c) when a target which should be thrown at a known angle is thrown at a widely different angle;

(d) when, in single target shooting, two targets are thrown at the same time;

(e) when, five known traps being used, a target is thrown from any trap other than the one which corresponds in number to that of the firing point at which stands the contestant whose turn it is to shoot.

Section 2. It is a "no target," and the referee shall allow another target or targets (b), respectively.

(a) when a contestant shoots out of turn;

(b) when in double shooting both barrels of the contestant's gun are discharged simultaneously.

(c) when two contestants, or when a contestant and a non-contestant, shoot at the same target;

(d) when there is a misfire of the contestant's gun or cartridge. A contestant who uses a gun or cartridge which has once misfired in the competition must abide by the results if he knowingly uses either in the competition thereafter;

(e) when a broken target is thrown. It is a "no target," whether hit or missed;

(f) when a contestant is balked.

(g) when there is any other reason not provided for in these rules, if, in the opinion of the referee, it materially affects the equity of the competition.

Section 3. In double-target shooting, if the contestant does not shoot, the referee shall allow him another pair when one target follows the other after a material interval of time, instead of taking flight simultaneously.

Section 4. In double-target shooting, the referee shall declare "no targets," whether the contestant shoots or not, respectively.

(a) when only one target is thrown;

(b) when both targets are broken by one shot;

(c) when one target is a piece or both targets are pieces.

Section 5. When, in double-target shooting, the contestant uses a magazine gun, it is "no targets," and the referee shall allow another pair, respectively.

(a) when, in the attempt to eject the empty shell, the head of it is pulled off, thereby leaving an obstruction in the chamber of the gun and preventing the reloading for the second shot;

(b) when, after the first shot is fired and the gun is opened properly, the extractor fails to extract the empty shell.

Section 6. When, in double-target shooting, the contestant uses a magazine gun, it is not "no targets," and the referee shall not allow another pair, respectively.

(a) when, after the first shot, the empty shell, although it be extracted from the chamber, is not ejected from the gun, thereby preventing the reloading for the second shot;

(b) when there is any failure to shoot, caused by a cartridge too thick or too long, or any failure whatsoever caused by a reloaded cartridge.

RULE 9.—LOST TARGET.

Except in cases otherwise provided in these rules, the referee shall declare the target "lost," respectively,

(a) when a contestant fails to break the target;

(b) when the contestant fails to fire because his gun was unloaded or uncocked, or because the safety was faultily adjusted, whether from his own oversight or not; or when he fails to shoot from any other cause chargeable to his own oversight or neglect.

RULE 10.—BROKE.

The referee or judge shall declare the target "broke" or "dead" when it is broken in the air under the conditions prescribed by these rules. A dusted target is not a broken target. Shot marks in a "pick up" shall not be considered as evidence of a broken target.

RULE 11.—GUNS AND LOADS.

Section 1. No contestant shall use a gun whose bore is larger than a 10-gauge.

Section 2. No contestant shall use any load of shot greater than one and one-quarter ounce, any standard measure, struck.

Section 3. Any contestant who uses reloaded ammunition must abide by the results. See Rule 9 (b).

RULE 12.—TRAPS, SCREENS, FIRING POINTS.

For the competition, the management shall provide five traps, or three traps Sergeant system.

Five Traps.—The five traps shall be numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, from left to right, consecutively. In competition, the traps may be pulled from left to right, or from right to left, as may be determined by the management. Each trap shall have sufficient power and adjustment to throw the targets not less than 40 yards, nor more than 60 yards, and with a flight not less than 6 feet nor more than 12 feet at a point 10 yards from the trap. The traps shall be set approximately level, equi-distant from each other, three or five yards apart, and placed in a straight line. (See Diagram I.)

PITS OR SCREENS.

Section 1. Pits or screens shall be used to protect the trappers. The screens shall not be higher than is necessary for such protection.

Section 2. The management shall see that the traps are properly set and adjusted at the beginning of the competition, and so kept to the finish thereof.

Section 3. The firing points shall be in a straight line, parallel with the line of the traps. They shall be 16 yards therefrom in single-target shooting other than handicaps. (See Rule 20 for double-target shooting.)

Firing Points.—The firing points shall be numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, from left to right, and shall be three or five yards apart, accordingly as the traps are three or five yards apart. (See Diagram I.)

RULE 13.—SQUADS.

Section 1. Contestants shall shoot in squads of 5, except in case of Section 2 of this rule. In 10-target events, each contestant shall shoot at 2 targets at each firing point, consecutively. In 15-target events, each contestant shall shoot at 3 targets at each firing point, consecutively. In 20-target events, each contestant shall shoot at 4 targets at each firing point, consecutively. In 25-target events, each contestant shall shoot at 5 targets at each firing point, consecutively.

Section 2. In case the management deems it best for the contestants to compete in squads of 6, it shall be after the manner called "walk around."

RULE 14.—FLIGHTS, KNOWN TRAPS, KNOWN ANGLES.

The flight of targets shall be: Nos. 1 and 4 shall throw right-quartering targets; Nos. 2 and 5 left-quartering targets; No. 3, a straight-away; the flights from Nos. 1 and 5 shall cross that of No. 3 at a point not less than ten yards nor more than twenty yards from No. 3; the flight of No. 2 shall cross that of No. 1 at a point not less than five yards nor more than ten yards from No. 1; the flight of No. 4 shall cross that of No. 5 at a point not less than five yards nor more than ten yards from No. 5. (See Diagram I.)

RULE 15.—KNOWN TRAPS, UNKNOWN ANGLES.

When shooting is at unknown angles from known traps, the contestant shall know which trap is to be sprung, but shall not know the flight of the target. The management shall require the trappers to change the flights frequently.

RULE 16.—UNKNOWN TRAPS, KNOWN ANGLES (CALLED EXPERT RULES, ONE MAN UP).

Section 1. The contestant shall stand at No. 3 firing point. The traps (except the last), shall be sprung as determined by an indicator or other device. The contestant in an inning shall shoot at five targets, one from each of the five traps, always knowing his last trap.

Section 2. In case of a broken target, the trap throwing such target shall be reloaded, and for it, and the remaining unsprung traps, the puller shall determine by the device a new combination, the previously sprung traps being omitted in this new combination.

RULE 17.—UNKNOWN TRAPS, UNKNOWN ANGLES.

When unknown traps and unknown angles are used, the competition is conducted precisely as set forth in Rule 16, except that the angles are unknown.

RULE 18.—REVERSED ORDER.

The contestant shall shoot in squads of five. Contestant No. 1 has a target from No. 5 trap; contestant No. 2 has a target from No. 4 trap; contestant No. 3 has a target from No. 3 trap; contestant No. 4 has a target from No. 2 trap; contestant No. 5 has a target from No. 1 trap. Then continue as set forth in Rule 13, Section 1.

RULE 19.—EXPERT RULE, RAPID FIRE.

Contestants shoot in squads of six, "walk around." An indicator or other device shall be used to determine the order in which the traps shall be sprung. No. 1 shoots at a target to be thrown from any one of the five traps; thereafter, as determined by the device, each contestant, in turn, shoots at a target from any one of the traps which remain filled; thus, for No. 1 there are five filled; for No. 2, there are four filled, and so on to No. 5, who has one filled, and that one is known. The sixth man is the pivot man. In case of a broken target or balk, the puller will observe the same procedure as in Rule 16, Section 2, except that the angles are unknown.

RULE 20.—SHOOTING AT DOUBLE TARGETS.

Section 1. In shooting at double targets it may be one man up, at 14 yards, or squads at 16 yards. Three traps shall be used. The management will use Nos. 1, 2, 3, or Nos. 2, 3, 4, or Nos. 3, 4, 5, of a set of five traps. The first trap shall throw a left-quarterer, the second trap a straightaway, the third trap a right-quarterer.

Section 2. The pairs shall be sprung in the following order: First pair from Nos. 1 and 2; second pair from Nos. 2 and 3; third pair from Nos. 1 and 3; fourth pair from Nos. 1 and 2; fifth pair from No. 2 and 3, and so on in this order to the finish of the event. For each pair, the traps must be pulled simultaneously. (See Diagram I.)

RULE 21.—SERGEANT SYSTEM.

Section 1. In the Sergeant system, three traps placed 4 feet apart in a straight line shall be used.

Section 2. The firing points shall be in the segment of a circle whose radii are 16 yards.

Section 3. The firing points shall be 3 or 5 yards apart, between Nos. 1 to 5, consecutively. (See Diagram II.)

Section 4. The flights shall be unknown angles.

Section 5. The targets shall be from known traps.

RULE 22.—CLASS SHOOTING.

Class shooting signifies that the contestants who tie for first, second, third, etc., have won the money allotted to their respective classes. They shall shoot off or divide the tie, as the management shall elect.

RULE 23.—HIGH GUNS, HIGH SCORES.

High guns or high scores signify that the contestants making the high scores take in the order of superiority all the cash or prizes. In case of ties, the high guns are determined by shooting off, miss-and-out. The gun which stays the longest is first; the one which stays the next longest is second, and so on, until the lists of money division or prizes is covered.

RULE 24.—TIES.

The ties shall be shot off at the original distance, and at one-fifth the number of targets in the event to which the tie refers.

Note.—The conditions governing the use of a magazine trap are precisely the same as those governing in the Sergeant system, in Sections 2, 3 and 4.

Live Birds.

RULE 1.—THE MANAGEMENT.

Section 1. The management of the Interstate Association reserves the authority to reject any entry without giving any reason therefor, and to disqualify, in whole or in part, any contestant who acts ungentlemanly or disorderly, or who handles his gun dangerously.

Section 2. The management or its authorized representative shall appoint a referee or referees and a scorer or scorers, and a trap puller or trap pullers, and such other assistants as it may deem to be necessary.

RULE 2.—THE REFEREE.

Besides attending to the special duties as set forth hereinafter, the referee shall adjudicate the competition. He shall distinctly announce the result of each contestant's shot or shots by calling out "dead" when the bird is gathered, according to rule, and "lost" when the bird escapes beyond the boundary, except as provided in Section 1 (d) of Rule 9, and in Section 8 of Rule 12. He shall decide all other issues which may arise in relation to the direct competition. His decision in all cases shall be final.

RULE 3.—THE SCORER.

The scorer shall keep an accurate record of the shot or shots of

each contestant. Accordingly as the referee calls "dead" or "lost," the scorer shall promptly respond with the call "dead" or "lost." In keeping a contestant's score, the scorer shall use the figure 1 to denote that one barrel was used to effect the kill; the figure 2 to denote that two barrels were used to effect a kill, and a 0 to denote that the bird was lost. The scorer's record of the competition, so kept, shall be the official score, and it shall govern all awards and records of such competition. At the close of each contestant's score, the scorer shall distinctly announce the total of it.

RULE 4.—PULLER.

Section 1. The puller shall have charge of springing the traps. He shall spring a trap instantly in response to the contestant's call of "Pull."

Section 2. The puller shall have an unobstructed view of the contestant at the firing points.

Section 3. When a mechanical device is used to determine which trap shall be sprung, the puller shall be so placed and shall so act that any contestant who is at the firing point cannot know in advance which trap is to be sprung for him.

Section 4. The management may appoint an assistant puller to take charge of the mechanical device and to require that the traps be sprung accordingly as determined by it.

Section 5. If the puller springs the traps so irregularly or so negligently as to impair the equity of the competition, the management may forthwith remove him.

RULE 5.—CONTESTANT.

Section 1. A contestant is prohibited from loading his gun at any time other than when he is at the firing point, and he shall open it and remove therefrom all cartridges or empty shells before turning from or leaving the firing point. Should any contestant willfully violate this section of this rule, or violate it after having been warned, the referee or the management may fine him from \$1 to \$5, or may disqualify him.

Section 2. When at the firing point, ready for competition, the contestant shall to the puller distinctly call out "Are you ready?" When the puller responds, "Ready," he thereby signifies that he is ready to spring the trap promptly to the contestant's command. When ready for the bird, the contestant shall distinctly give the command, "Pull," and thereafter he is unqualifiedly in the competition.

Section 3. A contestant may hold his gun in any position.

Section 4. A contestant must be at the firing point within two minutes after having been duly notified to compete; failing therein, he may be fined \$1 by the referee or the management, or the management may disqualify him. However, the management, if good cause is shown for it, may grant a reasonable delay to a contestant, as for instance, when his guns break down, etc.

Section 5. After a contestant fires his first barrel, he must fire his second barrel immediately or leave the firing point.

Section 6. If a contestant has a misfire or apparent misfire, he shall forthwith hand his gun, unopened, to the referee for inspection. It shall thereupon be the referee's duty to try both triggers if the gun has double triggers, or the trigger if the gun has only one trigger, before opening the gun or cocking it. Should the cartridge which has misfired or apparently misfired be exploded when thus tried, the referee shall declare the bird "lost." If in the case of a misfire or apparent misfire the contestant opens his gun before handing it to the referee the bird shall be declared "lost." (See Rule 9, Section 1, (c) and (p), Rule 14, Sections 3 and 4.)

Section 7. A contestant may stand back of the mark assigned to him at the firing point if he chooses to do so, but the mark assigned to him shall be the official mark.

Section 8. When firing, the contestant's feet shall be behind the firing mark assigned to him.

Section 9. Shooting on the grounds in any place other than at the firing point is strictly prohibited.

RULE 6.—CHALLENGE.

Any contestant may challenge the load of any other contestant under Section 2 of Rule 14. A challenge must be in writing and signed by the challenger, and must have \$5 forfeit posted therein in the hands of the management. On receipt of such challenge, the management will obtain a cartridge or cartridges from the challengee when he is at the firing point, and if, after public examination of the cartridge or cartridges so obtained, the management finds that the challengee violated Section 2 of Rule 14, he may be disqualified or not, accordingly as the management deems the offense willful or otherwise. In the case that the challengee is wholly innocent, the forfeit aforementioned shall be paid to him; otherwise it shall be returned to the challenger.

RULE 7.—DEAD BIRD.

The referee shall declare the bird "dead," when it is gathered within bounds under the conditions enjoined by these rules. (See Rule 9, Section 1, (b).)

RULE 8.—LOST BIRD.

The referee shall declare the bird "lost" after the call of "Pull," respectively,

(a) when the bird is once outside of the boundary, except as provided in Section 1 (d) of Rule 9, and in Section 8 of Rule 12;

(b) when the bird dwells, even for the briefest moment, on the top of the boundary enclosure, whether it perches thereon or not;

(c) when the contestant fails to fire because his gun was unloaded or uncocked, or because the safety was faultily adjusted, or because of any other reason chargeable to his own oversight or neglect;

(d) when the contestant, after leaving the firing point, returns and shoots again at the same bird, or when, after firing one shot, he opens and closes his gun, and shoots again at the same bird.

RULE 9.—NO BIRD.

When the referee declares "no bird," it gives the contestant another inning, with the use of both barrels.

Section 1. The referee shall declare "no bird," and shall allow another bird, respectively,

(a) when, in his opinion, the bird, being on the ground and not having been shot at, cannot fly properly, whether it has been on the wing or not;

(b) when a bird is on the ground when the contestant fires his first barrel, if the bird is afterward gathered within bounds. If a bird is on the wing when the first barrel is fired, and it is killed on the ground with the second barrel, it is a dead bird;

(c) when the bird walks in one yard from the traps, or when, after having been on the wing and still being unshot at, it alights between the traps and the dead line, and thereafter walks toward the contestant at all (see Diagram II);

(d) when the bird, after being shot at, escapes through any opening in the boundary, the same being permanent or not, if, in the opinion of the referee, it could not have escaped otherwise;

(e) when the bird is shot at also by some one other than the contestant, if, in the opinion of the referee, the bird could have been gathered had there been no such interference, or if he considers that such interference constituted a balk;

(f) when a contestant, through his own fault, shoots and kills from a mark which is nearer than the one assigned to him. If he misses, the bird is lost;

(g) when both barrels of the contestant's gun are discharged simultaneously;

(h) when a contestant's gun or cartridge misfires from an imperfection of either (Rule 8, c.);

(i) when the contestant, to avoid endangering life or property, does not shoot;

(j) when seven balls have been thrown at a bird, whether it has been on the wing or not;

(k) when the contestant is balked. Whether the interference constitutes a balk or not, is for the referee alone to decide. In case a claim of balk is allowed to a contestant, it gives him a right to a new inning and the use of both barrels;

(l) when the trap is not sprung with reasonable promptness to the command "Pull," or when the bird, not having been on the wing, refuses to fly after the trap has been sprung, if in either instance the contestant declares "no bird;"

(m) when the bird is caught in the trap and there held long enough for the contestant to cover such trap before the bird can take wing;

(n) when the bird is hit by a missile;

(o) when a contestant has a misfire with the first barrel, if he does not fire the second (except as provided in Rule 14, Section 4);

(p) when, after firing his first barrel, he has a misfire with his second barrel if he does not kill the bird with the first barrel (except as provided in Rule 14, Section 4);

(q) when he has a misfire with both barrels (except as provided in Rule 14, Section 4);

(r) when, the overground system being used, a trap or traps are unfired before the contestant shoots;

(s) See Section 8 of Rule 12;

"No birds," in case of b, f, g, h, i, o, p and q, shall be paid for by the contestant.

Section 2. In case the contestant uses a magazine gun, it is "no bird," and the referee shall allow another bird, respectively,

(a) when the head of the empty shell is pulled off in the attempt

to eject it, thereby obstructing the chamber of the gun and preventing the reloading of it for the second shot;

(b) when, after the first shot is fired and the gun is opened properly, the extractor has failed to extract the empty shell.

"No birds," in the case of a and b, shall be paid for by the contestant.

Section 3. In case the contestant uses a magazine gun, it is not a "no bird," and the referee shall not allow another bird, respectively,

(a) when, after the first shot, the empty shell, although it be extracted from the chamber, is not ejected from the gun, thereby preventing the reloading of it for the second shot;

(b) when there is any failure to shoot caused by a cartridge which is too thick or too long, or by any other failure of any kind whatsoever, caused by a reloaded shell.

RULE 10.—NO BIRD, IF REFUSED.

If a contestant refuses to shoot under any of the following circumstances, the referee shall declare "no bird," and shall allow another bird; but if the contestant shoots, the result shall be scored, respectively,

(a) when the contestant has not given the order to "Pull" and the trap is pulled nevertheless;

(b) when, in single-bird shooting, two or more birds are liberated at the same time. If a contestant shoots at both birds, he shall be required to pay for both, and shall also be fined \$1 by the management. The first bird shot at is the only one which can be scored dead or lost under these circumstances.

RULE 11.—REFUSAL TO FLY.

Section 1. When, on the trap being properly pulled, the bird refuses to fly, the referee shall forthwith order to be exercised such means as are provided by the management to make such bird fly. A bird, hit by a ball or pushed by a flush rope, shall be governed by Rule 9, Section 1 (n). A contestant cannot call a "no bird" after the bird has been on the wing, but if he desires to make such bird a "no bird," he may shoot it on the ground, in which case it will be governed by Section 1 (b) of Rule 9.

Section 2. In case of possible doubt as to whether a bird has been "on the wing" or not when it has flipped up, the referee shall declare it "on the wing" when in his opinion it was so, and shall promptly so inform the contestant by calling out "on the wing."

RULE 12.—GATHERING.

Section 1. To be scored dead, the bird must be gathered within two minutes after it falls to the ground or is legally killed on the ground, excepting as provided in Section 4 of this rule. The management may appoint or may permit the contestant to appoint some one to gather the bird, or a dog may be used for that purpose. The moment that the bird touches the ground, the referee shall order it gathered.

Section 2. Only one man or one dog may be used at a time to gather any one bird.

Section 3. When the gatherer does not know the whereabouts of the bird, the referee or some one else appointed by him may give the gatherer such information as may be necessary to aid him in respect to it, but no one, other than the referee, shall be allowed to accompany the gatherer.

Section 4. When a dog is used to gather a bird and he cannot find it, in such case the time limit shall not apply. Such dog shall be called in, and after he is in control, the referee shall appoint some one to gather the bird, whereupon the time limit shall apply.

Section 5. In case of a dog pointing when gathering, the time lost by such act shall not count as a part of the time limit. The referee may send someone to urge the dog off the point, or he may direct that the dog be called in, after which the referee will proceed under Section 4 of this rule.

Section 6. The bird, when once within the grasp of the gatherer's hand, if the gatherer be a person, or within the grasp of the gatherer's mouth, if the gatherer be a dog, shall be scored as dead.

Section 7. The gatherer, whether man or dog, should go directly to the bird without any prejudice whatever to any contestant's interests. It devolves upon each contestant to so kill his birds that they can be gathered without any extraordinary strategy or effort.

Section 8. Should the dog break away or be liberated to gather the bird before it has touched the ground, and, while chasing the bird, it passes beyond the boundary, the referee may allow the contestant another bird, provided that the referee is of the opinion that the bird would have been gathered within the time limit if the dog had not interfered.

Section 9. The puller shall not spring the trap until the trapper and retrievers are back in their places, even though the contestant calls "Pull."

RULE 13.—MUTILATION.

The mutilation of birds is prohibited. Any contestant who is convicted of violating this rule or of conniving at its violation, shall forfeit all rights in the contest.

RULE 14.—GUNS AND LOADS.

Section 1. In the Grand American Handicap tournament no contestant shall use a gun whose bore is larger than a 12-gauge, nor whose weight is over 8 pounds; nor use in any other competition a gun whose bore is larger than a 10-gauge.

Section 2. No contestant shall use any load of shot, exceeding 1 1/4 ounces, any standard measure, struck.

Section 3. Any contestant who uses reloaded ammunition must abide by the results. (Rule 8, c.)

Section 4.—Any contestant who knowingly uses a gun or cartridge which has once misfired in the competition must abide by the results.

RULE 15.—SHOOTING OUT OF TURN.

Whenever the referee deems it necessary to do so, for the purpose of saving time, etc., he may require any contestant to compete, whether it is such contestant's turn to compete or not. Shooting out of turn does not affect the competitive standing of any contestant.

RULE 16.—TRAPS.

Section 1. In all competition there shall be used five ground traps, placed 5 yards apart, in the segment of a circle whose radii are 30 yards, the center of which circle is the center of the 30-yard firing point. A straight line drawn through this center, and the center of the boundary should pass through the center of all the other firing points, whether more or less than 30 yards. The traps are designated by numbers from left to right, namely, No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, No. 4, No. 5. (See Diagram I). The management shall see that the traps are in working order and so kept during the competition.

Section 2. When the overground system of trapping is used, the referee will require that each of the five traps contains a bird when the contestant is at the firing point. When the underground system is used, the trappers are required to exercise their best endeavor to keep the traps filled.

RULE 17.—BOUNDARY.

Section 1. The boundary shall be a dead line and a segment of a circle whose radii are 50 yards, and whose center is No. 3 trap. The dead line is the chord of the circle, and its center is bisected by a line drawn from the center of No. 3 trap through the center of the firing points. The center of the dead line is 33 yards from the center of No. 3 trap. (See Diagram.) The management reserves the right to change the boundary when occasion requires.

Section 2. When the boundary is marked by stakes, or anything else which does not show the continuous arc of the circle, the boundary shall be straight lines from stake to stake, etc., consecutively. In case such boundary is used, a bird, lying on the line or touching it when gathered, is a dead bird.

RULE 18.—DIVISION OF MONEYS.

Unless otherwise provided, the moneys of the competition shall in the division be governed by class shooting.

RULE 19.—TIES.

Should there be any ties in a contest, they will be shot off as soon as possible after the contest is finished, under the same conditions of handicaps, etc., excepting the number of birds, which will be as follows: In 10-bird events, or less, 3 birds; 11 to 25 birds, inclusive, 5 birds; 26 to 50 birds, inclusive, 10 birds; 51 to 100 birds, inclusive, 25 birds. Any contestant in any tie may be paid on demand his pro rata share of the money, unless the conditions prescribe that all ties shall be shot off.

RULE 20.—UNFINISHED COMPETITION.

In case that darkness or bad weather stops the competition, such competition shall be postponed to a date not later than two weeks thereafter. Should the contestants fail to agree on a time and place, the management will name the time and place to hold such unfinished competition. Any contestant who fails to appear in any contest at the time and place set for it, loses by default and forfeits all his rights therein.

RULE 21.—PROTESTS.

All protests or claims of any nature whatsoever, concerning the competition of a competitor, must be made before the next competitor shoots. The referee's decision is final.

RULE 22.—CHANGES AND AMENDMENTS.

The management reserves the right to make any alterations and amendments to these rules whenever it deems it for the best interests of all concerned to do so.

Powder Makers and Pigeon Guns.

UNDER the above caption, the following is presented in the practical work, "Experts on Guns and Shooting," by G. T. Teasdale-Buckley:

There has of late arisen a curious competition between gun powder makers for the patronage of pigeon shots, under the false impression, as it seems to us, that what pigeon shooters use to-day game shooters will use to-morrow. We have discussed this question latterly with various powder makers, and with gun makers who supply pigeon shooters with their guns and cartridges, and we have heard the opinions of the competitors themselves, and we propose to set forth the views of all three classes as clearly as we are able. First of all, the powder and gun makers are very well aware that the supplying of pigeon shooters themselves is too insignificant a business to cultivate; but some of them believe that game shooters follow as a guide to themselves what the pigeon shooters do, and that, therefore, the advertisement is worth having when their powder wins prizes. We grant that there was a time when this was the case, but that was twenty to twenty-five years ago, and before powder makers hit upon the idea of "running" pigeon shooters as their advertisement. This they practically do now; it is done in various ways, but the most favored just now is the doubling of the prizes by certain powder makers when they happen to be won by the use throughout the contest of the particular powder made by these manufacturers. In the first place, this liberality is jumped at by some of the shooters, some of whom are heard to confess that there must be something wrong with the powder if such advertisement is wanted by the manufacturers of it. The obvious reply to that would be that, if the pigeon shooters really thought there was anything wrong in the powder they would be the last to use a bad article when shooting for prizes. That, however, is of the character of the all too obvious—too apparent not to have a weak place in it. No two powders made differ so much as to double or halve the chances of the shooters; yet some of the powder makers double the former's chances for them by the simple process of doubling the prize money when a particular powder is used. As the above remarks were written in May, 1898, there may have been a change for the better since.

But it is obvious that the worst powder in the market could soon obtain the best advertisement on such lines as these, because, as most of the events are handicaps, the worse the powder a man habitually shoots with, the nearer he will be put to the traps, and whether he shoots at 24yds. or 33yds., he claims the double prize on the assumption that he has influenced the public judgment by shooting with a particular gun powder. We have an opinion that the powder maker is making a mistake in that he does not credit shooting men with common intelligence, and he is misinformed in thinking that the average game shooter is a big fool.

For our part, we thought it wise to drop reports in Land and Water of pigeon shooting at Hurlingham, and the Gun Club years ago, when most men first discovered that they preferred not to shoot in their own names. [We are pleased to see that assumed names are now gradually dropping out again.] Of course, we make exception of the international week, which has always attracted a large number of shooters who are careless, who know what they do. If anything connected with pigeon shooting would point to the makers of the best guns and the best powders, the international week would do it, provided gun makers and powder makers would leave shooters alone to choose the guns and powders they prefer. As a matter of fact, this is not done, and if a man is a particularly good shot he will probably obtain both his cartridges and his guns for nothing, and pay the gun maker and powder maker with no thanks and less money for providing them. If there are game shots who do not know all this, we think that the time has arrived when they should do so, for it appears to us that a sport has gone very far indeed in the wrong direction when most of the best horses are nobbled and the rest are not worth getting at. There is clearly nothing dishonest in the nobbled, nor in the nobblers; nevertheless, it hardly accords with British ideas of sport when men willingly handicap themselves in order to double their winnings. It savors slightly of professionalism. It is quite as unsportsmanlike as pulling a horse, and the only difference, as it seems to us, is that it is not dishonest. We cannot understand why it has been countenanced at the clubs, for assuredly their members can do without these doubled prizes.

To the game shooter the records of pigeon shooting as now carried on, can be of no possible value unless he can tell what passes behind the scenes. If he happen to be a crack pigeon shooter himself, he may have discovered that all the possible winnings are not publicly advertised, and when once this is discovered, he will pay very little attention to the records and the prizes won as to what powder or cartridges or guns are used, and will not settle his own practice in imitation of pigeon shooters.

Another thing he should know is that the very men who shoot with a particular powder at pigeons frequently use something else at game.

We never thought that it was much of an advertisement for either gun or powder makers when the winners had a six or eight yards' allowance, as frequently happens in the handicap shooting, and when, in addition to shooting at distance at which it is no credit to kill, the competitors are bribed to use a particular kind of powder that they would not otherwise use, it only has to be publicly known to be regarded as a very costly method of advertising a bad or moderate performance.

We do not wish our remarks to be applied to pigeon shooting in the past, for it is only very lately that the objectionable practice of converting Hurlingham and the Gun Club into a powder makers' advertisement has grown up, and we would suggest to those concerned that unless they wish to kill the credit of pigeon shooting altogether and "blow upon" their productions, it would be wise to allow all the competitors to revert to their own normal state of free choice.

Be that as it may, we are sure that the present system cannot go on for very long. First of all, pigeon shooting, in the partial absence of shooters' names, is of no interest whatever to the public, except as a competition between gun makers and powder makers, and we would ask whether, when the results are, like Dickon, of Jockey of Norfolk fame, both bought and sold, by doubling prizes, the press can long go on publishing the records. It is, in fact, the press that is the worst evildoer in the matter. Without it the abuse would not exist, for the advertisement would not be worth paying for without it was reported. The records of pigeon shooting have by process of time become a mechanical record, without any attempt at real explanation or analysis. If they were accompanied by the information as to the reasons, well known upon the ground, for using the powders and the guns of makers, we should have nothing to say, but at the present moment they are absolutely misleading as free advertisement, and as records of sport they do not exist; that is, some of the competitors take the greatest care that their names shall not appear in print. How the capital sportsmen who manage these things can have allowed such practices to grow up in the fashionable clubs we cannot say; but can only assume that the growth has been too slow and too gradual to startle them into observing to what it tends. As these competitions take place at private clubs, it would be easy to stop all publication of the results. That would be far preferable to the use of assumed names. The use of the latter, coupled with the cultivation of reporting in the press, is at first sight inexplicable, but as a good many members are interested in the gun trade—and some are, we believe, proprietors of gun businesses—it becomes easier to understand why publicity should be cultivated for the guns and the powders used, and why the personal element should observe that modesty that is only equalled and rarely exceeded by the alias-lovers generally.

We have nothing whatever to say against pigeon shooting as such, and against pigeon shooting as it is carried on we could not say half as much as some shooters themselves say when they shoot under assumed names. If anybody should know whether it is worthy to associate their names with it, it is they themselves. In making this observation we do not for a moment hint at anything that we have not said. The worst charge that can be brought against it is that it is professional, or at the very least that it is conducted on the principle of the makers' amateur by many of the shooters. We have nothing to say against the maker; nothing against the makers' amateur; but we have a good deal to say about publishing the records as guides to sportsmen without observing as to how they are got, when it is well known on the ground that men do not shoot with that which they like best, but with that which it pays best to use.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The programme of the fifth annual Grand Central handicap tournament of the Limited Gun Club, Indianapolis, Ind., to be held March 19 to 21, inclusive, may be obtained on application to the secretary, Mr. Bert B. Adams. The competition is open to all. The programme is like for each of the first two days, namely, fourteen events at 15 targets, \$1.50 entrance, in each event. On the third day the fifth Grand Central handicap will take place. Conditions, 25 pigeons, \$25 entrance, birds included. The programme further contains the following rules and conditions: Target shooting will begin at 9:30 A. M. Ten-gauge guns and black powder barred. All stand at 16yds. Magautrap rules. Targets, 2 cents. Purses divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Live bird purses divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Distance handicap, 26 to 32yds. Entries will close with the firing of the first gun of the second round, unless unanimously extended. Handicapping committee for grand event: Messrs. Geo. C. Black, Indianapolis; Thomas A. Marshall, Keithsburg, Ill.; Emil Werk, Cincinnati, Ohio. Goods shipped to the secretary will be delivered to the grounds, free.

The Brooklyn Gun Club will hold at Interstate Park, March 13, an all-day target shoot. Sweepstakes commence at 10 A. M. Events to suit the shooters both before and after the main event, which will be at 100 targets, handicap by distance, the handicaps being awarded by a committee composed as follows: Messrs. B. Waters, W. R. Hobart and M. Herrington. Conditions: 100 targets, unknown angles, Sergeant system, entrance \$4, including price of targets at 2 cents each. High guns, according to number of entries. One money for every three entries. Added money as follows: To manufacturer's agent making highest score, \$5; second highest score, \$3. To amateur making highest score, \$5; second highest score, \$3; third highest score, \$1.50. Two sets of traps. All moneys, except in handicap event, will be divided Rose system. Main event starts promptly at 1 P. M. John S. Wright is manager.

The World, one of the most immoderate of organs in its opposition to the interests of trapshooters, recently published the following: "Bound Brook, N. J., Feb. 28.—Twelve of the crack live-bird shots of New York paid a visit to the Bound Brook Gun Club yesterday and participated in a live-bird shoot for a \$50 gun. It was impossible to learn all of their names, but two were identified, they having shot here before, Capt. Money and Jack Fanning. It is understood the men visited Bound Brook with the intention of looking around for ground, as the bill forbidding pigeon shooting in New York has just become a law." First of all, it is a fair inference that the shoot was their own affair; that furnishing their names to every wild-eyed sensationalist was not necessarily a duty, and that a visit to one State by the citizens of another is not an "invasion."

On Wednesday of last week Gov. Odell signed the pigeon bill, repealing the special law which legalizes the shooting of pigeons at the traps in the State of New York. It will be Chapter 61 of this year's laws. The sportsmen take the prohibition quite philosophically, and will recognize and obey the laws, as good citizens should. There is yet an open question whether or not pigeon shooting at the traps is cruel, as there is no law specifically prohibiting it. There is now only the general law concerning cruelty. In several of the States, under a similar law, it was judicially held that pigeon shooting was not cruel, but in this State it was held, so far as it was carried judicially, that it was cruel, though we think it never was carried to the higher courts.

Mr. Harold Money, who has been in St. Louis, Mo., during the past year or more, filling an engagement with the Western Cartridge Company, arrived in New York on Saturday of last week. He was in fine health and spirits. He has accepted a position with the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, and will travel for that great house as a representative in the Middle West. He will shoot a Winchester repeating shotgun, and as Mr. Money was acknowledged to be in the first flight of skillful shots, either at targets or live birds, he is a valuable acquisition to the strong talent already with the W. R. A.

Mr. Bert B. Adams, secretary-treasurer of the Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, Ind., writes us as follows: "By the amount of correspondence received, we feel safe in saying that our shoot, March 19, 20 and 21 will be the second largest of the year, as of course, the Grand American will be the main event. We know of quite a number of Eastern shooters who will stop over here and take advantage of our special railroad rates from Indianapolis to Kansas City and return."

In the first contest for the two Troisdorf gold medals, one for live-bird, the other for target competition, at Watson's Park, Chicago, on March 1, Dr. Miller scored the first win on the live-bird medal with a straight score of 10 and 8 more in the tie. The first win on the target medal was scored by Dr. Carson. Conditions, 10 birds for the live-bird medal, and 25 targets for the target medal, on the first Saturday of each month; open to all. Five shoots necessary to qualify.

Mr. P. Sullivan announces a live-bird shoot to take place at Guttenburg Race Track, N. J., on March 11, commencing at 10 o'clock. There will be events as follows: One at 7 birds, \$5, high guns. Main event commences at 1 o'clock; 20 birds, \$10, birds included, class shooting, four moneys, handicaps 25 to 33yds. The race track can be reached by trolley from Jersey City. Restaurant on grounds.

The Columbian Gun Club, of Marietta, O., announces a target tournament to take place on April 10. There are fourteen events on the programme, two of which are at 10 targets, each of the remainder at 15, entrance based on 10 cents per target. Four moneys in 15, three in 10 target events; 40, 30, 20 and 10, and 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Magautrap and bluerocks. Chas. Bailey is the secretary.

Smith Brothers announce their annual sportsmen's live-bird handicap, March 6, commencing at 10 o'clock, on the East Side shooting grounds, Ferry and Foundry streets, Newark, N. J. There are three events on the programme. No. 1, a miss-and-out, \$2 entrance; No. 2, 25 live birds, \$5 entrance. Birds extra at 25 cents. Four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent; class shooting.

The Fulton Gun Club of Brooklyn, L. I., owing to the overwhelming storm of Feb. 22, postponed its cup shoot to March 23. This is to be an event of exceptional interest, and the friends of the club are expected to turn out to make the meeting of special interest, and to have an enjoyable day. Sweepstake and other events will be also on the programme.

The New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association held a meeting recently. The matter of a tournament was considered. Messrs. R. A. Ellis, of Freehold; H. H. Stevens, of New Brunswick, and Geo. Smith, of Newark, were appointed a committee on grounds, and were requested to report as soon as possible.

Mr. R. A. Welch, of New York, the famous trapshooter, has been spending several weeks duck shooting on the Texas coast. He returned to New York last week, and reported an enjoyable and successful outing.

Messrs. Schoverling, Daly & Gales, 302 Broadway, New York, inform us that the Grand Prix of Monte Carlo this year was won with Walsrode powder.

At Gorgas Station, Pa., on March 1, the postponed shoot of the Highland Gun Club took place. The main event was a six-man team race. Six teams were entered, of which the Highland Club had three. Each man shot at 25 targets. Frankford won with a score of 125. The other teams and scores were: Highland Nos. 1, 2 and 3, respectively, 123, 114 and 110, Norristown 121, S. S. White team 96.

A match for the championship of New Jersey, the E. C. cup being the prize thereof, has been arranged to take place in the near future between Capt. A. W. Money, holder, and Mr. H. H. Stevens, of New Brunswick. The contest will take place at Jackson Park, Paterson.

At Oradell, N. J., on March 1 a team shoot took place between renowned trapshooters, Capt. A. W. Money and Mr. Frank N. Butler against Mrs. Frank Butler (Annie Oakley) and Mr. A. H. Hoffman. The latter team won by a score of 43 to 41. All stood at 30yds.

Mr. J. A. R. Elliott, who has been trying in New York for some weeks past, journeys to Hot Springs, Ark., where he contemplates shooting the postponed match with Mr. R. O. Heikes for the Review cup. The match will take place on March 15 or 22.

The postponed shoot of the Westchester County League will be held at Armonk, N. Y., on March 15. Mr. H. T. Wayne is the secretary. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock. Loaded shells and dinner can be obtained on the grounds.

Keep in mind that entries to the Grand American Handicap at Live Birds close on March 22. Blank forms, which are essential in making entries, are obtainable of the secretary, Mr. Edward Banks, 313 Broadway, New York.

In our trap columns this week we publish the revised rules of the Interstate Association. The diagrams, being well known, are omitted, but the references to them are a part of the rules, and therefore are published.

The Sherbrooke Gun Club's annual tournament will be held on May 18, at inanimate targets. Programmes will be ready in due time.

The Boston Gun Club's tournament will take place April 30, on the club grounds at Wellington, Mass.

BERNARD WATERS.

Schenectady Gun Club.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., March 1.—A strong southeast wind blew toward the back of the shooters, keeping the targets low, but otherwise a bright sunny day, were the weather conditions. In the three last races Mr. De Land took the place of Mr. Hull, and in the third race Mr. Doremus was separated from Valentine, which kept up the excitement, and the final shots of the second and third races where there was but one target difference were intensely interesting. The feature of the day was the 58 straight of Mr. Doremus, whose faith in L. & R. "Infallible" was doubly clinched.

Team race, first match:

Valentine	111111001111111101111111	22
Doremus	111111111111011011111111	22
Jackson	111111110101111101111111	22
Jandro	101110111111011011111100	19
Hull	111011011111011111010101	19—104
Green	110101011011111111011110	19
Sanders	101111111111011111111111	23
Wallburg	110011101110111111111111	21
Grimes	111111000111100111110101	17
Coons	111000111111100111011011	17—97

Team race, second match:

Valentine	111111111111111101111111	24
Doremus	111111111111111111111111	25
Jackson	111011111111111111111101	22
Jandro	111111011111111010111111	22
Coons	101101111110010011011011	17—110
Green	111001111111111011111111	22
Sanders	111111011111011111111001	21
Wallburg	111111111111001111111111	23
Grimes	100111101111101111111111	20
De Land	111111111111111110101111	23—109

Team race, third match:

Valentine	111011111110111111111110	21
Green	111111111111010111111111	23
Jackson	111011001111111111111111	22
De Land	111111011111111111111111	24
Coons	111010111011011011111101	19—109
Doremus	111111111111111111111111	25
Sanders	111111011111111111111101	23
Wallburg	111101111111111110111111	23
Jandro	101101000011110111111111	17
Grimes	110110010111111111110111	20—108

Team race, fourth match:

Valentine	110110111111101111111111	22
Green	111111111111101111111111	24
Jackson	101111011011110000101111	16
De Land	111111111111101111111111	23
Coons	011100110011111111011010	17—102
Doremus	110111110111111111111111	22
Sanders	111111110111110111111111	23
Wallburg	111010111101111110110111	20
Jandro	011111011111111111111111	23
Grimes	111100111101111111111111	22—110

V. WALLBURG, Capt.

Chesapeake Gun Club.

NEWPORT NEWS, Va., March 1.—The Chesapeake Gun Club took advantage of the splendid weather to-day and held the first shoot of the spring season at the Riverview grounds. A number of the enthusiasts of the game were out and some very good shooting was done.

Considering the fact that this was the first opportunity that some of the members had had for several months to shoot, their scores are exceptionally good. Hardly any of the men were in practice, but should the weather continue as it was yesterday, it will not be long before they are back in form.

Mr. Fred Palmer was out and took part in several of the events, and considering that it was the first time that he had ever shot over traps, he made an excellent score. The following are the scores, all matches being at 25 targets:

Events:	1 2 3 4 5	Events:	1 2 3 4 5
T F Stearnes	22 22 22 23 24	F Palmer	15 20 20 20 14
Dr J Charles	19 17 20 22 21	G B James	20
B B Semmes	18 19 22 23 18	C Bargin	20
E S Robinson	19 18	F Latimer	20

Although nothing has been done as yet about the erection of a club house by the club, the project is not dead by a great deal. It seems that the matter has been allowed to drag, through the fault of no one in particular, but every one in general.

One of the most interesting and enthusiastic members of the club stated yesterday that the club house will certainly be built and the grounds fixed up, as was announced some time ago. Now that the weather seems to have opened up for the shooters, the interest is expected to revive, and little trouble is anticipated in getting the members to attend meetings.

Mississippi Valley Notes.

SECRETARY H. W. KOOLER, of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association, calls attention to the fact that the Rochester medal, recently shot for in that State, is an independent trophy, and not the original State championship badge. The latter, he says, is wholly under the control of the State Association, and is up for competition annually at the regular tournament of the Association. The Rochester trophy is also called a State championship medal, and signifies perhaps just as much, but is nevertheless wholly independent of the established State medal.

At the tournament of the Salina, Kans., Gun Club on Feb. 26, the Rochester medal was under challenge between H. E. Cawley, holder, and Mac Stevenson, of Salina, challenger. Cawley shot a great race, and easily defended the medal, scoring 47 kills out of 50 shots, to his opponent's 42. Twenty well-known Western shots attended the open tournament incidental to the above race. The programme carried 165 targets, and Ed O'Brien, of Florence, won

first average, with 155 kills. Dave Elliott, of Kansas, got second place for the day with 153.

At the contest for the Arkansas State championship at live birds, held at Little Rock, on Feb. 26, John J. Sumpter, of Hot Springs, carried off the honor. Twenty shooters competed, and Sumpter and C. E. De Long tied for the top score with 21. In the shoot-off, De Long missed his eighth bird, giving the race and the trophy to Sumpter. Immediately upon the announcement of the result, De Long challenged the winner for a contest for the trophy, and the match will be held at an early date at Hot Springs.

The members of the Lewistown, Ill., Gun Club are much elated over having secured a tournament under the management of the Interstate Association. This is one of the most flourishing shooting clubs in the State, and the boys are already making arrangements for their big meet in September.

The ice went out of the Upper Mississippi and Illinois rivers last week, and the spring flight of wildfowl to the north has fairly begun. Some good shooting is already reported.

The regular contests for the Dupont trophy and Rawlings medal were held at Dupont Park, St. Louis, Mo., March 2.

F. C. RIEHL.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., March 1.—There were three distinguished visitors at the Crescent Club's shoot to-day, namely, Messrs. H. D. Kirkover, J. S. Fanning and J. T. Skelley. A part of the daily press referred to Mr. Kirkover as a professional, which is a mistake, as he is an amateur, and a high-class one also. The scores:

First 25.				Second 25.				Grand			
Hdcp. Brk. Total.				Hdcp. Brk. Total.				Total.			
L C Hopkins	6	18	24	6	19	25	49				
W W Marshall	5	20	25	5	18	23	48				
H L O'Brien	5	19	24	5	19	24	48				
T W Stake	6	21	25	6	15	21	46				
F B Stephenson	1	21	22	1	23	24	46				
A E Corlies	6	18	24	6	15	21	45				
J S Fanning	0	22	22	0	23	23	45				
H Kirkover	0	22	22	0	23	23	45				
J W Skelley	0	24	24	0	20	20	44				
P B George	2	19	21	2	20	22	43				
J J Keyes	2	20	22	2	19	21	43				
G G Stephenson, Jr.	1	19	20	1	21	22	42				
C A Sykes	4	19	23	4	15	19	42				
F T Bedford, Jr.	2	17	19	2	21	23	42				
W J McConville	3	19	22	3	15	18	40				
H M Brigham	0	18	18	0	20	20	38				
H B Vanderveer	3	17	20	3	12	15	35				

Brigham trophy, 50 targets, expert traps, all scratch:			
1st 25.	2d 25.	Total.	
Brigham	25	23	48
Fanning	24	23	47
Skelley	24	23	47
F Stephenson	24	22	46
Kirkover	24	22	46
G Stephenson, Jr.	20	21	41
George	21	20	41
Keyes	20	19	39

Consolation cup, 25 targets, expert traps, handicap allowances added:			
1st 25.	2d 25.	Total.	
Stake	17	19	36
Sykes	17	17	34
Bedford	18	15	33
Corlies	15	17	32
McConville	16	15	31
Vanderveer	13	14	27
Chapman	10	17	27

Consolation cup, 25 targets, expert traps, handicap allowances added:			
Hdcp. Brk. Total.		Hdcp. Brk. Total.	
Marshall	5	21	25
Stake	6	23	25
Sykes	4	15	19
O'Brien	5	12	17
Blake	10	6	16
George	2	11	13

Ties shot off, same conditions:			
Marshall	5	20	25
Stake	6	15	21

G. Stephenson, Jr.'s, trophy, 10 pairs, expert traps, handicap allowances added:			
Fanning	0	16	16
Brigham	0	15	15
F Stephenson	1	14	15
Stake	5	10	15
Bedford	3	11	14
Skelley	0	12	12
Keyes	3	9	12
Marshall	3	9	12
Chapman	5	5	10

Ties shot off, same conditions:			
Brigham	0	15	15
Stake	5	7	12
F Stephenson	1	10	11

F. B. Stephenson cup, 10 pairs, expert traps, handicap allowances added:			
McConville	4	13	17
Fanning	0	17	17
G Stephenson, Jr.	1	14	15
Kirkover	0	15	15
George	3	11	14
Bedford	3	10	13
Brigham	0	13	13
Hopkins	5	7	12
Keyes	3	9	12
Chapman	5	7	12
Marshall	3	7	10
Corlies	4	6	10
Skelley	0	10	10
Vanderveer	4	3	7

Team shoot for Sykes cups, 25 targets, expert traps, handicap allowances added:			
Brigham	0	23	23
Keyes	2	22	24
Marshall	5	22	25
Palmer	2	16	18
F Stephenson	1	19	20
G Stephenson, Jr.	1	19	20

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, N. Y., March 1.—There was a good attendance of shooters and keen competition at the shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club to-day. The light was poor. There was a mild wind, and the targets were thrown fast. The scores, therefore, were very creditable. Nos. 3 and 9 were at 10 pairs; the rest at single targets. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	15	20	25	15	20	15	15	20	10	25	15
Capt Borland	7	10	17	7	17	14	10	..	13	..
Marshall	9	11	14	..	14	16	17
Dudley	9	14	15	21	13	19	15	15	17	..
Woods	6	11	13	..	12	17	10	12	11	..	15	9
Glover	10	15	20	22	15	19	14	14	8	..
Wright	4	9	12
Welles	10	13	18	24	15	19	15	12	8
Hopkins	8	13	18	21	12	17	15	14	10
Barry	9	6	7	10	11	..
Schneider	12	13	6	11	12
Hitchcock	11	13	9	17	..
Newton	6	18
Griffith	17	14	14
Waters	18	11	13	12	7	..	12
Rider	12	13	8
Osterhout	9	8

WESTERN TRAPS.

The Troisdorf Medal.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 1.—To-day at Watson's Park there will be held the first of the series of contests for the Troisdorf medals, which have been offered to the shooters of Chicago by the firm. There are two of these medals or badges; one for the target and one for the live-bird contest, each of gold, about the size of a fifty-cent piece, and suitably engraved. The conditions are that the shooting shall be at Watson's the first Saturday of each month for a year, at the end of which time all who have won either trophy one or more times shall shoot at 25 live birds and 50 targets for final possession of one of the trophies, no one shooter to be allowed to hold both. The contests are at 10 live birds and at 25 targets, handicap for distance in live birds; and for the Troisdorf trophy the contest to be one man up, three unknown traps, unknown angles. John Watson does the handicapping. There is no restriction as to the kind of powder to be used. The man winning either trophy at a monthly shoot will be given a number of Troisdorf shells. It is to be determined yet how freely the Chicago boys will turn out for winter medal shoots, but we certainly need something to stir up the interest here. The conditions of this series are liberal enough, excepting perhaps that the man who wins once in the twelve shoots has just as good a chance in the finals as one who has won out perhaps four or five times.

The Handicap.

Nearly all the traveling men who have been here this week report prospects of big crowds from all sections for the Handicap. Letters from Tom Divine, of Memphis; Oscar Guessaz, of San Antonio, and other well-known Southern sportsmen, indicate that the South will be especially well represented.

E. Hough.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Ill., March 1.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day; on the occasion of the fourth trophy shoot of the second series. A. D. Dorman carried off the honors of the day and incidentally Class A medal on a score of 11 out of 12. No Class B shooter on ground. McDonald won Class C trophy on a score of 6 out of 12.

A strong cold wind blew from the rear, making the birds mostly outgoers, and screamers at that. I firmly believe the birds, taken as a whole, were the fastest I ever saw trapped, as the large number which escaped testifies:

C. H. Kehl.....	210200012*0—5	100012—3	001000—1
J. McDonald.....	000221*21001—6	011*1—4	020002—2
H. Morris.....	0*00*02100*2—3	000*0—0	102000—0
Dr. Meek.....	10221*110001—7	1221*1—5	1021*2—4
Hagerty.....	000001210120—5		001212—4
T. W. Eaton.....	211222202020—9	210200—3	001002—2
Dorman.....	021111211112—11	1000*2—2	
Dr. Mathews.....	012*20112120—8		
Young.....	211020001002—6	011*1—4	

Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

Troisdorf Medal Contests.

Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, March 1.—The first contest for the Troisdorf live-bird medals, at Watson's Park, to-day, drew a good support. The competition was close. Dr. Miller won the first victory on the live-bird medal, killing 10 straight in the main event and 8 more in the shoot-off.

These two medals will be shot for at Watson's Park on the first Saturday of each month, 10 live birds for the live-bird medal, and 25 targets for the target medal; ties shot off miss-and-out, open to all. Contestant must participate in five shoots in order to qualify. Entrance, price of birds only. Shooting starts at 1 o'clock. No contestant can win both medals.

First contest for the Troisdorf live-bird medal, presented by the Troisdorf Powder Company:

Harrison, 30.....	212122*112—9	Dr. Miller, 28.....	1211212222—10
Lord, 29.....	10*1122102—7	Amberg, 29.....	222*202211—8
Shaw, 28.....	1222201101—8	Steck, 29.....	102212*02—7
Rice, 28.....	0*2—	Kuss, 29.....	21002*2012—6
Cop, 28.....	222222222—10	Northcott, 26.....	0212122022—8
Weber, 27.....	0221222211—9	Mack, 26.....	2020111000—5
Wade, 27.....	122222222—10	Dr. Carson, 27.....	2102022222—8
Clinton, 26.....	122*02222*—7	Leffingwell, 28.....	202*12122—7
McFarland, 27.....	1221112211—10	Barto, 30.....	2101122100—7

Ties on 10, miss-and-out; Dr. Miller won:
Cop.....2* McFarland.....0
Wade.....22222220 Dr. Miller.....11121222

Seven birds, \$3, high guns:		Lord.....	112221—7
Kuss.....	2122212—7	Steck.....	112212—7
Dr. Shaw.....	0122222—6	Northcott.....	1022222—6
Amberg.....	2222202—6	Wade.....	212212—7
Barto.....	2121112—7	Dr. Miller.....	2002202—4
Leffingwell.....	2001120—4		
Clinton.....	210022—5		

Troisdorf target medal, donated by the Troisdorf Powder Company, 25 targets per man; Dr. Carson won:

Richards, 16.....	1101101011011011011—18
Harrison, 16.....	011101010110w
Lord, 16.....	1001110101110001101101—16
Dr. Shaw, 16.....	00110011101010101101101—16
Cop, 16.....	1011011111000101111111—20
Wilber, 16.....	1101100011110010111111—18
Wade, 16.....	1101111110010001001101—19
Clinton, 15.....	1101101111001000101111—17
Dr. Miller, 15.....	10111011001011101011100—16
Kuss, 16.....	11111001101w
Northcott, 15.....	100000010100w
Steck, 16.....	010010111101100110111—17
Dr. Carson, 16.....	11111111111111111011—22

Feb. 28.—Twenty-five bird match:		22021221201122020222020—18
Lord.....		220212212011221100200102—17
Mitchell.....		092112200220222220021222—18
Myrick.....		001110002102121222210110—17
Brydon.....		22100121201122*1220211212—20

Ten-bird sweep:		Clinton.....	021101011—7
Wade.....	2201200120—6		
Lord.....	212012111—9		

RAVELRIGG.

Boston Gun Club.

Boston, Feb. 26.—The ninth serial shoot of the Boston Gun Club was held on the club grounds at Wellington, and between drops some ten events were shot. But even then with the result that all were pretty well wet through at the end of the afternoon.

One of the pleasing features of this shoot was the appearance of the club's oldest attendant who braved the decidedly bad weather with just as much enthusiasm as of old, and though some seventy summers have passed, the same enthusiasm is evident when handling a shotgun at the traps.

The prize match, though shot under the adverse conditions, was as usual, interesting to say the least, and after the fun was over Kirkwood was in first place, though second place was taken care of by Dennis, to whom the honors of the afternoon really belong. Third place had three occupants, who, it seemed, were unable to shake each other, and had just 15 targets to their credit. Other scores as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	5p	5p	10	10	10	15	10	10
Dennison, 18.....	8	5	6	11	5	8	10	13	8	8
Sadler, 18.....	6	3	—	11	4	1	5	9	6	5
Bent, 16.....	1	3	6	1	3	1	3	4	2	—
Lane, 16.....	5	7	4	8	7	6	3	12	6	4
Hawkins, 16.....	6	7	—	8	7	—	—	—	—	—
Nichols, 14.....	6	6	2	4	—	—	—	—	—	—
Allen, 16.....	—	—	2	2	3	6	4	2	1	—
Kirkwood, 18.....	—	—	11	8	6	8	13	7	3	—
Fredericks, 14.....	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	6
Henry, 16.....	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	3

Events 1, 5, 6, 9 and 10, Sergeant; events 2, 3, 4, 7 and 8 magautrap.
Merchandise match, 25 singles—15 magautrap, 10 Sergeant system—distance handicap:

Kirkwood, 18.....	011110011111110	101110111—19
Dennison, 18.....	011111010101011	1011001100—16
Sadler, 16.....	101111010101011	1100010100—15
Lane, 16.....	001101001010111	1110101001—15

Hawkins, 16.....	001001001101111	0111110011—15
Nichols, 14.....	00001100010000—	w
Allen, 16.....	000101000000000	0009110000—4
Bent, 16.....	000010000000000	1001000001—4

Two-man team match, 20 targets per man:

Dennison, 18.....	11111011011111111—18
Sadler, 16.....	00001000001000110101—6—24
Allen, 16.....	0110010000010101100—9
Kirkwood, 18.....	000111110101110111—14—23
Lane, 16.....	1001111000001001100—9
Bent, 16.....	0000100000100110000—4—13

SECRETARY.

Arkansas Pigeon Championship.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Feb. 27.—The first bona fide contest for the individual live-bird championship of the State and the elegant trophy donated by the Peters Cartridge Company indicative of the honor was decided here Feb. 26 on what is known as Camp Dodge grounds, in the eastern part of the city, an admirable place for this purpose, situated on an elevation where the wind has full scope, and on this occasion it was blowing a howling gale all day.

The conditions of the match call for 25 birds per man, 30yds. rise. There were twenty-one participants from various parts of the State, and the contest was exciting throughout, though it soon narrowed down to two, Sumpter and De Long, and was finally won by the former in the shoot-off, as De Long and he had tied with a total of 21. An effort was made to decide the tie by shooting off at 5 birds, but the result remained the same, as each scored 4; Sumpter's lost bird being dead out of bounds. The next trial decided matters, and showed Sumpter a winner by 4 to 3.

Thus for the present he is champion, but how long he will retain the honor remains to be seen, as De Long immediately challenged him, and the race will be shot at Hot Springs in the near future.

Of the other participants, young Gibson Thibault, a novice, made the best showing, and for a time actually set the pace; but lack of experience was his greatest handicap, and he gradually fell behind, finishing with 19, a very good score for his first attempt.

The birds were an exceptionally fine, strong, active lot, and aided by the gale, were entirely too hard a proposition for the majority of the principals. Thus, while the winner's total is not high, it is well to remember the conditions, and to appreciate the fact that it took rare skill and judgment to cope with the problem. The velocity of the wind was so great that a number of birds killed in the air were carried out of bounds. Sumpter experienced this on his twenty-third, a high tower.

The new emblem is a handsome solid gold watch-charm, on one side of which is represented a pigeon in raised gold in full flight, while the inscription reads: "Arkansas Champion." On the reverse side is an exact reproduction of an Ideal shell in reduced size, and the inscription is "Peters Cartridge Co. Trophy."

The conditions governing this is as follows:

All contests must be at 25 live pigeons, 30yds. rise, Interstate rules, ground traps.

There will be an open contest for it once annually, and this can occur at any time except during the months of June, July or August.

Holder of the trophy will be subject to challenge and must defend the trophy every thirty days if required to do so, except during the above specified time.

All challenges must be sent to the secretary of the Association and must be accompanied by a forfeit of \$10 as an evidence of good faith. Winner of such contest will take the emblem, and loser pay for the birds.

On receipt of challenge, the secretary will immediately notify the holder, and the latter will have thirty days in which to accept the same and name the date of contest.

Should the holder at any time leave the State for an indefinite length of time, he must surrender the trophy to the Association.

After the main event was decided several miss-and-outs were shot. The first of these was won by Coles and netted him \$26. Balle won the next, and the final was won by Bragg, who was deaf to all propositions to compromise, and would entertain no proposition to divide, and despite the growing darkness shot out everybody else.

All the participants were highly pleased with the manner in which the shoot was conducted, and all enjoyed the elegant lunch that was served gratis.

The visiting shooters present were I. J. Vick, H. Cromwell, E. M. Robinson, J. A. Coles, J. T. Loyd and Dr. H. E. Williams, Pine Bluff; John J. Sumpter and C. E. De Long, Hot Springs; J. E. Balle, Stuttgart; L. E. Knott, Arkadelphia. In addition to the State shooters, there were Herbert Taylor, St. Louis; H. B. Morgan, Chicago, and Geo. Hillman, Memphis.

Sumpter, the winner, shot a Smith gun, Dupont powder in Ideal shells, and Peters shot, loaded by the Peters Cartridge Co.

Sumpter.....	222222002222222222222222*0—21
De Long.....	02122212022222*222222220—21
Thibault.....	22211122202*10022221*2210—19
Irwin.....	0020020121212121020021200—17
Taylor.....	022000012022112210111022—17
Duley.....	22011120011*20202020110211—17
Lenow.....	102002*22211111220000011—15
Litzke.....	220022*02200220022002212—14
Balle.....	0210202000022020*22222001—14
Brizzolara.....	2120020021020200122222*0—14
Vick.....	02022010*1010202110*212*—14
Robinson.....	02002101012022210*10*202—13
McFarlin.....	101000110*2*0022211001*2—13
Coles.....	22202020*000020*022022002—12
Bragg.....	02100011200020220*201*210—12
Knott.....	200000102*210021110020220—12
Cromwell.....	0002002200120020210222*02—12
Mons.....	001000*000212011000001010—8
Morgan.....	222010*2220*022020012*2—13
Lloyd.....	2200222022021*222*2—13
Williams.....	1220120022020102212*—13

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Winchester Gun Club.

DETROIT, Mich.—Perfect weather, added to the pleasure and success of the regular bi-monthly shoot of the Winchester Club, Feb. 22. Brodie successfully defended the Class A medal, and Warner won easily in B.

Among other welcome guests were Mr. C. B. Kelsey, president Consolidated Sportsmen's Association of Grand Rapids, and Mr. J. L. Head, the genial and popular representative of the U. M. C., Bridgeport, Conn. Mr. Head's performance, which would have been better but for the balkiness of the trap, was a pleasure to witness, and Mr. Kelsey, with a strange gun and a frock coat, was not far behind. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	10	10	15	25	25	
Head.....	—	—	9	9	15	21	—	—
Kelsey.....	—	—	8	9	8	—	—	—
Marks.....	—	—	7	9	7	12	19	—
Husher.....	—	—	7	8	8	12	18	—
Toll.....	8	9	8	10	9	14	12	—
A Reid.....	—	—	—	8	9	12	—	23
Brodie.....	3	9	9	9	6	12	—	22
T Reid.....	—	—	7	4	7	10	—	21
Shiell.....	—	—	9	8	8	7	—	21
Wood.....	8	8	8	9	6	13	—	20
Jarvis.....	—	—	7	9	7	12	20	17
Guthard.....	6	7	7	4	—	13	—	15
Warner.....	—	—	—	—	9	—	—	17
Hitchcock.....	4	—	—	4	—	—	—	11

Chicago to Kansas City—G. A. H.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 1.—The Chicago party to the Grand American handicap will travel by special train, composed of baggage, chair cars, a diner, with a director's private car, for the comfort and accommodation of ladies who may accompany their husbands.

This train, perfectly equipped and first class in every particular, together with first-class service, will be supplied by the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad Company, leaving Chicago at 8 o'clock Sunday morning, March 30.

The special train will make the following stops for the accommodation of many who propose joining us en route:

Aurora, 9 A. M.; Mendota, 9:55 A. M.; Galva, 11:15 A. M.; Galesburg, 11:55 A. M.; Bushnell, 12:35 P. M.; Quincy, 2:30 P. M., arriving at Kansas City, 9:30 P. M.

I feel perfectly safe in pledging, as the result of my personal efforts, fifty entries in the Grand American Handicap, and will wager that the Chicago special train will carry a number nearer one hundred and thirty sportsmen into Kansas City on the evening of March 30.

E. S. Rice.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., March 1.—The spring thaw has had some effect on the shooters hereabouts. We were to have had a live-bird shoot, but —. Nineteen shooters took a try at the saucers, and the magautrap was working at its best.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	10	10	15	15	15	15	5p.	10	10	10
A. Bedell.....	7	5	6	6
H. Bissing.....	1	4	5	8	6	4
D. O'Connor.....	7	6	6	3	3	3
W. Coleman.....	7	8	7	8	9	10
C. Blandford.....	8	14	14	15	13	7
D. Brandreth.....	9	11	13	..	4
W. Clark.....	6	6	8	7	7	5
W. Fisher.....	8	5	9
J. Foley.....	4	7	7	6	6	5
J. Washburn.....	4	12	14	11	10	4
A. Rohr.....	3	5	4
R. Kromer, Jr.....	..	8	8	10	6
W. Hall.....	10	12	11	11	7
Dr. Snow.....	2	2	3
M. Dyckman.....	6	10	9	14	12	5
G. Macheth.....	12	9
J. Packard.....	8	7	..
H. Drane.....	3
T. Acker.....	5
									C. G. B.		

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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GAME FOODS AND FLAVORS.

MANY of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM are old enough to recall the heated arguments which appeared in the sportsman's literature years ago, between those persons who declared that the canvasback in his excellence was found nowhere except in Chesapeake Bay, and their opponents who said that canvasbacks were found all over the country and were equally good everywhere. The first party based their contention on the premise that the wild celery was found only in the Chesapeake Bay, and declared that except when fattened on a diet of wild celery the canvasback was no better than a coot. Of course we know to-day that both these parties were wrong and both were right, and the quarrel between them has long been one of those dead issues which has been laid away with a thousand others, to sleep the sleep that knows no waking. It has always been known that the food on which an animal subsists has a great deal to do with the flavor of its flesh. If the coot and the old squaw are poor eating, it is because they subsist almost altogether on a diet of clams and other shell fish. The grain-fed whistler is as good to eat as his fish-fed brother of the sea coast is worthless.

But while there are a great many familiar facts bearing on this subject which are known to every one, there are also some others that are unknown, and that are curious and interesting.

Nothing is more common to country dwellers than to find in the early spring the milk of the cows tainted with garlic. The wild leek, being one of the first green things to appear in the spring, is greedily devoured by the cows newly turned out to pasture, passes from the food into the circulation, and so taints the milk. No doubt if a cow yielding this milk were to be butchered and her flesh cooked, it would be found both to taste and smell of garlic.

It may not be so generally known that in early spring the wild sheep of the Rocky Mountains, like domestic cattle, nibble with relish the new springing wild onions, and if killed at this season the flesh tastes strongly of the plant. Who knows whether the flesh of the deer and elk may not be similarly affected by this or some other plant. Happily, not many of these animals are killed in the spring.

The Indians of portions of California declare that in early spring the quail eat the leaves of the wild onion, and that their flesh becomes worthless for food at this season because of the strong odor of onions which pervades it.

It is a well-known fact that the flesh of the spruce grouse and of Franklin's grouse in the winter season, when the ground is snow covered and their food is largely the buds and leaves of spruce and pine, acquires a strongly resinous taste which is at first unpleasant, though one readily becomes used to it. More familiar still is the fact that the ruffed grouse which has fed on the buds and leaves of the laurel often acquires a strongly bitter taste. On the other hand, it may well be that in this last case the taste of the flesh may come merely from absorption by the muscles of the flavor of the stomach contents of birds that have hung long without dressing.

Old trappers know very well that the flesh of the beaver has a strong taste of willow and cottonwood bark, and no one who has ever eaten much beaver could be in doubt as to the food that he was masticating, even though his eyes were blindfolded a hundred times.

To come back to more familiar and homely examples, it has often happened that the eggs of hens in Florida were pervaded by a strangely bitter taste which the owners of the fowls were quite unable to account for, and it has

taken a long investigation to learn that this taste came from the fact that the hens were eating orange seeds. When they were prevented from consuming this food, the taste of the eggs became normal.

In bygone years—and very likely to the present day—near some of the salmon rivers of the Northwest coast, hens' eggs during a part of the salmon run were uneatable, for the reason that the chickens fed so freely on dead salmon thrown out of the streams that eggs and flesh alike became tainted. It is also a notorious fact that on portions of the coast and on certain streams in the Northwest hogs can not be killed during the salmon run because their flesh is too fishy to be eaten. The flesh of bears at certain points on the same coast is reported to be so fishy at the close of the salmon run that even the natives will not eat it. On the other hand, years ago there used to be special brands of hams sold in Cincinnati which purported to be of rare excellence because the hogs from which they were taken had fed on chestnuts or other mast.

All of which shows that the illness from which the King of the Cannibal Islands suffered after partaking of an old sailor, whose diet for many years had consisted of tobacco, salt horse and rum, may not have been due entirely to His Majesty's imagination.

THE ADIRONDACK FORESTS.

THE New York Board of Trade and Transportation, which gave most valuable service to defeating the Adirondack forest grab measure in 1896, has now through its Forestry Committee addressed a memorial to the Legislature protesting against the enactment of the Davis bill to turn the State forests over to the pulp men and the camp site occupants. The people of this State, says the memorial, have twice passed upon this question and by an overwhelming vote at the polls registered their determination to keep their forest possessions intact. They are not likely to be deceived in this new attack. If the question shall come before them they will defeat it again. But the defeat should come now and at Albany. The Davis bill should be killed.

TO PROTECT ALASKA GAME.

THERE was introduced last month in the House of Representatives by Mr. John F. Lacey, of Iowa, a bill for the protection of game in the District of Alaska and for other purposes, which should receive favorable action by Congress. Recent years have witnessed a terrible destruction of big game in that country, and persons who have investigated the matter tell us that the great bears of Kadiak Island and the Alaska Peninsula, the giant moose, the white sheep and certain forms of caribou are rapidly passing away, partly through the killing for food, but also largely through killing for hides and, to a less extent, for heads to be sold to taxidermists.

By the present bill wanton destruction of birds other than game or of game animals is prohibited, and game animals and birds are defined. Close seasons are established for certain wild animals and wild birds, and it is further provided that whenever the Secretary of Agriculture shall deem it necessary for the preservation of game birds or animals, he shall make rules and regulations modifying these close seasons, or providing different close seasons for different parts of Alaska, or may further restrict the limit of killing, or may entirely prohibit such killing for a period not exceeding five years for any locality.

The killing of females or yearlings of moose, caribou, deer or sheep is forbidden, and the number of game animals that any one person may kill within a year is defined. Hunting with hounds and the use of steam launches is prohibited. The selling of hides, skins, or heads of game animals or birds, and the shipping of such hides or carcasses is forbidden, except for scientific purposes. Penalties are established for violations of this act, and it is made the duty of certain Federal officials, marshals and their deputies, collectors of customs and their deputies, and officers of revenue cutters, to assist in the enforcement of the act. They may arrest persons violating it without warrant.

Obviously the two important provisions of the act are those which prohibit the sale and export of hides and

which give to the Secretary of Agriculture the authority to divide Alaska into districts and to frame regulations adapted to each.

A hearing was had by the sub-committee having the bill in charge on Friday, March 7, and the matter having been very fully explained, all the members were in favor of the passage of the bill, with certain amendments, which are shown in the copy printed elsewhere.

It is very fitting that the work of protecting Alaskan game should have been taken up by one who has done so much for game protection in the United States. Mr. Lacey's bill is a beginning of care for the wild creatures of this northern domain. When it has become law further steps may be taken looking in the same direction.

INDIAN TERRITORY GAME.

THE bill in the United States Senate, introduced by Senator Quarles, provides a close season for the game of Indian Territory, and forbids hunting within the Territorial limits by non-residents except with a license to be issued by the United States Indian agent at Union Agency upon the payment by the applicant of a fee of \$2.50 per day for each day's hunting, the time permitted not to exceed ten days. The moneys thus collected are to constitute a fund for rewards for information leading to the conviction of game law violators.

The provision of the Quarles bill which concerns the sportsmen of the country at large is a prohibition of netting any birds in the Territory at any time, and the taking of any game for purposes of export. This will effectually put a stop to the export of live quail from the Indian Territory for stocking other covers. Many individuals, clubs and associations have hitherto derived their supplies of live game from this source; the new order will cut off this supply. The Indian Territory quail no longer being available, the work of restocking will of necessity cease. This means a distinct deprivation, and one for which there can be no justification other than an unwise diminution of the Territory quail supply. If the stock of quail in the Territory is such that it may be drawn upon by exporters of live birds for stocking purposes, without menacing the home supply, Congress should not interfere to prevent this industry.

There is ground for believing that the export of live quail from the Indian Territory might be conducted under some system of regulation by the authorities which would protect the interests of the Territory and at the same time serve the interests of the country at large by supplying the material for replenishing exhausted covers. The Territory is so fertile in game, so admirably adapted by climate, food resources and other natural conditions to producing quail in exhaustless supply, that Congress would more truly be serving the interests of the country if instead of cutting off the quail export it made provision for its continuance under proper safeguarding.

In recent years we have heard much of German forestry and German forest methods, but most American students of this science know little about it that is practical. This spring an opportunity is offered to students by the Biltmore Forest School, which is in charge of Dr. C. A. Schenck, to see during the coming summer something of German forestry and its methods. Under the guidance of Dr. Schenck a party will leave New York April 10 and return July 8, going both ways by steamer of the North German Lloyd. The students of the party will begin in the Rhine Valley, where the types of European forestry will be investigated. Portions of Germany, the Bavarian Alps, the Tyrol, Hungary and Roumania will be passed over. Large stretches of forest will be traversed on foot, so that those making the trip will require good walking outfits. The total expense of the entire tour will not exceed \$500, which includes tuition fee and steamer fares to and from New York. Members of forestry associations, lumbermen and other friends of forestry are invited to take part in this tour, which cannot fail to be of great interest.

That is a touching record we print to-day from the pen of Rowland E. Robinson. But how there glow through it all the high courage and cheerfulness of the strong heart which was his.

The Sportsman Tourist.

An Unseen Year.

BY ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

A DOMED wall of darkness, intangible yet impenetrable, shuts me in from sky, fields, winds and waters so continually that the brightness of the sunniest day and the gloom of the blackest night are indistinguishable.

Yet the voices of nature come to my ears, its breath, laden with divers odors, to my nostrils, her touch makes response to mine; and so I have a notion, a New Year's one, that is likely enough to be abandoned in a little while, to make note of the year's passage by such signs as are vouchsafed me. It will serve to amuse me for awhile at least, and perhaps sometime interest some one else to know how the world goes with one who is in perpetual night.

Jan. 1, 1898.—I happened to be awake at midnight when the old year went out with a roar of the north wind's trumpet and with banners of snow flying; and with like pomp the new year came in. Here amid the open fields there was such a tumult of sound that the roar and shriek of passing trains were swallowed up in it. How much greater it must have been in the woods, a countless host of trees lifting up their voices in a mighty chorus and clashing their branches and booming downfalls like an irregular cannonade. Or along the lake with waves crashing and thundering on rocks and level shores, torn crests hissing and seething over miles of surface, the winds shrieking through the bent cedars and clashing their icy branches at the upturned sprawls of juniper. Through the straight-blown mist of snow and spray, Split Rock Light is shining for the last night of this winter on the leaping pillar of foam at the end of the point and on the racing waves. The wind whines and moans in the chimney as I used to hear it fifty-odd years ago in the old Friends' meeting house on First days and Fifth days, while we were waiting for the spirit to move some ministering friend. I remember far more distinctly the solemn plaint of the wind, the murmur of the stove's draft and the singing of the sappy wood, than the weighty testimonies of the elders, though their venerable forms, long since departed, still arise before me, benign ghosts. The storm raged all day, and few passing teams were reported.

Jan. 2 began in calm and with a clear sky. The last is evident to me as the first, when the sun rose and shone warm through the windows, though the mercury was twelve degrees below in the early morning. By and bye the wind arose out of the north and was blowing half a gale at nightfall.

Jan. 3—So it continues this morning, with a snow squall and then sunshine. (I now forefeel that this record will be short-lived, for handicapped as I must be there will be little of nature's doings made manifest to me.) A loud, deep, solemn monotone of wind in the trees; amid it rather than above it, though higher pitched, the harping of the telegraph wires. Why do none of the wise men tell us the causes of this harping? Is it the wind, the electric current or the contracting of the wires by the lowering of the temperature?

Jan. 4—Night and morning a frozen silence, not broken by a note of the telegraph wires nor the cracking of the trees. This reminds me that in a thunderstorm last summer I heard the lightning strike the great elm near the "Polly house," and the sound coming just before the crash of thunder was just like that of a tree cracking with stress of frost. I hear no birds nor anything to make note of. At evening they tell me of the setting sun and rising moon, both casting shadows.

Jan. 5—Must copy the boy's diary. "Forgot what did." Shall have to abandon my plan and record only the noteworthy days.

Jan. 6—The softening south wind portends a thaw, which the afternoon brings, and at night a few wind-blown raindrops fall upon my face as I go out. I hear the drip of the eaves all night, and twice the thud of snow sliding from the roof.

Jan. 7—Light breeze from the north, increasing toward noon. A partial eclipse of the moon this evening, which our folks were all greatly interested to see because it is a rare sight. The moon rising behind a mountain peak or a pine tree, or with a cloud passing over it is as beautiful, yet so common a sight as to attract no particular attention.

Jan. 8—South wind, softening the snow. Some sleighs passing with bells jingling, slow teams and runners grinding a dismal accompaniment; but it is sleighing.

Jan. 9—A good, wholesome air of northern flavor.

Jan. 10—The wind south again, and how quickly the temperature responds, though we can catch no savor of the sea nor of the green fields over which this wind so lately blew. Neither does the north wind bring us the odor of the Esquimaux igloos, but it does blow down to us now and then a snowy owl and flurries of snow buntings and Arctic grosbeaks like showers of red snow.

Jan. 15—Snow falling nearly all day, but in all only four or five inches. George drawing wood from the mountain, and says there are no fox tracks to be seen. They have probably made a partial migration to the lake shore or the back hills. I must ask people of both regions. Joe tells of pheasant tracks back side of Shell-house Mountain.

Jan. 16—A fine, quiet winter day.

Jan. 19—To-day, coming up our road, the familiar path under snow is strange to my feet and staff, and I go astray. Then I hear a nuthatch, and think I locate the tree he is on, and so myself, but am mistaken and bring up against the front porch instead of the kitchen stoop, which I thought myself near. Rachael makes a trip to the mountain on the wood sled without discoveries, unless of hints for pictures.

Jan. 20—Snow falling this morning. I feel it drifting in my face from the south. Afternoon it turns to rain, falling noiselessly on the snow, and a flat, unmusical drip from the eaves.

Jan. 21—The north wind is roaring in the woods and whining and moaning in the chimneys. I am carried again to the old Friends' meeting house. I remember as if it were yesterday, the moaning of the wind at the funeral

when I gained my first acquaintance with the awful mystery of death. I can distinctly recall the solemnity of the scene; the venerable forms of the white-haired ministers and elders, sitting motionless, in silence on the high seats; the hushed congregation, the awe with which it all filled me, especially that central object, the plain pine coffin, unadorned by a single flower, but with a bunch of tansy on the lid, diffusing its pungent, bitter odor, ever after associated in my mind with funerals.

Jan. 28—The men go to the mountains to cut timber, and report a little more than two feet of snow in the woods. The boy goes with them to chop, and proves himself in some measure a chip of the old block, his pioneer great-grandfather Stevens, taking handily to the ax.

Jan. 30—Twenty degrees below zero. I hear woodpeckers, chickadees and jays out at the meat placed on the tree for them.

Feb. 3—Our folks report a new pensioner taking his dole from the meat, a forlorn little crow, so small that he was not easily recognizable. He was driven away by a female downy. A stranger asked if he might bait his tired horse in our "ba'n." I knew before he told me that he came from "over the mountain." You can tell an eastern Vermonter by the softening or the dropping of his r's, as no born western Vermonter does, unless he has cultivated elegance of diction. The treatment of the letter by our eastern brethren, who flatten and twist the fourth vowel as ruthlessly as we do, is as marked as that of our common hereditary enemies, the Yorkers, yet with a difference. It is a curious fact that the "height of land" is a dividing line of dialects of a people having the same colonial ancestry. This is not more curious than the fact that it is unconsciously spoken by inhabitants of one region, while they are quite aware of the peculiarities of speech in the people of another. The New Yorker sneers at me when I tell of my "caow," while I wonder to what sort of a landing he brought his craft when he "droved her up to the wharf." Each is unaware that he is not speaking good English.

Feb. 8—One day follows another, of which I find nothing to report more than would a frog encased in a rock or tree, aware of a difference in temperature, hearing the noises of day and noting the stillness of night in the constant unvarying darkness.

Feb. 12—It has thawed for four days and spoiled the sleighing. I am compensated in hearing the distant brooks whisper of spring. This long thaw is remarkable for the absence of rain. Otherwise, we would have had a flood.

March 6—Last night there was the perfect stillness of winter nights, now and then broken by the crack of a frosty tree like a blow struck on resonant wood.

March 10—I hear spring-like sounds in the daytime; the hammering of a woodpecker and the soft nasal piping of the nuthatches; in the night, the south winds sighing among the trees and the dripping of the eaves.

The North Country.

III.—A Morning's Call.

It was just before dawn that Karl called me, and after stumbling about the little cabin, lit our invaluable lantern and started a few sticks in the stove. This early hour, before the birds are awake, is the coldest of the twenty-four, and one can easily understand that, although all the chinks of our house were well stuffed with moss, it still leaked enough to make one want to bury one's nose in the blankets. But we soon had a fire going and a pot of coffee boiling. Then I rolled out and performed the formalities of rising outside, with a tooth brush and a little—a very little—soap and water. The stars shivered in the velvety sky through the trees, and thin ice skimmed the pail. A "cat's lick," as my old nurse used to call my boyish attempts at cleanliness, was all the atmosphere encouraged. A moment found me indoors again; then, before the fire, came a gulp of coffee and a biscuit pocketed to carry along with me. I took my rifle, five extra shells, and behold, we were out in the quiet breath-the night again, climbing the hill through the mysterious and shifting morning gloom of the woods toward the water—one short mile away. How majestic the great trees loom in the dark! How bright stand the birches and how gloomy the thickets! But the stars were paling, night was rapidly passing over the hills, and before we came to the end of the trail had slipped away from before the day.

If some of the peaked-faced men and women one meets at balls would only try the other end of night for their festivities, and hold them out of doors, as we hunters do, would it not make them better men and women, as well as healthier?

Everything was crisp with frost. It made swords of every grass blade, and a broken twig cracked sharply in the stillness. Near the lake a flock of spruce partridges rose noisily into a clump of pines, but we could not stop for them. Mists rose from the water, a cloud of airy white spectres that floated away with the lightest air making room for new ones to arise, Aphrodite-like, and weave rings and spirals with all the grace of nature. We took one long look, and then, "Nobody!" whispered Karl, so we crept along by the old blind where I had killed the caribou, and over toward a long deserted beaver house. Here the bushes made fine cover, and it had the double advantage of standing well out from the shore. To reach it one had to jump from a bunch of swamp grass, and, as luck would have it, my moccasins slipped, and down I fell into a good three feet of cold mud and water. If Karl had not leaned forward and caught me, I might be still sinking, so oozy was the black, ill-smelling slime. In such bright, frosty air it does not take long to get chilled, but Karl, the far-seeing, had a blanket to wrap round me. Into this I sat me down and tried to dry my wet trousers from the inside out. Any one who has tried this knows it is a tedious operation, and so I found it.

The morning was ideal, still and cold—the morning a caller loves. The yellow horn, a new one, wider a trifle than the last, gave forth a bugle note that floated off lightly over the tree tops. You could hear the echoes roll over the hills and search out every nook and thicket for a mile and a half. We waited patiently, but no answer. Again Karl called, beginning clear, and after a long sustained note, ending with the grunt we all know.

No answer. Twenty minutes went by. I shifted once or twice in my wet clothes to see if they were any dryer, but they were only colder. The sun was now changing the pine tops to gold. Very slowly it came, and it was a surprise to find that it finally was up after all, and yet it seemed as if it had jumped up suddenly, and with it came the morning breeze.

A few minutes more and the horn was raised to try again, when Karl suddenly dropped it, and away off over the forest came the faint but distinct grunt of the bull. Again came the answer, and then, after a few moments of silence, Karl raised his hand for attention. "Hark!" said he, and we heard the call of the cow. "She won't leave him go," said he, "but we'll see." And the horn again woke the echoes, lower this time and more pleadingly, if possible. We hardly dared breathe now as the moments went silently by. Squirrels chirruped and jays screamed in the woods, and at each break in the quiet I thought the owner of the voice had been startled by the approaching moose. How quiet the woods can be of a morning, and yet what a bustle there is of awakening life! A bird whistles, a squirrel scolds, the wind rustles the trees, and a duck flaps around in the water as if it was his first bath of the season. A song sparrow hopped out on a branch some ten feet away, and late as was the season, poured out his little thankful heart in a melody of praise. There was no motion or sound on the beaver house except the chattering of our teeth, loud enough to frighten an army, it seemed, but we concluded afterward that we were not so much scared as cold. After a half-hour of silence, and that intense listening which strains the ear and the imagination, and after a low grunt from the yellow horn and another long spell of watching the shores, suddenly there was a great crashing of sticks on the hillside near the lake. My rifle automatically came to the ready and Karl beat the bushes with his horn. Every moment we expected to see his black bride burst into the light, but no moose was forthcoming. We waited and waited, but waited in vain.

I hope he returned to the fair one he had deserted and quieted her sobs and made it all up, for certainly her bawls denoted a most distressed state of mind, and I'm sure one of her remarks referred to Karl as "that forward hussy," which had more poetical than actual justice in it. We decided that night, on talking over the annoying affair, while discussing also the best of suppers—which I must stop to tell you I prepared myself of boiled rice and a can of tomatoes heated in the fry pan—we decided, I repeat, that the light breeze must have carried the scent of the carcass of the Doctor's moose to his brother on the hill, or, possibly, a whiff of the human taint reached him, but in any case he gave us a glorious thrill, quite worth a wetting. GEORGE F. DOMINICK, JR.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Walk Down South.—XX.

I WAS in Saltville until Tuesday, December 31. I tried to go through the salt works, but the company thought I was after the secrets of its trade—thought I was a chemist sent to Saltville by a rival company to learn the process—so they shut me out. I told them that it was the first time I'd been regarded as a sneak thief.

On Tuesday morning the sun shone, and after a goodbye to the folks in general, I started down the railroad track with Backley for company. Neither one of us was anxious to part from the other. We could not tell whether we would ever meet again or not. One day he had said:

"The man who gave me this corkscrew died of thirst on an Australian desert."

Again:

"Here is half of a penny. The man who has the other half I don't know where he is."

A letter Backley got from New Zealand one day while I was there told of the death of one of his friends on an African battlefield. These things made partings hard for him—and the same for me.

Three miles down the railroad we climbed a hill, and on top of it beside the road we looked at a snow-covered mountain miles away. We saw a little river boiling full crossing the road at the foot of the ridge, and Backley went down to help me across the rail that served as a bridge. Then it was "good-bye." Few days have been so hard as that "evening" when I plodded down the middle of a road ankle deep with red mud that stuck to my shoes by the pounds.

That night I stopped at the Rev. Mr. Buck's. I was tired, weary and wet with sweat. At an early hour I went to bed, rolled up in my thick woolen blanket, under the ample covering hoping to stave off a cold that was coming on. The sleep was good and the cold was beaten. In the morning it was frosty and very "fresh," or cold. It was New Year's Day.

"I hope you'll remember the hereafter," the good parson said on parting.

The road grew worse every mile. The frost had not frozen deep enough to make the mud substantial. Sometimes I slid off the hummocks, sometimes I sank into them. A brook ran down the center of the way in one place for several rods. It was a long valley, just over the ridge from the Holston. A grazing land, there were some fine red cattle here and there along it.

I stopped at a little village, Glenford, Va., early in the afternoon. My shoes needed soling. I learned that there was no water a boatman need fear on the Little Holston. There were some dams, but I could get over most of them, and pull around those I couldn't run. On the second of January I reached Hughes' Ford, two miles from Glenford. A carpenter was on the opposite bank where I landed, and he agreed to build me a boat then and there.

On the following day I went up to a little sawmill and got an 8-foot piece of white oak plank, green, but clear of knots, for a paddle. I drew a plan on the board. It was six inches wide for the blade and two inches wide for the handle, five feet three inches over all. The blade was two feet four inches long from the foot of the grip to the point.

I made the paddle of a shape Backley had recommended—the Maori blade. The sides are parallel for sixteen inches, then at each end it tapers one to a point and the other into the handle. One side is rounded, the other hollowed to a depth of nearly a quarter of an

inch. I sawed it to the rough shape and then gouged it out with a draw plane, a lathe plane and glass. I smoothed it with sandpaper, leaving a thickening near the tip for strength, and another near the handle in the slope for the same purpose. The blade is nearly half an inch thick down the center, and a little more than an eighth at the edges. The handle has the usual shape, a grip at the top, a bulge in the middle and a small handful at the blade. It balances where the little finger of the right hand grips it.

As I worked it down, the rivermen agreed that it was a good one, but they shook their heads when I shaved the blade so "thin." One said the handle was too short, and that I'd have to sit down to use it. He did not know that was what I intended to do.

I noticed that one of the men who was around considerable did not seem very frisky—had a sort of a halt in his walk, a lack of ginger in his arm motions. I overtook him on my way to the store on the 4th and remarked that he seemed to be a bit under the weather.

"Yas-s," he replied. "I got into a little racket last August up on Tug River, West Virginia. Two bullets hit me in the left arm, one in the right and two in the body. Ef it hadn't been for this yer suspender buckle he'd got me sure."

In the right suspender buckle was a .38 bullet hole. They "had a little falling out two-three times," and Ruble got the best of it; then "he" shot Ruble when Ruble thought "he" was "friendly" again.

The boat was done in a couple of days. It looked well, but this man and that man said something had been done that oughtn't to be, and that other things were wrong. It was dead log poplar, 14 feet long, 3 feet 10 inches wide and the perpendicular sides were a foot high in the middle. It was "sharp" at one end and "square" at the other. One man said it ought to have two more inches of rake forward. But I was satisfied.

I left it out in the wind all night; in the morning I could see through the bottom. I ran it down to the ford and had the old river man, Hughes, caulk it up, and then I put it into the stream to soak.

That night I listened to Jimmy Hughes play the "Hounds Running" on the banjo. It was a stirring piece. The old dogs bellowed along, and the little dogs yelped along, round the hills, now faintly, again loudly, now with bursts of joy, again with baffled yells, as they lost the scent. It was worth a long delay and a lot of trouble to hear that music. In the Holston store I heard a florid, 250-pound storekeeper and wiry, bony trapper with black whiskers play a violin and a banjo together. That, too, was stirring.

In the morning the mush ice was running too thick to start early. I was sitting by the fireplace waiting for the day to warm up a bit, when I heard giggles among the Hughes girls, while the boys grinned. Then I detected the odor of my tooth wash. A little observing showed that Will had mistaken the pretty red stuff for perfumery and had taken some of it for his handkerchief. They enjoyed it, and so did I.

On Monday morning, Jan. 6, at 10:50 o'clock A. M., my stuff being all in the boat, I sat down on the stern seat and was pushed off by Jimmy Hughes. A wave of the hands and away I went. A mill dam was half a mile below. It was built of cobblestones and tree branches—a mere stone fence tossed across the river slantwise to shunt the water into an undershot wheel. I grounded on it, but pried myself over with an oar. A little rapid below ran me toward a stone cliff fifty feet high, but the Maori paddle saved me, and away I went round the bend, south-bound again.

I had to watch out for fish trap dams and mill dams, but I had a list of them and felt reasonably safe, though the novelty of the situation made me cringe a little, and eye the water ahead nervously.

I was in shoals of mush ice which melted slowly, but the sun was warm and bright. Altogether, few days have been more pleasing to me than this one. I need paddle only a little at intervals if I wished, and yet I was moving along constantly into and out of the shadows of the hills, through countless clear reflections.

A moment of excitement was when I saw a fall ahead—one over a ledge a foot high, but not quite perpendicular. A pair of black ducks jumped out of the water ahead. Then over another little ledge of rocks I went, tipping a little on a hidden rock. The scenes changed—rocky ledges and cliffs, tree-grown banks and glimpses of cornfields and houses. Two men hailed me to be "put across," and I accommodated them, receiving some valuable information in return. That was some six miles below Holston.

I ate my "snack" which Mrs. Hughes had put up for me—cold biscuit, cold fried pork, jam and apple butter sandwiches—floating along on an eddy. Such luxury! I could eat, sit and see the land loom up before me, drift past me and fade away behind me.

It was a study in itself to see the drift lodged in the trees, grass tufts, twigs, corn shocks, boards, split rails, even logs, were in the tree branches ten feet above the water, all of them, save the heavier sticks, in matted tufts so tightly woven that they could be thrown, if one could release them from the support.

I stopped some little leaks with putty. Ordinarily leaks in such a place would have worried me, but now they scarcely disturbed me. I received some friendly greetings from the dwellers along the higher parts of the banks. One man yelled:

"I reckon you all's going west?"

I said "Yes."

How far I was going was a question that I scarcely thought of then. "Down the Tennessee" was the general idea I had in mind.

I traveled only six hours, yet I was more than twelve miles from my starting point, when I went up the bank at a landing and across the bottom to a white house. I expected to sleep in my boat when I made calculations for the ride, but I was told that it would be best not to till I got to the Big Holston, because of the cold, and the chances of rheumatism. After some of my wet walks I had felt a new sort of ache in my finger joints and in my knees. I decided to not take any chances in that regard.

It was the Raven's Nest locality where I landed; Thomas B. Hendricks was the man's name—an old, white-

bearded man, who had bought more land than he could swing to comfortably when it came to meeting interest and payments. He had not been satisfied with a mere 300 acres; some of his neighbors had larger places, so he got another adjoining farm, and now the burden of a \$2,500 mortgage has drawn his lips, pitched his voice and inflicted a secret wound in his pride.

I had to wait for the mush ice again on the following morning. The river was oppressively quiet after I bade good-bye to Hendricks, his wife and children at the landing place. The flakes and splinters of ice which rustled and cracked along the banks or against occasional mid-stream obstructions, were very interesting that morning. "Mush ice" I had never seen before. Now the puddings hung to the side of my boat, softer than the solid cakes, yielding to the touch, yet bearing one's craft along in its grasp. It held the boat end-on if one went to the center of a "cake." It resisted efforts to split it and often refused to be dodged. In the ripples the ice particles all separated and glimmered and gleamed, casting a thousand sparkles of light in every direction—confusing one's eyesight and making one forgetful of possible rocks. Below the ripple the scattered fleet made haste to swarm together again, and floated on in shapely masses four or five inches thick, some of the flakes clear of the water by a half inch, others far below the surface, crowded down by the upper bits.

When I reached Flenner's Dam I got out of the boat to take a look at it. Water oozed over the cobbles clean across it. There was only one place where I could run it, and that was close to the west bank. The water dragged over there and broke into a tumult of quick water just below, bending sharply to the left. In the bend was an ugly rock head. I feared an upset, so I carried all my stuff to a good landing below the riffle or shoal. Then I got into my boat, shoved off and headed for the chute. I went a-zipping. I tried to go outside the rocks, but saw that I couldn't, so I shoved inside of it. The boat was too wide and wedged between the rock and the bank. I pried loose, however, safely made the landing place, loaded up and went on. Flenner's Dam was one of the "bad places."

Whether I was lazy or industrious, whether I paddled or not, the land went sliding by, a long procession of cliffs, corn bottoms, sycamores and woods. It was a kind of play. It did not seem as if I had anything to do with it. I felt like the boy looks who says he isn't doing anything. What right had I to be carried along like that without doing anything, without even walking? I felt as though I was stealing a ride, getting something for nothing. I wanted to repay the river for its kindness. It was the feeling that moved the Indians when they cast the feathers of the bluejay, the cardinal and the reed bird into the gentle current. It must needs be a beautiful offering; for such the river shows its appreciation. It was a good Indian who said:

"Be kind, oh, traveler, to the spirits which see thee on thy way. Pay thy respects to the tree spirit, to the rock spirit, to the wind that may caress thee, to the river that carries thy canoe."

With all reverence, I tried to do as the Indians did, tried to see as they would have seen.

The afternoon of the seventh passed slowly by. At 2 o'clock I stopped to mail a letter at Mandota, and at 3:15 o'clock a mile below I came to another dam. Thirty feet had been washed out at the center, through which the water poured in a wide, crinkly wave, to break into dancing white and spread over a fan-like shoal, rock studded and fearsome below. I carried my pack around the dam and then took to the wave in the center, and went through with my mouth open and my paddle dipping cleverly enough. A couple of miles below I thought to find a house to sleep in, but the region was suffering from smallpox and other scares. At plumb dark I went to a house across a field. I could stay in a little house down the road, a young man said. I went to the house, pack and all, by the light of my little lantern, but the youth and his mother had changed their minds, so the hired man and the son came down to the shanty. The boy had a revolver in his right-hand trouser's pocket, and the hired man had a double-barreled shotgun. The son said:

"I neveh said you all could stay yere. I neveh did, seh; no seh, no seh, I didn't."

I had to laugh at the situation. When I stamped my foot into my shoes (I had taken them off), both men jumped three inches into the air. I prepared to start leisurely enough.

"Ef you all don't hurry up, they'll be to bed deown the rivah," the son said in a tone of voice that made me pity him. With a revolver in one hand and a man to back him, with a double-barreled shotgun, he was so frightened at one man that his voice shook and broke with a whine.

My pack fixed to my satisfaction, my lantern in one hand and cased rifle in the other, I started for my boat. I fastened the pack in the bow, so that it would stay with the boat in case of an upset, then shoved out into the river and headed down stream in the night under a cloudy sky. I could hear the roar of a rapid ahead, sounding loud in the gloom. It was now my turn to be scared.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

A Snake as Sign of Gentle Spring.

NEW BERN, N. C., March 4.—Signs of spring are not wanting here. Robins and purple grackles have gone north. English snipe are coming in from the south. Frogs are piping on the marshy edges of the ponds. Last week a hand organ delighted the little 'coons, and on Sunday girls in white muslin shirtwaists were sitting bareheaded on the porches. To-day I saw a swallow darting over a plowed field. And if these facts be not sufficiently convincing, I may add that on Saturday B. B. Mallison, of Pine Grove, about fifteen miles east of this town, brought in the skin of a rattlesnake which he had killed on Wednesday. It is four inches in diameter and six feet long, exclusive of the rattles, of which there are eighteen. The snake showed so much fight and was so aggressive that Mallison had to use a twelve-foot pole to kill it, being afraid to use a six-foot stick he had.

K.

Natural History.

Where Sparrows Sleep.

At the first touch of autumn the careful man dons a heavier suit of underwear and a light overcoat, and when winter begins to show his teeth, the woollens and the ulster are hauled out for service. Not only this, the furnace is started and the house made generally comfortable and a richer quality and more generous quantity of food indulged in.

With the birds of the air no such precautions are possible, and as if conscious of this, the vast majority of them solve the problem by simply betaking themselves to a more genial climate. Why do the few remain? That is a question that no naturalist can answer.

We see the ptarmigan choosing to brave the terrors of the Arctic winter, and at every degree south some other variety choosing to put up with more or less cold and hunger when a flight of a few days might take them to comfort and plenty. Do they enjoy the cold? It would seem absurd to think so. Have they not intelligence enough to tell them that they can get away from it? That seems not at all probable in view of what we know of other birds.

But the fact is, this whole question of migration or non-migration is very much of a mystery. If one bird changes its habitat with the seasons, why does not another? Doubtless the habits of birds in this regard were acquired millions of years ago, when conditions were very different from what they are now, but having no precise data as to these conditions, we cannot form an accurate opinion. The researches of science may some day throw light on the question, though it is hardly likely.

However, what I wish to speak of now is the wonderful endurance of one familiar variety which remains with us during the winter. I refer to the house sparrow (*Passer domesticus*), erroneously called here the "English" sparrow, it being, in fact, common to all Europe.

For seven or eight months of the year this pervasive importation finds life generally very pleasant and easy, but one day in late November it begins to snow, and thereafter with but few intermissions the winter is on the warpath with a vengeance. But *P. domesticus* does not lose heart. He faces the situation bravely and even cheerfully. And remember what he has to do: he has to adapt himself physically without any additional covering or any more food—nay, much less—and without any more sheltered place to sleep. I say without any of these he has to adapt himself within a week or two to a fall of possibly forty or fifty degrees in the temperature of the air. Why doesn't he freeze up and die in a night? That is the wonder.

Far from succumbing to the sudden cold, he seems just as brisk and cheery as during the halcyon days of summer. He is about at the first peep of dawn. You will see him in the streets, in the back yards, on the decks of ferry boats—plowing through a snow heap, hopping in the frozen gutter, half-buried in an ash can—anywhere and everywhere, in fact, that there is a chance of picking up a living. Let a boy fancying that he has grown tame with the cold and hunger, try to catch him and you will see what a fool he will make of that boy.

Having satisfied his hunger (though this is by no means always possible), he will seek out some sunny or sheltered spot in the afternoon and sit there with a number of companions, preening himself and gossiping for an hour or more. He has always an eye out for his mortal enemy, the cat, and when he sees one he utters loud notes of alarm and defiance.

At the approach of night he is to be seen fitting hither and thither in search of a lodging. Perhaps the thermometer is not very much above zero, and it excites one's pity to think of the only lodging procurable by the anxious seeker. The eaves of a roof, the hole in a cornice, the opening over a porch, a crevice in a wall, a leafless vine or tuft of shrubbery—in some one of these must the night be passed. Let the man who raises such a storm because there is not enough heat in his room or his bed lacks sufficient covering just imagine *P. domesticus* sitting all night in one of the places mentioned. And then let him imagine him waking up to find no breakfast ready and perhaps half a foot of new-fallen snow on the ground.

Although *P. domesticus* is a canny bird, it would appear as if he lacked intelligence to do the best possible for his comfort; otherwise his love of a certain roost must be stronger than his love of comfort. In evidence of this, I may state a couple of facts with which I am familiar.

On Brooklyn Heights there is what I may call an alleyway made by two houses built close together, but not joining. It is completely exposed to the bay, and when it blows there is a perfect hurricane in the alley. While the cold, if it be winter, must be something terrific. Yet among the overspreading vines on one of the houses scores of sparrows roost night after night, let the weather be what it may.

Again, in the Battery Park, near the elevated railroad terminus and the Staten Island ferry, is a clump of shrubbery. Here at nightfall, with a tremendous chatter, as usual, there is another congregation of the little brown urchins, and when they have suited themselves with twigs (not often without a scrimmage) they go placidly to sleep, apparently regardless of the ceaseless roar of traffic and the glare of the electric lights. Pass there at any hour of the night and you will see them like so many little balls of feathers each upon his perch. If the weather should be particularly severe, as in a blizzard, they crowd together till four or five may be seen in a row. That some of them do not survive the night there can, of course, be no question. Yet we never see a dead sparrow. How is it? Perhaps the cat could tell.

It seems that there is a consensus of opinion among naturalists that *P. domesticus* is a nuisance, and that his introduction into this country was a mistake. Indeed, a most formidable indictment has been framed against him, and I fear it is only too true. But what are we going to do about it? I saw a short time ago in *The Country Gentleman* a most elaborate description of a machine to trap sparrows. I confess it only made me smile. We are all familiar with devices to trap or circumvent flies,

yet I never could observe any perceptible diminution in the number of flies. Well, the sparrow, I fancy, could give points to the fly in the art of propagation. It has been computed, if my memory serve me rightly, by the official ornithologist of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, that allowing for no mishaps or interruption to the course of nature, two sparrows will propagate in ten years to the number of 80,000,000! Supposing the sparrow were a fool, which he is very far from being, it would take quite a good many machines of the most ingenious pattern to cope with that rate of increase.

No, we might as well make up our minds that *P. domesticus* is here to stay. That being so, and since he will not do what he was brought over to do, is there no use to which he can be put? The answer to this question ought to be obvious from what has been written above. Will not, in fact, *P. domesticus* serve as a shining example of cheerful philosophy and indomitableness under the most trying circumstances? FRANCIS MOONAN.

A Winter Day at the Zoological Park.

IN winter the park of the New York Zoological Society is not much frequented by visitors, and, except for the keepers and persons employed there, the animals do not see many people. Yet most of them are active and stirring about, and it is well worth while to make a journey to the park to see them in their fine winter coats when the crisp air gives them an energy and an activity which they lose during the heats of summer.

A few days ago two men from the further West spent a day there, to their great contentment. Soon after entering the park on Pelham avenue, they passed the white-tailed deer range, and before stopping to look at the deer, one of the animals close to the fence turned in feigned alarm and pitched away from them with the white-tailed deer's well-known and rather ungainly high jump. A little further on the bird house was traversed, and here were seen all the tropical fowl, which in summer make beautiful the flying cage, now occupied only by a few old crows and magpies. Beyond this, in the caribou range, were a bull and a cow lying down together in the snow; the bull had already lost his horns, but the cow retained hers; tiny, little, crooked stubs, which might easily be overlooked. Moose, alas, are none, for, though last summer there were half a dozen in the park, of which two or three were apparently in good condition, all have since died. No doubt the trouble lies in the lack of proper food. In our Western country, cottonwood and willow form a large portion of the moose's food, and seem to be necessary to its existence. Here, where cottonwood does not grow, one would think that silver poplar and willow might be fed to moose in large quantities to great advantage.

Crossing the road, the elk are seen penned up in corrals about their house. They are ragged and shaggy in their winter coats, soon to be lost. The old bulls still carry their horns, and are thin in flesh, but the cows and calves seem in good case, though at this season by no means beautiful. Before very long now the bulls will have dropped their horns, the long, top hair and woolly undercoats of winter will begin to fall off in patches, and by the time that the ground is warm and the green grass is springing, we shall see a herd of elk yellow, sleek, round and beautiful.

At this season, wolves, coyotes and foxes are at their best. Their coats are heavy and smooth. On either side of the head of the great dog wolf in the small pen to the southward, stands out a huge ruff like that on a well-coated collie dog. The wolves are active, interested in life, running and playing in their large inclosures. The foxes are more quiet and more suspicious. A dozen red ones were curled up on the snow bank at the back of their inclosure apparently asleep. So too the gray foxes in the next inclosure sleep on the top of their house. There are three dens of coyotes—shy and suspicious of the visitor. One inclosure contains specimens from the Southwest and two those from the Middle West. Of those from the Southwest several are dark and reddish, of a color between that which in a setter dog would be called orange. There are two black coyotes.

The reptile house is interesting, as always, yet winter is not the best time to visit it, since snakes, tortoises and lizards are more or less sluggish. The monster python, 25 feet long, or thereabouts, seems recently to have shed his skin, and glistens in the light like polished metal. Other snakes were in process of shedding, and this was a surprise to the visitors, who imagined that snakes commonly shed their skins at some time during the summer.

Passing by the noisy sea lions, and with merely a glance at the bears, which to some of us are more attractive even than the monkeys, the two men passed on to the buffalo range. Most of the animals, including a calf and a yearling, were in a pen, on the low ground; but out in the open, in a flat under the hill which rises to the westward, were three or four buffalo, one of them a big bull. This one soon proceeded to furnish an exhibition, which alone "was worth the price of admission." He walked slowly up to a group of trees and brush, growing just under the ridge of rocks, and there began to fight a bush. The yielding branches offered no resistance and barely scratched his head. Two or three times he backed off and charged the bush, and the last time kept on through it, galloping madly along for a hundred yards. As he ascended a little hill he slowed down to a trot, and with head high in air, turned and looked back over his shoulder. Then he stopped, wheeled about, and at top speed charged back toward one of the other buffalo, which did not await his approach, but raced away. The bull now turned and running to the hill near where the trees stood, sank on his knees, and plunging his head into a deep snowdrift that was there, tore it up with his horns, rubbing his head backward and forward and making the snow fly in every direction. Again he got up and fought the bushes and rushed hither and thither, bounding into the air, kicking out with his hind feet, and racing to and fro, until his tongue hung far out of his mouth, and the great white streams of steam which poured from his nostrils showed how he was panting. He seems to be in as high spirits and to have no more sense of his dignity and ponderosity than a three weeks' old kid would have had.

The sight carried the minds of the two men back twenty-five or thirty years, to a day when scenes such as this might have been seen in many places on the treeless prairies of the West; and the good spirits and pure delight which this old bull showed in his freedom seemed to them about the finest testimonial to the good work of the New York Zoological Society that they had seen or heard of.

More interesting to most people than anything else in the park are the bear dens, where nearly thirty specimens are confined. These represent ten or a dozen species, all of which are in beautiful coat and condition. To the average man the polar bears, with their fine thin heads, their long, seal-like necks, and their huge limbs, and feet so covered with hair that claws and soles are hardly visible, are perhaps the most impressive. Yet to the Western men, the bears here called Kadiak seemed better worth study and examination. They are not yet quite as big as haystacks, but on the other hand they are only three years old, and there are still greater possibilities for them in the way of growth. One of them, the male, seemed half again as large as a grizzly bear of the same age. They are short-headed and short-necked and high-shouldered; very impressive beasts.

Most of the black bears, whether of the black or brown form, are singularly beautiful at this season of the year. Their coats are heavy, smooth and glossy, and each hair seems to stand up on end with a rigidity that makes the fur seem smooth and even, where the coat of the grizzly is merely shaggy and rough. It was noted that the bears, though seeming to be in superb condition, did not appear hungry. The food given them was wisely chosen for variety. Bread and meat and fish and carrots and apples were offered them, but most of them merely dallied with their food. Perhaps the season of the year had something to do with this, for at this time, under natural conditions, most of them would have been hibernating.

In the mountain sheep inclosures were two fine specimens of aoudad, and one of them, perched on the highest pinnacle of a miniature mountain, stood and looked off over the country, in a way to bring up to the mind of the Western men a contemplative bighorn on the point of some bad land bluff. Next to these were a pair of tahr, curious goat-like animals from Asia, but bearing on their heads sabres rather than horns, for the keen-cutting edge of the horn was directed forward. Next to these again are a pair of moufflons, male and female, from southern Europe, wonderfully bighorn-like in build, but very small in size. They were confident little beasts, and the male stood contentedly on his hind legs supporting his forefeet on the wires of his inclosure, while his friend scratched his head and rubbed his neck until they were tired and had to go. Parting the long brittle hair, which, except in color, closely resembles that of the American mountain sheep, the same coat of wool is found next the skin, and undoubtedly three months later, when the animal has shed, several ounces of this may be collected in the pen.

The primate house is well supplied with monkeys, apes and baboons. Many of them are interesting and beautiful specimens, and for any one who has the time to devote to watching them, something of interest will be found to happen every few moments; but the Western men's time had run out, and they were obliged to leave to catch their train.

The Horned Snake.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of the 4th ult. Stanstead states that he once had a reptile of the above designation in his possession, but that he lost his prize by the carelessness of a servant. Stanstead also states that the existence of the reptile in question is commonly looked upon as a myth.

Now, I am happy to inform your correspondent that there is nothing mythical whatever about the existence of such a reptile, for I have myself had ocular evidence of the fact, and a neighbor of mine—an experienced sportsman and close observer of nature—assures me that he has met with three of these snakes during his hunting trips.

Some years ago a boy had on exhibition in the streets of Winchester, Va., one of these reptiles, which he had confined in a box with a glass lid. The snake looked like the common black snake, except that it was of a paler or more ashy hue. It was apparently about 2½ feet in length. At the end of its tail was a horny or bony appendage of the size, shape and sharpness of an ordinary darning needle, the extreme tip being as white and as hard as ivory, constituting a most formidable looking weapon. However, as well as I recollect, the boy did not state that the reptile attempted to use this caudal appendage offensively when he attempted its capture. To me this horn, spur or thorn had the appearance of an abnormal prolongation of the last caudal vertebra.

DR. A. WALL.

WOODROW, W. VA.

[That there are snakes with horns, thorns, spikes or spurs on the ends of their tails admits of no doubt; but the trouble with all the stories about such snakes is that the purpose of this hard, sharp-pointed extremity is misconceived. The business end of a snake is not in his tail, but in his head, and no known snake uses his sharp-pointed tail, if he possesses one, as a weapon, either of offense or defense.

Yet the horned snake and hoop snake stories are old in this country. Thus Lawson, whose "History of Carolina" was published in 1707, says: "Of the Horn Snake, I never saw but two that I remember. They are like the Rattle Snake in Color but rather lighter. They hiss exactly like a Goose when anything approaches them. They strike at their Enemy with their Tail, and kill whatsoever they wound with it, which is armed at the End with a Horny Substance like a Cock's Spur. This is their Weapon. I have heard it creditably reported by those who said they were Eye-Witnesses, that a small Locust Tree about the Thickness of a Man's Arm being struck by one of these Snakes at ten o'clock in the Morning then verdant and flourishing, at four in the Afternoon was dead and the Leaves dead and withered. Doubtless be it how it will, they are very venomous. I think the Indians do not pretend to cure their wound."

Col. Beverly in his "History of Virginia" (1722) says:

"There is likewise a Horned Snake, so called from a Sharp Horn it carries in its Tail with which it assaults anything that offends it, with that Force that, as it is said, it will stick its Tail into the Butt End of a Musket from whence it is not able to disengage itself."

Catesby in 1731 speaks of this Southern snake as "water viper" or "water rattlesnake," but adds: "Not that it hath a Rattle. The Tail of this Viper is small toward the End and terminates in a blunt horny Point about half an inch long. This harmless little Thing has given a dreadful Character to its Owner, imposing a Belief on the Credulous that he is the terrible Horn Snake armed with Death at both Ends, thus attributing to him another instrument of Death besides that he had before, though in reality of equal Truth with that of the Two-headed Amphisbaena. Yet we are told that this fatal Horn by a Jerk of the Tail not only mortally wounds men and other Animals, but if by Chance struck into a young tree, whose Bark is more easily penetrated than an old one, the Tree instantly withers, and turns black and dies."

Perhaps the best known of North American snakes with sharp, hard-pointed tails is the familiar water moccasin often called cotton mouth (*Ancistronodon piscivorus*), but indeed the sharp-pointed tail of both the copperhead and moccasin is spiny. Dr. Cope says: "The last of the caudal vertebrae consists of an osseous splint with acute apex, which is ensheathed in three modified scales, two above and one below, which is better developed than in most harmless snakes." There we have the horn, which, however, is not confined to the venomous snakes which belong to this genus. A well-known South American snake of Guiana and Brazil, known as the bushmaster, has also a horny point to his tail.

It is well known that many snakes, big and little, venomous and harmless, have the habit of very rapidly vibrating the tail from side to side. This habit may be in a measure protective, since the swiftly vibrating tail, striking dry leaves, dry grass or weed stems and other objects, makes a rattling or buzzing noise, which warns those approaching it of its presence. Prof. O. P. Hay quotes Dr. Suckley concerning the fox snake, or pilot snake, of Minnesota, a wholly innocent species, as saying that when provoked it shows its irritation by vibrating the tip of its slender tail, which when striking a crumpled leaf or any other small object, produces a well-marked rattling noise, very similar to that made by the rattlesnake under the same circumstances. Other naturalists have made the same observation as to this and other notoriously harmless snakes, and it is a common thing, if one discovers a black snake in the summer before the creature is alarmed, for the snake to lie watching the observer and to wriggle its tail rapidly against the surrounding vegetation. This it seems to do as naturally as it thrusts out its tongue.

Eminent authorities have suggested that the swift vibrations of the tail of copperhead and moccasin suggest an approach to the rattle of their close relation, the rattlesnake. But is it necessary to go as far as this? It would almost seem that the vibration of a snake's tail, while, of course, under many circumstances a warning of its presence, is really more a sign of alertness, and shows the creature to be prepared for whatever may turn up, either for swift attack or rapid retreat. Indeed, Prof. Shaler has spoken of this movement of the tail as "an outlet for suppressed energy," and this in fact may perhaps be just what it is. Even the great snakes, such as the pythons and boas, vibrate the tail. Of course, however, the tail's chief use is as an organ of locomotion or prehension.]

A Winter Ride.

FERRISBURGH, Vt., March 2.—Editor Forest and Stream: The other day I drove from home to Barre, a distance of about forty-eight miles. The road winds around through the woods at the foot of Camel's Hump, and as I was driving along I noticed a track which I supposed at first to be that of a cow, but after stopping and examining the tracks, I found them to be those of a deer. On a piece further I found where it had dropped sign that was still steaming.

As I drove along, the road turned quite sharp, and going down a little hill I met a fox. I stopped, and he turning out gave me a wide berth, and the snow being quite deep he came back into the road and went on his way up the road out of sight.

This road is one of the prettiest drives in Vermont; a large, noisy brook on one side of it, and majestic old Tah-wah-be-de-e-wad-so on the other.

Then, as you leave the little village of Huntington, you go up over a hill, covered very thick with maple trees, and down into Jonesville. As I was riding along through this piece of maple woods I noticed a peculiar track, a good deal like a rabbit's, only much larger, going along in the ditch. As it was going my way, I noticed that it looked real fresh, and as I went over the brow of the hill, looking about forty rods ahead, I saw a lynx, commonly called a bobcat. As soon as he heard the bells he sprang to one side and disappeared in the underbrush.

When I reached the spot he was nowhere to be seen. The track showed he was walking when he heard me coming, and the distance from where he left the road to where he landed was over fifteen feet, which I carefully paced, going nearly to my waist in the snow in order to do it.

I have seen bobcats stuffed and live ones on exhibition at shows, but I never saw one that looked as large.

Leon Cutler, of North Montpelier, told me that there had been near his home an open piece of water down on the Branch, which runs into the Winooski River, where several black ducks had stayed all winter.

When on the way home I was on the lookout for the deer tracks I had seen, when I happened to look up on the side of the hill some distance off, when something caught my eye. I stopped and watched it for a few minutes.

At first I thought it was a rock or stump, but all of a sudden it moved, and I saw it was a large buck deer. As he raised his head I could see the horns distinctly outlined against the snow.

R. T. R.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Is The Mother Grouse Courageous?

ALL the wild birds seem more or less courageous in protecting their young. Certainly they are not indifferent to a threatened danger.

When the writer was a child she lived for a time on the prairies of Illinois. There were still a few acres of virgin prairie untouched by the plow.

These places and the ponds that had not yet been drained away were very Arcadias for grouse, quail, geese, ducks, brant, cranes and other birds. The farms, too, were still inhabited by these wild birds.

This child had been longing to see a baby grouse when, one day in early summer, a mother grouse frightened by a hawk ran into the yard and right past the child, who lost no time in gathering up one of the little birds. Then came that warning cry of the mother bird, and almost instantly every little, green, fluffy ball had disappeared from view.

The mother bird now came flying at the captor of her baby, who, having heard wonderful tales of people losing their eyes in battles with cranes, and not being minded to lose her own while there was so much in the world to see, instantly set the little bird down and retreated to a safe distance.

The mother bird now calling her brood about her, ran across the yard, through the fence and disappeared in the tall prairie grass beyond.

Most wild birds are, so far as my observation goes, timid when danger threatens nest and eggs, but when that danger comes to their young they at once assume the defensive.

MRS. JAMES EDWIN MORRIS.

Foxes Kill Muskrats.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I learned this fall that a fox will catch and eat muskrats. I did not see him in the act, but read it in the snow. As soon as the snow fell so tracks could be seen, one saw that the foxes were following along still waters and coves. Tracks that were followed would go from cove to another as a wink might.

On Dec. 1 I found a hole in the ice near the bank of a cove. On one side the tracks of a fox showed he had stood there as though he had watched the hole as a cat would for a mouse. I think he heard the muskrat under the thin ice and waited for him to appear. From the hole the tracks led to a place three rods away, where the snow was trodden down. There, buried in the snow, was found the intestines and a square inch of fur of a muskrat. The fox had come back three or four times to eat.

Several days after, a quarter of a mile away, I found the intestines of another muskrat, but could not trace the fox tracks back to a cove several rods away, where he must have been caught.

Since about Jan. 1, when the coves became well frozen and covered with ice and snow, the foxes have not noticed them, but cross right over and hunt for the moles—their main food—which they can find under a foot and a half of snow.

E. A. SPEARS.

The Adirondack Forests.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was very much impressed with the clean-cut letter of Mr. J. R. Spears, of Northwood, N. Y., on the matter of forest protection, and your timely editorial comments on the subject in FOREST AND STREAM last week.

For several years, in fact ever since the adoption of the new State Constitution, in which was incorporated a section which has been the bulwark of forest protection, there seems to have been a decided itching on the part of certain officials to undo the good work of the constitutional convention, and open the doors to forest destruction, or in other words to get back to the old order of things.

Tactics of this same sort were resorted to a few years ago, and an amendment that had the sanction of the Forest Commission was put before the people of our State, and almost unanimously black-balled.

True, the Forest Commission people just after the election at which the proposed amendment received such a severe drubbing denied all responsibility for the "creature," but every one knew that it did emanate from the office of that body, and bore its official ear marks.

The matter of scientific forestry on which these gentlemen harp so delightfully is a mighty big one, and one in which we should "make haste slowly."

Were it possible at this time to have forestry conducted in this country in the same manner and with the same degree of honesty as in Germany, there would be some sense in making the trial, but reasoning from past bitter experiences, we may judge of what would happen if the doors were thrown open to the pulp mill and lumber men.

It is very much to be regretted that the Forest, Game and Fisheries Commission seems inclined to pave the way to further injury and destruction of our public forests under the guise of scientific forestry, but I trust that the members of that body have been misquoted in the premises, and that they have no intention to aid the work of destruction.

That shrewd, but very plain-spoken gentleman, Senator Commodore P. Vedder, once remarked that he knew of only one thing more dangerous to the welfare of our Adirondack forests than a forest fire, and that was a forest commission.

Let us hope that no member of the present Commission or any of its officers will go out of his way to prove to us that the Commodore knew just what he was talking about.

When the last proposed amendment looking to the open-door idea came before the people, FOREST AND STREAM, the New York World and several other papers, under the headlines "Vote No and Save the Forests," did noble work in the interests of forest preservation, and I trust that the same shibboleth will be the rallying cry should this "scientific forestry" idea show up again this year.

Our forests managed to get through all right for several thousand years without the aid of the pulp mills, the lumbermen or the "scientific foresters," and they may possibly continue to do so for many years to come.

The Adirondack forest park is the whole people's

recreation ground, the State is abundantly able to keep it and care for it without receiving revenue from it, and there is no more sense in lumbering these lands by the State than there would be for the city of New York to conduct lumbering operations in Van Cortlandt or Pelham Bay parks.

M. SCHENCK.

NEW YORK, March 1.

The Pasturing of Woodlands.

CHURCHVILLE, Md., March 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in your issue of March 1 a paper by Mr. Henry Stewart, of Highlands, N. C., on the "Browsing Habit of Game." He seems to advocate the pasturing of woodlands. My experience in such matters goes to show that the destruction by such pasturage is enormous. Anyhow, it is in my State (Maryland). When a piece of timber is cut off, or partly cut off, great care should be taken to keep the cattle out till the young growth gets to be ten or twelve feet high, or too high for the cattle to reach the limbs. If this is not done there will be no second growth. Then when the young trees are safely out of their way, if you turn them in you will never have another crop after that one; the ground under the young trees will be kept as clean as a field. You see this sort of thing all through central and western Ohio. The woods are cleaned up of everything except the growth too big to be damaged, and I have often wondered where the next crop of timber is coming from in that country. You can see the same thing in Maryland in places where the woods are used for pasture. Pasturing woodlands is death to a continuous crop. It may be different in North Carolina, but I don't believe it. I know of several valuable locust plantations that have been absolutely lost by allowing cattle to pasture while the young suckers were coming on, while if the cattle had been kept out, the second crop of locust in twenty years would have been as valuable as the first one.

ALBERT NEILSON.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

A Big-Game Hunting Trip to Jackson's Hole Country.

In Two Parts—Part One.

To those who anticipate a literary treat in the following I will say you might as well stop here, as you "sure" will be doomed to disappointment. If you don't believe me, just read on. It is not to you that I have written this journal of our trip, but rather to those who have under contemplation a trip similar to that taken by us, in the hope that it may serve to give you a fuller conception of the hunting conditions in that part of the country as they exist at this time, and in the hope that it may serve to assist you in your arrangements for such a trip.

First, a few words of advice may not come amiss.

If you want a successful and pleasant hunt, be sure you arrange with a good responsible guide of that section before you go; of these there are plenty, but there are also plenty of others, viz., those who are not responsible, and doubtless the latter has been the lot of some of the writers of some of the articles I have read in the FOREST AND STREAM, wherein the license law and non-resident guide law has been strongly condemned. If you will engage a good responsible guide before you go, I can safely assure you you will come back from the mountain after a successful trip, and with none but the most pleasant recollections coupled with a desire to go again. After you have corresponded with and engaged a good guide, the next thing is to get together the things you may need. First, after a good gun, one you are familiar with, a good field glass and camera or kodak, you want a war bag, in which you carry your ammunition and such other things as you may want while in camp; a list of these articles will depend altogether on the factiousness of the user, but don't forget a change of clothing, a good waterproof riding coat, a good wide-brim felt hat, a pair of gum boots, and last, but not the least important, a gun scabbard. On our first trip we carried gum boots, and being favored with fine weather had no use for them; the next year we did not take them, and many a wet, disagreeable walk and ride we had for our neglect. On our first trip we had no gun scabbard, and were compelled to tie our guns to our saddle with straps. A gun scabbard the next year proved a great convenience. These may be had from any sporting goods dealer at but small cost. Next, if at all possible, do a little horseback riding before you go. I need not try to describe one's feelings, or rather the lack of feeling, in his legs, during the first few days after being in the saddle for about eight hours each day, especially if it has been ten or twenty years since you have been astride of a horse.

Next, be sure you carry a good camp mattress, either air or hair—I use the latter—and plenty of heavy blankets and sleeping bag. Don't forget the former. I have a sleeping bag made by one of the best known houses, who advertise it "good to sleep in in a snowdrift." Well, I have tried it, and while that may be true, I know it would also be a good thing to freeze in in a snowdrift if without extra blankets. You can dispense with a mattress if you care to sleep on the bare ground, or spend an hour gathering spruce boughs every evening, after a hard day's hunt, but I found, as a writer has said, "There are plenty of opportunities to show your mettle in more worthy and less injurious ways than sleeping on the hard ground with insufficient bedding." I tried the spruce-bough bed on my first trip, and spent many a comfortless night, but on our last trip our beds consisted each of a canvas ground cloth, a hair mattress about four inches thick and thirty inches wide by seventy-two inches long, sleeping bag, and one big, heavy blanket, folded and laid inside the sleeping bag. When packing, the whole rolled up in two bundles about twelve

inches in diameter by thirty inches long, and in them we slept as snug as at home, even when covered to a depth of ten inches with snow, but to this we will refer later.

Now, to the weather, both September and October are delightful months in the Rocky Mountains, but if you want to be comfortable, go prepared for any and all kinds of weather, from bright summer days to rain, sleet and Western blizzards.

Some reader may say, "This fellow's lost," as I seem to be so long getting started on my description of our hunt, but I am reminded of the preacher, who, while being about to launch into a theme, as vast as this one seems to me to be, who said, that he felt like the Indian who was wandering on the prairie, who, when asked if he was lost, said, "No Indian no lost; tepee lost." My mind is not lost, it is the inability of my pen to keep pace with my thoughts. But to get to our hunting trip.

When the 11:50 A. M. train on the Oregon Short Line Railroad arrived at St. Anthony, Idaho, on Monday, Aug. 22, last year, my friend, W. W. Porch, and I stepped down from the car and were greeted by Mr. Yeager, the liveryman, with whom we had arranged to take us out to Jackson's Hole. After going to the City Hotel for dinner, and there donning our hunting clothes, we departed at 2:30 P. M. in a four-horse spring wagon, with our camp baggage. Stopping at "Little's" for supper, we arrived at Victor at midnight, having driven sixty miles.

At that place we were met by Abe Ward, and with him we departed the next morning, and were soon climbing the western slope of Teton Pass, and at 1:30 P. M. we were in Jackson's Hole, ninety miles distant from the railroad, and went at once to "Recreation Lodge," where we were warmly welcomed by its owner, S. N. Leak, whom we had previously engaged as our guide. During the evening we were called on by Chas. Wilson, who was to act as the other guide, and Abe Ward, who was engaged as our camp cook, and good ones they each proved to be.

We commenced packing up our outfit early the next morning, but it was 2 P. M. before all was in readiness to start, at which time, however, we bid farewell to civilization and "hit the trail" for the mountains proper. Our outfit consisted of Porch, my companion, our two guides and our camp cook; in addition to a saddle horse each, we had nine pack horses, on which we had packed one camp tent, our beds, war bags, aluminum tableware, cooking utensils and thirty days' provisions. We traveled north along the Snake River to the mouth of the Gros Ventre River, where we went into camp for the night.

We tried our luck at trout fishing, but concluded bacon was a more healthy diet for supper and breakfast than trout.

The next morning found us up with the sun, and about 8 o'clock we broke camp, Porch and I riding ahead of the outfit some ten miles to Antelope Springs, along the Snake River, where we waited until they came up and then lunched together. Our pack horses all run loose, one man riding in the lead, the pack horses following after, while the other two men bring up the rear, chasing up the stragglers and keeping them on the trail.

After lunch we again rode along Snake River, crossing Buffalo Creek, later on Pacific Creek, then up the latter about one mile, where we went into camp in a nice little open park, with plenty of feed for the horses, being then in the mountains proper, having left all wagon roads and following along an old trail with no ranches or other evidence of civilization before us, we having passed the last ranch, Cunningham's, about five miles back during the afternoon.

It was while passing there that Leak told us of a little incident that took place there some five years previous. It seems that two horse thieves had stolen fifty-five head of horses and were wintering them at a little ranch near where Cunningham's stands; they were located and a deputy sheriff and three assistants came into Jackson's Hole to arrest them, calling on another deputy to assist in serving the warrant. He deputized seven other men to assist. The posse got into the barn during the night (a long, low, sod-roof shed), and identified a number of the horses.

Early the next morning a demand was made to the thieves to surrender, which they declined to do, and a little scrimmage followed, which resulted in the officers returning to the Hole in the afternoon, taking with them the stolen horses, but not until they had first made two excavations about six feet long in the earth along the trail. The horse corral is still standing, but the posts put in to mark the spots have rotted down and lie on the ground.

During the night it commenced to rain, and kept it up until about 11:30 A. M., when we packed up and again hit the trail, Porch and I riding ahead, following an old game trail until about 2:30 P. M., when the pack outfit caught up with us. We continued along Pacific Creek until about 4:30 P. M., when we went into camp. The rain the previous night warned us that no matter how bright an evening, it was best to prepare for any change that might take place during the night, so we again put up our tent.

The next morning we broke camp about 9:30. We left Pacific Creek and started up over the Divide through dead and fallen timber, and up deep gulches to the top of the Divide between Pacific and Buffalo creeks, then down the other side until about 1 P. M., when we arrived at our permanent camp site on the North Fork of Buffalo Creek, some ninety miles from the ranch.

We selected an ideal spot about one hundred yards from the creek, for our camp, with a stream of mountain water running right by the camp. We put up our tent just at the edge of the timber facing the east, so we would get the morning sun in and around camp, and yet have shade all the afternoon.

Porch and I went to a little lake near the camp and shot three ducks, which we added to our menu. After putting up camp, Leak went down to the creek and caught two strings of nice mountain trout, which we ate for supper, and went to bed feeling well satisfied that we had at last reached the end of our long journey, and dreamed that elk, grizzlies and all other kinds of big game were on all sides of us.

The following morning after a late breakfast we cleaned up a little and then left camp on a prospecting tour, Porch and Charley going south and into the mountains, and

Leak and I going north, intending to climb to the top of one of the high peaks near camp so as to get a good view of the surrounding country. We rode for about two hours, or until it got so steep we could not ride further, then dismounted and by leading the horses and zigzag climbing back and forth, we at last got on the first bench. I climbed over to another higher bench, and Leak took my picture while standing there on a flat top about 100 feet square, and one side straight down at least 1,000 feet. I decided to climb up to the next higher peak, and at last succeeded. The side up which I climbed was at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and entirely barren; when I succeeded in getting to the top I found it ran to a sharp point, and the other side a perpendicular wall at least 2,000 feet straight down to the bottom of the cañon. One look was enough to convince me that unless I got off that top quick it would surely break off with me and let me down, even if the rock on which I stood was several hundred feet thick.

I quickly descended and told Leak if that was the kind of climbing necessary to get mountain sheep, I didn't want any. We sat down on the bench where we had left the horses to view the country, which we could see for miles in all directions, and soon saw a bunch of elk move up the opposite side of a gulch about a mile distant and go into a bunch of timber near the top. We then got our horses down off of the bench by passing around to the opposite side and leading them along the side of the mountain until we got to a more even part, and then mounted and rode to the foot of the highest peak, where we left the horses and climbed on up to the top; we found it in shape similar to the top of a haystack, solid rock and concrete, without any vegetation or soil whatever, and from there we got some fine views. We could see the great Tetons some fifty miles distant; Mt. Liddy, about the same distance, which I climbed about one

bull came out, following up the rear as they usually do. We were about one-third mile distant, and from what we could see he had a fine big head; we slipped down the edge of the park, and while doing so the elk went back into the timber. Soon we thought we saw them at the lower edge of the adjoining park, with heads up and showing alarm. Leak says, "I can't think they could have gotten our wind," but in a moment they started on a run and passed out of sight.

We stood a few moments and out of the timber on the opposite side of the park, less than one hundred yards from us, trotted a coyote, and Leak says, "That's what scared out our elk." The coyote stopped, looked at us a few minutes while we stood perfectly still; he then ran back into the timber, and in a moment came out again with another old one and a small one, and the three trotted across the park in plain sight of us, not seventy-five yards distant. A beautiful chance to get three of them, but our elk were near, and we did not shoot, for fear of scaring them. We then walked across the park, and looking across the gulch saw two Indians sitting on the side of the gulch to the windward of where the elk were, so knew at once that the elk had gotten their wind and had been frightened away by them.

Leak says, "Well, they have spoiled our fun."

We turned, went back across the park, up the hill just at the top of which was the edge of the other park, and right there not twenty-five feet away from us was our first bunch of elk, including the bull, but just as I was ready to shoot a quick look at his head told me he was a five-point, with one brow prong broken off, so I didn't want him. There were about twenty-five elk in the bunch, and we stood and watched them run off, and thought it a pretty sight. We then walked on across the park, up the side of the ridge, and just as we got to the edge of the timber near the top of the ridge, out came both

went back after the horses and found them safe, although trees had blown down within twenty-five feet of them.

We again mounted and rode for an hour, and got on the trail of a big elk. Leaving our horses, we followed him for about two miles through timber, marshy ground and long grass, and got thoroughly soaked, but at 4 o'clock had to give up the chase without sighting him and return to camp, where we arrived at 6 o'clock.

Porch and Charley came in later and reported about the same kind of a day, and we all turned in, tired and hoping for better things for the morrow.

The following morning we found it had rained again during the night, and that it was still raining; everything was cold and wet, and we felt that a "little of this would last a long time." About 9 o'clock we left camp, and had gone but a short distance when it commenced raining again. We went up over the ridge and started up a small creek near North Fork of Buffalo, and soon after sighted a bunch of elk. Leaving our horses, we climbed down the side of the cañon to the creek, where we found only one small head in the bunch, just as they all ran off, so we climbed back again and then rode on up the creek, stopping for lunch about 1 o'clock while it rained some more. After eating we again mounted and rode up the cañon to its head. Just as we got there it commenced to rain hard, which suddenly turned into snow, and we experienced the novelty of having a snow-storm come on to us from below. The wind blew the snow up the cañon and over the mountain top after the fashion of a regular blizzard, so thick we could not see ten feet ahead of us. We got behind a rock until the storm ceased, and then rode out on the top. We found we were on one of the highest peaks in that vicinity, the top was level and covered with a short wire-like grass, without any other sign of vegetation, about one-half mile wide by two miles long, most of the sides straight down for twenty-five hundred feet, and no place to get back down except where we had come up.

After spending an hour, during which time the wind blew a gale, we descended and rode back to camp, cold and wet, and so ended two of the most disagreeable days one could imagine.

When we got back we found Porch had shot his first bear, a big black one. They had gone up into the cañon where he had shot the elk, when near they left their horses and crept quietly up the gulch, the guide ahead, and when about forty yards from the elk, he motioned to Porch to hurry up quietly; when Porch got there he looked through the bushes and saw a big black bear standing on top of a big log just over the bait, looking right their way, and Porch said he looked as big as an ox. The guide says aim for his breast, and he did so, and let him have it; the bear let out one roar, and quick as a flash leaped off to the right and disappeared in the bushes, the blood spurting with every jump. They ran up and found him lying about twenty-five yards from the log, dead. It was a fine shot, and they proceeded to take off his hide, which they brought into camp, and we all pronounced him a big specimen, and in commemoration, we christened the name of our camp "Bear Camp."

J. M. MURDOCK.

JOHNSTOWN, Pa.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

Hunting Rifles.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been somewhat astonished, and a good deal amused, to read the comments made during the last month or two in FOREST AND STREAM by various big-game hunters, on the efficiency and non-efficiency of the .30-caliber rifle on moose.

I have never used this arm on big game—partly, perhaps, because it is ten or twelve years since I have killed anything four-footed—but, on two occasions recently I carried one of these guns into the mountains, and shot various trees, grouse, and other small things with it. I have been greatly impressed by the accuracy of the aim at the short ranges at which I tried it. I was surprisingly fortunate in shooting the heads off grouse at distances varying from ten to thirty or forty yards, and on one occasion, when trying the gun of a young friend—shooting with a knee rest—I succeeded, at a distance of fifty yards, in putting five consecutive balls into a tree trunk in a space that would be covered by a five-cent piece. In other words, the gun shot precisely where it was held; the only point to be learned about it, as about any other rifle, was to discover just how to draw the sights, and just how the trigger pull. No man, no matter how good a shot he may be, can be sure of hitting anything with a strange gun until he has learned these two points. When he is sure of them, if he has had time to draw his sight, he ought to be able to hit the mark almost every time.

All this, however, has nothing to do with the question so warmly discussed by your correspondents. The point which has astonished me, and caused me to laugh—though very respectfully—at Mr. Irland and others, is this, that he, and many other correspondents, who seem to have been much in the woods, and to have followed big game to some considerable extent, and who, therefore, ought to know something about big game and the use of the rifle, appear to think that it is practicable to get a single gun which will be equally effective on chipmunks, woodchucks, deer, moose and grizzly bears. I do not believe now, and I never have believed, that such a gun existed, or could be made. One shoots red squirrels with a .22-caliber rifle; one shoots elephants with a much larger gun, and, I suppose, though I never tried it, whales with one still larger. I do not conceive that a .30-caliber gun would be immediately effective against an elephant, a hippopotamus, a giraffe, or a rhinoceros. I speak under correction, however, for I am under the impression that the Hon. W. A. Chanler, during his explorations in Africa, did kill one rhinoceros, and possibly more, with a Mannlicher. It is conceivable that, with a full-jacketed ball, all the large African animals that I have mentioned might be killed, but not immediately. With a soft-nosed ball, I conceive that the missile would be dissipated on or immediately under the skin.

Where a bullet has to penetrate a great mass of flesh, and probably to encounter bones as well, it seems evi-



BEAR CAMP ON THE NORTH FORK OF BUFFALO CREEK, SHOSHONE MOUNTAINS.

year ago; North Fork and South Fork of Buffalo Creek; Pacific Creek; Eno's Lake, several miles long; Two Ocean Pass; Continental Divide, and stretching north and south for miles, the Shoshone Range Mountains.

We remained for some time, and were sorry when the sun nearing the western horizon warned us that unless we wanted to stay out in the mountains over night we must retrace our steps. We descended and crossed over to the other side of the cañon and rode down into the timber, into which we had seen the elk go, and soon came in sight of them. I quickly dismounted and fired three times at the biggest one, but missed him. Soon after our return to camp Porch and Charley came in, bringing a nice big pair of antlers and a good supply of elk meat, which Porch had shot on their trip.

We had decided in the morning that as it was our first day in camp, that we would not do any hunting, but spend the day in prospecting, but that if any big elk or bear should attempt to run over us, we should, of course, be permitted to "shoot it in self-defense."

When they came in the first thing Porch said was, "I had to shoot him in self-defense."

Be this as it may, we welcomed the fresh meat in camp after having lived four days on bacon. The next morning Porch and Charley remained in camp until noon to clean up his elk head, while Leak and I rode up the gulch to the top of the Divide, between Buffalo and Pacific creeks, and soon got on the trail of a small bunch of elk, seemingly about ten head.

We rode along after them a short distance, and then dismounted, leaving our horses, and started on the trail on a still-hunt, following them for some two miles through timber into and across little open parks and up a gulch; after a time we could smell them and see by the trail that we were getting close; then we heard them, and finally came in sight of them just as they were crossing an open park. We ran forward, and I had a fine chance for a shot, but there were no nice heads, so we left them and returned to our horses.

We saw lots of signs, but followed no more trails until about noon, when we left our horses and started again on a still-hunt; after walking some distance we sat down on the top of a high butte overlooking two small parks. There are lots of these little open places all through that country. They are in size from a few yards in circumference up to several acres, and look just as if a little spot in the timber had been cleared off and sown with grass. On all sides are heavy timber, while the park is covered with nice long grass. We soon saw an elk come out of the timber into the edge of the nearest park, soon another and another, until there were about one dozen; at least, what we thought was a big

bunches of the elk we had seen, fifty-eight in all, and only the one small bull with the broken horns; they all ran close by us into the open, and stopped not twenty-five yards away, while we stood perfectly still. They stood a moment, then walked on a short distance, stopped and looked at us, then on again, etc., until some two hundred yards away, before they started to run. If I had thought, I could have gotten a fine kodak picture, but under these circumstances one does not think of all the things we do afterward. Instinct seemed to tell them that we would not harm them. One might spend many weeks in the mountains before getting three such sights inside of an hour. After they disappeared over the brow of the hill, we climbed to the top and watched them with the glass for a couple of miles, then walked around the summit, but saw no further signs of game, and went back to our horses. We rode all the afternoon and saw no more game, but saw plenty of signs of elk and bear. We knocked over two grouse with stones, and took them along in to camp for breakfast.

Porch and Charley had gotten in before us, having seen more elk, but no nice heads, and having shot the heads off three grouse.

The next morning we found it raining, having rained all night, and at 9 o'clock it looked as if we might get out within an hour or so, so decided to get the horses ready, and left camp about 10 o'clock and rode about two miles out, when we saw a coyote. I got off and tried to get him, but the distance being about two hundred yards, it seemed he wasn't big enough for my sights; at any rate, he ran away, and for aught I know is still going, although the ball struck the log on which he was standing. We again mounted our horses and rode over as rough country as I was ever in, through heavy green, dead and down timber, and over one ridge after another, until about 1 o'clock, when we got sight of two young buck elk, with small heads, but did not want them. Soon after we dismounted and tied up our horses and started walking; we stopped under a tree just as it commenced to rain and ate our lunch of cheese sandwiches, cold chicken and loaf sugar. Soon the heavens clouded up, and we heard the wind roaring up the cañon, then nearer it came.

Leak says, "We better get to green timber," and soon we were under a cluster of big green trees.

We saw the dead trees shake along the side of the cañon; soon one fell, then another, and another, until they came crashing down on all sides of us. Then it commenced to hail, and kept up a steady down-pour until the ground was covered an inch deep; then it got cold, and we soon got wet. We walked awhile, and then stopped and built a fire and dried off our clothes, then

dent that weight and mass are required to carry the ball as far as the vitals. I should hardly expect that a lightweight, soft-nosed ball could help being flattened and smashed to pieces when it met the thick winter coat of the moose, underlaid by tough hide, which in turn is backed by muscle, and this perhaps by bone.

Some time since I had the pleasure of listening to the narrative of Mr. Kidder, of Boston, who is perhaps the most successful hunter of the great brown bears of Alaska, and from his remarks I inferred that the action of the soft-nosed ball of .30 caliber was very unsatisfactory. A considerable number of the animals hit ran a long way before dying, while others, believed to be mortally wounded, got away altogether and were never found. In some cases dissection of the dead animal revealed little or nothing of the ball. Perhaps the visceral cavity was penetrated in many directions by fine lead dust, and by splinters of the steel jacket. In others, none of the mass of the ball could be found, though there was abundant evidence of its passage. If a bone was struck, the ball went all to pieces. In only one case, I think, did the bullet act as theoretically it should; that is, mushroom and penetrate deeply. This was in the case of a bear, running away, shot at from behind. The ball touched no bone, and bored its way through the animal, and was found mushroomed in the chest.

It is difficult to overestimate the importance of the

Germany's national hymn, "Die Wacht am Rhein." The number of invited guests was very small this time. L. T. Carleton, of the Maine Fish and Game Commission, was present. He did not put in his usual work for his Maine hunter's license measure, but somewhat to the surprise of most persons present, his remarks were mainly complimentary and of a jovial turn. Commissioner Henry O. Stanley was in Boston, but did not attend the meeting. Commissioner Nat. Wentworth, of New Hampshire, was expected, but did not appear. Judge Henry N. Sheldon was present, and Rev. E. A. Horton opened the meeting with prayer. One of the truly pleasing features of the evening was the series of recitations by Dr. William H. Drummond, of Montreal, author of "The Habitant," who told the simple stories of "Johnny Couteau," "Little Lac Grenier" and "Baptiste, the Lucky Man," in Canadian French dialect. It is understood that the Association has no particular game legislation in view this winter, and no measures of repeal are proposed by the marketmen, hence the dinner could well be given up to fun and good cheer.

Among those present may be noted:

James Russell Reed, L. T. Carleton, Fish Commissioner, Maine; Rollin Jones, Dr. William H. Drummond, Montreal; C. W. Dimick, J. W. Brackett, Phillips, Me.; Benjamin T. Hall, Capt. J. W. Collins, C. J. H. Woodbury, Henry N. Sheldon, Benjamin C. Clark, the Rev. Edward A. Horton, Frank M. Johnson, William M. Conant, J. A. Young, David P. Waters, J. R. Glover,

State is wintering remarkably well. The snow has not been exceedingly deep at any time, nor in any section. Much of the time the deer and moose have been able to roam over large tracts unhindered by deep snow. This has given them access to great feeding grounds, and they are in fine condition. There are no accounts of deer starving in their yards as there were two years ago, when the snow was most remarkably deep through part of February and all of March. Even last year there were very deep snows in February and March, and the guides admit that some crust hunting was done. The guides are enthusiastic concerning the prospects for hunting next fall, and believe that both moose and deer will show an increase. In the Rangeley region deer are constantly being seen, especially on the "Right of Way"—that is, the new railroad from Bemis to Rangeley Outlet. In several sections of Aroostook county the guides give accounts of a great many deer. One guide says that in the township of Blaine, within half a mile of the lake, there are thirteen moose, and in another yard eight. The yards are not well defined, however, for the snow is not as deep as usual. So far as I have heard, the Maine guides sneer at Mr. Carleton's proposed hunter's license law, and declare that it is not the visiting sportsmen that destroy the big game, but the hunting that is carried on after the hunters have left the State; by the hunters attached to the lumber camps, and even the backwoods residents, who



PANORAMA AT THE SPORTSMEN'S SHOW—THE HOME OF THE TROUT.

accuracy and flatness of the trajectory of these small-bore guns. They are ideal weapons for what we used to call small game; that is to say, for deer, antelope, sheep, goats and perhaps for caribou and elk; but, except in the way of experiment, I should not care to try them on moose and grizzly bears. In other words, if I were a young man, possessed with a wild ambition to kill a moose or a grizzly, I should probably use the old "crowbar" which I have carried for many years, and which shoots a .45-caliber ball. This ball, if half-jacketed, and driven by a charge of smokeless powder, the equivalent of 70 or 90 grains of black powder, I think would do the work on big game better than anything else. I should practice up with the old gun until I had become a fairly good shot at 100 yards, and should get along as best I could without the flat trajectory, and the close accuracy of these more modern weapons. If, however, I were going through the forests or the mountains where deer or animals about that size were to be depended on for food, I should certainly take one of these little guns whose accuracy and lightness makes them far and away more agreeable to have about than the cannons of an earlier day.

A MEMBER OF THE BOONE AND CROCKETT CLUB.

Two Boston Dinners.

BOSTON, March 8.—About 125 members of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association sat down to the society's annual dinner at Young's last Thursday evening. President J. Russell Reed presided, with his usual grace and tact. He announced, at the outset, that the meeting of the Association was more of a social than a business affair this time. This was something of a signal that serious business was no part of the meeting, and the fun soon begun and was continuous, enlivened by the best of music and singing. Prince Henry, who was in Boston at the moment, and present in spirit, though he could not be in body, was paid a most rousing tribute. A good many members made at least a loud rendition of

Sewall W. Rich, William L. Davis, W. G. Kendall, Edward W. Branigan, Waldon B. Hastings, Thomas H. Hall, Dr. N. J. Hall, Charles A. Atwood, Dr. M. A. Morris, Arthur W. Robinson, John B. Seward, Ivers W. Adams, Edward J. Brown, Randolph K. Clarke, T. N. Genoud, Bernard Hyneman, W. H. Lawrence, I. L. Halman, Frank N. Ganong, Charles H. Sprague, L. R. Raymond, Mott A. Cummings, Winthrop Parker, Dr. B. V. Howe, A. C. Risteen, Dr. L. T. Foss, Billy Soule, Charles E. Billings, William A. Rolfe, M. D.; H. H. Hartung, M. D.; C. O. C. Hartung, New Haven, Conn.; Charles Greene Cumston, M. D.; L. E. Wagg, Dr. Heber Bishop, Dana J. Flanders, James H. Ryder, Charles K. Fox, W. W. Churchill, Charles D. Lewis, Frank S. Eaton, George H. Guest, R. N. Burnes, Vance M. Smith, A. R. Brown, J. W. Bailey, C. C. Richards, John C. Roberts, Commodore J. N. Roberts, William B. Smart, Samuel M. Goodrich, Charles E. Whiting, H. T. Rockwell, John S. Jaffrey, Louis Massen, W. S. Hinman, C. H. Moulton, Albert O. Smith, Stanley M. Smith, John Ware Willard, H. S. Dodd, George O. Sears, Henry W. Dodd, M. A. Powers, John B. Smith, Dr. J. T. Herrick, H. L. Bosworth, Representative H. O. Hunt, Representative William B. Phinney, A. B. F. Kinney, Malcolm D. W. Greene, H. B. Fernley, H. S. Robbins, C. C. Clapp, H. H. Kimball, James T. Mullen, Richard Howland.

On the same evening the annual dinner of the Debsconeag Fish and Game Club was celebrated at the American House. Over sixty members and guests were present. Leonard A. Frink called the meeting to order, and Judge F. J. Hutchinson presided. He made a very interesting opening speech on the development of outdoor sport in Maine. Ex-Commissioner C. E. Oak, of Maine, was present, and made a most telling speech in opposition to the proposed hunter's tax. He greatly deprecated any attempt to tax visiting sportsmen; already a great source of revenue to the State. He emphasized the idea that Maine should raise her own revenue for fish and game protection and propagation; that the burden might much better be borne by the citizens of that State than to attempt to saddle it on to visitors. William Garrison Read read a paper on more liberal hunting legislation. Mr. William Stockbridge spoke in opposition to any further tax to be borne by hunters. Altogether, Mr. Carleton's proposed hunter's license received some pretty hard raps.

March 10.—All the guides from Maine at the Sportsmen's Show express the opinion that the big game in their

do not hesitate to kill a moose or a deer whenever he may be found.

Commissioner H. O. Stanley, who was in Boston last week, says that he is a convert to the proposition to make non-resident hunters pay a tax. At first he was opposed to it, but now believes that it is the only method through which more money can be obtained for the protection of fish and game in Maine. He says that nearly all the funds appropriated by the State are used for fishculture and distribution, but at the same moment he declares that a tax on non-resident fishermen would be impractical and create a tremendous opposition. Well, is it any worse to fish than to hunt and vice versa? Is a hunter any more of a criminal than a fisherman, that he should be taxed to furnish sport for both? Mr. Stanley further remarks that the Commission is doing all in its power to enforce the game laws, and to bring deer and moose slaughter to justice. Mr. Carleton is on the wing a good deal of the time, but the obtaining of evidence against illegal game slaughter is hard. He believes that the hunter's license plan would give the means whereby a number, more good wardens could be kept in the woods a good deal of the time. He declares that the Commission is much in need of funds; but the State will do nothing further than the regular \$25,000.

Illegal deer slaying is also giving the New Hampshire Fish and Game Commissioners some trouble. Ned Higgins, of Dumbarton, with three others, recently killed a fawn in that town. Commissioner Nat. Wentworth caused him to be brought before Judge Everett, of Laconia. The State was represented by Commissioner Wentworth, and Clarke, of Concord. Under some sort of an agreement with the friends of Higgins he had surrendered himself, and at the trial pleaded nolo contendere. He was sentenced to six months in jail, as well as to pay costs of the suit. Here the officers relented again, and sentence was suspended on agreement of Higgins to kill the three dogs, with which the hunting was done, in presence of H. E. Colby, fish and game warden of Franklin.

SPECIAL.

The Sportsmen's Show.

THE eighth annual Sportsmen's Show given by the National Sportsmen's Association opened in Madison Square Garden in this city on March 5, and will continue until the 20th. As is customary with the management, the exposition this year has novel features which distinguish it from the shows of the past. The novelties this year, which are on the most extensive scale, are the painted woodland panorama, and the central island set in the lake, which takes up practically the floor space of the garden. The forest scene is an admirable simulation of

Live Game.

So far as exhibits of wild animals are concerned, this year's show is not so strong as was last year's. At the same time, there is here to be seen one mammal which is worth journeying a long way to behold. This is the baby musk-ox, so called, of which so full an account was published in *FOREST AND STREAM* of Feb. 22. The animal is not far from the size of a short yearling steer, but its heavy coat makes it appear much heavier. It looks as though it would weigh 400 pounds, but perhaps 200 pounds would be nearer the mark. It seems in the pink of condition, and is

variety of pheasants occupy half a dozen cages, and beside these, there are the more striking Reeves, Lady Amherst and Elliott pheasants.

Immediately across the aisle from the wild birds is the Child's collection of mounted game birds, which is very interesting, and is perhaps the most useful and informative exhibit in the whole show. For the most part the birds are well mounted, and with most species is exhibited a clutch of the eggs of the species. Men and boys—to say nothing of women and children—who are interested in our native birds used for food, have here an opportunity to study them, and to study them in a way which enables a person to learn something. The least informed person, if he has intelligence to look, let us say from the mounted canvasback to the mounted redhead and back again, can see for himself the differences between the two species; and can clear up in his mind the doubts and confusion which he may hitherto have felt. Most of the birds are labeled, although in some cases there is only a reference to the catalogue—which looks like a device to force the public to buy that pamphlet—and the whole exhibit is most instructive and may be studied with great profit, whether the visitor knows birds or does not know them.

The Indian Exhibit.

Up stairs in the concert room is the very large and extremely attractive exhibit of the Hyde exploring expedition. Within the past few years a number of expeditions have been sent out to the Southwest by Messrs. T. & Fred E. Hyde, Jr., for the purpose of collecting ethnological material for the American Museum of Natural History. These expeditions have discovered, collected and brought back a great deal of material of the very highest scientific importance, but they have done more than that. The gentlemen in charge being thrown among the Indians, and being impressed by their miserable condition, have set on foot a variety of business plans by which that condition has been, and will still further be, improved. The work has been handled with great judgment and discretion. It has not been sought to give charity to the Indians, but to give them work, a means by which they can earn money. This is the great need felt by the Indian who, confined with a thousand of his fellows on a barren reservation, where none of the ordinary vocations of life can be practiced, even if he were familiar with them, has been made by the system of Government aid a pauper without any hope for the future.

The work of the Hyde exploring expedition has been done chiefly among the Navajoes, and it is the brilliant and beautiful Navajo blankets that are especially displayed, and that attract the most attention. Some of these pieces of work, done in ancient times and with a skill that has almost been lost, are startling for beauty of design and for fineness of texture. They are almost as fine as a piece of broadcloth, and being absolutely unique, are worth almost, if not quite, their weight in gold. From such perfect specimens of the textile art one may pass down through blankets tight enough to carry water in, to others more modern, looser and at last to those made of Germantown wool and dyed with aniline dyes. All these blankets are admirable for camping, or for use as rugs for the floor or as hangings on the wall. As one walks through this room he longs for an unlimited bank account.

Beside the blankets, there are fine and beautiful baskets, woven by the Indians of the Southwest; baskets for cooking, for eating, for storing acorns and for winnowing seeds. All these are admirable in design, and are woven with the old-time care which made the woman feel a pride in her work so great that she refused to turn



A WOODLAND VISTA.

the actual woods; the trees are bright with autumnal foliage, a foamy stream sings and dashes down the slope into the lake, and there are far-stretching vistas, which it takes but the slightest imagination for us to look upon as real. Many expressions of genuine pleasure and admiration are heard as the visitor looks upon the scene; and the opinion is general that in providing this forest picture Manager Dressel has scored a distinct success.

The island contains cages of game birds, with deer, elk and squirrels; and there is an Indian teepee and a log

healthy and seemingly contented. Of course, it is to be regretted that the pen in which it is confined is so small, but on the whole it appears to thrive wonderfully in confinement. The reader who wishes to learn more about this most interesting little beast is referred to the number of *FOREST AND STREAM* in which it was recently described.

There are a pair of elk in one of the pens in fair condition. Next to them are two calf moose, then a male axis deer in excellent condition, then some white fallow deer.



LOOKING FROM THE ENTRANCE.

cabin. The Ojibway Indians pose picturesquely about the teepee, and the cabin is the home of the French-Canadian trappers Joe Labrea and Ferdina Voyer, and their two dogs Chasseur and Gaspé. The water surrounding the island affords opportunity for the fly-casting tournaments which are a feature of the show, and for mimic canoe voyages in the Indian canoes manned by the Ojibways.

On the other side of the building near the musk-ox are pens containing wildfowl and pheasants. There are Canada geese, brant, white-fronted geese, snow geese, Hutchin's geese, barnacle geese and Egyptian geese—these last two from Europe—and all seem in good condition. For the ducks, there are canvas, redhead, broadbill, sprigtails, wood ducks, black ducks and blue and green winged teal and some others. The more common

out anything that was not up to her own ideas of what a basket ought to be. Every day in this room two Indian girls may be seen weaving baskets; one of them is Abenaki, the other Iroquois. They show the products of the Northeast, though for most part the baskets here displayed come from the Southwest.

Aside from blankets and baskets, which are the principal objects shown by the Hyde expedition, there is a

great quantity of Indian bead work, and of Indian implements which perhaps for the average man offer greater attractions than the more artistic objects. The polished sections of trunks of petrified trees, which are made into little tables, are beautiful objects, and the rattles, moccasins, paddles, canoe models and a thousand other objects, will all repay examination and study.

It is gratifying to note that within a short time there has been a great awakening of interest in Indian art and manufactures, and that the demand for objects made by

Bridgeport Gun Implement Co.

The Bridgeport Gun Implement Co., of 313 Broadway, New York, occupies space No. 8, and display therein a complete line of tennis and golf goods. Tennis rackets and golf clubs were specially in evidence. The latter had some special features in the way of aluminum-faced drivers, while others were celluloid-faced. The exhibit was in charge of several experts on golf and tennis matters, who affably explained and displayed the B. G. I.

quarters," as the large sign over the exhibit informs the visitor. This is a most complete and attractive exhibit, and combines in its three separate spaces much that is of interest to the sportsman, be he camper, yachtsman or canoeist. The spaces, inclosed in a brass and rope rail, resembling that of a yacht, are tastefully draped in green cloth, and lighted by many colored marine lanterns. A cozy corner has been provided for visitors, and supplied with easy chairs and lounges equipped with pneumatic cushions.



LOOKING ACROSS THE WOODED ISLAND.

Indians—even among people who know nothing about our aborigines—is constantly increasing. The Indian, or at least his manufactures, is becoming the fashion. The Hyde exploring expedition is in a position to supply the demand for such things, and it is doing an admirable work in educating the public taste in this direction.

The Guides.

Among the guides who represent the Adirondacks and the Maine woods and Long Island are:

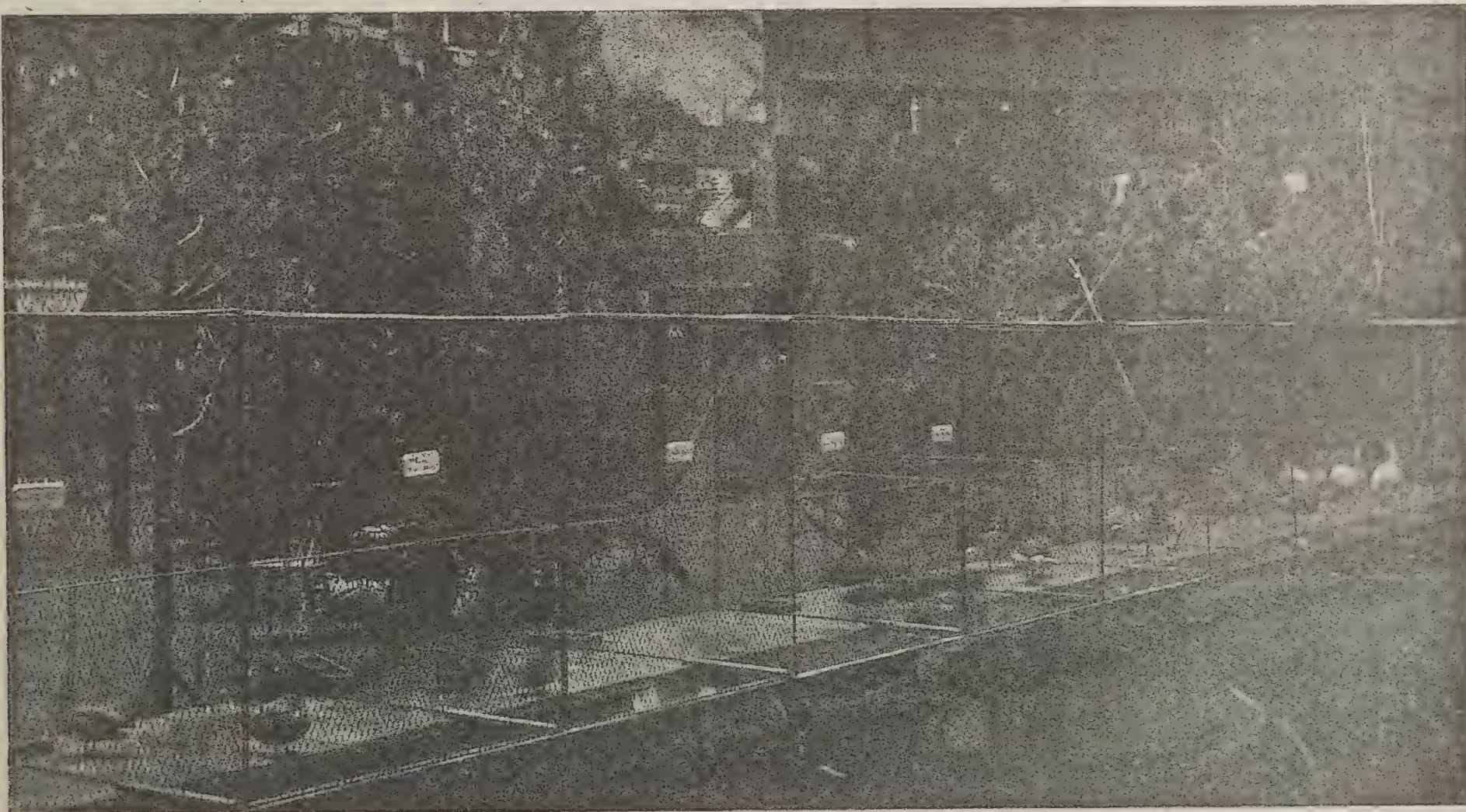
Adirondack Guides' Association, Saranac Lake—Porter Squires, Chas. Martin, Joseph Lamoy, Henry Lamoy, Frank Vosburgh, Will Vosburgh, Peter Solomon, George Garwood, Elmer Dockom.

goods to the numerous visitors who swarmed about their exhibit.

Peters Cartridge Company.

The Peters Cartridge Co., of Cincinnati, O., occupied space in their old quarters at previous shows. On the wall is the legend "Peters ammunition that revolutionized marksmanship." Under the legend are displayed several targets, representing championship success, and pictures of marksmen, drawn in black and white on porcelain. Samples of the firm's various products also are displayed. The eastern department of the firm, 80 Chambers street, New York, is strongly represented, Messrs. G. E. Cook, Geo. Benjamin Bosseler and Tom

The central space of the headquarters is occupied by David T. Abercrombie & Co. This exhibit is of more than ordinary interest, and instructive as well, for here are shown a tent and complete camping outfit in use; the tent fitted with collapsible cots, ready for occupancy, the folding table, ready for the meal, and the burning camp-fire, built as a camp-fire should be built, with pots and pans over it. This same duffle is again shown packed in a small space and ready for shipment by the railroad, and also in packs for carriage over the portage. Waterproof sleeping bags, aluminum cooking outfits, condensed foods and other necessities and luxuries for the man who goes into the woods are exhibited. The lake on the main floor is the creation of Mr. Abercrombie, of the firm. Mr.



THE GAME BIRDS.

Lake Placid—Martin Brewster, Cassius Lamoy, Wm. Young, Sam Barton.

Paul Smith's—Ed. Dustin,

Tupper Lake—Harvey Crowninshield.

Maine Guides, with Pray Hill Camps and King and Bartlett Camps, Dead River Region—Cliff Wing, Warren Wing, A. B. Douglas, Robert Phillips, John B. Carville.

Will Graham's Shooting Ranch, Blue Point, L. I., N. Y.—Will Graham, Will Creamer.

Remington Arms Co.

The Remington Arms Co. occupy extensive space on the north gallery near the Madison avenue entrance, and in a long case therein have an exhibit of numerous guns, samples of the great line of goods which they manufacture. There are military rifles, many of improved design, sporting rifles for all purposes, high-power and ordinary power, shotguns of various grades, sizes and prices; in short, everything that, in the way of firearms, appeals to the sportsman or warrior.

Donovan being in evidence, while the indefatigable Mr. T. H. Keller, manager of the eastern department, is ever alert to inform the visitor of the merits of the goods he so ably handles. It is a very popular corner, where sportsmen thickly congregate.

Tatham Brothers.

On the gallery, near the main entrance from Madison avenue, is space No. 2, occupied by Tatham Brothers, 82 Beekman street, New York, with an exhibit of the samples of the various sizes and kinds of shot manufactured by them. The bottles contain soft and chilled shot, and the sizes of the samples vary from dust shot up to heavy buckshot.

David T. Abercrombie & Co.

Spaces Nos. 15, 16 and 17, at the Twenty-seventh street and Fourth avenue gallery corner of the garden, occupied by the firms of Chas. D. Durkee & Co., David T. Abercrombie & Co., and the Pneumatic Mattress and Cushion Co., are indeed the "Yachtsmen's and Sportsmen's Head-

J. F. Werner is in attendance at the exhibit.

Lefever Arms Co.

On the south gallery the Lefever Arms Co., of Syracuse, N. Y., have an artistic and instructive exhibit of their guns in charge of Mr. A. H. Durston, the energetic and courteous secretary of the company. Samples of the firm's guns from the cheapest in price to the highest are on exhibition. One of special interest was one of the \$400 grade: in the soft state, displaying the beautiful engraving and fine quality of locks and barrels before the case hardening process is applied. The new 16-gauge H grade, fitted with nitro steel barrels (\$44) and the C and B ejector grades, were also special features. The new Ideal gun cleaner also excited much interest for its simplicity, durability and effectiveness.

Union Metallic Cartridge Co.

The U. M. C. Co., of 313 Broadway, New York, had the magnificent mahogany arch which has been utilized for their complete exhibit of previous years, and it occu-

pies space on the gallery near the Madison avenue end of the auditorium. There was a bewildering profusion of cartridges, etc., for military rapid-fire cannon, for military and sporting rifles, for pistols of all calibers, and wads, shells, primers, etc., for shotguns. Wooden strips, perforated by bullets many feet, displayed the enormous force of the modern high-power rifle. There was a lot of new ammunition in .22, .25, .28, .30, .32, .38 and .44 calibers. Messrs. T. W. Morfe and S. M. Van Allen will be in attendance a large part of the time.

Pneumatic Mattress and Cushion Co.

The space occupied by the Pneumatic Mattress and Cushion Co. is devoted to the exhibit of pneumatic mattresses, cushions and life preservers, for yacht, canoe, camp and home use. A photograph showing a pneumatic mattress in the course of construction at the company's factory is also on exhibition. Morris chairs and couches, provided with air cushions, are much used by the tired

long, 4 inches deep and 8 inches wide, each holding a dozen decoys. The exhibit is in charge of Mr. Joseph Coudon, patentee of this decoy.

Savage Arms Co.

The Savage Arms Co., Utica, N. Y., has an exhibit of the famous rifles, military and sporting. It is one of the most popular and interesting exhibits in the Garden. It occupies space 23 on the south gallery.

Fred Sauter.

Fred Sauter, New York, has an elaborate display of the taxidermist's skill, in the way of mounted heads, horns, skins, etc.

Other exhibitors were the Hyde Exploring Expedition, Markle Lead Works, of St. Louis, shot, targets and target traps; Siegel-Cooper Co., in charge of Mr. Frank Lawrence, an expert in sportsmen's goods; Leroy Shot &



THE FLY-CASTING.

E. J. Mills, of Brooklyn, whose cast of 78 feet on March 8 was the record cast.

visitors, who find here a good place for rest amid congenial surroundings and associations. Above the exhibit is a prominent sign, bearing the company's truism, "Nothing so rare as resting on air." The exhibit is in charge of that affable and amiable gentleman, Mr. W. J. Shilliday.

Chas. D. Durkee & Co.

The exhibit of Chas. D. Durkee & Co., in charge of Mr. Charles Durkee, contains a display of brass and galvanized yacht and launch trimmings, chief among which in point of popular interest are the bell and anchor to be used by the German Emperor's recently launched American-built yacht Meteor.

Marble Safety Axe Co.

The Marble Safety Axe Co. occupy space No. 25, and have a display of sporting specialties. A show case and cabinet are filled with the goods of their manufacture,

Lead Works; J. Stevens Arms and Tool Co., in charge of Mr. E. R. Northrop; the Savage Arms Co.

The Fishes.

An exhibit of live fish comprises specimens of trout, muscalonge, pickerel, dogfish and other species.

One grateful quality of the show is the woody odor which pervades the garden, and lends character to the outdoor element of the exposition.

Fly-Casting at the Show.

Following are the scores made in the fly-casting contests at the Sportsmen's Show to Monday of this week. The competitions will extend to March 19:

Thursday, March 6—Casting for distance, 75-foot limit. Judges—T. K. Mott, C. R. Radcliffe, P. M. Seixas: E. J. Mills, 78 feet; W. K. Park, 64 feet 10 inches; L. Taylor, 64 feet.

Mongolian Pheasant in New York.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., March 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The question has been often asked, Will the Mongolian pheasant stand the cold and snow of our northern winter? I believe that we have proved after a fair trial that they will. In this section the past winter has been the worst one for snow that we have had in years. The ground has been covered from Nov. 24 to March 1. The first week in February we had a snow-storm that blocked all traffic, and during the rest of the month our fields were covered with from three to five feet of snow. During the winter we have had steady, and at times intense, cold, often at zero, and several times thirty degrees below.

Pillar Point, on which these birds have passed the winter, lies between Black River Bay and Chaumont Bay, and is exposed to the intensely cold west wind that sweeps over the vast ice fields of Lake Ontario. There is very little cover, consisting of a few stunted cedars on rocky ledges, a little hard timber, and the weeds, briars and chokeberry bushes along the fences. It is, in fact, as cold and unsheltered a spot as could be found in the country. These birds have received no aid, by way of food or shelter, but have managed in some way to live through the heavy snow of the past winter.

Last spring I received two pairs of Mongolian pheasants, and having a good place to keep them, I decided to try and breed some. I had the report of Mr. Brackett, of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Commission, giving full instruction as to hatching, feeding, etc., and it looked too easy, but after one year's experience I have decided that the birds understand this part of the business better than I do, and that the most satisfactory way to introduce them is to turn them loose in the spring and let them arrange their domestic affairs to suit themselves. However, I did succeed in raising seven. These, with the old birds, were turned out the 17th of last July. These birds had laid about one hundred and twenty eggs, and were apparently through laying, as I had found no eggs for a week previous to turning them out.

About the middle of October I was informed by a farmer living on the point that he had seen one of the old birds with sixteen small ones following her. This report has been verified by others who have seen them since, and to-day, March 7, I received a letter from Mr. E. R. Adams, the gentleman on whose farm the birds were turned out, saying that all of the birds I turned out and most of the late brood are alive and all right. The fact that these young birds were able to stand the cold and procure food during a period of three months in which the fields were covered with from six inches to five feet of snow, is all the proof we need as to their hardiness or ability to live in any part of this State. And if we can secure a law (which we are trying to do), making a close season in Jefferson county for two years on black and gray squirrels, grouse, woodcock and quail, we shall stock the county with these birds this year. In releasing them I believe that if they are turned out just before dark, that they will be more apt to stay in the immediate vicinity.

The people of this county have been well informed through the newspapers regarding the habits of the bird and the law protecting them. We have every reason to expect good results from our experiment, as we have the farmers interested, and they have promised to help us protect the birds. I hope to live to see not only this county, but the entire State, well stocked with these magnificent game birds, for I believe that they will prove a valuable addition to our game, and of inestimable value to our farmers, as their food during the most of the year consists largely of worms and insects.

W. H. TALLETT.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Blinds and Sink Boxes in Illinois.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 6.—Considerable confusion has for some time existed in this State over the construction of the clause of the new Illinois game law bearing upon the use of artificial blinds and sink boxes "beyond the natural cover" in the waters of the State. Many deputies have been making trouble for duck shooters who have ventured to construct any blind whatever of an artificial nature, saying that only the natural cover could be used as hiding, and this could not be changed from its natural state. Any shooter who was ever on a duck marsh will know about how much chance this would leave to get a shot at a duck, for all shooters know that nowadays ducks keep well out toward the open and shun the shore line. Yet still other deputies insisted that one could not shoot even from a ducking boat, even within the cover of the natural growth. Still worse, and more irrational, was the dictum of certain deputies along the Kankakee marshes, who prevented the digging of pits or sinking of blinds upon the shores entirely back of the water line, and behind the natural cover—a warping of the law quite beyond its original intent, which could have been devised only by one of a robust, imaginative power, although more than one shooter was actually stopped from building a shore blind by these same men, they evidently intending to keep the poor duck shooter away from the outside, inside and middle of the marsh.

Under these circumstances a sportsman of this city wrote to the Attorney-General of the State for an opinion on this clause of the law. Mr. Hamlin responded under date of March 5, and will no doubt also inform State Warden Lovejoy of the opinion, so that the latter may properly advise his deputies in the premises. The opinion follows:

State of Illinois, Office of Attorney-General, Springfield, March 5, 1902.—Dear Sir: Replying to your inquiry as to what construction should be placed upon that part of Section 1, Chapter 61, of the Revised Statutes of Illinois, being an act to provide additional remedies for the protection of game, wildfowl and birds, etc., and which reads as follows:

"And it shall further be unlawful, at any time, to hunt, kill, entrap or ensnare, or to attempt to hunt, kill, entrap or ensnare, or otherwise destroy, any wild goose, brant,



SHELTERS ON THE ISLAND.

several of them new inventions. The Marble safety pocket axe, called "the handiest tool a sportsman ever carried," is the best known of these. Another convenient little tool on exhibit is the broken shell extractor, which slips inside the broken section of the shell, and by the jerk of a lever removes the shell. Hunting and fish knives, waterproof match boxes, ball-bearing cleaning rods, gun sights and other interesting little tricks are shown. Mr. W. L. Marble is in personal charge.

Coudon & Co.

Coudon & Co.'s exhibit of the Chesapeake folding decoy has attracted much attention. This is a folding decoy made entirely of brass and wood, combining the advantages of the solid wooden decoy and the collapsible kind, with the additional advantage of lightness in weight. These decoys can be seen drifting in the lake ready for business, and also packed in boxes 16 inches

Friday, March 7—Accuracy. Judges—T. K. Tuthill, G. F. Diehl, H. W. Van Wagenen, Dr. C. C. Curtis: W. K. Park, 27; D. Brandreth, 24; J. Taylor, 17; D. T. Abercrombie, 6; Dr. W. Edw. Halsey, 5.

Saturday, March 8—Distance, for school boys under 20 years of age. Judges—W. K. Park, E. S. Osgood, D. T. Abercrombie: E. J. Mills, Boys' High School, Brooklyn, 74 feet; V. R. Greenwood, Erasmus Hall, Brooklyn, 60 feet; Wm. Cruickshank, 166th Street School, New York city, 53 feet; Geo. Frost, Cutler School, New York city, 51 feet.

Monday, March 10—Distance for guides. Augustus Douglas, Flagstaff, 63 feet; Sam Barton, Lake Placid, 59 feet 8 inches; Louis Nichol, Penobscot, 56 feet 8 inches; D. F. Sperry, Old Forge, 56 feet; Cliff Wing, Flagstaff, 56 feet; Peter Solomon, Saranac, 55 feet; G. M. Gray, Old Town, 54 feet 5 inches; Henry Lamoy, Saranac, 50 feet 2 inches; G. C. Garwood, Saranac, 51 feet; W. T. Harris, C. P. R., 45 feet 5 inches.

duck or other water fowl from any fixed or artificial ambush beyond a natural covering of reeds, canes, flags, wild rice or other vegetation above the water of any lake, river, bay or inlet, or other water course wholly within this State, or in such part of such stream or water course wholly within this State, or with the aid and use of any device commonly called sneak boat, sink boat, sink box or other device used for the purpose of concealment in the open waters of this State," I beg to reply:

The evident intention of the portion of the statute quoted was to provide all the water fowl therein mentioned with a place of sanctuary or rest. Without such provision by statute any fixed or artificial ambush could be erected upon the resting or feeding grounds of such enumerated fowl, in the middle, or any other part of the open waters, thereby disturbing such enumerated water fowl in a manner which would leave them no opportunity for rest or feeding, and hence would speedily drive them to some other course in their annual migratory flights.

That the prohibition of that portion of the statute quoted applies only to the actual, open and unincumbered waters of any lake, river, bay or inlet, or other water course wholly within this State, is made clear by a reading of the statute which makes it unlawful to hunt, kill, etc., from any fixed or artificial ambush "beyond a natural covering of reeds, canes, flags, wild rice or other vegetation above the water of any lake, river, bay," etc. And also from any "sneak boat, sink box or other device used for the purpose of concealment in the open waters of this State." The words "above the water" cannot have reference to blinds upon the shore or bank which may be merely on a higher level than the surface of the water. Had the intent of the statute been to absolutely forbid the use of any fixed or artificial ambush, it would have so provided without qualification and would, in so many words, have prohibited the use at any time or place of any such fixed or artificial ambush. Neither can the words "in the open waters of this State" be construed as meaning in, within or upon the shore lines or upon islands or upon the banks of any lake, river, bay or inlet or other water course wholly within this State. Nothing in this act prohibits the erection and use of any fixed or artificial ambush for hunting, killing, etc., the water fowl mentioned in this act, provided such fixed or artificial ambush be not placed or located in the open waters beyond the place where there is a natural covering of reeds, canes, flags, wild rice or other vegetation above the surface of the water. Such license to build any fixed or artificial ambush will not extend to erecting the same upon muskrat houses in the actual, open, unincumbered waters, nor in or upon some small, bare, isolated islands located in such waters, upon which and around which no reeds, canes, flags, wild rice or other vegetation grows, furnishing a natural covering.

No sneak boat, sink boat, sink box or similar device can be used in the open waters of this State, but this clause does not prohibit the making, or use, of any pit or sunken device if the same be used within or upon the shore lines, islands or banks of any lake, river, bay or inlet or other water course wholly within this State. No sneak boat, sink boat, sink box or other similar device can be used or employed in connection with any muskrat house which is located in the actual, open, unincumbered waters of this State.

Believing that the foregoing fully complies with your request, I have the honor to remain,

Very respectfully,

(Signed) H. J. HAMLIN, Attorney-General.

Game Protection for Alaska.

There was warrant for the fear that the great game of Alaska would go the way of the great game of the United States. Now let us hope that there is warrant for the belief that this is not to be, but that Uncle Sam is going to take the matter in hand, wisely, promptly and efficiently. It is again Mr. Lacey, of Iowa, who comes to the front in the interest of Western game. Should this bill (introduced Feb. 18 and ordered printed: H. R. 11535) eventually become a law, the author of the Lacey law on interstate shipments of game will have additional cause for the congratulations of his friends and the thanks of American sportsmen.

Ohio Game Laws.

Mr. Paul North, of the Cleveland Target Co., Cleveland, O., spent a couple of days in Chicago this week. Mr. North was recently appointed a member of the Fish and Game Commission of Ohio, an appointment which was certainly a wise one. Mr. North says that the members of the Commission have very good hope for a practical working law. He does not think that Ohio can altogether prohibit spring shooting of wildfowl, but thinks that they will be able to hold down all the upland shooting between the dates of Sept. 1 and Dec. 15. He says that the Commission will undertake to place a limit of eighteen quail a day, and a limit of twenty-five ducks per day. All of these are moves in the right direction, and they will be backed by the sportsmanship of the State concerned. It is to be hoped that such measures will not meet an opposition such as has sometimes turned up in the State of Illinois.

The First Ducks.

The first of the north-bound flight of wildfowl are now in on the Indiana and Illinois waters. A telegram from Tolleston Club, just across the Indiana line, to-day states that ducks have appeared on that marsh in good numbers. From southeastern Iowa reports come that the ducks have reached that region, and by this time, owing to the open and mild weather and the generally rising waters, we should hear presently of a good flight on the Illinois River waters.

Mr. C. C. Hess, of the Goose Lake Shooting Club, a small club with grounds on the Kankakee River near Lorenzo, Ill., left to-day with one or two members of the club for an early look at the marsh. It is no two to one that they will not meet a good flight along the Kankakee. Hennepin Club members are also on the lookout, and the likelihood is that within the week we shall hear of shooting.

Got Four Goats.

Mr. W. P. Mussey, of Chicago, recently returned from

a long tour in southern California. He and his friend Mr. J. C. Haskell, of this city, tried some of the famous fishing of the Catalina country, but were on the whole disappointed. Mr. Haskell took out with him two costly tarpon rods, and the two fishermen together invested considerable by way of cash and general hopes. On one day they caught a sculpin, also an 8-inch fish of some kind which Billy said was called a "blue Johnnie." Incidentally, they caught strings of kelp and things of that sort, and the fisherman who took them out said they should have come a little earlier, or a little later. "I can't see that they put up the fishing game there much different from what they do in the North," said Billy.

Mr. Mussey made a hunt for goats on Catalina Island, and was lucky enough to kill four good heads. He used a .30-30 rifle, and after shooting one goat seven times came away with the impression that that gun was not heavy enough. Mr. Mussey says that these goats are being killed off very rapidly by the sheep herders, who want the sheep range unmolested. He thinks there are about 500 goats now left on the islands, and that they will all be killed in less than a year. He says that the animals are by no means easy to approach, and are wild, suspicious and hard to reach, as they range on top of the ridges.

Flight is In.

March 8.—Ducks appeared a week ago to-day in considerable numbers on the upper Kankakee waters, as well as a great many geese, but the freeze-up of last Saturday sent the flight back again for a few days, not to reach this section again until about the middle of this week. To-day word is at hand from Water Valley, Ind., that the flight of mallards and pintails there is heavy. Several shooters of the old Lake George Club leave this evening for a day or so at that point. Among these is Mr. A. L. Carlisle, who for seven years has opened the spring season at that well-known locality. Mr. Carlisle says that he expects another freeze before long, and does not think the flight will be in to stay until about the 15th, as he has always observed that, when he has gone to the club about March 8, he has had to wait about a week to get anything but a hurried and broken flight. Therefore, we may expect it to be about a few days yet before the best of the sport may be expected, although those who are on hand to-day ought to strike it pretty well.

There are about fifteen members of the Calumet Heights Club who have taken out licenses for Indiana shooting, and of these about all will be present at the club grounds to-night, waiting for the early bird. This club is hit hard by the license law, and some of its members predict the repeal of the \$25 license at the next session of the Indiana Legislature, most probably with the result of a lower license—\$10 instead of \$25.

At English Lake Club, of Indiana, there was good shooting reported the middle of this week, and the birds are hardly away as yet, so that we should hear of good bags there the first part of next week, when the shooters are back from the week's trip.

Tolleston Club has had good shooting for some days, and the waters of Lake Michigan have had a lot of deep-water birds for more than a week, some very heavy shooting having been gained by those daring enough to undertake it. There have been three bad accidents this week to duck shooters who have ventured too far out into the treacherous expanse of the big and risky water, and although none has been met with loss of life there have been very narrow escapes, one especially so. This hardly pays for a good bag—even forty-eight birds, as one party had yesterday before their boat capsized and left them afloat on a cake of ice without any means of getting ashore. There are times when it pays to keep cool, and times when one does well to think things over, but the above surroundings are extreme for either of these attitudes.

Swan Lake Club has sent up word that the flight is in down there, and we should hear good reports from that lower water with the first return of the early shooters. No word is at hand of any actual bags as yet from that point of Hennepin, but something is no doubt going on to-day, there being for the time a warm and soft spell of weather which ought to start the ice out. Thus far the birds can not get into the water anywhere, and it is yet worse north of here.

Mr. Oswald von Lengerke is back from his first trip to the new club on the Illinois River, which he just started with three friends—Mr. R. S. Kendall, of this city, and Messrs. Frank Cooper and Chas. Kindelspeire, of Morris, Ill. They have leased what is known as the Collins Slough, about seven miles out from Morris, and expect a little duck and snipe shooting there, with comfortable quarters.

Moose in Minnesota.

Mr. A. E. Jenkins, of Cleveland, O., who called to-day, brought with him considerable of a surprise. He says that he has found a very good moose country in upper Minnesota. He went thither last fall and killed a 55-inch head, about twenty-eight miles from Grand Marais, and says he saw seven good heads the day he killed his moose. He thinks the region there and back of Tower very good, but says one can not get a good guide, and has to rough it a bit, doing his own guiding and hunting, and camping out with none too good camp help. He says a woodsman can sometimes be had at Tower, but that there are few reliable men for guides. As to the moose, he says they would be very much more numerous were it not for the lumber camps, which regularly hire Indians to shoot moose and deer for them. Mr. Jenkins saw some Pigeon River Chippewas who had been shooting all winter for a camp at Ingersoll's Falls. The Indians told him they had killed thirty moose and "very many" deer. The hunting country west of Tower is broken with open savannahs and barrens, but no caribou are reported south of the line in any great numbers. North of the Sawtooth Mountains, above Lake Superior, the caribou are thick.

By the way, Mr. Jenkins is fully posted on the country along the new Algoma Northern Railway, which is running up into the Hudson Bay region. He has been all over it, looking at iron properties, and calls it a grand game country, though hard to get at with good guides. I think he would be glad to tell what he can to any one wanting to go in there.

Mr. Jenkins shot his Minnesota moose with a .30-40, and had to hit him five times, once through the shoulder, once through the neck and once through the head, none of which knocked him down, two more shots being needed to stop the animal. The bullets were soft-noses, and did not seem to open. Yet he was obliged to admit that in more than a dozen moose he has killed, he has never seen one knocked down clean. He says the men up in the northern country are discarding the .30-30 and going back to the .38-55—an excellent arm, this latter, too, and in the opinion of many far better than the .45-90.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Non-Resident Licenses.

NEW YORK, March 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been reading the pros and cons of the "non-resident license" question in your paper, and not until the article written by Mr. C. P. Ambler, which appeared in your issue of March 1, has any one so clearly, and to my mind, "hit the nail on the head" so well as this gentleman.

I have done considerable big-game hunting, and like him have always chosen State or Province having a license, and the mere fact that the State of Maine was without one has kept me away from shooting there.

I visit Maine yearly in the spring for fishing, and I may say without exception that every guide and inn keeper to whom I have spoken on the question of license has been in favor of it.

I beg to refer Mr. Jay Pee to the State of Pennsylvania, where a non-resident license is charged, and I think I am not far wrong in stating that seventy-five per cent. of the sportsmen going there are men of small means, and the license charged does not seem to keep them away, as any one can see by going there in the shooting season. I say with Mr. C. P. Ambler, let a license be charged by all means. I think I am voicing the sentiment of every true sportsman who thinks beyond to-day.

E. A. R.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., March 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I thank you for printing, in your issue of Feb. 22, my communication on the proposed taxation of hunters who visit Maine.

I inclose herewith a copy of a letter recently received from a Maine guide, whom I have known for a dozen years, which may interest you. It may be worth printing, as it comes from a man I have found to be exceptionally honorable and straightforward, and who is, in my opinion, unusually well qualified to express an opinion on the subject in question.

E. M. WILKINS.

GREAT POND, Feb. 6.—Mr. E. M. Wilkins, Springfield, Mass. Friend Wilkins: I think it would be wrong to impose such a tax as is proposed on sportsmen who visit Maine. My idea is that our State should require each guide within its borders to pay \$10 for his license. We have between 1,700 and 1,800 guides, who would thus bring \$17,000 to \$18,000 into the State Treasury. The Maine Fish and Game Commissioners say they receive \$25,000 from the State Treasury for the use of their Commission, and that this amount has so far covered all expenses. They claim further that this sum is not enough and that they must have more funds to provide more game wardens. Now I claim that \$10 from each guide in this State will more than cover the necessary wardens' expenses and wages, summer and winter, and I claim further that the wardens should keep a much sharper lookout during the winter than through the other seasons. It may be asserted that all the guides would not be willing to pay a \$10 license fee. But if they will look at it in the right way it is obviously for their interest to do this, as the revenue derived would be used for protecting the game, and if the game should be seriously depleted or exhausted there would be but few sportsmen visit us. I have seen, not long ago, articles written by Mr. Carleton of the Game Commission to the effect that the game in our State was on the increase, and that the woods were full of game. Now he states we must protect the game or we will not have any in a few years. I think he proposes to take the wrong way to protect the game interests, killing the goose that lays the golden egg. I have discussed this matter with a number of guides, and each of these would gladly pay a \$10 license fee rather than have the sportsmen from outside the State assessed. I have closely watched the fish and game interests of Maine for over twenty-five years, and I know whereof I speak. If the State wants more money for fish and game protection, let the funds be raised in a fair way, and not by the proposed method which is to be brought before the Maine Legislature.

JOHN F. HAYNES, Guide.

Ways of the Gadwall.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A note recently received from W. N. Hampton, of Currituck county, N. C., gives an account of a remarkable flight of gadwalls in Currituck county on the shooting grounds of the Currituck Club there.

My correspondent says: "We were shooting in the Canvasback Pond on Currituck Sound. The wind was from the north, light, and the weather cold and cloudy. I was with Mr. Nat. Simpkins, who was shooting with Mr. Louis Webb. During the day we got somewhere about ninety birds, and of these thirty-six were gadwalls. This was the largest score on gadwalls ever made at the Currituck Club. Up to that time I think twenty-seven had been high. We put up a good many gadwalls when we went into the pond, and some of them came in very nicely for a while. Then suddenly they seemed to become very shy, and nearly all were killed at very long range. For the most part they seemed to lead over in large flocks, and the birds that decoyed were in small bunches and came high.

"There seemed to be more gadwalls flying than I ever saw before in one day. They always seem to be a very shy bird."

The occurrence mentioned is very noteworthy and well worth recording.

GEO. BIRD GRINNELL,

NEW YORK, March 7.

March.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., March 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Unless all signs fail, spring has arrived, but winter is still lingering and trying to get into her lap.

March 1 Wm. Pohlman, the foreman of the Ontario & Western Machine Shops, picked up in the yard a fine woodcock killed by striking against the telegraph wires; he ate it and pronounced it O. K.

Same day John Koman killed a 3½-foot black snake which he saw crawl into a stone heap in his garden.

March 2 L. G. Wilsen, of the Middletown Ice Company, killed a 3-foot water snake which was swimming in the ice pond.

Same day A. T. Buthoof, who lives at Monhagen Lake, saw three robins and half a dozen bluebirds in his door yard.

March 3 I saw a flock of about twenty crow-blackbirds among the spruce trees in Geo. Hawkins' grounds on Highland avenue, in this city.

Same day Louis Roth reports having seen meadow larks, bluebirds and robins in the open fields while looking the high water over in the Wallkill River near Crystal Run and Stony Ford.

The water in the Wallkill was never so high, so say the oldest inhabitants. 'Twas nine feet over the dam at Phillipsburgh just below this city.

The highway bridges are all gone from Montgomery to Pellett's Island except the bridge at Phillipsburgh.

The pond holes in the fields along the stream contain many fish, which were washed out and left by the receding water, particularly German carp, with now and then a black bass.

Took in the Sportsmen's Show Thursday and Friday. The best exhibit is Child's game birds, their eggs and nests, and next comes the fish.

Am afraid the last fall of snow finished the quail.

Mongolian ringnecked pheasants liberated by me two years ago have done well. Amos Ryerson reported sixty old and young seen by him in one day on his farm above Denton, just at the lower end of the drowned lands of the Wallkill. Asa Mapes reported twenty-four on his farm in town of Mount Hope, ten miles in the opposite direction. Herman Otto, near Otisville, reports them so tame that they feed with his chickens.

Charlie Cairns says half a dozen stayed all day in his cornfield while he was plowing last year, keeping not over a hundred feet distant. Am afraid they are too tame for the pot-hunters.

JOHN WILKIN.

The Storm and the Birds.

PRINCES BAY, Staten Island, N. Y., March 7.—In a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM your Florida correspondent, Didymus, says that our Northern quail should be protected. Didymus is right. In a farming country where the farmers are neat with their farms, it is hard for the birds to find cover when a storm like we have just had sweeps the land. Some farmers do not notice quail or care a snap whether they die or not. Such people would not feed the birds unless they gave milk. On the other hand, there is the farmer who likes to see the quail on his place, and will leave a little patch of brush here and there for their protection, will leave in the fields a few shocks of corn and a few bundles of wheat for their food.

It is different here on Staten Island. We have the good cover but not the farms that raise the grain. Talk about the "deep, tangled wild wood"—we have it here. Our quail were well protected in the fierce storm we had, and they came out of it all right. If there is any good cover around just leave that to the quail; he will find it. But when it comes to feed, then we help them out, and well do the little brats know where to come and get their breakfast. I was talking with Mr. Van Tobin yesterday, and he told me he had just been out and found and fed four different bevs of quail. Mr. Tobin is our very efficient game protector, and he watches the pot-hunter like a guardian angel. He thinks a dead pot-hunter is worth about as much as two or three bushels of wheat. I would put that as a rough estimate. There is a man living in the interior of the island who has harbored and fed a bevy of quail all winter, and he has them so tame they eat with his chickens.

The Richmond County Fish and Game Protective Association can look with pride at the fruits of their labors. With our good president and efficient game protectors we have the heart to work for the interests of the community at all times.

New Jersey Game.

MILHURST, N. J., March 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The prospect for game around here during the coming season seems to be more than good, notwithstanding the heavy snow and ice storms.

This morning—March 7—I saw many well-used rabbit paths on the snow in the open, and any quantity of squirrel tracks in the woods; also by what I have seen and heard quail have wintered well, as I have seen several flocks before this last storm, and others have told me of their seeing many also. I hardly think that this last storm has affected them much.

On March 3 I took a stroll and gathered several well-grown spathes of the skunk cabbage—the first spring flower—and on March 4 saw and heard many redwing blackbirds and robins, also several bluebirds and hedge sparrows. Whether the weather be rough or pleasant, these dear little harbingers of spring will surely put in an appearance at about such a time.

A. L. L.

Temiscouata Guides.

THE Temiscouata Sportsmen's Guide Protective Association, incorporated in 1901, have had their annual meeting in January and brought the following result: Ovide Lucass, President; Damase Pinot, Vice-President; Paul J. Cloutier, Secretary-Treasurer, to whom all correspondence should be addressed. Price of guide, \$2 per day. The aim of the Association is to protect the fish and game, and to have expert guides and moose callers in the hunting season.

P. J. C.

[Pictures from] "Forest and Stream."

THE contents of this superb collection of drawings are sufficiently stated in the title. The drawings are 16½ by 11½ inches. Their authors are Carl Runge, H. T. Folsom, E. W. Deming, John James Audubon, Edmund H. Osthaus and Wilfred P. Davidson, and they illustrate wild life and life out of doors in many varieties. The animals which figure in the collection are the elk, the deer, the mountain sheep, the buffalo, Audubon's birds being the purple sandpiper, the black duck, the shoveller duck, the redhead, the canvasback, the prairie chicken, the willow ptarmigan, the golden plover. Yachting, fishing and rural scenes have all their appropriate illustrations, and all are true to life. The publishers of FOREST AND STREAM deserve great credit for producing so valuable a collection of truly artistic pictures.—Our Animal Friends.

"American Duck Shooting."

SISSETON, S. D., March 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have received and read Mr. Grinnell's book on "American Duck Shooting." I found the book much more readable than I had expected. The author is to be congratulated upon his success in combining an accurate description of the different localities where he has learned the lessons of duck shooting and the habits of water fowl, with practical hints and suggestions to all lovers of such sport.

While the author tells us that he is not relying on his own experience alone in the making up of this interesting book, the reader cannot help but believe that the last half of the book is the story of the actual experience of the author himself. It is the practical side of the book that appeals most strongly to the reader.

J. W. BARRINGTON.

Protection for Alaska Game.

H. R. 11535.

A bill for the protection of game in the district of Alaska, and for other purposes.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that from and after the passage of this act the wanton destruction of wild game animals or wild birds, the destruction of nests and eggs of such birds, or the killing of any wild bird other than a game bird or wild game animal for the purposes of shipment from the district of Alaska is hereby prohibited. The term "game animals" shall include deer, moose, caribou, sheep, mountain goats, bears, sea lions and walrus. The term "game birds" shall include waterfowl, commonly known as ducks, geese, brant and swans; shore birds, commonly known as plover, snipe and curlew, and the several species of grouse and ptarmigan. Nothing in this act shall affect any law now in force in Alaska relating to the fur seal, sea otter, or any fur-bearing animal other than bears and sea lions, or prevent the killing of any game animal or bird for food or clothing by native, Indians or Eskimo, or by miners, explorers or travelers on a journey when in need of food; but the game animals or birds so killed shall not be shipped or sold.

Sec. 2. That it shall be unlawful for any person in Alaska to kill any wild game animals or wild birds except during the seasons hereinafter provided: Large brown bears, from April 15 to June 30, both inclusive; moose, caribou, walrus and sea lions, from Sept. 1 to Oct. 31, both inclusive; deer, sheep and mountain goats, from Sept. 1 to Dec. 15, both inclusive; grouse, ptarmigan, shore birds and water fowl, from Sept. 1 to Dec. 15, both inclusive: Provided, That the Secretary of Agriculture is hereby authorized whenever he shall deem it necessary for the preservation of game animals or birds to make and publish rules and regulations which shall modify the close seasons hereinbefore established, or provide different close seasons for different parts of Alaska, or place further restrictions and limitations on the killing of such animals or birds in any given locality, or to prohibit killing entirely for a period not exceeding five years in such locality.

Sec. 3. That it shall be unlawful for any person at any time to kill any females or yearlings of moose, caribou, deer, or sheep, or for any one person to kill in any one year more than the number specified of each of the following game animals: Two moose, walrus, or sea lions; four caribou, sheep, goats, or large brown bears; eight deer; or to kill or have in possession in any one day more than ten grouse or ptarmigan, or twenty-five shore birds or water fowl.

That it shall be unlawful for any person at any time to hunt with hounds, to use a shotgun larger than number 10 gauge or any gun other than that which can be fired from the shoulder, or to use steam launches or any boats other than those propelled by oars or paddles in the pursuit of game animals or birds. And the Secretary of Agriculture is authorized to make and publish such further restrictions as he may deem necessary to prevent undue destruction of wild game animals or wild birds.

Sec. 4. That it shall be unlawful for any person or persons at any time to sell or offer for sale any hides, skins or heads of any game animals or birds in Alaska, or to sell or offer for sale therein, any game animals or birds or parts thereof during the time when the killing of said animals or birds is prohibited: Provided, That it shall be lawful for dealers having in possession any game animals or birds legally killed during the open season to dispose of the same within fifteen days after the close of said season.

Sec. 5. That it shall be unlawful for any person, firm or corporation or their officers or agents to deliver to any common carrier, or for the owner, agent, or master of any vessel or for any other person to receive for shipment, or to have in possession with intent to ship, out of Alaska any hides or carcasses of caribou, deer, or parts thereof, or any wild birds or parts thereof: Provided, That nothing in this act shall be construed to prevent the collection of specimens for scientific purposes, the capture or shipment of live animals and birds for exhibition or propagation, or the export from Alaska of specimens and trophies, under such restrictions and limitations as the Secretary of Agriculture may prescribe and publish.

Sec. 6. That any person violating any of the provisions of this act or any of the regulations promulgated by the Secretary of Agriculture shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall forfeit to the United States all game or birds in his possession, and all guns, traps, nets, or boats used in killing or capturing said game or birds, and shall be punished by a fine of not more than two hundred dollars or imprisonment not more than three months, or by both such fine and imprisonment, in the discretion of the court: Provided, That upon conviction for the second or any subsequent offense there may be imposed in addition a fine of fifty dollars for any violation of Sections 1 and 3, and a fine of one hundred dollars for a violation of Section 2. It is hereby made the duty of all marshals and deputy marshals, collectors or deputy collectors of customs appointed for Alaska, and all officers of revenue cutters to assist in the enforcement of this act. Any marshal or deputy marshal may arrest without warrant any person found violating any of the provisions of this act, or any of the regulations herein provided, and may seize any game birds, or hides, and any traps, nets, guns, boats, or other paraphernalia used in the capture of such game or birds and found in the possession of said person, and any collector or deputy collector of customs, or any person authorized in writing by a marshal, shall have the power above provided to arrest persons found violating this act or said regulations, and seize said property without warrant, to keep and deliver the same to a marshal or a deputy marshal. It shall be the duty of the Secretary of the Treasury upon request of the Secretary of Agriculture to aid in carrying out the provisions of this act.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Striped Bass of the Pacific.

AN article appeared in FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 25, entitled "The Striped Bass," from the pen of Mr. Theodore Biedinger, which has been gratefully received by striped bass anglers on this coast, both for the valuable information it contains, and for the pleasure it affords to those fond of this interesting pastime. This article was read before the San Francisco Striped Bass Club, and that body immediately resolved that a member should be selected to reply to that article through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, by illustrating how this game fish is angled for on the Pacific coast.

If Mr. Biedinger and other fishermen of the Atlantic seaboard will kindly remember that, whereas, they have had the benefit of a great many years' experience by themselves and others in fishing for striped bass, while with us the commencement of this pastime is of very recent date, these gentlemen will no doubt overlook our crude endeavors and will believe with us that in time we will master the art.

The fish are here by the thousand—yes, by the million—as can be testified by the fact that more than 1,000,000 pounds were sold in the San Francisco markets last year.

Bait Fishing.

The bait usually used is the long-neck clam, which is found in great abundance in the shallow flats of San Francisco Bay and neighboring waters. Shrimps, both cooked and raw, shedder crab, squid, mussels, small salted fish and numerous other baits have been tried, but none of these have proven so universally successful as the succulent clam. The bait par excellence for fishing in deep water from wharves and bridges is the live minnow, and as this bait is not cast, but simply lowered from the rod to the water, the force of the strike is much stronger than when received from a bait cast 90 or 100 feet, and the pleasure is correspondingly greater.

Bait-fishing is confined mostly to the shallow sloughs and estuaries where the tides ebb and flow. Bass are frequently caught where, two hours later, the bottom will be free from water.

If we have not had the experience of our Eastern friends in angling, we are at least as well equipped with up-to-date rods, free running reels, Cuttyhunk lines and Shaughnessy hooks.

Bass, when hungry, will no doubt take anything in the form of a bait. Dr. Gunn, while fishing at Crockett, in Carquinez Straits, with a piece of raw beef for catfish, was surprised to land a 3½-pound bass. At another time he caught a 12-pound bass with cooked shrimp. In July, 1899, he caught an 8-pounder with a common kidney spoon with triple hooks. In 1899 he caught in one day seventeen bass, weighing 70 pounds. A Portuguese woman fishing from a wharf at the same place (Crockett) caught four bass and hung them in the water. Some mischievous person cut the cord during her absence, and when she returned and found that the fish were gone, she commenced to cry. She went on fishing, however, and at last quit with twenty-eight fish to her credit, and gave two men one dollar to carry them to her house. Messrs. Geo. Mitchell and Al. Wilson, while fishing together on Black John Slough last October, caught twelve fish weighing 123 pounds.

All of these large catches were made with clams. The largest fish ever caught in these waters weighed 25¼ pounds, and was landed by Captain Ault, of Vallejo, after it had smashed his rod. Several have been caught weighing 25 pounds. Any number of bass weighing over 50 pounds have been hooked and lost. At least the victims said so.

Spoon Fishing.

But bait-fishing has practically ceased since the advent of the new spoon. Mr. Al. Wilson, probably the best known sportsman on this coast, conceived the idea that as striped bass lived principally on small fish, a spoon could be made that would deceive them, and, after innumerable experiments, he has perfected a lure which in a few months has revolutionized the sport, and relegated the clam to the chowder and the frying pan. On July 27 last year, in company with Mr. O. W. Jackson, he went to San Pablo Bay. Mr. Wilson had roughly hammered out a spoon which he thought would be a "killer," and attached it to Mr. Jackson's line. Taking a skiff and rowing out a short distance, Mr. Jackson was soon fast to a striped bass, which, when landed, weighed 9 pounds. The spoon was a No. 4 B.

These spoons were then manufactured and placed on the market. Anglers who used them met with such success that they immediately discarded bait. To illustrate how successful the spoon has been, a few of the principal catches are here given:

Aug. 9, off Belvedere Island, Messrs. Carroll and Luttrell caught nine bass weighing 99½ pounds, an average of more than 11 pounds to the fish.

On Sept. 22 Mr. O. W. Jackson caught one weighing 25 pounds. This fish had a field mouse in its stomach. This gentleman also caught at 19½-pounder in Raccoon Straits on Oct. 24.

On Oct. 18, in Raccoon Straits, Messrs. McFarland and Jackson caught eight bass that weighed 83½ pounds, the largest tipping the scales at 13 pounds.

These spoons are now made in three sizes. The first and smallest is called the 4 B, and is 2¼ inches long and a trifle more than ¾ inch wide. The second one put on the market is numbered 5 B, and is 3¾ inches long and 1 1-16 inches wide. The last one that Mr. Wilson has perfected is the largest and the most popular size among anglers. In fact, the two smaller sizes have been entirely discarded, excepting in the shallow sloughs and flats, where the No. 5 B is still used. The No. 6 B is 4¾ inches long and 1 3-16 inches wide.

These spoons are long and narrow, shaped like a table knife blade, rounded at the ends and concave. They are also bowed, so that when lying on a flat surface, concave

side down, there is a clear space under the center of the largest size of about 1/4 inch, gradually diminishing to the ends. The peculiar manner in which the single hook is attached to the spoon reflects credit upon the inventor. A half ring projects from the convex side, riveted on the inner side. To this is attached a soldered heavy wire loop shaped like a figure 8, passing through the ring of a No. 4-0, 5-0 and 6-0 Pennell bronzed hook, the larger sized hook, of course, being attached to the largest spoon. The riveted ring is fastened to the spoon about one-third below the center, thus leaving plenty of space between the bottom of the spoon and the point of the hook. The spoons are made of German silver.

Nearly every angler has original ideas about one or more features of his fishing outfit, and is eternally exploiting them to his friends. That is why they call us "cranks." One fly-fisherman cuts off the tail of a royal-coachman; another snips the ends of the wings on a black-gnat, thinking them too long. A famous angler on the Truckee River cuts off the entire wing of his favorite, Williams-cowdung. Why don't he buy hackles to fish with? Because he's a crank!

Now, we have our cranks among the striped bass anglers. One has his spoon silver plated to remove the yellow tinge of the German silver. Another must have his spoon also silver plated and then treated on a scratch wheel to remove the polish; while still another has spoon, swivels and hook plated alike.

In trolling with large spoons of the spinner type, and using a twisted linen line, the principal difficulty to overcome is the unraveling of the strands. Even with the use of two or more swivels this will often occur, greatly weakening the line. Unlike the spinner, the new bass spoon does not revolve if the boat is rowed at a moderate speed, say one and a half miles an hour. It wobbles from side to side, and also has an eccentric motion hard to describe, but which may be likened to the action of a small fish in search of its food.

Another lure recently perfected and named after its inventor is known as the Breidenstein spoon. It is shaped like the Wilson spoon, but each half is dished on the opposite side, resembling somewhat the opposite blades of a propeller. This lure was perfected too late last season to be well known, but the few anglers who tried it pronounce it a decided success. Fish were caught on it wherever it was used, and when the season was supposed to be practically at an end. This spoon is mounted with two loose hooks attached to the end of the spoon.

Few anglers here use a gut leader, a piece of the Cuttyhunk fishing line from 4 to 6 feet long being considered better. The loop at one end is fastened to the swivel on the spoon. At the other end two large barrel swivels are attached, connected with either a brazed or split ring. From this ring is suspended a small sinker, weighing from one-quarter to one ounce, depending on the depth of the water one is fishing in. This also prevents any possibility of the line unraveling, by compelling the leader to turn with the spoon and reducing the action on the top swivel and line to a minimum.

The line used is a Cuttyhunk, varying in size from twelve to eighteen thread; the reel, a multiplier, the costlier the better; the rod from seven to nine feet long, and made of material to suit the fancy of the angler. Patent rod holders are used by a few, but most anglers while rowing sit on the butt of the rod, the tip projecting over the side or stern of the boat, while one or two turns of the line are taken around the bars of the reel, which increases the drag and makes the fish hook himself. The spoon is usually trolled about 150 feet from the boat.

On a Saturday evening in September two anglers take the 6 o'clock ferry boat from San Francisco, where they are joined by many others of the same ilk. In half an hour they land at Tiburon, engage their boat for the morning, have a quiet game of cards at the hotel, a chat on the subject dear to the hearts of fishermen, and then to an early bed. At 5 o'clock next morning they are called, and, after a hurried breakfast, cross the one street of the town and are at the boatman's float. Here the rods are joined, spoons attached to the line, and one angler takes the oars, while his companion busies himself in paying out the lines, jointing the gaff and passes one rod to the oarsman, who promptly "sits on it." The other boats are seen going in different directions—some to Belvidere Point, others to Angel Island, while these two anglers elect to go to El Campo. In five minutes they are in Raccoon Straits, keeping within a stone's throw of the main shore, while Angel Island, heavily wooded and dotted here and there with the buildings of Uncle Sam's soldiers, and a mile distant, defines the eastern side of the straits. The morning is bright and cool, the tide small, and the water very clear, while a light breeze ruffles the surface. Well they know that this is an ideal day for their sport, and they are too happy to expend many words. A caution from the man in the stern to keep out of that kelp-infested bay is given, and then Bridge Point is reached. Suddenly the rower drops the oars, which have been secured to the boat with a cord for such an emergency, and lifts his rod with a quick, strong sweep, for he has seen the tip quiver and bend, and knows that his tackle is strong, and that to set the hook well in the tough mouth of the bass at the end of 150 feet of free line, considerable force is necessary. His companion immediately reels in his line and takes the oars, keeping the boat headed most convenient to the angler. The spoon was ten or twelve feet below the surface when the fish struck, and his first run is on a parallel plane for fifty yards, when he comes to the surface and lashes the water into a foam in his endeavor to free himself from this unknown enemy. He then allows himself to be reeled close to the boat, but upon catching sight of this strange object the actual fight is on, for he sounds for the bottom and gets there, too, though the water is 100 feet deep at this spot. At this depth he runs first in one direction, then in another, and the man at the oars rows a few feet as the fish runs under the boat and threatens to foul the line on the keel. The strains on the fish finally weakens him and he is raised slowly, fighting to the last. He is gaffed, and a blow on the head frees him from any further misery.

Pipes are now filled and lighted, after the fish has been weighed and found to tip the scales at 11 pounds. The boat is again moving, lines put out, and Yellow Bluff

is sighted. As the eddies on the west side of the point are reached, two fish strike at the same instant. The oars are dropped, and now it is each man for himself. The lines cross each other several times, but do not foul, and both fish are saved. Back and forth, hugging the shore to avoid the full sweep of the tide, the boat moves in the eddies, and at noon is beached in a little bay, and the anglers go ashore to eat and rest. One more fish rewards their efforts, and at 6 P. M. they are again on the ferry boat, exchanging experiences with their friends. A good meal and a dreamless sleep repay them for their hard work, and the four fish, weighing about 40 pounds, are given to their friends. JAS. S. TURNER.

North American Association.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y., March 10.—The objects of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association are: The harmonizing of the laws of the different Provinces of Canada and the contiguous States of the American Union; the preservation, propagation and protection of fish, game and bird life, and the maintenance and improvement of laws relating thereto, and mutual assistance in enforcing game and fish laws on the borders of the various States and Provinces; the preservation of forests; the promotion of fishculture; the introduction of new species and varieties of fish, game and useful birds, and the dissemination of information thereto.

The Department of Biological Survey of the United States in a recent report states, in substance, that in a large degree we are to give credit to the North American Association for what has been done in the matter of harmonizing laws between the Provinces and contiguous States of the American Union.

Following is to be found an order-in-council, which it is to be hoped forever settles spring netting in Lake Champlain and other lakes bordering on Vermont in counties named in the order as printed:

At the Government House at Ottawa, Saturday, the 8th day of February, 1902.—Present: His Excellency the Governor-General in Council.—Whereas, there has been reported a decrease in the supply of fish in the Eastern Townships, due to improvident fishing. The Governor-General in Council, in virtue of the provisions of Section 16 of the Fisheries Act, Chapter 95 of the Revised Statutes of Canada, is pleased to make and does hereby make the following Fishery Regulation for the Counties, in the Province of Quebec, hereinafter mentioned: "Fishing with nets of any kind in the lakes and tributary streams of Missisquoi, Shefford, Brome, Drummond, Richmond, Wolfe, Sherbrooke, Stanstead, Compton, Megantic, and Beauce, in the Province of Quebec, is prohibited. "And no night lines used in the above prohibited districts to have more than 100 hooks on each."

JOHN J. MCGEE, Clerk of the Privy Council.

This, of course, is gratifying to the members of this Association, especially those members from the Province of Quebec, Vermont and New York. Most of whom, for a long time, have been making effort to bring about this most necessary and desirable result.

As one of the visiting delegation to Ottawa, I wish with great pleasure to speak of our cordial reception by the Honorable Minister of Marine and Fisheries, Mr. James Sutherland, and his deputies, who, after giving careful attention to the request, and remarks of members of the delegation, submitted for our approval the identical order as passed in council.

The Hon. Julius H. Seymour, Assemblyman from New York city, who represented the New York Fish Commission before the Commissioner of Marine and Fisheries at Ottawa upon his return, presented a bill in the Assembly stopping the use of seines at any time in New York waters of Lake Champlain. This bill has passed the Assembly and gone to the Senate.

Secretary Chambers of the North American Association was right when in last week's issue he said: "Surely this Association is entitled to the assistance and support of every sportsman interested in the protection of the game and game fish of the eastern Provinces of British North America, and of the neighboring States."

Enrollment for membership in the Association from New York and other States and Provinces is now in order, and blank applications for membership may be had from the Secretary, Mr. E. T. D. Chambers, of Quebec, or C. H. WILSON,

Vice-President for New York State.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

MEDAL contests, series 1902, Sunday, contest No. 2, held at Stow Lake, March 2. Wind, southeast; weather, showery and fair:

Event No. 1, Distance, Feet.	Event No. 2, Accuracy, Per cent.	Event No. 3, Acc. %	Event No. 4, Del. %	Event No. 5, Net %	Event No. 6, Lure Casting %
F Haight..... 97	88.4	84.8	74.9
H Battu..... 90	80.4	92.8	76.8	79.11	..
J Turner..... 80	93	82.4	77.6	85.2	..
F Daverkosen... 103	91.4	95.4	75	83.10	95.2
J B Kenniff... 110 1/2	84	91	76.8	77	..
K Charles..... 80	80	79	75	82.3	49.9
E A Mocker..... 101	88.8	87	77.6	81.4	94
C R Kenniff... 105	90	89.4	73.4	91.1	94.2
W Mansfield... ..	83.8	96.4	85.10	77.10	92.9
T Brotherton... 110	87.8	82.4	73.4	69.4	..
A M Blade..... 85	58.8	72	66.8	85.9	..
H C Golcher... 123	89.8	94	77.6	77.7	..
W J Kierulff... 78	75.8	79.4	75.10	77	..
T C Kierulff... 77	87.8	85.8	68.4	80.10	80.2
S A Heller..... 88	87.8	83.4	78.4	82.10	..
C F Grant..... 115	85	87.4	78.4

Judges, Mansfield and Daverkosen; referee, Watt; clerk, Wilson.

Bonefish of Biscayne Bay.

PEACOCK'S INN, Cocoanut Grove, Fla., March 5.—Editor Forest and Stream: Mr. John Hunter, of Newport, R. I., has beaten all bonefish records of which I am aware by the following scores:

Feb. 24—Six bonefish (*Albula vulpes*), 5 3/4, 5 3/4, 7 1/2, 8, 8 1/4 and 9 pounds. Time expended in fishing, three hours and twenty minutes.

March 4—Four bonefish, 5 1/4, 6 1/2, 7 and 9 pounds. Time, three hours and ten minutes.

As the U. S. Fish Commission report places 9 pounds as the extreme weight of this gamest and shyest of fish, the score of two of 9 pounds each is interesting. Tackle,

bass-casting; bait, hermit crab; place, a flat near Coco Plum on Biscayne Bay. Weights carefully verified. HENRY GUY CARLETON.

Fish in New York Waters.

THE League of Salt Water Fishermen is working hard to secure the adoption of Assembly Bill 604, which will protect against the nets the salt-water fish in the tide-waters of New York Bay and vicinity. The League requests that those who are interested will address their Assemblymen at Albany to this effect: "I believe that the fish in the tidewaters of New York city and vicinity should be protected. I ask you, as one whom you represent, to vote for Bill No. 604."

Yachting.

THE New York Y. C. gave a reception in honor of Prince Henry of Prussia on Sunday evening, March 9. While the affair was informal, no speeches being made and no toast drunk, still there were over seven hundred members present. The Prince and his staff arrived at 9:30 o'clock and spent two hours at the club house. The model room, which was hung with bunting and decorated with palms, proved to be of the greatest interest, but the library and the grill room, where a light supper was served, also greatly interested the strangers.

Designing Competition.

THE publishers of FOREST AND STREAM had held the idea for a long period of time that a designing competition for a cruising yacht of moderate size would meet with public approval and create a degree of interest among the readers of the publication, both at home as well as abroad. An opportunity finally presented itself to carry out the plan, and accordingly on Nov. 23 last an announcement appeared in our columns, the substance of which was as follows: A pole mast sloop of 25ft. load waterline was required, with not over 4ft. draft with centerboard hoisted; with at least 50 per cent. of ballast outside on keel, and 5ft. headroom under cabin carlins. It was also suggested that all abnormal features should be avoided in the design, the object being to produce a safe, comfortable cruiser on which two or three amateurs could live with comfort for a period of two or three months and be able to cruise along our seaboard from New York to Halifax with safety. A centreboard boat of moderate draft was decided upon, as so many more harbors would be accessible to a boat of that type. The competition closed on Feb. 28, when twenty-six designs had been received. Other drawings came to us after the date of closing, and could not therefore be considered.

As had been previously announced, the judging was done by Mr. Clinton H. Crane, of the firm of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane. It is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Crane stands at the head of his profession, and we were fortunate in securing his services. Mr. Crane gave much time and the most careful and critical consideration to the twenty-six designs, all of which had been submitted under a nom de plume. His task was by no means a simple one, as nearly all of the drawings were of high order, and contained much to commend them. As we stated last week, some of the designs missed being prize winners because of mere technical errors—such as being drawn to wrong scale. It was Mr. Crane's intention to announce his criticisms of the different plans in this issue, but owing to the amount of labor involved he found it impossible to do so, and they will appear next week.

The results of this yachting competition—the first ever tried in this country—have been a source of much gratification to the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM. We were ourselves somewhat doubtful at first as to the outcome, but when we considered our very large list of subscribers, both at home and abroad, we felt sure of the final result. That we were not mistaken in our conclusions is evidenced both by the number and quality of the designs submitted, and these have emphasized the fact which we have always believed, and that is that the readers of this publication were intelligent and discerning sportsmen. The splendid success of this competition and the widespread interest which has been shown in it has persuaded us to continue the idea, and we hope to take up the matter again this fall and have at least one, and perhaps two more, competitions before the year closes. It was our intention to give a public exhibition of the twenty-six drawings that were received, but as no suitable place was available it has been decided to publish many of the plans in our columns. In this way our readers will have ample opportunity for comparison and inspection. In order that the greatest benefits may be derived from our own efforts in this competition, we shall be glad to put any of our friends in touch with the different designers should they care to build from any of the drawings that shall be published.

First Prize Design.

We publish in this issue the lines, cabin and sail plans of the boat that was awarded the first prize, and also the special prize offered by Mr. Theodore C. Zerega, for the best cabin plan in our designing competition.

Mr. Morgan Barney, the designer of the boat, is not only an able draftsman, but he is also a practical yachtsman. He has made many cruises along our coast, and consequently was familiar with the needs of a cruising boat. This fact, in addition to the education and training he has had in yacht designing, together with a proper conception of the requirements of the competition, has enabled him to turn out a splendid practical cruising boat. In fact, the boat is just the type of craft we had in mind when laying down the conditions of the competition.

The design is devoid of any abnormal features, and is a happy combination of moderation throughout. The relation of the different parts of the boat's design and rig harmonize well, and the result is a very satisfactory craft.

The sail plan is of comfortable size for a cruising boat of 25ft. waterline length, the total area being 883 sq. ft. There is a large amount of room in the cabin under the low house. There is 5ft. 3in. headroom under beams in the cabin, and 5ft. 10in. headroom under the skylight. The cabin house is 14ft. long and 11in. high at the sides. The waterway around the sides of the cabin house and cockpit is 1ft. 9in. wide, which is ample and allows plenty of space in going forward.

The cabin floor is 3ft. 6in. wide. The part of the centerboard trunk that projects above the cabin floor is small, and in no way an objection, as it gives a place for the cabin table, and also a couple of drawers for silver, etc.

The transoms are 6ft. 9in. long and 2ft. 6in. wide; these are so arranged that they can be widened, making an unusually roomy berth, so that two persons could comfortably sleep on a side.

On each side of the cabin aft are hanging lockers 18in. deep, and back of these are shelves for blankets, etc. Aft of the companion steps and under the cockpit is another locker 2ft. high, 3ft. wide and 1ft. deep. The cabin is lighted and ventilated by a skylight 3ft. long. Forward of the cabin is the toilet room, which is 2ft. 3in. wide, and extends the full width of the boat. By an ingenious arrangement of doors the toilet room may be made an entirely inclosed space of good size, or when the doors are swung back in place it leaves a wide passage between the cabin and the galley. On the port side of the toilet room is the water closet, back of which is a locker for linen, etc., and opposite on the starboard side is a set wash basin, behind which there is also a locker.

The galley is 3ft. 2in. wide, and runs the full width of the boat. There is 5ft. headroom under the carlins in the galley. The galley is of good size, and is well arranged, and meals could be prepared for several men in a decent way. A skylight could be placed over the galley and toilet room, and this would improve the ventilation and give more headroom.

The forecabin is entirely separate from the galley, and can also be reached from the deck by means of a hatch. There is a folding gas pipe berth for a man if one were carried, and plenty of stowage space for lamps and spare gear of every description.

The cockpit, which is water tight, is 6ft. 6in. long and 6ft. wide. Light sails and other things can be stored in the lazarette, which is reached by a brass plate in the cockpit floor.

The following was written by Mr. Barney, and gives a good idea of what he had in mind when working up the design:

The underlying idea which governed the design was the desire to produce a boat of sufficient power to be kept sailing in the heavy weather one is sure to experience in an extended cruise outside of Long Island Sound. Hence, a large displacement seemed essential in order to permit of rather heavy construction, high freeboard, as much overhang as could be used to advantage, and enough ballast to insure good stability independently of the stiffness due to a comparatively wide hull.

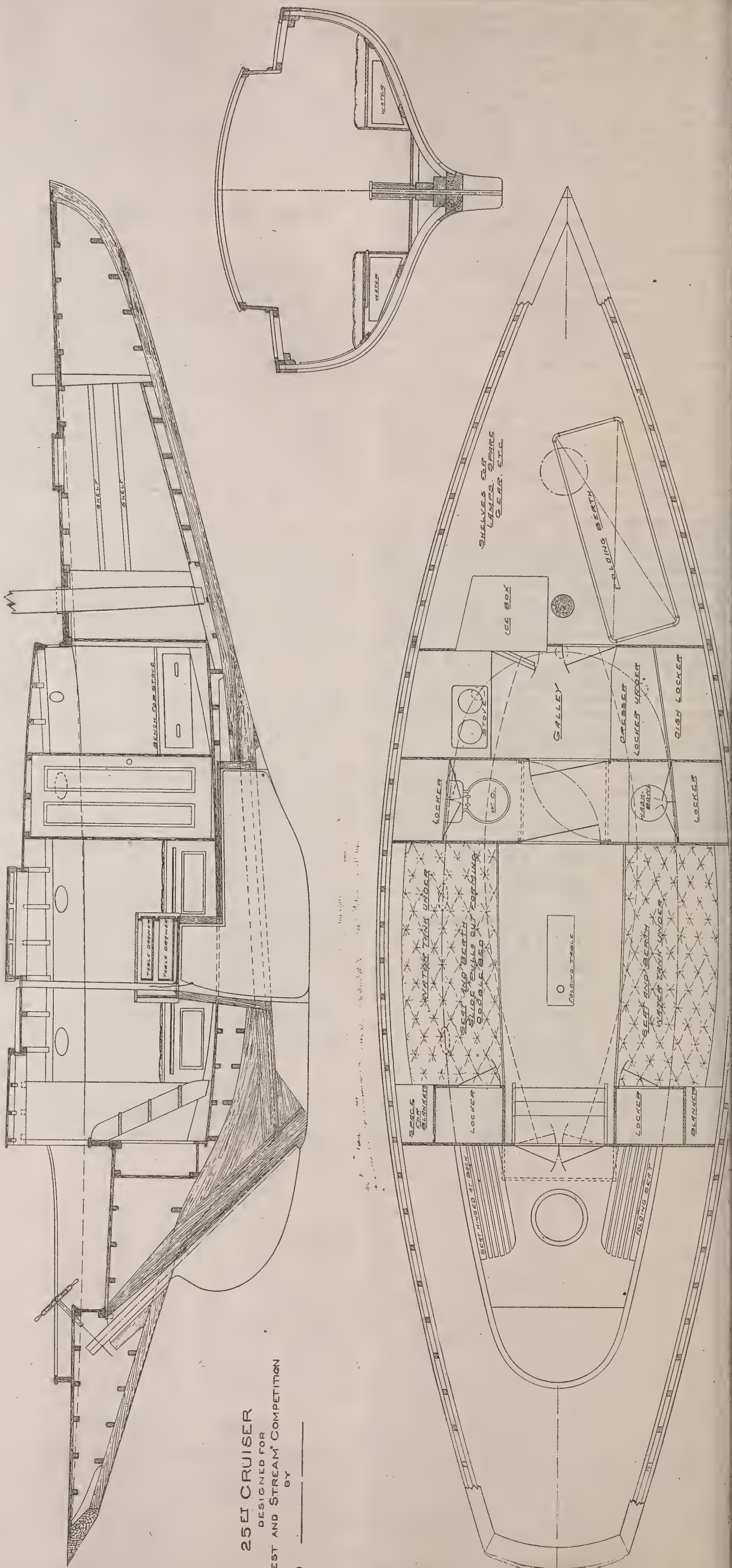
The end aimed at in the lines was a modification of the characteristics of the racing type. A boat of small wetted surface and compact and easy form resulted. The raking midship section and inefficient after overhang peculiar to the so-called "cruiser" were avoided. The conception that a cruiser must be a comfortable boat in bad weather limited the sail area to about 885 sq. ft.

The cabin was arranged so that the main saloon should be as habitable and roomy as possible, and completely separated from the galley. Ample locker space was provided. The fresh-water tanks were placed under the transoms in order to keep the weight low and away from the ends of the boat.

The dimensions are as follows:

Length—	
Over all	38ft. 6 in.
L.W.L.	24ft. 11½ in.
Overhang—	
Forward	6ft. 4 in.
Aft	7ft. 2½ in.
Breadth—	
Extreme	10ft. 3 in.
L.W.L.	9ft. 4 in.
Freeboard—	
Forward	3ft. 6 in.
Least	2ft. 3 in.
Aft	2ft. 7½ in.
Draft—	
Board up	4ft. 0 in.
Board down	7ft. 0 in.
Displacement	14,400lbs.
Outside ballast (lead)	6,200lbs.
Sail Area—	
Mainsail	685 sq. ft.
Jib	198 sq. ft.
Total	883 sq. ft.
Mast from forward end of L.W.L.	5ft. 0 in.
Mast above deck	34ft. 6 in.
Boom	30ft. 6 in.
Gaff	18ft. 0 in.
Spinnaker pole	24ft. 0 in.
Bowsprit outboard	6ft. 0 in.

The annual meeting of the Portland Y. C. was held on Wednesday evening, March 5. The report of the treasurer shows the club to be in a good financial condition. The report of the secretary shows that during the past summer fully 250 foreign yachts representing different clubs along the Atlantic seaboard have visited the club's anchorage and received the hospitality of the club. The club membership is 256, with 89 yachts and several more being built for this season. The thirty-third anniversary of the club will be celebrated April 26. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Com., C. W. Bray; Vice-Com., Edward Woodman; Sec'y, J. C. Fox; Treas., C. F. A. Weber; Meas., D. W. Fox; Trustees, Wm. Seuter, J. C. Hamlin, A. M. Smith; Regatta Committee, C. W. Small, F. C. Davis, O. E. Gerish, E. C. Jones; Fleet Capt., P. I. Jones; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. W. H. Bradford; Membership Committee, E. H. Rice, F. A. Macomber, F. H. Bullard; House Committee, P. I. Jones.



25ft CRUISER

DESIGNED FOR
"FOREST AND STREAM" COMPETITION
BY

Sir Thomas Lipton's Present to the Columbia Y. C.

CHICAGO, March 1.—At a meeting of the Columbia Y. C., of Chicago, held at its club house Saturday, March 1, the Lipton Cup Committee, composed of E. C. Berriman, chairman; Vice-Com. J. F. McGuire, and L. M. Y. A. Delegate Edward T. Balcom, reported receipt of letter from Sir Thomas Lipton, together with deed of gift, as follows:

City Road, London, E. C., Feb. 11, 1902.—Edward C. Berriman, Esq., Columbia Y. C., 155 Washington Street, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A. Dear Mr. Berriman: I am in receipt of your kind letter of the 17th ult. and am greatly obliged to you for your kindness in going into this matter so fully. I heartily approve of the form of the Deed of Gift, and also the conditions under which the cup is to be sailed for. I think these are so carefully drawn out and so very clear and precise that they leave no room for debate or discussion. I will have very great pleasure in sending you a cup which I hope will be worthy of the club and of the contest. This matter I will put in hand at once, so that you will have the prize over in good time.

I should have liked much had I been able to arrange to be present at the first race for the cup, but this is impossible. I hope, however, if all goes well, to be able to witness the race next year.

Allow me to take this opportunity of again expressing to the members of the Columbia Y. C. my warmest thanks for the great kindness and attention which they accorded me on my last visit to Chicago.

Yours faithfully,

THOMAS LIPTON.

Deed of Gift.

Know all men by these presents, that I, Sir Thomas Lipton, of London, England, for the purpose of encouraging yachting on the Great Lakes of America, and especially in the way of friendly contests in sailing and seamanship, do hereby give to the Columbia Y. C., of Chicago, State of Illinois, U. S. A., the silver cup delivered herewith, to be held, carried and sailed for under the following conditions:

First—The name of the cup shall be the Sir Thomas Lipton Competitive Cup.

Second—The title to the cup shall always be in the Columbia Y. C., of Chicago. In case the said club should be for any cause, dissolved, then the title shall revert to me. Should the club holding the cup be dissolved, the cup shall be returned at once to the Columbia Y. C.

It is to be distinctly understood that the cup is the property of the Columbia Y. C., and not that of the owner or owners of the vessel winning it in a match. The yacht club in which the vessel winning the cup is enrolled, may have the right to hold the cup for the time and under the conditions hereinafter mentioned:

Third—There shall be three consecutive days' racing each year during July or August, under the sailing rules of the Columbia Y. C., and over the courses selected by the Columbia Y. C. off the Harbor of Chicago.

The first race to be over an equilateral triangle, two nautical miles to each leg, twice around, making a total of twelve nautical miles.

The second race to be to windward or leeward and return, three nautical miles to the leg, twice around, making a total of twelve nautical miles.

The third race to be over a quadrangular course of three nautical miles to the leg, once around, making a distance of twelve nautical miles.

In case of a postponement, the races will be sailed the next day following, and over the same course as would have been sailed on the day of postponement, and so continued from day to day, Sunday excepted, until there shall have been three races.

The boat making the best record in the three races shall be declared the winner, and the club in which the boat is enrolled shall have the right to hold the cup until the first day of June the next following year, at which time it shall be delivered in good condition to the Columbia Y. C., of Chicago, the Commodore of the club holding the cup, being responsible for such delivery.

In the event of two or more boats making the same record in the three days' races, the judges shall have the right to arrange for an additional race or races, until a winner shall have been selected, the course for such additional races to be the same as the first three days and in the same order.

Fourth—The owner or owners of the yacht winning the cup shall have the right to have engraved on said cup its name, the name of the club, the date of the races, in a neat and plain manner, such engraving to occupy a space 1½ in. high by 3 in. wide, and to be surrounded by a plain double line border.

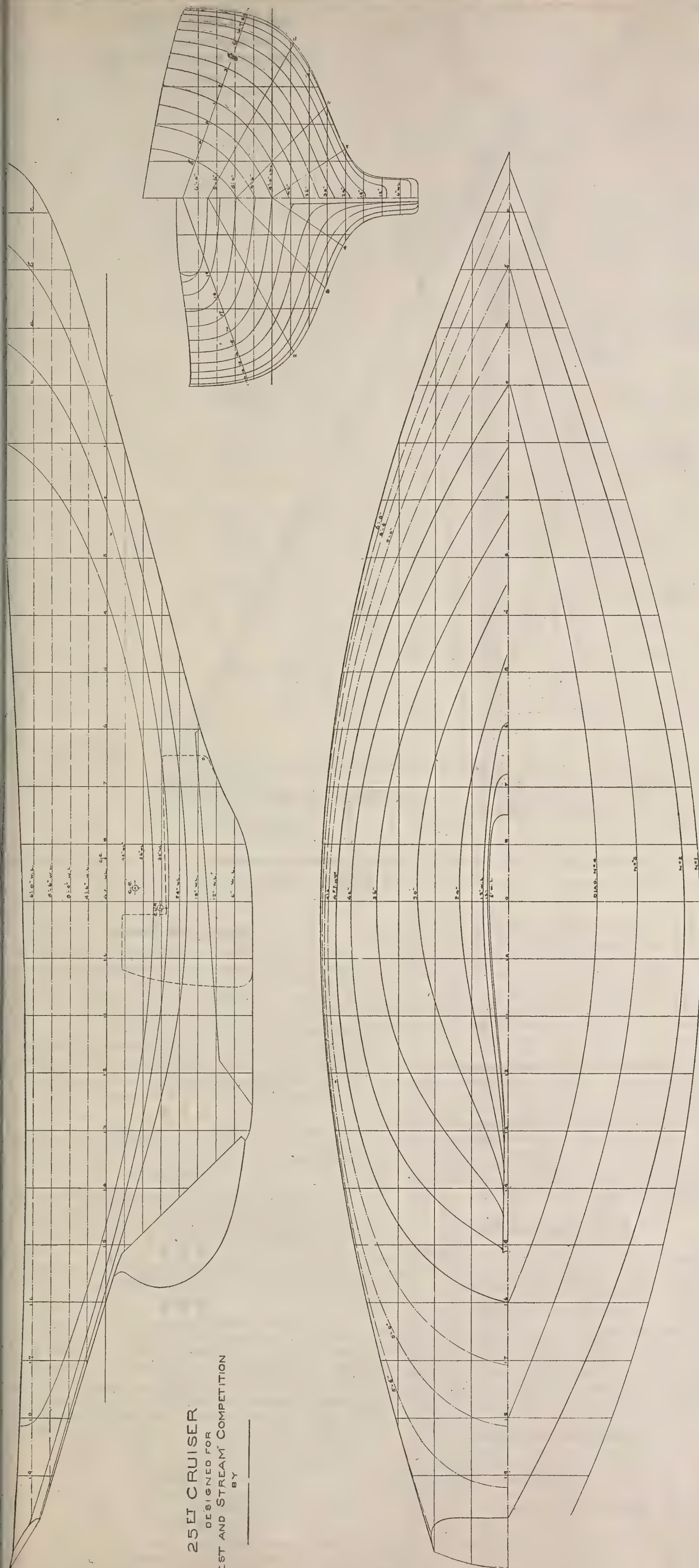
Fifth—Any yacht of the 21ft. cabin class, regularly enrolled in a yacht club, belonging to an association, which association is a member in good standing of the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes, shall have the right to compete without time allowance, provided notice of entry shall be filed with the Secretary of the Columbia Y. C., of Chicago, ten days before the date set for the first race.

Sixth—The Columbia Y. C. shall, at its annual meeting the first Saturday in December each year, name the dates on which the next cup races shall be sailed, and the Secretary will, in writing, promptly notify the secretary of all yacht clubs, members of the association comprising the Yacht Racing Union of such selection.

Seventh—The committee having in charge the Lipton cup races shall furnish the club historian a full account, in writing, of each race, giving number and name of entries, velocity of wind, weather, conditions, etc., which shall be recorded in the club history.

Yachtsmen desirous of information are requested to send for copies of rules, conditions, etc., to Harry P. Simonton, Secretary Columbia Y. C., 1200 Ashland Block, Chicago, Ill.

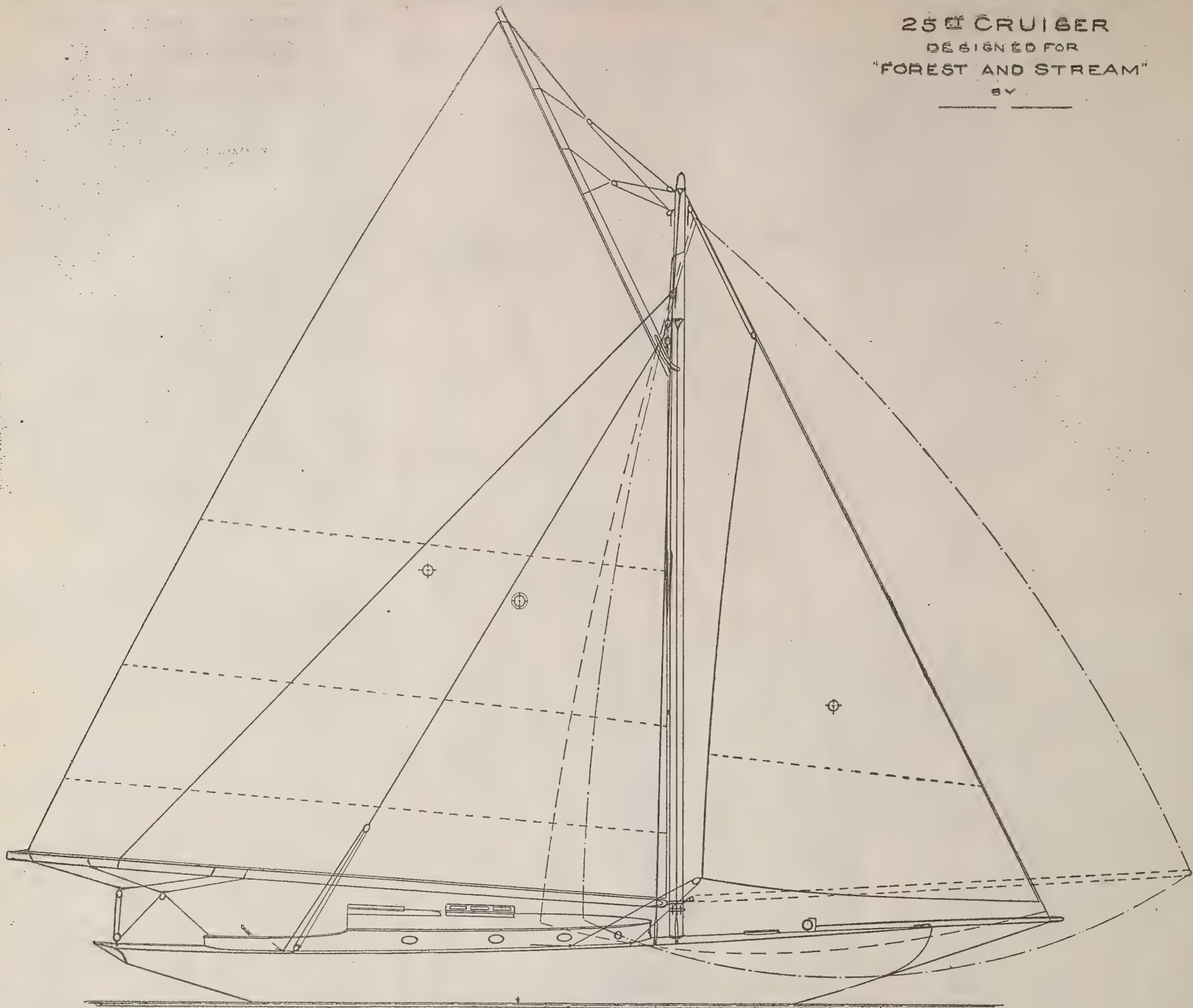
The sloop Akista, owned by Mr. George Hill, has been changed from a sloop to a yawl, and has been equipped with auxiliary power. Mr. Hill has gotten out plans for a 21-footer, and has some idea of building the boat and racing her in the Gravesend Bay circuit next summer.



25 FT CRUISER
DESIGNED FOR
FOREST AND STREAM COMPETITION
BY

FOREST AND STREAM DESIGNING COMPETITION.—FIRST PRIZE DESIGN. BY MORGAN BARNEY, OF NEW YORK CITY.

25' CRUISER
DESIGNED FOR
"FOREST AND STREAM"



FOREST AND STREAM DESIGNING COMPETITION.—SAIL PLAN.—FIRST PRIZE DESIGN. BY MORGAN BARNEY, OF NEW YORK CITY.

Marine Exhibits at the Sportsmen's Show.

SPORTSMEN from all parts of the United States and Canada are again brought together at the Madison Square Garden, the occasion being the eighth annual exhibit by the National Sportsmen's Association.

The arrangement of the different exhibits has been given more care than ever before, and in consequence the whole affair is far more effective than ever before.

In years past the marine exhibit has been small and simply incidental to the others, while this year it is one of the prominent features of the show. The builders of gasoline engines have turned out in force, and their exhibits are extremely interesting and complete.

The Lozier Motor Co.

The space occupied by the Lozier Motor Co., of Plattsburg, N. Y., is large and attractively decorated. This firm has on exhibition two complete launches. The largest is a 25ft. launch equipped with a five horse-power Lozier motor. The other boat is 21ft. long and is fitted with a three horse-power engine. This latter boat is beautifully finished and gives a good idea of the high grade of work turned out by this firm. In addition to the completed launches they have five motors of different sizes. These motors are one and one-half, three, five and seven and one-half horse-power, single cylinder, and a fifteen horse-power double cylinder. To demonstrate completely the simplicity of their product and the ease with which it is run, the three horse-power engine has been completely connected up with a shaft, propeller, mufflers and all accessories, showing very clearly the engine as it is when located in a boat. This firm was one of the first to introduce their engine on the English and Continental markets, and a large number of their motors are in use all through the United Kingdom and Europe.

Racine Boat Manufacturing Co.

The largest marine exhibit is that of the Racine Boat Mfg. Co., of Racine, Wis. The display made by this firm is very elaborate and complete, and they have on exhibition row, sail and power boats of all sizes and descriptions. Their exhibit consists of a 21ft. launch, a 16ft. launch, a 15ft. fishing launch, a 12ft. yacht tender, a 10ft. dinghy, a combination row and sail boat, an 18ft. jib and mainsail boat, and a number of other rowboats and canoes. This firm has a large and well equipped plant, and build everything from a 10ft. row boat up to a 200ft. steel steam yacht. Their New York representatives are Messrs. Von Lengerke & Detmold.

Truscott Boat Manufacturing Co.

The Truscott Boat Mfg. Co., of St. Joseph, Mich., is showing one of its 25ft. launches. The boat is a well-built, compact craft. This firm makes a specialty of power boats from 16ft. in length up to large cruising craft. Their 16ft. launch is one of the roomiest on the market, and they claim that it will make from one-half to three-fourths of a mile more than any other production of its size that has yet come out.

United States Long Distance Automobile Co.

The United States Long Distance Automobile Co., of 307 Whiton street, Jersey City, N. J., has on exhibition several standard marine engines. This motor, which is particularly well made and very handsomely finished, is made in sizes from 10 to 75 horse-power, 2, 3 and 4 cylinders. Many of these engines are in use both in pleasure and commercial vessels, and in every instance have given the utmost satisfaction. The simplicity and compactness of this engine recommends it for use on launches and auxiliaries.

The Toquet Launch and Motor Co.

The Toquet Launch and Motor Co., of Saugatuck, is displaying a three horse-power motor that seems to be a very substantial and serviceable engine. This firm manufactures "The Model" launches and engines.

The Norwalk Launch Co.

The Norwalk Launch Co., of Norwalk, Conn., has on exhibition four motors, a 2½ and 3 horse-power single cylinder and a 5 and 7 horse-power double cylinder. A rather interesting feature of this engine is that there are no grease cups, all the oil being in a receptacle in the base; this allows the engine to be run for 12 hours at a stretch without oiling.

Church Motor & Launch Co.

The Church Motor & Launch Co. have on exhibit a launch 21ft. long and 5ft. 10in. beam, the exceptional beam making this a roomy and comfortable boat. It is fitted with a 3½ horse-power motor, with a speed of 7 miles per hour. Mr. Orient C. Pinckney is in charge.

Other exhibitors are the Western Gas Engine Co., of Mishawaka, Indiana; the Pneumatic Mattress and Cushion Co., New York City; Indiana Old Town Canoe Co.; Siegel-Cooper Co., New York City; A. V. Evans, New York City; Buffalo Gas Engine Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Motor Vehicle Power Co., Philadelphia, Pa.; J. C. Hopkins & Co., New York.

Yacht Club Notes.

Commodore George E. Fitzmaurice, of the Bergen Beach Y. C., has appointed the following committees for the coming year: House Committee—J. A. Sutter, Jr., chairman; G. H. Hopper and J. Kuhlken; Regatta Committee—J. H. Green, chairman; Edward Chapman and E. V. Pardessus; Membership Committee—C. R. Fitzmaurice, chairman; R. S. Dobbie, H. Klinger, J. D. Knox, and R. L. Stillson; Entertainment Committee—E. Bawo, chairman; C. H. Brown and V. Steiner; Building Committee—V. Steiner, chairman; C. R. Fitzmaurice, Jr., G. H. Hopper, J. Sutter, Jr., Vice-Com. Penns, C. F. Adams, Dennis, Miller, and Frohme.

Mr. W. Butler Duncan, Jr., has been appointed fleet captain of the New York Y. C. by Commodore Lewis Cass Ledyard.

Captain B. M. Whitlock, of the schooner Ramona, has been appointed fleet captain of the Atlantic Y. C., and Dr. Paul Outerbridge fleet surgeon. Commodore Robert E. Tod made the appointments.

At a meeting of the New Haven Y. C. held on Feb. 25, it was voted to unite with the Pequot Club, of Morris Cove.

The following officers were elected at the annual meeting of the Columbia Y. C., which was held at the club house, foot of West Eighty-eighth street, New York City, a few days ago: Com., Walther Luttgen; Vice-Com., Alfred Carr; Rear Com., W. T. Colborn; Sec'y, T. S. Coale; Treas., W. C. Trageser; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. Henry Griswold; Meas., W. H. Ketcham; Trustees, J. A. Weaver and Bedell Parker for two years each, and W. H. McDermott for one year. The club now has 309 members and 90 yachts are enrolled in the club fleet. The club flag will be changed from a swallow tail to a triangular flag.

Prince Henry of Prussia has been elected an honorary member of the Columbia Y. C., of Chicago.

The regatta committee of the Yale Corinthian Y. C. has decided not to accept the Harvard Y. C.'s challenge for a race for 21-footers. This action was taken because the interest of the members was confined to the dory class.

The yachting season of 1902 promises to be one of the most interesting in the history of the sport in Chicago. The membership of both local clubs is filled and a large number on the waiting list.

At the boat owners' meeting of the Columbia Y. C. the general sentiment of the thirty owners present was to fix the dates of the more important races and to leave the balance of the schedule with the regatta committee. As a large number of the boat owners are members of the Chicago and Jackson Park Clubs, as well as the Columbia Y. C., it was evident that harmony and co-operation are essential to the success of yachting, and the regatta committee was instructed to meet the committees of the Chicago and Jackson Park clubs and arrange so as to avoid conflicting dates. The committee was also instructed to pick out suitable dates for a race to Jackson Park, also one to Highland Park, where Commodore L. O. Van Riper promises to give the yachtsmen a hearty reception and suitable prizes for the competitors.

The dates agreed upon by the yacht owners, as being the most important, are:

Memorial Day—Club regatta, for all classes.

June 14—Ninth annual race to Michigan City.

July 4—Annual open regatta for all classes and clubs of the association.

Aug. 2—Cruising race to Macatawa Bay.

Aug. 30—Annual race to Waukegan.

The Lake Michigan Yachting Association holds its annual meeting on the 7th, 8th, and 9th of August, at Macatawa Park, under the auspices of the Macatawa Bay Y. C., and the purpose of fixing the club race to Macatawa on Aug. 2 is to enable the boats to leave here the morning of the 2d, arriving at Macatawa Bay with ample time to take steamer to return to Chicago. This would give the slower boats an opportunity, without inconvenience, to be on hand to compete in the association races.

The neophyte 21ft. cabin yacht has, no doubt, come to stay, and if not carried to extremes in construction, will prove itself to be a fast, comfortable, all around boat, and should, in a few years, be one of the largest classes on Lake Michigan.

As the discussion and controversies over the rules for this class have practically ceased, on suggestion of the boat owners, the committee decided to reprint the rules verbatim with the rules of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts. The most vital point in the rules was omitted—the load waterline measurements. The general contention in regard to load waterline length has been that the crew or its equivalent in weight should be aboard when measurements are taken. This provision being omitted, gave a larger latitude for the designer, for with a slight reverse curve, a boat measured without crew or compensation weight, would increase its waterline from 21 anywhere up to 24ft., when in racing trim.

Secretary Bliss, of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts, says it is yet an uncertainty which is the fastest all-around boat—the 21ft. knockabout of our association or the 21ft. cabin boat recently adopted—but from all the information I can find in reference to the two classes, I do not think the knockabout, with its 600 square feet of canvas, will have much chance against a boat from four to seven feet larger and with a spread of canvas anywhere from 750 to 900 square feet.

The boat owners and regatta committee also decided at the special meeting to adopt for the season's races the rules and classification of the Lake Michigan Yachting Association.

George M. Mashek, one of the new members, is the first to launch himself as an advocate of the new cabin class. He has ordered from Small Bros., of Boston, a design for a yawl, 40ft. over all, 24ft. waterline, and 11ft. beam, and it is now being built in the shops of Berger Bros., at Manitowoc, Wis.—Chicago Tribune.

The Interlake Yachting Association, at a meeting held in Toledo, O., Saturday night, selected Put-in-Bay as the location of next summer's regatta, and the time to be the week of July 21-26. The association formally indorsed the movement inaugurated by the New York Y. C. for a uniform system of racing rules to apply all over the country.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The racing sloop building from designs made by Mr. B. B. Crowninshield at the yards of John Twigg & Sons for a syndicate of San Francisco Y. C. men has created unusual comment among yachtsmen in that vicinity. The boat is similar in type to Flirt and Cheewink. She is 42ft. 6in. over all, 26ft. waterline, 10ft. 4in. extreme breadth and 6ft. 6in. draft. The freeboard forward is 3ft. 2in. and aft 2ft. 5in. and the least freeboard is 2ft. The boat has continuous frames of oak, steam bent, 1 3/4 by 1 3/4in. and the planking is of cedar 1in. thick. The frames and deck beams are tied together with steel straps. The deck and top of cabin house are covered with canvas. The cabin house is 12in. high and 14ft. long. The cockpit is 10ft. long and is finished in mahogany. The boat carries just over 1,000 sq. ft. of sail, 800 sq. ft. of which is in the mainsail and there are 206 sq. ft. in the jib. The mast is stepped in a slot so that it may be moved either forward or aft in order to get the boat hung properly. One of the San Francisco papers in describing the boat states that she is something of a revelation on account of her wire halyards, double-end main sheet. These features have rarely been seen in San Francisco waters.

Mr. Henry F. Lippitt has decided to name the 60-rating cutter building for him at Geo. Lawley & Son's yard at South Boston, Weetamoe.

Mr. William H. Langley has sold his schooner Comet to Mr. E. S. Dix, of New York City.

Mr. Henry J. Gielow has gotten out plans for a 25ft. sloop for a New York Y. C. member. The boat will be 35ft. over all, 25ft. waterline, 8ft. 6in. breadth and will

draw 5ft. 6in. She will be raced in the 30ft. class on Long Island Sound.

Mr. Sholto Douglas has sold his American-built schooner Nord West (formerly Alcea) to Mr. F. Hazel, of Copenhagen.

The Church Motor and Launch Co. is building in their shops at Nyack thirteen of the one-design knockabouts for members of the Horseshoe Harbor Y. C. The boats are 23ft. long over all and will be very comfortable and serviceable craft.

Mr. C. B. Alexander has chartered the steam yacht Margarita, owned by Col. A. J. Drexel. Mr. A. Cass Canfield has chartered the English steam yacht Onora, owned by Sir Christopher Furness. Mr. Henry T. Sloane has chartered the English steam yacht Golden Eagle, owned by Sir Samuel E. Scott, Bart. All these vessels were chartered through Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane.

Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan has sold the steam yacht Algonquin to Mr. J. H. Flagler. The vessel's name will be changed to Alita. The yacht has been lengthened 16ft. at Poillon's yard, South Brooklyn, during the winter.

The boats for the one-design class for the New Rochelle Y. C. will be built by Mr. L. D. Huntington, of New Rochelle.

Mr. Walter B. Smith, of Eastport, L. I., is making extensive improvements at his yacht-building plant. He is putting in a new set of ways and considerable new machinery. There are thirty yachts now in winter quarters at this yard.

The steam yacht built by the Herreshoff Mfg. Co. during the past winter for Mr. Frederick Grinnell, will be named Quickstep—the same name borne by Mr. Grinnell's schooner that was built in 1889. The yacht is about ready to be launched. She is 105ft. on the waterline and 125ft. over all. Mr. Nat. G. Herreshoff has had built for his own use a power house-boat. She is 100ft. in length.

The house-boat Thetis, owned by Mr. Hiram W. Sibley, of Rochester, that was injured by fire, has been entirely overhauled and repaired at Tebo's, South Brooklyn.

The steam yacht Pantooset was built at the Bath Iron Works, Bath, Me., for Com. A. S. Bigelow, of the Eastern Y. C. The yacht is 212ft. over all, 27ft. breadth and is expected to develop a speed of 15 knots.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

March 12-13.—Junction City, Kans.—Tournament of the Junction City Gun Club.
March 15.—Armonk, N. Y.—Postponed tournament of the Westchester County Shooting League. H. T. Wayne, Sec'y.
March 17.—Cresson, Pa.—Third annual live-bird handicap of the Cresson Gun Club. A. B. Earhart, Sec'y.
March 19.—Allentown, Pa.—Trophy shoot for the championship of Lehigh, Northampton, Berks and Bucks counties. A. Griesemer, Manager.
March 19-21.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Annual Grand Central Handicap tournament; first two days, targets; third day, 25 live birds, \$25 entrance. Bert A. Adams, Sec'y.
March 23.—Brooklyn, L. I.—Club shoot of Fulton Gun Club; cup event, handicap.
March 25-28.—Burnside Crossing, Ill.—At Watson's Park, series of handicap events. Programme each day, 10 birds, \$5 entrance, birds extra, 26 to 32yds., high guns. John Watson, Manager.
March 31-April 5.—Blue River Park, Kansas City, Mo.—Grand American Handicap at live birds. Ed Banks, Sec'y, 318 Broadway, New York.
April —.—Dover, N. H.—Fast Day shoot of the Dover Sportsmen's Association. J. B. Stevens, Sec'y.
April 8-11.—Olathe, Kan.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament.
April 10.—Marietta, O.—One-day target tournament of the Columbian Gun Club. Chas. Bailey, Sec'y.
April 15-17.—Asheville, N. C.—Target tournament given by Col. E. P. McKissick.
April 15-17.—St. Joseph, Mo.—Missouri State Amateur Shooting Association's annual tournament. F. B. Cunningham, Sec'y.
April 16-18.—Peru, Ind.—Peru Gun Club's sixth annual amateur tournament; two days at targets for amateurs; one day at live birds open to all. Frank Dunbar, Sec'y.
April 19.—Haverhill, Mass.—Patriots' Day shoot of the Haverhill Gun Club.
April 22-25.—Omaha, Neb.—Nebraska State shoot. H. S. McDonald, Sec'y.
April 29-30.—Greenville, O.—Annual tournament of the Greenville Gun Club. H. A. McCaughy, Sec'y.
April 30.—Wellington, Mass.—Third annual team shoot of the Boston Gun Club. Horace C. Kirkwood, Sec'y.
May 6-9.—Interstate Park, L. I.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap at Targets. Edward Banks, Sec'y; Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.
May 13-14.—Enid, Oklahoma Territory.—Oklahoma Territorial Sportsmen's Association tournament.
May 15-16.—Oil City, Pa.—Annual meeting of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. F. S. Bates, Sec'y.
May 14-16.—Charleston, S. C.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Charleston-Palmetto Gun Club. W. G. Jeffords, Jr., Sec'y.
May 15.—Sherbrooke, P. Q.—Sherbrooke Gun Club's inanimate target tournament. C. H. Foss, Sec'y.
May 20-22.—Ottumwa, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's tournament.
May 20-22.—Elwood, Ind.—Annual tournament of the Zoo Rod and Gun Club, of Elwood, Ind.
May 20-22.—Wheeling, W. Va.—Fifth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association; added money and prizes. John B. Garden, Sec'y, Wheeling, W. Va.
May 20-23.——, —.—New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association.
May 21-22.—Baltimore, Md.—Maryland county shoot for amateurs.
May 21-23.—Springfield, S. D.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
May 26-31.—Lincoln, Neb.—Grand Interstate tournament; three days shooting; three days golf; three days tennis. H. C. Young, Manager.
May 30.—Schenectady, N. Y.—Spring tournament of the Schenectady Gun Club. E. L. Aiken, Sec'y.
May 30.—Ossining, N. Y.—Holiday shoot of the Westchester County Trapshooters' League. J. Curry Barlow, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The following, taken from the Utica Daily Press of March 10, contains matter of general interest to sportsmen: "Papers were filed Saturday with the county clerk of Essex county, N. J., incorporating the Remington Metallic Cartridge Company, with a capital stock of \$250,000. The incorporators are Eliphalet Remington, of Ilion; Stuart Lindsley, of Orange, N. J., and Joseph M. Merrill, of East Orange, N. J. The officers of the company will be: President, Eliphalet Remington; Vice-President, Joseph Merrill; Secretary and Treasurer, Stuart Lindsley. The objects of the formation of this company is the manufacture of metallic cartridges and ammunition of every form and description. The company already has the backing of several capitalists of influence in New York and New Jersey, and as soon as practicable the manufacture of Remington cartridges will be commenced on a large scale, and in all probability the plant will be located at Ilion. Mr. Remington, the president of the company, is the only surviving member of the original firm of E. Remington & Sons, manufacturers of Remington firearms, of Ilion."

Mr. S. G. Miller, secretary of the Haverhill, Mass., Gun Club, writes us as follows, under date of March 10: "To your trouble, we are still on earth and things shootish looking very fine indeed. We may be over-sanguine, but if this doesn't prove a pretty lively summer in shooting circles, I know of some people who will be very much disappointed. There are quite a good many who are already showing symptoms of 'gun fever,' and I haven't the slightest doubt that there will be many new cases of the disease in its worst form before the season ends. Our members who 'have it bad,' are doing their best to spread it. We will as usual open the season with our Patriots' Day shoot. To those who were with us Christmas and saw us at our worst, we would say, 'Come April 19, and see if we cannot do better,' and to others, 'Come and see what we can do.' We intend putting in the Sergeant system in addition to our regular expert traps, and should be able to give everybody all the shooting they may desire."

The Patriots' Day tournament, April 19, given by the Haverhill (Mass.) Gun Club, has a programme arranged as follows: Six events at 15 targets, 80 cents entrance; four at 20 targets, \$1 entrance; two at 10 targets, 60 cents entrance. Nos. 5, 6 and 7, 20 regular, 20 unknown, and 10 reversed angles, will be the Individual Handicap. All the other events have regular or unknown angles. Further information is presented as follows: "The shooter making the highest aggregate score in events 5, 6 and 7 will receive a sole leather gun case; the second highest, Thurman shooting blouse, and the third highest, Powers cleaning rod. Handicaps in these three events will be by distance, 16 to 23yds. High guns to win. Targets 1 1/2 cents each, included in entrance. Sweepstakes optional. Loaded shells for sale. Lunch served free. Take Main street cars for Dustin Square."

"John, Jr.," well known as a graceful and forcible writer, of Huntsville, Ala., writes us the following interesting information under date of March 7: "The Huntsville Gun Club has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Geo. P. Turner, President; R. E. Spragins, Vice-President; Wm. Keeler, Captain; W. L. Halsey, W. F. Garth, J. W. Matthews, Directors. The club will erect a beautiful and commodious club house on the leased grounds, and other improvements will be made looking to the pleasure of the members and visitors. Considerable enthusiasm prevails among the members, and a great season of sport is anticipated. All manufacturers' agents are welcome at the club grounds. The weekly contests will be held every Friday."

Special rates have been more or less definitely arranged for the great shooting centers to Kansas City, Mo., to and from the G. A. H., but shooters should specially keep in mind the Indianapolis shoot, where, in case visitors are unable to secure a rate with a proper limit to cover the Indianapolis shoot and two weeks more for Kansas City, a low rate from Indianapolis to Kansas City and return is anticipated, leaving Indianapolis March 22, and good thereafter till April 7. Those who desire can purchase their tickets for Kansas City at the special Indianapolis rate, and also tickets and accommodations on the through Kansas City sleeping car of the Limited Gun Club. Mr. John M. Lilly, of Indianapolis, is chairman of Committee on Transportation.

Mr. Alfred Griesemer, of Allentown, Pa., writes us as follows: "Trophy shoot for the championship of Lehigh, Northampton, Berks and Bucks counties, March 19, at the Duck Farm Hotel, West End Walnut street, Allentown, Pa.; 12 birds, entrance \$6 birds included. Dead birds to remain on the grounds. Money divided, 40, 30, 20 and 10. Shoot to begin at 10 o'clock, in order to shoot off ties. After the trophy event other events may be arranged to suit the shooters. Contestants for trophy all at 80yd. mark. The winner of this event will decide the question of ownership of the cup trophy, the event not finished Feb. 13, on account of darkness intervening."

Mr. Paul R. Litzke, of Little Rock, Ark., secretary of the A. S. S. A., writes us as follows under date of March 7: "A meeting of the tournament committee of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association was held at Pine Bluff, Ark., to-day, and it was decided to have the twelfth annual meeting and tournament of the organization take place in Pine Bluff, July 8, 9 and 10. The Pine Bluff Gun Club will generously add \$300 in cash to the purses, and as heretofore, the Rose system of division will prevail. Trade representatives will be debarred from competing for the money, though they are welcome to attend and shoot for targets only."

Mr. Harold Money, now a demonstrator of the Winchester repeating gun and ammunition, contemplated departing for St. Louis on Tuesday of this week, his pleasant visit to his home in the East having drawn to a close. He challenged his father, Capt. A. W. Money, to contest for the championship of New Jersey, he being the holder of the E. C. cup emblematic of that honor, but Capt. Money declined the challenge on the ground that he, Mr. Harold Money was no longer a resident of New Jersey, which probably kept the E. C. cup from journeying thitherward.

The Union Gun Club, San Francisco, Cal., at their last meeting elected officers for the ensuing year, as follows: President, Fred Walpert; Vice-President, George Sylvester; Secretary-Treasurer, Thos. L. Lewis; Captain, C. M. Wollam. The club will hold bluerock shoots on the third Sunday of each month, from March to September, and will hold a bluerock tournament on March 30, with a live-bird shoot on June 29. All the events will be held at the grounds of the Trapshooting Association.

Mr. J. S. Coggeshall, of Newport, R. I., secretary of the Aquidneck Gun Club, writes us as follows: "At the annual meeting of the Aquidneck Gun Club, held March 4, the following were elected: President, Geo. R. Plumer; Vice-President, Wm. A. Dring; Secretary-Treasurer, J. S. Coggeshall. It was voted to install a new set of traps, Sergeant system, in a new trap house. The club intends to hold an open tournament soon, the date of which will be announced later."

Mr. J. J. (U. M. C.) Hollowell, famous in trapshooting circles, was a visitor in New York last week. He was a visitor at the Sportsmen's Show, in Madison Square Garden, where all the shooting talent congregates at present. As usual, every one gave Mr. Hollowell the glad hand, and was genuinely pleased to greet him.

Those who contemplate a participation in the Grand American Handicap at live birds, Kansas City, March 31 to April 5, should not overlook the fact that entries close on the 22d inst. Entry blanks can be obtained of the secretary of the Interstate Association, Mr. Edward Banks, 318 Broadway, New York.

Messrs. Parker Brothers, of Meriden, Conn., have issued their calendar for 1902. They will be pleased to send free of charge a copy to the secretary of any club who will send to them his name and address. Also to any one else who will send ten cents to pay mailing expenses. It contains twenty-five photographs of famous American shooters, with brief notes of their performances. An excellent cut of the Parker gun ornaments the top of the calendar.

The Oceanic Rod and Gun Club (the Cuckoos) has sent out invitations to its friends to participate in its third annual all-day target tournament-fest to be held at Rockaway Park, L. I., on the first day of next week. The club house is on the cool sands of the Rockaway desert; the salt breezes blow refreshingly, and a good time as long as the hours. Mr. L. H. Schortemeier is Colonel, and "Johnnie Jones" is Captain.

The Carlstadt, N. J., Gun Club celebrated its first anniversary last Saturday in an active and sensible manner. Though the weather was very rainy and raw, the gathering was pleasant. There was plenty to eat and sufficient to drink. The center of interest was the team race between the Carlstadt Club and the Fairview Club, a return match, eight men on a side, 25 targets per man. Carlstadt won by a score of 130 to 129.

In the match for the Hazard powder trophy, at Omaha, Neb., on March 6, between Messrs. C. W. Budd, holder, and Russell M. Klein, challenger, at 100 live birds each, the competition was very close. Budd won by a score of 95 to 94. He used a new gun, and lost 4 out of his first 10, and lost only one in the remaining 90, making one run of 69 straight. Mr. Klein also shot a great race.

On Tuesday of this week Mr. Edward Banks, the secretary of the Interstate Association, had fifty-two entries to the Grand American Handicap, just double the number which had been received at even date last year. Entries are beginning to come in with cumulative volume, and there is no doubt but what the great shoot will be a record-breaker this year in the number of its entries.

Mr. A. A. Schoverling, secretary of the Richmond Gun Club, announces that the next shoot of his club will take place on the club grounds, Silver Lake, Staten Island, on March 22. All are welcome to attend. A special event will be a five-man team race between attaches of Messrs. Von Lengerke & Detmold, and Messrs. Schoverling, Daly & Gales.

Mr. U. M. C. Thomas, the ballistic expert of the U. M. C. Company, is not in evidence at the Sportsmen's Show this year, he being confined to his home by illness; but he had a worthy representative last Saturday at the show in the person of his son, Mr. E. R. Thomas, who was enjoying the many attractions which the show aforementioned presents.

Mr. John Watson, of Burnside Crossing, Ill., writes us that at Watson's Park on March 25, 26, 27 and 28 there will be a programme each day as follows: Ten birds, \$5 entrance, birds extra; 15 birds, \$7 entrance, birds extra. All are handicaps, 26 to 32yds., high guns; moneys to be divided as per Grand American Handicap division.

The Altoona, Pa., Rod and Gun Club claims the dates May 30-31 for the tenth annual tournament of this club. Concerning it, Mr. G. G. Zeth, the secretary, writes: "The programme, which we will endeavor to make interesting, will be issued the latter part of April of first of May."

Elsewhere in our trap columns, Mr. Edward Banks, secretary-treasurer of the Interstate Association, calls attention to the matter of reduced fares between New York and Kansas City, and to the conditions which appertain to them.

The secretary, Mr. Frank Dunbar, informs us that the Peru, Ind., Gun Club, will hold its sixth annual amateur tournament on April 16, 17 and 18. The first two days at targets for amateurs only; the third day at live birds, open to all.

On March 6, at Omaha, Neb., there was a team race between All Nebraska and Omaha, ten men on a side, 25 birds per man. The Nebraska team won by a score of 231 to 224.

The Denver, Colo., Trap Club announces a series of Grand Western Bluecock Handicap tournaments, the first of which will be held at Denver, on June 12 to 15, inclusive.

The Dover, N. H., Sportsmen's Association claims a fast day shoot, on some day in April next. Mr. John B. Stevens is the secretary.

BERNARD WATERS.

Oil City Gun Club.

OIL CITY, Pa.—Bad weather made pretty low scores at our shoot of March 1. Nos. 1, 2 and 3 were at 15 targets; Nos. 4 and 5 were at 5 pairs; No. 6, at 10 targets, was a walking match.

C. T. McClintock won the 20yd. medal with a score of 16 out of 25 after shooting off a tie with Chas. H. Lay, Jr.

The attendance was up to the standard, but the scores which had been gradually getting better as the weather improved received a setback on account of a high wind that made the birds extremely erratic in their flight.

There promises to be a large gathering of the sportsmen of the country at the Pennsylvania State shoot, to be held here in Oil City, Pa., on May 13, 14 and 15 next, as a great many shooters from a distance have signified their intention of being present at that time.

Twenty-yard medal shoot:

Smedley	010011001000100010010101—10
K W Kern	010000011000000010001001—7
Loomis	001111000100010010010000—9
Lay, Jr.	011010111111110100011011—16
Huff	110011001000000101110011—11
Crozier	010011001000000101110011—9
Eaton	010000010100100010110101—11
McLouth	010001000000010110101000—8
McClintock	1110001010001111011110—16
Dr Davis	001100010000010001000001—7

Shoot-off of ties:

Lay, Jr.	0001100011001000101000—10
McClintock	101110101010101000(110110—16

Other events:

Lay, Jr.	13	5	6	Smedley	10	11	2
Loomis	8	8	5	Crozier	3	8	2
C W Kern	6	7	6	McLouth	3	6	4
Cooper	4	2	4	Davis	9	5	3
Eaton	6	10	5	6			

Ideal Shooting Club.

DETROIT, Mich., March 9.—The regular shoot of the Ideal Shooting Club was held at Wyandott, Tuesday, March 4, under the management of A. J. Loronger. Toll and Schroeder tied for the Peters cup. Schroeder won out. Following are the scores: J. Loronger 12, Toll 14, Bamber 11, McCourt 11, Schroeder 14, Linderman 11, Sansouci 13, Young 12, Cabanaw 12, Lewis 12. A. J. Loronger 12, Edwards 10, Wallace 10, Keneshush 9, Parker 18.

Next shoot at Carlton, March 18.

J. S. LINDERMAN, Sec'y.

G. A. H. at Targets—Handicap Committee.

NEW YORK, March 10.—Will you have the kindness to allow the use of your columns to make known the Handicapping Committee for the Grand American Handicap at targets for 1902, to be held at Interstate Park, May 6 to 9, both days inclusive. The members are: B. Waters, Chairman; W. R. Hobart, W. K. Park, M. Herrington, D. F. Pride; Elmer E. Shaner as secretary to the committee.

J. A. H. DRESSEL, President.

Amateur Tournament.

CARROLL, Ia., Feb. 27.—J. L. Forkner's amateur tournament closed to-day. The attendance was good, and Mr. Forkner should be well satisfied in getting out so many shooters at this season of the year.

The shoot was held on the Fair Grounds. A large tent was put up and well heated, and the shooters made as comfortable as possible at this time of the year.

The target shooting was done from two sets of traps, Sergeant system. The programme called for three 15, four 20, and three 25 target events each day, with \$10 added to each event.

One cup was given to manufacturer's agent making the best average in the three days. Two cups went to the amateurs: One to the man whose average was over 85 per cent., and one to the man who averaged 85 per cent. and under.

Fred Gilbert was the only agent shooting through the programme, and took the cup. Fritz, as he is sometimes called, was going some, and would have made a hot race for the finish. On the second day he ran 126 straight, and wound up the three days with an average of 97.

Eleven amateurs shot over 85 per cent. Guy Burnside averaged 94 per cent. Four of these did not shoot off for the cup.

White and Klein tied on the first 50 with 49. In the next 50 White again got 49, while Klein accounted for 46; so White took the cup with 98 out of his 100—pretty good work for an amateur.

In the shoot off for those whose average was 85 and under, Henry Steege scored 48 and won without a tie. This was a popular win, as Henry is always on hand in the finish, win or lose.

Fifty-four entries the first day, forty-nine the second, and thirty-five the third, while twenty-one finished the entire programme.

On the last day the programme called for a 20-live-bird handicap, entrance \$10, birds included, money divided 40, 30, 20 and 10. Owing to time consumed in target programme, this event was cut down to 15 birds, and it kept the management hustling to complete the event before dark. Six men got 15 and divided first. There were six in the 14, three in the 13, and eight in the 12 holes. The 15s each received \$15.20; the 14s got \$11.50 each; the 13s same as the 15s; and the 12s \$2.85 each.

The birds were a good lot, and with a bad light, made the shooting quite difficult.

The weather on the first two days was pleasant, but the last day it was dark and cloudy, with a little rain.

Quite a few pin-tail ducks passed over the shooting grounds to-day, but were well out of reach of the guns, being two to three hundred yards high. It was amusing to see the boys lose interest in the target game and do some pointing at the ducks, often making the remark of what they would do to those ducks if they would only come down within reach of their guns.

In talking of the Grand American Handicap, about twenty-five of the sportsmen present told me they were going to attend it, and Iowa will at least have fifty to sixty representatives at Kansas City the first week in April.

First Day, Feb. 25.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	15	20	25	15	20	25	15	20	25	20		
Dorton	12	18	20	11	20	23	17	21	18	163		.815
Burnmeister	10	10	14	9	12	13	10	15	14	125		.625
Hinshaw	8	19	14	13	12	17	12	17	16	145		.725
Klein	11	17	22	14	20	23	14	18	22	178		.890
Gilbert	15	19	23	15	18	22	15	18	20	188		.940
Linell	12	18	19	13	16	22	11	14	18	161		.850
Patch	9	17	18	13	16	19	14	14	19	150		.750
F A Smith	12	17	21	13	14	14	7	15	18	147		.735
Lane	10	13	14	10	17	23	11	13	19	148		.740
Olds	4	9	14	18	13	14	10	9	14	115		.575
Mott	12	13	20	11	17	23	13	18	22	154		.820
Taylor	11	16	22	14	20	23	13	18	23	179		.895
Burnside	14	20	23	15	14	24	15	17	23	185		.925
Morrill	10	15	20	14	16	23	11	17	22	163		.815
Diefenderfer	12	19	20	12	17	21	10	16	24	167		.835
Dominie	13	15	19	13	17	19	8	14	22	153		.765
McDowell	12	14	20	18	14	20	12	16	23	160		.800
Umbrya	7	15	12	14	16	10	19	21	18	117		.585
Hoon	8	16	17	14	14	17	6	12	11	117		.585
Bray	12	16	22	15	19	22	13	16	24	175		.875
McDonald	11	17	19	14	18	17	14	16	21	164		.820
B-27	11	14	23	12	17	17	11	15	23	161		.805
Townsend	10	15	20	14	19	20	12	16	19	164		.820
Goodrich	8	16	20	11	15	18	17	17	17	152		.760
Russell	11	16	20	11	15	22	12	17	23	171		.830
Brookman	14	16	20	14	16	20	11	13	23	164		.820
Ford	12	17	19	13	17	21	14	17	21	169		.845
Wetleaf	10	16	23	14	15	20	12	16	19	158		.790
Eddie	11	11	20	18	16	17	9	12	11	111		.545
Agard	12	15	17	12	15	19	10	17	20	152		.760
White	13	17	22	12	17	23	14	17	22	174		.870
Hughes	9	17	23	15	15	23	13	18	21	172		.860
Lindsay	13	18	20	12	11	24	14	14	20	161		.805
Baughman	11	14	19	10	15	18	8	8	11	111		.545
Winans	11	13	17	12	14	20	11	11	11	111		.545
Tweddale	13	11	19	11	12	19	10	11	11	111		.545
Scott	6	13	17	12	15	10	10	15	4	117		.585
Cress	12	17	17	12	11	11	11	11	11	111		.545
Paxton	9	11	13	8	15	9	8	12	13	105		.525
Steege	10	16	19	10	18	20	12	15	19	153		.765
Mikelson	11	15	11	14	11	11	11	11	11	111		.545
Stitz	7	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111		.545
Knobbe	10	13	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111		.545
Paine	8	12	11	12	7	11	10	11	11	111		.545
Crabill	10	14	18	11	12	11	11	11	11	111		.545
B Still	9	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111		.545
Carlile	8	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111		.545
Kelly	9	12	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111		.545
Rust	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111		.545
D Miller	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111		.545
Tanner	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111		.545
Lynch	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111		.545
Wilkins	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111		.545
Dinan	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111		.545

Second Day, Feb. 26.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10		
Targets:	15	20	25	15	20	25	15	20	25	20	Broke.	Av.
Dorton	13	18	24	12	20	24	15	20	22	19	187	.935
Burnmeister	4	11	20	14	13	19	13	17	16	13	140	.700
Hinshaw	9	18	19	8	11	23	14	16	22	18	158	.790
Klein	12	19	24	14	17	22	14	17	23	15	177	.885
Gilbert	14	20	25	15	20	25	14	20	25	20	198	.990
White	15	17	25	15	17	25	15	15	24	18	186	.930
Hughes	14	16	22	14	20	23	15	19	23	19	185	.925
Lindsay	12	14	23	12	19	22	12	11	14	14	153	.765
Linell	14	16	23	13	16	20	15	19	19	19	176	.880
Lane	11	18	22	13	15	21	13	14	17	19	163	.815
Mott	12	16	22	12	16	23	10	14	21	18	164	.820
Burnside	15	18	22	14	19	23	14	19	22	20	186	.930
Budd	17	23	14	18	20	11	11	11	11	11	111	.545
Brown	8	8	10	5	9	16	7	15	14	8	100	.500
Taylor	15	23	15	19	25	19	19	24	20	20	190	.950
Terry	8	15	16	13	17	17	14	17	16	16	149	.745
Boyd	13	14	20	14	16	20	12	19	20	14	162	.810
Winans	12	16	21	12	16	11	11	11	11	11	111	...
Tweddale	9	16	16	13	17	15	10	15	18	13	147	.735
Hofer	14	16	17	12	18	20	13	18	24	14	166	.890
Bray	14	18	22	15	18	23	15	20	22	18	185	.925
Sandy	12	17	24	15	20	21	14	18	22	19	182	.910
B-27	13	14	20	12	17	21	13	17	23	17	167	.835
Townsend	14	15	22	14	18	19	15	17	24	16	174	.870
Goodrich	14	14	19	13	16	17	10	19	21	17	160	.800
Brookman	13	17	20	12	19	22	12	20	23	18	176	.880
Ford	14	19	23	13	18	21	14	19	23	16	180	.900
Wetleaf	15	18	21	13	19	24	18	19	23	20	185	.925
Russell	11	13	24	11	18	19	13	17	22	17	165	.825
Steege	12	19	21	11	20	23	13	18	24	15	176	.880
Diefenderfer	15	18	20	14	19	23	14	20	23
Dominie	12	19	22	14	17	22	14	17	20	17	174	.870
McDowell	13	16	21	12	15	22	12	13	23
Rust	13	19	23	12	17	22	13	19	21	19	178	.890
Patch	9	18	19	13	18	18	8	17	21	17	158	.790
Smith	11	18	21	14	19	22	15	12	24
McGrew	12	17	22	12	15	22
Tamm	13	14	22	10	15	18	20	15
Miller	8	11	20	14	17	20	15	17	21
Eddie	12	16	18	11
Forkner	14	17	17	11	19	23	13	16	22	15	167	.835
Patch	9	17	18	13	16	19	14	14	18	18	161	.850
Morrill	13	16	22	15	17	19	12	19	24	17	174	.870
Agard	12	19	22	14	16	23	11	17	20
Jones
Dickson
Stitz
McEnteriff
Lynch
Vader

IN NEW JERSEY

Rahway Gun Club.

Rahway, N. J.—Regular weekly shoot, Saturday afternoon March 1. The scores follow:				
Events:	1 2 3	Events:	1 2 3	
Targets:	25 25 25	Targets:	25 25 25	Broke.
Stevens	24 25 21	Dunn	13 12 18	43
Browne	19 17 19	Gaskill	16 9	25
Way	16 17 21	Hermes	16	16
Oliver	19 14 18	Housman	15	15
Swendinger	12 23 15			

GEO. B. GASKILL, Sec'y.

Jackson Gun Club.

Paterson, N. J., March 8.—We have not been able to get to the club grounds since the 12th until to-day, on account of the terrible storm. About 5 ft. of snow, 1 ft. of rain and then the flood, and then another 8 in. of snow—something never heard of before. One then could not get within a half mile of the club house, and that is on top of the mountain. The lowlands were all under 4 or 5 ft. of water, including the club grounds. All the roads along the river were under water.

I met Mr. A. Doty this afternoon, March 8, and he suggested we take the car out to Jackson Park to look at the club house; as he had heard just before that the house had shifted from its foundation; and as he was its builder, we agreed to go. It was raining very hard, but that did not stop us. We arrived at the grounds and could see at a glance from the road that the house had settled down on one end. We managed to get over the private road leading there, which was in a horrible shape, being washed out all along, some places 3 and 4 ft. The snow was quite deep, and we had to pick our way. Doty got in a hole almost up to his waist.

Looking around, we found that the ground keeper had been there and had built a fire in the stove inside. We climbed in through the window, which was open, and found everything in pretty fair shape. We saw that the water had left its mark on the boards. We took the measurements, and found that it had reached inside 2 ft. 2 in. We forced several of the lockers and got out the sweaters and other things, and made a clothes line and hung them up to dry. We took several hundred shells, which were badly soaked, and laid them on the shelf, then the ground keeper came over and joined us.

He described the flood to us, and showed how he had to fasten everything with wire and rope to save the club's property.

The damage will cost the club less than a hundred. The house is undermined, and is off the foundation about 8 in. forward and 1 ft. to the right, and is settled. We will jack it up and reset it the coming week. The platform is intact, but badly washed from under. It will have to be all leveled over again. Everything will be put in shape as soon as possible. The old barn and storehouse directly behind the club house saved us from total wreck. We will have plenty of sand and other dirt to fill in with, as the flood deposited a great amount right in front of the shooting platform. The boundary wire is all gone, and the water plowed through the field to the left of the club house and dug it up about 6 or 8 in. It was a little high there anyway. We will not have to remove that now. The water was over a four-rail fence.

There was a flock of quail just over from the club house this morning, seen by the care-taker, about eight of them.

Garry Hopper and Ed Morgan drove up to look over things, expecting to find the house way down the field, and were much surprised. Garry can't estimate his loss yet; \$1,500 up stairs. He can't get down stairs yet; water too deep.

964 Madison Avenue.

WM. DUTCHER.

Carlstadt vs. Fairview.

Carlstadt, N. J., March 8.—The Carlstadt Gun Club and the Fairview Gun Club shot a return match, eight men on a side, on the grounds of the Carlstadt Club to-day. The team race was exceedingly close, the Carlstadt team winning the race by one target, 130 to 129. Each man shot at 25 targets.

Also a match was shot between Messrs. H. Krug and H. S. Welles, the latter allowing the former three targets. The scores were: Krug 19, plus his allowance, 22, to Welles' 23.

Team race; scores:
Fairview—C. Sedore 17, N. F. Brinkerhoff 14, T. Hurley 17, H. G. Brinkerhoff 14, C. Townsend 18, L. Lambrix 22, Chas. Sedore 15, L. Lawrence 12; total, 129.

Carlstadt—P. Rasmus 17, T. Gemp 21, H. Krug 15, M. Rasmus 14, A. Roemer 14, W. Tygert 17, E. Smith 15, W. Brightley 17; total 130.

Sweepstakes evens were as follows, all at 10 targets each:

Chas Banta	9	6	8	9	10	7	8	7	5	7
F Mader	7	5	7	5	3	8	7	3		
T Gemp	9	8	9	10						
W Rasmus	5	7	6							
L Lambrix	8	7	7							
Chas Sedore	7	7	6	7	5	8	6	5	5	6
J de Pauw	4									
H Krug	9									
W Tygert	5	6								
C Williamson	4	2								
C Sedore	5	3	6	6	6	8	5	6	6	8
H G. Brinkerhoff	2									
T Hurley	5	6	7							
H F. Brinkerhoff	5	8	9	6						
A Roemer	4									
J Vohs	4									
R Rasmus	7									
E B Smith	5	9	7							
H S. Welles	8	9	8	8	9	6	8	10	10	
W Brightley	8	8	4							
I Lawrence	3	3	4	3						
C Townsend	6									
W Johnson	3									
M Rasmus	7	3								

Match, 25 targets: H. Krug vs. H. S. Welles: H. Krug 19, with 3 allowance, 22; H. S. Welles, 23.

East Side Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., March 6.—On Smith Brothers' grounds to-day the East Side Gun Club held a live-bird shoot, the conditions and scores of which were as follows:

Event at 10 birds, \$5 entrance, class shooting, 60 and 40 per cent.	
Morley	222022222—9
Goefrey	111111222—10
Piercy	211211122—10
J W Singer	10202021

Event 2, 25 birds, \$5 entrance, birds extra; class shooting:	
Morley	22222220*10202220
Goefrey	222222212222222222—25
Schoverling	211201121020101210
Piercy	0000202*
Van Allen	*20222221220101211220
Capt Money	2222220120222222222222—21
Bissett	02*12012212121212*2122(122—21
	222202212222220120212222—22

ON LONG ISLAND.

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., March 8.—The Saturday shoot of the Crescent Athletic Club had its usual good attendance. Mr. J. S. Fanning was a visitor, and made the excellent scratch score of 43 out of 50 in the March cup event. In this event, Mr. A. E. Corlies won with a straight score of 50, with a handicap allowance. The scores:

March cup, 50 targets, expert traps, handicap allowances added:				
First 25.		Second 25.		Grand Total.
Hdcp.	Brk. Total.	Hdcp.	Brk. Total.	
A E Corlies	6 21 25	6 21 25	50	
L C Hopkins	6 20 25	6 18 24	49	
J S Fanning	0 25 25	0 23 23	48	
F B Stephenson	1 25 25	1 22 23	48	
W J McConville	3 19 22	3 22 25	47	
C A Sykes	4 17 21	4 21 25	46	
F T Bedford, Jr.	2 21 23	2 20 22	45	
G T Stephenson, Jr.	1 25 25	1 20 22	45	
H M Brigham	0 21 21	0 21 21	42	
Dr H L O'Brien	5 14 19	5 15 20	39	
Dr J J Keyes	2 13 20	2 16 18	38	
W W Marshall	4 12 16	4 16 20	36	
H B Vanderveer	3 16 19	3 13 16	35	
L M Palmer	2 16 17	2 11 13	30	

F. B. Stephenson trophy, 10 pairs, handicap allowances added:

Hdcp. Brk. Total.			Hdcp. Brk. Total.				
Keyes	3	16	19	McConvill	4	9	13
Corlies	4	12	16	Palmer	3	10	13
G Stephenson, Jr.	1	15	16	Hopkins	5	8	13
Fanning	0	15	15	Brigham	0	12	12
Bedford	3	11	14	Notman	2	9	11
Trophy, 25 targets, expert traps, handicap allowances added:							
Brigham	0	24	24	Keyes	2	18	20
Fanning	0	24	24	Corlies	6	14	20
F B Stephenson.	1	22	23	Bedford	2	17	19
G Stephenson, Jr.	1	21	22	Notman	3	13	16
Vanderveer	3	19	22	Marshall	4	12	16
Palmer	2	19	21				

Trophy, 25 targets, expert traps, handicap allowances added:							
Brigham	0	25	25	F B Stephenson	1	22	23
Bedford	0	23	25	Palmer	2	19	21
Keyes	0	22	24	Corlies	6	14	20
Fanning	0	23	23	Notman	3	17	20
G Stephenson, Jr.	0	22	23	Marshall	5	14	19
Shoot-off, same conditions: Brigham, 22; 20							

Trophy, 25 targets, expert traps, handicap allowances added:							
Brigham	0	22	22	Palmer	2	15	17
Fanning	0	22	22	Corlies	6	10	16
Bedford	2	18	20	Notman	3	11	14

Bedford	2	18	20	Notman	3	11	14
Sykes cup, 25 targets, expert traps, handicap allowances added:							
Corlies	6	18	24	Palmer	2	19	21
Bedford	2	21	23-47	Marshall	4	14	18-39
F B Stephenson	1	22	23				
G Stephenson, Jr.	1	20	21-44				

Sykes cup for March, 25 targets, handicap allowances added:							
Brigham	0	21	21	Palmer	2	15	17
Keyes	2	23	25-46	Marshall	4	15	19-36

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., March 8.—A heavy rain was an unfavorable weather condition. The scores:

Events:					Events:				
1	2	3	4	5	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	20	15	10	10	Targets:	20	15	10	10
Hopkins	17	15	13		Newton	3	7	10	6
Hitchcock	16	12	11		Glover	6	9		
Wright	16	11	5						

No. 1 was at 10 singles and 5 pairs; No. 5 was at 5 pairs.

Smithtown Gun Club.

Smithtown, L. I., March 8.—The Smithtown Gun Club has been reorganized and renamed, and will be known as the Indian Gun Club in the future.

The shoots have been held very irregular of late on account of bad weather. A few of the boys came around on Saturday, 8th inst., and we managed to burn quite a few grains of powder during the afternoon. The scores are not very high, as the following will show:

Events:									
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Smith	8	7	7	5	5	7	8	7	5
Tyler	6	7	5	6	8	10	10	8	8
Olivia	6	4	3	3	3	2	3		
Ketcham	6	6	4	3	5	7	8	7	5
Brush	4	3	3	5	6	3	3	2	

HALSEY.

Guelph Trap and Game Club.

GUELPH, Ont., March 5.—Herewith is a report from our local paper, giving an account of the annual meeting of the Guelph Trap and Game Club, held on March 3:

The meeting was large and enthusiastic, and everything points to a stirring and enjoyable time in trapshooting circles this season. Committees were appointed to arrange for the annual Good Friday matches at bluerocks. Several important matters came up for discussion, such as the advisability of holding a tournament in the fall. It was also thought advisable by some of the members present that the club should seek incorporation, seeing that it has been in existence for over fifteen years, and is in a flourishing condition. The better protection of fish and game was also urged, and stringent measures will be taken by the club to prosecute offenders. The auditors' report was read and adopted, and showed a good balance. The presentation of the Clark medal, which was won by W. R. Watson, Jr., for the highest average during the summer weekly shoots then took place. The vice-president, who was in the chair, in a few words congratulated Mr. Watson on his splendid victory, and regretted the unavoidable absence of Mr. W. A. Clark, the donor, and called on Mr. H. Cull, Sr., to make the presentation. Mr. Cull in a few well-chosen words said that he was glad as the oldest member of the club to make the presentation to the youngest shooter, and thanked Mr. Clark for donating such a splendid trophy, and hoped that his example will be followed by other members for the encouragement and promotion of the art of shooting.

The election of officers was then proceeded with, and the ballot being taken resulted as follows: Honorary President, Mr. Robt. Cunningham; President, Mr. R. S. Cull; First Vice-President, Mr. C. Quinn; Second Vice-President, Mr. R. Walker; Secretary, Mr. W. R. Watson, Jr.; Treasurer, Mr. W. G. Mitchell; Executive Committee: H. Cull, Jr., L. Collingridge, J. Johnson; Field Captain, L. Singular; Auditors, E. C. O'Brien, A. L. Knowles.

A vote of thanks was then tendered the retiring officers, and the meeting adjourned.

W. R. WATSON, JR., Sec'y.

Richmond Gun Club.

SILVER LAKE, S. I., March 8.—The next shoot of the Richmond Gun Club will take place on March 22. At 2 o'clock a five-man team race will take place between attaches of Von Lengerke & Detmold and Schoverling, Daly & Gales. All are welcome.

Events:											
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
A Duke	9	9	10	9	7	8	6	7	6	7	8
G Spencer	6	8	7	8	4	6	7	7	6	8	9
B Merten	8	6	8	7	5	7	6	8	7	6	15
F Schoverling	6	8	8	7	5	8	6	8	7	9	16
A Ward	4	5	3	5	3	2	5	4	4	6	10
F Crystal	3										

A. A. SCHOVERLING, Sec'y.

National Gun Club.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., March 1.—The following are the scores of the members of the National Gun Club who participated in the regular monthly live-bird prize shoot on Friday, the 28th ult.

The day was a disagreeable one, with rain and a hard wind, and the birds were strong. Very few shooters participated, owing to the conditions of the weather. Jay Ell and H. Weaver scored straight, with Schusardt and Thomas 14 each.

Weaver is one of our juveniles, but he is taking to the gun very kindly, and will make the best of them hustle to keep out of his way. He is steady, nervy and good natured, three of the essentials of a good marksman.

Gunz	121100120002000—7	Klepinski	122121202200212—12
Jay Ell	2221222222212—15	Uno	222201121222002—12
H Weaver	2211212121212—15	Himmelstein	111102120111012—12
Schusardt	11202221222121—14	Reed	222022210111112—13
Stuth	100211222021020—10	Sherer	120201202111211—12
Bush	02222202222222—13	Thomas	22212220222222—14

LINDLEY COLLINS, Sec'y.

Trap in Canada.

TORONTO, Can., March 1.—Among the different trapshooting contests that came off in this city to-day was one between several well-known experts, and Mr. Leach, of Montreal, on McDowall's grounds. Expert traps were used, and were screwed up to their highest tension, and set at sharp angles, which made the hardest kind of shooting.

Mr. Sawden, Sr., holds the Canadian record on artificial targets, 98 out of a possible 100. He shoots Robin Hood powder out of a Parker gun. Mr. Leach also used Robin Hood in a 6½ lbs. Lefever.

The third event was a private match between Mr. Leach and Mr. Moore.

Events:				Events:			
1	2	3	4	1	2	3	4
Targets:	10	10	15	Targets:	10	10	15
Sawden, Sr.	8	8	9	Leach	8	9	14
Sawden, Jr.	9	7	8	Moore	13	8	
Evann	9	8	7				

Florida Gun Club.

PALM BEACH, Fla., Feb. 1.—The Florida Gun Club held a shoot to-day. A cup was the main object of competition, and it was won by H. J. Sconce, of Sidell, Ill., from the 30yd. mark. The rumor was started that Mr. Sconce was a professional, but on investigation it was shown to be unfounded. The scores:

H J S

FOREST AND STREAM.

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A GAME REFUGE BILL.

THE agitation begun more than a year ago by FOREST AND STREAM in behalf of the establishment of game refuges in the forest reserves has brought forth fruit in a bill recently introduced in the House of Representatives by the Hon. John F. Lacey, of Iowa. It is entitled "A bill to transfer certain forest reserves to the control of the Department of Agriculture to authorize game and fish protection in forest reserves and for other purposes."

The first section authorizes the President to transfer by executive order any of the forest reserves to the control of the Department of Agriculture, whenever the Secretary of the Interior and the Director of the Geological Survey shall certify that the boundaries of the reserve have been examined and are by them deemed to be substantially the permanent boundaries.

In Section 2, the President is authorized to set apart such forest reserves or parts thereof as he may deem proper for fish and game preserves, and the Department in control of the reserve shall make such rules and regulations as may be necessary for the protection and care of the animals, birds and fish therein, and may provide for their being taken or killed. But no forest reserve shall be set apart for this purpose within any State unless the Governor of such State shall in writing request this action.

Sections 3 and 4 provide that the department having charge of the reserve shall assist in the enforcement of the game and fish laws of the State or Territory in which the reserve is situated. The Secretary of the Department controlling the reserve may establish preserves for the breeding and perpetuation of the bison or other American animals, and may transfer to that preserve any native game animals which he may deem in danger of extermination. Persons violating any Federal or departmental regulation concerning forest reserves, or game or fish protection thereon, may be arrested without warrants either at the time of the first commission or "in hot pursuit thereafter," and taken before the most convenient United States Court or Commissioner for trial.

Sections 6 and 7 provide penalties for violation of the regulations, including fine and imprisonment or confiscation of goods or all three. Sections 8 and 9 have to do with costs and expenses and with the jurisdiction of the local officers as to offenses other than those prescribed in the department regulations.

Many of the provisions of this bill are excellent, and even if it does not go so far as some game protectors would like, it probably very fairly represents the existing feeling on the subject. It is of the greatest importance that a public sentiment in support of this bill should be created throughout the land, and especially in that portion of the West where the reserves lie, and among the people who live nearest them and so will be chiefly affected by the changes proposed. Persons interested in the matter should write their Representatives in Congress urging favorable action on the bill (H. R. 11,536).

Another bill introduced by Mr. Lacey empowers the Secretary of Agriculture to authorize the importation of eggs of game birds for propagation and to prescribe the necessary rules and regulations governing the importation of the eggs of said birds for such purpose.

This is an admirable measure.

It will be recalled that a number of years ago Congress enacted a law forbidding the importation of the eggs of wild birds. This law was passed as a result of the grotesque yarn put in circulation by a number of supposed game protectors to the effect that millions, ship loads and train loads of wildfowl eggs were annually gathered in Alaska and British America and shipped to points in the East, where they were made into egg albumen cake. As a matter of fact, there never was any such traffic, and the whole matter was exposed by the FOREST AND STREAM in the year 1895. The law having

gone on the statute book, however, it has for seven years or more, been impossible to import from European countries the eggs of pheasants, partridges, black game or capercaillie, to be hatched out here for the stocking of American preserves. It is high time that this oppressive law should be repealed, and that under proper regulations people should be permitted to import these eggs, as Mr. Lacey's bill provides may be done.

MOUNTAIN SHEEP AND DOMESTIC SHEEP.

"ABOUT this time" one sees in the newspapers the not unfamiliar statement that our old friend Buffalo Jones is about to start off to capture some wild animal which he proposes to domesticate. This time he is said to be going to Colorado to capture mountain sheep, which he intends to cross with domestic sheep in the hope of making a mutton animal more valuable than the one we have at present. Sheep are protected in Colorado, but the protection seems to read only against the killing, and since by the statute all wild game is distinctly asserted to be the property of the State, it seems probable that the Game Commissioner has the power to grant permits for the capture of wild sheep for purposes of domestication and perhaps for export alive from the State. There are some States which specifically forbid the export of mountain sheep, dead or alive, for any purpose whatever.

The superabundant energy and vitality of Mr. Jones will find a fitting outlet in the business of capturing mountain sheep, but we could wish that he would capture them for a better purpose. We have seen in our time a considerable number of hybrids between the domestic and the wild sheep, and they have invariably been animals with the good qualities of neither parent. As a rule they are rather leggy animals, slightly taller than the domestic sheep, but nowhere nearly approaching the mountain sheep in beauty, size or weight. The coat is largely of hair, but a few ragged flecks of wool—in the summer season—dangle from the little animal's sides. The horns are slightly larger than those of the domestic ram and offer no suggestion of the great head of the mountain sheep.

The experiments proposed, if they should ever be carried out, would be of great interest; and it is barely possible, though, in our view, by no means probable, that they might have some practical results.

THE ADIRONDACK FORESTS.

SENATOR BROWN's bill providing for an amendment of the forestry section of the Constitution passed the Senate of the New York Legislature last week, presumably by the votes of a number of members who had no proper appreciation of the meaning and effect of the measure. The text of the proposed amendment is this:

The Legislature may authorize the sale and removal of hemlock, spruce, pine, balsam or other soft woods, if more than ten inches in diameter three feet from the ground. The proceeds of such sales shall be set apart in a separate fund, known as the forest preserve fund, and shall be used only to care for and extend the forests of the State in the forest preserve. Roads may be built in the forest preserve, but franchises shall not be granted for railroads or street surface railroads upon or across any part of the forest preserve, nor shall such railroads be maintained.

In a published statement of the reasons which he thinks should justify this step in the public mind, Senator Brown says that there is on the State lands a vast supply of forest products "which man has a natural right to acquire and enjoy at its market value," and that the waste of these products is unjustifiable unless essential to prevent the destruction of the forests. And he thinks that the time has now come when the soft woods may be utilized without injury to the forests, because public intelligence has been awakened with respect to the forests, and the people could be depended upon to constitute a committee of safety to control legislation and to prevent forest waste, depredation or injury. The pertinent reply to this reasoning is well put in the memorial addressed to the Legislature by the New York Board of Trade and Transportation, which we print elsewhere. The answer is that eternal vigilance on the part of the people is the price of their forests, and the people forget to exercise that eternal vigilance. It is just here that the danger lies; and under these conditions the people of New York can much better afford to lose a possible revenue from soft woods and keep their forests intact, than to receive an income from the pulp industry at the cost of the ruin which will follow in the wake of lumbering operations.

Senator Brown's bill, if carried into effect, would turn the lumbermen loose in the North Woods to cut "hemlock, spruce, pine, balsam or other soft woods, if more than ten inches in diameter three feet from the ground." There is no hint of any official control of the lumbering operations; and what results would ensue every man, woman and child who has seen Adirondack "lumbered" tracts may picture. The proceeds derived from the sale of this lumber and set apart for the forest preserve could not begin to repair the damage inflicted—it would be irreparable.

No such proposition as this should become law. The public interest demands the defeat of the Brown bill.

The FOREST AND STREAM's position with respect to Mr. Brown's measure is not in conflict with its advocacy of a scientific administration of the State lands.

NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

A BILL recently passed by the New York Legislature amends the charter of the New York Zoological Society, and grants it enlarged powers. It is now permitted to "control zoological parks, gardens or other collections for the promotion of zoology and kindred subjects, and for the instruction and recreation of the people. Said corporation may collect, hold and expend funds for zoological research and publication, for the protection of wild animal life and for kindred purposes, and may promote, form and co-operate with other associations with similar purposes, and may purchase, sell or exchange animals, plants and specimens appropriate to the objects for which it was created."

This enlargement of the powers of the Zoological Society is eminently proper and is for the advantage of the association, and so of the New York public. As is well understood, this corporation is substantially a charitable institution, which is managing its park and its collections solely for the public benefit. It carries on no money-making business, its funds come chiefly from contributions by its members, and are expended in such a way as to give instruction and pleasure to the residents of this city and to those people who may visit it. Its managers are animated by public spirit, by a desire to give to New York a zoological park which shall be worthy of the city, and by an enthusiasm for zoological research which makes it appear to them of the highest importance to get together as rapidly as possible a collection of living wild animals which all may admire, and some may study.

THE NEW YORK AQUARIUM.

THE capacity of the New York Aquarium as a place of popular entertainment and instruction, and as a laboratory for the study of marine life has been as yet by no means fully developed. Under the direction of Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, the Aquarium was administered in a most admirable way to secure the first of these ends—public entertainment and instruction; but Dr. Bean's term of service was too brief for him to carry into practical effect all that he had planned to make the Aquarium as a station for scientific research. It is a familiar story how the Aquarium was made the spoil of politics by the deposition of Dr. Bean to make room for a political heeler. There now appears to be a prospect that it may once more come under a control which shall be enlightened, intelligent and public spirited, and that the institution may be restored to its former condition and may take its place among the important marine laboratories of the world. We suggested long ago that the Aquarium should be under the direction of some body wholly independent of politics, as, for example, the Board of Trustees which controls the American Museum of Natural History. Just such a desirable condition will be attained if the bill which was introduced into the Legislature on Monday of this week to put the Aquarium in charge of the New York Zoological Society shall become a law. The bill provides that the Board of Estimate and Apportionment of the City of New York may appropriate a further sum of \$50,000 for the use of the Zoological Society, provided that an agreement shall be entered into between the Society and the city for the adequate maintenance, extension, preservation and exhibition of the Aquarium, and for furnishing opportunities for study, research and publication in connection with the collection. The passage of this bill will put the Aquarium in the hands of that body best fitted to administer it.

The Sportsman Tourist.

The North Country.

IV.—Little Fish.

One glorious windy afternoon Karl and I started with our packs for the lean-to over at Peabody's. The sun was bright overhead, and across the sky were scurrying big smoky white clouds. The river was very low when we came to wade it, and so hot the day that the water that leaked into my moccasins was cool and welcome. We had made a good seven miles that day before "b'ilin" the kettle, and had now quite a good jog before us. We climbed up the long hill, that lay away from the river, till at a post at the top, which bore the mark of the sled ropes, a partridge flew into a tree and we stopped to add him to our bundles. Then ahead again through the forest, Karl bringing up the rear. At such times there is little conversation. One's mind is pretty much given to where one places one's feet, and then silence has a more golden quality in the woods than in cities. To be sure one's hearers are somewhat limited under the pines, but the wild things have an unaccountable distaste for the human voice that is well-nigh astonishing. To be sure, in the books of our childhood, the animals all speak quite intelligently, and even if the wolf had designs on Red Riding Hood, he was very friendly in manner; and one must still feel that the rabbit's conversations with Alice were nothing if not witty. But the big beasts that I have seen all seem to think I'd bore them, and were bent on escaping. So not until we rested at our little brook, where we had camped ten days back, did we exchange more than a word. Karl then told me he had seen fresh sign where two caribou had crossed the path, and we spoke of their wonderful speed and quiet in passing through the woods. I then rehearsed how, a couple of years ago, while traveling on a straight stretch of wood road, where the great trees arched high overhead and the light was religiously dim, two gray forms with their antlers glided from among the tree trunks on one side and melted into the shadows of the other side before I could think of shooting. We made a running circuit through the woods to head them, before they got started, but in vain. It was the last we saw of them. That was a good hunt, and sometime I will tell you about it.

Thus we had had our rest and must shoulder our packs again and steal along under the pines. The moose wood leaves were gorgeous with red and purple, the yellowing birches shed their golden showers down upon us, and the maples in the swamps stood like flaming red bouquets. My friends tell me that the Berkshires are the place to see autumn colors; my memory hints to the beauties of the New Hampshire hills, where I went to school, but they are nothing to the surprises one meets with in the forest. I am constrained to put this charm down to the background of evergreens, for it is, when all is said and done, to the pines, the spruces, the firs and the hemlocks that we owe the chief glories of our woods. No wonder the Pilgrims journeyed to such a holy land, a land where every glen was roofed cathedral-wise with arches Gothic and Romanesque. It is a good thing, likewise, for ourselves that so many of our people become Pilgrims, as the year rolls round to autumn, to worship at the same ancient shrine. It was through such holy places we journeyed. Finally the white walls of our little tent appeared ahead and we unpacked. The bedding is unrolled and my sweater hung on a convenient limb. A little tin of tea, another of sugar, a third of milk, a fourth of butter, a bundle of bread, ditto containing a little square of pork, and a slice of caribou steak, all are stored away under a clean sheet of birch bark. This leaves only salt to be accounted for, and that is found in tin No. 5. For utensils we have just one beside the cups, and that is the kettle. So much for our furnishings. We found the wind was blowing so hard that it was advisable to either shift camp or build a wind break, and, considering the last to be the easiest, while I gathered a few sticks for the fire, Karl cut some bushy tops and laid them where they would do the most good. This gave us a door yard to our house, and we also found the smoke and ashes somewhat lessened in the tent. The next order of business was luncheon of tea and toast and a bit of pork frizzled on a stick. Why does one always overeat in the woods? We do it sometimes in the city, but it becomes a custom outdoors. After the "gorge" was over, I wanted nothing more in this world than to lay there on the boughs on the broad of my back forever. To be sure, the smoke would, occasionally, get in my eyes, and the ashes fell lightly on everything, but that mattered little. Life carried no responsibilities and knew no annoyances just then.

But this would not suit Karl, so in very weariness of soul I joined him in the skiff on the lake. It was blowing guns, so we hung to the lee shore. Along in the quiet waters we stole, watching for any sign or motion. One's imagination at such times is apt to play queer tricks. I believe the very trees go up and down the bank, and change places with one another, through much watching of them; else why do the black stumps that one marks by a certain white birch disappear, and those rusty looking cedars, why do they prick up their great ears and change ends in the water? Finally, the black things and the red things and the gray all settled into their proper places, and the skiff is run up on the sandy little beach near a runway. Now this skiff is a work of art, home-made by Karl, and brought in on a sled thirty-odd miles, "so as to make his hunting ground happy," he said, and happy it appeared to be, not only for us, but the animals also. The beach along here, under water, was broken with big tracks, and one could see quite a moose road up through the trees. On going ashore we found a shack used by Karl some four years back, and right by the deserted door the animals had made their path, despising this sign of man's habitation in the land. After walking up on to the hills, into a mass of down timber, in which there was some sign, we stopped again at the door of the shack and were ruminating on the discomforts of a trapper's life, when Karl slowly raised his arm, and pointing down among the trees into a patch of sunlight, said, "See the little fox?"

"No," I replied.

"Keep quiet," and we stood still for a moment or two. Just then he crossed an opening, and we saw he was circling round us.

"Get the little rifle, Karl," I said.

"Never kill him with the .22; must use big rifle," he replied, in a natural tone of voice.

The fox had struck our trail now, and followed it down the path, until, suddenly seeing us, he stopped behind a bush, his two ears and the tip of his nose showing. I aimed for the shoulders, as near as I could judge, and the little fellow fell on his side dead at the discharge, the seven-millimeter bullet tearing a big hole at the close range. We picked him up and carried him to the skiff. He was a small one, probably only a year old, which accounted for his innocent behavior. Our only other amusement that day was an unsuccessful shot at a muskrat with the .22. The rat had been cutting hay for winter and had a little bundle upon his nose that was being pushed home when we saw him, and such is the love of destruction that we tried to offer him a sacrifice upon the altar of the lake. He was too smart, however. A long swim under water took him in toward shore, and although I got more than one chance, the little fellow went off under a log to frighten the children at home with the story of a new kind of blood-thirsty ogre sailing about to kill little musquash that disobeyed their parents. As night came on we worked up the lake nearer camp, and when finally Karl's zeal permitted us to return to our feast of bread and tea, with caribou steak à-la-birch frizzling stick, it was quite dark. A weasel scampered around on a log just outside the fire-light, and quite a heavy little animal half-climbed and half-fell out of a tree near the path. This, Karl seemed to think, was a martin. So that day we only saw "little fish," as Karl calls them.

As we lay there on the boughs, I asked Karl, "Do you catch the weasel?"

"Yes, of course," he answered. "They are very fierce little fish. They have big claws, bigger than a bear, for the heft; long teeth, longer than a lion, for the size. They are very revengeful. Everybody that works in the lumber woods knows not to hurt a weasel. One night, man I work with he find weasel's nest in old camp and turn her out of bed by mistake. He always sleep afterward with a naked knife to his hand, and a blanket wrapped around his head, for fear weasel find him and cut his throat. The weasel can kill a sheep," and he rambled along and told me about the martin, which he called "saple," and the wolverine, which was not a "little fish" at all, but a wild beast. "I shoot one, just one, and he was strong as a small little bear, and not so small either." Had he killed any bears? "Yes, a few. but I never took no chance with a bear."

"Why?"

"They are too strong. Skins sell high, but the vital spot on a bear is his head, and that is hard to hit." It was different in a trap; then he killed them with an ax. Like Braithwaite?

Yes, but out of a trap he wanted all the chances on his side. He then told me how he was hurrying down a wood road one night at dusk, when suddenly he saw a black log rear up beside the path and rest its huge paws on a fallen tree some fifty feet away. The black log had teeth that crunched and chopped like castanets, and it growled and rumbled like a bad-tempered dog. Did he shoot? No. He stood perfectly still for a moment and saw that the old Snider was in working order, and then he backed away and circled through the shadows into the wood road again below, keeping a respectable distance from that set of teeth. Let me tell you right here what kind of a gun Karl's Snider is. It would delight the heart of Mr. Irland. It is long of barrel and straight of stock, and shoots a huge soft ball with a wooden peg in it. When it strikes, the peg spreads the ball, and to say it hits hard is but half the story. It is a pile-driver. And yet Karl thinks the only place to hit a bear with this cannon is between the eyes. So you see he respects his shaggy foe. And any one who has had the honor of Mr. Bruin's acquaintance will agree that he is worthy of some respect.

And so we rested there before our good fire and discussed the various kinds of claws and teeth as if we were members of the family carnivorous ourselves, and I dropped into a doze, thinking these tales were absorbingly interesting and wondering if it really was so very long ago that my ancestors were swinging from the tree tops and roaming through the forests. The fire was delightfully warming, the tree tops were swaying with a gentler motion, and the growing moon was looking placidly down upon our little white house under the trees. The sand man had long since rubbed his magic into our eyes, and that old Greek god and physician with the musical name took us snugly into his arms for the balmy sleep.

It is wonderful to think what things may go by our house in the night down the dim aisles of the forest, how many gray and brown animal forms may glide through the darkness about us, feeding and traveling. It lends a fine air of the mysterious to the shadows to feel they hide some of the light-footed ones, and then every wind that rustles the leaves is like to the march of an army. One is quite reconciled to know life is moving abroad in the night, and after a little it lends a sense of companionship to the dark that it is rather pleasant than otherwise; and then when the bright sun, that warmer of hearts, wakes us in the morning, it is to a feeling that while we have "dwelt in the tents of the Almighty," the other dwellers have been going about their business as usual, irrespective of ourselves. No sun woke us, however. Earlier than Aurora, we were astir and found Old Boreas the only one on the scene. It took no prophet to say that he was out for all day; but there was work to do, and the time was short. Before daylight we left the tent and prowled along the lake shore to see if "anybody" was out. The water was lashed into the fury of a little sea, with whitecaps upon the crest of the waves, and a couple of loons were the only ones on hand to enjoy the tempest. We waited awhile watching the cold sky, but the beasts keep under cover in the thickets in such weather, and we saw them not. On the way back to camp a cock partridge flew up into a tall spruce and rocked there in the wind, his long neck craned from side to side, as proud as a peacock and wild as a hawk.

My little .22 was brought into action, and at the crack he flew away over the lake. It was a fair shot and a bad miss, but worse happened before the day was over. We continued on our way and were soon preparing breakfast and packing some lunch and a kettle for our still-hunt. It was useless to try the deep woods and swamps it was so noisy getting about, so we stuck as closely as possible to the wood roads, and as the game invariably travel these, in going from one feeding ground to another, this really gave us a fair chance. It is curious how quickly moose will take to a newly cut path. Before the chopper's track is cold they will pre-empt it, and soon it is their road, and they will keep it open enough for their purpose. We traveled just such a path, now plain and distinct, and again lost in a tangle of down timber, when one was given several choices of direction, but usually these converged on the further side. Toward midday it grew very hot. My! I was so tired. But, finally, we came out in the sunshine on a little brook and found a deserted lumber camp before us. The most silent and lonely thing in the world is one of these decaying homes of man. As you approach, the water bucket stands by the door, the peg on which the latch string is fastened stands in its place guarding the low entrance, and maybe the door still hangs on its hinges. In the darkness of the bunks, full of long-decayed boughs, are spiders and mice and things of all degrees of unpleasantness. It is much sweeter and more wholesome outside. So we leave the rusty stove and its dingy company of benches, etc., for the sunlight of the clearing. There we put up a flock of partridges, and ashamed I am to say, there was not a bird bagged to show for a regular fusilade. Not a hit!

"Impossible," said Karl.

"And if I got a shot at a moose to-day," I said, "I'd miss him."

It was something like two hours later that I got my shot, and I missed, as has already been told you; but there were other trophies carried back from that long tramp through the woods and around the lake and along the brook that will be ever green among pleasant memories, and we all get finally to the place when a store of such good things is worth all the moose heads in the world.

GEORGE F. DOMINICK, JR.

A Walk Down South.—XXI.

It was a dark night, and my boat was headed straight for a great black wall—a ridge with a thin gleam at the top where it met the gloom of the sky. A little glimmer showed that I was on the surface of the water. I could see neither bank, I could not tell where I was going to—except that the roar of the water ahead grew louder and louder every moment. I drove the boat ahead, determined to be over with the rapid as soon as possible. One, two, three, four strokes followed; I could hear the water rustling along the sides of the boat and dragging under the stern. It seemed as if my courage was growing strong with my arms. But not for long. Suddenly the boat went grinding up on a gravel bar, right in the teeth of the roaring waters.

The boat began to swing around sideways, showing that I was in the slick of the water just above and to the left of the rapid, where the current quickened for a leap. I caught the boat with short, sharp paddle strokes, and somehow backed off. The water looked broadest and deepest to the left of where I grounded, and I worked that way. I could see a little better than when I first put the lantern out, but not much. My nerve was badly shaken; nevertheless I headed down stream again as near the center as I could, to go on. In less than three paddle strokes, however, I ran quartering into a snag with half a score of horns on it, all of which were pointed down stream, fortunately. The loud grappling of the wood against my boat was too much for me. I gripped one of the branches as I was passing it and held on.

I held on to the branch a long while, trying to spy out the secrets of the darkness. I could see nothing save the dim banks and the black heights straight ahead. I waited for the panic into which I had been falling since grounding to subside, and then tried to think what I had best do. It was hard to go ahead into the unknown dangers and roarings, and it was not pleasant to think of turning back from what would probably prove to be easy running by daylight.

How long I took to decide the question I don't know, but I concluded, at last, that there was one safe thing to do, and that was to go to the bank and wait for day, regardless of heroics. This I succeeded in doing, after some hard paddling, landing on the west side.

I tied the rope to a fence post, took my rubber blanket and spread it on a sandbar, put on some more clothes, laid down my wooden blanket, drew the tent sides over all, then crawled under. The sand was cold, being a mere drift formed behind a bush in the last high tide or freshet, so I changed and put one tent side under me on top of the rubber blanket.

It took me some time to get fixed comfortably. I had to put on more stockings and tie a woolen shirt for a night cap, for instance, but at last I dozed away and slept. Once or twice the blankets rolled off when I turned over, and the cold awakened me. But it was a refreshing sleep, which lasted till after daybreak.

My things picked up, the ice broke out the craft and all ready, I took a look at the place that had unnerved me by the noise it made. The boat had grounded on an island, round one side of which was a little chute with some dancing water. But on the other side in which was the snag, was a boat chute, formed by making a V dam, with the apex left off. Even by daylight I chose to take the little chute on the opposite side, with the chance of grounding rather than that of a wreck among the stones, where the water broke after passing the ends of the wing dams, it being low water.

When I started the day was breaking, and after I had shoved and pried over the gravel bar at the foot of the little chute behind the island, I had a chance to see as beautiful a day coming as one would wish. Passing the tree-grown ridge, which I saw the night before, the east broke out with many-hued splendor—dark lead blue to the blinding glow of the yellow sun in lines and masses—to drift along the quiet eddy, breaking the silence with the

tip of the paddle was a delight. The Baltimore orioles were calling in every direction, on the distant ridges, and near by; the crows were flying and cawing. Now and then I could see a small bird, ground sparrow, tiny warbler and the like. For an hour or so I drifted and daddled on, and then suddenly I remembered that I hadn't eaten any supper the night before and was forgetting my breakfast. I became ravenous at once. The nearest house was a log one, and I headed for it. It was Townsend's, and though they had eaten hours before, she would get breakfast for me. The corn bread, coffee, plank-salted pork and fruit tasted good. I ate heartily and a good deal, before I started on again.

I crossed a couple of low fish dams, and then came to a pretty bad one, almost as bad as the one back at Mendota. At Squire Casson's house they told me that it was best to run close to a big rock near the center. The drop was nearly three feet in two feet. I stopped and ate dinner first. Squire Casson said, "We can't give you much; just meat and corn bread and coffee." But on the table were molasses, fruits and pickles. It was a fine meal. I felt more like jumping the dam then.

With nothing but myself and paddle in the boat, I headed for the left of the big rock, hit the slick, a moment when it seemed as if my heart had stopped falling with me, and then I sprawled down through the shoal, still safe in the boat.

I bade the Squire good-bye at the lower landing, asking how much I owed him for the dinner. "Nothing," he replied. "We've got a son traveling somewhere; we don't know where. You are welcome to his share of our table."

The river water was green, a filmy, ethereal liquid, seemingly too buoyant to float the wooden hulk that was carrying me. It scarcely held up reflections in many places, the images losing themselves, more than half, in it.

There were ledges of rock again on this day, the sides of the stream were broken and rough, the banks high and beautiful, with tufts of drift in the bank side willows (not the flowing, weeping willow, but a coarser, more brittle, sort).

I was watching out for smallpox now. Several cases were reported in various places throughout the region, and the river flowed past one of the houses which had been "flagged off" or quarantined. It wasn't pleasant to have to approach the dread disease, and there was no telling if it was all located.

The afternoon waned, and I thought to stop at Hilton, but ran past it unawares. I stopped to ask about it, and a young woman said I was miles below the town. The gap on the right side up the river, she said, led to Hilton. My interest in the Otter house, a great cavity in a rock, and in the Big Alley, a vast, cracked boulder, had made me miss the town. Her husband was away, but W. H. Hart was the next man on the left bank; he would take me in probably. But I'd better not stop at the next house below Mr. Hart's, because smallpox was there. I made certain to stop at Mr. Hart's, half a mile from the infected house.

In 1885 Hart caught what he believes to be the last beaver on the Holston River. He saw where it had felled a tree, and set steel traps in the water where the animal landed. Rabbits are not numerous there this winter; a snowstorm last April killed many of the young. In the morning I started on at 9:15 o'clock, with Hart's Shoal and smallpox to watch out for. Hughes had told me to look out for that shoal. It proved to be a mere gravel bank, with a three-foot fall down a steep slope, a broad ripple with a channel four or five inches deep, which I easily followed, though it "took a right smart water man to keep off the island." "Rough water" has a different meaning on the Holston to what it does on an Adirondack loggers' stream. I wished many times that I could show the Holston River men the log drivers at work on the West Canada in their batteaux, and on the log jams. I fancy there would be more than one "pshaw!" of surprise.

The orioles were singing all around again this morning, bringing reveries of spring in which I lost sense of time and direction. Often I had the feeling that I was lost—an odd sensation to have in a flowing river with no forks to choose. Several times I stopped paddling and let the current carry me along, to be sure that I was going with and not against the river. The crooks and twists of the stream were wonderful.

I came around one bend into a suspicious still water. Far ahead I heard a roar. I paddled down to a hundred yards of a brink and landed for a look. It was the dam at Holston Bridge, and the worst yet. At the mill I was told that a 15-foot log had been washed out in the center and that I could go down there. I could see the green slick break into white 10 feet below the fall. I took my duffle out of the boat, pulled my belt a notch tighter and headed for the green roll, where it slacked away over the dam. A twig marked the break in the dam. The curves looked pretty high, and the closer I got to them the worse they seemed. But I let it go. The bow dipped under for a gallon of water, and then away went the boat, dancing and tossing, but answering the paddle to the inch. With my duffle in the boat again, away I went, eating my lunch while the water carried me onward. The excitement at the dam gave me a good appetite.

At 1:45 o'clock P. M. I passed the mouth of Moccasin Creek. How far I had come there was no telling. On land, I had found distances varying from three to five miles in regard to places ten or twelve miles away. Now men a mile apart called the distances from ten to twenty miles apart, usually greatly exaggerating them, as well as the danger of river travel.

Along in the afternoon, miles below the red flags that marked the smallpox, I came to a great brick house with a wide veranda, large white pillars, a sort of Mt. Vernon look to the place, and far back led an extension. There was a fancy spring house in the wide yard, large trees round about and a worthy old fence. I was tired and hungry. Here was a real Southern mansion, one of the first I had seen. I was about to approach it, then I paddled on past it, round a bend and down the river, looking back at the tree-screened place for a mile. One could not disturb the repose and mystery of such a place. What if the man had not been one of those tall, splendid, eye-bright Southern gentlemen, and the woman not stately and aristocratic, the daughter not beautiful? I preferred to have a lovely picture in my memory.

At 4 in the afternoon I reached Dickenson's dam, so called because a man of that name lives at the place. It was erected by a Cincinnati (?) man for "fishing purposes." There is a trap in it, and no apron for the fish to climb over it, as the law demands. The result is, some law suits. I had to pull my boat around the end of it in the morning, which I did with Dickenson's assistance. I stopped at Dickenson's over night. Among other things he said:

"I s'pose you noticed that big brick house up the river when you came down?"

"Yes," I said, eagerly.

"Well, sir, that's got a spring house with four pipes coming into, and four different kinds of water running into the same bowl. They built that house for a watering place."

So my dream of aristocracy vanished in a summer resort hotel.

"What might your name be?" I was asked. I told him.

"Yes, I've got a man here named Spears to work for me."

"So-o?" I said. "Is he a good man?"

"Yes, right faithful sort of a fellow."

"Maybe he's a relative of mine."

"Don't think so. Either he'll have to change his color or you'll have to change yours. He's a red-bone nigger."

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

Floating on the Missouri.—V.

THE name of our camping places, Surgeon Island, reminded us that we had promised a medical friend the head and skin of a sturgeon, a most repulsive-looking and ill-flavored fish. Accordingly, we put out a line of well-baited hooks from the stern of the boat, but found them intact in the morning. Sturgeon, cat and other fish of the upper Missouri are rarely caught later than September, and it is said they go far down stream to winter.

We got an early start from this camp, leaving the island before we could well see the channel; but I knew that there were no rapids for many a mile to come, and there would be no difficulty in getting off a shoal should we happen to run aground. There was some fog on the water which for a time enabled us to get quite close to numerous flocks of ducks and geese before they raised, but I was too busy rowing to keep warm to try for a shot. Sah-né-to, muffled in various cloaks and shawls, was shivering until the sun finally appeared and cast its welcome rays into the valley. Three miles below Sturgeon Island the valley suddenly widens out and the slopes are more gentle, the south one supporting several pine groves of large extent. Just where the semi-cañon ends a splendid grove capping a hill quite near the river tempted me ashore, for I felt sure that it sheltered some deer. When we landed the bar was all cut up by their sharp hoofs, and, alas! for my plans, there were also the tracks of a good-sized grizzly deeply sunk in the mud. Sah-né-to saw them before she got quite out of the boat and promptly returned to her place in the stern. There was no need for me to ask why. "If you are afraid," I said, "come with me. I believe I can find a buck up there in the timber."

She shook her head and looked away across the river. "Well, then," I continued, "you stay here and let me go; if a bear should happen along, you can push out into the stream."

"You well know," she replied, "that I cannot handle the oars. Let us go on; we still have a little meat and the goose. There are plenty of deer ahead."

We went on. Sah-né-to is very much afraid of bears. Not that she has ever had any experience with them; her people tell some wonderful tales of their ferocity and cunning, and, of course, she believes them all. Another mile brought us to the mouth of Snake Creek, entering the river through a long, wide, sage brush flat. Up its barren valley, away to the north, we got a glimpse of the pine-clad buttes and bluffs near its source, where there are great numbers of mule deer. Although this stream is named Snake Creek, I doubt the rattlers being more plentiful in its vicinity than elsewhere in these bad lands; they are pretty evenly distributed and very numerous. We saw none, as they had gone into their "dens" for the winter.

Five miles below this point we came to Cow Creek, or Middle Creek, as Sah-né-to calls it, the mention of which the night before had prompted her reminiscences of other days. I also have some reminiscences of the place, for it was here that I got one of the bad scares of my life. It was on that same trip up the river on the ice, before mentioned. We had run out of blankets down at our Carroll trading post, and with an English half-breed named John Hudson, I was sent up to the mouth of the Judith to procure as many as possible from another trader. The up trip was uneventful. On our way we camped one night in the Cow Island bottom in one of the best fortified cabins I ever saw. It had bastions and loopholes, and was connected with an Indian-proof stable by an underground passageway. Its owners had deserted it and we took possession for the time. We were successful in getting all the blankets our two small, home-made sleds would hold, and started back. About 4 o'clock we came to Snake Creek and noticed a great many buffalo moving uneasily about the flat and crossing the river to the south side. As we went on they became more plentiful, great herds thundering down the hills from the north, crossing over and rushing madly up the south side of the valley. Occasionally we heard the booming of guns. A couple of weeks before this some Assinaboines had wantonly killed a woodhawk named Koontz, and his friends having caught two of the murderers, promptly strung them up to the nearest tree. Consequently, there was bad blood between that tribe and the whites. This was a favorite hunting ground with the Assinaboines, and we concluded that they were the people behind the flying buffalo. "If we can only reach that cabin, John," I said, "we can stand 'em off."

"Yes," he replied, "if we can only get there first. Let's pound 'em on the back."

And we did. We were still two miles from the cabin by the shortest cut, which was to leave the winding river and strike directly across the flat. We found a place to get up the bank, and then lashed our ponies into a dead run, and the way we bounced through and over the

sage brush must have been a sight. But long before we got to the cabin a number of mounted Indians came down out of the hills between it and us, and our haven of refuge was cut off. We slackened our gait at once. There was no possibility of our running them, so outwardly bold, but inwardly very badly scared, we kept on our course. "If it wasn't for these blankets," John said, "they might possibly let us go; but when they see them 'twill be all day with us."

The Indians were quite near us by this time, and I picked up my Winchester, cocked it, and laid it across my knees. I can't say what my thoughts were, except that I was afraid, and at the same time angry. I decided to shoot at the first hostile movement on their part. They were now within a few yards. I was not looking at their faces, but at their rifles slung across the pommels of their saddles, when a brown hand, was outstretched toward me, and I heard a familiar voice say: "How! How! Appekunny."

I could hardly believe my eyes. Why, 'twas my old friend Red-bird's-tail sitting there on his horse and grinning. I jumped off my sled and shook hands with him. "John," I said to my wondering companion, "we are safe; these are my old friends, the Piegiens." He gave a long sigh of relief. "I thought," he said, "that I would never see my old womans any more."

So instead of being shot and furnishing material for a scalp dance, we camped with friends that night, for the whole tribe was just behind the chief and the few that rode with him, and the flat was soon dotted with their lodges and horse herds. From one place we were called to another to feast on pummican, stewed berries, broiled tongues and other Indian delicacies, and we ate so much that we could not sleep when bedtime came. During the evening Red-bird's-tail asked why we were going so fast when they first saw us, and I coolly lied and said that we were cold and hurrying to the cabin to get warm. It will never do to let an Indian think you know such a thing as fear. I tried to get the tribe to accompany us down the river, expatiating upon the large herds of buffalo and other game in the vicinity of our post. "The Crees are with you," they replied, "also there is much liquor. We would drink and quarrel with them, and, while we can whip them, many good lives here would be uselessly wasted. To-morrow we cross here for the headwaters of the Yellow River."

In the days of river transportation few steamboats went above this point after the June raise had passed, as the river was too swift and shallow for them. Unloading cargo here, it was taken overland by large "bull" and mule freighting outfits to Fort Benton, and the mining camps beyond. A book might be written about the adventures of the freighters along the trail. War parties always infested it, and sometimes got the scalps and plunder they were seeking.

It was near the mouth of this creek that the Nez Perces crossed the Missouri on their memorable march across a part of Washington and Idaho, under the leadership of Chief Joseph in 1877. At the time a few soldiers and citizens, a dozen men in all, were guarding some Government freight. They saw the Indians crossing and lost no time in preparing for the worst, digging breastworks and making barricades of sacks of flour. At sundown the Indians opened fire from the hills, only a couple of hundred yards distant, and twice during the night charged the camp, but were driven back with serious loss each time, the whites losing only one man. In the morning the whole tribe pulled out disgusted, only to fall into the hands of General Miles a few days later. Some distance up Cow Creek they plundered a large freight outfit, taking such goods as they wanted and burning the rest with the wagons and harness. The freighters managed to escape by good luck and hard riding.

We beached the Good Shield at the mouth of Cow Creek, and going up on the flat sought in vain for the fortified cabin; not a stick of it remained. Then we climbed the rocky buttes, where the Nez Perces had opened fire on the freight guards. Here and there we found many small piles of rocks behind which they had cached, and numerous cartridge shells of .50, .45 and .44 caliber. We took a few of the shells as a memento of the place, and then returned to the boat.

A mile further on, and half a mile below the mouth of Calf Creek, another small stream coming in from the north, I pointed out to Sah-né-to the place where I had fired my last shot at buffalo. On our way down the river the morning after camping with the Piegiens, I noticed a yearling standing alone in the sage brush and shot it. I distinctly heard the bullet thud into it, but the animal never flinched nor moved, and I was about to shoot again when it suddenly collapsed and fell in its tracks. Whether or not I had a premonition that it was my last buffalo, with John's aid I skinned it intact, leaving the horns and hoofs on the hide. Later I had it tanned and gaudily painted, Indian fashion, and sent it to an Eastern friend for safe keeping. He has it yet, and after all these years it is his by rights.

At the head of Cow Island, a few hundred yards down, we had no little difficulty in finding enough water to carry us over the shoal, which extends from it clear across to the north shore. What channel there is runs parallel with it, and about fifty feet from the shore. We saw many deer tracks on its sandy bars, whitetail, of course, as the mule deer do not live in the timbered bottoms and islands, coming down to the river only when in need of water.

The general course of the river along here is south of east. A mile or so below Cow Island, however, it turns sharply west of south, rounds a high, narrow ridge and then turns back east of north, making a bend of five miles, which is only a mile across. The south side of the valley around the bend is densely timbered, and at the heads of the coulees are cut walls of sandstone, of a much darker color than that above the mouth of the Judith. There should be some mountain sheep up among the rocks and breaks, and the timber certainly shelters many deer, for we saw their trails leading down to the shore.

Passing the bend, we came to Dry Island, so named because the passage between it and the south shore has filled up, water now standing only in pools, where once was a deep channel. It was time for lunch, and we went ashore, looking around a little before we sat down to

eat. We had both seen some deer sign during our wanderings, but nothing to equal that we found here. Around the pools of dead water, and the whole length of the alternately muddy and sandy old channel, there wasn't a place as large as one's hand that did not bear the impression of a deer's foot. Most of them were made by mule deer, but there were also numbers of whitetail tracks. Back from the channel is a high cut bank at the edge of the flat, and at each place it could be climbed the deer had made a wide dusty trail.

While sitting on the bow of the boat eating our lunch, a whitetail doe and her fawns came out of the timber and several hundred yards below us, and after drinking fed around on the shore for some time. The fawns were in high spirits, and did some bucking and kicking which would have made a broncho ashamed of himself. We did not molest them, and they finally went quietly back into the brush. It was here, after lunch, that we found the first signs of a disease which had killed many whitetail deer during the summer. In a small open park in the timber lay a magnificent buck, in the willows a fawn, and on the outer shore a two-year-old doe. The two latter had been dead a long time, the buck not more than three weeks. What this disease was no one has been able to tell with certainty. It was local, extending, so far as I could learn, only from Cow Island to the mouth of the Fourchette, one hundred miles by river, and did not affect the mule deer at all. Mr. Jas. Gibson, who has lived on the river for thirty years, claims that it was not a disease, but that the mortality was caused by eating the bulb of a weed which is poisonous. The leaves of the plant are not poisonous, and in ordinary years, he says, the bulb is so firmly imbedded in the soil that in eating the leaves the deer do not pull it up and eat it too. This season, however, was exceptionally wet and rainy, and as a consequence many deer died from eating it, as they easily pulled up the whole plant. For proof, Mr. Gibson cites the wet summer of 1886, when many whitetail died the same way. The only post-mortem I heard of was made by Mr. Mark Frost, a rancher who lives near the mouth of the Musselshell River. Out hunting one day, he shot two fawns, which slowly rose up out of the sage brush and stood stupidly staring at him. When he came to cut them open, he found that their milt was congested and that their stomachs contained a viscid, ill-smelling, yellowish fluid. He did not take the meat. The mortality began in June, and ended in October with the dying of the plants and other growths from the effect of frost, another point which seems to sustain Mr. Gibson's theory. Whatever the cause, the deer died very suddenly after being taken sick, as evidenced by the good condition of those found. Anthrax is the only disease known which kills so suddenly, and had it been that, the mule deer, bighorn, antelope and cattle along the river would get it, too.

Leaving our lunching place, we pushed off, and a stretch of swift water took us quickly down around a bend and in sight of Crescent and Grand islands. We arrived at the head of the latter about 1 o'clock, and having made twenty-five miles since daylight, decided to camp. This is one of the largest islands on the river, a mile and a half long and half a mile wide. At its upper end there is a magnificent grove of tall old cottonwoods, and a growth of smaller timber completely belts it. The rest of the island is a level plain, covered with buck brush and tall grasses. We soon had the tent up under a large cottonwood, and then proposed a hunt up in the breaks of the south side of the valley, for mule deer. There were numerous tracks and trails of whitetail where we were, also more wolf signs than in any place we had yet seen, but after finding the dead deer on Dry Island, we did not care especially for that kind of meat.

Directly opposite the island a long high-cut bank shuts off sight of anything beyond it. After crossing the river we were obliged to walk up the shore some distance to find a place where we could climb it, but when we did finally arrive on the summit, a typical view of the Bad Land country was spread out before us; long ridges and deep coulees sloping up for miles; hills of blue clay absolutely devoid of vegetation; here and there patches of juniper brush and groves of pine, especially in the heads of the coulees, and back of them cut walls of sandstone. We started up the nearest ridge, following a well-beaten game trail. After traveling a mile or more we stopped to rest a bit, and I caught sight of a deer as it was entering a pine grove at the head of a short lateral coulee not far away. We were not long in getting to the lower edge of it, but there was so much underbrush that I did not like to go in, fearing that I would scare the animal out without getting sight of it; so I decided to circle around to the upper edge of the timber and have Sah-né-to try to drive it to me. Another climb of half a mile and I stood on the top of a high cliff; at its foot there was a boulder-strewn slope of some fifty yards, and then the pines. I waved my hat to Sah-né-to, saw her start into the timber, and then sat down to await the result of my plan. In order to have this story read right, I suppose I ought to make my pencil say that the deer suddenly bounded out of the timber several hundred yards away and ran as fast as it could, and that at the crack of my trusty rifle it gave a convulsive spring and fell dead. What really did happen was this: I had been looking over the ridges and groves to my left, trying to spot some game, and again turning my attention to the business in hand, was surprised to see five deer, one of them a good-sized buck, standing on the slope right under me and looking curiously into the timber from which they had likely just emerged. Back and forth they swung their great ears, and occasionally stamped the ground with their forefeet. I allow that it was unfair, but we needed meat, and I took a careful sight on the buck's back just back of its withers and dropped him. The other made a few jumps, but did not know which way to run, until I threw a rock at them and shouted, when they hurried away along the edge of the timber and turned up the nearest coulee.

I was obliged to go back several hundred yards to get around the end of the cliff, and by the time I got to the fallen deer Sah-né-to appeared a little further on. She said she had heard the deer run when she scared them up, and remarked that she had found an old "war house."

The buck was larger than I thought when I saw him

from the cliff, and still very fat, for the rutting season had barely commenced. He was too heavy to be packed whole, so I skinned out the forequarters and hung them on the nearest tree. But before starting back the "war house" had to be inspected. It stood in the thickest part of the timber, and was a large one, some sixteen feet in diameter inside. Like all others of its kind, 'twas built of a number of long poles set up cone shape. The many layers of pine and balsam boughs which had covered it had long since slipped down and decayed, and the flooring of brush was in a like condition. We poked around inside where the warriors had sat and slept, hoping to find some little trinket they had lost or forgotten, but all we found were some mice-gnawed ribs of deer or mountain sheep. There are hundreds of these "war houses" hidden in the breaks of the Missouri, or rather, there were. Most of them have fallen down and rotted away. They were built by parties of Indians on the warpath in order to screen the flame of their fire from observant eyes, and also as a protection from the cold and storms. We wondered what tribe had built this one, where they were bound, and what had been their success. More than likely they had their eyes on some "woodhawk's" little band of horses, and perchance secured them and his scalp also.

Although I packed but half the deer, my back and shoulders ached before I finally dropped it in the boat. There was ample time to get in the remainder before dark, but Sah-né-to rightly said that there were other days. So we rowed across to camp.

After dinner I set out to explore the island, walking down through the center to its lowest point. Trails of the whitetail were everywhere, and at every step I expected to see some of the animals jump up, for their many beds in the grass and low buck brush showed that they passed a part of their time in the open. Then I remembered the wolf trails on the shore. Wolves know the runways of game as well as human lovers of the chase, and better. Here, for instance, unless they were to swim the river, deer cross to and from the island only at its head, where a shallow, gravelly ford separates it from the north shore. All along behind it the sluggish water has a bottom of fathomless soft mud, which they do not attempt to cross. Knowing this, the wolves secure their prey by watching the runway, while several of their companions drive the island. All the way down, and back by the north shore, I never saw a deer. Where the runway crossed the sandy bar and entered the water were the imprints of flying feet, both deer and wolves. Could I have crossed over I doubt not that I would have found some freshly gnawed bones and bits of hide.

At the lower point of the island I found some recent beaver cuttings, and also some moccasin tracks in the mud. From the shape of the latter I knew that they were of Cree make, and concluded that there was a camp of Cree breeds somewhere in the vicinity. Alas, for the beaver. They have been protected by law for a long time, but every year their number grows less and less.

APPEKUNNY.

The New York Forest Preserve.

FOLLOWING is the text, practically in full, of the memorial addressed to the Legislature by the New York Board of Trade and Transportation, setting forth the convincing reasons for the rejection of the measures to open the State forest preserve to the lumbermen. It will be remembered that in 1895 the same organization conducted a most vigorous campaign to defeat a proposed amendment which would have surrendered the forests to the pulp men. This new presentation of the facts and governing principles involved is deserving of careful reading.

Rooms of the
New York Board of Trade and Transportation.
New York, March 8, 1902.

To His Excellency, the Governor, and the Honorable, the Senate and Assembly of the State of New York:

The New York State Constitution, Article VII., Section 7, reads as follows:

"The lands of the State, now owned or hereafter acquired, constituting the forest preserve as now fixed by law, shall be forever kept as wild forest lands. They shall not be leased, sold or exchanged, or be taken by any corporation, public or private, nor shall the timber thereon be sold, removed or destroyed."

This provision became a part of the fundamental law of the State, and went into effect Jan. 1, 1895.

A brief statement of the conditions which led to its recommendation and adoption will be in order at this time when measures are pending in the Legislature designed to radically change the constitution and policy of the State in this respect.

Forty years ago the relation of the forests to the material welfare of the people was very imperfectly understood. They were regarded primarily as the source of the lumber supply only, and this was thought to be inexhaustible. Incidentally, the forests were regarded as the sportsman's paradise, and as the environment most favorable for the restoration of health impaired by certain diseases, or as a sanitarium.

Therefore, the lumberman carried on his operations for years without restriction, stripping the mountain slopes of their timber until it dawned upon the people that the supply was limited, and the total destruction of the forests was near.

The effects of this wholesale tree cutting became apparent in the spring freshets which, coming from the melting snows, rushed down the steep declivities, inundating the valleys, and carrying the alluvial deposits of the ages into the rivers, leaving the rocks behind bare and incapable of renewing their verdure. In the heated summer months, no longer tempered by the forests and the soil no longer capable of holding in reserve the waters of the melting snow and spring rains, and of giving them out as formerly in constant but economic flow, the streams became contracted or dried up, and the Hudson River showed that man had taken from it the supply which nature had provided. The water supply of the canals also was diminished, and their very existence threatened.

These warnings were heeded by public-spirited men, and steps taken to enlighten the people on the true relation of the forests to their interests.

Vast interests which had secured strong hold upon the

wooded lands of the State were threatened by the growing sentiment which favored a restriction of lumbering operations.

Their united influence in opposing measures of relief was felt in the State Legislature, and years passed before any substantial progress toward reform could be attained.

The dissemination of information on the subject and the claims of the forests for protection, supported by an enlightened public opinion, at last prevailed, and in 1885 an act was passed creating a State Forest Commission.

The law itself gave expression to the actuating spirit and underlying principle of the legislation in substantially the same language as that of Article VII., Section 7, of the Constitution.

Popular movements lack the elements of constancy and endurance. Resting in a sense of security produced by the enactment of this law, and trusting in the wisdom and good faith of the Commission, public vigilance was relaxed, while all those interests which had corporate or private gain in view worked unceasingly to break down the protection afforded by the law. Year by year the act was amended under these influences, and in 1893 not a vestige remained except that, like a wolf guarding a sheepfold, the Commission still existed to receive the denunciation of those who had brought it into being. It became apparent that the fruits of many years of labor might be lost by a single year of inattention and inaction, because any Legislature may undo all that its predecessors have done.

The following pertinent paragraph is quoted from a report published in 1894 by the Committee on Legislation of the New York Board of Trade and Transportation:

It is nobody's business to stand guard over statute laws; we have no governmental or political organization that is charged with the duty of guardianship in this region as England has. We look in vain for any organism in the State to protect the general law from change or invasion at the dictate of private interests. It may be said that this is part of the duty of Congress and the State Legislature. True, but the duty of initiation and watchfulness is one that must be coupled for the habitual exercise, with responsibility, and to charge a whole body, constantly dissolving into its constituent elements, with the duty of initiation and watchfulness, is practically to charge nobody with it.

Holding this view, therefore, of the relation of the Legislature to existing law, and distrusting alike their own constancy in watchfulness, and the good faith of the Forest Commission, the friends and advocates of the forests decided to secure, if possible, the adoption of a provision in the State Constitution which would stand as a wall of protection between the State forests and those who had sought their destruction. Thereupon the Committee on Forestry of the New York Board of Trade and Transportation submitted to the Constitutional Convention of 1894 the draft of an amendment, and Article VII., Section 7, above quoted, was the result.

From some four hundred proposed amendments which were considered by the Constitutional Convention only thirty-three were adopted, and Article VII., Section 7, was the only one which had the distinction of approval by the unanimous vote of the delegates.

The question of forest preservation is one which cannot be mastered in the busy and brief period of a legislative session. Statements made to members and legislative committees are wholly upon honor, and too often only one side is presented and that in the most pleasing way possible. These conditions and methods favor erroneous conclusions, and it is a matter of congratulation and surprise, most creditable to the Legislature, that so few serious legislative blunders are made.

The facts and conditions herein referred to are best known to the members of the Legislature themselves.

The question arises, therefore, and this committee feels warranted in urging it upon the consideration of the Legislature, with all respect for the wisdom of that body, is it safe in the present condition of knowledge on the forest question to confide the care of the forests to the Legislature, as provided shall be done in the pending Constitutional amendments?

If, perchance, the present Legislature is better informed than its predecessors and therefore better qualified to handle the forest question, is there any assurance that the Legislature of two or three years hence will be qualified to legislate upon it wisely? Therein is the danger.

Is it wise to break down the safeguards erected and now existing in Article VII., Section 7, of the State Constitution, until such time in the future as the knowledge of forest care and preservation shall have become more universal, as the result of the study and experiments now proceeding, and which shall then make clear what changes are practicable, wise and safe?

The undersigned committee thinks it very unsafe and unwise, and urge upon all members of the Legislature and State officials as well as private citizens a careful consideration of this very important question.

Lest lack of confidence in previous Forest Commissions may be considered unwarranted, the committee takes the liberty of referring again briefly to their conduct in connection with Article VII., Section 7, of the Constitution.

By what influences moved it cannot be said, but in December, 1894, on the eve of the taking effect of Article VII., Section 7, of the Constitution, the Forest Commission met and took action to grant a certain railroad company the right of way through the State forests which the amendment a week later would close to them. The proposed grant had just before been denied by the Land Board after a hearing of the case. A peremptory injunction by the Supreme Court against the action of the Commission prevented the consummation of the grant until the amendment took effect, and this deliberate attempt by the Commission to circumvent the expressed purposes of the people was prevented.

Not content, however, the Commission, before the new Constitution was two weeks old, consented to the introduction in the Legislature of an amendment designed to eliminate the intent of the forest preserve provision. No opposition was then made, and, after passing two Legislatures, this proposed amendment came before the people at the polls two years later with the open support of the Forest Commission, which issued an official appeal to the public in its behalf. This attempt to open the forests was also defeated and the Article VII., Section 7, sustained in its original form by a majority of nearly 400,000 votes, the largest majority ever given in this State to any question or candidate, either State or National.

In this latter instance the Forest Commission proved itself an unfit and unsafe custodian of the interests of the State with reference to the Forest preserve and no explanations can in any degree excuse their failure to discern the public will. It was another deliberate attempt to defy the public will and deceive the people, but it failed so to do. It has been said above that no opposition was made in the Legislature to this amendment. That is true. The question of making opposition was considered and decided in the negative for the express purpose of leaving the Legislature to act upon its own judgment or as it might be influenced by the Forest Commission, and thus to test the safety and wisdom of confiding the interests of the forests in the care of the Legislature and the Commission. This test proved the fact that the Forest Commission did not protect the forests, that the Legislature confided too much in the Commission, that the State officials were powerless or too willing to aid the ever active forces of forest destruction, and that to the people alone could be confided the protection of their interests in this respect as now provided in the Constitution.

Referring more particularly to the proposed constitutional amendment, Assembly No. 646, introduced by Mr. G. Davis, and those with similar provisions introduced by Senator Brown, Senate No. 159, and Senate No. 389, your attention is respectfully called to some of the provisions proposed by them, the opening up of the State forest preserve for the cutting of its timber by a system of "scientific" forestry, and the leasing of camp sites not to exceed two acres in extent, such leases not to be made for a longer period than twenty years, nor to cover more than two hundred and fifty feet of shore line on any lake or river. Another feature of this leasing is that no more than one-half of such shore shall be leased.

This leasing of sites carries with it the certainty that the choicest situations of the State forest preserve would be selected by the lessees, thereby excluding the public from the enjoyment of the advantages they afford. The shores of the lakes, ponds and other water fronts thus rented would in time be stripped of their timber to supply the various wants created by the circumstances of occupancy. Footpaths, avenues and roads would be cut through the surrounding forests, opening their recesses to the torrid heats of summer and the assaults of the winter storms. Such a removal of the trees would result finally in the exposure of these sites to the destructive forces of the elements, despoil them of their picturesque beauty, impair their healthfulness and destroy their economical usefulness as woodlands.

Once fully inaugurated, the effect of this system of leasing could be anticipated. Shorn of those natural features that had formerly made them attractive and valuable, these sites would be abandoned one after another for more desirable regions, and disfigurement or ruin would mark its workings throughout the fairest sections of the State preserve.

In addition to these evils are those greater ones due to fire. With their many and necessary uses of fire for household purposes, these camps and cottages occupying the sites would be a constant menace to the integrity of the adjacent woods. The dangers from such a source would be multiplied from their being occupied by the lessees during the very period when the forests are the driest and, therefore, more liable to be ravaged by this dread scourge. Owing to the combustible nature of the material composing them from long seasoning, these premises when not occupied or deserted would still be extremely hazardous.

Every site thus occupied would increase the probability of the visitation of this destructive agent. Should these forests in a season of continued drought be ravaged by such deplorable fires as those that devastated the Northwest, it would be not only a State, but a National calamity, considering the relation which this State bears to the rest of the Union.

A catastrophe of this character could not fail to strike a mortal blow at some of the industries that have given to this Commonwealth in the past, and that give to it now its commanding mercantile position. Not only this, but the necessity of developing others, if that were possible, to conform to the new conditions imposed upon her by their destruction, would arise. What is more serious still, this would occur at any time when competition between the most advanced nations and communities has not only reached a stage unprecedented in the history of the commercial world, but must grow more severe, owing to the progressive, intelligent and forceful character of all those now engaged in the direction and development of this mercantile rivalry. In the face of conditions that would be so adverse, and with those in prospect, to create and invite evils so far reaching and momentous in their influences upon the welfare of the State, would be to adopt and pursue a policy the folly of which would be in keeping with the magnitude and importance of the interests involved.

Another provision of this proposed amendment is one that specifically on one hand forbids the extension of steam railroads into the forest preserve of the State, but on the other covertly provides for its invasion by horse car, trolley, electrical or other road. The introduction of such methods of travel in this wilderness would be the beginning of not only its own destruction, but of those various interests the protection of which depend in a large degree upon its preservation.

Pierced and traversed in every possible direction, as it would be in a few years, by these thoroughfares, it would be opened on every side to the destructive attacks and the disastrous effects of the wind slash. On such occasions, forced through the mountain gorges and defiles with the tornado's irresistible power, the winds would enter by these breaches made in the forests, and instantly level and destroy acres of woodland. In a few seasons this dead timber, dry as tinder, would be in a fit condition to be fired from various sources. Once swept by fire such regions would be worthless thereafter as water conservers.

In regard to the opening up of the State forests again for the purpose, among others, of cutting their timber according to a system of "scientific" forestry, even if they were in a condition to be lumbered, it is fraught with danger, at the present time, to all those interests which, in no small measure, they safeguard. Moreover, it is the opinion commonly entertained on this subject that if it had not been for the application of the exceptional and

drastic provision of the present Constitution, whose essential elements it is proposed to repeal, there would be scarcely anything now left of the State forests worth legislating for.

Should, however, this protective provision be so altered as to permit the cutting of timber in the wooded reliefs of the State forest preserve by some system of "scientific" forestry, about which so much is said, and so little understood, this much is certain: It will revive again and encourage into active co-operation those individual and corporate agencies by which it had been formerly despoiled and systematically plundered.* It is for the representatives of the people to decide how these interests shall weigh as against those of the community, some of the most vital ones of which depend altogether upon these wooded regions as conservers of water.

Viewed from this point, the position in which this State stands to her internal economy is an exceptional one among her sister States. The farm products of the great agricultural States of the Mississippi Valley have the whole world for their market. On the contrary, the farm products of our own State are almost entirely dependent upon her own markets created by her manufacturing industries, and those due to her canals along which has risen an unbroken chain of cities which for population and the value of industries centered in them are not equalled by those of any other section of our country.

In connection with this subject of water supply, it is to be observed that but a few years ago the water horsepower used in this State by her various industries was more than that used by any other, or about one-fifth of all used in the entire Union. The importance of this subject is further emphasized by the fact that more than one-half of its water is furnished to the canal system by the watersheds of the Adirondack wilderness, and by the necessity which has arisen for improving her waterways to maintain that supremacy which has justified her title of the Empire State.

The subject of a sufficient supply of water for the countless uses which our modern life demands is an all important one, and concerns not only the great and ever increasing centers of population, but every hamlet of the State. Such are its intimate relations to our forests that your attention is also respectfully called to a few of the many facts bearing upon it.

In some of our cities the serious inconveniences and even dangers arising from an insufficient supply of water are being fully realized. Already fears are expressed by those whose judgment on this question is worthy of our most serious consideration. Our rivers and their tributaries are diminishing in volume and flow. Many of their feeders, the brooks and streams, exist only in the memory, having entirely disappeared. The advance of the salt and the retreat of the fresh water in the Hudson River, the increasing exposure of the shores of Lake George, Lake Champlain, Raquette and other lakes of our State, by the lowering of their waters from the destruction of our forests, are matters of common knowledge.

This question of a water supply is one whose importance is borne in upon our attention with an irresistible and impressive force by a passing study of the increase in population of New York city proper in the last century. Starting in 1800 with 60,000 inhabitants, the increase has been equal to an average gain every decade of about 44 per cent.; while in the last five decades Brooklyn has surpassed this in her average growth.

But assuming that the average increase each decade of the metropolitan district will be but 30 per cent., an annual increase of only about 3 per cent., her population in 1920 would reach 6,000,000; and there are thousands now living who will in 1950 see this metropolis containing 13,000,000 people, or about twice the size of the present population of the whole State.

Again, the Greater New York is, and must continue to be, the greatest manufacturing center of the country, and her consumption of water, therefore, will be much greater per head than it would be otherwise. Placing this at the low figure of 150 gallons a day per capita in 1920, and 180 gallons in 1950, the city would require at the former period 900,000,000 gallons and half a century hence 2,340,000,000 gallons a day.

The daily use of such enormous volumes of water in the approximate future raises at once the question as to their sources and the means by which they are to be furnished.

To these everlasting hills of the Catskills and Adirondacks which seem to have been upheaved by an omnipotent and creative hand for this beneficent purpose, and to the forests clothing their uplands and heights, and which alone can draw from the inexhaustible reservoirs of the clouds the full bounty of their life-giving springs, we must turn for the solution of this problem and its kindred ones. If the health and prosperity of the Commonwealth are to be assured, this priceless heritage of our wooded reliefs must be jealously guarded.

The people having already twice shown at the polls by overwhelming vote what their desires are in relation to the forests, it remains for you, gentlemen of the legislative body, to consider not how many cubic feet of timber, but how many cubic feet of water these forests may be made to yield.

Respectfully submitted,
EDMUND P. MARTIN, Chairman.
JOHN H. WASHBURN,
EDWIN S. MARSTON,
PETER F. SCHOFIELD,
HENRY S. HARPER,
Committee on Forestry of the New York
Board of Trade and Transportation.

* See Annual Report of the Comptroller of the State for 1895.

Not Hunting but Game Keeping.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is beginning to chafe under the burdens put upon him by the persistence of office seekers. When he was on his way to the launching of the Meteor a friend remarked to him: "You don't get much time for hunting now?" "No," said the President; "the fact is, I am a sort of gamekeeper now, watching the Government preserves while hordes of poachers are trying to break in and bag the offices."—New York Times.

Natural History.

Taste of Flesh Affected by Food.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your editorial in issue of March 15 on "Game Foods and Flavors," you ask, "Who knows whether the flesh of deer and elk may not be similarly affected by this or some other plant?" While I know nothing of elk, I can state positively that the flesh of deer often, and I think always, partakes in spring of the taste of cedar which, here, is their principal food at this season. I well remember how deer meat used to taste in March when I was a boy, and the Indians used to bring it to us. I have often eaten moose meat in the spring, but have never seen that it was in any way affected by their food.

Our white hares always taste strongly of cedar (white cedar, *Arbor vita*) toward spring. Ruffed grouse feed mostly on willow and poplar buds after the snow comes, and their flesh in spring tastes strongly of what they feed on. Spruce grouse feed mostly on needles of fir, and I have yet to see one which did not taste strongly of the food even early in September, at which time they occasionally eat a few berries; although I have several times watched them make a whole meal of fir needles close to my camp-fire when they could get plenty of other food if they preferred it. This taste can be removed by soaking the flesh in salt and water.

As said in the article referred to, beaver in spring taste very strongly of poplar. A young porcupine taken when feeding on beechnuts has no strong taste, but an old one taken in winter when feeding on hemlock is a different proposition. I once heard a man who had eaten one remark, "If it was not for the name of porcupine I would as soon eat a piece of hemlock bark." I have noticed in the falls, when bears fed on berries, the fat would cool like lard, but when feeding on beechnuts, it was oil and would never harden. The meat of seal tastes so strongly of fish that one not accustomed to it would go hungry a long time before trying it a second time.

MANLY HARDY.

BREWER, Me

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am interested in the editorial published in your last issue, entitled "Game Foods and Flavors," and while I cannot contribute to the subject anything that is new, there are two sufficiently familiar facts with regard to our Western grouse, which you did not think it worth while to mention, but which perhaps should be recorded in this connection.

Residents in the Rocky Mountains are familiar with the fact that during the late summer and early fall, when the blue grouse are well grown and are feeding on the fruit of a very small, low-growing, red huckleberry, that is found in the evergreen forests, the flavor of the birds is so markedly delicious as to call forth frequent comment by those who eat them. I should not dare to say that the flavor of the birds is the same as that of the berries on which they feed, but there is an undoubted connection between the flavor and the food.

Hardly less familiar than this to people who have occasion to travel over the sage prairies, is the fact that the flesh of the young sage grouse, almost or quite up to the time when they are fully grown, is very well flavored and toothsome. Up to this time they are supposed to feed chiefly on insects and seeds; but as autumn draws on and the insect supply is cut off, they take more and more to feeding on the tops of the sage, and the flesh becomes unsavory, disagreeable and bitter. At that season of the year, by many persons, they are not considered fit for food.

All this, of course, is quite in line with the familiar examples which you have cited, such as the excellent flavor of the canvasback from feeding on the valisneria, the fishy flavor of certain ducks which feed largely on shell fish and so on. In like manner, I believe certain persons who raise poultry feed their ducks on celery tops with the idea of giving the flesh a good flavor.

I recall that a good many years ago, when there was a wild outburst of excitement about the artificial propagation of trout, and every farmer who had a brook on his place believed that the raising of these fish offered a short and easy road to affluence, there arose before long a cry concerning the unpleasant flavor of the pond-raised trout on the ground that their flesh tasted of the liver on which they were largely fed.

COLORADO.

DENVER, March 15.

A New King Snake from Texas.

Not long ago Mr. Arthur Erwin Brown, the accomplished director of the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens, described from western Texas an extraordinary new snake under the name *Coluber subocularis*. From the same locality—the Davis Mountains, Jeff Davis county, Texas—now comes another new snake of the genus *Ophibolus*—the group sometimes known as king snakes—which Mr. Brown has named *O. alternus*. This snake, which is something over two feet long, is slaty gray in color, crossed on the back by bands of black, which are alternately wider and narrower. The wider black bands are more or less divided transversely on their centers with scarlet, but the alternate narrow ones are wholly black. There are nineteen of the red and black bands on the body, and an equal number of intermediate black ones showing no red.

The snake described was received alive at the Zoological Gardens in Philadelphia from Mr. E. Meyenberg, one of Mr. Brown's collectors.

Hollow Trees.

In Keuka's amusing story of a ferret the Detroit hotel man appears to be at once a good story teller and a bad observer. He describes a fallen tree that had lain so long that it had become hollow.

Only green standing trees become hollow. A hollow in a tree is produced by the outside growing while the inside decays. Dead and fallen trees rot first on the outside.

R. R. S.

New Siberian Elk.

At a meeting of the Zoological Society of London, held Feb. 18, Mr. R. Lydekker exhibited two pairs of antlers and the skull of an elk from Siberia, which had been furnished by Mr. Rowland Ward. The district from which they come lies beyond the Altai Mountains. In presenting the material, Mr. Lydekker called attention to the fact that although the specimens belonged to adult animals, as shown by the teeth, the antlers were practically without palmation. This characteristic appeared to him sufficient to warrant the giving of a specific name, *Alces bedfordiae*, to this Siberian elk.

Wild Sheep for New York.

It is announced that the Zoological Society's Park in the Bronx will shortly receive a young male mountain sheep. The animal is said to have been captured in the Southwest, by a Mexican, and to have been purchased by Mr. W. M. Harriman, as a gift to the New York Zoological Society. If it reaches here in safety it will be the first American wild sheep that the Society has exhibited.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in *FOREST AND STREAM*.

A Big-Game Hunting Trip to Jackson's Hole Country.

In Two Parts—Part Two.

THE next morning Leak and I packed our sleeping bags and some grub on a pack horse and left camp for a two days' side trip through Two Ocean Pass and the Continental Divide to Jay Creek and the Yellowstone River, a distance of about twenty-five miles from camp, intending to hunt along the way. Both Atlantic and Pacific creeks head in the Divide, and at their source are but three feet apart. I filled my cup half with Atlantic Creek water and half Pacific Creek water, and we sat down and ate our lunch, sitting between the two creeks. Atlantic Creek flows into Yellowstone River, and finally into the Atlantic Ocean. Pacific Creek flows into Snake River, and finally into Pacific Ocean. We saw a beaver dam and a beaver house. The dam was four feet high and twenty feet wide, damming the water back to that height, all built out of twigs, willows, etc.—material with which man could not construct such a dam if given a year in which to do it.

We got to Yellowstone River about 4 P. M., but did not see any evidences of game, and so decided to return to Jay Creek, about four miles, and go into camp there. We did so, and got there a few minutes before dark. Just as we were crossing a little park. I riding behind, heard a noise and turned just quick enough to see an immense big bull elk cross the edge of the park some fifty yards from us, running like the wind. We rode about one-eighth of a mile further on and found an old camp used last year by Uncle Jack, an old settler who camped there with a party, and from which camp they got several bear. While Leak was making camp I took my gun and went back and got on the trail of the elk, and followed it a short distance, but it soon got too dark, and I could only see that he had gone up the cañon. I returned to camp and found Leak had a good fire made and supper pretty nearly ready. After supper we sat around the campfire until 9, and then went back under the trees, and I went to bed in my sleeping bag, and although it was my first experience sleeping in the open air, I slept well all night. I told Leak when I turned in that if any grizzlies came around and scratched my hair he would hear me hollo, but none came.

We had decided we would get up at daylight, and after an early breakfast start on foot up the creek after the elk. The next morning we were up early, and after a hasty breakfast we left camp on foot at 6:20. Crossing the creek, we went up the cañon; after about an hour's still-hunt, slipping quietly through the timber, we came out on the edge of a little park, and just ahead of us, coming out of the timber on the other side of the same park, was our elk. I only saw the point of his horns moving between the bushes, but knew it was he, and called Leak and dropped to my knees. I slipped forward as quickly as I could, each moment getting closer. He came toward us some little distance and then turned up the side of the cañon. When about 125 yards distant I fired, hitting him just back of the shoulder. He flinched and started to run; I fired again before he got into the timber, hitting him in the side, and then after him we went on the run, as fast as we could. We came up to him after a hard chase of about five minutes, and I finished him. We found him a fine five-point, perfectly formed, and I was very proud of him, as he had given us a chase long to be remembered. Well, after taking off his head and a good supply of meat, and preparing what remained for bear bait, we hit the trail for camp, packing his head and some meat on our backs, and packing up, set out at 11 for our permanent camp, where we dined about 5:30, and found Porch and Charley were there ahead of us, reporting no further success. Leak and I felt that at last since we had broken the ice we could now hope for more success.

I shot at a coyote on our way in, but again missed him. Up to this time we had seen game every day, but on our next day's hunt we failed to see anything, although we hunted hard all day.

The following day we decided to do little. Porch and Charley went up the ridge to see if they could see anything of some elk he had shot at the day before, but came in a couple of hours later, reporting they had seen nothing of them. Leak and I decided to ride up the cañon and look for bear. When about two hours out, while slipping quietly up a dark cañon, we heard a growl and caught a glimpse of a black head sticking up over a log, and one bullet from my .30-40 permitted us to carry a fine bear hide into camp.

The next morning Charley and I took a pack horse, loaded our sleeping bags, blankets and three days' provisions and left camp at 9:30 for the top of the mountains to hunt sheep, and to try to get an elk on the way. We rode down North Fork Buffalo Creek to and up Soda Spring Fork. We rode through a fine big-game country, stopping at Soda Spring to get a drink of natural soda water, which runs out of the side of the cañon in a good-sized stream. About 1:30 we arrived at the head of Soda Spring Fork Creek, and saw a nice waterfall just where it comes out of the mountain. The water rushes out of the side of the cañon and pours down over rocks about twelve inches deep, and about twenty feet wide. We took a picture of it and then passed on.

About five minutes after we rode out into a park, and when out in full view we saw ahead of us on the opposite side of the park a big bull elk. I saw at once that he was an unusually big specimen, and quickly jumped off my horse. The distance, I thought, was too far to shoot, but also knew it was my only chance, as we were then in full view, and before we could get back out of sight he would have gone. I dropped on my knee, and taking unusually careful aim, I fired. He staggered, and I knew he was hit hard. I quickly fired again as he ran, and saw him stagger again. He ran behind trees, and just as he came into view again fired, and missed, and just as he was going up the hill at the edge of the park I fired again, and he dropped down full length. I ran forward and found him dead. Charley now came up with the horses, and the first thing he did was to say, "That was sure good shooting."

We examined him, and Charley said he was the biggest elk he had ever seen, but not fat. He had a fine head, perfectly formed, 48 inches spread, length of main beams 47½ inches. My first shot was fired at 225 yards, while the last one was just 300 yards. We took off the head, and after getting some more meat, rolled him down the hill behind a big rock, in the hope that he would prove a good bear bait.

Loading up the head and meat, we again "hit the trail," going into camp about an hour later, alongside of a lake about one-quarter mile long by one-eighth of a mile wide, near the top of the mountains. After making a good fire, we cooked supper, sat around the campfire, then turned into our sleeping bags and slept very well until morning.

We woke up at 6, and after breakfast started to hunt sheep. About 9 we sighted a big bull elk on the top of the mountains. We rode over toward him; dismounting, watched him lie down at the top of a deep cañon about one-half mile distant. Taking my kodak, we slipped up (the wind and lay of the ground being all in our favor) until within fifty yards of him. When we got there we found he had gotten up and was walking slowly across our front to the left. We stood out in plain sight, perfectly still; he looked at us, and we saw he had a fine big head with six points on one side and seven on the other. I snapped a complete picture of him. All the while he would stand gazing at us for a moment, then he would take a few steps, then toss his head and whistle, then stand and repeat, and so continued for some minutes. At last I started to walk, and he instantly gave a whistle and toss of head of alarm, and away he went, passing soon out of sight. He presented a magnificent sight, and I felt glad I had already shot my full number of elk and was not allowed to shoot him, although his head was one of the few exceptions. We proceeded to look for sheep, and although we hunted hard all day, I saw none, so we returned to our temporary camp.

When we got up in the morning we found the ground covered with snow, with snow an inch deep over our beds. We again hunted sheep all day, but saw none. We sat down and ate our lunch at the head of the Gray Bull, the stream on which Ernest Seton Thompson wrote and founded his story of Wab in his "Biography of the Grizzly." The scenery at the head of this creek is the most rugged and wildest one could imagine, consisting of one sharp mountain peak after another, with deep, rocky cañons between each, rising almost straight up to heights of about 3,000 feet. Returning to camp, we packed up at 4 and started down the cañon, camping just before dark about one-quarter mile from where we had shot our elk.

During the night it again snowed, and 6 o'clock found us up and on our way, slipping through the timber and snow to the remains of our elk, to see if we could not find a bear at it, but found nothing but a coyote, and he ran away before we got a chance to shoot. So, after returning to our temporary camp and getting breakfast, we packed up and started for our permanent camp, twenty-five miles distant, where we arrived at noon on Thursday, having been away since early Monday morning, and having been on an altitude of from 10,000 to 12,500 feet all the time. We found the temperature decidedly colder and lots of snow.

During our absence Porch and Leak had paid a visit to my first elk, on Jay Creek and Two Ocean Pass, returning to camp about 7 o'clock, bringing in a young grizzly bear, which he had shot early in the morning. They also reported Porch had shot his second elk just before coming to camp, making two elk for each of us—all we were permitted under the State law. We had four choice heads, and in size they exceeded our expectations.

The next morning Charley and Porch went out to bring in his elk head, which he had shot the day before, about two miles from camp, while Leak and I left camp, intending to ride over through Two Ocean Pass. Arriving at the foot of a gulch we left our horses and started up through the timber. We had gone but a short distance when we heard an awful racket and growls, and thought at first there must be several bear ahead of us, and we were more careful, slipping along without any noise and keeping a sharp lookout on all sides, both of us carrying our guns for quick shooting. When we came in sight we saw a good-sized brown bear, and I quickly shot, dropping him instantly. It commenced to rain and sleet, and while Leak was taking off the hide I walked up the cañon about a quarter of a mile to see if I might run on to something else. I took a stand in the shadow of a tree, and although I waited almost an hour, while it continued a steady downpour of rain and sleet, I saw nothing. Returning, I found Leak had just finished taking off the bear hide, and we got our horses, and after a little excitement in trying to get on them with the bear hide, an occur-

rence that is sure to accompany any attempt to go near the horses after working around bear, we rode to camp through a cold, driving rain, that wet us thoroughly before we reached camp, which we did about 2 o'clock. We soon changed clothes and spent the rest of the afternoon drying out our wet clothes and preparing and stretching the bear hides. This has been a very lucky camp. We have each gotten two elk and two bear from it, Porch having had the luck to shoot his first one, a big black bear, and a young grizzly, while I have shot a black and a brown bear. We seem to be followed with more than usual good luck, as up to this time we had hunted just twelve days and had four bear, four elk, one coyote—nine heads in all.

The weather so far had been most miserable part of the time. Any amount of snow, sleet and rain, but we had hunted through it every day, and this same bad weather added very largely to our success, as game is more generally on the move during bad weather, while the rain obliterated the signs made by us in traveling around.

We have had an endless variety of meat, trout, grouse, ducks, bear and elk. Brook trout were plentiful; we could catch all we could use in less than an hour at any time. Porch caught three trout 19½ inches long in one-half hour. Although I had never before cast a line, I caught five fine trout for supper one evening in less than an hour; within twenty minutes thereafter they had been baked and were on our supper table. Elk were in as prime condition and as fat as any well-fed cattle. One of those I killed had fat four inches thick. Ward, our camp cook, dried and smoked some elk meat for us, which we afterward took home in good condition, and also got a nice lot of bear's oil from the bears we had shot.

The two following days were spent hunting as usual, but without any marked success, and on the following Monday morning we decided to break camp and "hit the trail" for the antelope country, to try our luck on black-tail deer, antelope and perhaps make another attempt to get a mountain sheep. So after packing up we started about 11 o'clock for the antelope country, Porch and I leaving camp about two hours ahead of the pack outfit, and following the directions given us we had no difficulty in keeping the trail until after we passed Soda Spring Fork, going down the North Fork of the Buffalo, but after passing that point we soon lost the trail, and for the next four miles we, as it were, made our own trail.

After wandering around for about one mile, during which time we found and lost the trail, or rather what little there was of it, repeatedly, Porch stopped and said he would go no further. I told him we were undoubtedly off the trail, and if we stopped there the outfit would pass us, and so I pushed on alone. I got into all kinds of places, none more serious, however, than to get my horse "mired." I got off, and after three attempts he pulled himself out, and I am free to confess I don't think I drew a good breath until we were out on the bank again. At last I got to the South Fork, but there found a bluff 500 feet high straight down to the creek. After hunting around for some time, I luckily found a trail along the side of the cañon, over which I succeeded in getting down, and there at the forks of the creek I sat down to wait, and I had a long one of it, for it was just four hours afterward that the outfit arrived. Porch got there a few minutes before them.

After the arrival of the outfit we left Buffalo Creek and went up the side of the cañon to Black Rock Creek, traveling one and one-half miles in one and one-half hours over the roughest combination of swamps, dead and down timber, and steep climbing, we ever struck. My horse fell over a pile of logs into a swamp, and it was a scramble as to whether I or the horse had the right to be on top. Several of the pack horses were down at different places, and Porch's horse made good his name by bucking at a little gully and refusing to cross it. After several unsuccessful attempts to get him over, Porch at last dismounted and got behind with a pole, while one of the men led him. Little Buck jumped at least twelve feet. Finally, however, we reached the top of the cañon and went into camp for one night on Black Rock Creek, near the Military Road, calling our camp Break Neck Camp, putting up a notice of the name and adding to it a sign bearing this inscription: "If you go one-half mile from this camp without breaking your neck you will be lucky."

We got away the next morning at 9:30 after a good night's rest, and taking the Military Road—a road constructed by the Government—leading from Fort Yellowstone east to Fort Wassiker, some 200 miles distant, we traveled east for a distance of some eight miles to the top of the Divide. Near Two-go-tee Pass we left the road and traveled south to the head of Fish Creek, and then down Fish Creek until within about two miles of its mouth, where it empties into Gros Ventre River, some twelve miles east of where Porch and I shot antelope a year previous, and there went into camp at 4:30, having been in the saddle continuously for seven hours, and we were all pretty tired. Nothing of particular interest happened during the day, other than that one of the pack horses—Old Baldie—got his pack loose and then started to run, stopping only after he had scattered his pack all along the trail for about one-half mile, causing us to spend an hour getting the stuff together again.

About 10 o'clock the next morning found us on the way again, traveling down Fish Creek to its mouth, then up Gros Ventre River to its source, in the Gros Ventre Mountains, where we camped for the night. The ride was mostly up a wide valley, until about 4, when we got into the mountains again. It was while traveling up this valley that we met an outfit on its way from the Hoback Basin to the country we had just left. It was in charge of McBride, of Jackson's Hole, as guide, and party consisted of Mr. Philips and Mr. Roth, both of Pittsburg, Pa. We had a short chat with them, that was of more than usual interest, as although they had left the Hole the same date we had, they had seen a Denver paper dated Sept. 11, and it was they who first informed us of the attempted assassination of President McKinley at the Buffalo Exposition on the 8th, and that it was thought the President would recover. Although the 18th, this was the only news we had received since we left the railroad. We went into camp that night in the highest peak of the mountain, on an altitude of 12,500 feet, and found it very much colder.

The next morning we left camp early to spend the day hunting sheep. Leak and I went into the north side of the mountains and hunted around the head of the Granite Creek and Crystal Creek, but although we worked harder than any day since I came out, yet we saw nothing, and saw but few fresh signs. Charley and Porch were in camp a couple of hours before us, having seen several bunches of sheep, and having had a number of good shots at them, but although Porch hit and wounded a young ram, yet he had gotten away. On their way into camp they saw another one looking over a point of rocks, which they were more successful with, and so they brought it into camp, adding to our already long list of meats, that of "mutton."

The following morning we left our camp on the top of the mountain at 10 o'clock, traveling down the cañon and along Shoal Creek to Hoback Basin, where we went into permanent camp on Dell Creek, about one-half mile from its mouth, where it empties into Fall River. We were then within a few miles of scattered ranches, and within just two days' travel from the ranch. During the day we passed a camp of four parties from Alabama, who had been out hunting for twelve days with fair success.

The next day Charley and I started to hunt antelope. We hunted hard all day and saw four bunches of them, and got a shot at three of them. Two of the three were long hard shots, and although I missed both, yet I did not feel badly over them, but the last one, about 5 o'clock in the evening, was at a fine big buck, and a pretty fair shot, although about 150 yards distant, and I felt very badly about missing it, as I ought to have gotten it, but we had to return to camp at dark empty handed. Porch and Leak were in ahead of us, also empty handed, so our first day hunting antelope was all in favor of the antelope. Porch's Little Buck, that he rode all last year and most of this year, got to bucking during the day and threw him over his head, but without injury save a pretty good shaking up.

We all felt very much concerned over a report that we had heard from a ranchman, that the President was dead, and another party told us he was getting along all right, so we did not know which to believe, so we had Charley ride over to the nearest ranch early the next morning, and got a paper—the New York Sun—of Sept. 8, which gave us a full report of the assassination, which was read very eagerly. We both felt glad our trip was about drawing to a close, as this had cast a feeling of gloom on our entire camp. In the afternoon Charley and I left our permanent camp with our pack horses, for the ridges, intending to go into temporary camp there for two days to hunt antelope, in the hope of being more successful in finding them. Leaving Porch and Leak to do their hunting from the permanent camp, as Porch did not care to spend many nights away from the permanent camp, while I enjoyed these side hunts very much, for the reason that we could always get out after game much earlier in the morning, and could hunt until near dark and then go into camp right where the game was. We each took our sleeping bags and extra blanket, canvas ground cloth, frying pan and coffee pot, along, and a supply of bread and meat, canned beans, tea, peaches, coffee, sugar, butter and salt. Late in the afternoon, when about ten miles from camp, we saw lots of antelope, and went into camp for the night among them.

We were up early the next morning, and left camp on foot, and had not gone 200 yards before we saw antelope. We soon got near to some, and I commenced shooting. I got all the conceit knocked out of me on shooting, for I shot, and shot, and shot, and almost despaired of ever being able to hit any, but Charley said, "Keep at it and you will hit one sometime." By noon I had succeeded in getting one, so my spirits rose. We found two nice winter-killed elk heads, which I "packed" into camp, a distance of about three miles, where we arrived about 1 o'clock, pretty tired after our six hours' walk. I think we ran and tramped at least ten miles. During the afternoon, after lunch, we got our horses and rode out, and on the hills met two rangers (cattlemen looking after their cattle, lots of which were found all over the hills, and which we also found was about as wild as elk, run as soon as they saw us). One of the rangers had just come in, and we eagerly asked him about news from the President, when he informed us that he was dead, and had then been dead several days, and that President Roosevelt had been sworn in as President. He also told us if we would ride up over the Ridge Rim, about ten miles to a miner's cabin, we would find there a great many more antelope, and also told us he had killed an elk two days before that, and if we went up the trail we would find his head, which we could have, so we returned to our camp, packed up and started. We rode until near dark and arrived at the cabins. We saw lots of antelope. Passing the cabins about one-half mile, we went into camp just at the edge of a quaken ash thicket, and just when about to get into our sleeping bags for the night it commenced snowing.

The next night found us still on the top of the rim of the Hoback Basin, instead of back at our permanent camp, as we intended. We were in a manner snow bound. During the night it rained and then turned into snow. When daylight came I looked out from my sleeping bag and found I was covered with snow to a depth of about six inches, and that it was still snowing hard. Just before going to bed I had put my bed in the edge of some quaken asp bushes to be out of the wind, and when I awoke I found they were loaded down to the ground with wet snow, and I found I had a very unpleasant place to dress. The wind was blowing hard, sending the snow in sheets so thick we could not see more than a couple of hundred yards. We with some difficulty finally got a fire started, and then made a lean-to out of the canvas pack cover and bushes, to try to keep some of the snow off us, and got breakfast, but by the time we had finished we were wet through by the melted snow. We built a big fire and dried out our clothes, then got our horses and rode out for a short hunt, and got a few shots at antelope, but missed them all, and soon we were both so cold and wet we were forced to return to camp. We decided to move our camp back about half a mile to the miner's cabin, which we had passed late the previous evening.

While Charley packed up our stuff, I took the ax and rode back to the cabin, and soon had a big fire going in

the open fireplace. It still kept snowing and blowing, and about 1 o'clock we decided that it would be better to remain where we were until morning, and then make an early start for camp, and reach it before night, rather than start out in the storm again and lay out all night in the snow, as the snow was then about ten inches deep and still snowing, and a night spent lying out in such weather is to say the least pretty rough.

During the afternoon the wind went down, and we left camp about 2 o'clock to try to get some more game. After riding and walking for a couple of hours we saw a couple of antelope, and after firing about one dozen shots, succeeded in getting the biggest one. By this time I was thoroughly disgusted with my shooting, and after taking the head, we returned to our horses and started for camp, but had not gone more than three hundred yards when I saw a bunch of antelope run ahead of us. I quickly got off, and picking out the buck, shot as they ran, and he dropped. It was a good, quick, running shot made at about 100 yards, and I felt that at last I had redeemed myself to a certain extent, after the many misses I had scored. I found antelope to be the wildest of any of the animals we have hunted, and as they remain mostly in the open country, it is very hard to get a close shot. I now had three antelope, all we were allowed under the law.

We were very comfortably fixed in the miner's cabin. It was built a few years ago by a couple of miners. They had a tunnel into the hill from one of the three big rooms which made the cabin. One room seemed to be where they washed their ore, a fresh stream of running water is in one end; one room is a woodshed, and the other their living room, all connected. The living room contains a big open fireplace and a hole in the side, which serves for a window. No doors on any of the rooms, pegs in the wall for hanging up clothes, boxes fastened up for their supplies, a bed frame of round logs in one corner, covered with spruce boughs, a wash basin made out of a slab of wood hollowed out in the middle to hold water, a table, and two round logs set on end for seats. The cabin is built after the style of all cabins in these mountains, of round logs filled in between with split pieces and mud. The roof is made of round logs split in half and laid close, and these covered to a depth of about six inches with ground. The ground inside serves as a floor. We found it in a good state of preservation, and we could have lived very comfortably if we had a supply of provisions, which we didn't have. For breakfast we ate up everything we had left except six water crackers and a little cheese. These we reserved for lunch.

We had seen hundreds of antelope, and I had used about thirty cartridges to get three antelope. We had our horses picketed outside, and they had to dig into the snow for their grass, and at the same time spend the night out in the storm. Had we known what was before us when we started to hunt antelope, I am afraid we would never have undertaken to get them, but on all of our previous trips away from our permanent camps we had suffered little inconvenience on account of the weather; but while a sleeping bag with heavy blankets added is not a bad place to sleep in, without any other covering in a snowstorm, yet there is little that is enjoyable in getting out in the morning to dress, then after cooking and eating breakfast with wet snow pouring down the back of your neck, riding out after game until nearly frozen, with the knowledge that there is no camp-fire to which to return.

The next morning at 5:15 found us up, and after breakfast we packed up and started on our return. The sun came out brightly, and the snow commenced melting fast. On our way down the ridge we found the elk head that the ranchman had left a couple of days before, and I packed up its horns, which we found to be a little five-point. We rode hard, and at 1:30 P. M. arrived at our camp, where we had left the outfit three days before, but found they had packed up and started for the ranch. So we followed their trail, and at 5:30 P. M., just as they were going into camp for the night in Fall River Cañon we caught up to them, having ridden about forty miles. Porch had shot three antelope in the two days' hunting from the main camp. After my long ride I slept "the sleep of the just," and was sorry when morning came. After breakfast at 8 we proceeded to roll up our beds for the last time, and did it with a great deal of pleasure. Packs were put on and we started on our last twenty-mile ride to the ranch, with our supply of provisions just about exhausted. While we had enough of everything, yet we had none to spare, and so well did we gauge our supply with our appetites that we did not have enough left over to make a decent present to Cook Ward.

After a ride of about eight miles we came out of the mouth of the cañon into Jackson's Hole, and at 4 o'clock we arrived back at the ranch, and were all glad to get back into civilization.

We remained at the ranch over night, and then bid farewell to Recreation Lodge, and started in Leak's wagon with the balance of our baggage for Ward's, where we arrived at 12 o'clock, and found him with everything in readiness for our start for the railroad. We had four horses and a covered wagon, and drove thirty miles to Victor, where we arrived at 7 o'clock that evening, and there put up for the night at Jones' House. Leaving Victor the next A. M. at 9, we arrived at Cañon Creek in the afternoon and put up for the night at the road house at that place.

Early the next morning found us again on our way, and by 10 o'clock we were again in the City Hotel at St. Anthony, Idaho, in possession of our letters and papers. Five days later we were again back at our homes, following our usual vocations, after having been absent just six weeks and two days in all, during which time we traveled 5,146 miles by rail and about 850 miles by stage and saddle, making in all about 6,000 miles.

In our travels from the ranch in Jackson's Hole by pack and saddle, we left the ranch journeying directly north for about forty miles, then east for about forty miles, then south and east for about one hundred miles, then west and north to place we started from, describing a circle of from 250 to 300 miles, and during that time we were at all times from seventy to eighty-five miles distant from starting point. We saw and traveled over a number of well-known points, as shown on the map, among them the Gros Ventre River, Shoshone Mountains, Two Ocean Pass, Continental Divide, Two-go-tee Pass,

Gros Ventre Mountains, Hoback Basin, Yellowstone Lake, Yellowstone River, Snake River, Yellowstone Park, into which we could see from the tops of the mountains, only some three miles distant.

We secured more than 100 kodak and camera pictures of mountain scenery, camp life and wild game, which we prize very highly.

We were in the mountains just thirty-four days; hunted twenty days, spending fourteen days traveling by saddle and pack horses between camps.

We used on the entire trip about 200 cartridges, and in all secured the following big game, as well as numerous small game, such as grouse, ducks, hawks, trout, etc.

- 2 black bear.
- 1 brown bear.
- 1 grizzly bear.
- 4 elk, the largest head measuring 48½ inches, and 48 inches beam.
- 6 antelope, with nice horns.
- 1 mountain sheep.
- 1 coyote.
- 4 winter-killed elk horns, picked up.

All of our trophies we have since had mounted, and as they adorn the walls of our dens, they serve to keep in mind the most successful and delightful hunt it has been our privilege to make. Words fail me in my attempts to describe the pleasure derived from camp life in that delightful country, breathing the pure mountain air, of that high altitude, drinking the clear mountain water, and viewing the grand scenery witnessed hourly on our travels through the mountains. It is enough to say that of the pleasures of our hunt, these latter were by no means the least enjoyable.

J. M. MURDOCK.

JOHNSTOWN, Pa., Feb. 20.

At the New York Sportmen's Show

Cougar Country.

DR. W. E. HUGHES, of Philadelphia, hunted last fall in Northern Chihuahua, in a section which is virgin territory as far as visiting sportsmen are concerned. Cougar, bear and whitetail deer are very abundant, and the country is open and easily hunted. It lies at an elevation of 7,000 feet or more, and there is little brush country, except in the cañons, and one can ride anywhere. Dr. Hughes and a friend during a seventeen days' trip killed six lions, and would have secured many more if good dogs had been obtainable. They also bagged one brown bear, but got no silver-tips, though their guide, Cluff, killed three shortly after they left. The whitetail deer were everywhere and very tame.

Nearer civilization in the foothills antelope, blacktail deer and sheep are found. Guides are secured from the Mormon colonies of Colonia Juarez and Colonia Garcia, and supplies and outfit at Cases Grandes, where the railroad is left. Cases Grandes is on the Mexican Railroad south of El Paso, Texas. The guides are paid in Mexican money, and the expenses of the trip are nominal after the railroad is left behind. In September, when Dr. Hughes visited the country, the deer horns were still in the velvet, and probably October or November would be the best hunting season.

Dr. Hughes is on the track of a Mexican who has a pack of jaguar hounds in Sonora, and plans a hunt there the coming fall.

Another New Country.

George Crawford, one of the very best of the Canadian hunters and guides, whose name has often figured in FOREST AND STREAM, since his moose hunt with Mr. Ivory ten years ago, in the then unexploited country north of Mattawa, visited a new moose country last fall in northern Manitoba, near the Saskatchewan line. His party, which included an Italian marquis, a French count and a German baron, secured five good moose heads, the largest of which had a spread of 54 inches.

Few, if any other, sportsmen have visited this section aside from the local hunters. Winnipeg sportsmen find their game nearer home. The trip is easily made. The C. P. R. is left at Winnipeg's Station, and one of the whitefish fishermen's little steamers chartered for the trip up Lake Winnipegosis. The best moose country is contiguous to the northern part of the lake. It is a second growth, flat country, abounding in muskegs. The moose horns as a rule do not attain very great spread, however, owing to the thick forest growth. Game beside moose is plentiful, including elk, black bear, whitetail deer and wildfowl.

In a Bear's Den.

George Crawford fills in his time profitably in the spring trapping bears. Last spring he got seven at no great distance from his home in Mattawa. While hunting deer last fall he came across a bear's track in the snow. The bear George thinks was disturbed by lumbermen, as all other bears had by that time denned up.

George followed the track two days, and finally located the bear under a great square rock that had fallen from a ledge above. The entrance to the den on the lower side of the rock was just large enough to admit the bear's body, and there was no other opening to the den. George went around the rock to see if it would be possible to dig into the den from the back, but there was too much rock there, and he gave up the attempt. Then he tried to make the bear come out by poking it with a long pole. This expedient failing also, George built a fire in the mouth of the den, but the draft was not good, and his efforts to smoke the bear out were equally futile.

George, like all good hunters, is persistent, and as he could not get the bear any other way, as a last resort he determined to enter the den and shoot the bear in his stronghold. He wormed his way in on his stomach far enough to see the glitter of the bear's eyes, but he was so "crushed" down, as he expressed it, by the rocky top of the opening, that he could not get his rifle in position to aim. He pointed it in the general direction of the bear and fired, and then backed out as quickly as he could, just in time to escape the rush of the bear, which was fortunately hampered by the same narrow passage. George was on his feet in an instant, and finished the bear by a well-directed shot just as it emerged into the outer air. His first shot had given it an ugly wound in the lower part of the body.

A Cannibal Bear.

George has had a wide range of experience with bears, but never found another bear just like the one that figures in this story, which had acquired a taste for the flesh of his kind, and preyed on other bears at a time when other food was obtainable.

"I was trapping one fall away from home," said George. "It was a good season for wild fruit—nuts and berries were plentiful—and the bears were out late. One day the snow fell six inches deep. That morning when I left camp I came across three bear tracks. There were two cubs and a she bear. I followed the tracks to where they had dened up and got all three.

"Next day I found an extra large track. I followed it all day and had to give it up at night. I went back to camp and got my blankets and ax, and the next day with my friend I went after that bear again. We followed him for two days. He was wandering around and never got very far away from our camp. We thought he was looking for a place to den up, but I found afterward it was something else he was looking for. Finally we had to give it up and leave the track.

"The next day when I left my camp I came on fresh tracks of this same bear close by, and I saw that his tracks were bleeding. I followed them back and found what he had been up to.

"He had at last discovered another small bear in his den, and he had rooted him out and killed him and eaten him all up. There was nothing left but some hair and teeth and a piece of the skull. In the fight the other bear had bitten him in the feet and that made them bleed. We followed his track two days more, but didn't get him, and then we had to give it up, for we had no more grub. That big bear had plenty else to eat, but he liked bear's flesh the best."

At Close Quarters.

There are mishaps in all professions, and sometimes the tables are turned on the professional bear hunter. The nearest George ever came to suffering at the claws of a bear was once when two cubs sprung one of his traps, one being caught by a front leg and the other by a hind leg. When George appeared on the scene the old mother bear sat beside the two trapped cubs, and George made his first error of judgment, supposing that it was the old bear that was caught, and that the young ones were influenced to remain solely by their instinct of filial affection.

George wanted all the bears, so he fired at the cubs first. Cub No. 1 fell dead with a bullet through its brain, but the second cub was only wounded, and enraged by its cries the mother started for George, rising on her hind legs and cracking her teeth. Seeing that she was free from the trap, George fired at her head and she dropped and lay as if dead.

Here George made his second error of judgment. It happened when he was much less experienced than he is now. He set up his rifle against a tree, and with only his tomahawk in hand advanced toward the bear. The animal lay perfectly still, but just as he reached it George noticed by the expression of intelligence in its eye that it was watching him. The next instant the bear reached for George and almost got him. His tomahawk was broken and his stockings torn. Fortunately, his gun was near at hand, and George reached the place a little quicker than the bear, and was master of the situation once more. A slower man than George might not have reached the gun, in which case he would have paid dearly for his mistakes.

Some Adirondack Yarns.

Mort Moody's story-telling habit seems to have affected the majority of the Adirondack guides. Old Court Moody, they say, is a great trapper. All he has to do when he wants muskrat pelts is to go to the bank of the Saranac River and call "Moody, Moody," and the rats come trooping out to be skinned.

Charley Stevens, another old-time "rusty trapper" can "make a saple and catch him in twenty-four hours with a darn good coat of hair on its back." Mort Brewster and Sam Barton, of the Marcy trail cabin, told stories illustrating the idiosyncrasies of some of the would-be sportsmen who visit the Adirondacks. Barton started to drive a deer out to a city man on a runway last fall, and succeeded instead in sending out a good lively specimen of a bear. The city man banged away at the bear with a buckshot gun, but never even hit the timber, his broadsides going over the tops of the tree. When Barton reached the spot the city man described the affair graphically, and wound up by asking Barton if he had not heard the bear yell when he fired. "Why, certainly I didn't," said Barton. "You hollered so yourself I couldn't hear anything else." As a matter of fact, the city man, as is often the case with green hunters, had been so badly rattled that he first fired at random and then when the game didn't fall dead at the sound, called frantically for his guide to stop the bear.

Rogers' Blind-Boarded Bull.

This suggested the story of Rogers' blind-boarded bull. Twenty-eight years ago Barton was starting the dogs over toward the middle kilns on the east side of Cata-mont Mountain. As he returned along one of the ridges he saw a big Durham bull belonging to a man named Rogers traveling through the second-growth cherry brush in the general direction of Jerome Snow and Johnnie Agnew, who were watching on stands nearly a quarter of a mile away. The bull had a good-sized blind board fastened from its horns, and any one with half an eye could see that it was not wild game. Jerome Snow, however, had sampled the contents of his pocket flask so often that he was not in a condition to discriminate nicely, and at his first sight of the bull in the bushes he yelled to Johnnie Agnew, "A bear! A bear!" and opened fire. Before Barton could intervene a good deal of ammunition had been wasted on the bull, but fortunately for the marksman their aim was very bad and the bull escaped.

The standing joke after that was to bellow like a bull at Jerome Snow.

Whisky is no longer the essential in the hunter's outfit it was at the time when the man who outfitted for a week's trip procured four gallons of whisky and a loaf of bread, and was criticised by his companion on the

score that he had brought too little whisky and too much bread.

Whisky was often responsible for atrocious shooting on the part of naturally good marksmen. One such hunter who had emptied his magazine without result at a deer, which crossed the road within thirty feet of where he stood, explained his miss by stating that he saw the deer double and kept shooting at the wrong one.

Playing a Tenderfoot.

"We had a fellow in camp with us one time who queered our hunting so that we didn't get a deer," said Brewster.

"He was a drug clerk, named Lamp. We taught Mr. Lamp a lesson before he got out of the woods.

"I took my dog, old Lunk we called him—he was a great dog for a hang on in a stream—and I drove a deer right down to where this Lamp stood, and as I heard a shot about the right time, I never thought but what there'd be venison in camp. When I got there I found the man had shot a partridge. Said just after he shot he saw the dog come along and cast up stream and down, and then take the back track away from there. Had just deliberately wasted his chance of getting that deer that I and old Lunk had been at so much trouble to send him.

"When we got to camp I told Sam about it before the drug clerk, and he looked the fellow over and said, 'You prepare an altar, Mort, and we'll offer up a sacrifice. I've got the lamb for it.'

"That was just a sample of the way Lamp spoiled our buck when we came out. Sam put up a job on him. He told him I'd killed a nice buck down stream about three miles, but that we hesitated about carrying it out, it was such a task to get it. Finally Sam suggested that we flip up a cent to see who got the deer. He had it all fixed, so that it fell to Lamp—a professional gambler couldn't have done it better—and off Lamp went for the deer. Three days after we left, a party came out from the still waters of Cold River, and reported that they met Lamp three miles from Moose Pond, in the vicinity of where Sam said the deer was, still looking for it."

A Little Learning.

The wooded island in the stream is reached by a subterranean passage, which emerges behind the shelter of a teepee. The daily newspapers had it that La Bris, the one-armed French-Canadian trapper, who has a cabin on the island, had lost his arm as the result of an encounter with a bear. To get the details of the story, I visited the island, and seated on a bench beside La Bris and his companion, Arthur Pineault, inquired about the accident.

"Him fadder shoot arm off with gun," said Pineault. "They go to Big Island. Saw some ducks in water. The gun she lay on the bed. Fadder take gun—"

"I see," said I. "Do you trap many bears?"

Pineault took my pencil and wrote down "menk, mouskerat, fox, bob-cart."

"Cat!" I said.

"No," said Pineault, "b-o-b-c-a-r-t."

Squatted on a pile of shavings near by, Kabiosa was whittling arrows from bolts split from a straight-grained cedar block, using a knife that was as crooked as a farrier's, and drawing it toward him as the Chinese work.

A chubby Indian boy four or five years old wanted a paddle, and Kabiosa gravely proceeded to fashion one. When he had finished he called the child to him, and patting his own nose with his finger said, "Now, pay me for it."

The little rascal refused, however, the tribute of an Indian kiss, and snatched the paddle and ran off laughing. "I am tired," said the old Ojibway; "tired of talk. I was once brain broken." "How was that?" I asked. "From over study," said the Indian.

I looked at him inquiringly, but there was no suggestion of a smile. "Were you studying for the priesthood?" I asked.

"Not exactly that—it was study."

Further than this he did not explain. Only he said, "What little brain I had once, now I think I have lost. Of the questions every one asks there is no end."

Big Game with Small Shot.

Kabiosa volunteered this information, that he still uses bow and arrow for killing partridge and rabbits. Joe Francis once killed a caribou with No. 7 shot. Mr. Harris, of the C. P. R., showed me the skin of a large moose which had been killed with BB shot at a probable distance of about thirty yards. It was killed by Chief Baumequinck. We counted the pellets in the skin over the animal's foreshoulder and found that forty-two pellets had hit the moose. The shot made a good open pattern, which would have killed a partridge without tearing it.

Holding a Bear by the Ears.

"My grandfather's brother had a hand to hand fight with a bear," said Joe Francis, the Maine Penobscot Indian guide. He was paddling down a stream and saw a bear and two cubs in the water ahead. He killed the cubs with his hatchet and then paddled to head off the she bear from the shore. He was tending his muskrat traps and had no gun.

"There was an ox-bow bend in the stream only a few feet across, and as the bear landed on this my grandfather's brother jumped ashore to head her off. As he raised his hatchet to strike it caught in an alder branch and was flipped out of his hand, and the bear, which was standing up, grabbed both his arms and drew him toward her. She was going to bite him in the face.

"He grabbed the bear by both ears and held her off, and there they stood face to face. The bear gradually sunk its claws through the muscles of his arms, and he lost a good deal of blood, but he hated to let go for he knew the bear would bite him if he did.

"At last he dropped his right hand and reached for his sheath knife in his belt. The bear snapped her head round on his left wrist and bit it, so that it looked till they buried him as though it had been shot through with buckshot. With his right hand he slashed underneath at the bear, and as luck would have it, he missed the ribs and ripped her right open. She held him fast till her insides ran out. Afterward he had to paddle two miles, to camp and he was laid up all that summer from his bites."

J. B. BURNHAM.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST

Western Duck Shooting Begins.

CHICAGO, ILL., March 13.—A phenomenally warm spell of weather still obtains here, and the winter seems to be badly damaged if not entirely shelved. The streams are taking on greater volume daily, and indeed all things augur as good a season for spring duck shooting as can be expected in this part of the world. Within a few days the ice should be out of our lakes and marshes, and this is enough to hold for a time at least the early flight which has already appeared at this latitude. Three days ago the ice was still holding at Fox Lake, in upper Illinois, only the river being open, but the birds were in, and a few shooters, among these Eddie Pope, of this city, had a short taste of sport. Mr. Pope only got a half dozen birds or so, but one of these was a good, fat canvasback, which he said proved delicious on the table. He thinks Fox Lake will open within a few days.

Hennepin Club has formally opened the spring season, and a number of shooters go to that club this evening, among these Mr. J. V. Clarke and two relatives, who today confidently expressed the belief that they would strike the marsh at just about the right time.

Mr. Hempstead Washburne and Mr. W. L. Wells left last night for a try for a mallard or so at Goose Lake, Ill., at a small preserve near the Kankakee. Wagers were made to-day that they would get a dozen birds between them. Nobody expects any more to make a big bag in this much-shot country, and more interest attaches to a bag of a dozen birds to-day than would have been shown over one of fifty a few years ago.

Snipe.

A great eagerness prevails among Chicago shooters to get track of good jack snipe grounds located in the State of Illinois and not too far from Chicago. The license law in Indiana keeps most of the snipe shooters of Chicago out of that State. Momence, Mineral, and Morris are three points mentioned favorably, and attention is called by the knowing ones to the inland sloughs west of this city. Mineral is the best of the three localities named.

Off the Reservation.

Mr. Sam F. Fullerton, the executive agent of the Minnesota game and fish commission, paused at this office long enough to say good morning one day this week. He is off his reservation for a little side hunt. Minnesota is still there, and the game is increasing under hustling Fullerton.

|Better than Ever.

"Wonderland" for 1902 is better than ever. Mr. Olim D. Wheeler, of the passenger department of the Northern Pacific railway, succeeds in infusing a genuine literary flavor as well as a vital news interest into these annual contributions to railroad literature. Mechanically, as well, the current number is beautiful and artistic beyond comparison with the products of railway book making in the past. The landscapes are splendid and the game pictures especially stirring.

Phenomenal Western Flight of Wildfowl.

March 15.—As was stated in these columns last week, there appeared some ten days ago indications of the beginning of the duck flight in this part of the country. It was supposed that the week just past would witness some shooting, of about the average extent known in the past few years. Nobody predicted or suspected that there would be any such happenings as have gone on in this quiet region for the last four or five days. In short, we have had this week the heaviest flight of pintails and mallards recorded for twenty years, and old shooters of the Illinois valley say that not in thirty years have they ever seen so many pintails as came up the Illinois valley, the first two or three days of this week. What the flight of bluebills and redheads may mean later it is only guesswork to predict, but certainly the early marsh ducks have not altogether left the old Mississippi flyway in their spring flight.

It is not known whether or not all this tremendous flight of wildfowl has gone on north beyond this latitude at this writing, but the likelihood is that this heavy and concentrated flight is to be but a matter of a few days' duration. The causes of it are equally problematical. Of course there is the jubilant outcry of the man who says there are "just as many ducks to-day as there ever were." To this little attention need be paid. Perhaps the better enforcement of the spring shooting laws in neighboring States, perhaps the increasing respect shown for game laws all over the West, may have something to do with the greater abundance of birds this year. Older and conservative shooters, however, believe that the heavy flight on the Illinois River valley is due to the fact that many of the large marshes like the Winnebago marsh are dry this spring, so that the birds have been concentrated and not scattered over a wide stretch of country.

As to the figures, which, of course, will prove to be the most interesting feature of this interesting news, it may be stated that on last Monday Harry Dunnell, at Fox Lake, Ill., bagged 125 birds, mostly pintails. This pintail flight seems to have swung from the Illinois River directly up on the Fox Lake line, for on Monday and Tuesday but few birds were reported on the Tolleston marsh. It is probable that the great army of pintails traveled steadily northward along the big waters and did not stop to feed, for the heaviest bags made on the lower Illinois River grounds, where are located several prominent sporting clubs, were made in the early days of the week. On one such preserve a shooter who does not care to have his name quoted killed 102 birds on last Tuesday, shooting in the same boat with one of the best known pushers of the club. On Wednesday of this week yet another Chicago gentleman, who likewise declines to have his name mentioned, bagged an even 100 birds, the same pusher being in the boat with him. The pusher killed only about 40 of the birds. The flight is described by both of the above gentlemen as being the heaviest they had ever seen. The pintails came in in swarms, and decoyed beautifully, coming directly to the guns, flock after flock, in apparently unending stream. The sight on this big marsh at

evening was a wonderful one, as there seemed absolutely thousands of these birds coming in toward dusk and settling here, there and everywhere, or moving about restlessly looking for any indications of feed.

On the day following the two heavy bags above recorded on this marsh, another Chicago gentleman bagged 54 birds, mostly pintails and mallards. Others on the same waters had very fair success, the above bags being, however, the heaviest made.

The Hennepin Club members must have met the same flight this week, and although no records have as yet come up from that marsh, it is likely that we shall hear of some very heavy bags having been made there.

Fox Lake is opening up, the ice being loose and rotten. In Pistakee Bay there has been considerable open water, and on Thursday the canvasbacks and redheads had begun to show in this part of the Fox Lake chain. Ben Stirling, of Fox Lake neighborhood, on that day killed 18 canvasbacks and 10 redheads before 9 o'clock in the morning. It was reported on Friday that Pistakee Bay was full of birds, so that it would seem the first of the deep water ducks are in and that within the next two or three days the bluebills and blackies may be expected.

Eddie Pope and W. L. Wells leave to-morrow for a try at the birds on Fox Lake, and in view of the foregoing advices it would seem likely that they should meet with very fair success.

Mr. Washburne and Mr. Wells were too far east for the flight on their recent trip to the Goose Lake country. They saw thousands of birds, but the weather was fair and the flight was traveling, so that they only got seven birds.

Mr. C. C. Hess, of the Goose Lake Shooting Club, leaves to-day for his second visit to that marsh this spring, and he ought to get a few birds at least.

From this it may be seen that we have had the most encouraging outlook for duck shooting here this spring known in many years. It is hardly more than an outlook, and perhaps might more properly be called to-day a retrospect, for it is quite possible that the birds have swept on to the north and that our future shooting will have to come in on the bluebill flight which is now nearly due. The flight is to-day reported at Fox Lake and Poygan, in Wisconsin.

Early Jacksnipe.

On Thursday, March 13, jacksnipe were noted on Swan Lake marsh, the first of which I have heard this spring. Some three or four years ago there was a heavy flight of jacksnipe at Koutts, Ind., on the date of March 17. These birds came in on some burned marsh, and it is worth noting that both plover and jacksnipe very frequently prefer marsh which has been burned over the preceding fall. The black surface seems to draw the heat of the sun more quickly than grass-covered marsh, and the worms, perhaps, appear there more quickly than elsewhere. This tip is worth bearing in mind.

Early Geese.

Swan Lake marsh showed hundreds of blue geese on Thursday of this week. Yesterday a fourteen year old boy killed four geese on Skokie marsh, just north of Chicago. Geese are reported in Fox Lake, Wis., I should think 150 miles north of here, and Mr. D. J. Hotchkiss, of the latter place, killed one with a rifle this week. Several flocks of geese have been marked, going out from Lake Michigan over the bluffs of the northern residence part of this city during the last three days.

Endurance of Antlers.

Some years ago a farmer digging in the marsh south of Fond du Lac, Wis., at the foot of Lake Winnebago, unearthed several pairs of elk antlers which were in a very fair state of preservation. No elk had been seen in that State for more than forty years. This week a deer antler was found in the mud of Beaver Dam marsh, of the same State. The deer horn is reported to have been black and hard as ebony and must have been imbedded in the mud for many years. It seems to be the property of water to preserve rather than to rot the antlers of the deer family. Everyone has heard of the vast pile of elk antlers which were found overgrown with willows and trees in the bog of the Castalia stream of Ohio many years ago.

The Record Sheep Head.

Confirming my statement in the FOREST AND STREAM of March 1, Mr. Thos. W. Fraine, of Rochester, N. Y., writes: "I note what you say of the sheep. Inclosed please find photograph of the head I mounted for you in 1896. Weight of skull without jaw, 37 pounds; length of horns, 40 and 41½ inches; girth at base, 18¾ inches; girth, 1 inch from tip, 6¾ inches. There may be finer sheep heads, but I have not seen or heard of them."

Why They Don't Kill.

Mr. Adam Moore, one of the best-known guides of New Brunswick, writes as below, giving some reasons why the small-bore rifles at times do not stop their game at once. He says: "There is a cause for bad shooting which I think would explain some things about lost or wounded moose. It is that the sportsman often shoots from a light and cranky canoe. There is generally considerable excitement at the time a moose is shot at, and you could not expect an excited man to shoot very accurately from a narrow and cranky canoe. Perhaps you noticed that our canoes are 36-inch beam, flattened on the bottom to give good bearings. This makes them steady, so when the guide is cool and used to his business, you can guess why it is that the .30-40 in our country has been so deadly on moose. Of course, this does not apply where the moose have been shot at from land, but the majority of the wounded and dead moose have been shot at from canoes and not from land. Not every one seems to have got on to this in the discussion, but I think you can see how it might work."

Small Game Preserves.

A recent feature in Chicago sportsmanship is the picking up of small game preserves, commonly bits of marsh lands or good ducking waters, by little associations of sportsmen. Thus Mr. Oswald von Lengerke, of this city, this week joins with three gentlemen who will in all likeli-

hood purchase a little preserve near Morris, Ill. This is Illinois River country, and the longest open water on the marsh is only about three-quarters of a mile in extent. A fuller report will follow upon investigation by the members. They figure that it is better to have a little shooting to one's self than an undivided interest in an open region that is beset by a multitude of guns. This preserve, the Goose Lake preserve, and that of Mr. Washburne, adjoining, are all small, but valuable preserves, and easily accessible from the big city.

About Stopping the Sale of Game.

The doctrine of stopping the sale of game has in one or two instances given offense to those who consider it their privilege to do as they like "on their own land." Yet that it is wise doctrine, and as such highly fit to be incorporated into the rules of every sportsmen's club, as well as the creed of every individual sportsman's life, is at least suggested by the action of the newly reorganized Grand Island hunting preserve of Springfield, Ill. That body permits no member to "sell the fruits of his gun or rod."

E. HOUGH.
HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Non-Resident Licenses.

GREENSBURG, Pa., March 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The laws imposing a license on non-resident hunters or sportsmen, passed by several of the States, are to me legislation of the most vicious character; beside, I think they violate the Constitution of the United States. Article IV., Section 2, provides as follows: "The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States."

When the State of West Virginia, for instance, enacts a law that requires of a Pennsylvanian the taking out of a license there to hunt, and imposes penalties for not doing so, and imposes no such restrictions upon the citizens of that State, the Pennsylvanian does not have the same privileges and immunities that are guaranteed by the section of the Constitution just quoted. The State of West Virginia may lawfully reserve the use of its public buildings and its own property for the use of its own citizens; and if it were the owner of lands abounding in game, it might restrict the right to hunt on those lands to its own citizens, but it has no right to prefer its own citizens to citizens of any other State, as to lands it does not own. The State has no property in the game upon its mountains, and, so far as I know, the owners of the mountains have none. Such legislation cannot be sustained under any claim of police power.

The proposition of John F. Haynes to require of the Maine guides the taking out of a license of \$10 because it would bring in a revenue, is based upon no consideration of reason. He is a guide, of course, and I suppose would want the law to exclude citizens of other States, regardless of the constitutional provision aforesaid. The protection of game is a proper regulation for any State, and so long as no exceptions are made to its own citizens, no fault can be found, but the imposing of license fees on non-residents is another matter.

J. A. C. RUFFNER.

Some Canadian Deer Statistics.

AYLMER, East Quebec, March 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose a report of the deer and moose shipped from parts of the Province of Quebec, and a few points on the line of the C. P. R., from Pembroke to Mattawa, which borders on our Province, and which I have no doubt were shot in Quebec Province.

N. E. CORMIER,

Provincial Game Warden and Fishery Overseer.

Statement of deer, moose and caribou forwarded by express from points in Province of Quebec during months of October, November and December, 1901: Arundel, 12; Buckingham, 25; Calumet, 2; Campbell's, 15; Conception, 4; Coulonge, 26; Gracefield, 67; Kazabazua, 183; Labelle, 208; McKees, 8; Megantic, 200; Montebello, 19; North-Nation Mills, 1; North-Wakefield, 43; Papineauville, 282; Point au Chene, 29; Scotstown, 40; Shawville, 65; St. Jovite, 6; Thurso, 25; Venosta, 1; Wakefield, 3; Waltham, 6. Total, 1,276. The shipments by month were: October, 477; November, 632; December, 167. Total, 1,276.

S. T. STEWART,

Superintendent Dominion Express Co., Quebec Division.

TORONTO, Ont., Feb. 1.—Mr. N. E. Cormier, Provincial Game Warden for Quebec. Dear Sir: Your request re number of deer shipped from points in Ontario, between Ottawa and Mattawa, during the open season of 1902. Below we give you the information requested: Ottawa, 10; Almonte, 1; Arnprior, 10; Sand Points, 1; Renfrew, 3; Pembroke, 12; Deux Rivieres, 1; Klock, 1; Mattawa, 1; Kippewa, 3 deer, 19 moose and 2 bears; Temiskaming, 4 moose heads. Total, 43 deer, 23 moose, 2 bears.

J. A. BOSWELL,

Superintendent Ontario Division Dominion Express Co.

The Pennsylvania Season.

SAYRE, Pa., March 14.—The flow of the sugar maple and the soft call of the uneasy crow are not the only unfailing indications of spring's gay approach. Robins have been in evidence for a month. Several bluebirds put in an appearance early the present week, and this morning I listened to the tuneful melody of a chorus of song sparrows in the rear of the Packer Hospital.

The past winter has been one of unusual severity for game birds in this part of Pennsylvania. Disastrous floods, heavy snowfall and many other unusual elemental conditions have operated to the disadvantage of feathered game. Especially does this apply to the meager quail supply holding a precarious existence along the Chemung River flats and adjacent territory.

I have for some time been unable to locate or learn concerning the beavies referred to in these columns last fall, but I greatly fear for their welfare, unless some kindly disposed farmer, out of a bountiful granary, has generously contributed to their needs. As the season advances it is to be hoped we may learn more fully in regard to the actual numbers and condition of these brave little tenants of the fence corners and hedgerows.

M. CHILL.

Stop the Sale of New York Game.

JERSEY CITY.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am a constant reader of your publication, FOREST AND STREAM, and am greatly interested in the comments published therein relative to the prospective law, prohibiting the sale of game birds at any and all seasons of the year.

I am a native New Yorker, and spend my annual vacation in upper New York, hunting birds and other small game, and therefore have had an excellent opportunity of observing the condition respective to this matter.

My personal observation, as to the destruction of small game in order to supply the market, is convincing that the passage of such a law would be of great benefit to the sportsmen. Locations where five years ago a person could go and hunt and be sure of a good day's sport, is now practically extinct of these birds. This is practically getting to be the condition of many parts of New York State, where game was a short time ago in abundance.

I have written to several friends of mine living in New York State, urging them to write to their respective representatives in the State Legislature, asking them to vote for this measure.

I feel certain that if this measure can be sent through that it will mean old-time hunting for us who enjoy this sport, and will certainly put an end to that infamous style of hunting called "pot-hunting," of which there is so much at the present time. This last named is the most destructive means of game extermination, as it is snared and trapped, and, in fact, any way to insure its capture.

H. P. NICHOLS.

Suffolk County Wildfowl.

GUNNERS in the eastern portion of the Great South Bay have been having great shooting for the past two or three weeks. Broadbill and brant have come on in goodly numbers, and great bags of birds have been made. It is said that the market-shooters have been killing from fifty to eighty birds a day to a rig, and as these bring sixty cents a pair in New York market, the rewards are ample.

The local papers announce that Dr. Robinson, member of Assembly for Suffolk county, has killed all the bills in the Legislature interfering at all with the present privileges of gunners and fishermen on Long Island. This may be assumed to mean that he has succeeded in strangling all bills shortening the time for shooting or fishing.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

The Megantics Getting Ready.

BOSTON, March 17.—The season looks early and the members of the Megantic Club are already making plans for the early fishing. The senior partner of a business house here remarked Saturday that he should be obliged to tie the junior partner, "these warm days have made him so uneasy. He'll be gone for the Megantic preserve before I know it." The directors are putting all the camps in thorough repair. A new ell will be built at the main club house, for a kitchen and laundry. Formerly the members and guests were obliged to laundry their single shifts in the lake, before the other guests were up in the morning. Now this is all changed, and the next thing will be to prepare for dress suits. A new camp at Chain of Ponds is being built; also a dining camp at Arnold Pond. A new camp is proposed at Northwest Pond, with many other improvements. The boats, landings and trails are not being neglected. The interest in this club continues unabated, and the best reason to be ascribed is that the management is good. Spite of Mr. Carleton's displeasure that the club did not vote to sustain his hunters' license scheme at their annual dinner, it will go on flourishing, so long as it is run as a hunting and fishing club purely. Too much improvement, however, will drive members away. Mr. N. G. Manson, of Camp Leatherstocking, Richardson Lake, Me., was in Boston Wednesday. He is planning for a great season at the Rangeleys this summer. Mr. Goldsmith, of New York, who built a beautiful camp just below Leatherstocking last year, is also buying supplies and making ready. On the hunters' license question Mr. Manson is very pronounced. "It will drive moose and deer hunters elsewhere. Why don't Mr. Carleton propose taxing the game killed for his revenue, if he must have it? To tax non-resident hunters as they go into the State would be about as foolish as for a big dry goods store to charge everybody for going in and looking for bargains. It would seem more reasonable to make customers pay as they take the goods. Prevent the guides and residents of Maine from shooting more than their legal quota of game, and no further protection will be needed. Only last fall Mr. Carleton was telling about the great increase of deer in Maine, and that moose were holding their own. Now he says that big game is rapidly disappearing, and that without more wardens it will soon all be gone. At the last session of the Maine Legislature he fought hard to save his September license scheme; one of the worst laws for the deer that it would be possible to pass."

SPECIAL.

An Irish Fishing Story.

THERE is a good fishing story in an Irish contemporary. Two enthusiastic anglers arranged a fishing match to decide the respective merits of the worm and the minnow as bait. For hours they sat patiently on a bank without getting so much as a nibble. At last the proprietor of the worm suddenly said that he had got a bite, and, jerking his line out of the water, discovered at the end of it the other man's minnow, which, having by this time grown hungry, had devoured his worm.—London Globe.

Alvah Dunning.

ALVAH G. DUNNING, one of the oldest and best known guides in the Adirondack region, was found dead in his room at the Dudley House, Utica, on the morning of Tuesday, March 11, having been asphyxiated by illuminating gas. Mr. Dunning went to the hotel the evening previous, arriving in time for supper. After the evening meal he complained of feeling somewhat ill and sat alone, half-drowsing, in a corner of the office. Shortly before 8 o'clock he said he would retire, and asked that he be called about 8 A. M. The bellboy who showed him to his room asked him if he should not turn off the gas for him, but the old guide replied that he guessed he had been around on earth long enough to run a gas burner, and would take care of it himself. That was the last seen of him alive. When the clerk went to his room and called him in the morning, in accordance with his request, there was no response. The door of the apartment was accordingly forced open and the cause of the guest's silence was at once apparent. The room was full of illuminating gas, which had escaped from a gas cock nearly a quarter open, and its occupant was dead. Mr. Dunning's death is believed to have been purely accidental.

Alvah Dunning was born in the great northern wilderness eighty-six years ago, and nearly his entire life was spent within its confines. He attended nature's school, and with experience as a teacher, acquired such a knowledge of woodcraft as could never have been obtained from books or learned professors. Beyond a doubt he was one of the best woodsmen, one of the most expert hunters and one of the most successful trappers the Adirondack region has ever known. His father moved from Vermont to Lake Pleasant, Hamilton county, N. Y., in 1804, being, of course, a pioneer in that portion of the wilderness. The elder Dunning was also a hunter and trapper, and a noted Indian fighter as well, having served under Sir William Johnson before and during the Revolutionary War. It is said that shortly after the war a number of men were in a village tavern talking over Revolutionary exploits, when an Indian—of whom there were several in the company—boasted of having committed a particularly atrocious murder, the victim being a young white woman who had previously resided in that locality. Dunning caught up a bundle of traps that lay near him and crushed the Indian's skull by a single blow. He was tried for his life and acquitted. Alvah Dunning was born near Piseco Lake, Hamilton county, in June, 1816, and at the age of six years began to assist his father in trapping and hunting. For several years he resided in the vicinity of his birthplace, and then removed to the Raquette Lake region, acting, at the age of eleven years, as the guide for the first party of white hunters that ever visited that lake. Before he was twelve years old he had killed his first moose, and he is quoted as saying that during his lifetime he killed upward of one hundred. It is said also that he shot the last specimen of the Adirondack moose. This was in March, 1862, and while he and Ben Batchelor were hunting together. They followed a bear which Dunning had wounded, and after going some distance came across the tracks of two moose, a bull and a cow. They killed the bull that day and pursued the cow all the next day, and killed her just at nightfall. Dunning also claimed that he trapped the last of the Adirondack beaver.

When he removed to Raquette Lake Dunning built a home for himself on Osprey Island, which is the present site of the palatial summer residence of J. H. Ladew, of New York. He subsequently moved several times, but did not settle at any point very far from Raquette Lake. In the fall of 1874 he erected a camp on Eighth Lake, Fulton Chain, to escape from the path of advancing civilization, but in a few years returned to Raquette and built at Brown's Tract Inlet, where he remained up to a comparatively recent date. The invasion of the wilderness by the summer tourist, with the railroad and the modern hotels which soon followed, filled the old man's breast with a spirit of misgiving for his future comfort and welfare. He saw the site upon which had once stood his humble hut, and in which he had entertained Grover Cleveland, occupied by a bustling railroad yard. The waters where he had caught trout, hunted moose and deer, and trapped beaver and otter, were frequented by pleasure boats, and so he turned his face toward the setting sun and started for the Rocky Mountains, in the hope of enjoying the solitude which was no longer to be found in the Adirondacks. For a time he hunted and fished in the Dakotas and Michigan, but he failed to find the seclusion which he desired, and it was not long before he returned to his former haunts. Broken in spirit, he once more camped about Raquette Lake, and guided hunting and fishing parties for such men as Collis P. Huntington, William West Durant, Lieut.-Gov. Woodruff, J. Pierpont Morgan and others. He came out of the woods every winter of late years, and for a time last winter boarded with the family of James Raymond, No. 54 Spring street, Utica. It is said that in 1865, while making his home at Raquette Lake and doing trapping, he drew his fur on a hand sled fifty-five miles to Boonville and returned with a load of provisions. By those who know him best he was spoken of as an affable, hospitable man of the old type of woodsmen, all of whom were quite inclined to look on the game laws as infringements on the rights of those who lived in the woods.

Dunning never tired of telling the story of how many years ago he trapped the last beaver in the Adirondacks. He was reconnoitering the woods one day in the spring, he said, and discovered a new beaver dam. New beaver dams had become so rare that this one was the first that Dunning had seen in a long time. The sight caused him

to rejoice, for beaver pelts were worth at that time from \$20 to \$25 each. He made the mistake of waiting to trap them until the next winter, when he thought the pelts would be in better condition. "I hadn't calculated on Uncle Enos," he said, "and Uncle Enos was an old and experienced beaver trapper. I was sharing the camp of Uncle Enos at that time, and it is likely that I'd have carried my beaver through until winter all right if there hadn't been a cranberry marsh near where I had discovered the beaver dam. Uncle Enos took it into his head one day that he'd like some cranberries, and he went out to pick some on the marsh. A man named Gilmore happened to be at the camp, and he went along with Uncle Enos, and if he hadn't I never would have trapped the last beaver. Uncle Enos found the marsh under water. 'Dry weather,' he said, 'and the marsh under water, eh? That means that there is a beaver dam somewhere around here.' Uncle Enos hunted for it and found it. He never said a word to me about it, but three weeks later Gilmore told me. Then I discovered later that Uncle Enos was keeping his eye on the dam, too, and intended to put in a trap by and by, when the season got right. I tried for awhile to keep my eyes on Uncle Enos and the beaver, too, but it was risky. I was afraid to take any chances, so I put in my trap right away. The second night I got a beaver, and it was a whopper. It weighed 50 pounds. I didn't get any more. That old fellow was the only tenant



ALVAH DUNNING.

From photograph, copyright, 1891, by J. R. Stoddard.

the dam had, and he was the last of his race. If I had only put in my trap the spring before, or if Uncle Enos hadn't forced me to capture it for self-protection, the last beaver would have brought me \$25, but as it was I only got \$5 for it."

His account of how he killed his first moose before he was twelve years old, is very interesting. He had killed several deer, and even bears, but his father had up to that time refused to let him go moose hunting, because a moose hunt was apt to tax the pluck and endurance of hardy men. On this particular occasion his father had discovered signs of moose near their settlement, and he was going to run the animal down. The boy begged so hard to go along that his father told him that as the moose was not far away, he might lead the dog, which he was to keep in leash until he heard the word from his father, and then let it go. "Then you can follow," said his father, "and if you are there quick enough you can see me kill the moose." Alvah was glad to have that much of a part in a moose hunt, and took his rifle along to make the trip seem more real. He had often heard his father say that a moose was afraid of a man, and would flee at sight or scent of one until miles were placed between them, but that a dog at his heels enraged a moose, and it would stop and engage its pursuer in battle. "I kept thinking of this," said Alvah, "and the more I thought the more I made up my mind I'd kill the moose that day if we ever ran across it. Father was stealing along on the ridge and I was keeping even with him, only maybe a hundred yards distant. By and by the dog began to pull the string and wanted to go. I made up my mind he had the moose scented, and I quietly slipped his collar, and away he went. Father discovered that the dog was off and he yelled to me to know what I had let him loose for. 'He slipped his collar,' I yelled back, and away I went after the dog like the wind. I ran half a mile, I guess, and then caught up to him. My scheme had worked. The moose had stopped to have a fight with the dog. This was the first moose I had ever seen. It was a big bull, with a spread of horns that looked like a lot

of canoe paddles sticking out all over his head. He was crazy wild, and an ugly customer for any one to meet just then. But I didn't want to have him meet me. I got the chance as the dog maneuvered him about and sent a rifle ball straight over the butt of his ear. The moose dropped like a lump of lead and hardly kicked. I ran over, and when father came up I was leaning on my rifle with one foot resting on the body of the moose. Father looked a little surprised, but didn't let on. 'You knocked him over, did you?' he said. 'Yes,' I said, as if I had been in the habit of doing such a thing every day for years. 'I thought it wasn't worth while to wait and see you kill it.' Father didn't say anything, but went to work to skin out the big creature. As he peeled the hide off I could see that he kept looking for the bullet hole, and he got the hide entirely off without finding any. 'Why,' said he, 'this moose ain't been shot at all! It dropped dead because it was scared to death.' That sort o' made me sink, and I told father to look at the butt of the moose's ear. He did. He looked at the butt of both ears. There wasn't any bullet hole. My heart went clear down in my boots, for I had a plain, open shot at the moose, at not more than a hundred paces. But when father found the bullet in the moose's brain, I felt good again. The moose must have lowered his head a trifle just as I pulled the trigger, for the bullet had gone in at his ear and lodged in the brain without even making a scratch on the skin."

Mr. Dunning leaves a sister, who resides in Syracuse; a nephew, who lives at Panley's Place, near Stratford, Herkimer county, and a niece, whose home is in Catskill. The father of ex-Postmaster Charles A. Dunning, of Rome, is a cousin of his.

UTICA, N. Y., March 12. W. E. WOLCOTT.

Alvah Dunning was one of the "Men I Have Fished With," concerning whose qualities as men and fishermen Fred Mather wrote so felicitously. We are sure that many of the readers of Mr. Mather's sketch of Mr. Dunning will be glad to see it again; and here it is, as published in *FOREST AND STREAM* in 1897, and afterward republished in the volume, "My Angling Friends":

Only men who possess strongly marked personalities are capable of making strong friends and as equally strong enemies. The truth of this has been well shown in the replies to letters asking for information about the old woodsman who is probably the oldest of Adirondack guides. Carefully sifting these replies, it seems that Alvah is well liked by sportsmen whom he has served, and by a few dwellers in and around the great region of mountains and lakes which comprise about one-third of the great State of New York. Others dislike him, and among Adirondack guides he is, for some reason, the most unpopular man in the woods. To me any old man in the woods is interesting, and as individuality crops out more strongly in men who have never assumed the mask of civilization, we will try to see him with unprejudiced eyes.

Alvah will be eighty-one years old next June. He is tall, spare and wiry. A look at his picture, taken a few years ago by Stoddard, will show that his strongly marked face is full of character, grit and determination, and it looks like a face that could not be developed outside the woods. You can see that he dressed himself before he would pose for Stoddard, and that his new hat must be "taken" at all hazards. That is not the hat that the old man would wear when tracking a deer or poking through the brush up a stream to observe where the otter "uses." This proves that Alvah is really human, and has his vanities as well as the rest of mankind.

It was in 1865 that I first met Alvah and fished for trout with him in the Brown Tract Inlet and Raquette Lake. I was then regaining health after a long struggle all summer, and a couple of weeks with Alvah put on the finishing touches.

The old man—he was "old" to me then—took good care of me, and I returned much improved. His talk of woods life was very entertaining, and it was only a few weeks afterward that I became acquainted with his mortal enemy, Ned Buntline, also a fishing companion, so that I got Alvah's story while it was fresh. Friends of each man have so mixed up the case that it resembles the histories of Bonaparte as written by a French or an English pen.

Said he: "These woods is a-gittin' too full o' people fer comfort—that is, in summer time; fer they don't both the trappin' in the winter; but they're a-runnin' all over here in summer a-shootin' an' a-fishin', but they don't kill much, nor catch many fish; but they git in the way, an' they ain't got no business here disturbin' the woods."

"They pay you well for working for them, don't they, Alvah?"

"Yes, they do, durn 'em; or I wouldn't bother with 'em; but I druther they'd stay out o' my woods. They'll come anyhow, an' I might as well guide 'em, fer ef I don't some un else will, but I druther they'd keep their money and stay out of the woods. I can make a livin' without 'em, an' they'd starve to death here without me. They're the durndest lot of curiosities you ever seen; know more about guns an' killin' deer than any man in the woods; but when it comes to fishin' tackle, you'd oughter see it."

This talk occurred after we had fished several days and had looked over the otter "uses" and other interesting things to be found in the wilderness, and the old man's remarks seemed to be so severely personal that they provoked me to say: "I am very sorry to have disturbed you, and will go back home in the morning."

The old man looked up and said: "I didn't mean you; 'cause you seem to know how to sit inter a boat an' to know the voices of the birds an' how to fish. Now, don't

you go an' take a meanin' outer my words that I didn't mean."

"All right, Alvah! But if these people don't kill much game or fish they can't disturb you much, and I'm a little curious to know why you object so much to their coming here. The woods belong largely to the State, and they certainly have the right to come into them." This had the desired effect; it made the old man angry and drew his fire.

"Yes," he said, after turning the thing over in his mind in the deliberate manner common to men of the woods, "that's the worst of it; they've got a right to come here and disturb men who've made their homes in these woods all their lives, and many of 'em's fools. I hate fools, don't you?"

Here was a chance to classify fools and to quote Touchstone: "I met a fool in the forest," but that course might not have drawn the old man out, so I simply said: "I dunno, why?"

"Oh, they pester one so. A few years ago one came up here and tried to make me believe the world is round and turns over upside down in the night, and they all believe it, all of 'em, every durned one that I've spoke to about it. What d'ye think o' that?"

"I think they're wrong, of course, for we can see that these lakes don't spill out in the night. Yet this world can't be as flat as a pancake, for here are the mountains which disprove that, and as for turning over—"

"You don't believe it?"

"Not a word of it!" And we were friends.

When we met again in 1882 he recalled the trip, and at his camp on Raquette Lake he said: "Times is different now, an' wus. In them days nobody said a word if a poor man wanted a little meat an' killed it, but now they're a-savin' it until the dudes get time to come up here an' kill it, an' some of 'em leave a deer to rot in the woods, an' only take the horns of it's a buck, or the tail of it's a doe, just so's they can brag about it when they go home, an' they'd put me in jail ef I killed a deer when I needed meat. I dunno what we're a-comin' to in this free country."

There was nothing to be said on this subject, and I said it. When dinner time came he called me from the lake, and as we two sat at table said: "There's some cold boiled ham and here's a stew o' mountain mutton. Mebbe it's ag'in your principles to eat our mutton in June, so I sot out the ham. I'm goin' to eat the mutton, you can do as you like."

Ham can be had at any lunch counter. The deer had been killed, and a refusal to eat a portion of it would not restore it to life. Writing of it at this late day recalls Wilmot Townsend's picture of the flight of fourteen ducks and the query below: "Where would you hold?" The Lady or the Tiger?

Forty years ago Alvah and one of his brothers visited relatives at Albany, Ill., and his brother died there. That one visit satisfied Alvah with the outside world and he returned to Lake Pleasant, and since that time he has never been outside of Hamilton county, N. Y., where he has lived by hunting, trapping and guiding. The younger generation are disposed to crowd the old man out of the woods on account of his following his belief that game is free at all times to those who need it, and that the State has no right to pass laws concerning it. In conversation with me, my old friend and guide, E. L. Sheppard ("Jack") said: "I have known Alvah for thirty years, and he is an affable, hospitable man of the old style, all of whom looked on game laws as infringements on the rights of men who live in the woods. He is the last of a type that has passed. He kills a deer when he needs it; catches a trout out of season to bait his trap, firmly believes it a sin to kill wastefully, and destroys less game than many who cry out against him." There you have the opinion of one of the best of the Adirondack guides, as well as a picture of the man.

Mr. Bennett, of The Antlers, tells me that Alvah will not write any more, but in a recent interview with him he got the following from Alvah: "In 1858 Ned Buntline came into the woods to get away from civilization and write novels. Ned built a cabin on Eagle Lake which he called Eagle's Nest, and hired Alvah to work for him. They quarreled and Ned killed Alvah's hounds and they threatened to kill each other. In 1865 Alvah built a camp on Raquette Lake, where he lived alone, trapping, drawing his fur on a hand sled fifty-five miles to Boonville and bringing back provisions. It took a week to make the trip. One winter his skins of otter, fisher, marten, mink and bear brought him \$743. In 1874 his camp on Sunny Island was burned and he lost everything he owned. That fall he built a camp on Eighth Lake, Fulton Chain, to get out of the way of travel, but in a few years returned to Raquette and built at Brown's Tract Inlet, where he now lives, a much disgruntled man, who says the people are wandering all over and spoiling the woods. Fifty years ago the Adirondacks was indeed a wilderness known to but a few sportsmen. There were but few boats in it and no mode of travel except by water. Here Alvah Dunning lived, hunted and reigned supreme in 'his woods.'"

Rev. Thomas G. Wall, D.D., of New York city, to whom much of the information in this sketch is due, says: "Dunning has lived like an Indian, and forty years ago he looked like one, and is a very close imitation of some of Cooper's models—silent, stealthy in movement, full of resources; he could almost speak the language of the animals. I have seen him, by a peculiar chipper, call a mink from its hiding place in the rocks and shoot it, and have known him to bring a deer back into the water by bleating and making the noise of wading. Dunning was a true sportsman, never allowing more fish or game to be taken than was needed. He was employed by our party in 1856, when I first met him, and I have been with him many times since, and always enjoyed his society. Indeed, his excellence, when in his prime, was so generally known, that it excited much of the enmity with which he was regarded by some, for if he could be had he was always first choice."

When I met Alvah the last time—some half-dozen years ago—he was living in the past. The future had nothing in store but the destruction of the forests, or, what was as bad, their being run over by tourists or the building of expensive "camps" by wealthy men. The good times were in the distant past, when he never saw a strange face unless he went into the settlements. "They're

puttin' steamboats on the lakes to scare the trout to death, an' have built a railroad into Old Forge. They've put a lot o' black bass into Raquette Lake to eat up the few trout that's left, an' what good any one sees in a black bass is more'n I know."

To encourage him to talk, I said: "The black bass is a ganny fish—not as ganny nor as good for table as a trout—and I suppose they thought 'em better'n no fish," and so I excused the crime of putting bass in Adirondack waters just to see what Alvah would say.

He said: "They ain't a bit better than a sucker out of a cold brook, either to eat or to bait a trap, and as for game—well, I fish for fish when I want 'em, an' don't fool away my time playin' a trout, lettin' him run off an' then reelin' him up just to see the pole bend. When I hook a fish I use tackle that will stand it and bring him in 'thout watchin' his fightin' qualities, but I show him some of mine if he's got time to think about 'em afore he's my fish. No, sir, them black bass is the worst thing they could have put in these waters—worse'n pickerel, for the young pickerel can be eaten by a trout because his fins are soft, but these bass are like big sun-fish, and not a bit better."

The old man was not far out of the way in this matter. He had watched the new fish, and sized them up in his own fashion. The State Fish Commission had put the fish in the waters—or rather Seth Green did it in the name of the Commission, for in that early day he ran the work as he pleased—but the result was a howl, and a law was passed restraining the Commission from planting certain fishes in Adirondack waters.

About this time there was a discussion in the papers as to the scream of the pather, as the North American cougar, or puma, is called in the East, and while I was positive that I had heard one when a boy, I wanted the opinion of the old woodsman, and as he was baiting his hook I said: "Some people say that a panther screams and others say it never does. What's your opinion?"

He unhooked a trout and replied: "A panther is like a cat, hunts like a cat, always still. Now a cat is a silent animal and never makes a noise unless it wants something. A dog will bark just to hear his own voice, but a cat'll lie around the stove for a week and never make a sound unless it needs something. If it's hungry it may meow a little just to let you know it, but that is different from a mating call. Now, when the pather wants to find one of its kind it can get up a good loud screech. It's got to, for they ain't plenty and that call has got to go miles through the woods. Yes, they can put up a good stiff call for a partner when they want one, but they don't do it often. A man might be in these woods a hundred years and not hear a panther call more'n half a dozen times. They don't do it often and they are never plenty, like deer and bears."

"How long since there were any wolves in the Adirondacks, Alvah?"

"Wall, I don't just know azactly. When I was a boy they was common an' you could hear 'em howl o' nights along the lakes or up the mountains, an' we used to shoot 'em an' trap 'em, but never did no 'pizinin', like the' do out West. Let's see! They was plenty up to about the time General Taylor died. When was that?"

"That was in 1850."

"The wolves went off about that time; some said they went into Canada an' some thought they died. I guess if they'd a died we'd a seen some o' their bones som'ers, but a few was around here durin' the war, in the 60's, an' I killed a big one then, but ain't seen none since. Some men say they've seen 'em o' late years off toward the Saranacs, but I can't say. While the war was goin' on there wa'n't so many men comin' to the woods an' things picked up a little."

Alvah Dunning killed the last Adirondack moose in March, 1862.

"When I was a boy," said Alvah, "moose was plenty in these woods. Once father an' I killed five in one day, an' hauled the most o' the meat on sleds to the settlement an' sold it."

When the last moose was killed Alvah and Ben Batchelor were following a wounded bear that the former had shot the day before. They found the bear and killed it, and then came upon the track of two moose, a bull and a cow. They killed the bull that day and followed the cow all the next, and killed her just at nightfall. Perhaps it's just as well, for it is doubtful if one moose would be left a year from now if a hundred were turned loose in the Adirondacks. The size of an animal increases the desire to kill it, in most men, but between ourselves I would prefer to kill a woodcock, or a grouse on the wing, to dropping seven hundred pounds of meat in its tracks.

Dr. Wall asked Alvah how many moose he thought he had killed, and the old man answered: "Oh, I don't hardly know, never kept any count, but I guess nigh on to a hundred." And then he told how on one of his early moose hunts he had got separated from his father, killed a moose about nightfall on a cold night, had no matches and rolled himself in the warm skin and slept, to find himself frozen in at daybreak.

Writing of Alvah Dunning brings a desire to spend a month in his cabin, jot down his stories and make a closer study of the most interesting man now living in the Adirondacks. We all look back on wasted opportunities, and while enjoying his company I never thought of taking notes for the purpose of writing him up. The man who approaches Alvah Dunning in the right way will get his confidence and enjoy it, but his opinions of the revolution of the earth on its axis, and of the injustice of the game laws to woodsmen, are too firmly fixed to be meddled with. Let the old man alone, wink at his killing a deer when he needs "mutton," or a trout when he wants to vary his diet, if he lives for twenty years he will never do as much harm to the fish and game of the woods as some of the so-called sportsmen. He does not float for deer on summer nights and kill the first thing that his jacklight shows has a pair of shining eyes, whether buck, or doe with fawn by her side. If he needs "mutton" in summer he prefers a buck to a nursing doe.

Young men, some little concession—charity, if you will—should be extended to this man who was born in the woods and considers it his by right of prior discovery and settlement years before you were born. I would be the last man to tell the story of mountain mutton if Alvah cared about it. I saw no hide, hoofs nor horns, and

under oath I do not know of what I partook further than it was good meat. The game laws are all right, but no right-thinking man should use them to oppress the old hunter whose only larder is the woods in which he was born a steward. Sock it to me if you catch me, or to any other man who pretends to shoot or fish for sport, violating those wholesome laws which are made for our benefit and which it is a crime for us to violate, but the strict letter need not be enforced on the man whose whole life has been spent in a struggle for existence in the forest, and who could not live out of it. Put yourself in his place!

FRED MATHER.

A Meeting with Alvah Dunning.

THE death of Alvah Dunning recalls a meeting with him.

In July, 1869, coming down the Marim River from Blue Mountain Lake, our party of four, with two guides, met suddenly on a trail over a short carry, two splendid hounds, and in a few moments a tall, slender, weather-beaten man appeared, carrying a pack basket and a three-barreled gun (muzzleloading). The two shot barrels, of about 16 gauge, on top, the rifle barrel under, with a ramrod lying along the side in the groove. The hammer of the rifle struck upward.

The whole get-up meant business. His comment upon his gun, "She do throw buckshot wicked," I well remember.

His pack contained trout for a well-known sporting resort in Saratoga, so he informed us.

We bargained for a few lake trout for supper (as we had nothing), and when he estimated their weight at eight pounds, one of our guides said, "Ain't that a leetle hefty, Alvy?" He replied, "Maybe," and added another fish.

He accepted our silver with thanks, but declined the flask with the remark, "You can't get none of that truck down my throat."

And so we parted. I wonder what has become of that gun.

We slept that night at the "old Wood place" on Raquette Lake, and heard "sounds of revelry by night" from the island near by, where "Adirondack Murray" had as guests that night Miss Kate Field and her mother.

ISAAC T. NORRIS.

BALTIMORE, March 14.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Wading Streams for Trout.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 13.—A Southern gentleman who fishes a great deal in the North for trout, asks for advice regarding good wading streams in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. He says: "I usually fish with the fly for trout, and am fond of this sort of fishing. I have for quite a number of years made my headquarters during the summer months at Traverse City, Mich. The trouble with that part of the country is that the rainbows and the natives are driving the speckled trout out of the streams. While the rainbows are game fighters, I find it rather difficult to get them of much size with the fly. There is an excellent hotel at Traverse City, which is rather a strong attraction for me. From th's place one can get at quite a number of streams within a radius of eighty or a hundred miles. About the first of July of last year I was at Wolverine, Mich. (a little place some twenty-five to thirty miles south of Cheboygan), on the Sturgeon River. I had some fair fly-fishing at this place, but the accommodations were so horribly bad that I could not stand it. I can get along with rough accommodations and plain food, but I want things clean."

I would suggest he try the upper waters of the Evergreen River, of Wisconsin, or perhaps the Prairie, out of Merrill, same State. The better rivers of the Upper Peninsula are boating streams, except as preserved by clubs, according to my best advices, though there may be good waters of which I have no word. They tell me that the upper Brule of Wisconsin can now and again turn out a good bit of sport, as it is not preserved for much of its length, but this, too, is a boating river for the most part. The Little Oconto, of Wisconsin, is a wading stream, and though it is not so good as it once was, I should think it quite worth trying even now.

Opening of the Trout Season.

March 15.—The Castalia, Ohio, trout clubs open their season to-day, and among many others who will hasten to avail themselves of these early advantages are Messrs. Robert Forsyth and R. P. H. Durkee, of Chicago, who leave to-night and will begin fishing next Monday on this historic stream. Both go well prepared.

It is difficult to tell where all the fishing tackle goes to so early, but for two or three weeks the stores here have been busy selling angling goods. The trade is getting an early start, and it is the supposition that this is going to be a heavy season. One dealer says that he has ordered double the amount of goods this year that he ever did before, and is having difficulty in getting his stock built up to the size which he thinks it ought to have at the beginning of the season. At present it looks as though we would have an early opening of the fishing season this year, although it is too early to predict anything in the way of weather for this vicinity.

By the way, speaking of trout, Mr. Graham H. Harris, of this city, with the writer, is invited to open the season on that beautiful little stream, the Pine River of Wisconsin. I want to see this stream once more, and to be on hand when Mr. John D. McLeod officially opens his campaign on the Pine. This he always does by calling on a certain big trout which has been the object of his ambition for the last four years. This trout lives under the bank below a sunken log, in a certain swift eddy of the stream, and he is one of the best known features of the Pine. About every other day he will rise to a fly, and as quick as he takes it he makes swiftly under the log, breaks loose and goes back home. Mr. McLeod never goes down the stream without paying his lordship a visit, and about every other day, sometimes for several days in succession, he will succeed in raising this big fish and losing him. When he comes in, his partner, Ben Miller, asks him, "Did you raise him to-day, Mack?" and Mack says, "Sure, had him on for half a minute," or less, as the

case may be. It would be an easy thing to hoist this old trout out of his laid by means of stout tackle and a bait, but this I imagine will never be done. Every week, and one or two days of each week, from the opening of the season until the close, he will be tempted by the most alluring morsels Mr. McLeod can find in his fly-book; but unless somebody cuts out that log the old fellow will probably continue to festoon it with flies and leaders. I think I had him on once myself, and I know that I never got out of there without leaving part of my gear. We are going to show him to Mr. Harris.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

An Early Maine Season.

BOSTON, March 15.—The ice fishing season of 1902 is ended in this State. The warm weather of early this week started the ice in many of the ponds, and made it dangerous getting on and off others. J. H. Jones, with three of his friends, were at Sandy Point, on Wednesday, for a final pull at the pickerel. They had out twenty-seven lines and caught twenty-two pickerel. The day was remarkably warm, and they had a rather hard time getting off the ice. The warm weather seemed to have set the pickerel biting.

Many of the guides have gone back to Maine from the Sportsmen's Show, which closed to-day. Some of them have already sent word back to their patrons that there is very little snow in Maine, and no snow on the ice, and they say that this means an early clearing of the trout and salmon lakes. Such news has already started trade in the tackle stores, with prominent rod and line sportsmen leaving their tackle for renovation and repairs. Prominent Rangeley guides and camp and hotel owners seem confident of a great fishing season, with an early beginning. Even in Aroostook county there is very little snow, and guides are predicting an early fishing season. Fish Commissioner H. O. Stanley says that every thing points to a great fishing season. He believes that salmon are decidedly on the increase in the best Maine waters. Commissioner Nat. Wentworth, of New Hampshire, is also very enthusiastic as to the fishing season in his State. Nothing but very cold weather during the rest of March and all of April can prevent Newfound Lake, Sunapee and Winnipisaukee from clearing very early.

SPECIAL.

Fishery Exposition at Vienna.

THE State Department has received from the Austrian Legation, Washington, under date of Feb. 18, 1902, notice of the International Fishery Exhibition to be held in Vienna from Sept. 6 to 21, 1902, in connection with the Eighth Austrian Fishery Congress. An invitation is extended to societies, clubs and institutions connected with fishing to participate in the exposition. The exhibition will include: (a) Fresh and salt water fish and water animals, live; (b) dead fish and water animals, fresh, preserved, prepared for illustration; (c) breeding apparatus and pearl fishery; (d) natural and artificial foods; (e) diseases and enemies of fish; (f) methods of fishing; (g) preservation and transportation; (h) literature and history; (i) manufactures from fish materials; (k) cooking and preparing fish for table. Applications for space are to be addressed, as early as possible, to the committee, 1 Herrengasse 13, Vienna. Steps have been taken to secure exemption from duty and reduced railway rates for goods intended for exhibition.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

March 26-29.—Atlantic City, N. J.—Atlantic City Kennel Club's show. Thos. H. Terry, Sec'y.
April 14.—Boston.—New England Kennel Club's eighteenth annual show. Wm. B. Emery, Sec'y.
April 9-12.—Seattle, Wash.—Seattle Kennel Club's annual show. H. S. Jordan, Sec'y.
Oct. 7-9.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society's show. John W. Bacon, Treas.
Oct. 21-24.—New York.—Ladies' Kennel Association of America's show. Miss M. K. Bird, Westbury, L. I., Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 26-29.—Philadelphia.—Philadelphia Dog Show Association's show. M. A. Viti, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Aug. 26.—Salem, S. D.—South Dakota Field Trial Association's third annual trials. E. H. Gregory, Sec'y.
Aug. —.—O'Neill, Neb.—Nebraska Field Trial Association's inaugural chicken trials. M. H. McCarthy, Sec'y.
Oct. 13.—Ruthven, Ont.—North American Field Trial Club's fourth annual trials. Richard Bangham, Sec'y.
Oct. 20.—.—Mich.—Michigan Field Trial Association's fifth annual trials. C. D. Stuart, Sec'y.
Oct. 27.—.—Mo.—Missouri Field Trial Association's sixth annual trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y.
Oct. 27.—.—Pa.—Monongahela Field Trial Club's field trials. A. C. Paterson, Sec'y.
Nov. 3.—Robinson, Ill.—Illinois Field Trial Association's fourth annual trials. W. R. Green, Sec'y.
Nov. 10.—Bicknell, Ind.—Independent Field Trial Club's fourth annual trials. H. S. Humphrey, Sec'y.
Nov. 11.—St. Joachim, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's fourteenth annual trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 17.—Elizabethtown, Ky.—Kentucky Field Trial Club's third annual trials. F. W. Samuel, Sec'y.
Nov. 24.—Washington C. H., O.—Ohio Field Trial Association's fifth annual trials. C. E. Baughin, Sec'y.
Dec. 1.—.—Interstate Championship Field Trial Association's second annual trials. C. D. Cooke, Sec'y.
—.—.—Western Field Trial Association's second annual trials. C. W. Buttles, Sec'y.

Warts.

A FEW days ago a correspondent related to us the circumstance of the appearance of warts on the lining membrane of the mouth of a pug dog. He stated that a wart was first seen on the inside of the lower lip, and was treated by the application of a silk ligature, which had the effect of causing it to slough away. By some accident, however, before the wart was removed it was scratched, probably by the animal himself, and after a short time a large number of similar growths appeared in the lining membrane of the mouth. It was remarked that there is some reason to believe that warts spread by contagion. In the annual report of the Royal Veterinary College, published in Vol. 10, Part 1, page 153, of the Journal

of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, an account is given of the existence of warts, or papillomatous tumors as they are called, on the mucous membrane of the mouth of the dog. The writer observes that warts are frequently met with in several of the domestic animals, but that they most commonly occur in the dog, and in that animal the most frequent seat of development is in the membrane of the mouth, and in some instances the cheeks, tongue, lips and palate are found to be thickly studded with them.

The cases which are referred to particularly in the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society occurred in two young foxhounds, and, from the history which was given, it was suspected that the disease had been communicated by contagion. This suspicion was put to the test of experiment, and it was proved that papillomatous growths are transmissible by inoculation. It is, therefore, quite probable that in our correspondent's (W. F. P.'s) case, the extension of the disease over the lining membrane of the mouth to which he refers was due to the distribution of blood from the first wart, which was noticed to have been injured.

It is somewhat curious that the popular idea from very remote times—certainly it was entertained half a century ago—was strongly in favor of the contagion theory, and sufferers from warts were constantly assured by their friends that if the growths were scratched or rubbed or otherwise injured and caused to bleed, fresh warts would appear on the skin over which the blood flowed.

This view was, of course, strengthened very much by the fact that some persons were particularly liable to warty growth; but, on the other hand, there were plenty of instances which must have come under the observation of most people to prove beyond question that the blood from an injured wart did not as a rule cause the appearance of other warts on the skin over which the blood flowed.

In horses and cattle warts are commonly treated by the employment of caustic, and it is generally advised that a portion of the surface of the wart should be scraped until the blood begins to appear before the caustic is applied, as it would be useless to bring the agent, however, powerful it might be, in contact with the dense, horny surface of the growth. When warts are caused to bleed prior to the application of the caustic, it must frequently happen that some of the fluid would run over the surface. There would, however, be a considerable protection afforded in horses and cattle, and, indeed, in the domestic animals generally, by the covering of hair; and on this account alone it is extremely likely that a mode of infection which would be eminently successful in the case of the comparatively unprotected surface of the mucous membrane, would fail when the contact of the blood with the surface of the skin was intercepted by the hair. Further, the conclusions which follow from the success of experimental inoculation must be taken in connection with the fact that not only is the mucous membrane far less protected than the surface of the skin, but it is abraded or scarified intentionally for the purpose of introducing the infecting material. Admitting that the experimental evidence justifies a very strong suspicion at least that warts on the mucous membrane on the mouth of the dog can be transmitted by the inoculation, it is still extremely difficult to account for the original appearance of the growths as a result of contagion.

Our correspondent, W. F. P., asks advice as to the treatment of the warty growths in the mouth of his pug dog. On this subject the article in the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society is very suggestive. The experiments which were made at the Royal Veterinary College prove not only that warts can be communicated by inoculation, but also that they tend to disappear by a process of gradual shrinking and absorption, and it is added that the experiments indicate finally, although they do not absolutely prove, that after the disappearance of a fresh crop of warts the animal is to some extent protected from a second infection. It may also be said that any treatment which may be adopted must certainly exclude any surgical interference, which would be more likely to lead to the spreading of the disease than to its extinction. Possibly occasionally washing the mouth out with a solution of alum might be beneficial, but in any case it would be worth while to wait patiently for a time to give the growths a chance of disappearing by the process of shrinking or of absorption.—London Field.

Yachting.

Designing Competition.

MR. CLINTON H. CRANE'S criticisms of the different designs submitted for the designing competition will be read with much interest. We are glad to observe that Mr. Crane's comments are made in a spirit of fairness, and with a directness which cannot help being of value to the different competitors. He has laid much stress upon the weak points, and by inference in-dorses the strong ones. We submit his statement in full:

Editor Forest and Stream:

The number of excellent designs in your design competition just finished made the judging a very difficult matter. I was compelled to discard several designs because they would not have floated at 25ft. waterline, in fact, with the construction as planned would be considerably larger. Others were discarded owing to excessive sail plans, which would have been very awkward to handle off the Cape in dusty weather. Others, again, had too light construction, and others imperfect arrangements.

The best designs agreed in elements of design as follows:

Displacement, about 14,000lbs.
Ballast, about 6,000lbs.
Beam, about 10ft. 6in.
Sail area, about 900ft.

These elements produce a very wholesome boat for cruising along our coast between the points named in your competition. There are times when more sail would be of advantage, as there are times when it would be better to have less, but on the whole I consider these elements as very aptly chosen.

Several designs were thrown out because they did not

comply with the conditions in being drawn to a wrong scale.

The use of centerboards housing below the floor was a feature used in many designs, in some cases even when there was a fixed table in the main saloon. The use of a centerboard trunk as a part of a fixed table is such a sensible expedient that I was surprised it was not more generally used, especially as the deeper board is much better from every point of view.

I wish to mention outside the prize winner, particularly the plans of Trysail, Syntax, Kaatadn, Argonaut, Noira, A. B. C. and Designator. There are others which show most careful thought, but which, owing to the fact that they would have measured more than 25ft., I am unable to give honorable mention.

In detail, I will present the following criticisms: Backstay, Jr.—Model is too flat and there is not sufficient displacement. Sail plan and appearance are excellent. Galley is not large enough.

Captain.—General dimensions are good, as is the arrangement and sail plan, but the appearance is not nearly so handsome as it might be.

Youngster.—Shows a good sail plan, poorly rigged, and the boat is much too large for a 25-footer, and the displacement inadequate to float it at that waterline; but the design shows careful thought, and for a larger boat would be most acceptable.

Echo.—Jib would be better at masthead. The displacement is unnecessarily large. Model too full forward and too fine aft. Arrangement good.

Le Croupier.—Displacement too small and rig too large. The model is very good, and the arrangement and sail plan well proportioned, but the sail plan is drawn to a wrong scale.

Ivanhoe.—Proportions are good, but the rig is too large. Syntax.—A very pretty model, but of too little beam and displacement. Sail plan is nicely proportioned and the arrangement well thought out. Too little room has been given to galley.

Dodo.—Construction is too light, and sail plan too large, but the model is excellent.

Project.—This design shows a flush deck boat, which is not suitable for summer cruising on this side of the water, where it unnecessarily contracts the room inside the boat and makes it too hot. The plans are otherwise very nicely proportioned.

Kaatadn.—A very nicely turned boat, and good model, rig and arrangements.

Argonaut.—A pretty boat, a good model with moderate rig, and an ingenious arrangement with the galley aft. Displacement is a trifle too small.

E.—Model too flat. Size of rig is good, but the jib is too small. Proportions are otherwise excellent.

Regis.—Displacement and ballast unnecessarily large. The sail plan is too small, but the lines are very easy and good.

Nemo.—Too wide and flat, and too large a sail plan. Excellent arrangement, but the overhangs are too long.

Bohemian.—Displacement and beam are small, which makes the space below rather cramped.

Anonymous.—Sail plan is too large, but the model and arrangement are both good. The rudder is rather too small.

Noira.—Drawn to a wrong scale. Too narrow, and too light construction, but of good model, well proportioned rig and good arrangement.

A. B. C.—Good model and fairly good arrangement, but with too large a rig.

Designator.—Very pretty sail plan and well proportioned construction, but ballast and displacement are too small for a cruiser.

CLINTON H. CRANE.

Second Prize Design.

In this issue are published the plans submitted by Mr. Charles H. Hall, of Brooklyn, N. Y., the winner of the second prize in our designing competition.

The plans were well drawn and lettered, and it is apparent that Mr. Hall gave them considerable care and study. The design shows a very wholesome craft of good displacement, with comparatively short and well-designed overhangs. The midship section is easy, the floor being sharp, the bilges soft and the topside having quite a little flare. The boat should prove fast under the rig shown on the sail plan, but would be more comfortable for outside work with a little less canvas.

The cabin house is 13ft. long and 12in. high at the sides. The cockpit, which is watertight, is 7ft. long and 6ft. 6in. wide. The boat steers with a tiller. The lazarette is reached from the deck by a 16in. brass plate placed in the floor of the cockpit. Under the cockpit floor is a fresh-water tank of 50gals. capacity.

The main cabin is of good size, and there is 4ft. floor space almost the entire length between the face of the transoms. Aft on each side are lockers 12in. deep for oilers, clothes, etc. The transoms are 6ft. 6in. long and 2ft. 6in. wide; under them are good-sized lockers. Forward on each side are combination lockers and sideboards 15in. deep. The cabin table is 2ft. 6in. long and is so arranged that it can be extended to a width of 3ft. 6in. The main saloon is ventilated and lighted by a skylight 2ft. 6in. long and 1ft. 6in. wide.

Forward on the port side is the toilet room, which is 2ft. 6in. wide, and is fitted with a patent closet and a folding wash basin, which is connected with the fresh-water tank. Back of the closet is a good-sized linen locker.

The galley is on the starboard side, and beside being roomy, is unusually well arranged. A skylight 1ft. 6in. square is so fixed as to ventilate and light both the toilet room and the galley. A 5in. swinging port placed in the forward end of the cabin house will allow a free circulation of air through the galley, and will keep the place cool and free from odors.

On the starboard side of the galley is located the sink, back of which is a locker. Forward of the sink is an oil stove and back of this are open shelves and the dish rack. A large ice box is placed on the port side opposite.

Next forward is the forecabin; here there is a pipe berth for the paid hand if one is carried. On the port side is a locker and shelves for lamps, oil, etc. In the deck forward, over the forecabin, is placed a hatch 1ft. 6in. square.



FOREST AND STREAM DESIGNING COMPETITION—SECOND PRIZE DESIGN—SAIL PLAN. BY CHARLES H. HALL, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The dimensions are as follows:

Length—		
Over all	37ft.	7 in.
L.W.L.	25ft.	0 in.
Overhang—		
Forward	6ft.	6 in.
Aft	6ft.	1 in.
Breadth—		
Extreme	10ft.	6 in.
L.W.L.	9ft.	4 in.
Draft—		
Extreme	4ft.	0 in.
To rabbet	2ft.	8½ in.
Board down	6ft.	4 in.
Freeboard—		
Forward	3ft.	1½ in.
Aft	2ft.	7½ in.
Least	1ft.	10½ in.
Displacement	14,000lbs.	
Ballast outside (lead)	6,000lbs.	
C.L.R. from fore end of L.W.L.	14ft.	2 in.
C.B. from fore end of L.W.L.	13ft.	2 in.
C.E. from fore end of L.W.L.	12ft.	11 in.
Sail Area—		
Mainsail	772 sq. ft.	
Jib	209 sq. ft.	
Total	981 sq. ft.	
Mast from fore end of L.W.L.	4ft.	0 in.
Mast above deck	36ft.	0 in.
Boom	33ft.	0 in.
Gaff	21ft.	0 in.
Spinnaker pole	22ft.	0 in.
Bowsprit outboard	6ft.	9 in.

Our Boston Letter.

BOSTON, March 17.—At last the names of the owners of the new boat which W. Starling Burgess has designed to compete in the trial races to select a challenger for the Seawanhaka cup have been given out, and the announcement was attended with much surprise. It was a natural conclusion to think that the owners of the new boat would be the former owners of Hoodlum, who are the present owners of Lookout, as both of these men are members of the Manchester Y. C. This was all wrong, however. The owners of the new boat are Hollis Burgess, a cousin of the designer and T. K. Lothrop, Jr. They are both members of the Boston Y. C., and Mr. Lothrop is also a member of the Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead.

Stearns, of Marblehead, has started work on the boat, which is to be built in a special shed. Hollis Burgess avows that the special shed is not because any secrecy is desired, but simply that the work may go on more smoothly than if she were to be built in the big shed with other boats. It is desired to get her into the water as soon as possible. It is expected that she will be ready for a trial about the last of April or the first of May. The candidate for Seawanhaka cup honors which has been designed by Crowninshield has been started by Smith, of Quincy Point, and by this time she should be nearly planked.

Crowninshield received an order last week which is one of the best that has been given to any of our American designers this winter. It is for a 21-footer to compete in the races for the German Emperor's cup at the Kiel regattas. The order came from George Harvey, and is dated on board the Nahma, at Gibraltar. Mr. Ogden Goelet is cruising in the Mediterranean, in the Nahma, and it is thought that the boat is for him. She is to be built by Fenton, of Manchester, in the most elaborate manner. She will be of the raceabout type, with 550 square feet of sail, and will carry about a ton of ballast on her keel. There are no restrictions except that the deck shall be planked with five-eighths stock, that the sum of the waterline length, the beam and the draft shall not exceed 32ft., and that she shall displace not more than 4,050 pounds. Her dimensions, consequently, will be as follows: Waterline, 21ft.; beam, 6ft. 6in.; and draft, 4ft. 6in. Her over all length will be 31ft. 10in. On account of the displacement restriction and the lack of restrictions on scantling, the hull of the boat will be constructed as lightly as possible. She will be planked with Spanish cedar.

The annual spring meeting of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts will be held at Young's Thursday evening, at which the open racing dates for the coming season will be selected by the delegates representing the different clubs. Several of the clubs have already made up their schedule for the season, and it is thought that by the time the meeting is held the other regatta committees will have arranged their dates, so that there should be no difficulty in selecting dates. Some of the clubs will want more than one open race. The Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. has already scheduled four and the Boston Y. C. has scheduled three. It is more than likely that some of the clubs on the north shore will want more than one date. In some cases clubs can only hold races on certain days on account of the amount of water and the time the tide serves. In these cases the other clubs will be called upon to make some change, but this is a

matter that has always been easily adjusted, and it is not anticipated that there will be any friction this year. At the meeting the officers of the association for the year 1902-03 will be elected, and there will be several amendments to the by-laws and racing rules proposed. These, however, will not affect the general aim of the association, but are made to simplify rules and make them more binding, so that each rule will be fair to all. It is proposed to adopt the percentage table used by the Beverly Y. C. in figuring the season's records. This is one of the best tables that has ever been produced, and there is little doubt that it will be adopted.

The coming season promises to be the brightest that has ever been known for racing boats in the popular classes in Massachusetts Bay. More new boats have been built than in any previous year. Every one of these boats, with the exception of two, that have been built for unrestricted classes under 18ft. waterline, have been built for the 25ft. and the 21ft. classes of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts, and for the 18ft. knockabout class, also restricted, which has been adopted by the association. It would seem that this fact alone is sufficient to show that the aims of the association in regard to the formation of restricted classes have been in the right direction. If the classes were not right, the yachtsmen would not expend their money in building boats for them. As to where these boats will race, there has been a difference of opinion, but I have no doubt that they will follow the Y. R. A. circuit generally. This is a matter which generally regulates itself, and it has been distinctly proven in former years that racing classes, as classes, cannot exist when a fence is put around them.

At the yards everything is on the boom. Work is being rushed on the boats at Lawley's and at other places. The east shop at Lawley's is filled with boats, and there are others to be started as soon as there is room. In the west shop work on the Lippitt 60-rater is well along, and she has taken definite shape. The Binney 46-footer is nearly all planked. Fenton, of Manchester, has a shop full and has already turned out five or six that have been completed. Stearns, of Marblehead, has about finished the last of the Burgess 18-footers, and is at work on a number of power launches. McIntyre, of Neponset, has completed seven of the thirteen one-design 15-footers that he is building for the Sippican Y. C., of Marion.

It was stated last week that Smith, of Quincy Point, is at work on a new boat of the scow type for Henry M. Faxon. It was not stated what her waterline length will be, but it will not be surprising if it should be found to be 21ft. This piece of news has a peculiar significance. Challenges for the Quincy cup may be received any time

before April 1, and it would not be the most surprising thing in the world if Mr. Faxon should be preparing for it. At one of the fall meetings of the Y. R. A., Mr. Faxon was very anxious to have the rule barring double hulls removed, but was unsuccessful. He must have had strong reasons for desiring the change, and it is likely that he had the idea of challenging at that time. The cup is now held by the Manchester Y. C., having been won by Lookout, owned by A. Henry Higginson, Jr., and Reginald Boardman in 1900. Mr. Faxon successfully defended the cup for the Quincy Y. C. for two years, and it is only natural that he should now want to get it back. At any rate, it behooves the Manchester Y. C. to get ready.

Frank Tandy has sold the 27ft. yawl Freya to William S. Hilles, of Wilmington, Del., and the 18ft. knockabout, Lobster II., owned by C. C. Clapp, to W. W. Rouse, of Boston. Both of these boats are of Crowninshield design.

A. H. McIntyre & Co. have sold the 30ft. waterline yawl, Columbine, designed by Crowninshield and owned by Elmer F. Smith, to Charles F. Gould, of the New York Y. C. Also the 24ft. yawl, Pawnee, owned by Frank A. Heyer, to F. H. Pratt, of Cohasset, and the Binney designed 21ft. cat, Trilby, to H. F. Drew, of Malden.

MacConnell Bros. have sold the cutter, Lassie, to C. B. Blount, of Boston; 25ft. knockabout, Conomo, to a member of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C.; knockabout, Raduga, to F. J. Schussell, of Hoboken, N. J.; 50-footer Gloria, to Boston parties; steam launch, Adele, to the Misery Island Club; 21-footer, Ariel, to G. H. Sheahan, of Harvard College; gasoline launch, Isabelle, to H. H. Perkins, of Manchester, N. H., and yacht, Irene, to S. T. Snodgrass, of Winthrop.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Our English Letter.

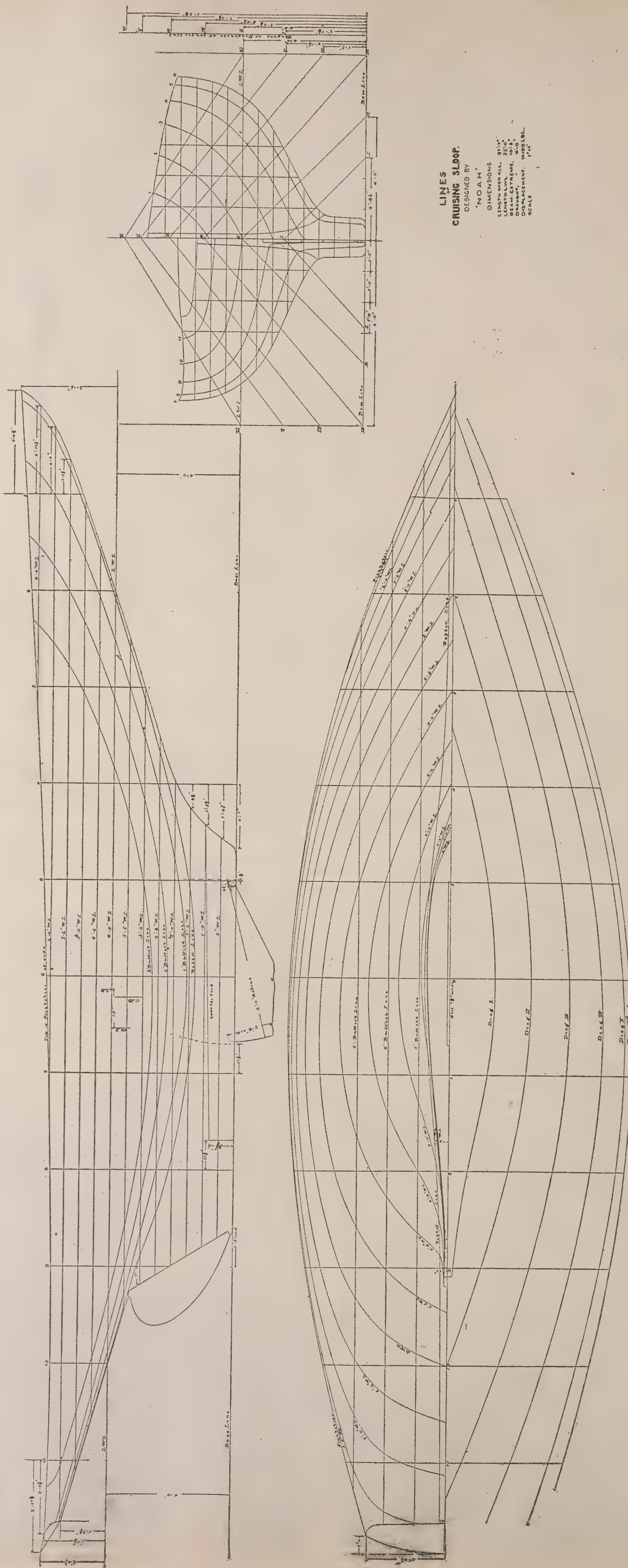
THE annual general meeting of the Yacht Racing Association was held on the 21st inst., when Mr. Burton brought forward his proposal to change the luffing rule. The rule at present is that a yacht may luff as she pleases to prevent another passing to windward, and, though it is plain that the intention of the rule was to prevent a yacht from waiting until the other was well abeam before luffing, yet that has of late years been permitted. The question is a very difficult one, for, given a very high-pointing craft in the lee berth, one can easily prevent another from passing to windward, even though one put off luffing until long after an "overlap" has been established. And if the helmsman of the weather boat keeps his eyes open, as he should, there is no earthly reason why a foul should occur. But the word luffing itself is in want of some elucidation. It seems to me that if a man luffs to prevent another passing to windward he should check the swing of his vessel before the head-sails lift. That is to say, it seems an abuse that a vessel should be thrown head to wind to stop another from passing, and it is a very moot point whether the verb to luff can be taken to apply to a vessel the sails of which are in the wind. The order to the helmsman in this case ought to be "port" or "starboard" instead of "luff." The upshot of Mr. Burton's motion was that the council will consider and report upon the question as to whether any change in the rule is required. As things are, the rule is pretty well understood, and any change would cause a lot of temporary confusion, for the average sailing master is conservative in his ideas.

A very pretty illustration of this was related to the writer last season by a man who went out in charge of a 2½-rater to Spain. He had occasion to luff pretty freely in the course of his first match, and could not understand how it was that the usually courteous Spaniards' looked at him with unconcealed disgust after the race was over. It turned out, however, that in Spain it is considered the most unsportsmanlike thing possible to luff an overtaking boat, and I think it is also against the rules. However, so strong was the habit in the man that no amount of expostulation could ever wean him from having a shot at any boat he saw coming up on his weather, and the Spaniards at last found it best not to put him in the way of temptation.

A report is current that Navahoe has been bought by a German yachtsman and will be rigged as a schooner. From what was seen of her over here, it seems that the change will suit her admirably. From time to time one reads absurdly eulogistic accounts of this vessel's career in England. The truth is that she was an absolute failure, and totally unfit to be seen in company with Britannia. But this arose entirely from the fact that her sails were shockingly bad. In the first round of her first race at Cowes the yacht showed very good promise, indeed, though she failed a little by the wind. After that, however, the sails and gear began to stretch, and throughout the rest of the season they went from bad to worse. Nothing would have made her fit to tackle Britannia to windward in a decent breeze, but no racing yacht ever had such a deplorable outfit of sails. Nowadays it is understood that a deep-hulled boat with a center plate is not suitable for racing, and probably Navahoe was the best possible craft of that type. The fact that she is coming to Kiel at once suggests getting up an ocean match between her and Meteor III. from Sandy Hook to the Needles. Perhaps some reader may start a prize fund, which should amount to at least \$50,000.

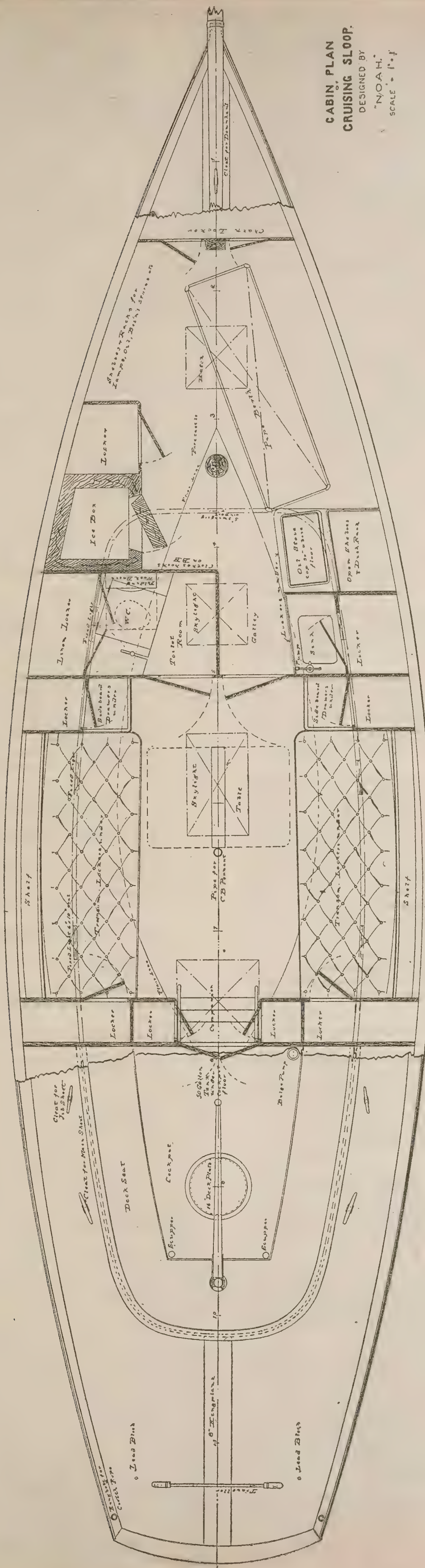
At the Y. R. A. meeting on Friday last it was announced that H. R. H., the Prince of Wales, had consented to become president of the association. The King was president before he ascended the throne, but after that event he of course gave up all offices to which election is necessary. The Prince, being a sailor (and a good one, too), it is greatly to be hoped that he will take to racing. The German Emperor will not race Meteor II. in England any more. The yacht follows Meteor I., and will become a training vessel at Kiel.

The Royal C. C. has instituted an exhibition of models and designs of "canoe-yachts," and this will be opened in the spring. Your readers may not know exactly what a "canoe-yacht" is, and it may be well, therefore, to describe it as a small yacht with a snubbed-up nose, and the counter ending in a point. These seem to be the sole characteristics. The competition is for boats that will rate as 24ft. under the Y. R. A. rule, and a suggestive stipu-



DESIGNED BY
NOAH

DIMENSIONS
LENGTH OVER ALL, 37'-0"
LENGTH OF DECK, 35'-0"
LENGTH OF KEEL, 33'-0"
BREADTH, 10'-0"
DISPLACEMENT, 1000 LBS.
SCALE, 1"=1'-0"



FOREST AND STREAM DESIGNING COMPETITION—SECOND PRIZE DESIGN—CABIN, PLAN, BY CHARLES H. HALL, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

lation is made that as many points in judging will be given for accommodation as for probable speed. That will puzzle competitors a little, probably, but no doubt the prize will go to fairly beamy and roomy boats that could have no possible chance to win in racing under Y. R. A. rules. Much has been said in praise of the canoe-yacht as a seaboard, and the writer would be sincerely thankful if any of your readers can point out one redeeming feature it possesses, giving reasons for its superiority over the ordinary type of small yacht.

On Friday last Messrs. Camper & Nicholson launched a fine new schooner for F. M. Singer, built by them from designs by Mr. J. M. Soper, the architect of the celebrated *Satanita*. The new yacht, which is entirely planked with teak, is the same length as *Meteor III.*, but is three feet narrower. She is intended for no other purpose than ocean cruising. Mr. Soper is now in business on his own account, and has an agency for the sale and purchase of yachts. He is kept busy in the designing department, and bids fair to attain great celebrity.

The Mediterranean season is particularly flat this year from a yachting point of view, Sybarita and Kariad constituting the sole attraction. A vain attempt was made last year to get up an ocean match from Cowes to Lisbon, but it seems unlikely to become a fixture in the near future. The King of Portugal, however, is greatly interested in the matter, and when yachting again takes an upward move something may be done in this direction. The match would be followed by a huge regatta, and all manner of shore entertainments.

E. H. HAMILTON.

Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound.

The long delayed report of the executive committee of the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound as to the championship record for the season of 1901 has at last been made public. It appears that the delay was because of the neglect of the chairmen of the regatta committees of the different clubs to send in the reports of all their races to the executive committee of the association.

The conditions under which the races were held are these: A yacht to qualify for championship honors must start in at least half the races on days arranged for her class. Yacht owners were privileged to make their own selections of races when two were scheduled for the same day.

Points were awarded according to the number of yachts defeated, plus one for starting. For example, in a race in which six yachts start the winner was awarded six points, five for defeating five yachts, and one for starting. The second yacht was awarded five points, and the last to finish, if all finish, one point. The championship record of a yacht is the percentage which the total number of points to her credit at the end of the season bears to the total number she would have had if she had won every race in which she started.

The percentage of championship was as follows:

Yachts Qualified and Owners.	Number of Race Days.	Yachts Competing.	Races Sailed by Qualified Yachts.	Points.	Possible.	Per Cent.
Sloops—43ft. Class.						
Dorwina, W. L. Ward.....	16	16	9	14	16	87.5
Sloops—36ft. Class.						
Leda, H. L. Maxwell.....	16	16	8	27	29	93.0
Sloops—30ft. Class.						
Alerian	17	23	16	37	58	63.8
Oiseau, G. L. Pirie.....	14	43	46	93.2
Cabin—25ft. Class.						
Don, Gabriel Reeves.....	16	20	8	13	14	92.8
Open—25ft. Class.						
None	15	1
Open—21ft. Class.						
Ox	17	15	10	10	21	47.6
Montauk, J. S. Appleby.....	9	24	26	92.3
Open—18ft. Class.						
Sora	15	19	8	31	55	56.4
Cricket	12	45	85	52.9
Mystral	11	36	76	47.4
Hope	10	42	71	59.0
Opossum, H. M. Raberg.....	10	46	72	63.9
Yawls—43ft. Class.						
None	13	2
Yawls—36ft. Class.						
Memory, W. N. Bavie.....	18	6	15	13	13	100.
Catboats—30ft. Class.						
Dot, C. T. Pierce.....	15	12	8	15	15	100.
Cabin—25ft. Class.						
None	16	16
Open—25ft. Class.						
None	16	3
Open—21ft. Class.						
None	14	19
Open—18ft. Class.						
None	15	16
Raceabouts.						
Badger	17	13	16	56	68	82.35
Snapper	10	21	42	50.0
Viper	9	9	36	25.0
Merrywing	12	46	53	86.8
Manhasset Raceabouts.						
Lambkin	11	5	11	24	43	55.8
Firefly	9	23	40	57.5
Arizona, George Corey.....	10	37	43	86.0
Mist	6	11	28	39.0
Bab	8	14	35	40.0

The championship in the raceabout class has not yet been decided. It lies between Badger and Merrywing, a decision of a protest being necessary to make the award. In the 43ft. class, Dorwina, one of Gardner & Cox's productions, had things pretty much her own way, beating handily her only competitors, Myra and Effort. In the 36ft. class, Leda, cleverly sailed by Mr. H. L. Maxwell, was well in the lead at the end of the season. Oiseau, in the 30ft. and Don, in the 25ft. class, had an almost continuous performance of winning, and received the award in their particular classes.

The fin keel Herreshoff boat, Memory, rigged this season for the first time as a yawl, made a remarkable showing as a result of the change. The 18ft. sloop class had many more entries than the others, nineteen boats

Records of the Yacht Racing Association of Gravesend Bay, Series of 1901.

	JUNE					JULY				AUGUST			SEPTEMBER			TOTALS											
	1	8	15	22	29	4	13	20	27	3	10	31	2	7	21	Starts.	Sailovers.	First.	Second.	Third.	Fourth.	Fifth.	Sixth.	Did not finish.	Points.		
	A. Y. C.	B. Y. C.	N. Y. C. C.	M. & F. C.	A. Y. C.	G. B. A.	A. Y. C.	N. Y. C. C.	B. Y. C.	M. & F. C.	A. Y. C.	M. & F. C.	G. B. A.	A. Y. C.	N. Y. C. C.												
SLOOPS—CLASS M.																											
Akista, George Hill.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	71		
Bonito, Haviland Brothers.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	34		
Vivian, S. E. Vernon.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	23		
Titania, W. H. Childs.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	8		
SLOOPS—CLASS N.																											
Squaw, H. J. Heath.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	41		
Vivian, S. E. Vernon.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	35		
Susie, C. Ferguson.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	10		
Narika, F. T. Cornell.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	8		
Gwendolyn, H. G. S. Noble.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	8		
Bonito, Haviland Brothers.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	6		
SLOOPS—CLASS P.																											
Song and Dance, E. F. Luckenbach.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	109		
Cockatoo, Hendon Chubb.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	96		
Corona, J. E. Beggs.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	8		
Wraith, Calvin Tomkins.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	6		
SLOOPS—CLASS Q.																											
Wraith, Calvin Tomkins.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	130		
Spots, D. D. Allerton.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	55		
Wink, W. A. Barstow.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	54		
Broncho, F. C. Moore.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	50		
Elsie, C. P. Rosemon.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	10		
Corodo, A. Peters.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	6		
CLASS Q—SPECIAL.																											
Minnetonka, S. E. Vernon.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	5		
SLOOPS—CLASS R.																											
Pebble, R. W. Speir.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	116		
Budget, Henry Anthony.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	68		
Peanut, Calvert Brewer.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	42		
Pickaninny, L. R. Connett.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	10		
Constance, F. D. Prentice.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0		
MARINE AND FIELD.																											
Kelpie, W. K. Brown.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	93		
Jig-a-Jig, W. A. Hutcheson.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	67		
Quinque, L. H. Smith.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	53		
Vixen, Baylor and Mahoney.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	52		
Stinger, A. P. Clapp.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	33		
Flying Fox, Cone and Buckman.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	28		
CATBOATS—CLASS T.																											
Elsie, C. P. Rosemon.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	5		
Qui Vive, George Freeth.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	5		
CATBOATS—CLASS V.																											
Martha M., Richard Moore.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	25		
Elsie, C. P. Rosemon.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	5		

s, Sailor. d, Disqualified. Did not start. D, Did not finish. *, Disqualified once.
A. Y. C., Atlantic Yacht Club. B. Y. C., Brooklyn Yacht Club. M. & F. C., Marine and Field Club. N. Y. C. C., New York Canoe Club. G. B. A., Yacht Racing Association of Gravesend Bay.
First place, 10 points. Second place, 8 points. Third place, 6 points. Fourth place, 4 points. Fifth place, 2 points. Sixth place, 1 point. Sailor, 5 points.

competing, five of them qualifying by sailing the requisite number of races. Little interest was manifested in the catboat classes, and this was also the case in the 40ft. yawl class.

The question of a measurement rule is the all-absorbing topic in the different clubs all over the country, and the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound has determined to solve this difficult problem without waiting for others to do so, and to that end has secured the services of those of the best known naval architects in this country, Messrs. B. B. Crowninshield, William Gardner and Clinton H. Crane. It is the intention of these gentlemen to make the most careful observation of the working of the recently adopted rule during the coming season and to make an exhaustive report of their findings in the fall. New rules will be submitted if, in the judgment of the committee, they shall be necessary.

Measurement Formulae.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Anything which will in any degree aid in the solution of the question of the rating or measurement of yachts will be pertinent at any time. What I wish to offer may not have this happy effect, but it is at least discussion, and that is unquestionably needed.

I wish to confine myself for the present to a discussion of the simple proposition.

A formula is impracticable.

A formula is simply a numerical statement of relations and for its value depends entirely on the accuracy with which this is done. Thus:

$\frac{10}{2} = 10 \div 2$ is an accurate formula, and any test may be applied to it. It will work out correctly.

Now take the basis of our measurement formulae.

Racing length = $\frac{L \cdot W \cdot L + \sqrt{\text{Sail Area}}}{2}$

The racing length means simply that when two yachts have the same racing length their chances for winning, eliminating the questions of management and luck, are equal. That is, for the same racing length an infinite number of combinations is possible of LWL and SA. If the formula be exact this means that no other elements affect the speed of a yacht, and this we know to be false.

It can be easily shown by taking the case of two yachts, LWL=50ft. in one case SA=1ft.

LWL=30ft. in the other case SA=900ft.

Each has a racing length of 30ft. Manifestly they are not equal. It may be said that the formula is not intended to apply to so extreme a case. Very well, take an actual one:

Yacht A, racing length 51ft. = $\frac{40 + \sqrt{3844}}{2}$

Yacht B, racing length 51ft. = $\frac{50 + \sqrt{2704}}{2}$

Can there be any question of which is the faster? I think not.

But it may be said that the formula can be modified to meet this condition. This would be true if we knew exactly how much influence each element of the yacht had on its speed, but this, unfortunately, we not only do not know, but for yachts of dissimilar form cannot even guess at.

We know that skin friction, displacement, ratio of beam to length, ratio of midship section to displacement, ratio of depth to length, the ratio of lateral plane to sail area, position of ballast, ratio of ballast to displacement, ratio of erect LWL to over all length; form of LWL plane, ratio of sail area to displacement and amount of righting moment, not to mention the influence of the length and character of the overhangs and the character of the construction of the hull and spars, all have their influence on speed, and it follows, therefore, that a formula to have any excuse for existence must show

affirmatively that these elements have all been considered and either embodied or legitimately eliminated.

No sane person will attempt to comply fairly with these conditions, though any fair person must admit them to be fair.

It will not do for the advocate of the formula to say that this or that one has been successful thus far, because we know of several that worked well when applied to the yachts they were designed to fit, but failed completely as soon as they were put to the test by a designer of original ideas. They worked for a time simply because all of the elements but those considered were practically the same.

Another fallacy in all formulae lies in the fact that we are absolutely indifferent to the influence the actual speed of the yacht has in increasing the effect of its retarding elements. Every yachtsman knows that some yachts are good in light weather that are relatively slow in a breeze, but there are very few who assign any other cause than the large sail area, while if they were observant they would see that imperfections of form frequently come into play to put the badly designed yacht far in the rear long before it is time to reduce sail. Now, retarding elements may not be imperfections of form, but their effect will surely some time be dependent on the speed of the yacht, and a fair formula will consider and provide for them.

Our position is far worse when we attempt by means of a formula to encourage any particular type or class of yacht, for we then are not only dealing with unknown elements, but are putting out the light of experience and groping in the dark.

We can safely say:

First—All measurement formulae thus far tried are failures.

Second—Specific restrictions are a necessary qualification of them all.

Third—The substitution in a formula of an approximation for the actual element always leads to an evasion.

Fourth—The classification of yachts cannot be satisfactorily accomplished by means of a formula.

The time is ripe for a new departure wherein our experience and knowledge will be of service.

GEORGE HILL.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

At Miller's yard, Patchogue, there is building a 36ft. yawl for Mr. John Thornton, New York city, and a 45ft. sloop for Mr. R. Eggleston, also of New York city.

The Greenport Basin and Construction Co., of Greenport, L. I., recently completed the steam yacht they designed and built for Mr. A. Schwartzmann, of New York city. She is 122ft. on the waterline, 145ft. over all, 17ft. 6in. breadth and 7ft. 3in. draft. The yacht was named Turbese.

Mr. J. H. Miller is having a 22ft. catboat built at Hand's yard, East Moriches, L. I.

The 35ft. waterline cutter building by Lawley from designs made by Messrs. Tams, Lempine & Crane, for Mr. Henry A. Morss, will be known as Cossack and not Cherokee, as we stated in the issue of Jan. 18, when we published her plans.

Messrs. Huntington & Seaman have made the following sales: Auxiliary yawl Dione to Mr. Gouverneur Spaulding, of New Haven; sloop Rondinella to Mr. Rutherford Buchan; launch Neno to Messrs. Ulrichs; catboat Welfare to Mr. Charles Mehlin; knockabout Ago-wam to Mr. F. W. Horn; auxiliary catboat Yogi to Charles Everett.

Western Yachts.

Columbia Y. C. Percentage Table.

CHICAGO, ILL., March 6.—Columbia Y. C., of Chicago, has adopted a new percentage table for use more especially in the 21ft. class this coming season. The table takes into consideration the number of yachts engaged in any given race, as well as the order of finish, and is figured out to twenty entries. It is thought this table is not new in certain eastern ports, but offers the fullest attempt at percentage records ever made here. The table follows:

NUMBER OF YACHTS IN RACE.	20	19	18
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An amusing story is told by a contemporary respecting a shooting party in Scotland. The over-tired hunter, having been beaten through the one of the glens, outside addressed a keeper who had just emerged from the wood, thus: "Have you got all your beaters out?" "Aye," said the man, astonished. "Are you sure; have you counted them?" "Counted them?" said the keeper, "aye, they're all right." "Then," said the shooter, with a sigh of some relief, "I have shot a roe deer."—Shooting Times.

Rifle at Shell Mound.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., March 10.—The shooting conditions at Shell Mound yesterday were very favorable. F. E. Mason with rifle at 200yds., and J. E. Gorman with pistol at 50yds., did exceptional work. Much interest is now shown in revolver shooting. The stalls of the Golden Gate Club devoted to the small arm are in constant use on every shooting Sunday, and much creditable work is done. Scores for the day:

Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club, handicap, revolver: J. E. Gorman 90, 89, 86; T. A. Becker 88, 87, 87, 83; F. S. Washburn 83; J. W. Tompkins 79, 78, 73; J. Kullmann 79. Pistol, handicap: J. E. Gorman 96, 92, 96, 95, 94; F. S. Washburn 95, 92, 92, 82, 86, 85, 80; M. F. Blasse 91, 86, 79; J. Kullmann 82, 82, 76; William Blasse 85, 86, 82; C. O. Wheeler 78. Rifle, handicap: W. F. Blasse 202, 206, 212, 208; M. F. Blasse 219, 215; A. Gehret 218, 222, 222; W. G. Hoffmann 224, 219. Gold medal: F. E. Mason 234, 227; J. F. Bridges 206. Silver medal: A. Thode 159, 182; Otto Bremer 209, 208. Glindermann medal: M. F. Blasse 211; W. G. Hoffmann 219; F. E. Mason 235; A. Gehret 220.

Germania Schuetzen Club, competition for cash prizes: A. Pape 72, A. Gehret 69, F. E. Mason 70, F. Brandt 68, F. P. Schuster 68, D. B. Faktor 68, A. Jungblut 68, R. Stettin 67. Ten-shot scores for trophies: A. Gehret 226, A. Pape 222, J. Gefken 222, O. Bremer 213, Herman Huber 211, D. B. Faktor 207, F. Brandt 207.

Germania Schuetzen Club, monthly medal shoot: First champion class, F. E. Mason 227, 230; second champion class, Otto Bremer 223, 212; first class, J. Gefken 215; second class, George H. Bahrs 204; third class, J. Bunttler 181; best first shot, Herman Huber, 24; best last shot, F. E. Mason, 25.

Norddeutscher Schuetzen Club, monthly bullseye shoot, prize winners in the following order: D. Salfeld 360, F. C. Rust 483, Henry Meyer 530, F. P. Schuster 548, John Gefken 660, William F. Garms, 696, John de Wit 763, Herman Huber 855, Frank Koch 891, W. C. Morken 905, A. Mocker 1064, L. N. Ritzau 1109.

San Francisco Schuetzen Verein, monthly medal shoot: Champion class, August Pape 441; first class, John Gefken 400; second class, Otto Lemcke 405; third class, Capt. John Thode 383; fourth class, Henry Meyer 353; best first shot, Capt. John Thode 25; best last shot, F. Hensel, 25.

ROEEL.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

March 23.—Brooklyn, L. I.—Club shoot of Fulton Gun Club; cup event, handicap.

March 24.—Pine Bluff, Ark.—Open contest for the Peters Cartridge Company trophy, emblematic of the live-bird championship of Arkansas, under auspices of the Pine Bluff Gun Club.

March 25-28.—Burnside Crossing, Ill.—At Watson's Park, series of handicap events. Programme each day, 10 birds, \$5 entrance, birds extra, 26 to 32yds., high guns. John Watson, Manager.

March 31-April 5.—Blue River Park, Kansas City, Mo.—Grand American Handicap at live birds. Ed Banks, Sec'y, 318 Broadway, New York.

April —.—Dover, N. H.—Fast Day shoot of the Dover Sportsmen's Association. J. B. Stevens, Sec'y.

April 8-11.—Olathe, Kan.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament.

April 10.—Marietta, O.—One-day target tournament of the Columbian Gun Club. Chas. Bailey, Sec'y.

April 15-17.—Asheville, N. C.—Target tournament given by Col. E. P. McKissick.

April 15-17.—St. Joseph, Mo.—Missouri State Amateur Shooting Association's annual tournament. F. B. Cunningham, Sec'y.

April 16-18.—Peru, Ind.—Peru Gun Club's sixth annual amateur tournament; two days at targets for amateurs; one day at live birds open to all. Frank Dunbar, Sec'y.

April 19.—Haverhill, Mass.—Patriots' Day shoot of the Haverhill Gun Club.

April 22-25.—Omaha, Neb.—Nebraska State shoot. H. S. McDonald, Sec'y.

April 29-30.—Greenville, O.—Annual tournament of the Greenville Gun Club. H. A. McCaughey, Sec'y.

April 30.—Wellington, Mass.—Third annual team shoot of the Boston Gun Club. Horace C. Kirkwood, Sec'y.

May 6-9.—Interstate Park, L. I.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap at Targets. Edward Banks, Sec'y; Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.

May 7-8.—Crawfordsville, Ind.—Live-bird tournament of the Crawfordsville Gun Club; \$400 guaranteed. Mac, Stillwell, Sec'y.

May 13-14.—Enid, Oklahoma Territory.—Oklahoma Territorial Sportsmen's Association tournament.

May 13-16.—Oil City, Pa.—Annual meeting of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. F. S. Bates, Cor. Sec'y.

May 14-16.—Charleston, S. C.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Charleston-Palmetto Gun Club. W. G. Jeffords, Jr., Sec'y.

May 15.—Sherbrooke, P. Q.—Sherbrooke Gun Club's inanimate target tournament. C. H. Foss, Sec'y.

May 20-22.—Ottumwa, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's tournament.

May 20-22.—Elwood, Ind.—Annual tournament of the Zoo Rod and Gun Club, of Elwood, Ind.

May 20-22.—Wheeling, W. Va.—Fifth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association; added money and prizes. John B. Garden, Sec'y, Wheeling, W. Va.

May 20-25.—New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association.

May 21-22.—Baltimore, Md.—Maryland county shoot for amateurs.

May 21-23.—Springfield, S. D.—South Dakota Sportsmen's Association tournament.

May 26-31.—Lincoln, Neb.—Grand Interstate tournament; three days shooting; three days golf; three days tennis. H. C. Young, Manager.

May 30.—Schenectady, N. Y.—Spring tournament of the Schenectady Gun Club. E. L. Aiken, Sec'y.

May 30.—Ossining, N. Y.—Holiday shoot of the Westchester County Trapshooters' League. J. Curry Barlow, Sec'y.

May 30.—Auburn, Me.—Annual tournament of the Auburn Gun Club. L. A. Barker, Sec'y.

May 30-31.—Altoona, Pa.—Altoona Rod and Gun Club's tenth annual tournament. George G. Zeth, Sec'y, Altoona, Pa.

May 30-31.—Union City, Ind.—Spring tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club. O. E. Fouts, Sec'y.

June 3-5.—Cleveland, O.—Tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League, under the auspices of the Cleveland Gun Co.

June 4-6.—Memphis, Tenn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Memphis Gun Club.

July 8-10.—Pine Bluff, Ark.—Twelfth annual meeting and tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association. Targets. Added money \$300. Rose system. Paul R. Litzke, Sec'y.

June 9-13.—Rochester, N. Y.—Forty-fourth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game.

June 10-11.—Sioux City, Ia.—Eighth annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.

June 10-11.—Muncie, Ind.—Indiana Trapshooters' League's annual tournament.

June 12-15.—Denver, Colo.—Grand Western Bluecock Handicap tournament. Frank H. Mayer, Tournament Manager.

June 17-20.—Warm Springs, Ga.—Annual Interstate tournament.

June 18-19.—Bellefontaine, O.—Silver Lake Gun Club's annual tournament. Geo. E. Maizon, Sec'y.

June 25-26.—Raleigh, N. C.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Raleigh Gun Club. Jas. I. Johnson, Sec'y.

June 29.—San Francisco, Cal.—Live-bird shoot of the Union Gun Club.

July 16-18.—Titusville, Pa.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Titusville Gun Club. T. L. Andrews, Sec'y.

Aug. 6-7.—Marietta, O.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Columbian Gun Club. Chas. Bailey, Sec'y.

Aug. 12-13.—Birmingham, Ala.—Third annual Alabama State target tournament, under the auspices of the Birmingham Gun Club. R. H. Baugh, Sec'y.

Aug. 13-14.—Brunswick, Me.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Brunswick Gun Club. L. C. Whitmore, Sec'y.

Aug. 14-16.—Hamilton, Can.—Dominion Trapshooting and Game Protective Association's tournament.

Aug. 27-28.—Haverhill, Mass.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Haverhill Gun Club. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.

Sept. 34.—Nappanee, Ind.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Nappanee Gun Club. B. B. Maust, Sec'y.

Sept. 23-25.—Cincinnati, O.—Second annual handicap target tournament of the Cincinnati Gun Club. Charles F. Dreih, Sec'y.

Sept. 24-25.—Lewistown, Ill.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Lewistown Gun Club. H. H. McCumber, Sec'y.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot, every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

First Saturday of each month for a year, Burnside.—Contest for the Troisdorf live-bird and target medals; 10 live birds; 25 targets; open to all. First contest, March 1.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

On the first day of this week the Adirondack guides, who were a conspicuous feature of the Sportsmen's show, which ended on the 19th inst., were the guests of Capt. J. A. H. Dressel and the Sportsmen's Association at a dinner in "Little Hungary," East Houston street, New York. The banquet table was set for about thirty guests. The string orchestra discoursed popular airs, the dinner was served to perfection, and the guides at its conclusion expressed themselves as having been most happily entertained. They were Peter A. Salomon, president of the Adirondack Guides' Association; Elmer Dockum, William B. Young, Joseph Lamoy, A. H. Billings, George C. Garwood, Frank Vosburg, Martin W. Brewster, Sam Barton, T. Henry Lamoy, William Vosburg and Perley Squires. Assisting Capt. Dressel as host were Messrs. George Bingham, D. T. Abercrombie, Horace Cate and others.

At noon on Tuesday of this week the entries to the Grand American Handicap at live birds numbered 222, the last one then received being that of Mr. Otto Feudner, of San Francisco. This number, 222, was the number of the total entry of last year. Those who contemplate entering in this great event should bear in mind that the entries close on Saturday of this week. Post entries cost \$10 more; that is, \$35. Regular entries must be accompanied with \$10 forfeit. Use regular entry-blanks. Entries postmarked March 22 are good. Send your entries to the secretary-treasurer, Mr. Edward Banks, 318 Broadway, New York.

The Hawley Time Register Company, of Syracuse, N. Y., was incorporated last week in Albany with a capitalization of \$125,000, for the manufacture of time registers and similar devices. Two gentlemen of eminence in the sportsmen's world are in its membership, namely, Messrs. Geo. A. Mosher and Harvey McMurphy, president and vice-president respectively. The former will devote all his time to the company's interests, while the latter, Mr. McMurphy, though largely interested in it, will devote his time to the Hunter Arms Company's interests, as it past years.

Elsewhere in our columns the secretary of the Interstate Association, Mr. Edward Banks, presents some further information concerning rates, etc., New York to Kansas City and return, in respect to the Grand American Handicap. The Trunk Line Association, it seems, declined to give any reduced rates on the ground that the handicap was not "of an educational, benevolent or religious character." This was an error. It is exceedingly educational; it provides cheap food for the masses; therefore it is publicly benevolent, and being benevolent, it is religious.

Saturday of this week, the five-man team race between teams of Messrs. Von Lengerke & Detmold and Messrs. Schoverling, Daly & Gales, 50 targets per man, is to take place, and it evokes much interest among the contestants and their friends. The match will commence at 2 o'clock on the grounds of the Richmond Gun Club, at Silver Lake, Staten Island. Sweepstakes, Rose system, are also on the programme. Mr. Albert A. Schoverling, the secretary, P. O. Box 475, New York, will furnish any pertinent information.

The Handicap Committee of the G. A. H. will meet at the Midland Hotel, Kansas City, Mo., on March 27, at 9:30 A. M. Its members are Messrs. John M. Lilly (chairman), Indianapolis; C. W. Budd, Des Moines; Chris. Gottlieb, Kansas City; Louis Erhardt, Atchison; Arthur Gambell, Cincinnati; Mr. T. A. Divine, Memphis, and Walter Hallowell, Kansas City. Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, secretary to the committee.

The souvenir score of the Grand American Handicap at live birds, Kansas City, is an artistic effort of the committee, and no doubt will be thoroughly appreciated by the shooters. The front cover bears a pigeon "on the wing," from whose mouth is suspended by a ribbon a card bearing the title of this great event. A smaller pigeon standing at rest bears a sign with the legend "Ask Shaner."

Mr. Charles F. Dreih, secretary of the Cincinnati (O.) Gun Club, writes us as follows: "Kindly state through FOREST AND STREAM that the Cincinnati Gun Club will hold its second annual handicap tournament at flying targets during the season of the Cincinnati fall festival, which will be held during the last two weeks in September. We claim Sept. 23, 24 and 25 as the days for our tournament."

The secretary, Mr. MacStillwell, writes us as follows: "The Crawfordsville (Ind.) Gun Club will dedicate their new \$1,500 club house May 7 and 8 by giving a live-bird tournament. First day will be 8, 10 and 12 bird events; second day will be a 25-bird handicap, \$400 guaranteed, all surplus added. Open to all. Programmes will be out about April 15. Write the secretary for one."

Mr. Thos. Short, manager of Dexter Park, Brooklyn, announces the programme for the target shoot of the Dexter Park Gun Club on April 3. There are nine events, five at 10, two at 15 and two at 25 targets, entrance \$1, \$1.50 and \$2. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock. Shooters may participate for targets only.

We learn with much pleasure that our information concerning the illness of Mr. U. M. C. Thomas, mentioned in our last issue, was entirely a mistake. He was in evidence at the Sportsmen's Show last week, hale and hearty, and alert, with every appearance of being good for a hundred years to come.

The match between Messrs. J. A. R. Elliott and R. O. Heikes, at Hot Springs, Ark., for the Review cup on Saturday of last week resulted in a closely contested race. It was a tie on 94 out of 100. The tie was shot off at 20 birds, with the result that Elliott scored 19 to Heikes' 18 and won.

Mr. H. P. Collins, the active and popular representative of the Dupont Powder Company, with headquarters at Baltimore, Md., was a visitor at the New York Sportsmen's Show on Monday and Tuesday of last week. He will be one of the host who will soon be rallying at Kansas City.

At a shoot of the Sport Gun Club, of Shreveport, La., Mr. Hood Waters was a guest, and, as he usually does, performed to a degree of excellence which won the admiration of those present. Two runs were notably praiseworthy, one of 50 and the other 12 better; that is, 62.

In the live-bird shoot of the Garfield Gun Club, of Chicago, March 15, Dr. J. W. Meek won Class A medal with a score of 11 out of 12, one being lost dead out, while Class C medal was won by Mr. A. W. McGowan. None of the Class B members were present.

At Geo. C. Lebohner's Dexter Park, Brooklyn, target shooting is announced for Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday in the months from Oct. 1 to May 1; and on every Saturday. T. Short is manager.

There is a blank space left on the G. A. H. trophy for a name to be inscribed thereon preparatory to its installment in the hall of fame. There should be another cup for the best hard-luck performance.

Trapshooting for practice is lively at Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Ill., and other Western points, with a view to competition in the Grand American Handicap at Kansas City, now near at hand.

Mr. R. H. Baugh, secretary, informs us that the third annual Alabama State target tournament is fixed to take place on Aug. 12 and 13, under the auspices of the Birmingham Gun Club.

Mr. Ben Norton, of the Hazard Powder Company, has arranged to leave New York for Kansas City on Friday of this week to attend to Grand American Handicap matters.

The Auburn (Me.) Gun Club announces that its annual tournament will be held on May 30. Mr. L. A. Barker is the secretary.

Mr. Edward Banks, secretary-treasurer of the I. A., has arranged to start for Kansas City on Thursday of next week.

Mr. James L. Smith, a well-known trapshooter of Hackettstown, is now host of the Avon Inn, Atlantic City, N. J.

BERNARD WATERS.

Powder Makers and Pigeon Guns.

Since this article first appeared, in May, 1898, we have heard it has provoked some ill feeling. One member of the clubs has particularly asked why he should not shoot in an assumed name if he likes, and what business it is of ours? We are sorry to have injured anybody's feelings, and we cannot give any reason why the particular member should publish his doings to the world. As private clubs, let them shut out the press; as public events, there should be no secrecy. Either of these would be equally satisfactory.

It is obviously only when the publicity given to the doings of private clubs is used to mislead the public that we have, as a member of the press, any right to say a word. What the member in question might do privately obviously would not interest us or the public.

We may say that each of the powder makers have since assured us that they do not practice the method we have condemned, but they each admit that it has been done, although not by them. Powder that is good for winning prizes at pigeon matches may be powder that spoils guns; there certainly is one such on the market; so we suggest that if game shooters follow pigeon shooters' doings, they should look to the cleaning of their guns.

We understand that Lord Monson, as manager at Hurlingham, refused the public offer of doubled prizes, which was accepted at the Gun Club. He therefore did all in his power, but he could not prevent these offers being privately made and accepted.

British Wild Pigeon Shooting.

If shooting pigeons from traps is but poor sport, the wild pigeon upon occasion gives the crack shot wonderful practice. Whether the rock pigeons are shot from boats on the sea as the birds dart out of the cliff caves, or whether the wood pigeon, when congregated in the autumn and winter, is made the subject of sport, there is, in neither case, any room for doubt about the quality of the shooting. These birds alter their direction on catching sight of the fling of the gun to the shoulder, and are therefore generally much more difficult than any driven game. The following is a description of shooting of the wood pigeon, kindly sent to us some years ago by Lord Walsingham. As we have missed many a chance of making a bag of the sort by not knowing the value of decoys when great flocks of pigeons were about, we give it for the benefit of those who knew no more than we did.

Lord Walsingham wrote as follows: "I have little doubt that your correspondent Cymymyn is correct in thinking that my bag of 121 wood pigeons, to which he alludes, is not the top score. I can well believe that it could be largely exceeded under favorable conditions; indeed, on looking back at old game books, I find some of my own highest scores, as follows, beating it on two occasions:

1869	Nov. 13	69	Narford	Among beeches.
1869	Dec. 29	83	Holkham	Among evergreen oaks in snow.
1883	Feb. 14	89	Merton	Coming to feed on a clover layer.
1867	Dec. 7	97	Merton	Over oaks, snow and wind.
1869	Dec. 1	102	Merton	Over beeches in a snowstorm.
1887	Dec. 3	121	Merton	Over oaks.
1870	Aug. 12	124	Merton	Among sheaves of barley at harvest time.
1884	Jan. 28	125	Merton	Over oaks; high wind.

"On Dec. 3, 1887, which is the day mentioned in your paper, there was a thin layer of snow on the ground, but no snow falling, and very little wind; thus two of the most favorable weather conditions for this kind of sport were absent. Moreover, having to catch a train to London, I lost nearly an hour, during which time birds might have been killed. A very large number of pigeons had arrived a few days previously to feed upon the fallen acorns in an open wood of very high oaks. Without being able to give an accurate measure of these trees, I may say that they are of nearly 200 years' growth, and I have seen no taller oaks in any part of England. Six men and boys were posted in neighboring coverts, also frequented by pigeons, at distances varying from a quarter of a mile to two miles from the spot where I stood. They were ordered to walk about and to disturb the birds wherever more than two or three settled together. Thus the pigeons were kept all day on the move, and were constantly flying over within view of my decoys. These consisted of three stuffed birds, fastened by copper wire on the upper branches of a small tree which stood by itself among a group of high oaks. In addition to these, the twenty or thirty birds which first fell to the gun were set up in scattered groups on the ground in the most open places, the snow being scraped away around them to make them more conspicuous and to give them the appearance of feeding where acorns were easily accessible. The greater number of birds killed during the day were nearly half as high again as the trees, some a good deal higher; others of course, were shot when dipping to the decoys, and on two occasions flocks of more than fifty birds chased by a falcon dashed through the branches close to my head, each bird avoiding the twigs by a tortuous line of flight which reminded one of the waved zigzag lines across a meteorological diagram. In these cases no bird flew straight for more than five or six yards, and the pace at which they went was no less surprising than the roaring sound made by their many wings. On both occasions I signally failed to score with my first barrel, although the bird was not more than twenty yards off. The only circumstance that gave me any considerable advantage during the day was that by putting on a white shirt over my shooting coat and a white cap on my head, I was able to stand out in the snow in an open place, having no necessity for further concealment.

Who Will be There.

The following is taken from the Kansas City Star of March 9, in respect to the Grand American Handicap at live birds, to be held at Kansas City, Mo., March 31 to April 5:

Harry Lee, the well-known naturalist, hunter of big game and wing shot, passed through Kansas City recently on a trip from San Francisco to Chicago. He is known to all the gun club men of the country who are at all familiar with the big game hunting, and is a welcome visitor at shooting tournaments. On his way from California to the East he had occasion to visit San Francisco, Ogdens, Salt Lake City, Denver and other immediate points between here and the Coast, and he reports that expert wing shots are coming from all the large cities he passed through, and it is likely, he says, that wing shots from Frisco, Salt Lake City, Denver, Omaha and other Western cities will come in such numbers that an American championship intercity team race may be the result, to follow after the Grand American Handicap is finished. A shoot of this kind has frequently been advocated by the Kansas City Star, and while the crack wing shots of so many cities are gathered together a shoot of this kind is a possibility. The same reports come from the East, North and South, and it would not be surprising if the entry list should reach the 400 mark.

From Chicago comes the news that a large delegation will come from that city and vicinity by a special train over the Burlington. It will consist of a baggage, chair cars, a diner, and a directors' private car for the accommodation of the women who may accompany their husbands. Mr. E. S. Rice, who has charge of the Chicago special, predicts there will be at least fifty Grand American Handicap aspirants on that train alone, and that the party, which will arrive here at 9:30 P. M. on March 30, will bring over one hundred sportsmen alone from Chicago and intermediate points on the Burlington east of Quincy.

Mr. John M. Lilly, of Indianapolis, chairman of the Handicap Committee, has made arrangements for a rate from Indianapolis and points west of that city for the benefit of the wing shots of that section, who can congregate at that point, and make the journey to Kansas City in a body on through-sleeping cars. As the Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, has a big tournament scheduled for March 19, 20 and 21, this will in all probability be an extra inducement to swell the Grand American Handicap delegation from Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and southern Illinois. Bloomington, Peoria, Pekin and other points in central Illinois will also send representatives to the big shoot.

Nebraska's Varied Delegation.

Mr. Dan Bray, of Syracuse, Neb., writes the following, regarding the Grand American Handicap: "Nebraska will send a mob of shooters to the Grand American at Kansas City the last week in March that will make our Eastern brothers wonder where all these good shots live in such a small State as Nebraska. We all shoot out here, from fifteen to seventy-two years old. Keep your weather eye on our delegates and you will see the handwriting on the wall."

Frank Parmelee will head a big delegation from Omaha and vicinity, including many from Iowa points, and the same news coming from every quarter, it promises to be the greatest Grand American Handicap in the history of that event, both in number of entries and visiting sportsmen.

Mr. Lou Erhardt, of Atchison, reports that northern Kansas will also be fully represented, and he is prepared to supply the wing shots of the Sunflower State with the official programme on application. Western and southern Kansas, Arkansas, Oklahoma and the Indian Territory will also send large delegations.

Mr. A. B. Daniels, the Denver millionaire wing shot, and Captain Jake Sedam, the "bell cow," and two-time winner of the Western interstate championship, are organizing the delegation from Denver and Colorado Springs. This party will include W. W. Shemwell, John Garrett, Bud Lawton and other expert Colorado wing shots.

Mr. Waddell, the Dupont and Hazard agent at Cincinnati, will bring a large delegation from Cincinnati and other points in Ohio and Kentucky, and he has already engaged fifteen rooms at one of the leading hotels for his party.

Dr. M. C. Starkloff is making up a large delegation of St. Louis sportsmen, which will include about twenty-five Grand American Handicap entries, and Mr. and Mrs. Dute Cabanne will be with the party.

Harvey McMurchy, of the Hunters Arms Company, writing from San Francisco, says that Charlie Nauman, Clarence Haight, Oscar Feudner will be among the delegates from the Golden Gate.

Kansas City's Entries.

Kansas City is known the world over as the American Monte Carlo, and it is probable that more pigeons are trapped here than in any city in the Union, making it a great and profitable market for the immense flocks of pigeons raised throughout the whole Western country. It is also known as the home of more good wingshots than any city of its size in the country, and will probably be represented by fifty experts in the Grand American, the following thirty-seven being already enrolled: J. W. Beach, Ed A. Hickman, J. B. Porter, J. H. Durkee, Harry Tipton, J. E. Campbell, A. C. Holmes, Charles E. Wright, A. F. Rickmers, J. E. Riley, C. C. Herman, William Merman, William Herman, Joe Vaughn, J. M. Currice, Geo. W. Stockwell, A. H. Glasner, Lil Scott, C. P. Fairman, H. C. Reed, F. M. Planck, T. J. Simms, W. M. Hill, W. A. Laidlaw, W. S. Halliwell, H. H. Gregory, Harry E. Sherman, Louis A. Sherman, T. F. Norton, Chris. Gottlieb, F. J. Smith, F. M. Berkey, J. W. Bramhall, Paul Franke, R. S. Elliott, J. A. R. Elliott, Dave Elliott, James Rooney.

Platte City, Mo., will be represented by half a score, among them being F. N. Cockrill, Tom Cockrill and C. D. Cockrill, S. Redmond, J. W. Davis, James Carson and Guy Coleman.

Other entries made with Bob Elliott and forwarded to Secretary Banks are W. C. Crutchley and Al Hubbard, of Dodge City, Kas.; Grant Templin and H. E. Cawley, of Minneapolis, Kas.; James Sexton and Harry Koehler, of Leavenworth, Kas.; Ed O'Brien, of Florence, Kas.; F. B. Cunningham, of St. Joseph, Mo., and John Wilmot, of Lexington, Mo.

The handsome souvenir score book, very richly embossed and arranged to insert the names of the entries in the Grand American will be ready to mail out by Thursday next.

J. A. R. Elliott is matched to shoot Rolla Heikes for the Sportsmen's Review Trophy at Hot Springs, Ark., March 15, and will meet W. R. Crosby for the cast iron medal at Kansas City on March 29, the day before the opening of the big tourney.

The Grand American Handicap championship cup is on exhibition at Jaccard's, and is attracting much attention.

Boston Gun Club.

Boston, March 12.—Quite the largest gathering of the year was present to-day at the club's tenth serial prize shoot, and conditions being of pretty good character, it certainly ranks with the top-notchers for good times. Among the many visitors were T. H. Keller, Jr., of the Peters Cartridge Company, favoring us for the second time with his presence and sharing honors with our regular 21yd. Leroy, as being the trade representatives.

As is usually the case on these grounds, straights were few and far between, but this time they were scarcer than ever, necessitating the hardest kind of work on Leroy's part to prevent what looked to be a coat of whitewash for the afternoon.

In the prize match, Spencer seemed to be it, though not without Haze having just a little to say about it; but in the end the former had the lead with the smallest amount of daylight between them possible.

Third position was evidently the place that all were looking for, and judging by the number of contestants that occupied it, there could not be the least hard feeling anywhere, each seemingly perfectly satisfied with the company on equal terms. Other scores as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Winde, 13.....	6	9	7	9	12	7
Leroy, 21.....	8	7	8	8	12	7	10
Howe, 19.....	7	7	7	6	14	5	7	16	..
Allison, 16.....	6	7	7	6	9	9	6	20	..
Haze, 16.....	6	7	7	6	14	7	8
Frank, 13.....	7	9	6	8	11	8	9
Leverett, 16.....	6	5	8	8	12	7	5	19	..
Woodruff, 17.....	4	4	7	7	10	6	..	21	..
Muldown, 16.....	3	..	3	..	5	6
Payson, 16.....	7	6	5	4	12	5	3	16	..
Bullard, 16.....	8	6	6	7	11	8	8
Nichols, 14.....	4	3	1	4	5	2
Sawyer, 16.....	6	6	5	4	10	6
Hawkins, 16.....	..	6	4	4	7	5
Williams, 16.....	..	4	5	9	8	5
Robinson, 16.....	..	6	4	7	8	7
Banks, 14.....	..	5	3	5	5	3

Spencer, 18.....	3	14	8	7	19	8
Fisher, 16.....	0	3	..	6
Fredericks, 14.....	7
Firth, 16.....	7

Events Nos. 1, 3, 5 and 8, at magautrap, unknown; Nos. 2, 4, 6, 7 and 9, Sergeant system, known angles.

Merchandise Match, 25 singles—15 magautrap and 10 Sergeant—distance handicap:

Spencer, 18.....	01111111111111	1101111101—22
Haze, 16.....	11111111111101	111110010—21
Winde, 13.....	11011100111111	111101100—19
Leroy, 21.....	01111011011111	111110001—19
Howe, 19.....	1010101001—19	1010101001—19
Frank, 13.....	01111111110100	011111110—19
Leverett, 16.....	11111111001111	110100111—19
Bullard, 16.....	11001101111110	011111011—19
Allison, 16.....	00110101010111	111101111—18
Payson, 16.....	01011111011111	001001101—17
Woodruff, 17.....	00101110101111	01010101—16
Sawyer, 16.....	10110010101111	010111010—16
Robinson, 16.....	10110110101000	110111101—15
Williams, 16.....	10000001011111	010101010—13
Hawkins, 16.....	01100110100001	010010111—12
Nardini, 16.....	10110011110111	100111100—12
Muldown, 16.....	10000001001010	110110010—11
Banks, 14.....	11100001011000	011100100—10
Nichols, 14.....	00001001001010	001010000—7

IN NEW JERSEY

Belvidere Gun Club.

Belvidere, N. J., March 10.—No. 1 was an event at 5 live birds, \$2 entrance, two moneys. No. 2 was a \$2 miss-and-out. Nos. 3 and 4 were at 15 targets, \$1 entrance, two moneys:

No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 1.	No. 2.
W Rasener.....01022—3	11121	H Heffe.....12112—5	110
C B Call.....12111—5	120	F De Ginter.....00021—2	0
H Boardman.....10010—2	2220	G Boardman.....12121—5	11110

No. 3, 15 targets, \$1 entrance, two moneys: W. Rasener 11, H. Boardman 9, G. Boardman 10, H. Heffe 10, E. Lance 12, F. De Ginter 8.

No. 4: W. Rasener 10, H. Boardman 12, E. Lance 10, G. Boardman 10, H. Heffe 5. OSCAR BOYCE.

Jeannette Gun Club.

March 14.—The Jeannette Gun Club held its shoot to-day. Mr. J. Lott won Class A medal; Mr. J. Schmidt won Class B. J. Ehlen, 28.....2010102001—5 J Mohrman, 28.....2102022121—8 J Lott, 30.....2*2221212—9 J Schmidt, 28.....2202122120—8 C Meyer, 28.....0100**101—3 C Seagrist, 28.....1200*00202—4 C Steffens, 30.....0212122110—8 W Sanders, 28.....2000001220*—4 W Koeger, 28.....1222210112—9 A Schumacher, 25.....0002010000—2 W Brunn, 28.....2211*2*022—7 G Loeble, 28.....2202222102—8 H Lohden, 25.....2121222000—7 H Gerdes, 25.....0000001110—3 H Pape, 28.....01*0000200—2 W Rohlfs, 28.....2210112210—8 J Hainhorst, 28.....201111001—7 C Thysen, 25.....2002222000—5

Ties on 9: J Lott, 30.....222*2 W Koeger, 28.....21200

Challenge medal, 15 birds: C Meyer, 28.....21221210*222202—12 F Ehlen, 28.....20211222*212000—10

Team race, 5 birds: Lott11220—4 Koeger11221—5

Loeble22202—4 Steffens22110—4

Meyer01020—3 Brunn11022—4

Meyerdercks20100—2 Hainhorst11201—4

Mohrman21220—4 Sanders20020—2

Ehlen20010—2 Schmidt22210—4

Lohden01210—3 Pape20120—3

Gerdes01010—2 Schumacher201*0—2

Rohlfs12110—4-23 Thysen10112—4-32

Miss-and-out: Sanders0 Hainhorst210

Steffens110 Gerdes1121

Mohrman20 Loeble2222

Koeger0 Meyer2222

Pape20 Schmidt0

Meyerdercks10 Thysen0

Rohlfs2111 Lott1121

Arkansas Items.

Live-Bird Championship.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., March 15.—Owing to the near approach of the Grand American Handicap pigeon shooting is receiving much more attention than at any previous time. The contest for the Peters Cartridge Company's trophy also did much to revive the interest. Few of the principals in the inaugural contest are satisfied with their showing, and are more than anxious to be given another try for the emblem. During the current week the matter was broached to John J. Sumpter, the holder of the trophy, and when it was suggested that he hang it up for open competition and let all have a chance who desired to try for it, instead of shooting De Long an individual race, he readily consented. Thus there will be another open contest for it. This time it will take place at Pine Bluff on Monday, March 24, under the auspices of the Pine Bluff Gun Club. The conditions again will be 25 live birds, entrance, price of birds, Interstate rules, 30yds. rise. However, there will be two optional sweeps run in connection with it. The first 10 birds will constitute one with an entrance of \$5, and the remaining 15 birds will make up the other which will require an entry of \$10. This money will be divided by the high-gun system, and there will be one money for every two entries. The shoot will be held at the race track, which is reached by the new electric line running at intervals of ten minutes.

Rejuvenated.

During the past two years the number of shots fired over a trap at targets in Little Rock would not make a good fusillade, and at recent State shoots the town as a factor in the events was virtually off the map, while Pemberton, one of the few enthusiasts who would not quit, was forced to journey to neighboring towns when he wished to smash a few saucers in friendly competition. Times have changed, I am glad to say, and henceforth the City of Roses promises once more to become a factor in the competition, as on Tuesday night of this week a new club was organized which will be known as the Little Rock Gun Club. This starts off with the goodly number of thirty names on its roll, and the aggregation in a large measure comprises new blood, though such old timers as Duley, Woodson, Thibault, Reaves, Dickinson, Pemberton and Dr. J. H. Lenow, have also been resurrected, and have pledged themselves to be as active as heretofore.

The chief executive of the club is none other than Mayor W. R. Duley, while A. Brizzolara is vice-president, and Paul R. Litzke is secretary-treasurer. New grounds have been secured, and the location is an excellent one, being only three blocks from the end of the main street electric line, where cars are operated every seven minutes, which enables one to reach the grounds from the business portion of the town in ten minutes. Millard F. Weigel will have charge of the traps and grounds.

The roll of the club shows the following names: W. R. Duley, J. A. Smith, Alf. Johnson, R. B. Malone, Nick Peay, J. E. Mons, Fred Bragg, Dr. J. H. Lenow, A. Brizzolara, Gibson Thibault, Paul R. Litzke, John Rothery, Frank L. Royston, W. H. Schaefer, J. A. Woodson, John Dickinson, Jr., J. K. Thibault, John M. Pemberton, C. M. Wigg, J. E. Osborne, Dr. J. H. Markle, E. T. Reaves, A. B. Chichester, M. F. Weigel, Will C. Bond, Chas. S. Hafer, Harry N. Files, J. B. Bateman, B. Morrison, James Keatts.

A new equipment of traps and targets has been ordered. The first shoot is scheduled for Thursday, March 20, and thereafter regular weekly engagements will take place on Thursday afternoons. The club will be represented at the State shoot by at least a squad and will make a strong bid for some of the trophies. On former occasions the old-timers were always in evidence, and the majority of these will again qualify, while some of the new blood is likely to develop into good ones.

Arkansas G. A. H. Delegation.

Heretofore Arkansas has never had more than a single representative at this, the greatest of all shooting events, but this year the number will be materially larger. There will be three entries from Pine Bluff: J. T. Lloyd, J. B. Speers and E. C. Arnold; two from Hot Springs: John J. Sumpter (who was in the money each time he competed) and C. E. De Long; from Little Rock there

will be John M. Pemberton and the writer. In addition there will be a number of others who will simply go as spectators. The are not sufficient to make up a special car, so the various on will likely go to St. Louis and join the Missouri delegation from that place.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club's Shoot.

Interstate Park, L. I., March 13.—There were twenty shoots in John Wright's handicap target shoot. Fanning and Glover were the back-mark men. Glover won the first amateur prize, and Fanning the first professional prize. The conditions of the 10 target event were 100 targets, Sergeant system, \$4 entrance, high guns, one money for every three entries. To amateurs, first, \$3 second, \$3. To professionals, first, \$5; second, \$3; third, \$1. The handicapping was done by the manager, Mr. J. S. Wright, at Mr. M. Herrington.

The weather was against good scores. The sky was heavily overcast, making a very sombre light, and a rainstorm set in between 2 and 3 o'clock, after which the weather cleared up nicely. Following are the scores of the main event:

Glover, 19.....	24	23	22	20—89	Smull, 16.....	19	22	20	19—
Wash, 17.....	25	23	20	19—87	G Stephenson, 16.	19	21	20	19—
Skelly, 17.....	22	23	20	22—87	Morley, 17.....	16	23	17	22—
Fanning, 19.....	20	24	22	21—87	Welles, 17.....	22	20	17	19—
Banks, 17.....	22	21	23	21—87	Martin, 16.....	17	21	18	20—
Piercy, 18.....	21	21	21	23—86	F Stephenson, 17.	19	19	18	18—
Fulford, 18.....	21	22	21	21—85	Van Allen, 17.....	17	18	19	20—
Mike, 17.....	19	21	22	22—84	Hopkins, 16.....	15	19	17	21—
H Money, 18.....	22	21	19	20—82	Duke, 16.....	18	20	17	14—
Capt Money, 17..	20	20	20	22—82	Super, 16.....	8	15	14	21—

Sweepstakes: Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 Targets: 10 15 15 15 15 15

Duke8 13 11 12 11 18 Bradley5 6

Welles6 13 13 13 13 Small10 12

Wash8 12 14 15 .. H Money11

Hopkins7 13 13 14 .. 14 Sanders8

Piercy8 13 14 14 11 22 Fanning14

Martin8 11 8 11 .. 21 Skelly10

Mike8 14 13 15 12 22 Fulford10

Van Allen10 9 .. 7 .. Super14

G Stephenson.....10 .. 13 .. Lane14

F Stephenson.....14 .. 14 .. Forley14

Capt Money.....11 14 15 21 Banks14

Glover15 12 22

Oceanic Rod and Gun Club.

Rockaway Park, L. I., March 16.—The Oceanic Rod and Gun Club (the Cuckoos) held an anniversary shoot to-day, which though well attended, would undoubtedly have been better attended had the weather signs been more favorable. The sky was heavily clouded most of the day, with signs of rain more or less constant. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	25	25	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	10	10
Rocks	22	23	17	14	15	14	18	16	15	17	9
Jones	21	14	9	12	11	16	12				
Difley			13	9	8	11					
Duke				16	12	16	8	18	19	18	7
Dudley				16	12	18	15	20	12		
Muench				16	14	16	19	16	13		
Koegel				15	14	19	14	16			
Hassinger				11	8	14	15	12			
Fischer				12	10	12	14				
May				12	14	11	7	11			
Dr Slimm				10	13	15	12				
Charles				8	10	9	14				
Norris				7	6	13					
Shilling				8	7	7					
Harris				10	11	14					
Schmitt								8	13	8	10
Stock								8	7	8	
Hamilton									10	8	4
Scott									12	14	9
Winchester									15	18	
Brenner									6	6	3
Calaway										7	4

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THE SEASON AND ITS HERALDS.

THE brown earth is growing warm, the buds of the trees are swelling; already those of the soft maple are red and large. The fields are still sere and brown, but the lawns about the houses, mowed through last summer and autumn, are taking on a tinge of green. Under the leaves in the woods the earliest spring flowers, liverwort and anemone, are sending up their flower stalks, and before long the children will be gathering great bunches of them to prove to us that spring is really here. If the long grass in the fields and the leaves in the forest are still yellow and brown, they now become brilliant in the warm light of the strengthening sun; and tree trunks, and gray rail fence, and moss-covered stone wall, cast now sharp black shadows, different from the feeble ones of midwinter.

The great wave of bird migration started from the south long ago, and the first swell of its tide has already passed over us. Flocks of geese on clamorous journey have been seen and heard, sometimes high in air, like arrows cleaving the sky; sometimes nearer to earth, following the water courses or swinging along the line of the shore. Many of the ducks have already gone by, and far to the northward are awaiting the opening of the yet frozen waters, while others still loitering with us are being pursued by the enthusiastic, but thoughtless, gunner. All through the winter these birds have led easy lives in the open waters of the South, often disturbed by the roar of the gun, often deceived by flocks of mimic comrades, lightly resting on the water, rising and falling with the swell, and swinging here and there with the changing breeze. The ranks of the wildfowl are thinned now. Since last summer many thousands of their kind have fallen before the gun, and will never again see the pleasant waters of the north land, or on whistling wings pass over the far-stretching tundra.

The smaller birds have begun to arrive. The song sparrow we have always with us; and often on bright days through the winter from sheltered spots has been heard his cheery song. Now he knows that springtime has come again and he sings constantly as he courts his mate. Ere long he will begin to build his nest, for he is almost the earliest breeder in the land. Bluebird and robin and rusty grackle ornament tree and field and swamp border, and other species are coming; not one by one, but by hundreds, and each day, as the bird lover walks abroad, he sees in field and hedgerow and coppice and wood, the constantly arriving species, some of which he knows are birds of passage only, while others he expects to see all through the summer. A little later, if during his walk he stops and sits down to listen and to look, very likely he will hear somewhere close to him a curious rustling among the leaves, and if patient and slow moving, he may detect two or three fox sparrows, or perhaps a chewink, busily scratching on the ground, looking for buried seeds.

Long before this, the crows have begun to settle their family affairs for the year, and their not unmusical voices and glittering plumage, as the male displays himself before the female, have already been heard and seen. By this time they are gathering sticks and preparing their nests. The dweller in Rhode Island now may see the fishhawks, which have followed the cold weather from the south, making repairs to their huge nests, perched in the top of some tall tree, or resting on a wagon wheel supported by a pole erected for a bird house by the kindly landowner. For in Rhode Island they try to make the fishhawks comfortable, just as elsewhere people do the wrens, or the martins. Is there in all of Audubon's great work a plate more charming than that which shows a gourd hollowed out and supported on a pole, occupied by a family of martins? Such bird homes are familiar to all our Southern readers. We shall do well to strive to bring close to us the beautiful bird life still to be found about us. It was a happy notion of Mr. Wilmot Town-

send's, to place on the lawn a drinking fountain and bath tub for the birds, and there is no better way to interest and please the children than to make the birds and the animals their familiar friends. In a little more than a month now, the wave of bird migration will be at its height. Then in the swamps, in the budding trees of the apple orchard, and in the tops of the tallest oaks will be found crowds of tiny birds, unrecognizable at a distance, yet when viewed through the lenses of an opera glass, readily to be known; the multitudes of warblers, tiny, active, bright in plumage and graceful in shape, which remain with us but for a night and then journey onward to breed in those dark forests of pine and hemlock in the north, where they are seldom disturbed.

It is time now for the bird lover to make preparations for the busy season. Active though he may be, he cannot hope to see any great part of what goes on in the multitudinous world of nature about him; yet he can see enough to inspire him with the keenest interest, and with memories which shall remain with him for many days. If he can be much abroad during the months of April and May, it shall profit him greatly.

THE CARP.

WHEN, many years ago, the European carp was introduced into the waters of North America, it was said to be a valuable food fish, and its importation and culture would be the means, it was declared, of rendering profitable many ponds and lakes and sluggish waters then unproductive. It was said that an acre of pond or slough stocked with carp would yield the owner a greater annual return than the same area of fertile land, cultivated in any grain crop. On the faith of such statements the carp was imported, but it proved anything but the promised blessing. Introduced into a few waters, it soon escaped from them and rapidly peopled others to the injury of the fishing and the destruction of native fish; that were far more valuable. It rooted up and destroyed water plants that were useful, and is said to have exterminated in some places certain plants that had always furnished attractive food for the wildfowl, so that certain sections to which, during the migration, ducks and geese formerly resorted in great numbers, have now been deserted.

For many years the carp has been regarded as a curse to the country, and has been as much abused by anglers as the English sparrow has been by naturalists. It is interesting now to see its defense again taken up, and that by an investigator as eminent in his line of work as Mr. C. H. Townsend, whose services in connection with the United States Fish Commission are so well known to naturalists, and so highly appreciated by them.

At a recent meeting of the Biological Society of Washington, Mr. Townsend spoke on the "Present Status of the Carp in American Waters." He declared that, notwithstanding all the adverse comment, the fish was rapidly assuming an important place in America, and that about \$400,000 worth is annually sold, largely in New York. The carp is the source of the principal fishery in the Illinois River, where, he declares, the bass have increased, in spite of the statement that a carp destroys the young and spawn of bass. It is Mr. Townsend's belief that when the proper methods of raising and cooking carp shall be better appreciated, the fish will grow in popular favor and will become an important article of food, especially among those who cannot afford to purchase more desirable species of fish. He believes that it will be impossible to raise the finer species of fish on a scale large enough to keep pace with our growing population, and as the carp can be more easily raised, it will supply the deficiency caused by the lack of other fishes.

Mr. Townsend's views are entitled to the most respectful hearing, but it may be suggested that all that he says has often been said before, and that the value of the carp sold is not great when the area of country over which they are distributed, and the amount of its population, is considered. That the carp has a certain value as a food fish is undeniable, but it may fairly be questioned whether the waters occupied by the carp might not more profitably be devoted to better fish.

It is far too late, however, to discuss this as a practical question. The carp is here and has unquestionably come to stay. Such as he is we must make the best of him.

A RELIC OF THE PAST.

IN the FOREST AND STREAM's office there is at present an ancient arm, centuries old, which is an object lesson in the matter of relativity in perfection, according to the estimates of mankind from epoch to epoch. Clumsy, shapeless and awkward of manipulation, it was yet in its day an advance on its still more awkward predecessors. This is indicated by the lock, of the wheel-lock model, said to have been invented in 1515 at Nuremberg, and, inefficient and cumbersome as it was, it nevertheless was then considered a great advance in worthiness over the match lock, which, in its most perfect state, was the result of several developmental stages of improvement.

The wooden stock of this old gun is shaped something after the lines of the great northern pike. The 24-inch barrel, of good old-fashioned iron, octagonal in shape, is fastened to the wooden stock with a tang, a screw and two pins, and by its side, well forward of the breech of the barrel, a hammer of majestic size and reach, faced the shooter. Spikes at breech and muzzle indicated that the gun was to be fastened firmly, at both ends, to some weighty object, and then trained on a runway where the game was likely to pass to and fro, or on the path on which an enemy was likely to pass. Instead of taking gun in hand and seeking the game and aiming at it as is done at the present day, our talented ancestors of that olden time reversed matters by first aiming his gun and then patiently waiting for the game to come within the line of his aim. There then was a certain intermediate series of events something after the manner of the House that Jack Built, for the trigger pull released the wheel-lock, the wheel-lock revolved and knocked sparks out of the flint, the sparks ignited the powder in the pan, which in turn ignited the charge, so that if all went well, there sooner or later would be a discharge. To load this ancient weapon was a task which approached the dignity of a labor. Indeed, with this style of gun, Greener recounts that "in 1638, at Wittenmergen, the musketeers of the Duke of Weimar shot seven times only during the action that lasted from noon to 8 o'clock in the evening." That seems absurdly slow when contrasted with a modern weapon, which will shoot as many times in almost a second. And yet in such a humble beginning the beautiful and efficient firearms of the present day had their origin. Thousands of intermediary stages lie between the ancient and the modern mechanisms.

And yet, this souvenir of antiquity may have been the embodiment, to its ancient owner, of all that was best in sport. Knowing no better weapon, he looked upon it as the best of all. Relatively, it was better than its predecessors. We of to-day value our firearms in like manner. And the associations of its successes afire, perils surmounted, and reliability in the face of all dangers, endeared it no doubt to the ancient as do the powers of the modern firearms endear them to the modern men.

THE New York bill providing that imported game shall be subject to the State law, and that dealers may retain game in the close season by giving suitable bond subject to direction of the Game Commission, has become law. We have expressed the opinion that such a system would lead to the encouragement of game marketing and of violations of the law against sale in close season. On the other hand, the measure was advocated by Chief Protector Pond, who believes that it will materially help the cause of protection.

The bill in the New York Legislature to forbid the sale of woodcock and grouse killed within the State has passed the Assembly. By the time this comes to the eye of the reader the work of the Legislature will practically have been finished for the session. We hope that in the next issue we may have the privilege of recording that New York has fallen into line with the States which in the public interest have adopted the FOREST AND STREAM's Platform Plank to the extent at least of prohibiting the sale of woodcock and grouse from its own covers.

Ontario has done something which will prove of decided interest to big-game hunters. The Province has changed the moose law which permitted hunting only in every third year, for a new regulation, which provides an annual open season. The Province embraces some excellent moose country, and the coming autumn is likely to see a goodly number of American visitors invading Ontario wilds.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Death Dance of the Tolamancas.

X.—Adventures in Tropical America.

In the deep forests of Southern Costa Rica are living a tribe of Indians, descendants of a people who at one time must have been powerful, now nothing but a remnant—a memory of the past, as it were—fading away, and not even struggling to hold a place on the tide of new events which to-day influences even the most remote places. These are the Tolamancas Indians, and among them of memories there is a full measure, disconnected legends, incomplete ceremonies, strange customs, held in reverence yet lightly regarded.

In my wanderings I once visited their country, stopping at a mission where a few Paulist Fathers were giving earnest lives for these Indians. I was anxious to learn and see all I could, and was fortunate in that the Indians told me of customs and showed me ceremonies heretofore jealously guarded. Perhaps the good fathers helped me; perhaps it was only good fortune; but when I had talked with the Indians who came to the mission and remained a few days without trespassing, I received a visitor—Antonio, King of the Tolamancas—who came to bid me welcome.

That he was more than an average man, I saw at once, though his dress was conventional; a suit of blue serge, stout boots, a white shirt, very clean, and a gray felt hat which he held in his hand as he stood there gravely. A man who was born to rule, to his people a law, and yet on his face an expression of sadness but not of dejection; his bearing was that of command.

At once we were friends. All have met with some whom they understood at a glance, and whom it would seem had so understood them, and so it was between myself and the Indian. Gravely Antonio gave me his hand, and said he had come to invite me to visit his houses, and next day would send men and horses. "But," he said, "ours are not like your houses. I have been in the cities; it is better there for those who are white men, and here in the woods it is better for us who are Indians." Then we talked for a time. I had learned not to be eager with the Indians, and when I had told him about myself and my country, we sat for a time together in silence. Then he called his attendant, and, mounting his horse, went away, riding slowly over a meadow and then disappeared in the jungles. What a grand man, I thought. Yet Antonio, King of the Tolamancas, has a reputation for unreasoning devilry and uncontrolled passions throughout all Costa Rica.

That day I could do little; preparations were made for my visit, and after that nothing remained but to wait.

When the sun of the next afternoon hung heavy, and from the jungle long shadows began reaching over the meadows, three Indians rode out of the woodlands and came to the mission. A few words of welcome, a little advice from the fathers, who were somewhat disturbed at my going, that was all; I was ready and waiting. Fine men they were, but not nearly so large or so strong as Antonio; perhaps he was of a more ancient blood, or descended from those who in centuries past had conquered the men of the woodlands, and, ruling, had kept themselves somewhat apart from those who served, the difference was marked and must have had causes other than climate or conditions of living.

I followed my guides, and after an hour or more came to a clearing and saw a number of huts, and further on a great conical building like a round tent, but thatched from the ground to the peak with palm leaves and straw. Here Antonio was waiting with a grave, kindly welcome; seats were brought for my guides, a hammock for me. In the house it was twilight; at the door the bright rays of the sunset; above us the roof was so high it was dark, like a cave; a fire burned low at one side of the house, great earthen jars standing near it; many Indians were sitting about talking softly or resting in silence; yet the house was so large I could distinguish only their forms from my seat near the door. A shed protected the entrance from the rains of that country, and formed an open veranda where horses were tied, and the Indians gathered at times, though for the greater part they sought the deep twilight within their strange house.

For a time we were silent. Antonio, holding a staff, his insignia of office, from a large hammock was listening to low, earnest voices from men grouped about him. They presently finished, and then, at a sign from Antonio, women and boys came, passing large gourds of chicha. The Indians drank eagerly, but for me I would much have preferred to decline; but I knew better, and drank about a pint or two of the sour stuff, said it was good, and asked them to serve me again. Perhaps some may think that I lied, and maybe I did; but the chicha I drank was punishment enough, and having asked them for more, I was punished again, and it did me not the least bit of good to wish that I hadn't. We sat for a while, then Antonio said we would go to a dance for the dead which that night would be most impressive. Horses were ordered, and I found that my eagerness need not be concealed; even the king became animated, and expectant Indians were awaiting a signal that they might proceed on their way; rather strange it all seemed, a funeral, yet so much expectation of pleasure. While we were waiting, I stopped to speak to a group of boys who were looking at me intently. Among them was a lad of some sixteen years who was taller and better appearing; his face indicated a sensitive nature and intelligence of a high order. I asked him his name. He looked surprised, and then replied: "Me? I am Josecito." This was the heir to the King, and no prince could have shown greater pride in his rank. Then immediately all was forgotten in his eager desire to see the few things that I carried, and to hear of the great world beyond the deep jungles; and this boy would be King, but a ruler of what? Of tribal legends and of the influence they brought—that is all. Now Antonio came and he and his household were ready, a goodly company, who conducted me through the jungles to another large house, where we arrived at that time in the tropics when, after sunset, night seems to rise out of the jungles. Here I found a great number of

Indians gathered together. We were welcomed, but most of the people looked strangely at me, and then turned to the King with expressions of wonder, and soon the leading men had gathered about him, all earnestly talking. Then Antonio, raising the staff of his office, entered the house, the other men following. I went in, too, for I wished to see all that was done, and my action met with approval; a hammock was brought, in which I sat watching with interest while Antonio, his principal men gathered around him, held consultation the same as he had done before. The King said little, though he listened with care to those who wished to speak with him, and then, when all had finished, he raised his staff, and in a few words gave his decision. Then some of the men came to me with a welcome; the decision had been in my favor, and I should see all, and, waiting, made myself patient.

It was now grown dark, but in the large house a fire and numerous torches sent a bright, wavering light through the midst of the Indians, and high up above them till the roof could be seen through the masses of smoke which, in the damp air, hung heavily drooping.

Men and boys now came serving out chicha, great gourds full, giving me more than enough. Then all sat around laughing and talking while the night grew about them, and the air became heavy with dampness. After some time had passed a deep-toned drum, a musical, resonant sound, called for attention; then, to the slow measured beatings, four men went to the back of the house and stood shoulder to shoulder, facing the people and keeping measured time with their feet. Then two others joined them; these wore crowns of white feathers and carried gourd rattles. After a time one other came, in his hands a small implement made of hard wood which, on being struck, gave a sharp clicking sound; then immediately men and boys came to the line, each with a drum—or tambor, in the Indian tongue, a word in a measure expressive of the sound made from their beating. In line with the dancers I saw Josecito standing expectant, on his head a crown of white feathers, under the left arm a tambor; he looked brave and most strikingly handsome.

When the line had been formed, the men who first took their places began a weird chant in low voices, taken up one after the other, and then in unison chanting together; a sound not unmusical and something like that of a wind sighing among many trees and their branches. Then a tremulous sound rose up with the chanting as the men with gourd rattles now gave them a circular motion, then a sharp clicking came as the Indian who carried the small wooden object beat a time on it; with that the long line of dancers swayed for a moment and then, in a slow, measured step, began to move forward and backward, with the tambors steadily beating, the continued tremulous sound of the rattling gourds, the sharp clicking time beat, the drawn out chant of the singers rising and falling in rhythmic, monotonous cadence; a long line of Indians, impressive because they were deeply in earnest, parading and chanting farewell to their dead. In perfect unison the Indians went through the performance, while the fire burned low, and the torches, unattended, now flickered dimly; but the Indians continued steadily forward a step; a pause; a step; backward a step, a step; gradually gaining a little ground forward toward the eastern side of the house to which the line was now turned, where high above them, rudely fashioned and made fast to the thatched side of the house, were three packages, bound securely with leaves, the bones of their dead awaiting final interment. A long time the dance was continued till a place just under the dead had been reached. Then the chanting became more subdued, the wailing notes long drawn out, the tambors, touched lightly, gave a soft, mournful sound, and the rattling fell to a whispering murmur, then the balancing steps were scarce more than a swaying, till gradually all became still, stood silent an instant, and then, without anything further, went quietly back to their various places; and in a few moments boys and young men came bringing gourds full of chicha, while in all parts of the house subdued voices were heard.

A long interval, during which some fell asleep, then a dance was formed as before, this time the King taking the central position, his staff in his hand, on his head a crown of white feathers surmounted by long, brilliant plumes. In this dance the motion was slower, the singing subdued, but in other respects it was quite the same as the first.

Now it was late, and when this dance had been finished I found my eyes heavy; my thought was to sit up all night, but the chicha, the smoke, the slow, droning music, brought sleep to my eyes; I could not keep awake. The King came to me and said in a voice of concern: "What, are you sleeping? My house would be better." I roused myself, but presently nature would claim her due, and as most of the Indians were now sleeping soundly, I gave up the struggle, and the next thing I knew it was morning. A chilly gray light and a damp, clinging fog came in through the door. Of the Indians, some were still sleeping and some moving about at various duties. The King came to ask me how I had rested, and to say that there would be still other dances after the morning had grown a little. Then we went to a stream near the house, where we washed and prepared for the day, the King taking charge of me with a care almost tender; on his face a serious, unmoved expression. Then back to the house, more chicha, and with it gourds of boiled chocolate, which I was glad to receive, for I was now well hungry.

A deep red glow began rising over the fog, the sun would soon come, and the Indians began to form for a dance which clearly would be something much more elaborate. As before, the singers, rattlers and principal men first took their places in a row at the back of the house; then at either end of the row other Indians placed themselves in line at right angles. Now the wailing chant was begun, then the tremulous rattling, and after that the sharp clicking sound, and when this commenced three Indians bearing a light staff between them came with slow steps and stood back of the singers. On the staff I noticed three rings tied together and made of bark rudely plaited and I fell to wondering what they might mean; then a soft beating was made on the tambors, and an Indian came, in his hand a brilliant red feather, its base wrapped in a green leaf, and he took a

place facing the singers. The Indians holding the tambors increased the force of their slow, measured beating till the whole house was full of the deep reverberations, mingled with the weird chant of the singers, the tremulous rattling and the sharp clicking sound. Then slowly forward and back, as before, went the line of singers, musicians and principal men, but those at the sides remained still; the Indian bearing the feather went through the same steps in front of the singers, moving backward or forward as they advanced or retreated, and in the same manner and on the same step the three Indians bearing the staff came following after. This movement for a time was continued; the tambors beating slowly at first were now touched more rapidly, and gradually increased till, with sudden energy, the men at the sides broke the lines in which they were standing and in groups of four, with shoulder pressed against shoulder, began a movement with a long step forward, a step to the side, and another step back, all in the most perfect order, circling round and round the ceremonious dancers, who continued steadily on as before. Faster and faster the outer dancers beat on their tambors, keeping time with their steps, not any one faltering, but in companies swept on around and around till the time was set at so rapid a pace that all could not keep it; and now each company bent every effort to run into and break up the party who danced just before them. A game of rare skill, the step must never be broken, each group pressed on to the next, and in turn was beset by the group following after, while in the center the ceremonious dancers continued on with wailing chant, and its accompaniment of weird sounds, were not once disturbed. This required real skill from those dancing around them. Now all was excitement, the young men forced the dance to their utmost, the women with praise or reproach sat eagerly watching. Josecito, the young prince, was leading one party, and a better dancer could scarce be imagined. As the dance continued, one group, then another, was run down and forced to one side, till, finally, Josecito with his men, and a group of much stronger Indians were all who remained, and it now became a race of endurance. For a time the honors were even, but Josecito was only sixteen, those with him nothing but boys; their opponents were older and stronger. The younger party grew tired, faltered, lost the step, tried to recover, made a bad start, lost the step once again, and then sweeping on the older men passed among them, their line was destroyed, and Josecito, red in the face, ran out of the house to hide his confusion. The remaining group circled round the ceremonious dancers, going gradually slower till they stopped and stood at one side, beating softly on their tambors. Then the ceremonious dancers turned to the remains of their dead and the chant died away in a wailing farewell which could not be misunderstood. Then, after standing a moment in silence, all returned to their places. Josecito looked in at the door, and then ran away, as if ashamed of his failure. For a time the Indians all rested, then a new dance was formed, different again from the others in that the women prepared to dance with the men. The singers, musicians and principal men stood as they had done before, the chant and the step were the same, the accompaniment in no way different; but as the beating of the tambors came quicker, the women began to dance round and round as the boys had done, except that they danced hand-in-hand, while the boys held their lines by pressing shoulder to shoulder, and keeping the most perfect time in their steps. The women gave little attention to time and the step, but they danced with an abandon of motion which was most attractive. As the dance progressed it became much confused, and was pushed rapidly on to its end; then came the wailing farewell, and the Indians returned to their seats or stood about talking together.

More chicha was served, and then the King said that as I had seen all the dances we would go to his house and sit for a time, if I wished. Taking leave was of very small moment, the same as I had found it among other tribes, and even the King was not noticed; we simply walked out of the house; that was all. Shortly we arrived at his home, and in the deep shadowy interior sat at ease resting. Then I said: "Don Antonio, why do you dance for the dead? I have seen but I want to know what it all means." With an expression of real regret on his face the King shook his head, saying: "No, my white visitor, I love you much, but the dances they are of the Sukias and the Singers. I, as King, know all truly, but to tell or not that belongs only to them. And yet why should we keep these secrets? I am not a King; as the government commands, so I do; our secrets mean little now. For myself I wish you to know. A Sukia will come; be patient and wait." So we waited and the Sukia came, and when he had talked with the King he said, gravely, to me: "Why do you want to know of our dead, you of a far distant country; what is it to you?"

I answered, explaining that I was sent by the American Museum of Natural History, a great palace as big almost as a mountain, where records of all the Indians were kept that none might be lost or forgotten—a record that should be for them, their children and all people forever. Then I told of the museum and the work it had done; this caught their fancy, and when I had talked a long time and answered their questions, the King said: "It is good. I no longer am King; those who command and send soldiers care not at all, and lest everything should be forgotten we will tell you. Our word is, we will tell you; your word is, you will keep the record for us, for our children and for all who may care to know. Were I a King we would keep for ourselves our remembrances; to-day our power is gone; to-morrow we may not be at all."

"I, Antonio, am King, the oldest son first born of the other King's oldest sister; so it has been always. Not the son of the King, but the son of the King's oldest sister, for who knows that a son born to the King's women might be not of his blood. The people obey the King, and next to the King are the Sukias—wise men who charm away evil, keep the Bugaru (chief evil spirit) from destroying the people, and who, with their charms, save the sick from the influence of the spirits of evil which forever are seeking to injure the living, and all believe in and follow the word of the Sukias. The chief Sukia is wise beyond the others; him all fear; he lives deep in the mountains and seldom is seen. Even the King has fear of him, and before him the Bugaru never can stand."

"After the Sukias are the Becockaras, who watch over the food, the fields and the cattle; with them all people consult and find wisdom for their planting, their hunting, their going away, and their coming again.

"Apart from all are the Singers, who commune with the dead, and watch over those who have been taken from us. When a man dies he is gone, and wants no more of the things which were here; and, as he wants them not, we in due time make a feast, eating and drinking. We do not give what he had to his sons and his women; in the woods there is plenty, and the fields yield enough; if they work they have no want of things which belonged to the dead. Let them work and take from the earth that which is fresh and good for their lives; but if they care not to work they are not worthy to have. The people who rule tell us this is wrong; we do not hold it a wrong.

"When one is dead those who are appointed to handle the body take it away to the woods; there, bound securely with cloth and with leaves, and placed in a house made of poles, the body remains for a year, till the sun rises again on the day of that life's departure; and if the bones are found, cleaned by the wind and the rain, it is well; the body is freed from the flesh and can then be taken high in the mountains to be buried in the great vaults which were made in days so long gone past that none remember their making, only we know that there all are gathered together; but before the bones are taken away we dance and rejoice because now they are safe, and this we do dancing, drinking and eating till all that belonged to the dead is consumed. Then the family take up the bones and go by themselves to the safe place high in the mountains, and when they have laid the dead in the

the men standing near: "Get the things for him, that, knowing all, he may even dance for himself if he will."

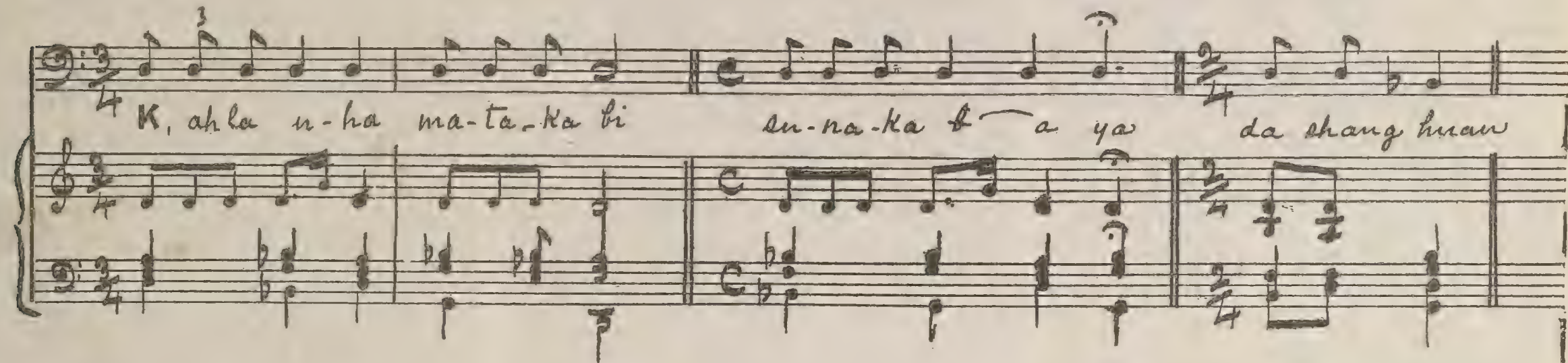
Agreements were quickly made, and I was promised that in a few days the collection would be completed.

Then the King brought out the regalia and let me take the things in my hand. The staff of office was of very hard wood, a bird's head carved at the top, the throat hollow and containing a ball with which a clear, rattling sound could be made. The crown was of feathers, a circle of white plumes from the eagle, with long red and blue tail feathers from the mackaw standing erect at the front, while around the base of the crown were iridescent feathers, green, red, blue and yellow, cleverly blended together. Around his neck were hung seven golden eagles, identical in form with others found among the most ancient graves in Costa Rica. He had also a string of shell beads like those found in old graves, and called pre-Colombian.

When I had seen the regalia, the King said he was obliged to leave me alone for a time, because some Indians had called him.

I went to the hut where I was to live, thinking of all I had seen and wondering by what means more could be learned. I was commissioned to make a collection, and the idea took my fancy that the model of a dead Indian, and a second model of the bones prepared for the dance and final interment would be specimens well worth the effort. To prepare the model I had only some string and my knife, but in the tropics nature is lavish, and with the aid of some of the younger Indians, who appeared immensely amused at what I proposed, material was found in abundance. A young Indian willingly stood for a model, and after taking measurements carefully, I began

obey. A cloth was brought and the mimic skull carefully taken, the collar bones were thrust into the opening to hold it in place, the ribs were forced through the sections representing the spine, and all were laid on the cloth, the skull at the top; then at either side they placed the bones of the arms, the bits of wood representing the fingers and hands were placed in little piles at the base of the arms; the thigh bones were placed where the stomach would be, the legs were put in position; at the end of each were placed the bits of wood which represented the bones of the feet; then the cloth was folded over, and the compact little package bound tightly with cords; leaves were brought from the forest, and the final binding was being put on when a tumult of wailing and outcry came from the women; something was shouted in a horrified voice, which was immediately taken up by all of the people. The men started back and looking at me with terror refused to proceed with the work. I was determined to make them, and would not allow them to go out of the house. Perhaps they feared me more than my model; at any rate, after a moment, they turned again to their work, and with faces perspiring and hands that were trembling they finished it all. I ordered them then to prepare a support and place the model on it as if it were there for a dance; this they did while the women shouted denunciations and cried out in fear. When all had been finished, two bits of wood, one hard and one soft, in which a fire had been kindled by friction, were placed under the leaves surrounding the package of bones, and the dead was provided with fire. A hammock was brought in which the remains could be carried; that was all, and then my collection was finished. The men hurried away, saying that never would they again



vault which is theirs, for each family has one, they leave a few things that the dead may not be in want, or be sent away empty handed; not that we think the things will be needed, but only because it has been so always; then the family come home again to the lowlands.

"The dances you saw were in farewell and rejoicing, because those departed were safe. The first dance was held for a woman. You saw it. She had served the men well and they danced for her who had left them. The second dance was for a man, and his companions danced in his memory; you saw the singers in farewell, as at first, but with others joining to aid and remember. The young men about the singers represented the struggles of the life which had been and which for them would still be. Behind those who sang were three bearing a staff, and on the staff was a snake of the lowlands, a type of the evil which the dead were now leaving behind them forever; and before those who danced and sang in farewell was one bearing a feather from a bird of the mountains; and dancing he was a spirit, a bird leading and calling on to the mountains where the dead were to rest and would be safe forever.

"The last dance was for a child only; the farewell was the same, but the women to whom is confided the care of the children danced round about hand-in-hand in token of life and its struggles; but not in order, they danced in and out among those who sang, for the child's life had been broken, and so was their dance.

"This is all; it is little; only farewell to the dead. Not that they need it, but only that it has been so always; it is our custom and it is nothing more."

Then Antonio, the King, stopped talking. Beyond the deep shade of his cave-like house was the intense burning heat of the tropics; a shimmering of light over the green of the jungles; a wavering of intense heat over the grass in the clearing in front of his houses. Quietly the cattle and horses were feeding; scarce a breath stirred. Antonio the King looked over the scene a long time in silence, and then said, as if thinking aloud: "For the white men the cities, plantations, the ships; for the Indians only the forests. Why will they not leave us our own?"

There was much that I wanted to know beside what had been told, and I asked the King how the dead were finally buried, to which he replied: "There is little ceremony; the package of bones is placed in a hammock and carried to the burying ground in the mountains; the top of the vault is removed, and the dead laid away with those who had gone before them; the vault is covered again, and by its side we leave a stool to sit on, a clay jar for chicha, a cup for drinking, a gourd, and for each man a bow, arrows, hunting bag and his walking staff; for each woman a basket. We do not think the dead need these things; it is only a custom."

Would they show me the burying ground? Decidedly they would not, because they knew the white men would dig open the vaults and take the bones of their dead, an act they all feared, the King saying: "That is a curious custom of yours. Your people want our dead, yet never think of disturbing your own. Why do you this? We cannot tell, and do not hear your words of excuse."

Then I said: "Don Antonio, ask them to sell me all the things they use in a dance of farewell, that I may make a dance for myself."

"Without the dead? That would be foul," and the face of the King wore a grave, anxious look.

"But," I urged, "one will die; let me have these things, for the dance is good."

Then Antonio said: "What harm can it do?" and to

the construction. A gourd served very well for a head; a young bushy tree provided a collar bone, spine and the ribs, which were bent into shape with my bits of string. A second gourd carefully cut made a good imitation of thighs, and jointed pieces of wood formed the legs, arms, feet and hands. Then the body was padded with straw till its appearance became really natural, and the young Indians said it was truly a deader. Then I told them that the body was my uncle Gabriel, and that I must have him laid out in the woods, because he was dead. The men objected, of course, but they yielded after a time. Cloth was procured, and the body wrapped snugly, and an outer covering of green leaves bound securely around it. The bows, arrows, staff, cup and hunting bag were bound together and laid on its right side; a stool was brought and placed at its feet, and by the left hand was placed a jar for chicha. Then I asked them to take up the model and prepare a place in the woods where it might stay for a year. This they positively refused; yet I forced them, urging, threatening and commanding. Then one said: "This is bad, but we finish. Take up your deader and come." We started at once, but warning cries of horror and fear came from the women. The men stopped, but by some influence, I hardly know how, I made them go on. In the woods the work was soon done. First a little place was cleared in a thicket; then poles were laid on the ground, a few leaves put over them, and on these the model was placed. Around it slender poles were forced in the ground, and all bound tightly together, forming a cage in which a body would stay a long time well secured; about it the staff, bow, arrows and hunting bag, the stool and the jar for chicha were laid as before; that was all, and seemed very little to have required such effort. The cage was taken up, the pieces carefully labeled that they might be put together again in New York, and the specimens were thus carried back to the hut in which I was living. On the way we saw frightened women run in the King's house, though some stood at a distance looking at us with wondering caution.

In regard to the objects used in the dances the King's orders were being obeyed, and all the implements were freely brought to me, all but the wooden instrument on which the clicking sound was made. There was but one in the tribe, which had been handed down from time immemorial, and no one had any idea of making another, but as dances were held without it because it was impossible that the instrument should be at the service of all, I did not consider it of such great importance. I was most anxious to secure a model of the bones as prepared for final interment, and now sat in my house planning how this should be done, and listening to frightened voices and exclamations of anger from Indians in the King's house, where they had gathered together. How long they continued I do not remember, for when evening came I went to my hammock, taking my pistol with me as usual, and soon fell asleep, leaving my plans and the Indians till morning.

The next day I found everything quiet again, and set to work preparing my skeleton model. It was not easy work, for material was scarce. The head was a gourd, branches and bits of wood formed the bones, a hollow stick cut in sections represented the spine, and from a large gourd thigh bones were made. Then all were laid out on the floor, each bit of wood in the place where a bone should have been. The effect was so natural that the Indians were frightened; then they became interested, and when I said the bones were those of my Uncle Gabriel, recently dead, and that I must have them prepared for a dance I would hold in New York, they looked at me in wonder, hesitated, and then prepared to

enter that house, which they now held had been cursed. The women had all disappeared, and I noticed as I packed up my specimens that everywhere there was an ominous silence; perhaps my investigations would yet cost me dear. In the afternoon Josecito came to say that he wanted me to sleep at his house. I wanted to go, but who would care for my specimens? No, I determined that I would remain, and Josecito rode slowly away. That evening the women came back, but there was no supper for me. I passed an anxious night and yet nothing happened. In the morning I gathered my specimens together, intending to start for the clearings where the Costa Rican governor was living, but here were new troubles. No Indian would touch the evil things I had made, and it was evident they did not intend to permit me to take them myself. I had no thought of yielding, so a contest of wills was begun; yet for me the time was not lost, for I set to work to learn the words of their chant, and after getting a fragment from one or another I began to have some idea of it all. The words were known, but they belonged to a language which had been lost, and even the singers had no idea of their meaning. From a drunken Indian who happened that way I finally got all the words together, after a rather comical experience, in which I started a rough singing contest, though I cannot claim any voice except one which is at its best only when silent; yet it now served the purpose, and after a while the Indian took up the singing and began to chant their farewell to the dead; the words were repeated over and over, and as he sang I set them down as they are here:

K, ah la u ha ma ta ka bi, su na ka bi a ya, da shang huan.

This was an addition to my collection of material, but I was no nearer getting away with it all. The Indians grinned complacently, and even came to look at the specimens, but touch them—not for anything. That evening Antonio the King returned, and I thought my troubles were over, but I am sorry to say that Antonio was very drunk. I was still in his favor, and though now all the Indians cowered before him, I had nothing to fear. He neither approved or disapproved of my specimens, and even apologized for his condition, blaming it all on the Christians; as he called the white men, who talked so fair but would not trade till they had given them drink, and then when the Indians were happy and careless made unfair exchange and sent them home almost empty handed. Then he looked away to the woodlands with sad, drunken eyes, saying over and over: "I am not a King, I am not a King, or they would not do this."

Antonio said he could not order the men to carry my things; it was theirs to do or not as they pleased. Only for himself he could say I might take them; that was all he could do.

That night I sent the governor a letter, telling him of my difficulties and asking his aid, and next morning three soldiers and a number of mules appeared at my house, much to my surprise, and said that the governor had sent them to help me. The Indians looked on in amazement and fear, but made no objection; then, while the specimens were being packed on the mules, Antonio the King came, saying: "I ride beside you, and Josecito has gone to ride on before you."

As we went through the jungles in silence we frequently met with bands of armed Indians who, on seeing the King followed, but did me no harm, and presently a goodly company had gathered together escorting me on through the woods. After a time we stopped, and the King said: "I go no further. We are now near the

governor and he is against me." Then, extending his hand, he said, as I grasped it: "Good-by, come again; I love you much." Then all the Indians left us and I soon reached the government buildings, where there was nothing to do but to express my deep thanks to the governor, who would not allow me to pay for the mules or the soldiers.

Before leaving that country I met a Sukia who had come to the government buildings, and to test what I knew of the farewell chant to the dead, I sang it for him, and the surprised, angry look on his face as he demanded where I had learned it, gave me assurance that I had not been misled, and that I had in truth learned the death chant of the Tolamancas.

FRANCIS C. NICHOLAS.

[In the musical notation as here given the endeavor has been made in the arrangement to render the death chant as it sounds when the Indians are singing together in disorder and in irregular time according to their custom. The air is the monotone accented chant as it sounds when sung by one Indian as a solo.]

A Walk Down South.—XXII.

ONCE more afloat below the Dickenson's Dam, I began to realize where I was. Friday, January 10, 1902, was a bright, beautiful morning, with a faint haze overhead, diffused light beneath, warm, delightful; at 10 o'clock I crossed the line into Tennessee. There I was and no mistake; fell back an hour to 9 o'clock when the line was crossed, and for once I had a chance to live an hour of my life over again! The five miles from Dickenson's to Kingsport, Tennessee, were dreamy ones. The dam just above the town was bad, but I hauled the boat down over the rocks on the east side, rather than try to run over the board apron. Progress down to the ferry was rapid. I landed—and there was the town—rather a part of it.

There had been a "high tide" in December. The water had backed up over the floors of some of the dwellings, twenty feet above the surface on which my boat floated. Showalter's house was where I could get dinner. There were several dark horizontal lines on the planed board walls. "Here's where the water came last December," Henry said, pointing to one as high as my knees. "That one was last May." It was a foot higher than my head. The door-step, a plank one, was tied to a peg with a stout string.

Henry scraped the mud off his feet with a stick, and handed the stick to me to scrape.

"At dark when the last May tide came," Henry said, "the water was like that you came in on. At nine o'clock we were wading round the house carrying the stuff up stairs. At 10 we had to use a boat and pole to get to the sewing machine."

The December tide left a lot of mud-sills on the front yards of the town—several inches of it—a dark gray deposit that clung to one's feet like nothing else one can think of; not a smooth, dripping mud, but mud in chunks, which breaks rather than flows from wheels and feet. I saw a pig drinking down by the hand cable ferry. It kept all four feet treading constantly lest it sink into the mire. Mules did likewise, but horses are usually less sagacious.

Big Holston and Little Holston come together at the ferry. Kingsport postoffice is a mile up the Big Holston. I went there after mail when I had eaten dinner. The houses were built on stone foundations on the left side of the road against the side hill. I looked up at the floor levels, and was assured that the water overflowed the floors occasionally. Corn stocks hung limp in the branches of some of the trees, and there were some house and other beams and logs lying along the tide line, like match sticks and straws along a gutter after the sun comes out. Part of the side of a church, painted blue, had been propped up by some one beside the stone walk. I walked around one side of a big sow wallowing in the mud, my comrade walked round the other.

At the office there were signs of confusion. It was also a doctor's office and drug store. Dr. Patton, the postmaster, went to the house, some feet higher, to get stamps, explaining, "We have to keep that sort of stuff on a higher level." It wasn't the kind of stream that flows up north. I looked at the yellow flood with novel sensations.

I remained all night with the Showalters, listening to the banjo during the evening. I awakened once in the night and reached down to the floor with my hand—one wonders if that is a common trick along rivers with such eccentric habits.

In the morning the kind mistress of the house put up a "little snack" for me. Nearly two quarts of apple butter, a peck of cold biscuits, a glass of pear jelly and some slices of fried pork. I started, a vague alarm settling in me when I looked at the broad river ahead, a tumble of rifts the first introduction. The rifts proved easy, however, though swift and dancing. It was when I came around the bend below that the size of the river showed itself. A cold north wind was blowing up the still water, the waves rolled up and broke in white caps there. It was dismaying. After every paddle stroke the boat stopped dead. But the eddies were short, and the rifts frequent. I did manage to move on and on. I ate frequently. This was reviving, but long before dark my arms drooped and my head bowed forward to shelter the face from the insistent drive of the toothed wind. I tried to find the lee bank; for a few rods there would be a dull sensation of relief, then, with a little buoyant lift, a keener thrust, the wind would find me at some bend and once more I would go slinking onward, not proud of having had the shelter nor yet brave enough to take to the center of the stream regardless of the stings.

The buildings were all far back from the river, on high knolls or distant ridges. Wide, water-worn, wind-swept cornfields laid between the river and the houses; or else there were bluffs of tree-grown, rocky slopes, behind which one could see no land of promise. Once I saw a gray squirrel; frequently I saw flocks of greenheads, diedappers and other ducks, the names of which I do not know, surprising them as I came down beside those curious islands called "towheads."

Towheads! Who gave that name to those flocks of drift, grown with brittle willow shrubs, all stained with

the yellow clay in the last high tide? With a plow of gleaming white shells—mother of pearl—a nose of drift—trees, logs, mangled crops and brush—a hairy hull of leaning water willows, combed back by the drag of the waters, and a long, lean eddy astern, no feature of the turbid southern streams is so striking as these. The gaunt white sycamores, the caving banks, the broad-bosomed flow, not the vast, silent power of the rivers have the mystery which one can see in the towhead as it comes silently, resistlessly up the stream at the way-farer upon the waters.

When the "evening" had come, the mind was not less weary than the body. It had been a wonderful day; of course exhausting. I watched for some place to stay for the night. I wanted to see if the people were as distant as that awful stream. The bleak, blue day had been delightfully lonesome, and reared the ecstasy of homesickness to unusual proportions.

It was not late when I saw a log house back in the woods, just after I had seen the wreck of a house boat among some towheads. I was close to the far bank and started straight across to the house. The bank still glided along. I turned the boat's head up stream and paddled harder than ever before. Even then I was borne on down the noiseless, rushing current; I was two hundred yards below the landing before I managed to run into an eddy behind a water-surrounded tree. Not before had I realized how rapidly ran the water at the foot of a shoal. I went back to the log house. James Hick, an old Confederate soldier, welcomed me.

A fine supper of fried plank salted pork, berry jams, coffee, sorghum, and peach sauce was served. After supper we sat around the fireplace. The fireplace was so full of wood that all sat ten or twelve feet from it. I was too exhausted, however, to enjoy the charming side of the occasion. It was satisfaction to sit drooping in the chair with the top of the head warmed by the blaze.

At bedtime all retired. There were five beds in the room, one across the rear of it, the other two extending from the rear corners forward. Mine was the central one. The bed at my head was occupied by Mr. Hick and his wife; at my feet were two sons. Two daughters were in the one adjoining the sons, and a cousin in the remaining bed at the foot of that wherein the parents reposed.

Sunday morning found a freezing wind blowing, and I waited for another day. The morning had not gone very far when the talk turned to Indians. I was in an Indian country where there had been trouble enough in the old days. Mr. Hick said that lots of relics were picked up on the bottoms thereabouts. He had seen "flints" longer than his hand. There were some kicking round up stairs. One of the boys went up and got a few. One of these was glossy black, with regular teeth along the edge. They gave me a handful of arrow heads, two tomahawks, a belt bead and an odd, egg-shaped stone worn half down. Across the river on the bottom, they said, was a lot of such stuff.

I announced my intention of looking over that bottom. Mr. Hick said he would go with me, and away we went. We crossed the river in a "canoe"—a long, low craft with a far overhang at each end, which "we" poled across standing. I wasn't used to handling a pole, and once or twice nearly got yanked out of the boat like a rabbit in a snare. We reached yon side safely, walked fifty yards over a slight whale-back elevation, and on the far side Mr. Hick began to scan the ground; so did I. Mr. Hick said:

"Here's one," and handed me a yellow tip with the point broken. Then: "Here's another." My eyes weren't used to finding arrow heads. In fact, I'd never seen one on the ground. I grew eager. I began to look for flint of any sort, stooping low, and not looking for arrow shapes. A bit of flint was seen instantly, and then another and a third. They were mere chips, however. Then there was a black one—a pretty, shiny bit half buried in the frozen sand. A tip sure enough. Again and again I found tips, some "good" ones some "poor." Then Hick brought me a piece of bone—a man's radius or ulna, apparently, but much worn by the elements.

At intervals, scattered over the surface, were ovals and circles of red stone cobbles—"the kind we use to heat to boil our scalding water when we kill hogs," Mr. Hick said. The stones were larger than one's fist and smaller than would fit in a two-quart pail. They were red and "looked as if they'd been heated." These were laid in quite regular circles, or ovals, as I said, some three feet across, and packed in very hard. "One had to take his heel to knock them out."

"I got the notion one time," Hick's said, "that maybe they buried money or something under them things, and I dug down under one of them—went down four or five feet, maybe more, but didn't find anything. I don't know what they're for."

Unfortunately I couldn't tell then either. The man who owned the bottom came down to see what neighbor Hick was doing there. Hick explained that I'd never seen a place like that before, and was kind of curious—curious in more respects than one.

It was a freezing cold day; even I shivered in it, but I had both enthusiasm and a northern constitution. Mr. Hick waited, however, till I got a pocket full of flints, and then we went back across the river. The man who owned the bottom had gathered a pile of bones a foot high at one place last fall while plowing the land, but these were all scattered by the "tide" in December.

The story of the wrecked house boat up in the shoal of which I had a glimpse was told me. A man named Howard built it up near Kingsport. He was tired of the country thereabouts. The boat was a flat bottomed scow some twenty-five feet long and eight feet wide. On this was a six by fourteen foot shanty. Into it Howard loaded his household—wife, children and goods. On the tail of the December tide he started south. But "luck" was against him. He ran into the chute of Hick's Shoals and the boat struck a sycamore snag. One side went down the other up. Somehow Howard got his wife and four little children to the island toward which the water swept, and then Howard left the river "for good and all." River travel, Howard believes, is worse than living in a country where men are arrested for theft, so he will stay in the mountains of Tennessee.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

Floating on the Missouri.—VI.

SOON after daylight the next morning we discovered eleven mule deer walking along under the cut bank on the opposite side of the river. One of them was a very large buck, and had an immense set of antlers. They picked their way down the shore, waving their great ears, occasionally stopping to look about, and at last disappeared up a deep coulee.

After breakfast I brought the remainder of the deer I had killed down to camp, and then we loaded up and set sail, a good wind having started from the west. Here at Grand Island the really well-timbered bottoms of the Missouri begin; the stream flows from one side of the valley to the other like the course of a snake, and in every bend a growth of cottonwoods and willows extends a part or all of the way back to the foot of the valley slope. Here also one first begins to see the "sawyers," for which the river is famous, and which have sunk many a good boat. The current ever encroaching upon the soft soil of the bottoms, especially the upper, or western sides, is continually eating them away; a great piece of undermined ground falls into the stream, and with it one or more trees, roots and all. Down goes the tree to the bottom, its top rising several feet above the surface of the water and slanting with the current. Then the spring rush of ice cuts away its limbs, shaves and sharpens the trunk, and the sand and sediment deeply imbedding its roots hold it immovably in place like a great lance. If the tip is just beneath the surface, a swirl and rippling of the water reveals its presence. But the most observant of pilots cannot always detect one, and with a crash the boat is impaled, and a few moments later sinks beneath the muddy tide.

Wonderful, almost unbelievable, is the amount of soil and sand annually carried away and shifted by this river. The finest of it is held in suspension and is finally deposited in the Gulf of Mexico. The coarsest is cut away here, deposited there, picked up and shifted again, each time a little further down stream. In one day the ever shifting channel will remove all traces of a long, wide bar or island several feet in height. Often, as we rowed or sailed along, we could see them melting away, yards and yards at a time, and great chunks of the bottom, ten, twenty, even thirty feet in height, were continually falling in with a resounding splash. The careful navigator will do well to keep out from the cut banks. Where a bottom wears away, the bottom on the opposite side fills out, and at a rate which can be accurately measured by the growth of the trees. Always at the outer edge are cottonwood and willow sprouts; back of them belt after belt of timber, each one larger than the other by a year's growth, until finally one comes to the full-grown trees, tall, rough-barked and wide of girth. The river once shifting and leaving an ever-widening bar, the wash from the hills raises it layer by layer. A moderate rainstorm will deposit several inches of the bad land soil upon it, a big storm as much as a foot. In the rainy season, and when the winter snows are melting under the influence of the warm spring sun, the steep coulees are miniature torrents, carrying the soil and sticky clays down not only in solution, but in balls from several inches up to three feet in diameter. Here and there at the mouths of these coulees one can often see several hundred of them stranded by the receding waters.

The scenery this morning was not especially impressive, merely a succession of bars, broken ridges and deep coulees on the north side of the valley, and only a few pine groves on the southern slope. A run of five miles brought us to the Two Calf Islands, at the mouth of Two Calf Creek, which flows into the river from the north. These are old names, bestowed by some of the early voyageurs, but why, tradition does not say. The islands, separated only by a narrow strip of deep water, are small and covered with timber. There were several beaver slides on the lower one, but no fresh sign; evidently the moccasin trapper had been here also. On a high bank near the mouth of the creek stands an old-time hunter's cabin in a fair state of preservation, even to the rawhide door. Its dimensions are about twelve by fourteen feet, and the great, rude, rough, stone fireplace and chimney at its rear take up a large share of the space.

The breeze freshened and we ran the six miles from this point to the mouth of Armell's Creek in an hour. This is a fair-sized stream, heading near the Black Butte thirty miles south. The latter part of its course is between high, rough, pine-clad hills. It was named after Charles Armell, a trader for the American Fur Co., who once managed a branch post here for some time. Sah-né-to said that her people called this creek It-tsis-ki-ot-sop—Crushed, or, more liberally, Trapped. Somewhere along its course, in the long ago, she said, the Piegiens were camping and hunting, and some one discovered a seam of soft, red ochre, or burnt clay, in a high cut bank. The news quickly spread through camp and created great excitement, for the substance was not common, and in great demand for making a sacred paint for the face. In other words, 'twas great medicine. Early the next morning more women flocked to the place than could work at it at one time, for the seam was not long. They dug and gouged and scraped with such implements as they had, sharp-pointed sticks and shoulder blades of buffalo, and had mined in for a considerable distance when a large portion of the high bank fell, completely burying twenty-seven of them and seriously injuring several more. All of the twenty-seven were dead when the people finally uncovered them.

We expected to find an old friend named King located at the mouth of this stream, but found his ranch on the next bottom below. We landed quietly and slipped along through a grove of trees to the house unobserved. Then Sah-né-to sprang out and addressed Mrs. King in her own language, greatly to the latter's surprise and delight. They had not seen each other for more than a year, when King and his family had left the foot of the Rockies to locate here. I asked him what he thought of the country.

"Say," he replied, "I find that I've just thrown away the twenty years and more I put in buffeting the cold winds up where you are. Here the wind doesn't blow; see how straight and tall these cottonwoods are? Those on your place are bent and dwarfed. Up there, you have to rustle hard all summer to get enough hay to winter your stock. Here we don't need any. Cattle find ample feed and shelter here in these bottoms and keep fat during

the worst of winters."

He was right.

Game, Dick said, was abundant. There were a few elk and grizzly bears up on Armell's Creek, plenty of mule deer in the breaks, several bands of antelope on the nearby plains. There were some whitetail in the bottoms, but many had died during the summer. He had found eight in the timber near by. "But," he continued, "this isn't going to last; there is a Cree half-breed outfit living on the next bottom below here, and last winter they killed over two hundred deer, to say nothing of other game. In the fall all they bought to winter on was twenty sacks of flour; no bacon, no beans, no sugar, nothing else. So you may know that they came pretty near living on meat straight. Of course, they couldn't have eaten two hundred deer; they kill a large number for their skins and for wolf baits. I saw a great many carcasses they had poisoned. Yes, they've pretty well cleaned up the beaver about here. I saw the old man floating by on a raft yesterday, and he had something covered with his blankets; beaver skins, I suppose."

I remarked that I had found moccasin tracks around some beaver workings not far above.

The Kings insisted that we should remain with them a week at least. But winter was due at any time, and much as we would have liked to accept their hospitality, we pushed on the next morning. Passing the location of the Cree half-breeds, we saw the patriarch of them all squatting upon his heels at the edge of the bank, ragged, unkempt, black of skin, his long hair cut square around like a mop. I felt like trying the effect of a square-nosed bullet upon his anatomy. "Dogface!" said Sah-né-to, "why has the Great Father forbidden my people to make further war upon them? They were ever our warriors' legitimate prey. They have no place, no right in this country."

A strong breeze was blowing again this morning, and we made the eleven miles to the mouth of Little Rocky Creek in less than two hours. This stream heads in the Little Rocky Mountains, twenty-five miles north of the river. Hunting buffalo on its headwaters once with the noted shot, Eli Guardipee, we found in a park in the foothills two large bull elk, their antlers firmly interlocked. They had been dead so short a time that the wolves had not touched them. For many yards around them the turf had been tramped so that scarce a blade of grass was left, and there they must have stood for days, suffering agonies from thirst and want of food, although the grassy plain was all around them and the cool mountain stream but a few yards distant. We cut off their heads, of course, antlers and all, and got them into the post on a hastily constructed sledge. Ultimately they came into the possession of Dr. C. Hart Merriam, who has kindly loaned them to the National Museum in Washington.

From the mouth of Little Rocky Creek a further sail of eight miles brought us to the Carroll bottom, where we had held forth in other days. I could hardly recognize the place. Where our post had once stood was now the north side of the river, and several hundred yards back in the brush and young cottonwoods, which had grown up in the nineteen years since we had abandoned it. We lowered the sail and went ashore. Midway in the bottom a coulée comes in from the distant breaks, and at its mouth I had once killed some buffalo. "We will go over there," I said to Sah-né-to, "and take a couple of the skulls. I would like to keep them as a memento of old times."

Well I remember that hazy, smoky morning in the rutting season, when, arising soon after daylight, I heard the moaning of the impassioned bulls back in the breaks. No one in the post was astir. The few lodges of Crees and Blackfeet near by were silent. I picked up my rifle, thrust a handful of extra cartridges into my pocket and slipped over to the coulée, meeting the herd just this side of it. Some of the animals ran back in the direction whence they came; others dashed down into the deep coulée and up the steep trail on the other side, which would admit of but one climbing at a time. There, just as they gained the opposite level, I dropped nine of them, bulls and cows. The last one was a cow, and when it fell its calf stopped and stood by it, and butted it in the side in a vain attempt to reach the teats. Then I hated myself. At least, I thought, the meat shall not be wasted, and returning to the lodges I routed the occupants out and told them to butcher the animals and divide the meat and hides as they saw fit.

Arrived at the coulée, we crossed it and a glance over the ground convinced us that we would not find what we sought. To say nothing of skulls, not even a bone was left to show that a buffalo had ever fallen there. The wash from the hills had buried them, or, perchance, they had been shipped by some gatherer of bones ere the streams finally ceased running on the upper river. We retraced our steps and sat down near the boat to eat our lunch.

The pleasantest years of my life were passed at this place. From September until spring thousands of Indians, Bloods, Blackfeet and Crees, were continually coming and going, coming in to trade their robes and furs, going out to hunt for more. One winter we traded for a few more than four thousand robes, seven hundred raw hides, twenty-three hundred small skins—elk, deer and antelope—six hundred wolf and coyote pelts and some three hundred beaver skins. Also for great quantities of pemmican and dried meat. I forget the weight, but remember that it was stacked up in long piles like cordwood. That was the winter we got the spotted robe. The animal, an unusually large cow buffalo, was killed by a young Blackfoot one day when Mr. Jos. Kipp, the owner of our trading outfit, happened to be in the camp. When skinned and spread out on the ground, the hide was found to have a border of pure white a foot deep all around. The head and tail were also white, and there was a large, round, white spot on each flank. The young hunter gave it to his father and mother, and they promised Mr. Kipp that he should have it in due time. The old woman tanned it as soft as ever robe was tanned, and the old man painted upon the flesh side in brilliant colors the record of his battles, his "coups," and wonderful medicines. Then the proud couple brought it in and showed it to us, and also to two rival traders. "Be no afraid," they said to us, "we promised you the robe, and will do as we say; but we will keep it a little while."

Both of the other traders wanted it, of course, and for weeks and weeks kept the old people supplied with whisky and tobacco and other things prized by the Indians. And each one of them was sure that he was going to get it, and bragged about it; but both were pilgrims, and did not know the red man's ways. One day in the spring, true to their word, the old couple came in and threw the robe over our counter. "There 'tis," the old man said, "to-morrow we start for the North. We've had a real good time with it."

We gave them about fifty dollars worth of goods. A month later a Montreal man traveling through the country heard of the robe, had the steamer he was on stop at our place and bought it. I wonder if he still has it? Does any Montreal reader know some one who has a spotted robe?

The Indians seldom traded after nightfall, but on winter evenings our trade room was a general lounging place for the chiefs and old men, and many an interesting tale they told as they sat around the stove and smoked and supped the spirits we occasionally set out. Tales of war, of the chase, and of their life on the plains. Tales of the doings of their gods, of the creation, of the life hereafter, all of which was interesting to one person at least, who wished to know just what an Indian really thought and believed.

During the long summers, when all furs and robes were valueless, we had nothing to do. The arrival of a steamboat now and then with our mail was the only thing to break the monotony of the days. How often we used to climb to the top of the long hill to look for the smoke rising above the trees away down the valley, which heralded one's approach.

One familiar landmark on the bottom is a gnarled old cottonwood far back of where our trading post once stood; the river has eaten in nearly to its base, and another season it too will topple into the flood. I have good reason to remember it. The "Big-eared White-man," the old-time trader, was with us. During his long life on the plains he had never killed a buffalo, nor any other game for that matter; he cared nothing for the chase. But one day, seeing an old buffalo bull coming through the bottom, he picked up a .44 carbine and said he guessed he would kill it. Forth he went, and we sat on the shady side of the building and watched him. The bull was feeding along, and every time it stopped to crop a mouthful of grass he slipped up nearer to it, until he got within fifty or seventy yards of the beast, all unconscious of his approach. Then he raised his carbine and shot it, not through the heart, as he intended, but through the paunch. The next instant, snorting with rage and pain, the bull was after him, and dropping his gun, he ran to the old cottonwood, grasped its mighty trunk, some four feet in diameter, and frantically tried to climb it, an utter impossibility, of course. On came the bull, and he dodged behind the tree, and for some moments the two played tag around its base, the trader shouting for help, for some one to kill the blankety-blank beast. But the spectators were having too much fun to heed his entreaties until they saw that he was nearly exhausted, and then one of them dropped the bull with a well-directed shot.

Beside the Indians, we did a large trade with the French-Cree half-breeds, who had come from the Saskatchewan, Red River, and other parts of Canada, to follow the buffalo. It was here that their leader, Louis Riel, began preparations for the rebellion of 1885. He was a cold, calculating, suave and educated half-breed, but withal fanatical and lacking in good, plain sense. There was a Jesuit priest with us, and both he and others told Riel that his handful of men could not possibly whip the Canadian troops, to say nothing of the thousands Great Britain would put into the field if necessary. "You do not understand," he would reply. "We are like the children of Israel of old, a persecuted race. God is with us, and will lead us to a great and glorious victory."

A few years later the Red Coats hung him. There were then some wild and desperate men here in these bad lands, especially Big-Nose George and Dutch John's gangs of horse thieves and murderers. Just where their strongholds were we never asked nor learned. They occasionally came to our post and purchased provisions, and we always felt relieved when they departed. Most likely the reason they never held us up was that they knew we seldom kept any cash on hand, our trade being almost entirely in robes and furs. And again, they had to obtain provisions somewhere, and we sold to them and asked no questions. We didn't dare to.

One day a member of one of these gangs was standing in the doorway of our post as a young Cree and his wife were sauntering by. "See me plunk the Indian," he said, and leveling his "gun," he shot the poor fellow through the kidneys. It was well for him that the Crees were all out after buffalo at that time!

The priest ministered to the poor Indian's spiritual wants, and I filled him up with whisky to relieve the pain, and we gave him the best send off we could; but for many a day I could not forget the cruel act. That was the only Indian I ever saw killed in cold blood.

About 2 o'clock, having finished our lunch, we again set sail and ran around the point of the bottom, past the heavy growth of timber and willows, where I once had another experience with buffalo one day. We were out of meat, there were no Indians around, so I was appointed to furnish some. I sallied forth down the bottom to look for deer, and was walking along the edge of the timber, when I saw a buffalo cow pass into a growth of thick willows, and out of sight before I could shoot. I followed, and presently saw her rubbing against a tree, and promptly dropped her where she stood. But I wasn't prepared for the effect of the shot. Unknown to me, there were several hundred buffalo out on the shore of the river, and at the crack of the rifle they came rushing back pell-mell through the willows, regardless of trails. I had barely time to get behind a small cottonwood, when they began to rush by, many so close that I could have reached out and touched them, but I hugged the tree and kept mum and in a minute they all passed. The way they tore down brush and crashed through the thick willows was something remarkable. Had I not, fortunately, been close to a tree, it is likely they would have trampled me into the earth.

It was here, too, that my friend Guardipee had a close call from a grizzly. He had been down the valley hunt-

ing, and was returning with a big mule deer fastened on behind his saddle, when he ran across a big bear at the edge of the timber and shot it. Although the bullet pierced its lungs, the bear took after him, and the pony, handicapped by its heavy load, could not get over the ground nearly as fast as the enraged animal. Ely had time to fire but once, missing, when the bear was right at the pony's heels, and with a swipe of its claws badly lacerated one of its haunches and legs; but luckily his next shot struck the animal fairly in the brain, and the short, but exciting, run was over. It was the largest female grizzly I ever saw, and very fat. We got twelve gallons of oil from it.

We soon passed the familiar place which had revived so many memories of other days, and turning a bend bid it good-by. For the rest of the afternoon the wind was changeable, and we finally tied up at Ryan's Island, named after an old "woodhawk," and camped, having made twenty-seven miles since leaving King's ranche.

APPEKUNNY.

Life in the Forest.

In the black growth there was silence, gloom and mystery. The deep shadows were broken only here and there by splotches of light, where the sun thrust lance-like rays between the tops where a tree had been touched by the lightning's sharp finger. The pine needles and spruce spills that silted down made a soft carpet for sharp hoofs or padded foot. It also made still going for moccasined feet.

A man was moving slowly through the woods, stepping over logs and twigs that might cry aloud. He took but few steps at a time, and then stood for minutes looking ahead toward the wind. An hour passed and he had walked a quarter of a mile. Then he stood stock still five, ten, fifteen minutes, his eyes on one spot, 100 yards away. He had seen motion there. He waited, knowing that as long as he remained quiet the advantage was his. Then slowly he raised his rifle and steadied his sights just ahead of the spot. Then in behind a group of fallen trees he saw a quick glimmer of white, and a doe and fawn walked into more open growth. The man lowered his rifle and watched them.

The fawn was feeding on the tender shoots that had sprung up in the old tree-laps, but the doe held her head up, and from time to time took a nervous step forward. She could not smell the man, for she was up the wind. She had heard no sound, she had seen no motion. The man knew that she "sensed" him. He also knew that the slightest motion on his part would send doe and fawn away in a dash for cover. The doe looked up the wind and drew long breaths through her delicate nostrils, but no danger signals came from there. She turned her head and looked steadily at the man, but he never moved. Then she moistened her nose with her long pink tongue and tried to get a scent from down the wind. Now and again she raised and shook out her plume of white as if proud of it and anxious that every hair should hang and show to the best advantage. The man smiled at this feminine vanity, and when the deer turned toward him again he waved his hand to her and watched the white tails flash up and fade away in the deep green shadows.

As he was about to go his eyes caught motion and another glimpse of white 20 feet away in a tangle of small down trees. A second's wait and a little pink nose and two very bright eyes were lifted over the top of a small log only 10 feet away. Then the newcomer placed his white kid gloves on the log and lifted himself for a better look. It was a weasel, and all his summer coat had gone save a small patch of brown on his back. His new winter suit was snow white, thick, soft and warm. He looked fearlessly at the man, and his attitude and manner said:

"Well, what do you want here? If it's a fight, you shall have it right now," and his eyes shone with a diabolical gleam. After a minute the weasel turned away and melted from view. Then the man called him back. The call brought a red fox to the edge of a thicket 50 yards away, but the man only caught a fleeting glimpse of him. It also awoke a venerable owl hidden in an old hollow pine far overhead, who arose and opened his eyes wide, but quickly closed them, fluffed up his feathers, shook his head and sank back into his cell.

In the black forest other ears heard and other eyes looked, for the predatory ones are all fond of wood mice. The wise little weasel turned his head to one side, looked suspiciously at the man and then again became invisible. Out in the beech grove in the warm sunshine there was life and activity. The man walked down the ridge, the brown leaves rustling noisily under foot. He came to a beech tree, full grown and in its prime, which had borne a generous crop, but was now doomed to die. Stooping, he examined the great bare death wound at the foot of the beech and straightened up with an angry exclamation. There was a complete girdle around the tree where an idle porcupine had breakfasted.

"He couldn't have climbed up and eaten the bark off a limb, but had to kill a bearing tree," the man was muttering as he scanned the tops of the tall trees.

"Strange I don't see him. It's his last breakfast if I do." The man was looking at the black splotches high up on a tall poplar, but his eye did not detect the hedgehog hugging close to the tree, looking like a dead limb, not even a twinkling eyelid to betray him. The stupid creature seemed for once to be alert and to realize that death stood below.

Not far away the man found a comfortable seat where the forks of a fallen poplar had straddled a big yellow birch, and the combination made a luxurious seat, with foot rest and comfortable back. For ten minutes there was not movement in the leaves below or he bare limbs overhead.

Far up in the tree tops on the side of the ridge the wild cackle of a pileated woodpecker rudely disturbed the silence of the wood. Just a flash of his bright red cap and the "cock of the woods" was away in long, undulating flight across the valley.

Then a red squirrel came out from nowhere and jumped on the down poplar. He ran with stiff-legged, springy jumps up the tree trunk, until he was within a yard of the man, then gave a wild squeal and with tail flattened out like a rusty streak he scooted back only to approach again with great caution. He ran out on a small limb

and sat crouched for a second, straightened up and held his right hand over his wildly thumping heart. His eyes were wide staring and every nerve a tingle. Then he made a single interrogatory sound, pressed both hands to his bosom like a prima donna awaiting her cue, and listened intently for a reply. The man moved not a muscle. The squirrel jumped to the log, took three rigid hops toward the man and retreated to his limb to listen again.

He was a handsome squirrel, distinctly marked with two heavy black stripes running along his sides, from foreshoulder to flank. On his back the tawny fur was soft and fluffy. His brush was well shaped and nicely groomed. In fact, he was a young beau among the squirrels of the beech ridge.

Quick as a flash, powerful, self-conscious, brave to a degree of recklessness, he was also woods wise and able to take care of himself as long as he kept his temper.

The squirrel could not long remain silent, and he again approached the man until but two feet of the log remained between them. Then something unforeseen happened. A white miller, fluttering about aimlessly, struck the man in the face, nearly in the eye. He raised his hand and the squirrel gave a great spring sideways, landing in the leaves and dashed for his life into a small tree near by.

"Murderer!" he shrieked as soon as he caught his breath. "You would kill me, would you? I'll have your life. Br-r-r-r rrr—chut, chut, quee, quee," and his teeth rattled and crackled like a rusty coffee grinder. The moth fluttered, drifted away and the man again sat passive and silent.

"You robber and destroyer of homes. You come here and steal all my beechnuts. If you don't leave I'll—br-r-r-r-r—quah, quee, quee!"

The man sat calmly watching the squirrel work himself into a white heat of rage. After he had exhausted his surplus of excitement the squirrel began gathering beechnuts. With comical dives he went under the brown covering of leaves in search of nuts, only to pop his head out the same instant and look for possible danger.

Finding a nut, he sprang upon a moss-covered stone, tried the nut with his teeth to test its soundness, placed it in his mouth just right and carried it down the log to a spot within ten feet of the man. Here he had dug a small hole in the ground, and in this leaf-covered cellar he was storing the ripened harvest. It must have been a temporary store, for in a few days it would be frozen in and covered with two feet of snow. He was careful and systematic in his work, jumping on the log at the same spot every time he had a nut to bury, looking about before he had placed it in the cellar and jamming it in with a final punch, into which he put all the force of his small but muscular body. Then he would pull a couple of leaves over the spot and pat them down with both hands and hop back to the log, stopping every time to snarl at the man. At times he would prolong the snarls into angry barks and squeaks, and it seemed as if he was about to break into one of his long tirades. After working steadily twenty minutes he brought a nut up on to the log and approached to within a yard of the man and laid it down so as to have free use of his jaws, and, as near as the man could translate, said:

"Now, sir, will you clear out of this? Your intentions are not just right, and I know you are here to steal. You have stolen from me before, and you'll try it again."

The man moved somewhat uneasily, as it was growing late and he wanted peace and quiet, for he expected something to come out of the black growth between sunset and darkness. The squirrel made a broad jump and shrieked wildly:

"You would, would you? Now you have got to go. You robbed me of all my spruce buds I had stored up—"

"Spruce buds! Great junipers, that's a good one! Ha, ha! Where on earth did you ever get a spruce bud?"

The interruption came from the direction of a giant hemlock about 30 feet away. The man turned and saw, perched on a limb 25 feet from the ground, another squirrel, very old and very gray. He was fat and sleek, and, in spite of his age, his eye gleamed with a merry twinkle and his sides shook with laughter.

"You never owned three spruce buds in all your short life. Why, you're afraid to go into the black growth to get them," the old fellow continued, addressing the youngster below him. Then he went into another fit of senile laughter.

The younger squirrel's rage was boundless. He turned about nervously and aimlessly two or three times, seemingly at a loss for words. Finally he spluttered out:

"You old villain! You never earned an honest bud, berry or nut in all your life! For three beechnuts I'd come up there and thrash you. You know your gray hairs protect you. Br-r-r-r-rrr, quee, quee," and without further noise he quit the spot and went away in the direction of the black growth.

The old squirrel went slowly up the hemlock, still muttering and chuckling to himself. At the entrance to his sanctuary he turned before disappearing and said: "Spruce buds, forsooth!" and he laughed again in a whistling, toothless manner, and then dropped into the solitude of his hermitage.

The younger squirrel ran furtively up a cedar tree just at the edge of the hardwood ridge, where, for a minute or two, he searched about and then found, wedged in the fork of a limb, a big, fat spruce bud.

The man climbed quietly down from his perch on the poplar and dug a handful of beechnuts out of the squirrel's cellar and returned to his seat. He was glad the squirrel had gone, for it would soon be time for that big buck to come out for his evening meal on the beech ridge.

The sun was setting in a glorious halo of crimson. Great streaks of red and gold were spread far north and south behind Whetstone Mountain, and as the man watched the dying day his thoughts went far over beyond that mountain, on west and west, till they saw another valley, and another blue river. Then the sun dropped suddenly behind the mountain, its last rays sharply cutting through the trees on the skyline and the broad bands of crimson faded into delicate pink, then narrowed into thin ribbons and lavender, and finally the gray crept over all. Another day had lived and died, and the cold settled all around the valley.

Suddenly a twig broke in the direction of the black growth, and the watcher aroused himself from his reverie. He slid silently off the log and knelt facing the top of the ridge. He gripped his rifle and his eyes swept the edge of the dark woods. He tried his sights and saw that perhaps fifteen minutes more light remained for him.

"He'll come out to-night and he is mine," the man said to himself, and he waited.

A loud smashing in the leaves to his left startled the man, but he did not jump. Slowly and with infinite care he shoved his rifle on top of the log, and then moved his body with the same caution until he faced the spot whence came the sound. His eye fell on the red squirrel returning with the fat spruce bud in his widely distended jaws. With a rustle of the leaves louder than a bull moose should have made, the squirrel gained the log. Within six feet of the man he halted and sat up, and beginning at the big lower end of the bud he began to strip off the lichenous scales to get at the tender morsel at the inner end of them. He turned the bud quickly in his hands and hulled it out with nervous rapidity, all the while staring at the man with his big round eyes. In a minute he had finished his bud, leaving the heart and the scales in a little brown heap on the log. Then the squirrel be-thought himself of his store of nuts, and decided that he might add a few before bedtime.

The first sound nut he found was brought to the cellar. He removed the leaves, discovered the robbery, and in his amazement allowed the nut to fall from his mouth. He gave vent to a couple of prolonged squeaks that sounded like "Che-e-e-e-e, che-e-e-e-e," and without so much as a look at the man started for the big hemlock tree, clearing the space by a few swift long jumps. When he reached a point about half-way up to the top he began to chatter wildly, and the man understood him to say:

"You old scoundrel, I'm coming up to whip you and throw you out of this tree. You took my beechnuts and now I'm going to finish you."

The old squirrel poked his head out of the hole near the top and looked inquiringly down for an instant, and then, as if realizing his danger, he came out and fled incontinently down the other side of the tree. The irate youngster attempted to head him off, but missed him, and down they came in a spiral course, scarcely two feet separating them. The old fellow forgot his rheumatiz and his years, and seemed only to realize that his safety was in flight. He did some very clever dodging, but was foiled in an attempt to jump off and catch the limbs of a smaller hemlock, but a second later he came around and made the jump. It was a long and difficult plunge for him, but he made it by clasping both arms around the small end of the limb when he landed. For a moment the limb bent down and swayed wildly, until Uncle Rube hung upside down and badly frightened. He quickly righted himself, however, and scrambled to the trunk of the tree and came to the ground with a noisy scratching of bark. As the limb flew back into position the young belligerent leaped and cleared the space, catching the limb further up, where he got a firm grip and ran to the trunk. He had lost two yards by the transaction, but when he reached the ground he was but a few feet behind his quarry, and the old chap had to go right back up his own hemlock.

Up they went, round and round, the pursuer never ceasing his angry barks and squeaks. At the top there was some side-stepping and ducking, but soon they came down again. The man was somewhat displeased with all this at first, but soon became much interested, and speculated some as to the outcome of the chase.

The old squirrel was about exhausted and must soon stand and give battle, as but few inches now separated them. Within ten feet of the ground it looked as if one more jump and they would be clinched.

Then an awful tragedy occurred. Down through the tree tops in slanting flight came a goshawk. Straight as a lance and with marvelous swiftness he darted against the hemlock with such force that he fell to the ground stunned and dishevelled. In his talons the goshawk held the writhing squirrel that an instant before had been pursuing his aged neighbor with murderous intent. The bird shook himself, straightened out his feathers and looked fiercely about, but did not seem to see the man who sat in silent amazement twenty feet away, rifle in hand.

The squirrel continued to wriggle, but made no sound, and the hawk ended his struggles with a tweak that probably crushed the small skull.

After a few seconds' wait, as if to recover from the shock, the hawk flew silently away out through the tree tops, westward toward the mountain.

The man saw the survivor, older and grayer, he thought, slowly crawling into his hole near the top of the hemlock.

Then a great silence fell over the woods. The man arose stiffly from his position behind the fallen tree, took the beechnuts from his pocket, spread them out on the log and turned slowly down the ridge into the deepening shadows of the valley.

FRANK E. WOLFE.

Wild Geese on the Upper Ausable Lake.

FRIDAY evening, March 7, a flock of thirty large wild geese alighted on the ice in the middle of the Upper Ausable Lake. The geese were headed toward the north when they came down and immediately arranged themselves in a row, extending from south to north. J. W. Otis, game warden for the Adirondack Mountain Reserve, was in the closed camp near the inlet on the Upper Ausable Lake, and hearing the geese squawking, took a lantern and went down on to the ice to inspect the visitors. He approached within a few feet of the geese before they began to rise. He says they were arranged in fine form, that their line was straight from south to north, that there was no open water near where they were, and that they were exchanging ideas at a great rate when he arrived upon the scene of action. He says they were so interested in their discussion that had he left his lantern on shore he thinks he might have taken a club and walked up close enough to have hit some of them before they got out of reach. As it was, he had a good opportunity to observe them as they arose, standing as he was right under them with a lighted lantern. The geese continued down the valley and north.—Elizabethtown (N. Y.) Post.

Natural History.

A Naturalist in the Arctic.

COMPARATIVELY little biological work has been done in the frozen north until the past few years, and the Arctic naturalists have been few in number. Much of our knowledge of the life of that distant region has come to us incidentally, in connection with attempts to reach the Pole, or to find a northwest passage; and it is only lately that collectors have begun to turn their faces toward the frozen sea to learn of the animals that dwell there, and of their ways of life.

Since the extensive work of Richardson, who, over eighty years ago, accompanied the expeditions of Sir John Franklin, no connected studies had been made of northern animal life until recently. A few of the employees of the Hudson's Bay Company had reported observations on the birds and mammals of certain districts, and a few naturalists had penetrated the once distant regions of Alaska, which of late years have become so much more familiar to us.

Among those who in recent years have applied themselves to the work of wresting from the lonely Arctic the secrets which snow and cold, for eight or nine months of the year, held so long safely locked away, is Mr. Andrew J. Stone, whose work of collecting material for the American Museum of Natural History has frequently been referred to in these columns. Mr. Stone was the discoverer of the well-known Stone's sheep—the "black sheep" of the northern interior—and of the interesting and remarkable Stone's caribou, from the Kenai Peninsula of Alaska. His work in the Arctic has been far greater in amount and in length of time than that of any man of modern times, and he recently returned thence to New York, bringing with him valuable collections of birds and mammals from that country.

Mr. Stone is a native of Missouri, and has long been interested in the study of animal life, and the many problems involved in that study. For four or five years previous to 1896 he had been engaged at his home in the study of zoology, and in the spring of 1896 he started for the north by way of Alaska, with a view to learning something of the life of the north by actual experience. It had seemed to him, after careful thought over the whole subject, that the greatest opportunity in the world for new discoveries lay in that lonely country, sparsely inhabited by Indians and Esquimaux, and rarely traversed even by the fur traders of the Hudson's Bay Company.

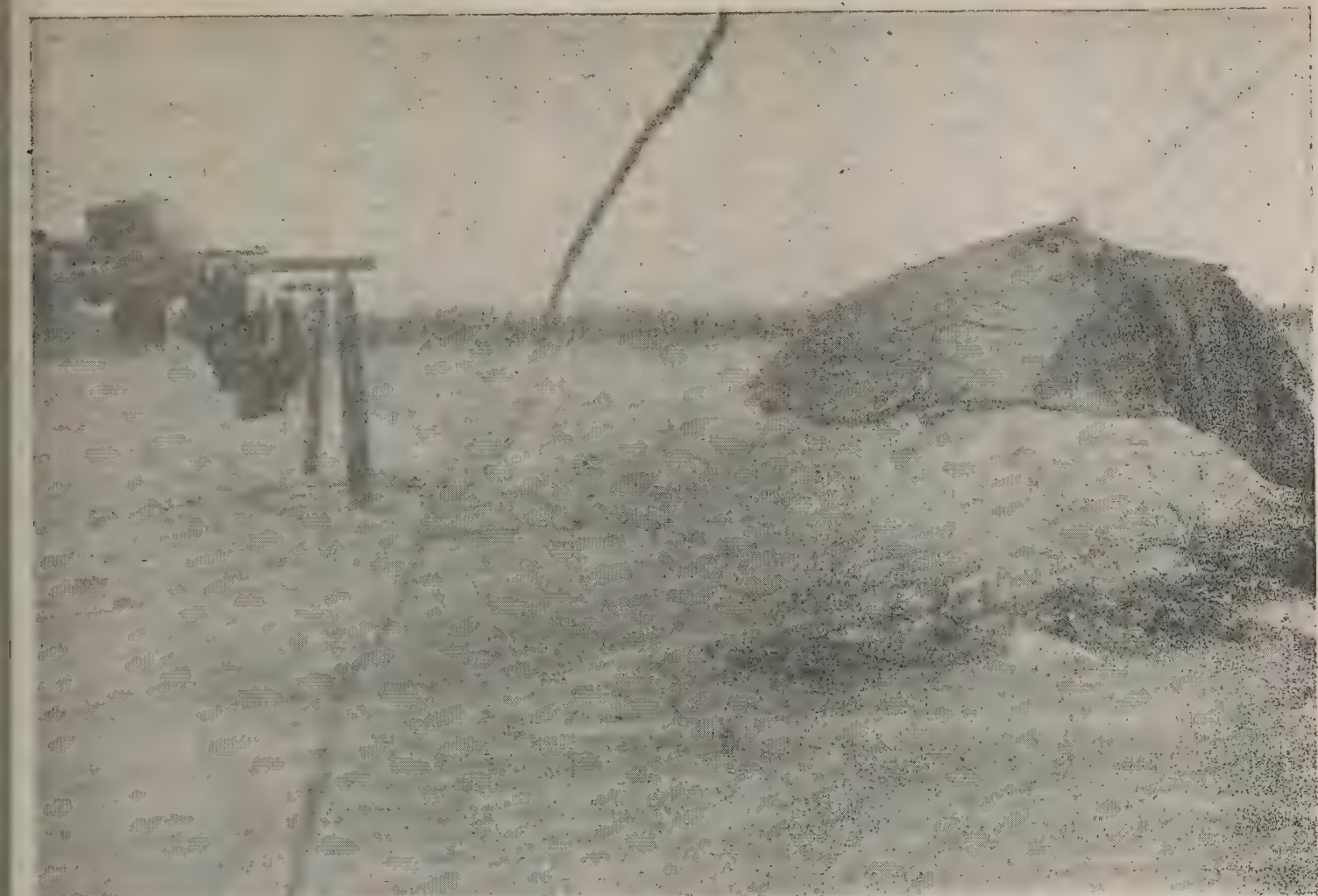
His early journeyings were successful. He brought back collections which, when shown to the naturalists of the American Museum, at once attracted their attention,



BRINGING SPECIMENS DOWN OUT OF THE MOUNTAINS.

and gave them a faith in the man who had collected this material, and in his ability to do the things he talked of. He was urged to return to the north, and did so; and after other years of toil and suffering, he once more returned to civilization with other collections of interest and value. Later, through a special contribution of money from the late Mr. Jas. M. Constable, he went north again, was again successful, and finally, last year, supported by funds contributed by a number of gentlemen interested in the American Museum of Natural History, the Boone and Crockett Club and the New York Zoological Society, he made this last trip, which has yielded about 350 specimens of northern mammals, and 300 birds. These specimens are now at the American Museum of Natural History.

They include a large number of small mammals which have not as yet been worked up, one new caribou of the barren ground type, but of large size, and with remarkably long and slender antlers, which has just been described by Dr. J. A. Allen as *Rangifer granti*; a large bear, that is beyond question new to science, together with a great deal of other material of the highest interest. The caribou and the bear are both from the Alaska Peninsula.



LOUCHEAUX WINTER CAMP.

Mr. Stone's work in the north is in no sense a local work. He has begun, and will continue, a zoological exploration covering all of Arctic and sub-Arctic America, as far north as the mainland extends. This is his field. His purpose is to make known the character of the animal life of this region, and to render possible the description and classification of the forms which inhabit it.

No one who has not journeyed in the north can have any conception of the difficulties, the privations and the hardships which attend passage through that country. Only experience can give an adequate idea of the toil of passing over the land, of the dangers and difficulties of travel by water, of the labor of carrying all supplies on the back, of the cold, of the storms, the heat, the mosquitoes, or of the thousands of obstacles to be overcome by a toil which continues day after day, and that is never over until the journey is at an end. To successfully carry on such a work as has been Mr. Stone's one must be full of resources, strong in mind and body, familiar with the conditions that constantly confront the traveler, possessed of good judgment, quick to decide, and above all things, full of pluck and determination to succeed. Mr. Stone's achievements show him to be possessed of these qualities.

The methods of transportation in the north are primitive, and conditions may make it necessary at any moment to change one for another. Where a man cannot travel by boat, or with dog sledges, natives must be hired to carry equipment and specimens, and one must travel on foot. It is necessary to wade streams, to improvise rafts, to build boats; but, by whatever means progress is to be made, the word is ever forward, and nothing must be allowed to come between the traveler and the work which he has to do.

As an example of Mr. Stone's readiness of resource, may be given the story of his crossing the Carcajou River, which he tells in the following words:

"In the summer of 1898 I left Fort Norman, in 65 degrees north latitude, with three Indians in a birch bark canoe, and, after traveling down the Mackenzie about seventy-five miles, landed on the west bank at 1 o'clock in the morning. We slept till 5, and after a hurried breakfast, cached our birch canoe in the bushes, and putting about eight pounds of flour and two pounds of bacon in a little bag, lashed it with a stout cord. One of the Indians then cut a square of bark from a birch tree, made a hole in the center just large enough to admit the cord, and bending the bark down on two sides in the shape of a roof—to protect the flour from the rain—he climbed a tree and made it fast to a limb.

"It was fifty miles across a muskeg country to the foot of the mountains that I wanted to hunt, and the Indians said that to reach the mountains required two sleeps, or three days' hard travel. After making the little cache of provision for our return, we had only two days' provision left. When this was done we must get our living from the country or starve.

"I was in the best of training, hard as a rock, and with the wind of a fox hound. I took my pack, consisting of a change of clothing, my blankets, my 5 x 7 camera and six double plate holders, all in sole leather cases, eleven dozen 5 x 7 plates, rifle and ammunition, knives and whetstone and a few other small items, and my companions carried salt for skins and our little camp outfit. The traveling was so bad that it was impossible to walk upright, and the mosquitoes were so thick that there was no such thing as rest.

"Away we went, plunging and falling through the mire and over hummocks and brush, through swamps and shallow lakes, the mosquitoes gnawing my very vitals. I set the pace, and I kept it, and in the evening of the second day, my face and neck swollen almost beyond recognition and covered with blood from the wounds of insects, we passed out of the swamp on to the bed of the Carcajou River.

"Before me was a stretch of sand and gravel about a mile in width, and beyond this rose abruptly the northern Rockies. As we proceeded over the bed of sand a cooling breeze came from the mountains that swept the insect life away and instilled me with fresh life. The river was very low, and had subsided into a few narrow channels, which we waded. We camped at the foot of the mountains for the night, and the next morning we ate the

last morsel of food we had, with the exception of a little tea.

"All day long we climbed back into the mountains. At the end of the day's travel every one was very weak from hunger and exertion. We pitched camp and made some tea. I then took my rifle and prospected for game, finding considerable sign, but no game. I returned to camp, and after three hours' sleep and another cup of tea we all started out again. One of the Indians played out, the other two stayed with me.

"After about twenty-four hours of hunting, three large rams were located on a very high mountain ridge. I secured one of them with my own rifle, and the accomplishment of this feat would furnish material for pages. Just forty-six hours from the time we breakfasted on the banks of the Carcajou at the foot of the mountains I provided camp with our first food.

"I remained several weeks, and made a magnificent collection of specimens in a country far removed from that in which any such work had ever been done.

"During our stay in the mountains the rains were frequent and heavy, and on our return I found the Carcajou River over half a mile wide, a roaring, rapid stream full of floating material that endangered navigation. We only had a little fresh meat to live on until we could reach our cache on the Mackenzie, and speedy action was my

seventeen were successfully brought out. Not at this time, however, for they were placed in a secure cache made of logs, and lined with stones, so as to be secure from the prowling wolverine; but six months later, in winter, the Hudson's Bay Company sent dog sledges and brought out the material obtained with so much difficulty.

The work done in this country and among these animals is not the work of the hunter, but of the naturalist. Animals must be hunted, of course—that is to say, they must be approached and secured, but before being collected, they must be watched and studied. It is not the joy of securing rare game, nor the excitement of the chase that leads Mr. Stone to undergo these hardships. He goes as an investigator, not to prove any theory, but to discover new things. The journeys are made in order to learn this animal life as it actually is; to establish the geographic position and range of the various species; to know in what character of country a species is found at all seasons of the year; what it eats, and what are its habits. Nor is it enough to know what the animal does, and how it does it; the naturalist wishes to know also why it does it.

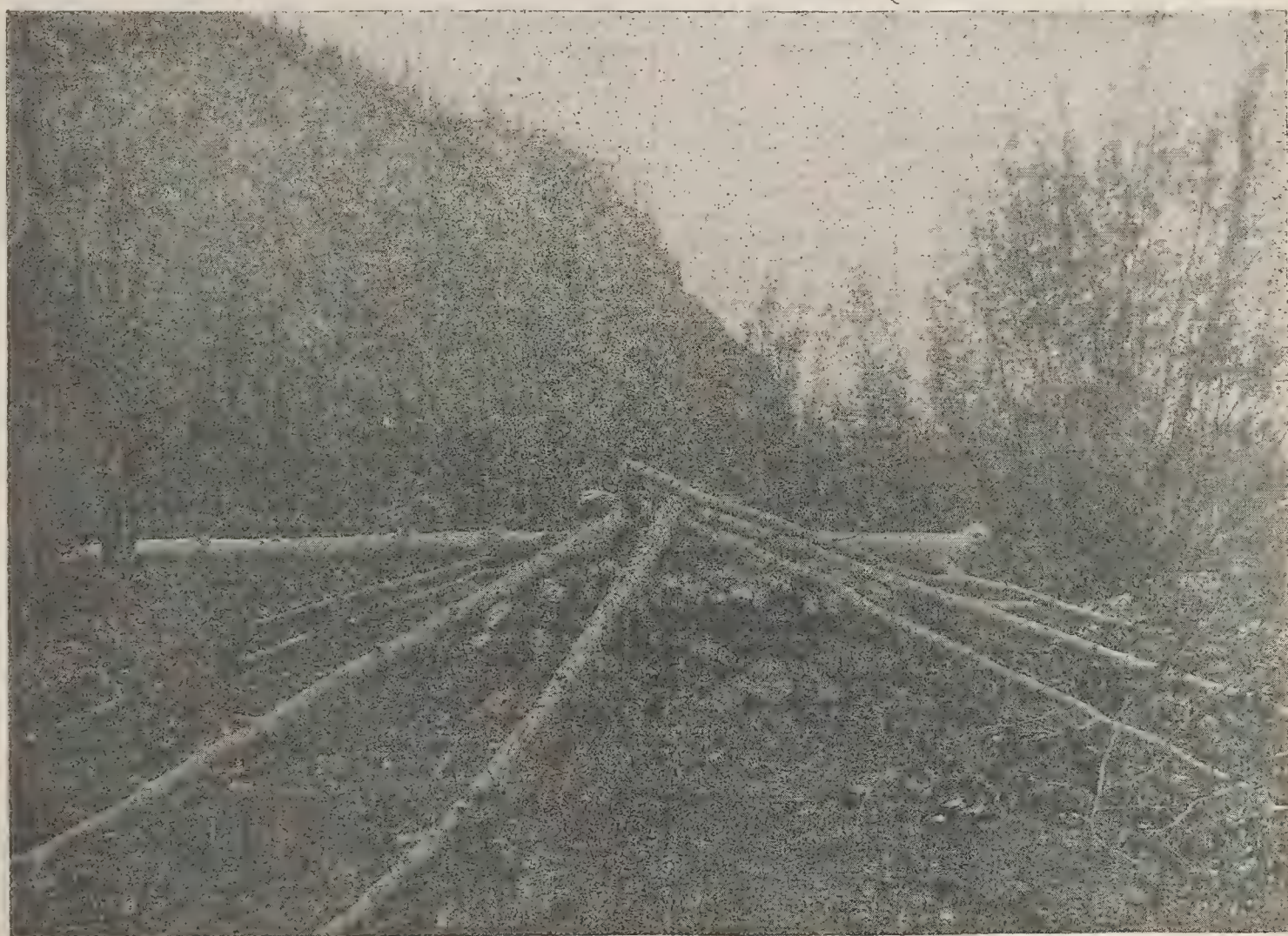
It is not enough to study a species in one locality alone; the effort is made to study it in many localities; to compare the animals of one region with their relatives in another region, and thus to check observations backward and forward, in order that the fullest knowledge may be had of the ways of the species. Closely connected with the life of many of the animals of the north is the flora of the country, the plants upon which many of these animals subsist; and, in the same way, the study of the natives, the most important enemies of many species, has a bearing on the questions to be examined.

An interesting and important part of this work is photographic. When specimens are killed, photographs are taken of the animal as a whole, of its head, legs and sometimes of other portions of the body, and from several points of view. Such photographs are of the greatest assistance to the naturalist, who is to study or describe the specimen, as well as to the taxidermist, who may have occasion to mount it. Very few taxidermists know anything about the appearance in life of the animals which they prepare. They must either evolve their outlines and modeling from their own inner consciousness, or must trust to pictures in natural history works which may or may not be correct. Mr. Stone's photographs supply precisely the information that the taxidermist requires.

Photography plays an important part, too, in the study of the environment of the various animals. Beside showing the natural features and giving a general idea of the vegetation found there, large photographs of characteristic plants are taken which are interesting and useful. Mr. Stone has one series of pictures of vegetation taken at short range on the mountains inhabited by the white sheep. The pictures begin at the base of the mountains, and are taken at short intervals as the ascent is made, and thus give a very clear idea of the changes in the plant life at greater and greater altitudes.

In the years 1898 and 1899 Mr. Stone made a journey by dog sledge along the Arctic coast, covering about 3,000 miles. This is believed to be the longest sledge trip ever made in the Arctic, the next in length, perhaps, having been that made by McClintock, which was something over 1,600 miles.

Among the specimens at the American Museum of Natural History collected by Mr. Stone are many of the



THE WAY I CACHED MY SPECIMENS. AT THE FOOT OF THE ROCKIES, WEST OF THE MACKENZIE.

only dependence. I told my Indians to bring me some green poles quick, 'All the same make skin boat.'

"We lashed these together in a crude way with such string as we happened to have in our pockets, bent on willow brush for ribs, spread out our 12 x 18 light drill fly, placed the frame on top of this and brought the cloth up at the ends and tied it in bunches with strings. Then we placed the boat on the water, put in our packs and my valuable photographic outfit, picked up driftwood sticks for paddles and climbed in. In less than two hours from the time we reached the river we were continuing our journey on the opposite side."

Here twenty-two white sheep were killed, of which

giant moose of Alaska, which not long ago was described as a new species. It is well known that this animal is characterized by an enormous spread of horns, and that it is larger than the moose of the East. Its legs are much darker than those of the Eastern moose, tan color or smoky brown, while those of the moose of the East are whitish. Two species of caribou, one called *R. montanus*, from the Cassiar country in northwestern British Columbia, and the other, *R. stonei*, from the Kenai Peninsula in Alaska, are characterized by a dark wood-brown belly in the male, while in the female the belly is light, nearly white. In the newly discovered *R. granti*, from the western part of the Alaska Peninsula, the male

is constantly darker on the back than the female, and this holds good even in calves of the spring.

A very interesting point about these caribou is that the horns start in the calf when less than six months old. Two skins of calves of *R. montanus* and *R. granti*, now in the American Museum, bear horns, still in the velvet, from four to six inches in length, and these calves were killed in November.

An interesting discovery made by Mr. Stone is that the caribou never cross the Mackenzie River; that is to say, the caribou on the east side do not cross to the west, nor do those on the west ever cross to the east. Indeed, it is believed that those on the east side do not approach within one hundred miles of the Mackenzie River. Mr. Stone once noted, while stopping at Herschel Island, just west of the mouth of the Mackenzie—a point at which the whalers receive hundreds, if not thousands, of caribou saddles every winter from the mainland, the game being killed by Esquimaux or Indians whom they send inland for it—that the saddles from west of the Mackenzie averaged but thirty-three pounds in weight, while those from the east side of the Mackenzie averaged forty-five pounds. This suggestive difference in size will undoubtedly be fully investigated by Mr. Stone at the first opportunity.

During his long journeyings through this northern country, when he was obliged for much of the time to subsist solely by the product of his rifle, Mr. Stone has had an opportunity of trying all descriptions of native food. He tells us that the flesh of sheep and of caribou is, when in good condition, very delicious, but neither meat is so sustaining as the flesh of the moose. In fact, he declares that moose is the beef of the north; that its flesh is the best and strongest meat that can be had, and that pemmican made from the flesh of moose is by all odds the best and most economical food that the explorer in these cold countries can take with him.

Mr. Stone's studies of the life of the north have been so fruitful of results that it is not to be doubted that a few years more of his work will bring together, in the American Museum of Natural History, in New York, a quantity of material from the important centers of animal life there, together with a mass of data concerning them, that will be of inestimable value in making these animals and their habits better known. The field is wide, full of interest and important, and it may well be that Mr. Stone's discoveries up to this point only hint at its possibilities.

Wild Rice.

It would be hard to name a native plant that has been more interesting to gunners, or more discussed in the sportsman's press, than the so-called wild rice of North America (*Zizania aquatica*). For gunners its interest has been chiefly as a food to attract wildfowl; and it is also known as the food of rails, rice birds (bobolinks) and blackbirds. It is a plant of wide distribution, and well known to many people, and has no less than sixty popular names in this country, derived from four languages—the French, the English, the Algonquian and the Siouan tongues.

While wild rice has been the subject of many brief and popular articles, which in different forms have repeated over and over again a few essential facts with regard to the plant, it has remained for Mr. Albert Ernest Jenks to write a very complete and most valuable monograph on the subject, which will appear as a portion of the Nineteenth Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology, and which was originally submitted as a thesis for the degree of Ph. D., in the University of Wisconsin, in the year 1899.

Mr. Jenks is already well known to ethnologists, and, we may hope, to a large number of other persons who are not ethnologists, by his most valuable and charming little work, on the childhood of an Ojibwa Indian, entitled, "The Childhood of Ji-shib." This story, which is as attractive to little people as it is to the grown-ups, met with an immediate and natural success. It is absolutely faithful in its portrayal of Indian child character. It is full of feeling, and it shows, also, an intimate knowledge of Indian customs and of Indian thought. No one who has read this little book need be surprised to find coming from the pen of Mr. Jenks another work that is just as true, although it is much more pretentious, and written altogether from the point of view of the white man. Not only is this account full of interest from the botanical and natural history point of view, it is also interesting as giving a very full account of certain habits of many of the tribes which use the wild rice, and also as throwing new light from a new direction on certain features of the culture status of the North American Indian.

The scientific name of the wild rice is that given it by Linnaeus, but it had been well known, and the name *Zizania* had been applied to it before his day. It is widely distributed throughout the temperate portions of the North American Continent, at least, as far west as the great plains, since it is found abundantly in both the Dakotas and in Texas. We are told also that the American plant is identical with that which grows in Japan, Formosa and eastern China, although different from a kindred species found in Japan and eastern Russia.

There are two species of this genus—one, northern, in its distribution, the better known form; the other, southern, and growing in abundance in the brackish waters of the Southern States. It is possible that the ranges of the two species overlap, since the southern form (*Zizania miliacea*) is said to occur as far north as Ohio and Wisconsin.

As is well known, wild rice is a tall, single-stemmed grass, or cane-like, plant, growing in the water. The grain, when ripe, in autumn, falls into the water, sinks into the soft, alluvial mud at the bottom of lake or river, until the water grows warm in the springtime, when it sprouts and grows to the surface. The plant dies down each winter, and the stalks disappear. It has been called a perennial, and a biennial, but as a matter of fact, it is an annual, and each year grows from new seed. It blossoms in June, and by September the seeds are ripe. The stalks grow to a height of ten, twelve or even sixteen feet, and form a dense mass in and over the shallow water.

When one considers the vast quantities of seed produced by a bed of wild rice, one would imagine that it would tend to spread itself, so as to choke up the beds

and line the shores of the streams and lakes where it is found. Sometimes it does this, but not under natural conditions. It must be remembered that the plant is an annual, that it produces a food eagerly sought for by many wild creatures, and that if it did not produce an enormous crop of seeds, it would tend to become extinct, owing to the small prospect of a sufficient number of the seeds being left to grow in the spring. Beside the birds already mentioned, man in the old time, and even to-day, is one of the chief enemies of the wild rice. In earlier times, too, according to Hunter—long a captive among the Kickapoo and Osage Indians in the early days of the last century—it was pastured upon by buffalo and other grazing animals. In old times, too, the wild pigeon, and a host of other small birds, fed on the wild rice, some of them picking it from the heads, others seizing it as it dropped to the water, while the diving ducks sifted the mud of the bottom, and sought for the last grain that fell. Beside this, caterpillars have been known to destroy crops of the rice in Canada and Minnesota, and various fungi kill the plant.

Just how far north the wild rice grows is perhaps not exactly known, but Mr. Jenks gives its habitat as from about latitude 50 degrees on the north to the Gulf of Mexico on the south, and from the Atlantic Ocean to the Rocky Mountains. Its home is in quiet lakes and sluggish waterways, and it prefers a muddy bottom. This is what Mr. Jenks has to say on this point, "Wherever the last glacier left little mud-bottomed, water-filled hollows, there wild rice has established itself, if other conditions are favorable. Such ponds and lakes are characteristic of the alluvial apron spread out over Wisconsin and Minnesota. In 1817 the interior of Wisconsin is spoken of as watered with innumerable small lakes and ponds, which generally abound with folle avoine (wild rice), water fowl and fish, each in such prodigious quantities that the Indians are, in a manner, exempt from the contingent of famine."

"Within the wild rice districts, sluggish streams and quiet bends in the rivers and creeks also produce wild rice, provided the bed is mud alluvium. The grain has followed the stream toward its mouth, the water fowl has sown it in its flight, and the Indian has carried it to his favorite lakes and streams, until to-day it is safe to say that the grain is found wherever in these two States there is suitable soil." And this has always been so in historic times, for Marquette, in 1763, speaks of the Fox River as abounding in wild rice, saying: "The way is so cut up by marshes and little lakes that it is not easy to go straight, especially as the river is so covered with wild oats that one can hardly discover the channel." Carver, who journeyed into what was then the unknown Northwest, nearly a hundred years later, wrote: "In some places it is with difficulty that canoes can pass through the obstructions they meet with from the rice stalks, which are very large and thick." It is unnecessary to enlarge on the abundance of the plant in this favored region. It is known that it grows both to the north and to the south, as already stated. It is reported as growing in New Brunswick and Newfoundland, and the seed has been planted in England, where perhaps it still grows.

The human wild-rice gatherers of the North, in primitive times, are grouped under two great linguistic families, the Algonquian and the Siouan. These two families, inhabiting the same region, and living in the same way, though sometimes friendly, were yet more often bitterly hostile, until in 1862 the greater number of the Sioux were removed to a further Western home, while a number of the Algonquian tribes still live in the home of their ancestors, and still subsist largely on the rice. The earliest explorers of the country about the Great Lakes called some of these tribes Wild Rice people, giving them the French name, Folles Avoines, and spoke of the country by the same name. Mr. Jenks discusses, at some length, various tribes; both these stocks, as well as some others which have more recently moved into the region where the wild rice grows, and following this discussion, which is full of interesting historic matter, he passes on to a consideration of the production of the plant.

Wild rice was native to this region, and a self-sower, and the main operations of man in this connection with it were the harvesting of the grain and the preparing it for food. Shortly before the ripening of the seeds, in August and September, the women often go to the rice fields in their canoes, and tie the standing stalks into small bunches. After some time has elapsed, and the grain has sufficiently matured to be gathered, two women commonly go together to harvest the seed. The stems of the rice stands so close together that a paddle cannot be used for progression, but the canoe is pushed along by a pole thrust against the muddy bottom. While one woman propels the canoe, the other, by means of a stick, pulls toward her, and over the side of the canoe a number of the stalks; then with another stick she beats the heads off the plant, thus knocking the grain into the bottom of the canoe. When one end of the canoe is full, the women exchange implements; the one who has been the grain gatherer, furnishes the motive power, and the other gathers the grain into her end of the canoe. When the vessel is filled it returns to the camp, where the grain is taken out, dried, thrashed and winnowed, and then put away for future use.

While most of the wild rice tribes contented themselves with visiting the natural crops and gathering their seed, others took pains to sow wild rice in suitable places, so that they might have a crop without fail. The Assiniboines are said to have done this in old times, and the Ojibwas to-day sow the seed, and in some places weed out the other plants which grow among the stalks. There is a sown field of rice on the Lac Courte Oreille River; it is a good field and produces a fine crop.

Various motives have been assigned to the tying together of the heads of the grain already mentioned. At the end of the seventeenth century, it was said by one author that this was done to protect it from the water fowl. Another author says that it was done so that it might ripen. Another, that the collecting of the grain might be made easier when it was ripened. Another, that the tying up of the bunches gave those who had so prepared the heads an ownership in the grain that they had tied up. In some places it is distinctly stated by early authors that these heads of grain were tied up in rows so that the vessel could pass between the rows, which might then conveniently be beaten into the canoe. Slightly

different methods of gathering prevailed in different localities and among different tribes, but the process was essentially the same with all.

After the grain is gathered it is taken to the shore and at once prepared for curing. As the seeds, when they have become ripe, drop from the heads at the slightest motion, it is necessary that they should be gathered while still green, otherwise the very operation of gathering them would result in a considerable loss. The curing of the grain, which is also called its artificial ripening, must therefore be done, and done at once. It is interesting to note that rice thus artificially ripened will not germinate, and this may account for the lack of success of many persons in endeavoring to introduce this plant.

The grain may be cured by the sun, by smoke and heat from a slow fire, the grain being spread on a scaffold above the fire, and lastly, by parching and dry cooking in a vessel.

In the sun-drying process, the grain is spread on sheets of birch bark, or on blankets on the ground, and dried in the sun. Subsequently the dried grain may be placed in a copper kettle and roasted over a slow fire, being continually stirred until the whole mass of the grain is roasted, when the hulls are removed. Sometimes the grain is spread on racks to dry in the sun. In drying by fire the grain is spread on racks, or on wooden slabs, or on mats, or even on a bed of reeds and grass. In each case a slow fire is kept burning under it for the necessary length of time. The popping or parching process is commonly done by putting a moderate quantity of the grain into kettles or pots, beneath which a slow fire is built. The thrashing, by which is meant the removing of the hull from the long, slender grain of the rice, is commonly done by men and boys. Sometimes the grain is flailed out by beating it with a stick; at others a quantity of the rice is placed in a hole in the ground, which has been previously lined with buckskin, and a man steps into the hole, and by continual treading, frees the grain from the hulls. A quantity, estimated at about four quarts, is put in the hole at a time. In other cases the holes are lined with wood; a block at the bottom, and staves at the sides, which overlap. Sometimes those who tread out the grain wear moccasins, and sometimes they do it with the bare feet. In old times, among certain tribes, the grain was pounded in the hole with a stick, which had a lump at one end somewhat like a pestle.

After the grain has been beaten or trod out, the husks still remain mixed up with the grain. Then a quantity is transferred to a birch-bark dish, or tray, which is more or less shaken, bringing the husks to the top of the mass, while the heavier grain sinks to the bottom. The contents of the tray is then tossed lightly outward, and the tray drawn back toward the body of the worker, and the husks fall out of the tray and are carried away by the wind.

After the grain has been harvested, thrashed out and winnowed, it must be stored until time of necessity, or for its ceremonial use. The rice is commonly stored in sacks or boxes made of skins or old cloth, or of birch bark. These are often buried in the ground in caches, which are lifted as the rice is needed for food. Among some tribes, wild rice fields were divided up into plots, which in a manner belonged to the various families of the tribe or band possessing the field; and the rice growing on each section was gathered by the women of that family, and belonged to them; though, of course, from the community of interest in food, acknowledged by all Indians, those who in times of scarcity were well provided, shared their food with those who were in want.

The amount of rice gathered by the Indians is not very great. Tanner, in 1820, stated that one family would ordinarily collect about five bushels of rice, or that those who were industrious would make twenty-five bushels, though this was very rare. At the present day the Indians at Pelican Lake, gather about twelve or fifteen bushels per family. Mr. Jenks gives some tables, showing how much wild rice is gathered by certain Indians, but as these reports come from the statements of Indian agents, they are probably not reliable.

It is well known that wild rice is a palatable and nutritious food, and many writers have compared it favorably with the ordinary commercial white rice. Chemical tests of the composition of the grain, made by Mr. Ed. Peters and Prof. F. W. Woll, chemist of the Agricultural Experiment Station, at Madison, Wis., indicate that wild rice is more nutritious than other native foods to which wild rice producing Indians had access. These foods are maize, green corn, cornmeal, white hominy, strawberries, huckleberries, cranberries, sturgeon, brook trout and dried beef. They show also that it is more nutritious than any of our common cereals. Indian-produced wild rice is very rich in proteins, or the albuminoids which produce flesh; far richer than any of the other foods given above, except sturgeon and dried beef. It thus appears that wild rice is the most nutritive single food which the Indians of North America consume.

Perhaps the commonest method of cooking wild rice was as an ingredient in soups and stews. The dried or parched rice was often carried by the Indians on the warpath, or on long journeys, and was eaten dry, but more commonly it was cooked with the meat of deer, bear, birds and fish, or with berries, or even alone. The cooked grain was often eaten alone, as well as with maple sugar. The cooked grain is hardly less popular among white people than among Indians. It may be boiled, when green, by simply pouring over it scalding water, but the parched wild rice must be cooked for half an hour, while that which has been cured over a fire requires to be boiled for an hour. It is said that a coffee cup of the grain, measured before cooking, will furnish a full meal for two Indians, or sufficient breakfast food for eight or ten persons. Long, in his "Voyages and Travels," speaks of the use of the wild rice as a food for little children. The hulled grain was pounded between two stones and boiled in water with maple sugar.

Commonly, the quantity of rice gathered by any group of Indians was not sufficient to last them for more than a short time. Often a whole crop was consumed during the fall and early winter, though occasionally tribes harvested enough to last them through the winter months, and Carver tells of Indians who saved sufficient for the whole year.

It is a well-known fact that Indians are likely to regard with especial reverence any description of food on which they chiefly depend. As the Indian of the plains regards

as sacred the buffalo and certain berries which are important to his welfare, so the people of the wild rice country regarded this grain as sacred.

The time of the harvesting was one of celebration and rejoicing to the Indians, and mingled with these celebrations were religious ceremonies of importance. One of these was a rice feast, at which the thanks of the people were offered to the Master of Life for the crop that He had given, and prayers made to Him to postpone the storms until the harvest was at an end. Wild rice frequently appears in the legend and folk lore of these tribes, and the rice has been the food of the Indian gods.

The importance of the wild rice to the Indians in the country in which it grows may be inferred from what has been said before. Not only did it furnish them with most wholesome and nutritious food, but it also brought to them in the autumn great multitudes of wildfowl, which were in part their support at that season of the year. The failure of the crop was a tribal calamity, just as an abundance of the rice was an occasion for rejoicing.

As has been said, the wild rice is a delicious and nutritious food, and it has been, and is, appreciated by the white people to whom it is accessible, as well as to the Indians. Many tribes gather it and sell it to the whites, and in the old fur-trading days it was often purchased at the posts, where it was especially useful in fitting out with provisions parties going on long journeys through countries where the food supply was uncertain.

Mr. Jenks gives some tables and figures indicating that a very considerable Indian population in the north country subsisted on this plant, but it is impossible at this late day to get a clear notion of how great this population was. "The causes which led to the use of wild rice for food are lost to history. Even tradition with her many volumes written so full of interesting and valuable facts, gives no information on the subject, except that man's hunger caused him to eat the grain. * * * The Jesuit Fathers lived in Indian wigwams, subsisted on Indian food, and were among the most keen observers and intelligent chroniclers of the entire life of the Indian. Religious, social and economic life received their very careful attention, yet not one word appears to have been written either by them or contemporary chroniclers about the use of wild rice in this district. Its first mention is that of 1634, in connection with the Menomini Indians, who even then were called Wild Rice men by their Algonquian kinsmen. It therefore seems probable that in the Ontario district described above, the Indians did not use wild rice until scarcity of game, caused by the fur trade with the whites, drove them to it. The Menomini Indians, however, did depend upon it extensively before such scarcity. What influence the scarcity of game had upon the use of wild rice by the other Indians in the wild rice district it is impossible to say." Many Siouan Indians, and many Algonquians, used rice for a part of their subsistence while small game and even buffalo were still abundant. The Ojibwas were not forced to it by starvation, "but inasmuch as the rice fields where rice is harvested, are annually failing, but where it is not harvested, rice still grows luxuriantly, it is probable that in most of the wild rice districts the grain has been gathered only a few hundred years; say from three to five, in such quantities as are shown" on earlier pages.

A chapter on the influence of wild rice on geographic nomenclature follows, and the work concludes with a bibliography, a list of correspondents, and an index. It is excellently illustrated.

Mink and Snake.

Deer have been seen frequently in the vicinity of Fall River, Mass., this fall, and on last Saturday a full-grown doe was caught fast in some wire poultry netting on Spencer Borden's country place, Interlachen, which is only a mile from the center of the city. The doe was captured by some farm hands, who kept her in captivity several days. A deer, probably the same one, was seen the day before by hare hunters less than a mile from the Borden place.

While passing through an oak sprout lot, in search of partridge, and not far from an excellent trout brook in the southern section of Bristol county, Mass., one day last month, with dog at heel, the writer and dog, at nearly the same instant, heard an unusual rustling sound in the dry leaves about 50 feet ahead. Moving quietly as possible in the direction whence the sound came, and keeping the dog to heel, the writer approached within 25 feet of a big black snake and mink fighting. The mink was getting all the better of the contest, having caught the snake by the head, and being so agile as to be able to keep its body from being crushed in the coils of the snake, though the latter succeeded in twisting around the mink several times. The queer contest was watched for nearly five minutes, when a charge of No. 9 shot sent at the heads of the combatants killed both. The mink was a fine specimen, and the snake was within an inch of being five feet in length. The mink had undoubtedly attacked the snake for food.

The Hole in the Wall.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The article in March 8 issue of FOREST AND STREAM, headed "The Hole," recalls a recent article in a Wyoming paper, which shows the great openings in the Rockies for interesting exploration for any one having the time, means and inclination.

This article is as follows: "The notorious 'Hole-in-the-Wall,' in former years a rendezvous for cattle rustlers, murderers and train robbers, is now a thing of the past. The county commissioners have called for bids for blasting out a section of the high wall of red sandstone, through which a small stream now flows, and along which there is a narrow trail leading through the wall of rock to a fertile valley within. It is proposed to widen this trail, which was used by outlaws for many years, and which, guarded by a few men, made the Hole a veritable fortress, so that freight teams and ordinary vehicles can pass in and out of the Hole-in-the-Wall country. The Rocky Mountain Bell Telephone Company is now constructing a line into the Hole-in-the-Wall country, and soon several ranches there will be placed in communication with the outside world." EMERSON CARNEY.

The Waterproof Woodchuck.

NORTHWOOD, N. Y., March 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Late in August last year, while the weather was still warm, the grass still green, the woodchuck, with his sides rolling with fat and his belly crammed full, went down into his burrow, curled up and went to sleep.

In the middle of December there came a three-day rain that cleared off what snow there was and raised the West Canada Creek to a height which it has not reached for years. It overflowed many woodchuck burrows with water from six inches to three or four feet. When the water began to fall it fell so slowly that one of four burrows observed was under water for perhaps five or six hours, while the three others were flooded for more than thirty-six hours.

This spring on March 7, after several warm days, the woodchucks came out of these four holes and took a short run to stretch themselves, so to speak. Four others upon the hills came out that same day, too. It is curious that the eight woodchucks should come out the same day, all in the forenoon at that, but the astonishing fact is that the three animals lived under the water for more than thirty-six hours.

C. Hart Merriam tells us many interesting things about the woodchuck in his "Mammals of the Adirondack Region," but he does not mention anything about the woodchuck hibernating under water.

E. A. SPEARS.

A Redhead Duck Marked "H".

HAVRE DE GRACE, Md., March 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose metal band marked "H," found on the leg of a redhead shot on the flats yesterday. The redhead drew to the decoys out of a flock of canvasbacks.

I send this band to you, thinking it may have been put on the bird by some one interested in ornithology, and would look for a return through your paper.

CHAS. R. FLINT.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Non-Resident Licenses.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., March 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* You may think I am anxious to rush into print, but I assure you that I rarely do it, and would not address your paper again so soon were it not that I think the communication of Mr. J. A. C. Ruffner, of Greensburg, Pa., printed in your issue of March 22, does my friend, John F. Haynes, of Great Pond, Me., an injustice, probably unintentional, but one which a careful reading of Mr. Haynes' letter in your issue of March 15 might have helped Mr. Ruffner to avoid, it seems to me. I think Mr. Ruffner owes Mr. Haynes an apology, under the circumstances, for I can assure Mr. Ruffner that Mr. Haynes is strongly opposed to the proposed taxation measure, as I think he states clearly in his letter, which Mr. Ruffner criticises.

Mr. Ruffner, speaking of Mr. Haynes, says, "He is a guide, of course, and I suppose would want the law to exclude citizens of other States." Mr. Haynes said in his letter, which you printed on March 15, "I have discussed this matter with a number of guides, and each of these would gladly pay a \$10 license fee rather than have the sportsmen from outside the State assessed." It appears to me that this quoted sentence from Mr. Haynes' letter takes the ground from under Mr. Ruffner's feet, and makes it hard to understand the basis of his supposition, also quoted above.

I want to say further that I think Mr. Haynes takes an unselfish position in this matter in that he advocates a measure which will tax himself and every other guide in the State of Maine \$10 annually, in order to bring into the State's coffers an additional sum which may be used for protecting the game. To my mind, this shows that Mr. Haynes desires that the game in his State should be fully protected, and that he prefers to pay a tax rather than have it come from the pockets of his guests from outside the State. In fact, if I may say so, I think that Mr. Haynes' proposition regarding the license fee deserves consideration, and to me it seems equitable that the guides of Maine, whom the visitors from outside the State benefit materially in a financial way, should contribute something toward the proper enforcement of the game laws and protection of the game.

It may interest your readers to know that I received this week a call from Mr. H. W. Rowe, proprietor of the Maine Sportsman, printed at Bangor, Me., who assured me that he had the best of reasons for believing the movers in the proposed measure for taxing hunters who visit Maine would not be successful in their efforts. Mr. Rowe himself is strongly opposed to the measure.

E. M. WILKINS.

BANGOR, Me.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The man who wants much for nothing is the one who is forever whining because he is obliged to pay for what he gets.

A few years ago such a thing as a license was not necessary, because the amount appropriated by the State was ample to protect the game interests, but to-day the case is entirely different; it has assumed such enormous proportions. In order to protect our game and patrol our borders, a sum of money must be raised, and surely no one should be more willing—nay even anxious—to contribute this sum than those who enjoy the benefits of the hunt.

The preservation of our game is of vast importance and is far-reaching. There may be plenty for you and me, but if not protected, how will it be for those who follow us? The present drain cannot last forever. I speak advisedly.

For thirty-one seasons I have spent the best part of my life in the Maine woods. It is useless to go into figures, as much is merely guess-work, but this I will say: For every deer killed as accounted for many are

shot at, wounded, crawl away and die. Now, if no restraint is placed upon this summer, fall, winter and spring slaughter, if there is insufficient protection, how will it be with us ten years hence?

More deer were killed last year than ever before, you may say. True, there were more hunters and many killed "foots" that you could tuck under your arm.

Now, my proposition is this: "Let those who dance pay the fiddler." Sooner or later, mark you, this thing must be met. More money, more wardens affording better protection, and as a natural consequence, a more than ever bountiful supply of game. Let there be a law favoring neither the resident nor the non-resident, black or white, rich or poor, that he who hunts in our beautiful forests and enjoys the privileges pertaining thereto, in order that the game may be better protected, shall annually pay to the State of Maine the sum of \$5 for the protection of said game. This appears to me to be equitable, necessary and business like.

This proposition is neither mercenary nor unreasonable. The sum is so small that he who can afford to hunt can afford to pay it. It is not mercenary, as personally I have nothing to gain, only the welfare of those who come after me.

As many of your readers can testify, it has been a source of far greater pleasure to me to see them successful, and help them in the hunt, than to thrust myself ahead and secure the game. My hunting days are about over, but there are others whose pleasures in this line are just beginning.

Let us not be short-sighted in this matter. You cannot for long run a fire with open draughts without fuel. Who is to replenish it?

If each one of us, resident and non-resident, chips in \$5 annually, the total amount so gained will be amply sufficient to hire wardens enough to protect our forests from fire and game from annihilation.

The State, we are informed, will not advance this money. We must.

Shoulder to shoulder, resident and non-resident alike, we must take an interest in this matter. If we do not, ten years from to-day, mark the result!

J. A. THOMPSON.

WEST LEBANON, N. H., March 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been much interested this winter in reading the many letters, both for and against, non-resident license. It seems to me there is a great deal that can be said on both sides. I believe that those who enjoy the sport of shooting should help to pay the expense of taking care of and protecting the game, but I do not think it should all or nearly all come on the non-resident. One might as well put up the bars with the notice "Keep off" as to put into force a "non-resident license" of \$25. We of New Hampshire want the outsiders to come and enjoy the sport with us and leave some of their money here, the more the better. But to have good shooting, we must see that the game is properly protected and cared for, and to that end we need a certain amount of funds, more, in fact, than is furnished by the State at present. The question is how to get it without making it a seeming hardship to any one?

Now, it strikes me, that if we are to have a tax, why not tax the guns, both of the residents and non-residents, who come into the State to shoot, say, for instance, tax the residents 50 cents and the non-residents one or even two dollars, which would not prevent any one from coming who loved the sport and could take a vacation?

This would give a sufficient fund to properly protect and reproduce our fish and game.

The residents should be obliged to take out a license the same as they do for their dogs, and the non-residents get theirs by applying to the Fish and Game Commission.

JOHN GOOLD.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Heavy Flight Still in Mississippi Valley.

CHICAGO, ILL., March 20.—The weather has served the wild fowl a very scurvy trick these past ten days. As chronicled last week, spring came on with a rush and the ducks as well as human beings concluded that winter was over. They started north in a compact body, embracing greater numbers than have been seen in the Mississippi valley for a double decade. This heavy flight rested upon Illinois, Indiana and lower Wisconsin for five days of last week. The birds foraged what food they could find and dropped into such open water as they could discover. At the middle of last week Fox Lake, Illinois, was still covered with ice, yet it was the stopping place of perhaps the biggest body of wild fowl ever seen there. A raft of birds nearly a mile in extent, so closely packed that they resembled a vast mud flat, filled the eastern side of the main Fox Lake nearly from Lippincott's place to the mouth of the inlet of Lake Petite. How many thousands there were no one could tell. They did not work at all, only a few birds rising, flying for a few yards and then dropping down into the big raft.

A number of shooters went from Chicago to Fox Lake at the close of last week, and they went just in time to catch the severe storm which struck this country Saturday and Sunday last, a storm which brought a thermometer dropping so fast that all the open waters of this vicinity closed up again promptly. By Monday morning last the channel of the river through Nippersink Bay was closed up again, and the ducks of the Fox Lake district had not even so much water as was available earlier in the week. All day Sunday and late into Sunday night a tremendous flight of wild fowl passed the Fox Lake country, flying about 400 yards high and going south. All the waters of upper Illinois and lower Wisconsin were vacated by that flight, and the shooters who expected to profit from the heavy flight went home sadly disappointed.

This sent very many of the wild fowl south again as far as the lower Illinois River waters, to afford the shooters of that region another innings. It need not be said that the latter were ready and willing to take advantage of it. Swan Lake and Hennepin clubs had good shooting from this renewed flight which dropped in from the north. I hear that one shooter, Mr. W. W. McFarland, of Hennepin Club, killed 40 birds one day this week and

70 on the day following. The party who went down from Chicago to Hennepin Club must have met interesting sport, for none has yet arrived from the club, and the single bag above reported indicates that the others must also have had good sport.

That the birds went no further south than first open water and decent feeding is well indicated by the success met by some shooters in upper Indiana. To-day Henry Ehlers, of Diana Club, came in from Thayer, Ind., on the Kankakee River, and he had an express wagon nearly full of ducks, 96 mallards in all. He had met the flight fairly and had very heavy shooting. Mr. Ehlers has been watching the Kankakee country for a couple of weeks, and he says not for twenty years have so many birds been in as were there in the first big flight which came up over northern Indiana ten days or two weeks ago.

It would seem that this same big body of birds is now beginning to work north again, since we are now having our second day of milder weather after the cold snap of last Sunday. Word came down yesterday morning from Fox Lake that one shooter there had killed a dozen ducks before breakfast, and several Chicago shooters at once packed their guns and started for Fox Lake once more. That much shot and thickly settled district is the most available open shooting ground adjacent to Chicago, and it need hardly be said that there is a rush of shooters there at the first indication of a flight. The entire Saturday, Sunday and Monday contingent were disappointed. Messrs. Wells and Pope, who reached Fox Lake Monday, found everything frozen up tight, and did not go out at all. They report many other shooters similarly disappointed.

The members of the Tolletson Club have this week and last had good shooting, and it is reported that numbers of them killed the limit of 25, part of the time picking out the greenhead mallards and not pretending to take all the opportunities offered in the flight.

Up at Otto's.

One of the popular resorts of the Fox Lake country in these days is that occupied by Otto Muehrcke on the east bank of Nipersink Bay. Otto runs a wide open house which is patronized by most of the Chicago shooters who go to that side of the lake. He is a sort of Poo Bah in his way, being a justice of the peace, hotel keeper, boat hirer, bail bond furnisher, constable, or almost anything else in which there is a dollar or so. It is a mixed and somewhat difficult set of guests which he finds on his hands at the week end during the shooting or fishing season, although he customarily rises to the situation, and is able to administer affairs in an impartial and effective manner.

Last Saturday, as above indicated, found a good many Chicago shooters at Otto's place gathered for the purpose of meeting the flight which did not materialize. Among the Chicago talent were two newspaper men, Mr. Hollis Field, of the Tribune, and Mr. William Smedgten, artist of the Record-Herald. Both of these gentlemen have a notion that they can stop a wild duck in mid-career as well as the next one, and they went up to Otto's full of youthful expectations. They found it very warm down stairs where the crowd was and very cold up stairs where the beds were. There is an old saying that a man who would steal a red hot stove is somewhat ambitious in the stealing line. It is perhaps a trifle harsh to accuse a newspaper man of theft, yet surely the charge would lie against Mr. Smedgten, and the object of his theft was nothing less than a red hot stove. It seemed that another Chicago shooter had chartered a room up stairs and had endeavored to heat the same by means of a gas stove. Smedgten and Field, having emigrated to the upper regions, and having found their own room a trifle frigid, began to skirmish around, and discovered the hot stove engaged in warming up the other fellow's apartment. This Smedgten calmly appropriated to the use and behoof of himself and friend. Having warmed up their own room, they returned the stove in time to anticipate the arrival of its rightful owner, who complained bitterly to Otto that his room was cold as an ice box, such being some of the expedients of the true newspaper man when he moveth himself aright.

As to matters on the main floor of Otto's emporium they would seem to have been somewhat confused at the time above mentioned. It seems that Otto was trying the case of a man accused of horse stealing by one of his neighbors. The defendant alleged that he did not steal the horse, but only took it in out of the cold when its owner became too drunk to be fit company for man or beast. These charges the owner of the horse indignantly denied, and the two fell to cheerfully fighting, to the delectation of all concerned. Witness Otto the enterprising rising to this occasion with the facility of true genius. Handing out the beer with one hand to all thirsty customers, with the other he proceeded to uphold the dignity of the law. He fined both the contestants above mentioned and indeed pretty near everybody else with promptness and impartiality. He engineered his constabulary in such fashion as to keep all the contending parties and the witnesses within reach of the bar and indeed so manipulated the entire affair that absolutely nothing got away. Toward midnight everybody expressed his entire willingness to whip everybody else and indeed hostilities of this general and self-sacrificing sort became the main feature of the occasion. The owner of the horse aforesaid seemed to get the worst of it, and was licked by pretty nearly everybody then and there present. Picking out Mr. Field, of Chicago, as a possible victim, he confided to him the fact that he had been licked so often that evening that he didn't mind taking another licking, and proposed to the Chicago mart that they engage in a friendly contest of pugilistic skill not necessarily for publication, but to show there was no coldness. Mr. Field declined to lick him, but asked him to stand not less than twenty feet distant from him for the remainder of his sojourn in the room. It is a little bit hazy as to who the chief offender was, or why he was committed to jail. The jail was at Waukegan, twenty-two miles distant, and the thermometer was below zero. The prisoner executed something of a coup when he declined to sign any bail bond, and insisted that he must be taken to jail. Extending his hands in melodramatic fashion he asked that the shackles be put upon him, and insisted that the constable hitch up his rig at once and start on the twenty-two mile drive to Waukegan. The constable had been brave before this, but he now

weakened. He was found in the morning in a hay mow across the street, the prisoner meanwhile diligently searching for someone to take him to jail.

It may be imagined that the duck shooting did not prosper under these conditions, but the city men who were present at Otto's insist that they had a busy and very enjoyable time. They add that they are going to try it again on Saturday of this week. As to the fate of the prisoner, nothing definite is known. "I've got the case under advisement," said Otto to Mr. Field.

Artificial Preserves in California.

Mr. Charles Mears, formerly one of the best known duck shooters of Chicago, and a member of the old Maesawba Club in its palmy days, some years ago made the State of California his home. None the less, Mr. Mears occasionally visits this part of the country, and he was in Chicago this week. When interviewed, he said that he found considerable shooting on the Pacific Coast, and that he was a member of a club not far from Los Angeles.

"The way they get their shooting out there is by overflowing a tract with water from a big artesian well," said Mr. Mears. "There is one of these shallow ponds in this district of which I speak, five or six miles inland from the sea, and on this one lake there are three different clubs. A membership in one of these clubs was offered at \$1,500. The next one cost \$100 to get into, and there was a third one a little farther down toward the end of the lake whose privileges could be had for \$35. I thought I would take the little one just for luck, and as it turned out we had better sport last year than the more expensive clubs. I usually found no trouble in getting two or three dozen birds in a morning's shooting during the season. In that district all the shooting is had very early in the morning, the guns going out before daybreak and the sport being quite over by 10 o'clock. On all these club marshes, if you can call the country a marsh, the ducks are rested for pretty much all the week, two or three days' shooting being the limit allowed. In this way we have found no difficulty at all to keep plenty of birds for such bags as seem rational and desirable."

It is quite likely that the shooting on these fresh water ponds is similar to that offered along the Gulf Coast in Texas.

The birds which bank up or feed along the salt water flats go to the fresh water at least once a day. It is this fact which causes the tremendous flights at Gum Hollow in Texas, or upon the celebrated mud flats of the old Fulton pasture. It is therefore not so much a question of food as it is simply one of water. The wisdom of moderation in club preserves is well evinced in this action of limiting the number of days' shooting in the week. All our northern clubs will come to this thing one of these days, and it is to be hoped that they will also place a limit on the daily bag, just as the State of Indiana has placed such a limit and as all our States ought to in this part of the West.

Lower Illinois Shooting.

Mr. Fred Taylor, one of the best known of our old-time Chicago sportsmen, leaves this evening for a visit to the Green Wing Club, of Bureau Junction, Ill. Mr. Taylor, who is a man of considerable means, owns the lake known as Mud Lake, near Bureau Junction, and although he has had repeated offers, has always declined to sell the property for club purposes, stating that he intends to give it to his son if the latter cares to keep it. It hardly need be said that all these lower marshes are gaining in value yearly. Fifty acres of marsh land near Wolf Lake, at the lower edge of Chicago, were sold this week for \$125,000. The man who first bought the tract gave only a few dollars an acre. Of course, this was a purchase for manufacturing purposes, and has nothing to do with the enhancement of values of duck preserves, though none the less very substantial profits could be made to-day by individuals or clubs holding good duck marshes. The present heavy flight of ducks has encouraged every shooter of this section, and has sent up the prices of club shares very materially, as well as starting out a great many other hunters in search of possible club marshes.

Mr. Taylor, who has seen very heavy shooting in his time, said, when seen to-day, that he did not care to kill very great numbers of ducks. "If I can kill a dozen birds a day for two or three days," said he, "I shall be entirely satisfied. I want to go down there and look round for some snipe country. I think the snipe will be in there in a couple of weeks if the weather keeps warm. I have sometimes had very decent snipe shooting in that district, and several years ago a friend and I killed 'twelve woodcock in one day, the finest bag of woodcock ever saw in all my life. Of course, it is not so good here now for any kind of game."

Better Days in the Indian Nations.

Mr. Taylor was long engaged in the cattle business in the Indian Territory, and even now he makes an annual visit to that country for a little sport, going usually to the ranches of his friends, the Suggs boys, near Suggden, O. T. He says that this year he found quail very much more abundant than they were on his earlier trip. He killed a dozen or so one day, and thirty-three on the next day, and that ended it. He had no place to use his birds, and so discontinued his shooting. He says that although the wild turkeys are pretty nearly cleaned out all over the Indian Nations, so far as he knows, the quail and prairie chickens are far and away better off than they were two years ago. He reports a most encouraging state of affairs there, due almost altogether to the practical workings of the Lacey law. While he was in the Territory, one shooter from a little town along the Choctaw Branch was fined \$500 for shipping one barrel of quail. Deputy marshals visited the new line of railroad and practically stopped all the shooting of game. They seized twenty-six packages of game along that one short branch of the railway. Outside shooters who had intended to take or ship home some game were afraid to try it, and Mr. Taylor believes that there is every hope in the world that prairie chickens and quail will increase in Oklahoma very substantially. So much for the difference between United States marshals and the average country game warden.

Mr. Taylor says that the Osage country is pretty nearly air tight so far as shooting is concerned. The Indians down there live in fine dwellings, and they are very stiff

about allowing shooters to come into the country. They do not even like to have parties come through there on the Arkansas River, and are apt to make trouble for any one showing the least disposition to get gay in their part of the country. He adds that the Suggs boys, Cal and Ike, bought a ranch down in Texas about 150 miles east of El Paso, paying this spring the little check of \$250,000 for the pasture. The Suggs boys write up that they have considerable game in their new territory in Texas. They were formerly located in one of the best deer and turkey fields of the Indian Nations.

March 22.—The activity in duck circles continues, and the good bags recently made have started out more shooters than have gone from this city for some years during any single spring season. Fox Lake will be packed to-morrow with Chicago gunners. There is considerable shooting going on along the shores of Lake Michigan, and the Calumet Lake, Lake George and Wolf Lake contingent is getting ready this afternoon in force for the regular Sunday doings, the railroad stations this afternoon being thronged with earnest looking individuals clad in high rubber boots and brand new shooting coats.

The birds are in on the Kankakee without any question, and the lower Illinois River clubs are also having heavy shooting this week. Mr. John Uham, of this city, and his friend, Mr. Louis Hill of St. Paul, returned Wednesday from Swan Lake Club with fifty-six birds. Mr. Charles Lester, of this city, also brought in a good bag when he came back from the same club this week. A deep silence still prevails in the neighborhood of Hennepin Club, but stories come up that the shooting has been very heavy. Mr. J. V. Clarke, of this city, and several others of the Hennepin members, have been down to the club for nearly a week, and they would not have remained so long had not the sport been good.

Mr. L. R. Brown ran down to Maesawba Club this week and got eight birds. He had no pusher and did not work very hard. He reports considerable numbers of birds in on that part of the marsh.

The ice is reported not yet out in Fox Lake. The blue-bills had not yet showed up at that point at last accounts.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The Hunting Rifle.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The articles which have appeared in your valuable paper of recent date on the killing merits of the small-bore hunting rifles have interested me. I cannot understand why so many readers of the FOREST AND STREAM denounce the small-bore rifle for big-game hunting, especially when using the soft-point bullet. My experience with the .30-40 Winchester 220 grain soft-point bullet has been most satisfactory, and why a man wants a heavier bullet than the above is beyond my conception.

Last fall, in Maine, I shot a fair-sized bull moose; the first ball entered the paunch very low, coming out on the other side; the other shot hit about a foot back of the right shoulder, passed between the ribs, making a hole in the liver large enough to put in your closed fist, then through the heart, and finally coming out on the other side, as it went in, between the ribs. The moose bled very freely, and did not go 20 yards from the spot where it was first shot at.

Now, possibly some of your readers who take cannon or obsolete rifles in the woods will say that if I had been using a large bore the moose would have been down with the first shot. This is where I differ. Most big game when hit hard will fall, but if it is shot through the paunch—it makes no difference whether hit hard or not—they will go quite a distance before stopping, especially if followed by the hunter. Now, the .30-40 soft-point bullet, whether hit high or low, will make quite a good-sized hole on entering; therefore will draw considerable blood.

A writer of another article says that when the small-bore soft-point bullet strikes the thick winter fur and hide of a moose it shatters the bullet to powder. This assertion seems absurd and hardly possible, because when shooting a .30-40 soft-point bullet into a tree or any other hard substance, it does not break apart, but mushrooms, and most always completely covers the jacket.

The above are the conclusions of many friends who use the small bore, as well as myself, and I must say that this new rifle fits the bill as well as the purse and is certainly an all-round, up-to-date sporting rifle.

Two gentlemen whom I met in the woods last November each had a .45-70 Winchester, which were very pretty rifles, yet a little light, 6½ pounds. These same two hunters last fall and at the same camp used the small-bore rifle, and they each got a fine moose. Why they changed the size of the bore I cannot say, but I do know that they could not do any better than they did last fall; that is, two moose in three shots.

The writer of this article expects to have many more hunts for big game, and will surely use the .30-40 until he becomes convinced that the small bore is, as many hunters declare it, only a popgun for moosebirds.

30-40.

ST. IGNACE, Mich.—Editor Forest and Stream: I see that the wordy war is still raging, between the "small-bore cranks" and those who advocate a cannon. Evidently it is still an unsettled question in the minds of many, as to which is the "best gun." One cannot be blamed for basing his opinion upon his experience, and the former will vary as the latter. If one has had very great luck with a very small gun, why should he not swear by it? But what should the verdict be, based upon the accumulated evidence? What is the simmered-down, rational conclusion. Is it not this:

That the .30-30 is the best gun made;

That the .30-40 is the best gun made;

That the .577-160-500 is the best gun made?

Speaking from experience that has come under my direct observation, I should say that the .30-30 is one of the best guns made for anything up to and including deer. The .30-40 is a better, and has killed everything that walks this continent, but both of these guns are "open country" guns; they are not effective in the brush. If one is going

out on to the sand plains, let him take his .30-40; but in he timber, his small ordnance—his .577.

A twig the size of a lead pencil will mushroom a soft-nosed .30-40, and perhaps deflect its course, rendering it erratic and practically useless. If one must use a .30-40 in the timber, he should carry along a few full-jacketed bullets—then he will stand some chance of penetrating a brush heap in a direct line, and reaching his game. The deer may be in full view—every part of his anatomy visible—nothing intervening but a lacework of fine twigs—so fine that you do not notice them as you look along your sights—but, with a soft-nosed bullet, you can't get through that tracery except by merest chance and "bull-head luck." In a situation like this, the full jacket is better, but the big bore is best.

I saw a companion shoot three deer in a bunch—crack, crack, crack, just like that—with a .303 soft-nose Savage. They were hit in the lungs; they dropped without hesitation, and did not get up again. When opened, their lungs appeared to be macerated. They looked as if a buzz saw had struck them, broad side on. I have seen a deer shot at 207 long paces with a Winchester .30-40, soft-nose. The bullet struck the head in the back, between the horns. The havoc created was a revelation to me. The skull was cracked into eight small pieces; the right eye knocked out on to the cheek; the brain pan swept of its contents, and the right half of the upper jaw carried away. These shots were made in open places.

On the other hand, I have known the soft-nose bullet from a .30-40, aimed at a deer not sixty yards away, to graze a small frozen sapling and break into a thousand minute particles, splattering the adjacent branches as if a spoonful of hot lead had been splashed against the tree.

The man who killed the three deer with the Savage—and that was several years ago—has never been out since, but he is still singing to all his friends the praises of that wonderful gun. He who shot the frozen sapling, and who, on another occasion, failed to do business with a deer on the other side of a few berry bushes, says the .30-40 is "no good."

A couple of years ago a thirteen-year-old schoolboy killed a moose in Brevoort Lake, near here, with a single .25 rim-fire cartridge fired from a Favorite rifle, but that hardly makes the Favorite a moose gun.

E. H. HOTCHKISS.

A Cup for Mr. Dressel.

THE Sportsmen's show was conducted so ably and so successfully that the exhibitors and many other personal friends of Capt. J. A. H. Dressel, general manager of the show, and a tireless worker in all that pertained to its success, resolved to express their appreciation in respect to his efforts as well as their personal esteem. They conspired together, and agreed that a cup, solid in worth and artistic in design, would be the proper thing. A massive silver cup, whose capacity was equal to a milk bucket, with handles which made it of the kind known as loving cup, was selected.

The whole matter was kept a profound secret from the Captain. On the last evening of the show, about 9 o'clock, he was invited into the room in which was a table, surrounded by beautiful flowers, arranged by Mr. Harry Stevens. The cup, the center of adornment, was covered from view, while Mr. David T. Abercrombie, the Captain's lieutenant in connection with the Sportsmen's Show, presented the cup with the following remarks:

"Captain Dressel, in response to a petition circulated by many leading exhibitors at the eighth annual Sportsmen's Show, and heartily concurred in by not a few of your personal friends, I have been asked to tender you their hearty congratulations and sincere appreciation of your personal efforts and able management of the exhibit now drawing to a close.

"Of eight annual events of the kind held at the Garden, the present show, in point of attendance and public approval, has far surpassed any former effort of the Association, and so far as I have been able to learn from personal inquiry, has been productive of most satisfactory results to the big list of exhibitors who have co-operated with the management in so generous a manner for the success of the show.

"Perhaps no one, aside from those associated with you in the affairs of the Sportsmen's Association, can form an adequate idea of the personal effort, the personal sacrifices, and the responsibilities attached to the successful holding of a national sportsmen's show. All of us gathered here to-night, however, realize that you have met all of these requirements, not only this year, but for the seven years that have gone before, and with our best wishes for the continued success of the Sportsmen's Association and of the Sportsmen's Show, which, we trust, will be held here for many years to come, we ask you to accept this modest testimonial of our regard and good feeling. May it be, so long as you live, emblematic of the flowing bowl of good fellowship, of true sportsmanship and of honest, clean-handed friendship of which you are the embodiment.

"Capt. Dressel, in this cup we pledge you our hearty co-operation and best wishes."

Capt. Dressel was truly surprised, yet made his acknowledgment of the honor gracefully and pertinently. The cup was then filled several times with the vintage of France.

Flesh Affected by Foods.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The most striking case of the above I ever heard of was the story in the papers some five or more years since, of a number of persons, dining in a Baltimore café, being violently, but not fatally, poisoned, and search developing that the flesh of some game birds was very high in prussic acid, coming from the laurel berries the birds had eaten. That an animal can consume sufficient poisonous food to bring its flesh to a poisonous condition, without being poisoned itself, is certainly a remarkable proposition. Do you know of the yarn, and whether it is more than a yarn?

W. WADE.

DARKEST, Pa., March 20,

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Maine Woods and Waters.

BOSTON, March 24.—For several winters the Maine game wardens, under the direction of the Commissioners, have been trying to catch Peter La Fontaine, a French-Canadian who has given them a good deal of trouble. He has persisted in coming across the border into Maine and killing moose and deer at all seasons, and getting back across the border with his booty. Friday Chairman Carleton received the following telegram from Warden H. O. Templeton, dated at Northeast Carry: "I went to arrest Peter La Fontaine. He pulled a gun. I shot him. He may live. Houston took him to a doctor in Canada."

It is believed that the shooting was purely in self-defense, since Templeton is a cool and careful man. With Wardens Houston and Forrest, he has been trying to arrest La Fontaine for some time. La Fontaine has long had the reputation of being the famous outlaw of the northern forest, operating along the border line between Maine and Canada from Baker Lake in northern Somerset of St. John Pond in the Moosehead region. No further news than the telegram had been received up to this writing. Commissioner Stanley remarked, when in Boston the other day, that they had some of the best wardens in the world at work along the border this winter.

Warden Pollard comes down from a trip across Moosehead Lake with the story that at Nathan Emery's lumber camps, at Magee Brook, four miles north of Northwest Carry, they have had a tame moose, which has stayed in a hovel with the horses, and shared their food. The crew has not attempted to molest him, letting him have his own way. This is a pretty good story, and if Warden Pollard told it, it is true. Will he speak up, through the FOREST AND STREAM?

The Kennebec River, in Maine, has cleared of ice up as far as the tide goes; said to be the earliest clearing since 1871, when the ice went out March 12. Flocks of ducks and geese begun to come up river as soon as the ice was out, and all the gunners from Richmond down to Merrymeeting Bay are after them. The spring shooters are also making gunning trips off the Massachusetts coast, and a few brant have appeared in the markets.

Fishermen are getting ready for an early departure of the ice from Maine waters. The weather continues very warm, and fishing at Bangor salmon pool will soon begin. Salmon are already in Boston from Nova Scotia waters, the first one selling last week at \$1.25 per pound. Portland fishermen are looking for a very early clearing of Sebago Lake, and suggest that the ice is getting thin. Commissioner Stanley says that the fishing cannot help being good this year in Moosehead, Grand Lake, Green Lake, Cobbosseecontee, Sebago, Lake Auburn and others. These lakes have been especially well stocked for several seasons past, and fishing should be good as soon as the season opens. At the Rangeleys there is still two feet of clear blue ice, and it will take many warm days to eat it away. Great preparations are being made for summer visitors in that region. Capt. F. C. Barker is building several cottages at Sandy Point, Lake Mooselucmaguntic. Amos Ellis is adding several new camps to his establishment at Bald Mountain Camps. L. E. Bowley has been making great changes at Mountain View. It will interest sportsmen to know that the extension of the Portland & Rumford Falls Railway will reach Haines' Landing and Mountain View before the season is over.

SPECIAL.

Construction of Fish Ponds.

From Fred Mather's "Modern Fishculture in Fresh and Salt Water."

Ponds.

THE first thing to be considered is the intention of the owner and what he wishes to do with his pond or ponds. He may want as large a pond as possible in which trout will feed themselves and afford him fishing for himself and friends, or to market some trout each spring. He may wish to have a hatchery and rearing ponds to stock his main pond with, or to have a series of ponds in which to grow trout on artificial food.

There are several ways in which trout may be cultivated, dependent upon the extent and character of the water and the inclination of the owner as to the amount of time he cares to devote to it, and the expense which he is willing to incur in beginning, which, as in most other affairs, bears some relation to the prospective results. With proper facilities, intelligent fishculture will prove as remunerative as any of the minor industries of the farm, such as bee and poultry keeping, but it is only very rare and exceptional places where it can be made a separate and distinct business which would warrant a person in devoting his whole time to it.

Where the spring rises upon a farm and flows some distance through it, with some fall and space to make ponds, the conditions are most favorable. It is very difficult to give directions for making trout ponds which will be applicable to all places, but it is safe to say that the very worst location and form for them is in a ravine where they are made by a series of dams thrown across. Such an arrangement is sure to come to grief, sooner or later, and if the dams are so strongly made as to resist an unusual flood from suddenly melted snow, or heavy rains, then the leaves and other riffraff will clog the screens until the increased pressure carries them away and the fish have a chance to escape. The smaller the trout the more difficult it is to confine them, not only on account of their ability to escape through a small opening, but in consequence of their desire to continually seek that opening—a desire which is intense during their first year of life, but which decreases until it is so much diminished that large fish of say three-quarters of a pound, can hardly be driven from deep water.

If only one pond is contemplated in which the fish are

to be placed to seek their own food and care for themselves, then it may be made as large as the stream which supplies it will admit of—that is, it must not be so large that the water will get above 70 degrees Fahrenheit, in the bottom of the pond. Depth will give coolness, or if there are springs in the bottom the fish will congregate there at the hottest times, while the warmer water at the surface and shallow edge is favorable for the production of insect life for their food. The stream above can be covered with gravel as a spawning ground, and the young will have a chance to escape being devoured by the larger fish by keeping in the shallows.

A pond of this kind was made at West Bloomfield, N. Y., on the farm of Mr. Stephen H. Ainsworth, a gentleman who was among the first to engage in trout culture in New York, beginning about the year 1858. He had a marshy spot of ground, formed by many small springs, whose united currents in the driest times made a stream scarcely larger than a lead pencil; and digging this out he made a pond 50 by 100 feet, which was 16 feet deep, and covered over, where he raised many fish under great difficulties. In a dry season the supply barely equaled the evaporation, and no water passed from the pond; and on several occasions he lost his largest fish from the heat until, in the year 1871, he removed the trout and substituted black bass. Yet he had accomplished enough to be an authority upon trout culture in that day, and is now quoted to show what can be done with little means, although I should never advise any one with only his facilities to make an attempt at trout raising. And the point to which attention should be directed is the ratio of depth to surface in his pond; if he had exposed more surface to the weather, or made his pond less deep, he probably would never have kept a trout through the first summer. In cases of a rise in temperature the large fish are the first to suffer.

Large Single Ponds.

It is difficult to give directions which will be suitable for all places, but I will repeat that a dam in a ravine is the worst form. In such a place it seems better to make a small dam, and lead the water from it into ponds at the side of the ravine, and let the floods go down the old channel. My own ponds, at Honeo Falls, Monroe county, N. Y., were made in a piece of low, flat land, with a plow and road scraper, using the earth, gravel, etc., taken out to fill up around the ponds. Afterward they were finished with pick and shovel, and a dry stone wall laid around them merely to hold the banks, but they were small, only 60 by 15 feet and 5 feet deep. The first one built was laid in cement, but was no better than the others. In some places there is much enough to pay for the digging in manure; but if the water can be kept off, such ponds are not expensive. Here is the cost of one of mine of the dimensions above given:

Two men and team two days.....	\$10 00
One man with shovel two days.....	3 00
Team and man hauling stone three days.....	10 50
May laying wall three days.....	4 50
Screen boxes	3 00
Man one day ditching	1 50

Total\$32 50

The cost of stone was not added, as there was a quarry on the farm.

Naturally sloped banks of soil, sodded to below the water's edge, are best for all ponds over 100 by 200 feet, but surface water must be kept out. All ponds of the size named I call "large," because when we come to consider the "small ponds" of the professional fishculturist it will be found that they are so narrow that every fish in them may be seen at all times.

The single large pond can only be worked to its greatest capacity by having a hatchery, taking and hatching the eggs, rearing yearlings and turning them out in the following spring after the water has been drained off and all trout of the previous year taken out, thus raising and marketing two-year-old trout each year, and a trout above that age is worth no more than any other fish in market. All trout ponds should be drawn down once a year, or the trout will have a muddy flavor from decaying vegetation.

The bottom of the pond should be flat, if not level, and the fish should be removed with a net, instead of draining off the water to take them out. One of my mistakes will illustrate this: An original idea, one of those which so often come out of the little end of the horn, was to have a drain-pipe at the bottom of the pond stopped with a plug, and then make a deeper place in the center, so that when the water was drawn off the fish would be all there ready to be dipped out with a hand or scoop net. What could be more handy? An improvement! After being in use three years it became necessary to take out the large trout and transfer them to another pond, and the water was drawn off. When about a foot was left the fish began to get alarmed and rush around, stirring up the water, which had appeared like crystal, until the motion of the fish could be seen, and when drawn down as low as possible they naturally gathered in the pit, where they were dipped into tubs of clean water by a man in rubber boots. While in the pit they began to show signs of distress by keeping their noses out of the water, and the man who was dipping them said: "It smells like gunpowder." Then another idea, not original, dawned: the fish were being asphyxiated by the foul gas or sulphureted hydrogen!

The sluice at the inlet was opened, but too late. Our of the 2,500 fine breeding fish, only 39 were saved; they died even after being placed in fresh water while still breathing, and an expensive lesson in the dear school of experience was learned. I had seen the Southern darkies muddy ponds when collecting specimens for me, and knew that this gas, which lies at the bottom of all waters in which there is anything to decay, was a deadly poison if stirred, but the thought never occurred that the fish would do their own "muddying," as the darkies call it.

This experiment shows another fact: fish which feel secure in from three to four feet of water, and show no alarm at persons walking at the edge of the pond, and which will come readily to the surface to feed in your presence, or even take it from your hand, will, in water of not over a foot in depth, be as timid as wild fish just taken from the brook. Their sense of security is gone; hence it is better to take them with a net large enough

to sweep the pond. It also shows what a little oversight or false reckoning may do toward sweeping away the results of expenditure and labor. In fact, there is none among our domestic animals more difficult to manage, for the beginner, than trout; if they may be allowed to be domesticated; and their tendency to go astray is excelled by the element in which they live, which is notorious for having a way of its own, which is never our way, and for seeking it at all times; hence in trout culture the great difficulties to be overcome are, to confine the water so that it is secure under extraordinary strains of flood and accident and to confine the fish—the latter being hardly as difficult as the former.

If the owner does not care to go into the business of hatching trout for a succession, as described, he should provide good spawning places such as are mentioned in the preceding chapter, and see that nothing molests the spawning beds in winter. In this way he may get a few trout which escape the old ones, which will keep them from becoming too plenty.

Ponds in a Series.

In making a series of ponds in which fish of different sizes are to be kept and fed a different system is pursued, the ponds being made small, in order that the water may be changed quickly, and so sustain more fish, and the stock can be seen and its condition known at all times. Such ponds may be 50 to 60 feet long by 10 to 12 wide and 4 to 6 deep, with sides of clay, if that is the material dug through, stone, or wood. A spawning race should be made at the upper end, 20 to 30 feet long by 4 feet wide, the bottom sloping from 1 to 2 feet where it enters the pond; this will give the pond a shape like a long-necked bottle.

There should be a fall of at least six inches from the pond above into the spawning race, more if the lay of the land will permit, in order to aerate the water.

The raceway should be covered with gravel at all times; for if the fish are not well, or are troubled with parasites, they resort to swift water and gravel bottoms to rub their sides and clean themselves. This gravel should be from half an inch to an inch or more in diameter.

In facing the pond with boards the pressure of the earth must be provided for, or the sides will soon fall in, or at least become badly bulged. To prevent this, lay timbers on the bottom and frame the uprights into them; nail the boards on the outside of the uprights, which should extend above the ground and be braced apart by joists running across the pond a foot or more above water. Even these will spring in time if not quite stiff. Ponds well built require but little work to keep them in order—an occasional stopping of muskrat or of crawfish holes, and in the spring to repair damage from frost, if any, or to patch up a bank or wall. There are hard soils where neither wood nor stone are needed (except on the spawning races, whose sides should be vertical), but may be made at a slope more or less inclined. Willows planted near the pond are valuable as shade trees, or floats of boards may be of use in keeping the water cool, besides being a sort of protection from the little kingfisher.

Perhaps an account of the way I made the ponds for the New York State hatchery at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, will be of interest, for they involved great labor. I took charge on Jan. 1, 1883, and started work. An old building was used to hatch eggs obtained elsewhere, and there was a spring reservoir some 300 feet long by 20 wide, which had been made to turn a turbine wheel in the old building. This reservoir was high enough to bring water into troughs on the floor of the second story, from where it went to the floor below and was again used. Some holes in swampy land below had been intended for trout ponds, but they were covered with water from the harbor at high tide and geese swam up to the hatchery.

The north side of the island is hilly, some hills being 200 feet above tide, and they are glacial drifts, sand, clay, gravel, etc., plowed out from the mainland by the ice. Such a hill was within 500 feet, and I filled the old holes with sand, leveling the swamp. Then "ponds" were staked out and left as the sand was dumped around them, on the principle that the Irishman said cannon were made; said he: "They take a long hole and pour brass around it." So we made ponds. These were temporary ponds, merely for use until the State could afford better, and the raceways were made of the cheapest hemlock boards.

In 1887 there was an appropriation for a new hatchery made at the insistence of Commissioner Blackford, and I planned to put it as high as the inflow from the reservoir would bear, as the water went from the hatchery to the ponds, and when it was up high we could control it. When the ground was staked out for the building the northwest corner was three feet above ground and the southeast was thirteen feet in the air. It looked queer, but the levels were correct. The foundation was built and I filled the grounds until there was no queer look about it. The old ponds were filled and new ones of sand built with their bottoms where the old surface was.

For a time it was dangerous to step near a pond, but it settled hard. Walks and flower-beds were laid out and a road made east of the ponds, which is as solid today as can be. The sand holds water well. The carting of sand and gravel cost the State much money, but it is worth it. It is the most important hatchery in the State of New York to-day. I established the culture of smelts, lobsters and tomcods there, and if Mr. Blackford had not been removed from the Commission for political reasons, I would have made a park of the place and have gone on with experiments in hatching oysters and clams. But a change of administration led to my discharge, and to-day a great unsightly ice-house stands in the center of what was to be my "park," and there is a stable where a "conservatory" for water plants and the breeding of freshwater crustaceans and insects was planned; and my dream of a trout park and all its adjuncts is over. Blessed be the small-souled politicians, for they will never develop into anything greater.

Drains.

If the lay of the land permits it, there should be some way of lowering the water in order to clean the pond. If the pond is dug in the soil there should be a drain pipe put in, and this, if of wood, may be stopped by a plug. But a plug is difficult to get out when the water is several feet deep; a box on the inner end with a slid-

ing gate which can be lifted by a hook fitting into a hole is better. Do not plug the lower end of the pipe and leave the upper end open or you have a harbor for eels, water snakes, or at least a hiding place for a large cannibal trout, for a trout of that kind prefers solitude. If the drain is a square box-trunk it may be turned up at a right angle and used as an overflow stand pipe, if the water is not required to be kept up for any reason. In this case make a sliding groove for the dams, which may be lifted one by one, and are kept down by pins or wedges at the top.

Tile pipe are not good for drains. I have laid them and relaid them many times, cementing them most carefully and then reinforced the joints with another coating of cement, but tree roots would force their way in somehow and either fill the pipe or break it. At Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y., I piped a spring from an upper level in six-inch tile pipe, and it filled up with roots. In one case the root of a locust tree had found an entrance, and while only as thick as a sheet of letter paper and half an inch wide where it went in, we took out thirty-seven feet of branching, matted roots, which nearly filled the pipe. Then I had the pipe relaid with extra care, but to no purpose; the roots would have water and knew how to get it, even where there was no leak. Here is a chance for a question about the habits of trees roots in their search for water; but having fought this "instinct" of roots for many years, I have given up trying to solve the riddle.

Remembering these things, when we obtained another spring to bring down I bought four-inch iron "soil pipe," caulked the collars with oakum and then ran lead around on the oakum. After this the lead was caulked, and the pipe will carry water for a century without interference from roots. This method, and pump logs, are the only means I know of to convey water underground without interference from roots, if there are trees near. A willow or a locust will send roots a hundred yards for water, if it is there, while on the other side of the tree the roots might not extend fifty feet.

It is said that iron filings mixed with cement will keep roots from the joints of drain tile. Having no experience with this, it is mentioned without comment.

Dams.

These cannot be too carefully made to contend with pressure, leakage, muskrats, crawfish, frost and other things which are ever working to help water get to the lowest possible point. The following is from a newspaper which came after this chapter was begun:

NUNDA, N. Y., Jan. 30, 1899.—Miller's dam went out this morning. The washout, which resulted from undermining by muskrats, entails heavy loss to mill owners who have utilized the water. The disaster occurred at a time when the valuable ice crop was nearly ready to harvest.

In building a dam, whether of earth, stone, logs or a combination of any or all of these materials, the greatest care must be taken to lay the foundation so deep that no trickle of water excavation, of muskrat or crawfish can go under it, and at the sides the dam should extend so far as to prevent such mishaps.

So much depends upon the nature of the ground and the materials to be used that it is impossible to go further into the construction of dams than to say: Make them about twice as strong as you think they need be and—then make them a little stronger.

Screens for Ponds.

Screens should be made at least ten times larger than the space required for the water. For instance, if the flow will pass through a hole six inches square, the screen should be at the least calculation nineteen inches each way, giving 361 square inches, which will allow for some portions of it to become clogged, and yet pass the water through easily; this also diminishes the chance of stoppage by its slower flow. A good form for a small outlet is a trough, say six feet long by two feet wide and twenty inches deep, with a dam near the lower end about fifteen inches high. When the screens are placed in this, above the dam, slanting the top down stream at an angle of 45 degrees, it gives a good screen surface, the dam being placed at the height at which the water is to stand in the pond and the screen made to slide between slats. Great care must be taken in setting such a trough, if in earth, that the water does not work around and under it, or that frost does not lift it out of place; the former may be provided for by wide flanges, which make a sort of bulkhead and obstruct the direct passage of crawfish, earthworms or other borers, which, by starting a small leak, will soon cause a large one before its presence is suspected. To guard against upheaval by frost, in a climate where the brook trout love to dwell, is a more difficult matter; but my own experience on this point leads to a preference for light soils for tamping around the outlet box, instead of clay, which I first used on account of its resistance to water, but afterward abandoned, after a winter's fight with frost, in favor of a sandy, gravelly soil which was found to serve the purpose as well, as far as the frost was concerned, but which afforded excellent digging for the crawfish (fresh-water lobster) with which the stream was infested, and whose tunnels, once made in clay, never by any chance closed up; and, knowing their dislike to work in either sawdust or tanbark, a space of about a foot was filled with these materials, so that there was a barrier running around the box, backed in front and rear by soil which was thought to be the least affected by frost.

The screens should be made with as large spaces between the slats or wires as the size of the fish demands, and it will be found convenient to have the outlet boxes of the different ponds and the frames all of one size, so as to be readily interchangeable. The wires or slats for the fish of half a pound and over may have a half-inch space between them, and for this purpose well galvanized iron wire is best, or, if not convenient, a screen can be made of planed lath, set edgewise; while for yearlings well tarred wire cloth of four wires to the inch is necessary, and for the fry during the first months at least fourteen wires to the inch. Screens for the inlets are best placed perpendicularly, in order that no trout may lie under them and shoot up stream when the screen is raised. The disposition of water to find its own way, and that way being always different from our way, combined with the disposition of trout, in their younger days, to prefer any location rather than that which we have

provided for them, renders the subject of screens and appliances for confining them a very important one to the fishculturist, and one liable to defeat all his calculations and waste all his time, labor and money, if not properly considered. I have kept sharks and whales in confinement, and have seen the wildest of beasts and birds so kept, but of all animals that man confines there is none so uncertain to be found in the morning, where it was apparently so secure the night before, as a brook trout of an inch and a half long. It is an impossibility to confine them in a stream, and very difficult in a pond, as a crack or worm hole in a board, or in the earth or masonry, will be found by a hundred little eyes, and its size tested by half as many heads; and if water flows through it, they are very apt to follow, no matter where it may lead, nor whether return is possible. The instinct of a trout impels it to jump at a fall or in going up stream, hence provision must be made to stop them from leaping over the inlet screen by a projecting board or other device, more especially in the fall of the year, when they wish to ascend to the upper waters to seek suitable places for spawning.

If the fry are kept for the first nine months or a year in "rearing boxes," it is not so hard to confine them as it is in the outdoor ponds, where the woodwork has to be fitted into the earth; and this system has its advantages, which are security of confinement, compactness, the ease with which they can be inspected and the larger ones removed from their weaker brethren, and the protection from bird, beast, reptile and insect enemies to which their relatives in the outdoor pond are exposed. To counterbalance these advantages, we have in the rearing boxes more care and labor, and less natural food. Still, if the labor can be given, it is the surest way, for the first three months at least, after which time they are better able to stand the exposure of outdoor ponds and avoid their enemies, which decrease in numbers with increasing size.

There is always one fence in summer time which detains the trout more effectually than any screen. This is the stream of warm water which the trout brook empties into, and, although they may seek its depths for food in winter after running down off the spawning beds, the first hint of a rising temperature sends them back to the cooler spring waters.

A good self-cleaning screen for large trout is a revolving cylinder of wire cloth. Make disks of eighteen inches with four strips to stiffen the cylinder and cover this with No. 2 wire cloth. Run an axle through it and set it so that it will revolve in the current, with six inches of water to turn it; i. e., set it in water to that depth. A half-inch below the cylinder set a board edgewise under its center, and all leaves and fine trash will be passed without clogging. This can be made to fit a trough or box. A coarse screen should be placed in front of it to catch sticks.

Fly-Casting at the New York Show

Tuesday, March 11—Bait-casting for distance. Judges, Willis D. Cloyes, C. R. Radcliffe, D. T. Abercrombie: C. D. Levison, 81 feet; E. J. Mills, 74 feet.

Wednesday, March 12—Fly-casting for distance for girls: Miss Elizabeth Cruikshank, 68 feet.

Thursday, March 13—Fly-casting for distance. Judges, E. S. Osgood, W. H. Houston, D. T. Abercrombie: P. C. Hewitt, 84 feet 6 inches; E. J. Mills, 71 feet 2 inches; Willis D. Cloyes, 53 feet; E. R. Hewitt, withdrew.

Friday, March 14—Judges, Dr. C. C. Curtis, J. E. Bullwinkle, C. R. Radcliffe: E. R. Hewitt, 61 feet; D. T. Abercrombie, 52 feet 6 inches; P. C. Hewitt, withdrew.

Saturday, March 15—Special, for accuracy. Judges, E. S. Osgood, C. W. Alling, H. Cadmus: D. T. Abercrombie, 26; E. R. Hewitt, 26; V. D. Grimwood, 15; C. G. Levison, 13; M. H. Smith, 5; P. C. Hewitt, withdrew.

Monday, March 17—Obstacle. Judges, E. S. Osgood, Edw. Bourne, N. P. Howell: E. R. Hewitt, 72 feet 6 inches; Augustus B. Douglas, 61 feet 6 inches; H. Henderson, 60 feet; E. J. Mills, 55 feet; D. T. Abercrombie, 53 feet.

Tuesday, March 18—Delicacy and accuracy: E. S. Osgood, 29; E. R. Hewitt, 20; P. Cooper Hewitt, D. T. Abercrombie, Harold Henderson, withdrew.

Wednesday, March 19—Bass fly-casting: V. R. Grimwood, 71 feet; Harold Henderson, 68 feet; L. Tyson, 63 feet.

The bait-casting competition was won by Mr. Levison with a total of 542 feet, and an average of 108 2-5 feet. In his third cast Mr. Levison made 125 feet, which we believe is the record for overhead casting. Of course much longer casts have been made by underhand casting—176 feet, we believe—but equally, of course, by that method accuracy is largely lost.

The certificate given by Judge Franklin S. Beady is interesting by comparison with the record of the casting made in 1898, copy of which follows it:

New York, March 20—*Editor Forest and Stream*: The following is a true and correct copy of the score made by each contestant in the single-hand special bait-casting contest for distance with one-half ounce rubber frog at the tournament of the Sportsmen's Show, on the evening of March 19, 1902:

Edward J. Mills—Rod, 7 feet, 7 ounces, No. 3 Meek reel: 1st cast, 80 feet; 2d cast, nil.; 3d cast, 69 feet; 4th cast, nil.; 5th cast, nil.

C. G. Levison—Rod, 6 9-12 feet, 6½ ounces, Sage Kentucky reel: 1st cast, 97 feet; 2d cast, 106 feet; 3d cast, 125 feet; 4th cast, 104 feet; 5th cast, 110 feet. Total, 542 feet; average, 108 2-5 feet.

Milton H. Smith—Rod, 7 feet, 7 ounces, Sage Kentucky reel: 1st cast, 74 feet; 2d cast, 70 feet; 3d cast, —; 4th cast, 70 feet; 5th cast, —. The 3d and 5th casts went out of bounds, and although they were about 90 feet each, they could not be counted.

This contest being for distance, Mr. Levison was declared winner by making 125 feet on the third cast.

FRANKLIN S. BEADY, Judge.

Wednesday, Jan. 19, 1898, at 8 P. M.—Class K. Single-handed bait-casting contest. For distance and accuracy. Open to all. Five casts shall be made with half-ounce rubber frog, to be furnished by the committee. Free running reel to be used. No limit as to rod or line, but the line must not be leaded or weighted. For accuracy, five casts shall be made at a buoy placed 60 feet from the casting point. The casts to be made with the half-

ounce rubber frog, and for each foot or fraction of a foot that the frog falls from the buoy, a demerit of one shall be made; the sum total of such demerits divided by five shall be considered the demerit per cent.; the demerit per cent., deducted from 100, shall be the accuracy per cent. The average distance cast, added to the percentage of accuracy shall constitute the score.

Judges, R. N. Parish and E. S. Osgood.
Referee, C. H. Mowry.

	Distance.		Accuracy.		Total.	
	460—Av. 92	18.8—Av. 4%	92			
R. Leonard...	97 88 106 87 82	2.2 3 5 4	4.6	96	188	
370—Av. 74						
C. Levison...	80 59 77 92 62	1.6 4.6 7 4.6 3	74	95	169	
352—Av. 70.2						
J. H. Bellows...	79 77 79 78 39	4.6 2.6 4.6 18	4.3	93	163.4	
307—Av. 61.4						
B. Goodsell...	69 61 95 40 42	5 25 1.6 1.3 5	92	153.4		
294—Av. 58.4						
F. N. Peet...	52 80 40 36 86	5 6.6 9.6 2.3 6.6	94	152.8		

There was considerable adverse comment on the conditions of the casting at the tournament of the Sportsmen's Show. While there was every intention to so frame the conditions that the tournament should be successful, the work of doing this was put into hands which appear to have been inexperienced. The fly-casting limit—75 feet—was made far too short, for the purpose of barring out the professionals, but this short limit also barred out a considerable number of experts—not professionals—who should have had an opportunity to cast, both for their own pleasure and for the pleasure of the spectators. The very short limit really confined the competition to novices and young people, for whom there might have been a special class.

The competition in one class—open to all competitors—was limited to 4½-ounce rods, which, of course, are lighter than those used by many anglers.

It would seem, however, that the fly-casters themselves are in some measure to blame for the lack of success of this competition, since the conditions were announced some little time in advance of the opening of the show, and proper representation to those in charge of the matter might have resulted in making the conditions such that the fly-casting tournament would have been a credit to the show.

It is understood arrangements have been made for next year which provide against the recurrence of such mistakes.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

MEDAL contests, series 1902, Saturday, contest No. 3, held at Stow Lake, March 15. Wind, northwest; weather, fair:

Event No. 1, Distance, Feet.	Event No. 2, Accuracy, Per cent.	Event No. 8.			Event No. 4, Lure Casting %
		Acc. %	Del. %	Net %	
C. G. Young...	93	90.8	70	80.4	
T. Brotherton...	94.8	92.8	83.4	88	92.1
W. E. Brooks...	93.4	89	70	79.6	
E. A. Mocker...	79.4	82.8	80	81.4	57.3
S. A. Heller...	83	86.4	76.8	81.6	76.2
H. Battu...	91.8	86.8	74.2	80.5	76.2
H. E. Skinner...	89.4	87.4	80	83.8	
G. C. Edwards...	83.4	89.8	75	82.4	78.7
T. C. Kierulff...	69.4	78.4	66.8	72.6	
H. F. Muller...	92	90.4	80.10	85.7	
W. Mansfield...	95.4	91.8	80.10	86.3	84.2
F. H. Reed...	93.8	94	86.8	90.4	
J. Lawrence...	..	71.4	68.4	69.10	
P. J. Tormey...	..	74.4	57.6	65.11	

Judges, Muller and Brotherton; referee, Brooks; clerk, Wilson.

Sunday, contest No. 3, held at Stow Lake, March 16. Wind, north; weather, fair:

Reed	85	92	93.8	85.10	89.9	72.8
Haight	70	86.8	91.8	77.6	84.7	..
Muller	92	91.4	86.4	92.6	89.5	..
J. B. Kenniff...	119	90.4	92.4	93.4	92.10	..
Mocker	97	85.8	92	86.8	89.4	68.8
Blade	70	76.8	88.4	76.8	82.6	..
Grant	96	79.8	92.8	83.4	88	73.2
Huyck	87	91.8	86.8	81.8	84.2	..
Battu	80	87.8	91	81.8	86.4	74.5
Dinkelspiel ..	80	92.4	78	69.2	73.7	..
Everett	110	91.4	88.8	86.8	87.8	..
Daverkosen ..	83	93	94.8	81.8	88.2	..
Mansfield	94.8	93	81.8	87.4	93.4	..
Young	92.4	92.8	85	88.10
T. C. Kierulff...	72	82.8	89.4	81.8	85.6	..
Brooks	97	93.4	89.8	82.6	86.1	..
Brotherton ..	103	93.8	95	85	90	88.2
Golcher	109	87.4	93.4	84.2	88.9	..
Charles	71	87.8	83.8	74.2	78.11	..
W. J. Kierulff...	78	91.4	81.4	76.8	79	..
Lawrence	91.8	78.4	85	..
Heller	76	90.8	86.8	86.8	86.8	64.9
R. Isenbruck...	70

Judges, Grant and Muller; referee, Brooks; clerk, Wilson.

N. B.—Contest No. 4 will be held next Saturday and Sunday, March 22 and 23, instead of the scheduled dates, March 29 and 30. Postponed Saturday contest No. 2 will be held March 29.

Minced and Fried Fish.

To mince and fry fish, fillet and thoroughly extract all bones from your fish, and cut them across in two-inch lengths, wiping them clean, but never washing them. Throw them into a deep dish or basin. Then boil half a pint of strong vinegar with half a pint of water, pepper and salt, thyme, bay leaves, parsley, a sliced onion, with a couple of cloves; pour it, while boiling, over your pieces of fish. Turn them over at the end of a quarter of an hour, and at the end of another quarter take them out and mince them fine. Mince separately some mushrooms (sold in tins) and sweet herbs (or use the dried herbs sold in bottles), and add this to the fish. Soak some crumbs of bread (about one-third to a half of the bulk of your fish) in milk and squeeze it half dry again; season it with pepper, salt, and nutmeg, and mix it up with the fish with the yolk of an egg or two. Make out of this mass some little flat cakes like biscuits, which you can egg and bread crumb or else dip in thinnish batter, and fry them in plenty of very hot fat or oil. If your grease is not hot enough your cakes will be flabby and greasy, but if it is they will be crisp, and of a golden color and excellent to eat. You should only put in one cake at a time, as it will reduce the temperature of your grease too much if you put in more. In less than a minute it will have recovered its heat, and then you can

put in another, and so on, taking them out and keeping them warm as they get cooked. You may serve them up with a lemon cut in halves, or with any sauce you most fancy. Do not make your cakes too thick. Serve quickly, as this fish requires it. This mince, without frying, makes an excellent stuffing for any large fish you wish to bake or roast, either fresh-water or sea fish of any kind.—Fishing Gazette.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

March 26-29.—Atlantic City, N. J.—Atlantic City Kennel Club's show. Thos. H. Terry, Sec'y.
April 1-4.—Boston.—New England Kennel Club's eighteenth annual show. Wm. B. Emery, Sec'y.
April 9-12.—Seattle, Wash.—Seattle Kennel Club's annual show. H. S. Jordan, Sec'y.
Oct. 7-9.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society's show. John W. Bacon, Treas.
Oct. 21-24.—New York.—Ladies' Kennel Association of America's show. Miss M. K. Bird, Westbury, L. I., Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 26-29.—Philadelphia.—Philadelphia Dog Show Association's show. M. A. Viti, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Aug. 26.—Salem, S. D.—South Dakota Field Trial Association's third annual trials. E. H. Gregory, Sec'y.
Aug. —.—O'Neill, Neb.—Nebraska Field Trial Association's inaugural chicken trials. M. H. McCarthy, Sec'y.
Oct. 13.—Ruthven, Ont.—North American Field Trial Club's fourth annual trials. Richard Bangham, Sec'y.
Oct. 20.—.—Mich.—Michigan Field Trial Association's fifth annual trials. C. D. Stuart, Sec'y.
Oct. 27.—.—Mo.—Missouri Field Trial Association's sixth annual trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y.
Oct. 27.—.—Pa.—Monongahela Field Trial Club's field trials. A. C. Paterson, Sec'y.
Nov. 3.—Robinson, Ill.—Illinois Field Trial Association's fourth annual trials. W. R. Green, Sec'y.
Nov. 10.—Bicknell, Ind.—Independent Field Trial Club's fourth annual trials. H. S. Humphrey, Sec'y.
Nov. 11.—St. Joachim, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's fourteenth annual trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 17.—Elizabethtown, Ky.—Kentucky Field Trial Club's third annual trials. F. W. Samuel, Sec'y.
Nov. 24.—Washington, C. H., O.—Ohio Field Trial Association's fifth annual trials. C. E. Baughn, Sec'y.
Dec. 1.—.—Interstate Championship Field Trial Association's second annual trials. C. D. Cooke, Sec'y.
.—.—Western Field Trial Association's second annual trials. C. W. Buttle, Sec'y.

Dog Training as Others See It.

"What to do with our sons," even though so many of them have unfortunately found their fate in South Africa, is still a cry in many quarters. With the increasing value of dogs in all connections, a parent might do much worse than bring his son up to a knowledge of their points and attributes, and have him educated in their training and in their treatment. The demand for skilled breakers and trainers quite exceeds the supply as at present, and in America especially there are many openings for suitable men, who obtain a high rate of wage—salary if you like—and are treated more as the equals of their masters than is the case with the keeper or breaker in this country. To our personal knowledge during the past few years several well-educated young men of good family have gone to the States and done well enough to remain there as kennel managers. An instance could also be given of a well-paid commercial traveler giving up his appointment here as such, to take a situation as kennel manager for a wealthy New York gentleman. His knowledge, too, was in the main limited to the care and treatment of terriers, still he did well in his new home, and flourished. To one skilled in sporting dogs the possibilities are great. Take this advertisement, for instance, which appeared only last week: "Wanted, in America, sober and reliable kennelman and trainer of pointers, setters, and retrievers; 25 to 40 years of age; must thoroughly understand breeding, rearing and breaking in of these dogs, and showing them on the bench in most up-to-date manner; gilt edge reference required and given; must be industrious, and a gentleman. Apply, etc." This may be rather a tall order to supply, still there is no reason why such a "gentleman" should not be found, and although the salary is not named, we imagine it will be of an amount to astonish some of our employers of dog trainers. Not long ago it was stated that one of our well-known dog exhibitors refused an offer equal to £600 per annum to look after and manage a kennel of dogs on the other side of the Atlantic. Special knowledge even as to the management of the common dog is a valuable asset, and is likely to continue so in the future.—London Field.

Points and Flushes.

The entries to the Atlantic City Dog Show number 731.

We know that the many friends of Alexander MacKenzie Hughes, will feel profoundly grieved on learning that he died on Sunday last. For many years prior to seven or eight years ago, he was an active bench show devotee, and was well known to the canine fancy. Since 1895 he was superintendent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals' dog shelter in Brooklyn. He died at his home, 56 South Elliott place, Brooklyn, in his fifty-sixth year.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of FOREST AND STREAM. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

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Yachting.

Designing Competition for the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

To be Known as the Seawanhaka 15-Footers.

THE competition is open both to amateur and professional designers. Three prizes will be awarded for the best designs of a yacht conforming to the following conditions:

I. A keel sloop to measure 15ft. racing length under the club's new rule.

II. Sails: Mainsail, jib and spinnaker. The area of the mainsail and jib shall not exceed 350 sq. ft., 80 per cent. of which shall be in the mainsail.

III. Planking shall not be less than ½in. in thickness.

IV. Spars shall be solid, and the mast shall be of sufficient strength to be used without runners or preventer backstays.

V. Cockpit shall be open, and bulkheads or air tanks are to be provided sufficient to insure the boats being non-sinkable.

VI. The boats shall be capable of carrying full sail in ordinary summer breezes on Long Island Sound.

VII. Construction shall be strong and durable.

VIII. All competitors must furnish a drawing of the lines, which will also show the position of the lead keel, and a table of calculated weights, which will give displacement, weight of lead, weight of hull, weight of rig, center of buoyancy and center of lateral resistance, center of effort and center of gravity of the lead keel; also a sail plan, on which the diameters of spars and sizes of rigging shall be marked; also a deck plan and amidship section, which will show height of cockpit seats and floor, and height of coaming. The midship section must also show the construction.

The following prizes will be awarded: First prize, \$100; second prize, \$50; third prize, \$25.

In the event of one of the prize designs being selected by the club and yachts being constructed therefrom, the winner, in lieu of the cash prize, may furnish the necessary additional plans and specifications and supervise the construction and receive \$25 for each yacht built. In awarding the prizes, speed will be the first consideration, but appearance, construction, simplicity of rig and convenient arrangement will also carry weight.

Sail plan, ½in. scale. All other plans, 1in. scale.

The designs must be received at the office of FOREST AND STREAM, 346 Broadway, New York city, not later than May 15, 1902, and should bear a nom-de-plume only. A sealed envelope containing the designer's nom-de-plume, together with his own name and address should accompany the designs. The right is reserved to publish any or all of the designs. Those desiring the return of their drawings should inclose the necessary postage.

The designs will be judged by a committee consisting of Messrs. John Hyslop, A. Cary Smith, J. Rogers Maxwell, Jr., and Clinton H. Crane, and the result of the competition will be announced through these columns in the issue of May 24.

The club's new rule referred to in Paragraph I, is as follows: Yachts shall be rated for classification and time allowance by racing measurement, which shall be determined by adding to half the load waterline length, half the square root of sail area, and a quantity expressed as L, and by dividing the sum of these quantities by 1.1.

$$\frac{1}{2}LWL + \frac{1}{2}\sqrt{SA} + L = RL$$

1.1

The quantity L is to be obtained in the following way: B is breadth of load waterline plane at ⅓ of its length from forward end.

B' is breadth of load waterline plane at ⅓ of its length from after end.

B" is breadth (greatest) of LW plane.

C is any excess of (B+B') over B".

D is draft at MS+2-5 of any greater draft aft, and all of any greater draft forward.

E is any excess of (B"+D) over 3 1-3 √MS submerged. C+E=L.

Designing Competition.

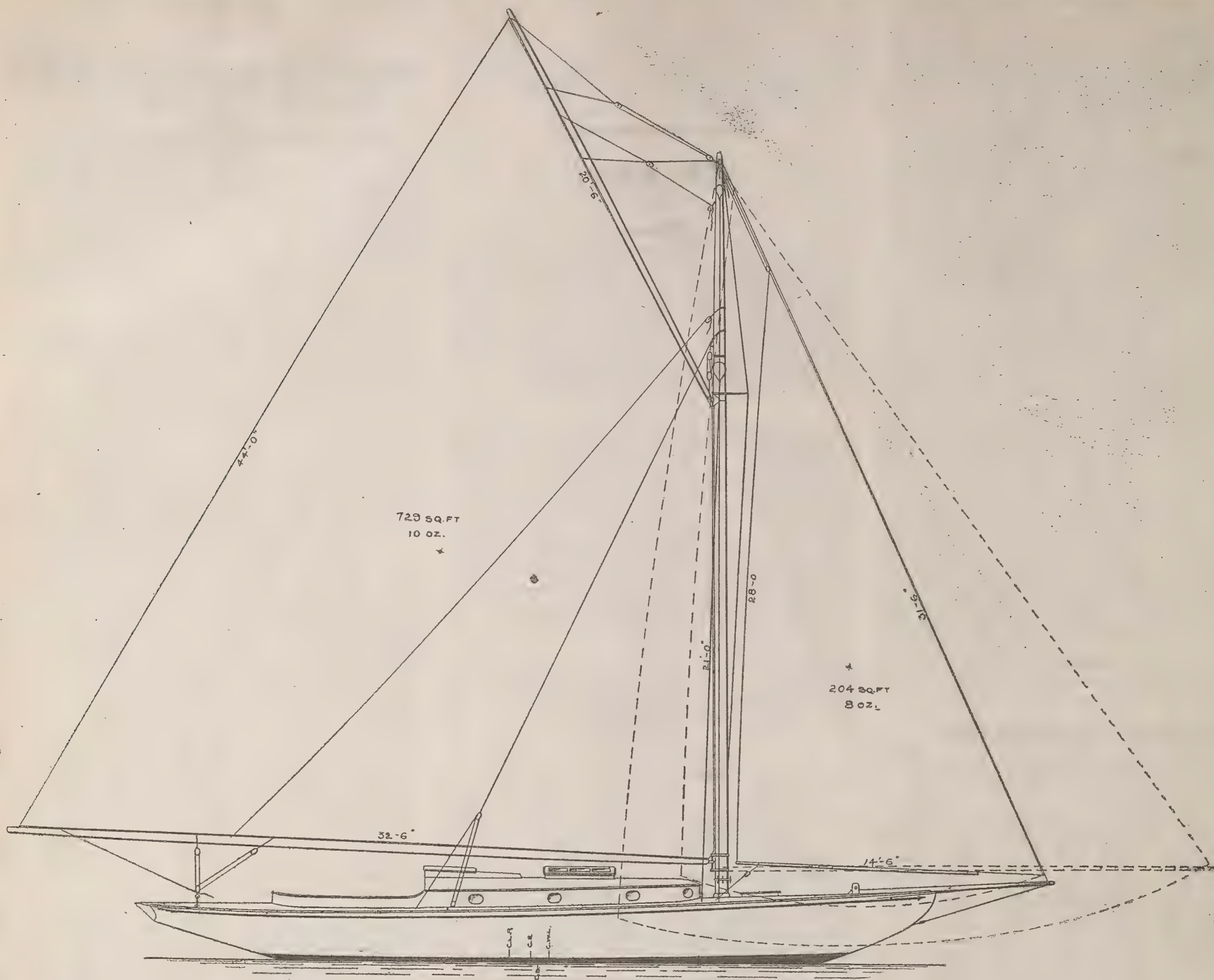
Third Prize Winner.

THE winner of the third prize in our designing competition was Mr. Harold W. Patterson, of New York city, the plans submitted by him appearing in this issue.

The plans are carefully drawn and the design shows a well-turned boat of easy lines and sections. She is quite roomy, both on deck and below. The rig is well proportioned, but is, if anything, a little large.

The cockpit is watertight, and is 7ft. long and 6ft. 6in. wide. The boat steers with a wheel. Under a cabin house 13ft. long and 9in. high at the side there is the required headroom of 5ft.

Against the after bulkhead of the cabin are two lockers on each side for hanging clothes, etc. The transom on the port side is 6ft. 6in. long, and 2ft. 9in. wide. Forward on the port side is the toilet room, 3ft. square, with a patent closet and folding wash basin. A linen locker is located in this room. One corner of the skylight that is over the main cabin extends over the toilet room, giving



FOREST AND STREAM DESIGNING COMPETITION—THIRD PRIZE DESIGN—SAIL PLAN. BY HAROLD W. PATTERSON, NEW YORK CITY.

light and ventilation. The floor in the cabin is 3ft. 6in. wide. A rather objectionable feature is the pipe through which runs the centerboard pennant. This pipe is almost in the middle of the cabin, and is quite as much of an objection as a centerboard trunk above the cabin floor. We do not approve of centerboards housing under the floor or in trunks, the top of which is below the water-line. When the board jams the boat has to be hauled out to fix it, and these boards seldom do the work intended for them as well as the old-fashioned boards.

On the starboard side of the main saloon is a transom 8ft. 3in. long, and 2ft. 9in. wide. Forward of this transom is a sideboard for cabin silver, etc. A door opens into the galley, which is part of the forecabin, and is rather cramped. The ice box, sink and stove are on the starboard side, while there is a berth on the port side. The interior of this boat might be laid out to better advantage. The dimensions are as follows:

Length—	
Over all	37ft. 5 in.
L.W.L.	25ft. 0 in.
Overhang—	
Forward	5ft. 6 in.
Aft	6ft. 11 in.
Breadth—	
Extreme	10ft. 3 in.
L.W.L.	9ft. 3 in.
Draft—	
Extreme	4ft. 0 in.
To rabbet	2ft. 10½ in.
Board down	8ft. 0 in.
Freeboard—	
Forward	3ft. 4½ in.
Aft	2ft. 7 in.
Least	2ft. 2½ in.
Displacement	14,000lbs.
Ballast, outside (lead)	6,000lbs.
C.L.R. from fore end of L. W. L.	14ft. 4 in.
C.B. from fore end of L. W. L.	13ft. 0 in.
C.E. from fore end of L.W.L.	13ft. 4 in.
Sail Area—	
Mainsail	729 sq. ft.
Jib	204 sq. ft.
Total	933 sq. ft.
Mast from fore end of L.W.L.	4ft. 3 in.
Mast above deck	34ft. 9 in.
Boom	33ft. 0 in.
Gaff	21ft. 0 in.
Spinnaker pole	23ft. 0 in.
Bowsprit outboard	5ft. 6in.

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Our Boston Letter.

BOSTON, March 24.—The regular spring meeting of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts was held at Young's last Wednesday, at which the delegates from the different clubs selected the dates for their open races during the season. The schedule thus selected is the largest that has ever been arranged in Massachusetts Bay, and shows that there is little likelihood of the popular classes' being confined to one place during the racing season. The outlook for the season of 1902 is the brightest in the history of yachting in Massachusetts.

There are certain days during the season which have always been selected by clubs, and there was no exception to the rule this year. The opening race of the season will, as usual, be given by the South Boston Y. C. This will be the 25th time that the South Boston Y. C. has opened the racing season in Massachusetts. June 17, a local holiday, has been selected by the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C., 4th of July goes to the City of Boston and Labor Day to the Lynn Y. C. These are all according to precedent, and nobody would expect these dates to be assigned otherwise. The race days of the other clubs all come at about their usual time. During the past few years the feature of giving a series of Y. R. A. open races by one club has become quite the thing, and this year there will be more series races than ever before. Consequently the total of races is greater. In all, there have been selected, so far, thirty race days, and it is likely that more will follow. It will be noticed in the schedule that June 28 is selected by the Boston Y. C., and by the Wollaston Y. C. This would appear as though there were confusion, but such will not be the case. The Boston Y. C. set aside this date some time ago, but Vice-Com. Burgess has informed me that his club will gladly give up the day and select some other. The Wollaston Y. C. is handicapped by having flats in the vicinity of its club house, and can only hold races on the high tide.

The following is the list of dates so far selected by the clubs of the Association, and the places at which they will be sailed:

May 30, Friday—South Boston, City Point.
 June 17, Tuesday—Hull-Massachusetts, Hull.
 June 28, Saturday—Boston, City Point.
 June 28, Saturday—Wollaston, Quincy Bay.
 July 4, Friday—City of Boston, City Point.
 July 5, Saturday—Mosquito Fleet, South Boston.
 July 12, Saturday—Squantum, Quincy Bay.
 July 24, 25 and 26, Thursday, Friday and Saturday—Hull-Massachusetts, Hull.
 July 28 and 29, Monday and Tuesday—Boston, Marblehead.
 Aug. 4, 5 and 6, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday—Manchester, West Manchester.
 Aug. 7, Thursday—East Gloucester, Gloucester.

Aug. 8 and 9, Friday and Saturday—Annisquam, Ipswich Bay.

Aug. 11 and 12, Monday and Tuesday—Misery Island, Salem Bay.

Aug. 21, Thursday—Plymouth, Plymouth.

Aug. 22, Friday—Kingston, Kingston.

Aug. 23, Saturday—Duxbury, Duxbury.

Aug. 25 and 26, Monday and Tuesday—Wellfleet, Cape Cod Bay.

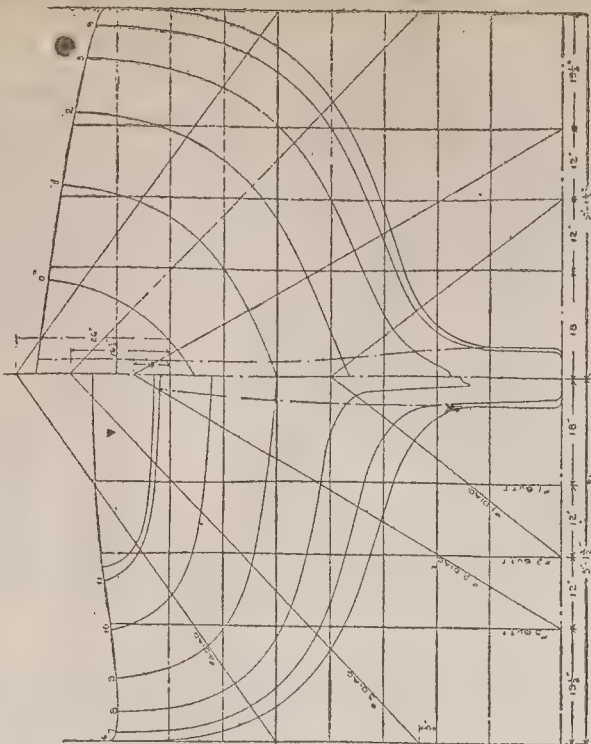
Aug. 27, 28 and 29, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday—Cape Cod, Provincetown.

Sept. 1, Labor Day—Lynn, off Nahant.

Sept. 6, Saturday—Quincy, Quincy.

At the meeting several amendments were adopted, the principal one of which was the adoption of a new percentage table. This table was formed and perfected by the Beverly Y. C., and is used by it in determining championships. It is fair in its awards and is mathematically correct, and its adoption by the Association is a wise move. It is also likely to be the means of causing a better general attendance at the races than under the old system, for with the new percentage table, it will be necessary for a yacht to get out and race if she wants to have a show at the championship. With so many races scheduled, it does seem that it will be difficult to get all of the boats to attend. But in previous years there have been yachts that sailed in more than twenty races. These were the ones that were hungriest after the championship in their classes, and there is no doubt that there will be some who will go the extra ten or more races this year. It is also expected that the number of constant attenders will be increased.

There is little doubt now that Henry M. Faxon is after the Quincy cup. At the Association meeting last week he would not confirm the story that he had given Smith an order to build a boat, but he would not deny it. Frank F. Crane said: "We are going to sail the old boat"—Hostess. It is known, however, that Mr. Faxon and A. Henry Higginson, Jr., one of the owners of Look-out, which took the cup from Quincy, have had a talk about challenge, and that arrangements are practically completed. The challenge must be received before April 1. As to the talk of sailing Hostess, there does not seem to be much likelihood of her being raced for the cup. Mr. Faxon and Mr. Higginson have been talking about the advisability of putting a limit of 900 sq. ft. on total sail area. This can be done under the deed of gift. With a reduced sail area, Hostess would not cut much of a figure. Fully as much, if not more, speed can be obtained by giving the boats less power and less sail than they have been carrying, and there is also another possibility in the way of more challenges. It was understood that some of the yachtsmen from the lakes were desirous of challenging last year, but they did not show up. It appears that a boat of over 10ft. beam cannot be carried on the cars, and this might have been what stopped them. If the

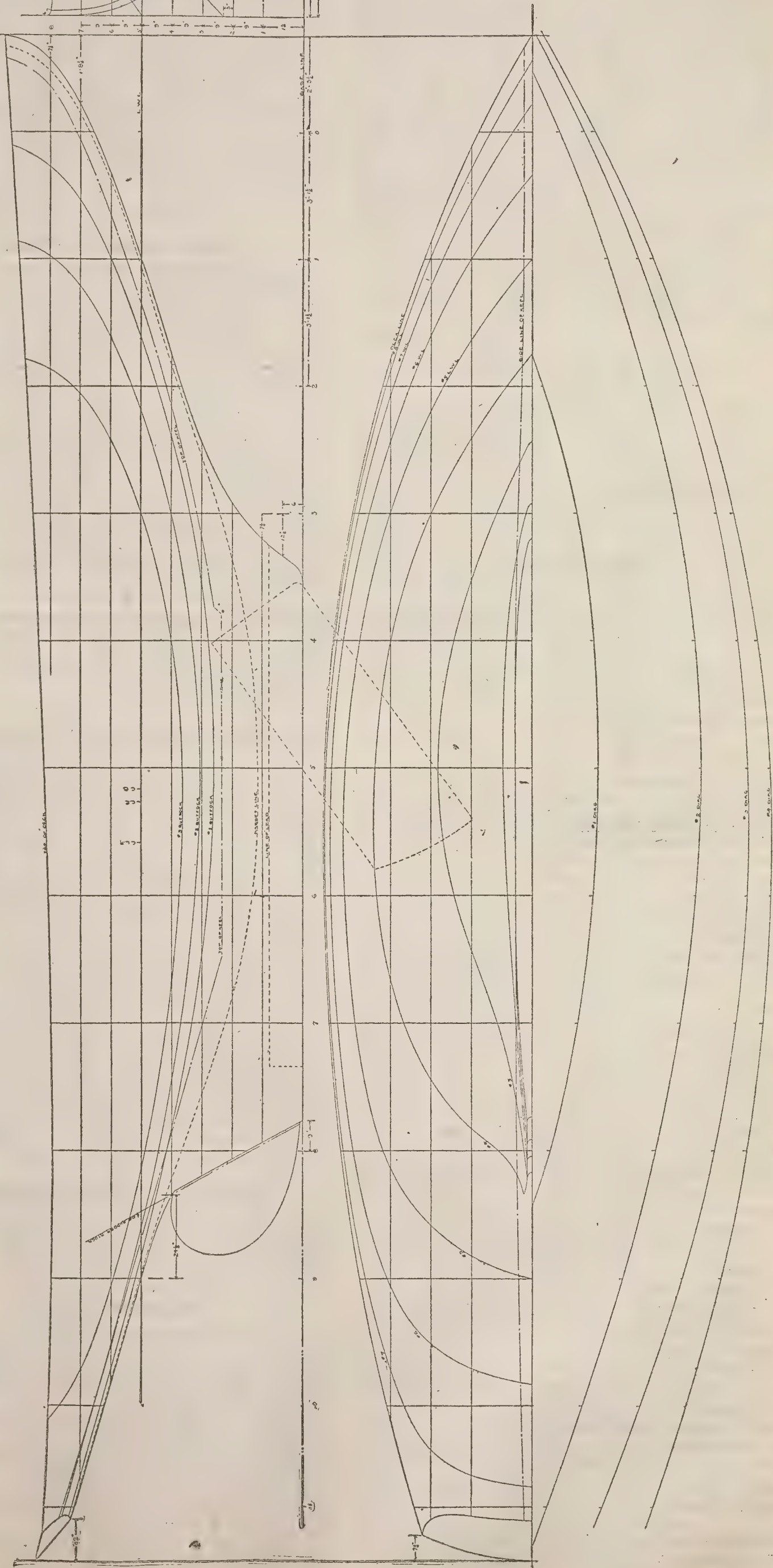


25 FT. L. W. L. CRUISING SLOOP

1" - 1" .

NAUTICAL RANGE
FEB 13 1992

LENGTH O.A. 37'-5"
LENGTH LWL 23'-0"
BEAM EXTREME 10'-3"
BEAM LWL 9'-3"
DRAUGHT 4'-0"
WITH BOARD 8'-0"
DISPLACEMENT 14000 LB.
BALLAST (GEL) 6000 -
SAIL AREA 935 SQFT



FOREST AND STREAM DESIGNING COMPETITION—THIRD PRIZE DESIGN—CABAN PLAN. BY HAROLD W. PATTERSON, NEW YORK CITY.

FOREST AND STREAM DESIGNING COMPETITION—THIRD PRIZE DESIGN: BY HAROLD PATTERSON, NEW YORK CITY.

sail area should be limited to 900 sq. ft., boats will be built with less than 10ft. beam, and the lake yachtsmen can get a crack at the cup. If Mr. Faxon challenges before April 1, other clubs have the privilege of sending in challenges to the Manchester Y. C., which now holds the cup, before May 15.

The South Boston Y. C. has arranged the following schedule of racing fixtures for the season:

May 30, Friday—Club tender race in the morning; Y. R. A. open race in the afternoon.

June 4, Wednesday—Sailing tenders.

June 28, Saturday—Club handicap.

July 12, Saturday—Club handicap.

July 19, Saturday—Club handicap.

Aug. 9, Saturday—Sailing tenders.

Aug. 23, Saturday—Club handicap.

Sept. 6, Saturday—Sailing tenders.

Frank N. Tandy has sold the 46ft. schooner Bohémian, owned by Durbin Horne, of Pittsburg, Pa., to Charles M. Bruce, of Boston.

Hollis Burgess has sold the 30ft. yawl, which has been built by Bishop, of Gloucester, for his uncle, Mr. Walter Burgess, to Hon. Frank W. Rollins, ex-Governor of New Hampshire.

Crowninshield has an order for a small mail and passenger steamer for the Fulton Navigation Company, headed by Dr. Seward Webb. She will be used on the Fulton Lakes. He has sold the raceabout Pompelia, owned by Reginald Robbins, to a New York yachtsman, and has sold, through the agency of Frank Bowne Jones, the steam yacht Cayuga.

At Lawley's the Lippitt 60-rater is partly plated. The interior work on the Lawson 46ft. schooner is being finished. These two boats are the pride of the shops, and are, indeed, beautiful specimens of workmanship. The 46-footer designed by Binney for H. A. Morss, is about planked. The Foss and Gunnison yawl is being finished up inside, and a yawl, by the same designer, for Dr. Paton, has been started. The 104ft. steamer is being finished up. The Crane 25-footer is about finished, and the Y. R. A. 21-footer for Hon. Charles Francis Adams, 2d, is being painted. A 25-footer for D. C. Percival, of Marblehead, designed by Fred Lawley, has been started. There was a rumor early in the winter that Mr. Percival was going to Herreshoff for his boat, but he decided to give Fred Lawley a try at it.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Our English Letter.

THE duels between Sybarita and Kariad at the Riviera regattas excite very little interest here, and, indeed, the Mediterranean season appears to be much less popular both ashore and afloat than it was some years ago. The regattas so far this winter have been marred by paltry airs, and the results are of no value. The report from New York that Mr. Pierpont Morgan intends to send over Columbia to race in European waters this summer has been received with lively interest, although these rumors have so often been cabled only to be contradicted. No doubt Sir Thomas Lipton will bring Shamrock II. across, for she is the only vessel fit to meet Columbia. Shamrock I., is, I hear, very far gone in her aluminum, so much so that she is hardly worth repairing. If she could be put into good order she would make a more interesting antagonist for Columbia than the newer vessel, for it is felt over here that it has been very far from being decided that the last challenger is the better boat. Apart from these two there is no very great inducement for Columbia to visit us. If she has to race under our measurement and time scale her chances are not very great. Shamrock I., at all events, is hopelessly outruled by the new measurement.

During the past week an interesting little yachting exhibition has been open at Earl's Court, London. It was got up primarily in the interests of the Thames boat builders, but it has attracted some yachting exhibits and many motors. The American motors play a prominent part and have done good business, but there are one or two excellent British exhibits, and quite a capital French one. This is a movable engine which lies on the counter of a yacht, and with a gearing of cog wheels a shaft hangs down perpendicularly, the lower end being again geared to actuate the propeller. One would think so much gearing would involve a great waste of power, but the engine seems to develop great power, and I have heard wonderful reports of its capacity in large sized boats. The whole outfit is worked with one hand, and it steers, propels, and reverses with the utmost ease. At the exhibition it is fitted on a Thames pair-oared boat, the maneuvers of which are remarkable. It can turn the boat round and round in a circle with a diameter of its own length. It is made from 1¾ horse-power to 8½. For racing yachts it should prove of great value.

A curious launch took place last week from the Ailsa Shipbuilding Company's yard. It is a new steam yacht for Mr. J. Coats, the owner of the largest schooner afloat—Gleniffer—and though the vessel is a steam yacht pure and simple, it is Mr. Coats' intention to use her as a tender to the schooner, to sail in company and to tow the great schooner. This is a somewhat uncommon combination of steam power with the sailor's love for sail. The new yacht is 160ft. over all, 22ft. 6in. broad, 13ft. 8in. deep, and measures 340 tons Thames measurement. She has a straight stem and an elliptic stern.

The first motor fishing vessel has made her appearance at Lowestoff. Her speed is said to be 7 knots, but I understand that the motor has not given entire satisfaction yet—no doubt owing to faulty management. Mr. Linton Hope has designed a nice motor auxiliary of 35ft. waterline. She is a beamy boat, with 4ft. 6in. standing draft, and is fitted with a centerplate. Her engine is to be of 15 boiler horse-power, which ought to get good speed out of the craft. Her accommodation is great, there being but little fore-castle space, because the owner intends to work the boat himself with a friend. To this end she is fitted with a roller spritsail set up from the stem-head. There is no bowsprit. She is yawl-rigged, and has a reefing boom gear.

The Cunard Company are about to build the largest and fastest steamship in the world for the New York service. It is significant that, contrary to their usual custom, this ship will not be built in duplicate, as it is believed that the future of such vessels will be intimately connected with liquid fuel, for one change, and turbine

engines for another. The new ship will cost, it is said, three-quarters of a million pounds.

The morning papers last week reported Mr. Post's efforts to arrange matches between Columbia and Shamrock for next season. Unfortunately, not being familiar with the gentleman's name in connection with yachting, they mistook him for a New York newspaper! The visit of Prince Henry of Prussia has been followed with interest over here. Its great success, following the by no means silly suggestion that Sir Thomas Lipton should be appointed British Ambassador at Washington, almost seems to indicate that part of the curriculum for the corps diplomatique of the future should be "two years before the mast."

At the exhibition to which I have alluded above, Messrs. Westmacott, Stewart & Co., St. Helens, Isle of Wight, have a stand full of American yacht and boat fittings of which they make a specialty. Among these are steering wheels for small sailing yachts. It is strange to note the dislike our yachtsmen have for these. They are infinitely more compact than the tiller, and I cannot see why a good steersman should fail to "feel" his boat equally well with them as with tiller lines. I do not know whether the idea is new, but it would be an advantage to have the gearing such as to give two powers—one so that a small turn of the wheel would put the helm over (for light weather), and the other of much higher power when the vessel is pulling hard. It sounds so reasonable that it cannot be new.

As I close this I hear that Mr. Fife has received an order to design and build a small schooner of about forty tons for Mr. W. G. Jameson. This is the first boat built for Mr. Jameson at Fairlie, but the chief interest attaching to her is the fact that she will be fitted with a petrol (gasoline) motor as auxiliary power. It will be sufficiently powerful to drive the yacht at seven knots. Messrs. Fife have of late become quite specialists in smart schooners of small size.

E. H. HAMILTON.

Seawanhaka Cup News.

Up to the present time eight boats have been ordered which will compete in the trial races for the Seawanhaka cup, to be held off Bridgeport on June 30 and July 1, 2 and 3. Thomas B. Smith, of Bayonne, N. J., has the deck beams in the boat he is building for Mr. Charles D. Mower and Mr. Albert B. Hunt. She will be ready for launching in about three weeks. The boat building by L. D. Huntington, at his yard in New Rochelle, for Messrs. C. B. Seeley and Wilson Marshall, is nearly completed. A syndicate of Bridgeport Y. C. yachtsmen, headed by Mr. Thomas B. Macdonald, will have two boats, one designed by Mr. B. B. Crowninshield is being built by Thomas Smith at Quincy Point, and the other by Jones & La Borde, of Oshkosh, Wis. The Crowninshield boat is planked and the Jones & La Borde boat is well along. Messrs. Hollis Burgess and T. K. Lathrop are having Stearns, of Marblehead, build for them a boat from designs made by Mr. W. Starling Burgess. A syndicate of Penataquit Corinthian Y. C. is having a boat built by Benjamin Hallock, of Moriches. Gus Amundson, of White Bear Lake, is building a boat from his own design for Mr. Charles De Hart Brower. A syndicate of Bridgeport Y. C. yachtsmen has ordered another boat, and Hanley, of Quincy Point, is still in correspondence with certain individuals, who contemplate building a boat. If this order is placed it will make the ninth boat. With eight boats already ordered, the possibility of some very lively racing at Bridgeport is assured.

Yacht Racing Association of Gravesend Bay.

The second annual meeting of the Yacht Racing Association of Gravesend Bay was held on Tuesday evening, March 11. The representatives were George Hill, Atlantic Y. C.; John R. Brophy and George B. Water, Brooklyn Y. C.; W. K. Brown and Isaac Snedeker, Marine and Field Club; D. B. Goodwell and R. W. Spier, New York C. C. There was some dissatisfaction shown at the meeting regarding last year's racing schedule, because the races were held every Saturday. It was finally decided that hereafter races would take place every other Saturday. The following schedule was finally adopted:

June 7, Atlantic Y. C.; June 21, Brooklyn Y. C.; June 28, New York C. C.; July 12, Marine and Field Club; July 26, Atlantic Y. C.; August 2, Brooklyn Y. C.; August 23, Marine and Field Club; September 6, New York C. C., and September 20, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay.

These races will be sailed under the old measurement rule; that is, the square root of the sail area plus the waterline length, divided by two. When the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound adopted the new measurement rule, the Gravesend Bay contemplated making the same move, but the latter finally decided to await the testing of the rule before adopting it. We published in our issue of last week the standing of the Gravesend Bay boats at the end of last season.

Chicago Y. C. Annual Smoker.

CHICAGO, ILL., March 15.—Chicago Y. C. held its annual banquet and smoker Wednesday evening of this week, receiving General Frederick Funston, U. S. A., who called late in the evening.

E. H.

Yacht Club Notes.

The following fixtures have been given out by the Race Committee of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.:

Friday, May 30 (Decoration Day)—Races for raceabouts, Seawanhaka knockabouts and club catboats. Open to club members only.

Saturday, May 31—Open races for sloops of the 30ft. class, raceabouts and Seawanhaka knockabouts. Other classes to be announced.

Saturday, June 7—Race for Seawanhaka knockabouts, for prize offered by Mr. F. G. Stewart.

Saturday, June 14—First series race for the Centre Island cup. The races in this series are open to Seawanhaka knockabouts owned by club members.

Saturday, June 21—Second series race for the Centre Island cup and for prize offered by Mr. Johnston de Forest.

Thursday, June 26—First of three days' open races, classes to be announced later.

Friday, June 27—Second of three days' open races, classes to be announced later.

Saturday, June 28—Third of three days' open races. Annual race for all classes. The Leland Corinthian Challenge cup will be sailed for by Seawanhaka knockabouts owned by club members.

Friday, July 4—Special club races, classes to be announced later.

Saturday, July 5—Third series race for the Centre Island cup and for prize offered by Mr. E. I. Low.

Saturday, July 12—Roosevelt memorial cups, to be offered for competition by such classes as may be determined upon by the Race Committee; classes to be announced later.

Saturday, July 19—Fourth series race for the Centre Island cup.

Saturday, July 26—Fifth series race for the Centre Island cup.

Saturday, Aug. 2—Robert Center memorial prizes; open to raceabouts and Seawanhaka knockabouts owned by club members.

Saturday, Aug. 9—Sixth series race for the Centre Island cup.

Saturday, Aug. 16—Seventh series race for the Centre Island cup.

Saturday, Aug. 23—Race for Seawanhaka knockabouts, manned with Corinthian crews.

Monday, Sept. 1 (Labor Day)—Special club races; classes to be announced later.

Thursday, Sept. 4—Open races for special classes, to be announced later.

Friday, Sept. 5—Open races for special classes, to be announced later.

Saturday, Sept. 6—Annual fall races for all classes; races with Corinthian crews.

Negotiations are now pending for a series of races between the raceabouts of the Beverly and Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.s, and also for two series of races between the Seawanhaka knockabouts of the Philadelphia Corinthian and Sachem's Head Y. C.s and those of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

Some sixty members attended the "fitting out" dinner of the Manhasset Bay Y. C. at the Hotel Manhattan, New York city, Saturday evening, March 22. Com. Stephen Roach presided. At a meeting held before the dinner several amendments to the by-laws and constitution were passed. The Building Committee reported that the work on the new house was progressing favorably, and that the building would be finished by June 1.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The bronze cutter building at the Townsend & Downey Shipbuilding Co.'s yards from designs made by Messrs. Gardner & Cox for Mr. George M. Pynchon, will be named Neola. She is 51ft. on the waterline, 87ft. 6in. over all, 16ft. gin. breadth and 11ft. 6in. draft.

The following sales have been recently made through Manning's Yacht Agency: Steam yacht Mandalay (formerly Columbia), Mr. Montgomery Rollins, of Boston, to Dr. F. E. Greene, of Portsmouth, N. H.; steam yacht Spindrift, Maurice S. Wormser to Mr. C. C. Riotte; the centerboard auxiliary schooner Laurus, Dr. James C. Ayer, of this city, to Mr. Henry G. Bryant, of Philadelphia; the 80ft. power yacht Adrienne, Com. William G. Titcomb, to Mr. J. Wichert; the 53ft. power yacht Scimitar, Mr. William Champion, to Mr. Fred A. Hodgman; the 60ft. steam yacht Dirigo, Mr. E. W. Bullinger, to Mr. N. L. McCready; the twin-screw power yacht Josephine Louise, Mr. Lawrence Jones, to Mr. G. W. Goetz; the 45ft. power yacht Falcon, Mr. J. Wichert, to Mr. W. G. Titcomb; the 70ft. power yacht Louise, Mr. Fred A. Hodgman, to Mr. James Corrigan; the 60ft. keel yawl Viva, Com. J. W. Bowers, Portland Y. C., to Mr. Belden B. Brown, of Stamford, Conn.

The following sales have been made through the agency of Mr. A. J. McIntosh: Yawl Dolawradora, by the estate of A. Colbron, to Mr. George J. Jackson; sloop Hit or Miss, to Mr. F. O. Ayres; launch Onaway, by Mr. F. N. Waterman, to Mr. William Faush; launch Tayron, by Mr. W. H. Watrous, to Mr. W. A. Mills; launch Nan, by Mr. G. W. Cook, to Mr. P. G. Chapman; launch Sweetheart, by Mr. Sinclair Smith, to Mr. William Trand; launch Helen, by Mr. Charles H. Thompson, to Mr. C. F. Brooks; launch The May, by Mr. J. Scott McComb, to Mr. H. Mosher; launch Monks, by Mr. Joseph Humphreys, to Mr. Henry G. Gleston; launch Adelia, to Mr. L. A. Newcomb.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

The United States Revolver Association met in the Arena, New York, on Thursday evening of last week. It was resolved that the shooting organizations, in the different sections of the country, will be invited to hold their championship competitions in connection with the annual meet at Sea Girt, N. J. Magazine pistols will hereafter be admitted on the same terms as military revolvers. The 8in. bullseye, American, was recognized as the standard. The Executive Committee was empowered to draft rules for the championship contests, and to select a target for indoor contests.

The Metropolitan Rifle Club, of New York, held a special meeting at 513 Sixth avenue, on Monday of this week, at which it was decided to hold a free-for-all indoor revolver and rifle contest in Conlin's gallery, commencing April 1. Another meeting will be held on March 31 to settle upon the governing conditions. A committee of five members will arrange the contest.

In the rifle contest of the Junior Branch of the Sportsmen's Association, held in connection with the Sportsmen's Show, in Madison Square Garden March 5 to 20, we inadvertently omitted to mention that the trophy, the first prize of that contest, was the Annie Oakley cup.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

March 31-April 5.—Blue River Park, Kansas City, Mo.—Grand American Handicap at live birds. Ed Banks, Sec'y, 318 Broadway, New York.

April —.—Dover, N. H.—Fast Day shoot of the Dover Sportsmen's Association. J. B. Stevens, Sec'y.

April 8-11.—Olathe, Kan.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament.

April 10.—Marietta, O.—One-day target tournament of the Columbian Gun Club. Chas. Bailey, Sec'y.

April 12.—Ossining, N. Y.—Cup shoot of the Ossining Gun Club. C. G. Blandford, Capt.

April 15-17.—Asheville, N. C.—Target tournament given by Col. E. P. McKissick.

April 15-17.—St. Joseph, Mo.—Missouri State Amateur Shooting Association's annual tournament. F. B. Cunningham, Sec'y.

April 16-18.—Peru, Ind.—Peru Gun Club's sixth annual amateur tournament; two days at targets for amateurs; one day at live birds open to all. Frank Dunbar, Sec'y.

April 19.—Haverhill, Mass.—Patriots' Day shoot of the Haverhill Gun Club.

April 22.—Olean, N. Y.—Third annual tournament of the Olean Gun Club. B. D. Nobles, Sec'y.

April 22-25.—Omaha, Neb.—Nebraska State shoot. H. S. McDonald, Sec'y.

April 26.—Ossining, N. Y.—Cup shoot of the Ossining Gun Club. C. G. Blandford, Capt.

April 29-30.—Greenville, O.—Annual tournament of the Greenville Gun Club. H. A. McCaughey, Sec'y.

April 30.—Wellington, Mass.—Third annual team shoot of the Boston Gun Club. Horace C. Kirkwood, Sec'y.

May 6-9.—Interstate Park, L. I.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap at Targets. Edward Banks, Sec'y; Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.

May 7-8.—Crawfordsville, Ind.—Target tournament of the Crawfordsville Gun Club; \$400 guaranteed. Mac, Stillwell, Sec'y.

May 13-14.—Enid, Oklahoma Territory.—Oklahoma Territorial Sportsmen's Association tournament.

May 13-16.—Oil City, Pa.—Annual meeting of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. F. S. Bates, Cor. Sec'y.

May 14-16.—Charleston, S. C.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Charleston-Palmetto Gun Club. W. G. Jeffords, Jr., Sec'y.

May 15.—Sherbrooke, P. Q.—Sherbrooke Gun Club's inanimate target tournament. C. H. Foss, Sec'y.

May 20-22.—Ottumwa, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's tournament.

May 20-22.—Elwood, Ind.—Annual tournament of the Zoo Rod and Gun Club, of Elwood, Ind.

May 20-22.—Wheeling, W. Va.—Fifth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association; added money and prizes. John B. Garden, Sec'y, Wheeling, W. Va.

May 20-23.——.—New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association.

May 21-22.—Baltimore, Md.—Maryland county shoot for amateurs.

May 21-23.—Springfield, S. D.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association tournament.

May 26-31.—Lincoln, Neb.—Grand Interstate tournament; three days shooting; three days golf; three days tennis. H. C. Young, Manager.

May 30.—Schenectady, N. Y.—Spring tournament of the Schenectady Gun Club. E. L. Aiken, Sec'y.

May 30.—Ossining, N. Y.—Holiday shoot of the Westchester County Trapshooters' League. J. Curry Barlow, Sec'y.

May 30.—Auburn, Me.—Annual tournament of the Auburn Gun Club. L. A. Barker, Sec'y.

May 30-31.—Altoona, Pa.—Altoona Rod and Gun Club's tenth annual tournament. George G. Zeth, Sec'y, Altoona, Pa.

May 30-31.—Union City, Ind.—Spring tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club. O. E. Fouts, Sec'y.

June 3-5.—Cleveland, O.—Tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League, under the auspices of the Cleveland Gun Co.

June 4-6.—Memphis, Tenn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Memphis Gun Club.

July 8-10.—Pine Bluff, Ark.—Twelfth annual meeting and tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association. Targets. Added money \$300. Rose system. Paul R. Litzke, Sec'y.

June 9-13.—Rochester, N. Y.—Forty-fourth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game.

June 10-11.—Sioux City, Ia.—Eighth annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.

June 10-11.—Muncie, Ind.—Indiana Trapshooters' League's annual tournament.

June 12-15.—Denver, Colo.—Grand Western Bluerock Handicap tournament. Frank H. Mayer, Tournament Manager.

June 17-20.—Warm Springs, Ga.—Annual Interstate tournament.

June 18-19.—Bellefontaine, O.—Silver Lake Gun Club's annual tournament. Geo. E. Maison, Sec'y.

June 25-26.—Raleigh, N. C.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Raleigh Gun Club. Jas. I. Johnson, Sec'y.

June 29.—San Francisco, Cal.—Live-bird shoot of the Union Gun Club.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Mr. C. G. Blandford, captain of the Ossining Gun Club, writes us as follows: "Two cups have been given to the club by a member, to be shot for; one on April 12 and the other on April 26. These are fine cups, and the members should turn out in good force. The conditions are: 25 clay birds, handicaps misses and breaks, \$1 entrance. Shooting on each day to start at 2 P. M. Shooters may make post entries at any time up to 3:30 P. M. by paying 50 cents in addition to the regular entrance fee."

The Wurtz-Dundas cup match of the University of Pennsylvania Gun Club, held on the grounds of the Clearview Gun Club, at Darby, resulted in a victory for Parish, who made the excellent winning score of 23 out of 25. The scores were as follows: Wurtz-Dundas cup, 23 birds, unknown angles: Parish 23, Fisher 22, Taten 19, Farwel 17, Lowdon 22, Weaver 20, Harley 18, Adams 15, Vaughn 14. A cup contest at 10 pairs resulted as follows: Parish 15, Lowdon 20, Taten 12, Vaughn 16, Harley 14, Weaver 10.

There was a five-man team match between attaches of the firms of Messrs. Schoverling, Daly & Gales and Messrs. Von Lengerke & Detmold, on the grounds of the Richmond Gun Club, Staten Island, N. Y., on March 22. The former team won by a score of 197 to 187, about an 80 per cent. performance. Each man shot at 50 targets. A return match will be shot on the grounds of the Carlstadt (N. J.) Gun Club in the near future.

On March 22, on the grounds of the Cincinnati Gun Club, two races at 100 targets were shot, one between Messrs. Squier and Phellis, the former winning by a score of 93 to 80. The second between Messrs. Gambell, Ahlers and Heyl, in which Mr. Gambell won by a score of 91, his competitors scoring 90 and 84 in the order mentioned.

Mr. Thos. Sawdon, of Toronto, Canada, writes us as follows: "In your latest issue you have me credited with making a good score at the traps. Now, I don't object to the scores as stated, which are practically correct. But the statement that the shooting was done with the Parker gun is erroneous. I use the L. C. Smith gun exclusively."

Th eBishop of Hereford's bill, which aimed to abolish pigeon shooting, coursing, stag hunting, etc., in England, to which reference was made in our columns last week, was withdrawn by the Bishop, after the second reading, there being so much adverse criticism to it that it had no chance of favorable consideration.

The G. A. H. entry of Mr. Harvey McMurchy, of the Hunters Arms Company, whose skill with the shotgun is exceeded only by his popularity, has been received by Mr. Edward Banks, the secretary of the Interstate Association. This, we believe, is Mr. McMurchy's first participation in this great event.

There was a statement in some of the daily papers, to the effect that Messrs. Morley and Van Allen had definitely arranged to shoot a match to test the matter in respect to whether pigeon shooting is cruel or not. No such match has been definitely arranged.

The target programme at the Limited Gun Club's tournament last week was not completed on either of the two days, but, as it stood, Mr. Fred Gilbert was high man. He also won the Grand Central handicap. He tied with J. E. Hick with a straight score of 25, and won in the shoot-off.

Mr. Mac Stillwell, secretary of the Crawfordsville (Ind.) Gun Club, writes us as follows: "Since writing you in regard to our live-bird tournament, to be held May 7 and 8, we find we will be unable to procure enough pigeons, therefore have decided to have a target tournament instead."

At Rockaway Park, L. I., the Oceanic Rod and Gun Club will hold its second March shoot. Trains leave East Thirty-fourth street and Flatbush avenue, Brooklyn, about 9 and 11 o'clock A. M. Targets, \$150 per hundred. Mr. J. H. W. Fleming (Johnnie Jones), Sec'y.

Mr. W. Fred Quimby, of St. Louis, was a visitor in New York on Saturday of last week, but his tarry was brief, for he sped Westward to Chicago and other cities, transacting business as he journeyed to the Grand American Handicap at Kansas City.

We acknowledge the receipt of a membership ticket of the Crawfordsville, Ind., Gun Club, sent to us by the club secretary, Mr. Mac Stillwell, and extend our thanks for the honor conferred.

The next shoot of the Richmond Gun Club will be held on the club grounds, Silver Lake, Staten Island.

The Olean (N. Y.) Gun Club, through its secretary, Mr. B. D. Nobles, informs us that its third annual tournament will be held here on April 22.

On Saturday of this week, the New York party, en route to the G. A. H., via the West Shore R. R., start at 2:40.

With the post entries, added to the 452 received, the total entries to the G. A. H., will not be far short of the 500 mark.
BERNARD WATERS.

The Single-Trigger Shotgun.

NEW YORK.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: In reviewing the development of the modern double-barrel breechloading shotgun, nothing has puzzled inventive genius more than a practical, perfect single-trigger device, and no improvement since the days of flint locks can show up so many rank failures and disappointments as the single-trigger idea. On no other single improvement has so much money been expended without satisfactory results as on single-trigger experiments.

Although well nigh perfect work is being done by experts with the modern two-trigger breechloader, it is an undeniable fact that a perfect single trigger would prove one of the greatest of all recent improvements in a double-barrel shotgun, and the hundreds of patents and hundreds of thousands of dollars spent in the attempts to put a perfect single trigger on the market, and the years of hard work and ever-repeated attempts after costly failures, show that the manufacturers, as well as the sportsmen, are wide awake as to the importance of a perfect single trigger.

The merit of a single trigger for a double barrel gun is self-evident. Every practical shooter knows the importance of a perfectly fitting gun, a difference in the length of a stock, of as little as 1/16 in. is often noticed and insisted upon, and every amateur will do better with a proper length of stock than otherwise. A quarter of an inch, more or less, difference in length of stock is often fatal for best work. Still when shooting a double-barrel two-trigger gun, we continually shorten or lengthen our stock about an inch as the case may be, beside having to fully release our grip on the gun shooting right and left barrel, which all accounts to a great extent for the often comparatively poor work of the second barrel as well as other undesirable features, such as unpleasant punishment on account of recoil of gun, etc.

All this will be done away with when shooting a single-trigger gun.

What constitutes a perfect single trigger? In my opinion several requirements are absolutely necessary for any single trigger to become popular enough to come into general use.

First.—A trigger mechanism which is easily reversible from right and left to left and right.

Second.—Which is absolutely proof against "doubling"; that is, firing both barrels simultaneously through either fault of the mechanism, difference in recoil of cartridges, peculiarity of shooter in holding his gun or involuntary pull, caused by the recoil of the first fired cartridge.

Third.—A mechanism which allows of as smooth, easy and light a pull-off, devoid of all drag of the trigger, as the two trigger locks.

Fourth.—A simple, strong and purely mechanically positive device which can be cheaply constructed, easily understood, and which is not dependent upon any recoil of the gun.

In looking over the gradual development of the single trigger, the first attempts did not allow of shifting from right and left to left and right. Again, thousands of single-trigger guns have been put upon the market, and a good many are in use to-day, mostly in England, which are not proof against "doubling" and may be "doubled" by so-called tricks pretty regularly.

Still others have such shortcomings as a hard, stiff or creepy pull-off, while the one or two 'single triggers' which have been tried and can fairly lay claim to not having the first three objections, are so complicated as to make them possible on the highest grades of guns only. The finest and most expensive workmanship only would admit of their construction, the cost of which would equal that of the cost of our most popular guns.

The above history of the single trigger development during the last eight or ten years is correct, and is well known to all close observers of the many different actions patented, found correct theoretically, manufactured, practically tried and soon found wanting. Nearly every important European manufacturer has had his fingers burned on one or more single-trigger mechanisms, as theory and practice seemed bound to run counter and riot with each other.

I plead guilty; I was one of the burnt ones, and was one of the most disgusted of the single-trigger theorists, and was perfectly willing to let others go ahead and do the experimenting. Many other practical shooters and men in the business did likewise.

My faith in the absolute practicability of a single trigger began to return only when I saw Mr. Charles Francotte, a leading expert, among the practical gun makers of Europe, give his unqualified indorsement and praise for the improved Bittner and Jaeger single trigger, an American invention. The Bittner and Jaeger idea has stood all practical tests, and is taking like wildfire in Germany, France, England and Belgium, dozens of the leading gun makers having adopted the same under royalties, and a considerable percentage of orders for finer guns are coming in with the B. & J. single trigger.

The following description of the B. & J. single trigger will give your readers an idea of its simple mechanical construction: A lever, "D," (see Figs. 1, 2 and 4) is attached to the right sear, "C." This lever "D" has on the forward end a stud (D²) and on the rear end an extension (D¹), which goes through and protrudes on the inner side of the sear arm (C¹). The left sear C has a shoulder lug (C², Fig. 4).

Fig. 1 shows the lock mechanism when cocked and set to pull right-hand lock first. Upon pulling the trigger the sear of the right lock is pressed upward, lifting the sear point out of the cock notch and relieving the hammer. The sear then goes down by the force of the sear spring, and the lever D jumps under the shoulder lug C² of the left sear (C) by the force of the lever spring D¹.

The right barrel has now been discharged, and upon again pulling the trigger both sears, the right one free and the left sear set in cock notch of hammer, are lifted and the left barrel is discharged.

To reverse the lock action from right and left to left and right, it is only necessary to shift the button E¹ in trigger E by pressing same in from right side to the left side of trigger. This brings the sear lifting pin E² from under the right to under the left sear "C,"

and upon pulling the trigger the left lock will be discharged first and next the right lock.

The above describes the mechanical trigger and lock-shifting mechanism, which, in itself, is mechanically complete and correct, but not practical without additional safeguards against "doubling."

To render "doubling" or a simultaneous discharge of both barrels impossible, a weight or counterbalance, F, has been attached to the rear of the trigger, which acts like a "timer" or block, and which is in most striking contrast, mechanically speaking, to the many most complicated and often wholly unreliable patented devices for preventing doubling in single-trigger guns.

The counterbalance or "timer" is mechanical simplicity in itself, is inexpensive and absolute in its functions.

Upon pressing the trigger, the first time and discharging the first barrel, the counterbalance F is forced downward upon or toward the trigger plate. Upon releasing the trigger, the counterbalance is raised again to a position slightly more elevated than before the first pull of the trigger, thus allowing the sear to make its downward movement and the stud or extension, D¹, on lever D to slip under or over the lug C, as the case may be, and couple or connect the other sear.

The under-bolt or breech-bolt, by means of a projection, A, Fig. 2, presses against the extension D² of the lever D when the gun is being opened, and places both sears in a normal position as in Fig. 1.

The above mechanism is easily applied to most hammerless lock constructions.

For hammer guns the B. & J. single trigger is still more simple. The transposer is done away with, and instead of the rear projection on breech-bolt A, Fig. 2, we have a stud "A," Fig. 6, on the tumbler.

In cocking the gun the stud "A" slips under the lever D, Fig. 6, so that the stud D¹ on the forward end of lever D is pressed in the groove C² of the sear C.

Upon pressing the trigger and releasing the right hammer, the tumbler is forced upward, releasing the sear C and the lever D, and the action thereafter corresponds with that of the hammerless lock.

The left barrel may be fired continuously without firing the right by cocking the left hammer only. In this wise the stud D will always slip under the shoulders of the left sear, and the pressing of the trigger will lift both sears. When both hammers are cocked the gun will shoot right and left. When only either right or left hammer is cocked it will fire the respective barrel continuously.

The counterbalance of timer F performs the same functions of preventing a possibility of doubling or firing both barrels involuntarily, as in the hammerless gun.

I predict that American sportsmen and gun makers will not be far behind their European cousins in recognizing the practical advantages of a simple, sound, purely mechanical, cheap and thoroughly reliable single trigger for double-barrel guns.

JUSTUS VON Lengerke.

Missouri State Amateur Shooting Association.

A GREAT TRAPSHOOTING CIRCUIT FOR THE WEST.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., March 21.—It has doubtless been a long time, if ever in the history of the West, that trapshooting has reached such a degree of popularity as it enjoys at present. No sooner was it announced that the Grand American Handicap would be held in Kansas City this season than trapshooters of the middle West began to arrange a circuit to follow immediately after the G. A. H.

Arrangements were soon consummated, and the following splendid circuit was arranged, consisting of three State shoots as follows: Kansas State shoot at Olathe, April 8, 9, 10 and 11; Missouri State shoot at St. Joseph, April 14, 15 and 16; Nebraska State shoot at Omaha, April 22, 23, 24 and 25.

The Kansas State shoot has for years been one of the best held in the West, and this one promises to eclipse all former events. The management will add \$400 in cash to the events and for average money.

Following the Olathe shoot will be the Missouri State shoot at St. Joseph, which is only sixty-three miles from Kansas City. The first two days will be at targets, and the third day at live birds; \$400 will be added to the events and for average money. This shoot will take place on the grounds of the Metropolitan Gun Club, without doubt one of the finest shooting grounds in the West. The management will make every effort to please the shooters and see that they have a good time while in the city.

Last on the list, but not least by any means, comes the Nebraska State shoot at Omaha, which will be second only to the G. A. H. There will be \$600 added money, and as Omaha has the reputation of always giving a good shoot, there is no doubt that this one will eclipse all former events.

The shooters of the West feel that they now have an opportunity of showing their Eastern brothers that they can give tournaments of the highest order, and you are requested to make arrangements to stay with us a month and take in the above tournaments, which, we can assure you, will be the best held in the West this season.
F. B. CUNNINGHAM, Sec'y-Treas.

N. Y. State Shoot.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., March 21.—I inclose herewith an article, reference to our State shoot, from the pen of our old friend, W. C. Hadley, who is still with us in spirit, and we hope will soon be able to be with us in body. If you can see your way clear to publish it in full, we shall be very glad to have you do so; otherwise such parts as you think will be of general interest will be fully appreciated.

R. C. KERSHNER.

The annual meeting of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, which will be held in this city under the auspices of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club the second week in June of this year, will without doubt be one of the largest events of the kind witnessed in this State in some years.

The Rochester Rod and Gun Club have unsurpassed facilities for carrying out one of the finest and most attractive programmes ever offered in this State. In addition to its beautiful grounds, it has secured adjoining ones, which, together with the handsome club house, splendid appointment and magnificent scenery, make it one of the most delightful shooting grounds in the State.

The action of the State Legislature in prohibiting live-bird shooting has forced the Rochester Rod and Gun Club to make an inanimate target contest for the Dean Richmond trophy; but no change will be made in the rules except so far as they conflict with the following: Entrance fee, \$10 per team, with targets extra; three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.; class shooting; 50 targets per man, or 150 targets per team. Ties to be shot off at 25 targets per man, or 75 targets per team.

The rest of the events are not fully decided on, but will consist of the popular free merchandise shoot, State events and sweepstakes, and will be given in later issues.

The shoot will be managed by Jack Parker, of Detroit, whose experience and popularity is a sufficient guarantee that everything will run smoothly.
HAD.

Gaillard Sporting Club.

NATCHEZ, Miss.—On the 14th inst. Mr. Hood Waters was a visitor at a shoot of the Gaillard Shooting Club, of Natchez, Miss., at which there was an assemblage of good shots, as the scores appended will show:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	15	25	10	25	15	10	10	10
Walton	10	14	14	22	10	18	10	5	7	12
Baker	7	12	11	12	7	21	7	4	6	11
Devine	8	12	13	22	8	18	9	10
Hillman	6	10	7	17	6	21	11	6	4	9
H Waters	10	14	14	24	9	24	15	8	9	13
Sanford	6	10	12	19	6	18	8	4	5	9
Session	9	8	8	11

Shooting at Rittersville.

RITTERSVILLE, Pa., March 20.—Douglass S. Daudt, of South Bethlehem, to-day defeated Francott, of Easton, in a contest at this place. The match was for \$25, at 25 live birds. Each killed 16, and then shot off. Daudt won by killing 9 straight. Francott missed 2 out of 10. Scores of other matches:

No. 1, 8 birds: Franklin 6, Hahn 5, Sommers 6, Rehrig 8, Mack 5, Daudt 7, Francott 7, Barner 5, Sommers 6, Shimmel 6, Sommers 5, Rehrig 6, Mack 7, Daudt 8, Francott 6.

No. 2, 5 birds: Franklin, Francott, Young, Shimmel, Hahn, Brey and Rehrig 5 each, Barner 4, Straub 3.

No. 3, 12 birds: Franklin 12, Mack 11, Fernhel 5, Smith 5, Benning 4. The last three did not finish.

G. A. H. Entry List.

- Adams, C. B., Rockwell City, Ia.
 Ady, E., West Liberty, Ia.
 Agard, Geo. E., Goldfield, Ill.
 Ahlers, L. F., Cincinnati, O.
 Allen, Billy, Hutchinson, Kans.
 Alkire, F. D., Woodlyn, O.
 Anthony, Robert, Kansas City, Mo.
 Arkansas Traveler, Hot Springs, Ark.
 Allen, W. S., Raymore, Mo.
 Allen, D. E., Ardmore, Indian Territory.
 Amberg, J. H., Chicago, Ill.
 Anthony, J. T., Charlotte, N. C.
 Arp, Henry A., Davenport, Ia.
 Atchison, M. E., Giddings, Tex.
 Arnold, Fred, St. Joseph, Mo.
 Ardmore, E. W., Ardmore, I. T.
 Arno, F., Glenwood, Ia.
 Avery, John E., Atlanta, Ga.
 B-27, Herman, Neb.
 Baggerman, Wm., St. Louis, Mo.
 Baker, Harry, Pekin, Ill.
 Baker, W. A., Griffin, Ga.
 Baker, J. W., Weir City, Kans.
 Banks, Edward, New York.
 Barto, J. B., Chicago, Ill.
 Batcheller, Jos., Kansas City, Mo.
 Bates, H. D., Ridgetown, Ontario, Can.
 Battle-ax, Newark, N. J.
 Beach, Newt., Kansas City, Mo.
 Beaucaire, M., Oshkosh, Wis.
 Beck, Geo. C., Indianapolis, Ind.
 Bekeart, Phil, San Francisco, Cal.
 Berkey, F. M., Kansas City, Mo.
 Bero, Jr., Ed, Parsons, Kans.
 Beveridge, C. C., Fremont, Neb.
 Biddison, C. E., Goodland, Kans.
 Bingham, Ed, Chicago, Ill.
 Bird, E. W., Fairmont, Minn.
 Black, Ben H., Nichols, Ia.
 Blue Ribbon, Merrill, Wis.
 Boa, J. S., Alton, Ill.
 Boltenstern, H. E., Galesburg, Ill.
 Boltenstern, W. F., Cambridge, Ill.
 Boissau, J. H., Shreveport, La.
 Boschert, I. D., Chanute, Kans.
 Bottger, O. C., Ollie, Ia.
 Boyd, J. W., Sioux City, Ia.
 Bradrick, W., Crescent City, Ill.
 Brady, E., Newbern, Tenn.
 Bramhall, J. W., Kansas City, Mo.
 Bray, D. D., Syracuse, Neb.
 Broyles, J. C., Birmingham, Ala.
 Brown, F. R., La Moille, Ill.
 Brown, H. M., Londonville, O.
 Brownlee, M. B., Spokane, Wash.
 Brucker, G. F., Omaha, Neb.
 Brydon, J. A., La Grange, Ill.
 Buckeye, C., Dayton, O.
 Budd, C. W., Des Moines, Ia.
 Budd, I. W., Pemberton, N. J.
 Burke, E., Baltimore, Md.
 Burke, Farmer, Elgin, Neb.
 Burnes, R. L., Paris, Tex.
 Burnside, Guy, Knoxville, Ill.
 Burmister, John, Spirit Lake, Ia.
 Bush, J. E., Milwaukee, Wis.
 Butch, H., Chicopee, Kans.
 Buzby, Willis J., Chatsworth, N. J.
 Byram, Dr. W. M., Richmond, Mo.
 Caldwell, John H., Springfield, Ill.
 Caleb, Chas., Flint, Mich.
 Calhoun, C. H., Weir City, Kans.
 Callison, Cal., Salt Lake City, Utah.
 Campbell, J. E., Kansas City, Mo.
 Carter, G. L., North Platte, Neb.
 Carson, Jas., Platte City, Mo.
 Cawley, H. E., Minneapolis, Kans.
 Child, C. J., St. Louis, Mo.
 Clayton, Wm., Kansas City, Mo.
 Clay, W. H., St. Louis, Mo.
 Clark, H. M., Wabash, Ind.
 Clay, Jr., T. H., Austerlitz, Ky.
 Clinton, Fred, Chicago, Ill.
 Collins, H. P., Baltimore, Md.
 Colbert, Chas., Colbert, I. T.
 Cornett, J. J., Kansas City, Mo.
 Cockrill, F. N., Platte City, Mo.
 Cockrill, C. B., Platte City, Mo.
 Cockrill, T. G., Platte City, Mo.
 Cook, C. E., New London, Ia.
 Cool, R. W., Aledo, Ill.
 Coleman, Guy, Platte City, Mo.
 Crothers, E. K., Bloomington, Ill.
 Crutchley, W. C., Dodge City, Kans.
 Cunningham, F. B., St. Joseph, Mo.
 Curtice, J. M., Kansas City, Mo.
 Connor, A. C., Pekin, Ill.
 Crisman, L. T., Ottumwa, Ia.
 Crabill, F. S., Atlantic, Ia.
 Crosby, G. E., O'Fallon, Ill.
 Crosby, W. R., O'Fallon, Ill.
 Deal, W. C., Chicago, Ill.
 Dockson, Theodore F., Springfield, Ill.
 Darby, G. D. B., Philadelphia, Pa.
 Dickey, O. R., Boston, Mass.
 Davis, J. W., Platte City, Mo.
 Duckson, C. P., Kansas City, Mo.
 Davidson, I. C., Auburn, Ill.
 Dupee, W. H., Chicago, Ill.
 Dering, Guy V., Columbus, Wis.
 Duncan, Ellis, Louisville, Ky.
 Duncan, W. F., Sioux City, Ia.
 Dwyer, Richard, Chicago, Ill.
 Dove, R. L., Centerville, Ia.
 Daly, M., Chicago, Ill.
 Dixon, Allen, Joplin, Mo.
 Dixon, Chester, Joplin, Mo.
 D. S. D., South Bethlehem, Pa.
 Dorton, H. C., Fonda, Ia.
 Downs, B. F., Springfield, O.
 Dyer, H. M., San Antonio, Tex.
 Elliott, Dave, Kansas City, Mo.
 Elliott, J. A. R., Kansas City, Mo.
 Elliott, R. S., Kansas City, Mo.
 Eick, Capt. Ben, Sterling, Ill.
 Emmers, Ed, Royersford, Pa.
 Evander, Gus, Wheaton, Minn.
 Fortier, T. J., Piper City, Ill.
 Foster, C. E., Centerville, Ia.
 Fanning, J. S., Jersey City, N. J.
 Fulford, E. D., Utica, N. Y.
 Franx, Norwalk, O.
 Foley, L., Nichols, Ia.
 Fletcher, E., Kansas City, Mo.
 Feudner, M. O., San Francisco, Cal.
 Fallie, E. W., Larned, Kans.
 Flownoy, J. P., Shreveport, La.
 Fogg, F. W., Omaha, Neb.
 Faurote, F. M., Fort Worth, Tex.
 Felton, C. E., Chicago, Ill.
 Frank, Abe, Memphis, Tenn.
 Fox, A. H., Philadelphia, Pa.
 Griffith, E. C., Pascoag, R. I.
 Glade, A. A., Grand Island, Neb.
 Goodrich, F. L., Omaha, Neb.
 Grant, S., Omaha, Neb.
 Glasner, A. H., Kansas City, Mo.
 Gottlieb, Chris., Kansas City, Mo.
 Gregory, H. H., Kansas City, Mo.
 Garrett, John W., Colorado Springs, Colo.
 Griesdeck, H. C., St. Louis, Mo.
 Glover, Sim, New York.
 Gardiner, Alf, Brenham, Tex.
 Goebel, H. C., Jacksonville, Ill.
 Gossett, Claude, Kansas City, Mo.
 Gilbert, Fred, Spirit Lake, Ia.
 Grier, Thos. O., Oskaloosa, Ia.
 Gay, J. D., Pine Grove, Ky.
 Geikler, C. E., Jr., Philadelphia, Pa.
 Green, M. C., St. Louis, Mo.
 Gorman, J. F., Ellendale, Ia.
 Gray, J. W., Sioux City, Ia.
 Graham, E. S., Windermere P. O., Ill.
 Graham, J. R., Windermere P. O., Ill.
 Gambell, Arthur, Elmwood Place, O.
 G. A. C., Racine, Wis.
 Gordon, D. G., Kansas City, Mo.
 Graber, W. J., Brenham, Tex.
 Harum, David, Springfield, Ill.
 Hall, G. T., Laomi, Ill.
 Heilman, W. A., Pekin, Ill.
 Heikes, R. O., Dayton, O.
 Hallowell, John J., Philadelphia, Pa.
 Head, J. L., Peru, Ind.
 Hudson, E. O., Hutchinson, Kans.
 Hubbard, J., Kansas City, Mo.
 Halliwell, W. S., Kansas City, Mo.
 Herman, C. C., Kansas City, Mo.
 Herman, W. H., Kansas City, Mo.
 Hickman, Ed. A., Kansas City, Mo.
 Holmes, Ducky, Kansas City, Mo.
 Hill, W. M., Kansas City, Mo.
 Hubbard, H. L., Dodge City, Kan.
 Holmes, J. H., Chloride, Ariz.
 Hicks, T. P., Chicago, Ill.
 Hirschy, H. C., Minneapolis, Minn.
 Hodges, Frank, Olathe, Kans.
 Hoover, C. A., Oskaloosa, Ia.
 Hinshaw, E. C., Okoboji, Ia.
 Huston, F., Perry, Oklahoma Territory.
 Hawman, H. H., Sioux City, Ia.
 Howard, E., Weatherford, O. T.
 Hicks, J. E., Columbus, O.
 Hill, A. H., West Liberty, O.
 Hill, H. B., Aurora, Ind.
 Heirgood, Arthur, Pueblo, Colo.
 Hoffman, Sam, Jr., Atlantic, Ia.
 Hughes, J. M., Palmyra, Wis.
 Hubby, T. E., Waco, Tex.
 Hall, J. H., Bradford, Ill.
 Hammill, H. W., Kansas City, Mo.
 Hardin, J. J., Omaha, Neb.
 Hafer, Edgar, Council Bluffs, Ia.
 Heer, W. H., Concordia, Kans.
 Herr, Geo., West Liberty, Ia.
 Hungate, J. B., Weeping Water, Neb.
 Hughes, G. E., Fonda, Ia.
 Hansbro, W. L., Paducah, Ky.
 Indian, Ardmore, I. T.
 Jackson, J. A., Austin, Tex.
 J. A. P., Leavenworth, Kans.
 Jarrett, Nelson, Kansas City, Mo.
 Jenkins, G. W., Wamego, Kans.
 Jenkins, John, Shreveport, La.
 Johnston, S. S., Minneapolis, Minn.
 Johnston, Mrs. S. S., Minneapolis, Minn.
 Jones, Robt. A., Chatham, Ill.
 Kimball, R. R., Mercer, Neb.
 Kilgour, Chas., Schenectady, N. Y.
 King, R. L., Des Moines, Ia.
 Kuss, Ralph, Chicago, Ill.
 Klein, Russel, Spirit Lake, Ia.
 Kaep, Hy. J., Dubuque, Ia.
 Kimmel, J. W., North Bend, Neb.
 Kimble, D. J., Bradford, Ill.
 Kearns, T. W., Excelsior Springs, Mo.
 Kessler, W. E., Des Moines, Ia.
 King, H. L., Kings Mills, O.
 Kirby, A. W., Greenville, O.
 Koegel, H. C., Newark, N. J.
 Kaintuck, J., Paris, Ky.
 Lincoln, S. H., Burns, Kans.
 Long, A. D., Tripp, South Dakota.
 Lamoreux, F. P., Springfield, Ill.
 Lilly, John M., Indianapolis, Ind.
 Lewis, Chas. A., Omaha, Neb.
 Laidlaw, W. A., Kansas City, Mo.
 Le Compte, C. O., Pleasureville, Ky.
 Lawton, A. J., Colorado Springs, Colo.
 Little, J. E., Kansas City, Mo.
 Lord, F. H., Chicago, Ill.
 Lard, A. E., New York.
 Legett, J. P., Carthage, Mo.
 Livingston, J. R., Springfield, Ala.
 Lone Jack, Seneca, Kans.
 Lyons, H. J., Louisville, Ky.
 Leroy, Campello, Mass.
 Leach, E. A., Sioux City, Ia.
 Lumberjack, Merrill, Wis.
 Leach, W. A., Bonestell, S. D.
 Loomis, G. W., Omaha, Neb.
 Loudenburg, A., Bradford, Ill.
 Lane, J. A., Marshalltown, Ia.
 Mackie, J. H., Cincinnati, O.
 Magill, Chas. S., Arnold, Ill.
 Marshall, Tom A., Keithsburg, Ill.
 Marshall, J. A., Gardner, Kans.
 Markle, W. P., St. Louis, Mo.
 Matson, M., Persia, Ia.
 Mattox, W., Oskaloosa, Ia.
 McAuley, J. F., Osceola, Ia.
 McGraw, G. J., Minneapolis, Minn.
 McKelvey, J. A., Hedrick, Ia.
 McMurchy, H., Fulton, N. Y.
 Means, B. J., Kansas City, Mo.
 Meidroth, W. F., Peoria, Ill.
 Merrill, F. C., Bay City, Mich.
 Merrill, R., Milwaukee, Wis.
 Mermod, A. D., St. Louis, Mo.
 Middletown, H., Springfield, Ill.
 Miller, A. L., New Boston, Ill.
 Millett, Shirley, Kansas City, Mo.
 Mink, C. E., Philadelphia, Pa.
 M. G., Monroe, Ia.
 Money, Harold, Oakland, N. J.
 Money, Capt., Oakland, N. J.
 Moore, F. G., Perry, O. T.
 Moore, Forry, Lincoln, Neb.
 Moore, W. L., Kansas City, Mo.
 Morfe, T. W., Queens, L. I., N. Y.
 Morris, G. McG., Cincinnati, O.
 Morrison, J. L. D., St. Paul, Minn.
 Morris, John, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Mott, C. L., Des Moines, Ia.
 Muchy, A. B., Oskaloosa, Ia.
 Murph, B., Weir City, Kans.
 Myrick, F. W., Chicago, Ill.
 Nason, W. E., St. Louis, Mo.
 Nelson, H. T., Clifton Forge, Va.
 Newton, T. B., Perry, O. T.
 Nichols, T. B., Nichols, Ia.
 North, Paul, Cleveland, O.
 Northcott, W. P., La Grange, Ill.
 Norton, B. H., New York.
 Norton, T. F., Kansas City, Mo.
 Oakley, Annie, Nutley, N. J.
 O'Brien, Ed, Florence, Kans.
 O'Brien, C., Chicago, Ill.
 O'Brien, Jas., Dubuque, Ia.
 O'Neil, Joe, St. Louis, Mo.
 Orth, W. L., San Antonio, Tex.
 Orvis, F. E., St. Louis, Mo.
 Overly, L. R., Kansas City, Kans.
 Page, S. H., Elkton, Ky.
 Page, J. T., Elkton, Ky.
 Palmer, Silas, Chicago, Ill.
 Park, Memphis, Tenn.
 Parker, Paul, Kansas City, Mo.
 Parker, Jack, Detroit, Mich.
 Parry, J. P., Kansas City, Mo.
 Patton, M. M., Platte City, Mo.
 Peck, F. C., Kansas City, Mo.
 Perry, S., Perry, O. T.
 Phellis, C. W., Cincinnati, O.
 Planck, F. M., Kansas City, Mo.
 Plumer, Dr. J. J., Hailey, Ida.
 Pollard, J. D., Chicago, Ill.
 Porter, J. B., Kansas City, Mo.
 Post, Ira B., Spencerville, O.
 Powers, C. M., Decatur, Ill.
 Quimby, W. F., East Alton, Ill.
 Raines, G. O., Beatrice, Neb.
 Rainmaker, Ottawa, Ill.
 Ranger, Peru, Ind.
 Ray, Washington, Ind.
 Redman, S., Platte City, Mo.
 Reed, Harry, Kansas City, Mo.
 Reppell, Jos. G., Kansas City, Mo.
 Rhodes, R. S., Columbus, O.
 Rhodes, J. M., Frankfort, Kans.
 Rice, E. S., Chicago, Ill.
 Rickmers, A. F., Kansas City, Mo.
 Riehl, F. C., East Alton, Ill.
 Rike, E. D., Dayton, O.
 Riley, J. E., Kansas City, Mo.
 Robin Hood, Postoria, O.
 Rohrer, J. H., El Reno, O. T.
 Roll, Geo. J., Blue Island, Ill.
 Rooney, J. J., Kansas City, Mo.
 Rossbach, H. M., Des Moines, Ia.
 Running, B. O., Atchison, Kans.
 Ross, Chick, Winfield, Ia.
 Rudy, Atlantic, Ia.
 Rogers, F. E., St. Joseph, Mo.
 Saucier, Robert, New Orleans, La.
 Saxton, C. W., Hardy, Ia.
 Shaw, A. M., Delmont, South Dakota.
 Sims, J. M., Collinsville, Ill.
 Schroeder, G. A., Columbus, Neb.
 Scott, B. F., Grass Lake, Mich.
 Sporting Life, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Shemwell, W. W., Colorado Springs, Colo.
 Spencer, H. B., St. Louis, Mo.
 Stephens, C. R., Moline, Ill.
 Stockwell, G. W., Kansas City, Mo.
 Scott, Lill, Kansas City, Mo.
 Simms, T. J., Kansas City, Mo.
 Sherman, H. E., Kansas City, Mo.
 Sherman, L. A., Kansas City, Mo.
 Smith, F. J., Kansas City, Mo.
 Sexton, Jas. W., Leavenworth, Kans.
 Stevens, H. H., Rahway, N. J.
 Sergeant, W. G., Joplin, Mo.
 Simpkins, Geo. B., Lincoln, Neb.
 Spicer, C. B., St. Louis, Mo.
 Sears, W. W., Des Moines, Ia.
 Sheehy, J. J., Des Moines, Ia.
 Stauber, A. J., Streator, Ill.
 Steck, Ed. M., Chicago, Ill.
 Stoner, Jim, Granger, Ia.
 Storey, T. J., Duluth, Minn.
 Smith, M. J., Cambridge, Ill.
 Snyder, Crawfordville, Ind.
 Steier, J. P., Oshkosh, Wis.
 Stevens, C., Abilene, Kans.
 Squier, L. J., Cincinnati, O.
 Scranton, L. G., Weir City, Kans.
 Smith, W. A., Greenwood, Mo.
 Sperry, A. D., Rock Island, Ill.
 Sellers, J. M., Chicago, Ill.
 Stevenson, Geo., Jr., Waterville, Kans.
 Soward, F. M., Topeka, Kans.
 Stephenson, W. L., Brodhead, Wis.
 Sanford, M. C., Clyde, O.
 Schlosser, E. R., Colfax, Ia.
 Schuler, G. W., Cincinnati, O.
 Scott, J. E., Markham, Ill.
 Scott, J. Z., Markham, Ill.
 Selbheas, George, Newton, Ia.
 Small, J. C., Aurora, Ind.
 Spencer, C. G., St. Louis, Mo.
 Spencer, Walter, St. Louis, Mo.
 Spatz, J. F., Meckling, S. D.
 Stout, E. M., Circleville, O.
 Taggart, John S., Nebraska City, Neb.
 Tramp, Chicago, Ill.
 Thompson, Chas., Springfield, Ill.
 Tripp, E. A., Indianapolis, Ind.
 Taylor, Herbert, St. Louis, Mo.
 Townsend, W. D., Omaha, Neb.
 Terryberry, Jas., Louisville, Neb.
 Templin, Grant, Minneapolis, Kans.
 Tipton, Harry, Kansas City, Mo.
 Toll, A., Trenton, Mich.
 Trimble, R. L., Covington, Ky.
 Tucker, Geo., Brenham, Tex.
 Twipp, D. R., Newton, Ia.
 Troeh, J. H., Watertown, S. D.
 Thiele, Henry, Junction City, Kans.
 Trent, Geo. E., Long Prairie, Minn.
 Timberlake, D. T., Seneca, Kans.
 Thomas, T. A., Milwaukee, Wis.
 Thorne, G. A., Chicago, Ill.
 Trotter, E. D., Kingsley, Ia.
 Texas Field, San Antonio, Tex.
 Taylor, H. G., Meckling, S. D.
 Thompson, W. D., Memphis, Tenn.
 Thornton, Elwood, Joplin, Mo.
 Uncle Jim, Kansas City, Mo.
 Uno, E. E., Milwaukee, Wis.
 Von Lengerke, C., Jersey City, N. J.
 Von Lengerke, O., Chicago, Ill.
 Voris, Ed, Crawfordville, Ind.
 Van Allen, S. M., Jamaica, L. I., N. Y.
 Werk, Emile, Cincinnati, O.
 Woodford, B. P., Dixon, Ill.
 White, J. L., Chicago, Ill.
 Wish Bone, Weeping Water, Neb.
 Waters, Hood, Baltimore, Md.
 Wilmot, J., Lexington, Mo.
 Wright, Chas. E., Kansas City, Mo.
 Williams, W. A., Belleville, Ill.
 Wilkinson, C. R., St. Paul, Minn.
 Warren, W., Duluth, Minn.
 Wenona, California.
 Watertown, Kid, Watertown, S. D.
 Watson, John, Chicago, Ill.
 Williamson, Dr. J. L., Milwaukee, Wis.
 Washburn, W. W., New Richmond, Ind.
 Ware, Thomas B., Spokane, Wash.
 Waddell, R. S., Cincinnati, O.
 Wold, A. S., Rock Rapids, Ia.
 White, Geo. R., Parsons, Kans.
 Wiggins, C. B., Homer, Ill.
 Ward, P. C., Hickman, Ky.
 Wetzig, E. L., Junction City, Kans.
 Wettleaf, Wm., Nichols, Ia.
 Ward, J. W., Ft. Benton, Mont.
 Waddington, W. A., Beatrice, Neb.
 Weaver, Dudley, Memphis, Tenn.
 Zim, St. Joseph, Mo.
 Young, C. A., Springfield, O.

Representation of States in G. A. H., 1902: Alabama 2, Arizona 1, Arkansas 1, California 3, Colorado 4, Georgia 2, Idaho 1, Indian Territory, 4, Illinois 76, Iowa 56, Indiana 12, Kansas 33, Kentucky 11, Louisiana 4, Maryland 3, Massachusetts 2, Michigan 5, Minnesota 11, Missouri 91, Montana 1, Nebraska 25, New Jersey 10, New York 9, North Carolina 1, South Dakota 7, Ohio 27, Oklahoma Territory 6, Pennsylvania 9, Rhode Island 1, Tennessee 6, Texas 11, Utah 1, Virginia 1, Washington 2, Wisconsin 13, Canada 1; total 452.

Concerning the Bursting of Guns.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 19.—We have been informed by one of our leading loading institutions that experiments have demonstrated to them that a wad accidentally left in a gun barrel will not cause the barrel to burst on subsequent firing. This opinion is at total variance with our belief, as well as the opinion of all shooters and manufacturers that we have ever come in contact with. The matter is so important that we think shooters, shell manufacturers and gun makers in general would welcome a discussion of the matter, and by perhaps a series of experiments prove the correctness of this assertion, or at least throw some light on the subject that is somewhat yet disputed.

We frequently hear of guns bursting without any apparent reason. Sometimes it is attributed to a defect in the barrel; other times to an over-charge of powder; again, to misloading, and very frequently we hear an assertion that the wad was left in the barrel and caused the barrel to burst.

We think the subject of general interest to your readers, and invite a discussion.

PACIFIC HARDWARE & STEEL CO.
(Per E. Saunders.)

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

ON LONG ISLAND.

MONTREAL, Que., March 22.—In the contest that took place to day on the Westmount Gun Club grounds, here, between Mr. J. K. Kennedy, of this city, and Mr. E. G. White, of Swanton, Vt., for the Robin Hood Powder Company's international trophy, Mr. Kennedy was the winner—Kennedy 89, White 84.

Elliott—Heikes.

THE following descriptive matter of the race at Hot Springs, March 15, is from the local paper, sent us by a correspondent, as follows:

Rolla O. Heikes of Dayton, O., champion target shot of the world, gave J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, champion live-bird shot of the world, about the hardest race of his life yesterday afternoon at the park, the two tying with a score of 94 each out of the 100, and not until the last bird of Elliott's had been gathered by the boy in the shoot-off of the tie, was the match settled. The match was for the possession of the Sportsmen's Review cup, now held by Mr. Elliott, and the conditions were 100 birds each, 30yds. rise and 50yds. boundary. Manager Bob Price trapped the fastest lot of pigeons seen in these parts in many and many a day, and of the 240 trapped not a single "no bird" was called by either shooter, and every bird released immediately took to flight.

The shooting was absolutely phenomenal at times, and so many excellent shots were made by each contestant that it would be impossible to enumerate them or to tell which was the most phenomenal. At times birds were killed with the second shot when they seemed absolutely "unkillable."

The luck of the birds and the drawing of the traps seemed to be as equally divided as possible, and neither had the advantage over the other. Elliott won the toss and went to the score first. He has a reputation all over the world, and when he walked to the score was liberally applauded by the largest crowd that ever witnessed a contest of this kind in this part of the country. Elliott has a way of starting a match off by losing his first bird, and yesterday he did it with as much ease as ever. His ninth was also lost, falling dead out of bounds, and he was two behind. However, Heikes lost his 24th bird, and when the end of the string of the first 25 had been reached the scores were Heikes 24, Elliott 23. Starting on the second string of 25 Elliott lost his fourth and fifth birds in rapid succession, failing entirely to hit either of them. This seemed to rattle him a bit, but he recovered his form in a moment, and then ran a long string of 40 straight kills before losing another.

Heikes continued shooting in grand form, and was killing his birds with ease, using his first barrel with better effect than Elliott, and his "time" seemed better. At the end of the first 50 the scores were Heikes 48, Elliott 46. Elliott commenced doing better work with his first barrel, and in the third string of 25 he scored 24, here doing his best work, for the birds were certainly a lot of screamers. Heikes had a few "bad minutes" in his third string, and lost his 15th, 22d and 23d. Thus when the three-quarter post was reached the score was a tie, each having scored 70 out of 75. Both killed 24 out of the last 25 and the race was a tie. The conditions governing 100-bird matches call for a shoot-off of a tie at 25 birds, but Manager Price did not have quite enough birds on hand, so it was agreed to shoot it off at 20 birds each. No time was lost, and Elliott again went to the score first. He did some remarkable work with this last lot of birds, and was shooting like a house on fire when the end was reached. Heikes, on the other hand, seemed to be tiring a bit, and his "time" became perceptibly slow. He lost two in his 20, and neither pigeon seemed as hard as some he had killed with ease. After losing his ninth bird, he pulled himself together again and killed out straight. Elliott did not miss until his 19th was reached, and then he lost a "dub." He had to kill the last one to win, and as the trap fell open an easy looking bird flew toward the shooter. It looked like one to 1,000 chances for the bird to get away, but Elliott over-shot it a trifle with his first barrel, and under-shot it with his second. The bird alighted on the ground, and while the referee, Capt. Bogardus, was trying to determine who should retrieve it the bird rolled over dead, and Elliott was the winner.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1902, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

	5 4 2 8 4 5 4 5 1 2 1 3 5 1 2 4 4 8 1 5 5 2 2 2 1
Elliott.....	0 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 * 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 2—23
	1 2 2 1 3 3 2 8 5 8 1 1 1 3 4 5 3 3 3 2 1 3 2 4
	0 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 * 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 2—23
	2 1 1 0 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—23
	2 3 1 2 4 1 2 3 4 2 1 1 5 2 5 1 2 5 5 2 3 3 3 5
	2 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 0 1 2 2—24
	1 3 1 4 5 1 2 3 4 2 3 2 2 4 2 8 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 5
	2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 * 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 2—24
	3 2 2 2 8 4 5 4 2 4 8 1 5 1 1 2 8 1 2 4 2 5 2 2 2
Heikes.....	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 0—24
	4 2 1 1 4 2 1 8 4 4 8 4 5 3 8 1 1 3 5 5 1 1 3 2 1
	1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—24
	3 2 4 2 2 2 2 1 4 1 4 4 3 4 2 5 2 8 5 8 8 1 5 4 2
	2 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 * 2 2 2 1 2 * 0 2 1—22
	1 1 4 5 8 1 3 2 5 2 1 1 5 1 2 2 4 8 3 8 4 3 3 4 3
	2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—24
Shoot-off:	2 3 3 1 1 4 2 4 5 4 2 8 5 2 1 3 3 2 3 3
Elliott.....	2 1 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 * 2—20
	1 4 3 2 8 2 1 5 1 4 1 4 5 8 1 3 8 5 4 2
Heikes.....	2 2 2 1 2 2 0 2 * 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2—18

The Cresson Gun Club Shoot.

CRESSON, Pa.—The third annual live-bird handicap of the Cresson Gun Club was held on their grounds at Cresson, Pa., on St. Patrick's day, Monday, March 17. The air was balmy, the sun warm and pleasant, and the crowd the largest that has ever turned out to witness the shooting on the grounds of this popular organization. Many ladies attended, and their presence lent a pleasant effect to the club house porches.

It has become the regular custom of many of the leading sportsmen of Pennsylvania to look forward to this club's annual, as they know they will have a good programme, carried out to the letter, and that the fastest birds obtainable will always be provided in abundance. The present shoot proved no exception to the rule, as there was not a "duffer" in the 700 on hand; in fact, they were the speediest lot ever provided by the club.

In order to properly celebrate the birth of their patron Saint, invitations were forwarded to the leading powder and arms companies, who were well and ably represented by Miss Annie Oakley, who gave a magnificent exhibition of the skill which has earned her a world-wide reputation, she making the only straight score in the principal event; by Howard Sargeant, who was ready and willing to help the club out in any way in which his services were available, and his many friends were glad to meet him and renew old acquaintances; by Mr. W. L. Colville, who made many friends for himself and his company, and who will always meet a warm welcome and the "glad hand" from the membership.

Owing to building operations now contemplated, the present grounds and club house will have to be abandoned, and plans are now under way to provide new grounds, which will be fitted up with all the modern accessories, viz.: Target ground, with platforms arranged for distance handicapping; continuous pit for live-bird shooting, with the latest traps, with either mechanical or electric pulls. This will place them in the front rank in this section of the State. The club now contemplates holding a two-day target shoot in June or July, date to be selected later, and if held will be strictly up to date in every way. They have the assurance of a large entry list from its simple announcement, and if at the next club meeting the decision is made to hold it, the matter will be pushed with their usual energy; and as the membership all pull together, it means it will go with a rush.

The appended scores give a fair idea of the quality of the birds furnished, as the best of them failed to land with a clean score, except Miss Oakley; but as they are a gallant lot, they were pleased to have her set the pace, and are hoping she may land a winner at the Grand American, as her work here was clean-cut and snappy, and elicited rounds of applause as she cut down the hardest kind of birds in splendid form.

Our friend and visitor, Mr. Breckenridge, was also in good form, his only lost bird falling dead over the wire; but he affirms he has no kick coming on his load of "Infallible," the fault being chargeable to "the man behind the gun."

Our genial boniface who wears his auburn tresses in such lovely curls, and who shoots under the name of "Coon," also ran, and fell down hard on two hard ones; in fact, he fell so hard he

bounced; but he now announces the fact that he will put up his "shekels" for a new Parker or Smith as soon as he can find a man who will accept his old gun as a present, for it is certainly "hoodood," and that upon the arrival of the new one, he will simply "kill them all." Based upon this threat, he will hereafter find himself perched alone on the 32yd. mark, as here is where the handicap committee get even. Scores follow:

Event No. 1, 5 birds, \$4 entrance, three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.	
Kotty, 29.....	11102—4
Martin, 28.....	00201—2
Killels, 29.....	00122—3
Hutt, 28.....	22222—5
Jones, 27.....	22220—4
33, 27.....	02122—4
Trego, 30.....	21021—4
Coon, 29.....	01112—4
Breckenridge, 29.....	12111—5
Atkinson, 30.....	22221—5
Rhodes, 30.....	20202—3
Franklin, 28.....	22202—3
McNaught, 28.....	02202—3
Kelleman, 27.....	02210—3
McKendrick, 29.....	00210—2
Mack, 27.....	00000—0
Freighlie, 28.....	01101—3
King, 29.....	21010—3
Brown, 27.....	10011—3
Hill, 29.....	01000—1
Annie Oakley, 28.....	01211—4
Colville, 28.....	22222—5
Hicks, 28.....	02210—3
Empfield, 27.....	11111—5
O'Brien, 27.....	01000—1
Wolfe, 28.....	20102—3
H Mulhale, 28.....	10122—4
Evans, 29.....	22022—4
Tosh, 31.....	01160—2
Dr Jessup, 29.....	02001—2
H E Mulhale, 27.....	00222—3
Deniker, 30.....	20110—3

Event No. 2, 15 birds, \$10 entrance, three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.	
Hutt, 28.....	20022222200022—10
Kotty, 29.....	221002221200102—10
Atkinson, 31.....	010211211112201—12
Brown, 29.....	221200200010010—7
Benjamin, 28.....	011010212111221—12
Killels, 29.....	220022222102021—10
Tosh, 31.....	112121201011221—13
Evans, 29.....	01201122022222—12
Smith, 29.....	22111100110121—12
Breckenridge, 29.....	2222112121222—14
Coon, 29.....	120203112122222—12
Wolfe, 28.....	11020201211101—11
33, 27.....	222222120011101—12
293, 28.....	101001002102000—6
Rhodes, 30.....	220201022000w
Annie Oakley, 28.....	112121112122221—15
Colville, 28.....	020101222111120—11
Trego, 30.....	210212121222201—13
Hill, 29.....	220112221200022—11
Dr Jessup, 28.....	100222211022220—11
Franklin, 28.....	122220020122220—11
Hicks, 28.....	102200200002002—6
H Mulhale, 29.....	22220222202022—12
Deniker, 30.....	012221101011011—11
D Pollard, 28.....	020002000000010—3
R Pollard, 28.....	000001022101010—6
A C Lape, 28.....	022022211001001—9
King, 28.....	101211101102000—10
W E Mulhale, 27.....	101221111222121—14

Boston Gun Club.

Boston, March 19.—The usual weekly shoot of the Boston Gun Club was held at Wellington to-day, and the inclement weather prevented a large attendance, though the ten shooters that did attend exhibited more than the usual amount of enthusiasm. The afternoon shooting was replete with good scores, Leroy's work from the 21yd. mark being easily the leader, and shows just what this clever expert will do if his present form continues to improve as has been the case the last few months. Frank was not much outdone, however, but failed to make good in the match, though all other scores were of the high order.

The high gun in the prize match was Kirkwood, 18yds., with 23, followed by Leroy, 21yds., with 22, just a little too close for comfort. Wind, 18yds., held third position with 17, two targets ahead of Bullard, in fourth position. The team match had just three contestants, the winners being Frank and Kirkwood with 34, Leroy and Hollis second with 25. Other scores as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	15
Wind, 18.....	5	5	5	10	7
Leroy, 21.....	6	10	4	13	9	7	8
Frank, 18.....	7	8	2	7	6	9	9	10	14
Bullard, 16.....	4	6	4	8	7	3	5
Belmont, 16.....	5	4	7	7	1	3
Drake, 16.....	6	7	9	4
Hawkins, 16.....	5	5	7	5
Kirkwood, 18.....	6	4	8	14	9	9	6
Hollis, 19.....	6	5	5	9
Fredericks, 14.....	6
Firth, 16.....	4

Events 1, 5, 6, Sergeant System, Nos. 2, 3, 4, 7, 8, 9, magautrap. No. 3 at 5 pairs.

Merchandise match, 25 singles—15 magautrap, 10 Sergeant system—distance handicap:

Kirkwood, 18.....	111111111101111	1011111111—23
Leroy, 21.....	011111011111111	0111111111—22
Wind, 18.....	011110011010111	101100111—17
Bullard, 16.....	110001001011111	111001011—15
Frank, 18.....	010101011100001	0111100101—13
Drake, 16.....	011111111100000	0110010100—13
Hawkins, 16.....	000011111010001	001010101—12
Belmont, 16.....	100110000101111	000001000—8

SECRETARY.

Sistersville Gun Club.

SISTERSVILLE, W. Va., March 21.—The spring tournament of the Sistersville Gun Club, which was held yesterday, on their new shooting grounds, below town, was one of the most pleasant affairs of the kind they have ever held. Considering the extremely fine weather, the attendance was not what it should have been, but every one present seemed to enjoy themselves. From out of town were Messrs. S. T. Mallory and John W. Stewart, two of the regulars from Parkersburg; John M. Speary and P. Schlicher, Jr., of Marietta, who were never known to miss a shoot in their lives; Jos. C. Trees, of New Martinsville, and F. C. Percival (Cole), of St. Marys, president of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association. The locals were represented by Jos. Y. McNaught, Curt I. Hall, Ed O. Bower, who shoots under the name of Dade, and others. While it was ideal weather for the sport, there was a very stiff wind blowing early all day, which made the shooting difficult, and no exceptionally high scores were made.

It was a hot race for first place between Dade, J. M. Speary, P. Schlicher, Jr., and Curt I. Hall, who finished in the order named, their scores being 167, 166, 165 and 163 respectively, out of a possible 200 targets. Tabulated scores follow:

Dade.....	12	15	13	13	15	13	10	15	15	14	12	20—167
J M Speary.....	11	14	10	18	11	11	10	19	15	13	13	21—166
P Schlicher, Jr.....	12	10	14	16	13	15	13	16	14	11	9	22—165
C I Hall.....	12	15	13	16	10	11	12	15	12	13	12	22—163
S Y McNaught.....	9	8	12	18	13	10	10	13	12	11	22—157	
T Mallory.....	13	9	14	13	12	12	11	15	14	11	13	16—153
J W Stewart.....	9	14	12	15	13	10	11	12	12	13	12	19—152
J C Trees.....	12	15	11	10	8 16
Cole.....	10 12 17

Dade, the winner of first average, used Winchester trap gun, 24grs. Laffin & Rand "Infallible" in Leader shells.

JOHN W. JOHNSTON.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O., March 22.—Fine weather favored the Cincinnati Gun Club's shoot, of which the Peters Gun Club contest and two match races were the main events. Following are the scores:

Peters gun contest, 50 targets, distance handicap:	
1st 25. 2d 25. Total	
R Trimble, 20.....	22 45
Heyl, 18.....	22 44
Block, 17.....	19 43
Gambell, 18.....	20 42
Squiere, 18.....	21 42
Tenney, 16.....	24 42
Faran, 16.....	20 42
Ahlers, 17.....	20 40
Peters, 17.....	20 40
Richmond, 17.....	21 40
Hattersley, 15.....	22 40
E Trimble, 18.....	21 39
1st 25. 2d 25. Total	
Phil, 19.....	17 22
Maynard, 18.....	19 20
Nemo, 18.....	19 18
McB, 18.....	17 21
Boyd, 15.....	11 16
Harman, 15.....	19 17
Butts, 14.....	20 14
Corry, 16.....	16 18
Harris, 15.....	12 20
Frohligler, 15.....	15 20
Coleman, 17.....	16 13

No. 1, match race, 100 targets, 16yds. rise: Squiere 93, Phil 90.
No. 2, match race, 100 targets, 16yds. rise: Gambell 91, Ahlers 90, Heyl 94.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., March 22.—The feature of to-day's regular Saturday shoot was the handicap event at 100 yards for a handsome cup, presented to the club by Col. Franklin Brandreth. C. G. Blandford in some way let out a peg and landed it with a score of 91 per cent., which was sufficient without the handicap. There was included in this score a run of 49 straight breaks. Blandford will have to come away back with A. Bedell and C. H. Feigenspan, who were heretofore the only scratch men:

Events:	1	2	3	4					5	6
Targets:	25	25	25	25	Hdcp.	Total.			10	10
W P Hall, 106.....	20	17	19	14	w	70				
A Bedell, 100.....	21	19	22	22	0	84	10	9		
C G Blandford, 106.....	22	22	22	25	6	97	9	9		
I T Washburn, 108.....	21	16	17	17	6	77	10	8		
J C Barlow, 20.....	16	16	16	16	14	78				
W H Coleman, 110.....	16	18	14	13	5	66				
H W Bissing, 130.....	14	17	10	9	21	71				
R Kromer, Jr., 115.....	18	17	19	15	11	80				
D O'Connor, 125.....	17	18	16	14	13	78				
A Rohr, 130.....	4	4	7	16	w	31				
W Clark, 120.....	15	22	13	16	13	79				
J Foley, 122.....	10	10	12	12	12	56				
J B Packard, 110.....	18	16	16	16	6	72	5	7		
*E Townsend.....	12	11	w				7	8		
*E Schirmer.....	10	12	w				4			
W Reed.....									2	
W Fisher.....									7	
*E Acker.....									5	
Δ Atchison.....									5	
*Guests.										

FOREST AND STREAM.

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ANOTHER BAD ADIRONDACK BILL.

SENATOR BROWN'S bill in the New York Legislature to turn the State's Forest Preserve over to the wood pulp makers, having been recalled from the Assembly and amended in the Senate, was in the end killed by a substantial majority vote. From that particular attack New York's forests are preserved for another year. But there has been put through another bad measure, which while not so much of a menace to the woods, would open the way to the ruin of large portions of the Adirondacks. This bill was introduced and pushed by Senator Brown, and it probably had its origin with the interests his lumbering bill was intended to serve.

This bill, which because of its title as an act to amend "the navigation law," has escaped the attention of the friends of the Adirondack forests, is Senate Bill No. 404. It provides that any person desiring to use a river or stream which is recognized by law or use as a public highway, "for the purpose of floating, running or flooding timber, logs, wood or lumber down the same, may institute proceedings for the condemnation of such river or stream, the channel thereof and lands adjacent thereto, to the public use as a highway for transporting timber, logs, etc." Upon condemnation any person may build shutes, aprons, dams and booms; "store water and for that purpose overflow lands by the erection and maintenance of a dam or dams upon such river or stream * * * and the water may be released from time to time, * * * and thereby increase the volume and flow of water in such river or stream." A person acting under the privileges of this measure shall be liable only for damages "occasioned by his negligence or unlawful exercise of the same."

In a memorial addressed to Governor Odell by the New York Board of Trade and Transportation, it is pointed out that the bill differs from the existing statute by giving to private persons the right to invoke the power of eminent domain. "The power of eminent domain is to be prostituted to purely private ends." This is a most extraordinary proposition; and the other provisions of the measure are in keeping with it in their riding roughshod over the rights of property owners. For when under the license thus given, a person floods the lands of another, destroying his property, the one whose property is thus destroyed has absolutely no redress unless he can prove that the damages suffered were inflicted by the "negligence" or unlawful use of the privileges accorded by the act. This is putting upon the injured party the burden of proof of the negligence or unlawful act—something which it would be extremely difficult, if not practically impossible to do. And even then the damages may not be sued for, but must be appraised by a board of three commissioners to be appointed by the Supreme Court. Under the present law a bond of \$5,000 must be provided as an indemnity against all losses and damage suffered by flooding operations, and there is no requirement that negligence must be proved. The Brown bill is thus a most outrageous invasion of private rights; it puts every landowner on an Adirondack stream at the mercy of the lumbermen. For cool effrontery this has not been matched by any recent attack on the property rights of Adirondack owners and the State's own forest possessions.

Another effect of the operation of the proposed law demands consideration. Not only does the damming of the streams destroy by the overflow extensive tracts of woodland, leaving those ghastly stretches of drowned lands with which we are all too familiar in the North Woods, but the released waters rushing down with tremendous force destroy the stream bed and carry away the logs, boulders, bars and other natural obstructions which serve as dams to form reservoirs for the retention of the water and its gradual flow. The effect upon the breed-

ing grounds of fish is wholly destructive. What would follow the operation of the Brown bill with respect to the fishing interests of the Adirondacks is well set forth in the letter written by Mr. William G. De Witt to Governor Odell, and printed in another column. The fishing in Adirondack waters is in value and public benefit a resource which should not be surrendered to private greed. To give the lumbermen such license as is conferred by this Brown bill would be a gross betrayal of public and private interests. As the Board of Trade and Transportation memorial points out, the "bill is a menace to every holding in the State if 'any person desires' to use any stream for the purposes named. It could be used, and doubtless would be so used, for the purpose of forcing out the present owners and of securing possession, and rendering valueless the properties now held by associations and individuals, as well as by the State within the forest preserve. This bill passed the Legislature ostensibly as an amendment to the navigation law during the last moments of the session, and without receiving the consideration which it deserved. Its provisions, however, vitally affect the State forest preserve, and, if carried out, will ultimately destroy that vast and complicated plexus of waters so absolutely essential to the welfare of the commonwealth."

THE SEASON AND THE FISH.

LAMB-LIKE, the month of March came in and lamb-like it disappears forever from the calendar of 1902, yet during its existence it brought the month's usual varied weather. There were floods and dust storms, calms and tornadoes, fierce storms of snow and gentle showers of warm rain. Now at its end come bright sunshine, warm airs and gentle breezes from the southwest, while grass grows green, and buds seem to swell before our very eyes. In many of the States has come the day longed for by the angler, when the speckled trout—which so long has held first place in the angler's heart—may lawfully be taken. Not always are conditions so propitious as they seem to be this year. We can all recollect too many opening days, when the breezes blew cold, or keen north winds carried with them powdery snow, when the temperature was low and the line sometimes froze in the guides.

This year it will not be so. Spring is further advanced than usual, the snow water has gone out of the brooks, insects tempted by the warmth of the sun, which daily shines on them longer and longer, have ventured forth, and flying here and there on joyous wing, fall into brook or pond and tempt the troutlet's appetite. Perhaps there is only one condition at the opening day this year which the angler may fairly criticize.

Most of the brooks are full of water, and are pouring down brown or muddy torrents which carry débris from bank and meadow and swamp, on which the trout may easily fill their hungry maws, so that when the fly of the angler dances lightly over the water, or sinks for an instant in the eddy, only to be withdrawn again, the full-fed fish may be too lazy to dart for it with their spring-time vigor. But this is not likely to happen. Whoever saw a trout that was satisfied? Sometimes, it is true, they will not rise, but we venture to say that—if the cause of their refusal could be known—it would be found in some other condition than satiety.

But it is seldom that the best fishing is had on the opening day. To that day we bring keen eagerness for a pastime from which we have long been debarred, and more than half our pleasure comes from anticipation.

It is later in the season, when the grass, well sprung, is thick and green, when the air is softer and warmer than it ever is on the opening day, when beautiful flowers spangle the meadows or nodding over the stream's border are mirrored in clear waters, when birds have come in full numbers and their songs are heard from every branch, that we best enjoy the fishing. By that time the keen edge of our eagerness has become a little dulled, and we can fish with less excitement, and with more astuteness and effect.

In those days we may even lure from his hiding place beneath bank, or stump, or fallen tree trunk, some monster of the brook which it has long been our ambition to take. Perhaps in previous years we have had a rise or two from him; perhaps we have even hooked him, and he has broken away, sending us home in such utter

humiliation of spirit that for a day or two we could scarcely speak of our misfortune. But now, on one of these days of later May or early June, we approach his well-known hiding place with double caution, and perhaps a carefully planned campaign culminates in the capture of the great fish. Then what tumultuous beating of the heart as the landing net lifts him from the water and carries him far back from the bank, and we put him on the scales! Does he shrink a little as he pulls down the spring? Perhaps so. So do most of the pleasures of life grow less when we hold them within our grasp, and like the boy who caught the butterfly, we find that what we wished has still escaped us. Nevertheless, he is a noble fish, and to have taken him is a great feat. Rejoice, therefore, and bear your prize home in triumph. You may never again take so goodly a fish.

A CANADA SPECIAL.

THIS square-shouldered, full-chested, feathered athlete is known to sportsmen of various localities under the name scaup, broadbill, blackhead, bluebill and others. Wherever our wildfowl are gunned, in all weathers, one finds this ubiquitous free lance the same alert, never-tiring thoroughbred.

Everything he does goes with a snap to it. Even an old hand, who takes regular toll of the royal canvasback and redhead, often finds the broadbill a puzzling target as it flashes by down wind, or darts on recurved wings for the decoys. He has to learn a new trick before he can stop the birds with certainty.

When crippled, this duck is extremely cunning, and will often sneak away under cover of the ripples right before one's eyes, with just the top of his bill showing at intervals as he takes breath.

On calm days when fowl are not coming well to the decoys, the broadbill, assembled in large flocks on the still water, will romp and splash in great apparent glee, while now and again one hears their musical call *pur-r-r-r*, *pur-r-r-r*, as they play.

The speed of the broadbill is wonderful. At times when they flash past with the full power of the gale behind them, it is marvelous to note how quickly they appear, grow large, and then vanish in the far distance.

Our supplement gives a striking picture of swift motion. The day is calm and one can almost hear the rush of wings—like the faint sound of escaping steam—as the Canada special darts by on its journey to the north.

THE SPORTSMEN'S SHOW CASTING.

There are few places in the United States, perhaps, where there is a greater number of enthusiastic anglers or expert fly-casters than in New York city, and it was to have been hoped that the fly-casting tournament recently held at the Madison Square Garden would have attracted competition by a large number of anglers, to their own pleasure and to the edification and pleasure of the public, who are interested in this attractive sport. The very reverse of this happened. Instead of having large lists of competitors, it was a difficult matter to get together a corporal's guard of fly-casters. From pure good will a number of men entered their names in various events, but either did not cast, or if they did so, showed entire lack of preparation.

In preparing the conditions of the competition, an effort was made to render the contest as nearly as possible like what the caster would meet in the actual work of angling on a stream. It was not sought to make the workspectacular nor to adapt it only to those persons who have given much time to practicing long-distance casting, to the exclusion of skill in many other matters which come into the ordinary day's work of the angler. By arranging such conditions it was hoped to attract a large competition by ordinary, every-day fly-casters, and the offering of many classes shows an effort to induce competition by as wide a circle of anglers as possible.

The criticisms brought forward against the competition this year will very likely have a good effect in stimulating interest in this beautiful art, which has long been too much neglected here, though in other cities, like San Francisco and Chicago, the interest is well kept up. It is not true that people in New York know very little about angling, and it is hoped that hereafter they will be able to demonstrate this.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Through the Parsonage Window.

XI.

OUT through the window to-day the little stage of buffalo grass is stretching afar, for fancy-rebuildeth that which has passed away.

I had been on several expeditions after big game in the great West; that is, in the inter-Missouri and Rocky Mountain country. Eighteen had found me chasing antelope over the table lands of east-central Nebraska, and my twenty-first birthday found me chasing elk over the sand hills in the Dismal River country. Hunting was by no means a profession with me. The intervals between expeditions was filled up by the usual routines of life, and have no place here.

Buffalo was by far the most common game of the great plains. Yet, after three expeditions, I had never seen one, and when a rambler from the buffalo ranges of western Kansas came my way and told me of his exploits, I was ready for adventure in that line.

Having reached the age of twenty-one, I was eligible to one hundred and sixty acres of Uncle Sam's domain. Reaching the furthest encroachment of settlement on the buffalo country, I secured a suitable quarter section of land on a far-reaching level of silver-white buffalo sod and had my entry recorded at the land office. A level plain of buffalo grass looks like a great timothy stubble after a frost has touched it under a full moon.

This was preliminary to the buffalo hunt. After the hunt I would return there and make settlement, break that easily subjugated sod and sow the land in wheat; and it would require only a pencil and a piece of paper to show just what I could do in five years. Life would be a pleasant dream. I should "tickle the earth with a plow, and it would laugh me a golden plenty."

The first thing to be done, in making a settlement on the prairies, is to break a hedgerow all round the land, and sometimes to cross section it—that is, subdivide a quarter section into four forties. This I had done as a mark of good faith before starting out. These hedgerows were seldom held in subjection after the first year or planted in hedge until the place has passed through first hands, but were left to take care of themselves. This they did by growing up to weeds and bunch grass; the buffalo grass seldom asserted itself after once being plowed up, or if it did come back was very slow in taking hold, and a marked characteristic of the country soon came to be these long, straight, dirty lines of ragged weeds or red bunch grass, running across the cleaner white of the buffalo sod.

The virgin prairie of western Kansas was at all times a beautiful thing, whether in the buff coat of fall and winter or the emerald robe of June; unbroken, it was as grand and inspiring a sight as God ever placed before the human eye. But, scarred by man, it became a desolate waste or fertile fields, according as the scarring process was strongly or weakly directed.

Fully one-half the entries made on Government land were made by people who never intended to settle, but just to block the way until other men came with a real desire to cultivate the land, and paid them liberally to get out. It was a common thing, even, for men to prove up on their claims without having spent a single night upon them. On such claims the improvements might be somewhat as follows: Seven acres of weeds, where the land had been broken to fulfill the demands of the law, which required seven acres-under cultivation; a sod house without window or door, and perhaps with the roof falling in; a hole in the ground with a jug seven inches long, filled with water, at the bottom—the law requiring a well with at least seven inches of water in it. I have in mind a man who proved up on just such a claim. He was a lawyer and sold the claim for a thousand dollars. Indeed, the sale was all arranged before final proof was made. This man came to be a shining light and a teacher of men; he attained to high political favor, and then the blight of time struck him and he withered and is gone.

With such work as this on a great many of the claims and the indifferent improvements made by the poorer settlers, the clean prairie soon came to be desolate and disreputable. That which had been beautiful became a vexation to the soul. The name "Kansas" brings three separate and distinct pictures to my mind's eye. First, a vast reach of nearly level landscape done in silver and bronze, relieved here and there by valleys with dark threads of leafless trees winding from base to base of the hills on either side, and extending either way as far as the eye can follow. Second, the same landscape with the pall of death cast over it, an endless black waste—the silver and bronze have been swept away by fire, and ashes only are left. Again, the same vast field covered with a floss of green—unbroken, endless green. It is impossible for the human mind to imagine a sight more sublime. There are few flowers. The sensitive rose, that withers at the touch of the human hand, more like a clover blossom than a rose; the common wild rose; the pale blossoms of the buffalo pea, and the purple of the indigo flower, called buckskin flower by the Kansas settler, whose plowshare fails to cut it. These are the features, and none of the flowers are numerous enough for their presence to be noticeable in the solid spread of green. Some one suggests sunflowers, but sunflowers are not of primitive Kansas, and came only with man and his machinations.

The laying of the walls of my sod house was an occasion fraught with much interest to me; for here I was to lay the foundation of future fortune. There were several of us going out on the buffalo range for the winter, and while making other preparations, we took a day off and all turned to help lay the wall. First we broke a small patch of ground, the sod being cut and turned over in long, even strips, the length of the furrow. The strips were cut with a spade into pieces the proper length for use. Two feet was the width of the wall; the trimming of it inside and out reduced it to eighteen inches. The sod was laid up like brick, only on a larger scale, with the sod side down; and after each layer the top was leveled off, the loose earth cut away

filling all cracks between the sod. When a height of seven feet was reached all round, the work for the time being was done, it being necessary to allow the wall at least six months to settle before putting on the roof. Those walls stood until the elements dissolved them; but I never slept more than two or three nights within them. After a couple of years I built a house of stone, and that I did not live in to any great extent; in fact, it might be as well to state that my five years on a claim was mostly put in elsewhere—but of that more anon.

By Oct. 15 our outfit was ready for the start. We had a good strong team of horses and a lumber wagon, with one rather heavy saddle pony for scouting purposes, which could also be used as substitute in the team in case of accident. We took 400 pounds of flour, plenty of coffee, bacon, sugar and so forth. In the matter of provisions we were far better provided than most of the settlers we left behind. I think we were indebted to this fact for a great many visits from the settlements while in our winter camp. I am satisfied that a number made the drive of more than a hundred miles just to get a few good "square" meals. We, of the first detachment, were only scouts who were expected to locate the best range and establish a winter camp, from which we could send out lesser expeditions in all directions and into the very heart of the "enemy's country."

Our guns were not the delicate and effective weapons of to-day, but clumsy, old-fashioned things such as the .56-50 Spencer and the Springfield breechloading musket. We also had one .45-120 Sharps hybrid, made by attaching a heavy, old-fashioned, muzzleloading rifle barrel to a Sharps breech and boring it out to suit. This gun would throw up a bigger shovelful of sod than any of the others when its missile missed the mark and hit the prairie, which it often did. It also had a decidedly more emphatic recoil; otherwise the guns were about on a par, all being equally hard to manage, as they were coarse-sighted, bad buckers and hard on trigger. We also had an original model Henry rifle, which was more accurate, easier managed, but a great deal less powerful; and a double-barrel, 10-gauge, 12-pound shotgun. These we kept in the pink of condition and loaded, the shotgun with eighteen buckshot to the barrel, in case of attack by Indians. Our ammunition consisted mainly of a 25-pound can of Dupont powder, 2,000 primers and about 60 pounds of bar lead. For the Spencer and Henry, we could only use fixed ammunition, both being rim-fire. The Spencer went out of action early in the game for lack of ammunition, and the Henry soon followed suit from the same cause. We did not use the Henry for hunting at all, but brought it along exclusively for defense, it being a magazine gun of sixteen shots. Hitting anything smaller than a buffalo with the heavy guns was an idle dream, though, and we fell back on the Henry, and before spring had fired all our defense ammunition at a large cottonwood tree that stood a hundred yards away and just opposite camp.

It was with, to me, considerable excitement that we rolled away across the plains at last, for a long-cherished dream was about to be fulfilled. From the time of our starting out it was more than a year before I slept inside a house again. In that time I had grown familiar with the stars; I had learned to tell the time of night by the clock of stars through my own observation, never having heard of it before. A companion who slept beside me knew no more of the stars at the end than at the beginning of the campaign. How he could lie and look up at them for a year, and never find anything out, was a mystery, but he did. I never could make him understand my clock, and it was useless to try. He said it was arrant nonsense and impossible; that I was evidently "struck" on myself, that I knew a little too much for one and not quite enough for two; so we agreed to disagree, and let it drop at that. As to the results of the trip, they were not great, yet of much moment to a few families. Several there were who thus had plenty of fresh meat that otherwise would have had scant picking. As for myself, I had nothing in the form of luxury in the eye of the average human oddity, but the experience was a luxury which I have since been unable to parallel in any other walk of life whatever.

E. P. JAKES.

An Outing in the Snow

EASTER Sunday, 1901, when ladies were displaying the newest creations in millinery, and making the city streets a kaleidoscopic dream of spring, there was eight feet of snow on the northern slope of Dix, one of the important though rarely visited peaks of the Adirondacks. To reach Keene Valley from Port Henry, twenty-five miles away, mails were sent a circuitous route of eighty miles by way of Au Sable Forks, solely because the last six miles of the regular mail route from Underwood Post Office to Beedes was buried under a depth of soft snow that let the mail carrier's horses down out of sight and made progress absolutely impossible. The remainder of the way was good, but after thawing weather took the bottom out of this six-mile stretch, the eighty-mile way around was the shortest way home.

I traveled with the mail carrier as far as Underwood, which is less than a dozen miles from the summit of Dix, reaching there in time for dinner Wednesday, April 10. With me were snowshoes, toboggan, rabbit-skin sleeping robe and camera, as well as several days' supply of provisions, and a rifle. My intention was to climb Dix and hunt bears. In the former object I was successful, but the large bears were not traveling, and though I got on the trail of a yearling twice in successive days, I could do nothing with it, as the bear soon found crust that would support its weight, and there was no way of following it further.

Underwood is in a first-rate fishing location. Last year Prof. Seager, of the University of Pennsylvania; Mr. Berry, Mr. Walmsley and myself caught 379 legal trout in this neighborhood in a day and a half. It is not much of a town, however, and aside from the hotel and barns, one summer cottage is the only building in sight. Two miles away is the sawmill, presided over by Mr. Dave Stringham, and back toward Port Henry there is nothing much except a shingle mill or two till Stovenpope City is reached, ten miles away. The hotel at Underwood is built in the clearing that Guy Brittell made, only to be driven off just short of the period necessary to give him squatter's title. It is managed by Mr. Elmer Wakefield,

who is a gentlemanly and efficient hotel man. A few rods away a small brook crosses the road, and by following this up to some deserted lumber shanties and then swinging to the right through a notch between two hills, the South Branch of the Boquet is reached near the big bend. An old so-called military road once ran through this notch northward to Keene Valley, said to have been used by our army in the war of 1812, but at present the largest forest trees grow in the road, and it can only be located in places. Near the big bend I had a hunting camp, and here I counted on spending the night.

It was late when I reached the spot, for the snow was very soft and the toboggan pulled hard, and when at last I climbed the knoll above the spring and came to the two great rocks between which the camp had been built, it was so dark that I could see but little of my surroundings. The fallen hemlock which had served for a table was buried out of sight, and I walked above it without knowing exactly where it lay. Ten feet further should have been the camp, but not a sign of the roof could be seen. At first I imagined the deep snow had reached above the roof, but a little prodding sufficed to show that the structure had collapsed, despite the stout spruce poles which supported it. This was a cold dash to pleasant anticipations of a warm supper and cozy bed. Sleep here was out of the question, so I retraced my steps to a clearing where some lumber shanties had once stood, and finding a spot in the bank of the Boquet where the wind and sun had reduced the thickness of the snow mantle, I brought my snowshoes into use to clear the ground and cut and laid balsam boughs for a bed, and afterward cooked my supper, and despite the unfavorable conditions, passed a very comfortable night.

It was while traveling up the bed of the South Branch next day that I first saw the tracks of the bear. His pintoed trail led up the east bank of the stream, and it was evident from several side trips to the water, he was looking for a good crossing place. Presently a deep pool, flanked by a ledge, barred further progress. To get by I had to go back to the last rapid and wade across through the swift water, half-way up to my knees, carrying the toboggan and making a second trip for rifle and snowshoes.

The bear had found an easier way. From the bank above a cedar tree had fallen, its inverted top almost reaching the level of the snow. The bear, which must have been about the size of a St. Bernard dog, had erected himself on his hind legs, and reaching up climbed into the tree, and so on up to the top of the ledge. The tracks in the snow and scratches in the bark told the story plainly enough.

A short distance above the bear had at length succeeded in gaining the west bank of the stream, and as he began climbing the steep side of Spotted Mountain, I left the toboggan and followed in light marching order. True to bear traditions, the little scamp selected the worst traveling available, and made through an old fire slash, where in summer he could hardly have been followed. In winter it was bad enough, for though the inequalities underfoot were smoothed over, the way was through a tangle of pin cherries and maples and young birches that slapped one in the face with tantalizing regularity, and made one realize the devilishness of the Indian method of torture by running the gauntlet.

Above the slash the trail followed a ravine up among the silent spruces, and eventually reached the slides which give the mountain its scarred appearance and its name. It was here that I lost the trail, for with the altitude the air had grown colder and the crust became strong enough to support the bear. Before leaving the trail, however, I made a discovery and settled a question which perplexed me.

The question was, what food is there for a bear when the snow is deep in winter? The answer came in the shape of a quantity of partridge feathers scattered over the snow. No other track was near, and it was plain it was the bear which had feasted on the choice piece in the menu of woods' delicacies. It seemed impossible that the bear could have caught the partridge, as a fox does, by pouncing on it in its bed in the snow, and I looked around for some explanation as to how he had come by the tid-bit. About the center of the circle of feathers was the form the bird had made in the snow, and which the bear had broken into. Above the snow was crusted, and the most reasonable explanation seemed to be that the partridge had been caught and imprisoned by a sudden freeze, and that the bear had been lead to the dead bird by his keen sense of smell.

The day after following the bear's trail I climbed Dix, traveling sixteen miles on snowshoes on the round trip to and from the lower still water on the North Branch. Near Mark Sherman's abandoned upper camp, which was at one time said to be the highest lumber camp in the Adirondacks, I came upon the tracks of a bear, which bore a strong resemblance to the tracks of the previous day. As the bear had crossed a part of Spotted Mountain, and come from the direction I had followed the other tracks, it is highly probable it was one and the same animal.

The tracks crossed the single log, which is all that remains of the bridge over the brook at this point, and passing between the shanties went up on the mountain between the forks of the stream. Here the bear found a hard crust, and I lost the trail, this time for good and all.

Above the camp Dix loomed in a way that the camera only faintly reproduces. To the rhythm of snowshoes the old lines on Mont Blanc recurred:

"They crowned him long ago,
On a throne of rock,
'Neath a dome of cloud
With a diadem of snow."

The great lonely snow-covered mass certainly was regal, clothed in a dignity begotten of the calm of centuries.

The northern face is seamed with slides, some of the greater part of a mile in length. One of these, of recent origin, has descended directly into the bed of the right-hand fork of the stream up which my course lay. The water had apparently been temporarily dammed, and then torn through the obstruction with terrific force, leaving in its wake in places windrows of boulders twenty feet in height, and at other places shearing the surface rock clear away down to a smooth bed of native hypersthene.

On the lower levels of the mountain the snow had settled, till in places it did not exceed a depth of eighteen

inches or two feet, but here the thaw had little effect, and before reaching the summit I found new snow, and no sign of a crust. At this point, just above the camps, the snow was upward of four feet deep. On the basin higher up there were places where it was in excess of eight feet in depth. On either hand were thickly wooded ridges where the deer were wintering. This I knew from a previous snowshoeing trip, when I had followed the ridges and seen deer and deer yards in abundance. My course now was through the open, and as a result I saw no deer signs whatever.

Just before leaving the large timber I passed through a blow-down of considerable extent, where hundreds of thousands of feet of merchantable spruce had been uprooted by a tornado in the fall of 1900. The tree tops all pointed east, and not a tree of any size was left standing. They had been bowled over like a row of children's blocks, and lay in lines as if the cause of each tree's downfall had been the impact of its neighbor on the west.

Leaving the bed of the brook a short distance beyond, I found myself among a sparse growth of cat spruces and gnarled birches. These trees were ancient moss-covered specimens, twisted by the high winds and scarred by the catapaultic flight of rocks which had fallen from the heights above.

I was in an amphitheater, surrounded on three sides by a narrow mountain rim, with a bowl-like curve closely approaching the perpendicular at the upper edge. The air was very still, and the sun shone brightly, but not a bird or animal was to be seen, and the thread of my snowshoe trail, which could be traced for half a mile behind, was the only break in the white covering. The place was as wild and desolate as the Hermit Range of the Selkirk, yet it was not lonely. The deathly, forbidding aspect of distant rugged mountains is lost on a closer acquaintance. The personality of a mountain soon makes itself felt to the mountaineer, and with familiarity comes the restful sense of comradeship. It is like a little child petting the great friendly dog.

The safest way of climbing Dix is to gain the crest of the northern ridge and follow that around to the summit. The straight approach up the slides looked so simple and attractive, however, that I essayed that with the result that before I had gotten half-way up I found myself in difficulties, and before I reached the summit it was a desperate tooth and nail scramble up an almost perpendicular front. Fortunately, the snow was in the best possible condition, being neither crusted, nor, on the other hand, soft and substanceless. Much of the way I climbed with my snowshoes off, using them as pikes to drive into the snow and hang on to, while my moccasined toes found a sure hold in the niches thus made. Finally I stood upon the summit, a long, curving rock edge, so narrow in places that a carriage could not be driven along, even if level. Below in the sea of white forest were a score of lakes, and westward, beyond a great gulf, was the rugged range of Wolf Jaws, the Gothics, saw-toothed Resigonia and Marcy. Eastward was Lake Champlain and the Green Mountains of Vermont.

It was cold there on the summit, and I did not stay long in the silent whiteness above the trees. The exertion of climbing had been severe, and I was stripped to my undershirt and not prepared for the cold wind that swept across the crest. So I followed the northern ridge back, running whenever practical, and soon was a thousand feet lower, warm and comfortable among the timber.

J. B. BURNHAM.

A Walk Down South.—XXIII.

ON Monday morning it was still cold and freezing, but I started from Hick's at 8:45 o'clock. It was a hard day to travel. Ice gathered on the paddle, and my hands were soon so cold that I could not hold my pen to make notes in the little blank book that serves as my memory's mile posts. But it was a day that needed more than the one line it got in the note book:

"Jan. 13—start 8:45—3:30 stop"—the last word is a shivery scrawl.

About 10:30 o'clock on that morning I came to Buzzards' Roost, an island of considerable note among river men, because the buzzards flock there every night, and discuss the ghoully carnival of the days with many a poke and gagging thrust of their raw, reeking heads.

Here Hick had said was a burial ground of the Indians. He showed to me a pot in which an infant had been buried—it was made of ground mussel shells and clay, baked. When taken from the ground it crumbled in the fingers, but now, dried by wind and sun, it was hard enough to hold its own weight. It would hold a couple of pecks, nearly, as it stood. How large it had been was a question.

Across from Buzzards' Roost, on the mainland, I saw a little brook, and just below the brook gully, on the flat, were some of those red cobbles packed tightly in their circles and ovals. I took my five-pint graniteware pail and went up on the bottom, a rise of ten feet, say, and at the second step I found an arrow head, then another, a third. In a few minutes—say twenty, the bottom of the pail was covered with the flints. Meanwhile I pondered on what those red stones had been used for. They were cracked and chipped by heat, from six to ten paces apart. The answer was simple enough when I knew it. They were simply tepee fireplaces.

I found many tips, a broken stone knife handle, a lead bullet, flattened and encrusted with a white substance. Also a bullet the size of a buckshot, but with a faint trace of the knife that had trimmed it on one side. The "gem" of the lot was a dull red and yellowish-white tip nearly two and three-quarter inches long, and perfect from the point to the shank. On the island the "tides" had left a deposit instead of wearing the ground away, consequently the arrow tips, etc., were nearly all covered up, but I found half a dozen or so. Then, chilled to the bone, I entered my boat again and went hustling down the river.

A few miles below some men were trying to turn a stray ferry boat over. They had a fire burning, and that was a chance to get warm. The fire was curious. There was a pile of drift a hundred yards long, ten or fifteen feet deep, with fifty cords of dry wood in it—tree trunks, twigs, planks, beams and boards. But it would have taken some effort to dislodge most of it. The fire was kept going with dry hay and weeds pulled from the mass of stuff. Three men were warming themselves in the

smudge, while a fourth pulled the fuel and carried it with one hand, warming the other in his pocket. On my arrival, however, three of them got some wood, and the fire blazed up respectably. What they would not do for themselves they did for the stranger.

I started on in half an hour, hoping to make Rogersville Bridge before dark, but night was coming on lonesomely, and there was no sign of the bridge. At last, log house on the hill looked inviting. I went to it. I could stay if I "could stand their way of living."

Simmons is a Dunkard, a tall, lank man with long black hair, black whiskers a week or so long, and the mildest, sweetest, gentlest large brown eyes that I ever saw under a man's high forehead. A man of uncommon strength, with the real ham-like fists he handled his four babies as if they were cotton. We ate a supper of fried pork, over which a milk-and-flour gravy had been poured, apple sauce, sorghum, coffee and milk, hot bread (biscuit), and then at the moderate hour of 8 o'clock went to bed. Mine was fluffy and deep.

In the morning it was clear, and as soon as the sun came up, bright. After a breakfast similar to the supper, I went down to the boat. It was frozen in by a layer of ice along the bank. I broke it out with an oar, and Simmons shoved me out of the little rivulet gully in which the boat passed the night, and then I headed away southwest again. The river was a-sparkle with "mush ice," but not the sort I had seen on the Little Holston. Instead of being in flakes, this was in small cakes half an inch thick, and from three inches to four feet across. In a rippling shoal, just below Simmons, the ice danced in the sunlight, each piece flashing like a looking glass. The effect was blinding. I was glad to get my back to the stuff.

Only a couple of miles down the river I came to a creek—so inviting that I ran up it a few yards, tied up and took a walk on the bank. For the most part the bottom was covered with silt, but still there were many arrow heads to be picked up, one group of five all together—big, black war tips they were. I wondered if some warrior had not fallen there, and his quiver full marked the spot? Later I learned that the stream was Mink Creek, and that on the hill near the flat was an old Indian fort.

Richer by a pocketful, I came away, and following the left side of a long "eddy," or still water, really a mill pond, I passed two raftsmen building one of their crafts. They directed me as to the safe route through the Rogersville Dam, a mile below. I didn't know it, but we three were to meet again. The dam sluice proved to be swift, a little dancing and then the railroad bridge came in sight, high, black, with a long trestle on the left. At a house on the right, George Steel's, I left my duffle and my boat tied to a tree.

I told Mr. Steel that I would probably be back that night, but that I might not be back for a week. Simmons had mentioned a feud, the Jones-Green "war," and I wanted to see a feud country.

Rogersville was four miles away. I followed the railroad to the Creek Valley town. At the express office I got an express package with some needful clothes, especially an eight-pound sweater, and then at the hotel met Proprietor Joe Spears. We couldn't trace any relationship to each other, but the name was something.

I expressed my desire to see the feud country. "Don't you do it," he said. "They'll think you're a detective and bushwhack you sure." Jim Wright was especially dangerous. He had shot a man in November and had a fat record of murders to his account. Some realism to the badness of the country was furnished by a murder just below Rogersville, a couple or three days before. Also by remarks in the barber shop. A white man there was joshing the negro barber, saying:

"Why, Davis, if you got mad at me you'd kill me quick."

The white man gone, the tall yellow man said he had to "get his man," because "his man" had shot twice already. A thin line back from the corner of the barber's eye, an inch long, showed where the victim's bullet had burned.

I went down to see Lawyer W. R. Gillenwaters about the bad men. He said that Jim Wright was as fine a man as I ever met, when he wasn't afraid of somebody's "not minding their own business." On Wright's head is a reward of \$550, one for murder, one as an escaped convict, and one by the brother of one of his victims. Gillenwaters said he had defended in more than two hundred cases, and had not had a client hung, and could count the number of men who had got more than ten years on his fingers. The success of the criminal lawyers in the mountain country of Tennessee has made murdering easy there, it is generally admitted.

I stayed in Rogersville two nights. One man stopped Proprietor Spears and asked him, probably, in a low voice:

"Who's that man at your place?"

"What man?" asked Spears, "pretending" he didn't know who was meant.

"That big fellow with short pants on?"

"I don't know much about him."

"Well, I'll bet he won't get away alone when he starts away."

This was used as an argument to keep me from going over to Sneedville, where the bad men center at the court of Hancock county.

On Thursday, Jan. 16, I started for the home of Tip Jones, half-way to Sneedville, not yet certain whether it would be worth while to go to Sneedville or not. I stopped for dinner at a log house near Choptack, five miles out. The good widow thought I was a detective and said so.

It was a rough country of narrow valleys extending northeast and southwest, with gaps through which the road wound in oak and chestnut forests. I met one of the men who had been turning the ferry boat up the river; he was in a wagon, and we had a talk. He said, "Be kind of keeful over there" on parting.

I eyed the steep hillsides and their many convenient ambushes with surpassing interest.

I saw a bunch of twelve or fifteen quail in one valley clearing; then at a little stream sawmill they told me I could make a short cut over Clinch Mountain and save two or three miles to Tip Jones'. I took to the little

path and climbed the mountain side; steep and steeper it grew, but corners of stone, tree roots and other footholds made the ascent not too bad. I skirted a clearing unseen by the man and two women who were grubbing brush there.

Still on a path, I came to a tiny log cabin with a mud-and-stick chimney to the stone fireplace. Erne Hilton was the little man who lived there. He "minded his own business." Curious to know who I was, he put the questions as far from the interrogation points as possible. "A heap of strangers in the country?" for instance. I told him truthfully that I was a newspaper man, said it as convincingly as possible. When I had "warmed" by his fire, he pointed the way to me, after leading me to the mountain top.

Down the mountain was as steep as up it. Every step was followed by a slip and sometimes I threw my arms round a sapling, "like grape vine round a gun," and held on till my momentum was overcome. Far below was Cal Cope's store, white house and Tip Jones'. Along a cleared ridge back, through a barn down a hollow, over a fence, and, chewing my heart, perhaps, I asked for Tip Jones of a mild, smooth-faced, dapper, white-haired man in the white house—not knowing which was Tip's then. The man was Cal Cope.

Tip was called in for me. So I met the first man who was liable to think I wasn't minding my own business. I told him who I was first, then asked about the feud. Tip's eyebrows lowered and the round lumps over each of his eyes seemed to swell a bit, and a little gleam came into his gray-blue eyes—just the breath of suspicion, which I allayed by repeating who I was after I got some answers to questions. But Tip was reluctant to talk. He had been shot at, had done some shooting himself, had been a fugitive from the courts, had hid in the mountains round about, and seen men hunting for him in the valleys. He had fled as far as the Indian Territory and come at the house of the Dick Green who shot his brother's son in a fight in which hundreds of shots were fired, a boy killed and several wounded. Ace Jones, father of Dick Green's victim, was the one for me to see, he said. Ace was the leader of the Jones faction, and "knew all about it."

After a night at Cal Cope's I started for Ace Jones. Tip was going a few rods that way.

"I stood on that hill there once and saw five men come to my house looking for me," Tip said of a little round knob grown to fruit trees. As we separated, he said:

"Just tell Ace what you be when you see him, so's he won't think nothing."

Three miles away was Ace's house, and I tramped that way, feeling pretty much the same as the first time I ever went into the woods to sleep out alone.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

Floating on the Missouri.—VII.

CROOKED CREEK flows into the Musselshell about two miles above the latter's confluence with the Missouri. It is a "dry" stream, water standing in it only in holes, and heads in some ridges bordering Armell's Creek, fifty miles to the west. Its upper course is through a broad plain and then it runs between high pine-clad buttes and ridges where mountain sheep, mule deer and antelope are numerous. I understand that a party of Lewistown, Mont., men who were hunting on the creek a year ago corralled forty deer in a cut wall coulee and killed every one of them, leaving the animals to rot where they fell. Of course they were pilgrims; no old-timer would think of doing such a thing. And they even went home and bragged of the deed and their sportsmanship. Sportsmanship, forsooth.

Years ago, while hunting buffalo on Crooked Creek, I ran across an eccentric character named Thomas Faval, better known as Skunk Cap. He was a north half-breed and spoke English with a broad Scotch accent. But that was not his only language; he spoke Blackfoot, Cree, Crow, Sioux, with equal facility. Wherever he went he carried a staff some seven feet long, to which were fastened various bits of fur and feathers and painted buckskin pouches, all of which he claimed was great medicine, and enabled him to cure all manner of disease. The various Indian tribes all believed in his mysteries, and his services and ceremonies were always in great demand. Consequently he was never short of robes and furs with which to support his three wives, and purchase the rum he so dearly loved. Tom was about seventy-five when I first met him, but still sound and hearty. He was a member of the Sir John Franklin Relief Expedition, and told many interesting stories of his adventures in the far North. He was death on beavers, getting great numbers of them by the aid of his dogs. These were two low, short-legged nondescript fices which he had trained to the business. They would go under water into a bank beaver's hole, follow it up to the den, or living room, and either kill and drag out, or drive out, the occupants. If they were driven out, Tom and his women speared them. One time at our branch post on Flat Willow Creek we had been out of whisky for some weeks, and Faval, who was camping and trapping near by, was in despair because his large and ever-increasing pile of beaver skins could not purchase even a dram. But one day our bull train rolled in with supplies, and we were unloading it when Tom happened along. The first thing he noticed was a barrel of whisky standing on the ground, and with triumphant yells he ran up and embraced it, saying, "God bless the puncheon, me b'ys; God bless its generous gairth."

The Musselshell country is a noted place for fossils of various kinds. I have often heard of a place some twenty miles above its mouth where "one can find almost any kind of an old bone," as our informant said. I once saw a fossilized turtle, found near its mouth by a "wood-hawk," which measured five feet in length.

The island on which we camped is fast wearing away, the swift current cutting it on both sides. There are some deer on it, and several families of beavers have large caches of winter food at its lower end. May they escape the wiles of the trapper and increase. I would that it were life imprisonment to kill one of them, for it's but little short of taking human life. Long as I have lived in this country, many as have been my opportunities, I never harmed one, and I don't understand how any one

can trap or shoot them who has had an opportunity to study their habits and mark their wonderful intelligence. In their journal, Lewis and Clarke tell of a place they passed on the Missouri where the beavers had cut down four acres of timber. I know a place in the Two Medicine country, where, years ago, the industrious creatures built a dam two-thirds of a mile long and over seven feet in height, thus creating a large artificial lake. The water has long since broken through it, and the beavers have gone. Surely, if there is a hereafter for man, there is for them also.

We left the island at sunrise. There were again many geese here and there on the bars, but they flew long before we came in range of them, and I didn't want one badly enough to go ashore and sneak up on a flock. As we rowed down past the wide Musselshell flat and through the rapids, we saw several flocks of chickens along the shore. Not coveys, but flocks of from twenty-five or thirty up to twice and thrice that number. They band together in large numbers at this season of the year, and it was no uncommon sight to see several hundred of them at morning and evening winging their way across the river. They afford good sport with the shotgun, but neither Sah-né-to nor I care for them; so, except at the beginning of the trip, when we had no meat, we never molested them. Often we passed within a few yards of them, and it was amusing to see them stretch their necks, cock their heads one way and another, and try to make out what we were. From Cow Island down there are also many sagehens in the valley, but strangely enough we never saw any along the shore on the whole trip. Drink they must, but probably not so frequently as do their cousins, the sharptails.

Just east of the Musselshell, on the south side, are a number of very tall buttes, much like the "Dark Hills" east of the Judith. The formation is the same, brownish-black clays and decayed pumice stone, and many of them are flat-topped and crowned with a heavy stratum of sandstone. Dwarf pines and patches of juniper cling to their barren slopes in places, and between them are deep, dark coulees. No doubt they are the home of many a little band of mule deer, for we saw many tracks of the creatures along the shore until we came to Squaw Creek, four miles below. This is another "dry" stream, coming into the river from the south through a deep, narrow gash in the hills, and here on the north bank of the river opposite it, one of the many tragedies happened for which these bad lands are famous. It is quite a story: In 1862 Nelse Keyser and John Lepley were partners in a placer claim near Helena. Their bar was paying wages, but no more, so it was agreed that Keyser should go prospecting for something better, while his partner worked the claim. A year later he came into Fort Benton from below, and said that he had found some good diggings down the river, showing several hundred dollars' worth of coarse gold dust in evidence of the fact. He went on up to Helena, told his partner his story, and tried to get him to join in working the discovery. But Lepley declined to go, so Keyser sold him his interest in the claim and returned to Fort Benton, where he tried to get several of his friends interested, among them Mr. Jos. Kipp, James Arnoux and George Croff, all living to-day. But like Lepley, none of them cared to risk their hair down in that hostile Indian country, and beside, they practically had a gold mine in the fur trade. Finally Keyser found a man named Wright to accompany him; they built a large flat boat, loaded it with provisions, mining tools, lumber for sluice boxes, and with their wives—Piegan women—set sail for their Eldorado.

Keyser repeatedly told the women that there were plenty of wild plums in the vicinity of his discovery, and one morning, after they had been on the river some days, he said: "One more sleep and then we will arrive at the place."

At dusk they came to Squaw Creek and went ashore opposite it for the night. They were all sitting around the fire, the women cooking, the men smoking and talking, when suddenly there was an appalling cracking of guns from the surrounding brush, and both of the miners rolled over dead, completely riddled with bullets. Then a party of Assinaboines rushed out, scalped and mutilated their victims, and took the women prisoners, forcing the poor creatures to accompany them to the camp of their people, somewhere out on Milk River. Such of the supplies in the boat as they could not use they set fire to, and turned the craft adrift. It was many months before the captive women finally managed to get away from the camp and tell their story, and although during all these years many prospectors have thoroughly hunted for it, the lost placer has never been found. This much is known: Wild plums grow in the north breaks of the river about a day's drift below Squaw Creek. As Keyser had lumber for sluice boxes, but no horses with which to transport the outfit, his find must have been on, or near, the river. There is no gold-bearing drift in the whole country, so his find must have been a local deposit by the ancient glaciers. Some day it will likely be found, and the lucky man will reap a fortune, for there is no question but what Keyser really struck rich diggings. According to all who knew him, he was a thoroughly reliable and truthful man. His old partner, later a cattle king, and who died only a year ago, staked many a man to look for the claim, so great was his faith that it might be found.

In the days of Last Chance, Confederate Gulch and the other rich finds of the sixties, there was a constant procession of miners on the road between Helena and Fort Benton on their way back to "the States." Nearly all had some dust, many of them small fortunes of the precious metal. Finding no steamboat at the head of navigation, they would start down the river in skiffs and craft of all kinds, regardless of the danger they incurred. New to the country, without experience in the wiles and ways of the Indians, many of these parties were ambushed by the savages, or shot down as they sat around their campfire. In 1867 one outfit which carried \$80,000 in dust, was massacred by the Yanktonais, and they traded the whole sum to a northern half-breed for a couple of kegs of powder and a few sacks of trade balls. Mr. Joseph Kipp, James Arnoux and another whom we will call H., went down the river in a skiff that year. An hour or two before dark they always went ashore and had their evening meal, and then they would go on until absolute darkness overtook them, when they would camp on an island or in the thick brush without a fire, and in that way

they got through safely. I must tell a little incident which happened to the party in Sioux City, for it is typical of the impatience and independence of the men of the plains. They arrived at the small town about noon, and when dinner was announced went into the hotel dining room with the crowd, taking their places at one of the small tables. They were dressed in worn buckskin, were long-haired, unshaven and unkempt, and the negro waiters seemed to think that the more respectfully dressed guests should be served first. So there they sat and sat, toying with their knives and forks, and saw the other guests helped to meat, to all there was, and finally to pie. H. had repeatedly beckoned to a waiter who had charge of the next table, and presumably of the one they were at also, and each time he had replied, "Yes, sah. In just a minute, sah," but he never came near them. When H. saw the others helped to pie and finishing their meal, that was more than he could stand. Rising and following the waiter into the kitchen, he drew and cocked both of his guns, and said, "Now, then, you black rascal, wait on us quick or I'll fill your old carcass with lead. Fill one of those trays with all the kinds of grub you've got and a pie for each of us, and rustle out with it. A pie apiece, mind you, and be quick." The trembling negro hastened to do as he was told, while the cook and others vacated the place by windows and doors. Probably that waiter filled the order quicker than one ever was filled anywhere before or since, and H. kept right at his back until the food was placed on the table. But even then, they were not destined to appease their appetites, for they had not near got to the pie before the proprietor of the hotel, the town marshal, a sheriff and three constables came in and arrested H. for flourishing deadly weapons with intent to kill, and the others for aiding and abetting him. As Mr. Kipp expressed it, this "was duck soup for the administrators of justice and the shyster lawyers." It cost the party \$450 and two days' time to settle the matter. H. says that his only regret was that he didn't get to eat the pie. He hadn't seen any for ten years, and wanted it bad.

Just below Squaw Creek, on the same side, begins a remarkably picturesque series of pine-crowned sandstone bluffs, which form the rim of the valley for a distance of eight or ten miles. When we arrived at Hornet Island, which is opposite the center of their length, we went ashore to look around a bit. This is no longer an island, except during the spring raise, the whole river having shifted to the north side, leaving a broad sandbar between it and the south shore. There was a large pool of water in the bar, however, about opposite the center of the island, and, as I expected, we found its margin all tracked up by both kinds of deer. There were also the more forked and stubby tracks of mountain sheep which had come down from the bluffs to quench their thirst. Well aware that our forequarters of the deer were about gone, at least such portions of it as we cared to eat, I proposed to replenish our larder here, and suggested to Sah-né-to that it might be a good plan for her to drive the island. She objected, on the ground that there were likely two or three grizzlies lurking in its timbered recesses. We went down then the whole length of the bar, and having convinced her that no beast of prey larger than a coyote had crossed it, she concluded it was safe enough, and entered the willows and timber. I hurried back to the upper end of the island and posted myself in the brush on the main shore near a well-beaten trail crossing the bar. Five, ten minutes passed, and then a red fox came off of the island and trotted directly toward me, stopping now and then to look back and listen. When he was within twenty feet of me I leaned out and said "Boo!" and how he did make the sand fly as he scurried for shelter. I could now hear Sah-né-to shouting occasionally, and presently five deer burst out of the opposite brush and came spread out over the same trail the fox had. They also passed within twenty feet of the brush I was in, but never saw me. After a little Sah-né-to appeared. "Why didn't you shoot him?" she asked.

"I didn't see any 'him,'" I replied; "they were a" does and fawns."

"Well," she continued, "there was also a buck. I saw him plainly, and he had a very large set of antlers."

We tried for an hour to get a shot at the old fellow, but he was too cute for us, circling back in the thick willows every time. Maybe he had had some experience before in fleeing from the sound of a voice across an open sandbar. So we pushed out into the stream, and no doubt when he saw us passing he kicked up his heels and wiggled his tail and laid down for another snooze.

We had been running north all the morning, making the balance of the twenty miles around the point opposite the Musselshell. At Hornet Island the river turns eastward again, and a favorable wind having sprung up, we hoisted the sail and pulled in the oars. The next bend below the island on the north side is called Horseshoe Point, and is about a mile square. As we rounded the outer end of it there were two whitetail out on the shore, and the minute they saw us, back they went into the timber. We ran ashore and found the sandbar all cut up by deer tracks, and taking the rifle, I slowly climbed the bank and walked back a short distance toward the bluffs. Not far, however, as the thick rosebrush was almost impenetrable, and extended several feet above my head. Mounting a fallen log, I got a good view of the bottom. Except for a narrow belt of green timber fringing the shore, the whole flat was a tangle of burned and fallen trees, and grown up with the thickest, tallest rosebrush I ever saw. No doubt it harbored many deer, but I didn't want one of them bad enough to venture into the thickets. Mornings and evenings, standing quietly anywhere in the edge of the green belt, or back on the slope of the hills, one could not fail to get a piece of meat.

Two miles below the point are Striped Bluff Rapids, so named from the peculiarly stratified cut wall along the south side of them. They are narrow and deep, and not particularly swift. After passing over them we went on about three miles further, and stopped on Elk Island for lunch. It is well timbered, nearly a mile long, and the old channel between it and the north shore has filled with sand. It was too large to be driven by one person, so we did not attempt it. There were a number of deer on it, as evidenced by their numerous tracks in the sand. I have seen other game here. Going down to Bismarck once, on the steamer Helena, we ran into a large herd of buffalo opposite the island. Several of us who were

standing on the low bow of the boat, made some nooses of the ropes piled there, and tried to slip them over the heads of some of the animals we were running down. The hawsers were so heavy, however, that we couldn't handle them, and very likely if we had succeeded in roping one we would have had plenty of trouble on our hands, and the rope to pay for. The animals tried their best to keep out of the way, plunging and swimming frantically, but the flat-bottomed boat ran over a number without injuring them, apparently. I have often wondered why the buffalo would persist in crossing and recrossing this great river, when range and feed was as good on one side as on the other. And generally they seemed to select the worst places for doing so, milling around and around under high-cut banks until they drowned, or attempting to cross a quicksand only to mire down. In old times, in the days of Lewis and Clarke, for instance, more of them must have annually died in this manner, than from the arrows of all the tribes on the river.

I told Sah-né-to about trying to rope buffalo here from the bow of a steamboat, and the incident reminded her of an experience of her brother with the animals somewhere on the river. With four others he started to raid the horse herds of the Yanktonais Sioux. The party was very small, and believing they were less likely to be discovered, they concluded to travel on the south side of the river until they passed the Musselshell. Night after night they kept traveling eastward, each morning repairing to the timbered breaks and building a "war house" wherein to sleep and cook. After passing the Musselshell the partisan of the party, the leader and carrier of the "medicine," had a bad dream: "I can't say what is going to happen," he told the others, "but the medicine has warned me that there is danger ahead. Let us be extra cautious." That day, counseling together, they decided that it was time for them to recross the river, for they were now in the Yanktonais country and liable to run across a camp of them at any time. So, late in the afternoon, they cautiously descended into a timbered bottom and began to construct a small raft on which to pile their clothing and weapons. It was in early summer, and the river was very high and running swiftly. They were some little time collecting the material, and the sun was just setting when they pushed out into the stream, each one holding to the raft and kicking with all his might to propel it toward the other shore. The swift current, however, was sweeping into the south shore, and in spite of their best endeavors they could not force the raft across it, so there was no alternative but to drift along and wait until it should carry them to the opposite side. Down around the bend they went, and suddenly found themselves bearing into a herd of buffalo swimming the river. They were so close that it was too late to forsake the raft and attempt to swim ashore, for they were now out in midstream. All four of them swung around to the south side of the raft and bore down on it, raising the opposite side as much as they could as a sort of barrier. In among the swimming animals they floated, such a dense mass of them that the water could hardly be seen. The frail logs bumped and rubbed against them, but they scarcely deviated from their course; they could not, so closely were they crowding each other. Those coming on toward the raft also struck it, and tried to paw and climb upon it, snorting and blowing, and others behind crowding on caused great confusion, the stronger ones thrusting the smaller under the surface, and once in a while one of these would bob up under the men, who could only kick and shout, and splash the water in their endeavors to frighten the animals away. The buffalo were as scared as the men, and more than one of them lunged at the raftsmen viciously, and several times nearly impaled one on their sharp horns. The continual bumping and crowding of the animals against the logs kept forcing the raft back toward the south shore, and after a little it grounded on a bar. Then the Indians stood behind it and picking up some of their clothing, shirts or leggings, swung them frantically, and the buffalo, striking the shallow water, rushed by on either side, giving them as wide a berth as possible. In a little while all had passed, and then the party once more shoved out and reached the other shore without further trouble.

"See now," the partisan said, "how faithful our medicine; it warned us of this danger we have just passed through. I believe it is a good omen; we will be successful."

And they were. A few days later they stampeded over a hundred head of the enemy's horses and brought them safely home. APPEKUNNY.

"American Duck Shooting."

Editor Forest and Stream:

Have just finished reading George Bird Grinnell's "American Duck Shooting," and find it the most interesting, instructive and valuable book on the subject I have ever seen.

I have followed the flight of the wildfowl since I was old enough to hold a gun. I have shot in Texas, Iowa, on the Kankakees, on the Jersey coast, all over the Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries, at one time for pleasure, then for market, but more often with parties to care for. Now, as the end draws nearer, will wind it all up here on the Chincoteague Bay. So you can see that when I speak of the book I speak as one fully competent to pass an opinion.

The book is well written, and the subjects are handled by those who have been accurate observers. As I read, I find little descriptions of the movements of the wildfowl, their flight, how they work, the erratic upward or downward dart; things I have seen myself from the point, the pass, the blind and the battery; things that I know to be exact, but had supposed no one else observed or thought of afterward.

All who have seen the book here will add it to their libraries. Every one who shoots ducks, if only two or three days in a year, should own a copy of "American Duck Shooting."

I have just closed a most successful season, and although we lost nearly seven weeks, by reason of ice and storms, the open time has paid for all.

O. D. FOULKS.

STOCKTON, Md., March 29.

The Guide.

He was tall, lank, lean and grizzled, and taciturn to a degree. Having spent in Texas the early years of his manhood, as ranger, buffalo hunter and rancher, he had been driven further and further west by the resistless tide of emigration, keeping well to the frontier, until there was no longer any frontier; then he pulled up stakes and went to Mexico, where as prospector, hunter and guide, he could still live the wild life that to him is the only existence worth while.

I had written my friend Robinson that I would be in Casas Grandes on a certain day with a party of friends bound for the Yaqui country on a hunt. When we arrived he told us not to venture into that wild region of high mountains and fathomless cañons without a guide, and so we engaged Tom Alston at once, and a treasure he proved. For the first four days it was travel over mountains. Through deep gorges the train of men and pack mules wended its way, single file, with old Tom in the lead, silent as a mummy except when asked a question; then after deliberating a full minute, he would answer with a drawl peculiar to men of the frontier.

Finally we reached a region known to be infested with a small band of Apaches, and were keeping a sharp lookout for "Injun" sign. It rained all the afternoon and kept us under tent, but next morning we started out afoot to hunt deer. I soon discovered a fresh moccasin track, and later counted the footprints of eight unshod horses going single-file. I had had hunting enough for that day, and returned to camp, where I found all the others eager to get out of that section and to strike camp in a less hostile region. As usual, old Tom was silent, but the look of disgust on his face was ludicrous to see, and finally he could contain himself no longer, but blurted out, "You fellers make me tired talking of running from a few lousy Injun varmints. You remind me of a lot of tenderfeet jest like one I had with me once in a scrap with a lot of Cheyennes up on the plains in Texas."

This was a long tirade for him, and knowing something of his history, we begged him for the story. He hesitated, cut off a piece of Navy plug, placed it in his mouth, then began as follows: "It was 'long in the '70's when I was a ranger, and ranging in them days was worth follerin'. I went out to look over a section of country 'bout twenty miles from camp, an' a tenderfoot what was down from New York tryin' to grow a new pair of lungs, concluded he wanted to go, too. So we set out early one mornin' and 'long 'bout 'leven I saw a party of Injuns 'bout a mile away. They saw us, too, and halted. Now, I knew 'twas no use to run for camp, so I looked about for a shelter, and saw about one-third of this distance between the Injuns and us about a half-dozen little sand hillocks covered with mesquite brush, and I knew our salvation was to reach them ahead of the red devils in front of us. The tenderfoot was scared and wanted to run, but I told him no; and digging the spurs into our horses' flanks we set off on a dead run. The Injuns seeing our game, tried to beat us; but we gained the shelter ahead of them and tied our horses in a little depression 'tween the hills, then got all the cartridges out the saddle pockets and poured them into our hats. Then I posted myself behind a hillock, where I could see all that was going on in front, and told the tenderfoot to load the guns for me as I fired them, 'cause he was jest nacherly so scared he couldn't sit still, and I knew I was going to have the fightin' to do, so I thought I'd give him something to keep his mind occupied. Well, the varmints, seeing we had got the upper hand of them, halted just out of range, and had a pow-wow; then havin' finished they began ridin' in a semi-circle 'long our front, each one droppin' behind his horse as he got in range. They could not ride round us, so they just circled back and forth, yellin' all the while and shootin' a 'casional arrer over our way, kinder threatenin' like. I stood it for a good ten menets 'thout gittin' a shot, then I got kinder hot in the collar, and so I began pumping lead into the horses, and soon had a half-dozen lying stretched out. They didn't know what to make of this, and began to stampeede outen range, an' as the line broke I got in some good shots an' fixed three or four. Then they powwowed some more, and ag'in they came, same as before; but not a shot did I fire 'cept once in a while, when a ho'se blundered and exposed his rider. All this time the tenderfoot was groaning and begging me to run, 'til I threatened to shoot him, then he quieted down some. I knowed that if I could keep them off 'til dark we was safe, 'cause an Injun don't fight at night.

"'Long 'bout four 'clock I got in a shot, but the pony whirled just as I pulled trigger and caught the bullet in its shoulder, an' maddened with pain it tore away and made a bee line for where I was lyin', and run up to 'bout twenty steps, then whirled. I was ready, and at crack of my gun Mr. Injun jest drops, and the pony goes back 'thout its rider. Now an Injun will risk his life to save a dead compadre from bein' scalped, and I knowed fun was goin' to break loose in them neck of the woods; and sure 'nough they raised a yell and started straight for the dead one, and I was busy, too, just 'bout then with pretty good targets, till it got to rain arrers too thick; then I dodged behind the hill and lay low for a minit, and when I looked up they was going like the devil, and some horses had two—a good un' and a bad un'—and then I happened to glance at the hill in front of me, and it looked like a big pin cushion. Them reds hated to lose my scalp, and 'bout an hour by sun they tried me ag'in; but I patted two of them and they concluded they had 'bout enough, so they drew off, and as the sun went down I could see them 'bout a mile off. As soon as 'twas dark we mounted and set out for camp and rode like blazes, though I had to hold the boy on his horse the last five miles, and he died next day—scared to death, I say.

"So now if I can lick twenty-five of the varmints, this here crowd is good for a hundred," and he closed up like a clam.

I. J. BUSSE.

TEXAS.

Natural History.

Newly Described Mammals.

IN Volume XV. of the Proceedings of the Biological Society of Washington, Dr. C. Hart Merriam, Chief of the Biological Survey, describes several new mammals from Mexico, and a new bobcat from the Rocky Mountains. This last, *Lynx uinta*, is of larger size and more northern distribution than is *Lynx baileyi*, which is a common species in Arizona, New Mexico and the southern parts of Colorado. The type specimen, which was not fat, weighed 31 pounds.

The collections of the U. S. Biological Survey contain kit foxes from Alberta to Colorado on the plains, and long-eared foxes from the desert of New Mexico, and thence westerly to the interior of California. Dr. Merriam's studies of these specimens show that the Canadian kit fox differs subspecifically from its more southern relative, and he has named it *Vulpes velox hebes*. It appears that the New Mexican long-eared fox is a strongly marked subspecies here described as *Vulpes macrotis neomexicanus*. The long-eared fox of the San Joaquin Valley of California is a new species that Dr. Merriam calls *Vulpes muticus*.

In the material collected last summer among the high Sierras of California are two new shrews.

Most interesting of all these new mammals to sportsmen are two new bears from the Alaska Peninsula. These are from the material collected by James H. Kidder, of Boston, and his friend, Robert P. Blake; secured in June, 1901, at Chinitna Bay, a little south of Mt. Iliamna, on the west shore of Cook Inlet. At this point, these gentlemen killed one black bear and ten large brown bears, the skulls and skins of which were sent to Dr. Merriam for examination. One of the brown bears was a cub. On receiving them, Dr. Merriam arranged the adult brown bears in two series, according to the size of the teeth, placing four which he took to be males in one series, and five supposed to be females in the other. When the notes on the material were received, he was surprised to learn that there was only one female bear in the lot, and that of the eight males, four had large teeth and four small. The skins showed no marked differences.

After careful study, Dr. Merriam feels obliged to conclude that there are two distinct species of large brown bears inhabiting the same area on the Alaska Peninsula, and he describes the smaller of the two as a distinct species, naming it *Ursus kiddyi*, after Mr. Kidder, who brought back the material—the first series of skins and skulls accompanied by reliable data of the Alaskan brown bears—and who has generously presented the type specimen to the Biological Survey collection. This species is larger than the Alaska grizzly, but decidedly smaller than the Kadiak bear or Dall's bear.

The large Alaska Peninsula bear proves to be a new subspecies of Dall's bear, very much larger than the common form, and about the size of the Kadiak bear, which the describer calls *Ursus dalli gyas*.

N. Y. Zoological Society's Musk-Ox.

HON. W. C. WHITNEY's interest in game animals is very well known, as is also his willingness to forward good works of whatever nature. This combination has proved a very fortunate one for the New York Zoological Society, since Mr. Whitney has just purchased and presented to the Society the little musk-ox which has attracted so much attention since it first reached these shores nearly six months ago.

The story of the capture of the musk-ox was told in FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 22 last. Since then the animal has been on exhibition in New York, and at the close of the Sportsmen's Show here, one of the owners, Julius Friesser, of Chicago, approached the management of the Zoological Park, and put a price on the animal. This price Mr. Whitney at once paid, and turned the musk-ox over to the Society, of which he is one of the Board of Managers.

The musk-ox is by all odds the rarest animal now possessed by the Zoological Society, which is to be greatly congratulated on its ownership of the animal. No doubt it will be guarded with the greatest care, but it is obvious that its greatest danger during the summer will be not the heat—however much that may oppress it—but the food which it is likely to feed on.

The musk-ox arrived at the park last Thursday, and has been turned out in one of the inclosures on Mountain Sheep Hill, where are confined several species of wild sheep and goats. The location is an excellent one, and great hopes are entertained that the animal will do well.

As already said, this is the first living musk-ox ever exhibited in the United States, and there are only two others in the world shown in zoological gardens.

A Rail at Sea.

S. S. MEXICO, Havana, Cuba, March 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While on my last trip up to New York, I caught aboard this ship sixty-five miles southeast of Cape Lookout, a sora—more frequently called the "Virginia rail." I brought him to New York and shipped him home to Virginia. The bird was very fat and in perfect condition, but only seemed to be a little tired from his long journey. As this bird generally appears in Virginia in September, and leaves on the first sign of frost, I should like to know how to account for his being in that neighborhood at that time of the year.

A. M. SCOTT, Purser.

[The occurrence is an interesting one, but has not our correspondent confused two birds? The sora, or Carolina rail, has a short bill and the under part of its body is of a bluish or yellowish cast, according to sex and age. The Virginia rail, a bird of about the same size, has a long bill, and its under plumage is reddish in cast.

We take it that the bird had started on its northward migration and was working its way toward its summer home. It must be remembered that it has long been spring and warm weather in the Carolinas.]

Otter in Great South Bay.

ON Saturday, March 22, Mr. E. Childs, of New York, killed an otter in the Great South Bay, a very unusual occurrence. Mr. Childs was rigged out at a place called the Hospital, just west of Smith's Point and opposite Carman's River, with J. W. Rowe, of Centre Moriches, L. I. The otter was seen among the decoys, and was killed with a charge of No. 5 shot. Mr. Childs believes that he came from Carman's River, for it is said that years ago otters inhabited that stream. The animal is said to have been from 3½ to 4 feet long.

Of course, the presence of one otter presupposes that of others, though equally, of course, otters make long journeys by land or by water. The occurrence is an interesting one, and we should be glad to hear other reports from Long Island about the otter.

Partridges Dying from Lead Poisoning.

DURING the past shooting season a friend tells me that he lost a great number of his partridges, which died from eating shot. He found, on opening them, that their gizzards were full of shot pellets that the birds had picked up as they fed. Supposing these birds to have been feeding, say, on a rabbit warren after two days' shooting there, it does not seem unlikely that some of the 5 cwt. of shot fired by the eight guns would be picked up by partridges.—HAROLD MALET. [There is nothing improbable in the suggestion, for a similar thing has been several times reported in the case of pheasants. The birds pick up the shot pellets in mistake for seeds, and get lead poisoning which results in paralysis.]—London Field.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

California Letter.

A VERY warm fall, general fusilade along the coast, and perhaps continuous drought, all had deterrent influence upon duck migration, so the hope of plenty aroused early in the season has not been fully sustained. Report comes from many points in Southern California that quail have been more abundant the past winter than for years, especially where warden or club prosecuted infraction of the law during close season, which persuades the observer to be quite sanguine about this variety of game, decidedly the finest in our State, being restored to its previous haunts. Rough water and extremely high tides, coupled with severe cold in February, put a quietus on the perch fishing to be had at a few coast points earlier in the winter.

This section has at last awakened to the need of preserving its game, and hereafter a local club will see that no illegal hunting occurs. President H. T. Payne, of the California Fish and Game Protective Association, and special agent of the State Board of Fish Commissioners, while making a recent tour through these parts, organized at Ventura, through the aid of local sportsmen, a protective club with Dr. H. M. Staire as its president. Santa Barbara county, immediately north of Ventura, has had such a society for a number of years, and through reward or other means the way of the transgressor became a path of punishment, until now at the remotest point of its mountains, though a guest be unlikely to break any law, the host will warn him not to kill game out of season if there is to be no hard feeling or unfortunate consequences. This is a wholesome sentiment, especially for the creatures to be protected.

A meeting was held at Los Angeles, Feb. 13, by the Los Angeles County Association, which has nearly three hundred members on its roll, and aims to secure at least a thousand in the immediate future. President H. T. Payne, of the State Protective Association, made an address, in which he stated that the game in this county was worth \$500,000 a year to it, that one wealthy sportsman had spent as much as \$20,000 since coming here a few years ago, and advised the citizens to look after such a profitable source of revenue. This appeared a unique view. President H. W. Kellar, of the State Fish Commission, also made a few remarks. J. J. Chapman, county game warden, reported sixteen arrests and \$400 in fines as the result of his work for one year. The club has applied to the General Land Office at Washington, through the local head forester, to have the San Gabriel reservation made a game preserve.

The game protective associations throughout the State, so far as I can judge, appear to favor legislation which shall make of the wild tracts set aside for forest reservations, preserves for restoring to the State its legitimate fauna or otherwise adding to it natural life; and the forest rangers, to whom the careless hunter and his fire must be a never ending threat, almost without exception regard as wise any move that may lessen this danger to the mountain. Campers who are not hunters stay at one place long enough to be identified, and therefore show more precaution about putting out fires. Game would prosper if hunters were restricted. Last season Zaca range was visited by large parties who virtually made drive hunts, which resulted in exterminating the deer.

The island of Santa Catalina, which has been the incentive for more rumors than any other California resort, lately the scene of great perturbation because the Berkeley scientists declared it would sink in time, likely within five hundred thousand years, now comes into notice with a goat story. One of the Riverside hotels wanted four wild goats, and guide Joe Adargo, of the island, to secure really fine specimens, camped out near Eagle's Nest for a week with his fastest ponies, that he might catch a herd far enough from cover for him to use a rope. Three victims were dead easy, but the fourth capture, a rare old grandfather with fleecy whiskers, clearly indisposed to permit any trifling, as soon as he felt the rope knocked Joe from the saddle, when the two had quite a pretty scrimmage. Man rising from the ground always would tempt a goat, so the guide went down repeatedly. His lasso snapped at the first onset, and his

horse now had disappeared. There were no trees. Adargo pinioned his assailant by rolling on the fragment of rope until those dire horns could strike no more. From this it would seem the island goats may be legitimate game.

Just at present the local ethnologist, or other scientific sharp, must feel his imagination fired by the relics unearthed every day from Burton mound, over at Santa Barbara, in digging a foundation for the immense Hotel Potter, as all sorts of ghastly finds are being disclosed, such as Indians with the bowl that fed and the murderous weapon, squaws, papooses, toys, utensils of many kinds—all with historic value. The hotel will have a museum in which to preserve whatever may be deemed suitable. Excavation has tapped a sulphur spring. The most valuable discovery has been a bar of silver, estimated to be worth three hundred dollars.

A story that came to me a short while ago, in which the responsibility of ownership seemed involved, showed how many citizens in good repute, through no overt act or dereliction of duty, could become offenders against the game laws of their State. Paso Robles, a town of 15,000 inhabitants, situated in San Luis Obispo county, was aroused from lethargy a short while ago by having its main thoroughfare become the scene of a lively deer chase in which nearly every dog about engaged. It should be remembered that the new State law holds a dog owner responsible if his dog be caught chasing out of season. The county game warden should make his arrests. Any town at all would have had several hundred dogs in the field. The deer disappeared.

A recent decision of the Supreme Court in this State, by which John A. Howard, of Visalia, Tulare county, must pay the penalty for fraud, should appear odd to the Eastern intelligence, for the defense in this instance had been that the accused had really shot thousands of squirrels within the limits of his county, a feat which might have made it hard for him elsewhere. But the California gray squirrel, a ground variety though so much like the Eastern tree squirrel, is about the worst pest with which the local rancher must contend, and Tulare offered a large bounty for tails. Reward so inspired Howard with zeal to do good that he wandered over into Alameda county, where pests were worse, and destroyed there many thousand of the Philistines, then returned home across the State only to be arrested for obtaining money by false pretenses. Tulare was parsimonious toward her sister county.

The large pasture beyond our street, where an injured horse was shot a fortnight since, has now become a field of tragedy in which the twelve year Leather Stocking next door with a huge wolf trap plays thrilling part. As bands of coyotes had been singularly obstreperous all winter, immediately after the death of the horse our boy acquaintance set his dire scheme of trouble on its meat, hoping thereby to arrest a stealthy foot, and since that time we have attributed every night yell to the pinch of cold steel. A brindle bulldog had to be released on the second morning, and several mornings ago another vicious cur. The trapper has relented now, and would spring his source of annoyance, if possible, but he cannot approach it even within easy throwing distance. Nearly every resident here boasts of what I am told is dog, and many of the owners are women, so the strong men may yet have to go out and shoot the trap. Its owner will never be president now.

NORDHOFF, Cal.

H. R. STEIGER.

Camp-Fire Stories from Canadian Woods.

VIII.—Deer Hunting on the Madawaska.

UNFORTUNATELY for our hunting plans, the stormy season had set in with more than usual severity, blinding sleet, rain, mists and wind presented an endless variety of discomforts while tramping through the forests. We, however, made good use of every passable morning, and fell in with a fair share of luck.

Upon our arrival at the depot we found Jim Haskins, the most successful trapper and hunter in all this region, who proved to be an ideal nimrod, courteous and yet retiring, he allowed others to proclaim his successes in the chase, rather than boast of his own skill. His knowledge of woodcraft and the habits of wild animals, his skill in getting up to them, and his keenness of sight, was marvelous. No liquor or narcotic habit had ever impaired his nerves, and his aim was deadly. He despised hounding deer to the water, looking upon it as sport only for boys and greenhorns, and insists that still-hunting is the only legitimate sport.

Sitting on a watch on a lonely point, listening to the musical bay of the dogs bringing a deer to the water, is very inspiring when told around a comfortable camp-fire. But five or six hours' lonely watch on a cold November day in a drizzling rain, or a driving storm of sleet and snow, calls for a large amount of zest, and the wind roaring around the hill tops and the splash of the cold waves on the shore, convey no poetic fancy to the mind of a shivering novice.

The weather had been simply execrable; a whole week had passed and we had secured only three deer. One afternoon the weather showed signs of clearing up; we decided to change our plan of operations. Accordingly, on the following morning, by the gray dawn, five of us started out in the direction of Victoria Lake, taking a couple of dogs to use in case a deer should be wounded and was getting away. We proposed to hunt in the gullies lying between the mountains to the north of the Madawaska and running in the direction of the Macaulay, where we knew deer to be plentiful. Our idea was to approach a certain locality from different directions, some of us thus driving the game toward the others.

In the early morning, after an hour or so of brisk walking, the quick eye of Haskins detected game. Stopping and pointing up the mountain side, he exclaimed, "See that buck!" Now, to the unpracticed eye a deer in the woods at the distance of 300 yards or so is not so easily "picked up." We all desired N. to take a chance shot, but he looked for the deer in vain. After a little parley it was decided that R. (the farm foreman) should try a shot with his Winchester, .40-82, "sporting cannon." Raising his sights, R. took a knee rest and fired.

An exclamation from one of the party intimated that the deer had fallen, while I contended that he had bounded off toward the "brule" below. Spreading ourselves across the glen, which widened out from above the spot where the deer stood, Haskins circled around so as to drive him toward us. When he got to the "brule" he heard a deer whistle, but could not get a shot. He found no traces of blood, and started for the place where the buck had been standing, when out from the thickets dashed a large doe. He took a quick shot as she galloped over the mountain, but only succeeded in breaking her foreleg, but could find no traces of R.'s deer. R. by this time was getting a little disgusted, and coming toward me said, "I'll bet that deer lies just where I shot him. I pulled carefully for his shoulder; the buck you saw was another deer. See here where they have been fighting this morning."

For yards around the snow had been cut up with tracks, had been packed in places where one had the other down; logs had been rolled over, sticks knocked about and every evidence existed of a pitched battle recently had between these monarchs of the forest. R. started for the spot and found his deer where anticipated. Calling Haskins to assist him, they brought down the deer trailing over the snow. He was a fine one, with large antlers. Hanging him up by the roadside, we left Haskins to care for him, while the rest of us looked after the wounded doe. C. was to let go the dogs. His own spaniel had followed unbidden—a good partridge dog, but small dogs are generally a nuisance in a deer hunt, for they are always just at the place you do not want them.

Three of us were to station ourselves on different runways leading toward the river, which was close by. We had scarcely reached our places when C.'s whistle warned us that the dogs had started. So soon as they reached the track of the wounded doe, a blast of bugle notes rang out, loud and clear, upon the frosty morning air. As they ran over the mountain side, covered with snow and glistening in the morning sun, their rising chorus was echoed from hill and mountain top for miles around.

A deer with a broken foreleg will run as fast as with the leg uninjured, but so soon as the opportunity occurs will lie down to rest, and upon this we counted. The dogs soon came upon her, and circling back she came down the runway upon which I was stationed. I could hear the jump and was bracing myself for the supreme moment, when to my chagrin C.'s spaniel ran out yelping and turned the deer before I could get a shot. R., who had wandered too far up the mountain side, was returning, and seeing the deer making down the roadway, commenced firing as he ran after it. Presently the sound of shots from the same locality warned me that the deer had taken to the river. I struck out over logs and brambles and reached the river completely blown. There was the deer swimming near the opposite side with two dogs a score or so yards behind, all in the form of an inverted letter V, while on a point above stood R. emptying the magazine of his gun as fast as possible. I joined in the fusillade, and as the deer was rising the opposite bank managed to hit it in the neck. It had been severely wounded by R. Once out of the water the dogs soon came up, and she made down the river. The rule is to "shoot as long as you can see a hair," but the dogs were so close up I dare not risk a shot here, but I finally succeeded in striking an object directly in front of her, which caused her to hesitate for a moment, and the foremost dog seized her by the hind leg. Instead of attempting to fight the dogs, she made a dash for the river. N., who by this time had found his way to the bank just opposite, instead of waiting until she swam up to him, commenced blazing away. The deer turned down stream and reached an island which had formerly been part of an old beaver meadow. R. had now got down opposite the island and could only see the tips of the ears as she lay in the tall grass. After a couple of shots a welcome shout announced the hunt was over.

The island was separated from the main land by a narrow channel of about thirty yards, and which was frozen over. Our bark canoe was away up the river, and we were at a loss how to get our deer. C., who was the lightweight of the party, testing the strength of the ice with a hatchet, managed to cross on all fours, while R. followed him. In the meantime, Haskins having come down to the high bank of the river to look over matters, called out, "Look sharp; that deer is alive and going to jump." The doe made good his words, and started for the shore. As she jumped upon the ice she fell, broke through and commenced breaking her way, her forelegs beating time like a tattoo. C.'s spaniel now had the temerity to jump upon her back. She shook him off, endeavoring to strike him. I warned C. to call his dog off, but too late. On the spaniel returning to the attack she made more certain of her aim, and the little dog went under, never to rise again. N., who had the only gun present, commenced to shoot at the jumping deer, and finished her at the second or third shot. After considerable difficulty we got our deer to the shore and found that no less than nine shots had taken effect and only the tenth, through the head, had stopped her. It is a question, under the circumstances, whether this was creditable to experienced hunters and generally good shots, but then, it had been a running fight all though. We spoiled our venison. However, we got the deer, and in this we were lucky, for, in nine cases out of ten, in a "racket" of this kind, the deer gets clear away.

By early afternoon we had two more deer hanging up in the woods, and we returned to the depot well satisfied with our day's sport.

On the following morning four of us set out for a chain of small lakes north of the Madawaska, and near Victoria Lake, called the Little Blue Sea.

Mr. M., the agent, came upon six wolves devouring the carcass of a buck recently killed, of which nothing remained but the head and shoulders, the meat of which was still warm. By the marks upon the snow the struggle had continued for about half a mile before they finally got him down. He had been an old patriarch of the forest, and his head now adorns the walls of my library as a memento of my hunt.

The wolves are very destructive throughout all our forests, and hundreds of deer are slaughtered by them annually. The wildcat, that most voracious of all animals, destroys both fawns and partridge, the latter when they bury themselves in the snow. The foxes also destroy

fawns, and are particularly destructive to partridge. It is to be hoped that the increased bounty offered by the Government and the stringency of the game laws will turn hunters' attention to these pests of the forests.

We secured only one deer this morning, when it came on to rain, and we returned to the depot. This finished our hunt upon the Madawaska.

N. and myself returned homeward with eight deer and a goodly number of partridge and red lake trout to gladden the hearts of our respective friends, who had, by former experience, good reason to expect that our liberality would be in proportion to our success.

E. B. FRALECK.

The Hunting Rifle.

SCOTCH LAKE, New Brunswick, March 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 1 Mr. Frederic Irland, in his article, "Hunting With Henry Braithwaite," has started a controversy on hunting rifles for big game, that with your permission I would like to take part in, and I think I can show, and, if necessary, prove, that the small-bore can and does, when in good hands, make as clean kills on moose as the big-bores with their larger, but slow, bullets.

I have a great respect for Mr. Irland, and I assure you we are not going to quarrel about any rifle. I have never had the pleasure of meeting him, and that is my loss, not his, though I have tried to several times, and I am sure we will yet.

I agree with Mr. Irland that the .30-30 is not an ideal moose gun; the charges of powder and bullet are too light, but it is all right for deer or caribou, and has killed many very large moose, but there were other large ones it failed on that the .30-40 would have downed.

There are very few men that have had a better chance to see the effects of different hunting rifles on big game—moose and caribou—than I have had in the last four years, and I consider the .30-40 the best American-made rifle on the market to-day. I don't say it is the best rifle than can be made, or the best rifle that has been made, for I believe there is a Blake rifle made—.40-60—with about the velocity of the .30-40, that ought to be a terror on moose, but I can't find it on the market. The Mauser and Mannlicher have about the same effect on moose as the .30-40. They seem to have a little more power.

My experience with the .30-40 began in September, 1898. A sportsman brought one to my camp at Nictaux Lake. He killed a caribou with it at about 250 yards with one shot; it was well hit and dropped at once. In 1899 there were two .30-40's at my camps; they killed three moose and one caribou; one of the moose and the caribou dropped in their tracks the first shot; each of the other two moose were hit with one shot and staggered about ten yards, and fell dead. In 1900 we had several .30-40 rifles at our camps, a Mannlicher and some Savage rifles. The .30-40's and Mannlicher killed all they hit clean—six moose, I believe, and several caribou. Nearly all dropped at the first shot; none went over twenty yards after they were hit. One moose, which I shot myself at about 200 yards, dropped in his tracks the first shot; he was hit high in the shoulder; the bullet went through the shoulder blade and broke his spine. I killed a caribou and two large bears, not in traps, on the same trip; all fell in their tracks at first shot. I used a .30-40 with soft-nosed bullets. In 1901 six moose were killed at my camps with the .30-40, all that were hit with that gun, and none of them went 20 yards after they were hit by the first bullet.

Now these are a few facts that I am prepared to prove. Some of these animals I shot myself, most of them I saw shot, and nearly all I examined and helped skin. I also see game killed by the .45-90, .45-70, .38-55, .30-30 and Savage, and I find that an animal hit by a bullet from the .30-40 or Mannlicher, if hit in the same place, will go down quicker than when hit by a bullet from any of the other rifles mentioned.

Mr. Irland in closing his article in FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 1, speaks about a moose that a sportsman who was with me last fall lost. I will explain how this happened. The gentleman was Mr. J. W. Y. Smith, of Moncton, N. B., and he writes about it in FOREST AND STREAM of March 1. Mr. Smith was at my camps, but I was not with him personally. When we made arrangements for him to come I wrote to him, as I do to all sportsmen coming to my camps, that if he did not have a good powerful rifle he had better get a .30-40; his answer was that he asked leave to differ with me, that he thought there were other as good rifles as the .30-40. He came in the woods with a half-magazine .30-30. He explains the rest. That was not the first moose that got up after being knocked down with a .30-30 that I have seen. Had he been using a .30-40 the results would no doubt have been different. Yet it is the man behind the gun after all. You must hit them about right if you want to kill them quick.

If we settle down to solid facts, what does this big bore vs. small bore amount to? There are big-bore cranks, among whom are Mr. Irland and Uncle Henry; there are small-bore cranks—I am one of them; and I know of many others. Can the big-bore men show a cleaner score for their favorite than I have shown for the .30-40, and prove it? I like the smokeless rifle. I can see where the bullet hits. When the fur flies from an old bull's ribs at the crack of the .30-40, I say "He is our meat," and it proves to be a fact. Some men claim the .45-70 or the .45-90 to be the ideal moose gun, and they have killed many moose. So has the .30-30, but it is not the best. Uncle Henry's .577 is much better than the .45, but it is not on the market, and I don't think it would be a favorite if it was. The big-game hunter wants more than one shot before he has to stop and load.

I had the pleasure of using, and seeing used, last season, a rifle that I think for power will not be far behind the best of them. It is owned by Mr. A. Weed, of Providence, R. I.; is a .38-72, with special nickel steel barrel, and Mr. Weed loads the cartridges himself with 52½ grains of the same powder used in the .30-40, and a 275-grain bullet, metal-patched and soft-nosed. With it he killed his big bull moose, which at the first shot dropped in its tracks; also a caribou and deer, and when he left my camp he left the rifle for me to use on game. I also used it at target and found it had a much flatter

trajectory than the .30-40 at 300 yards, and a rifle that will drive a bullet through a five-eighth steel plate has some striking power. The recoil is about like a 12-gauge shotgun with $3\frac{1}{4}$ drams of smokeless powder. That is what I call an ideal moose gun, but it is not on the market.

There are many good big-game guns on the market, but none so good but that there might be better, and there will be better. All the manufacturers want to know is, that there will be a demand for a certain kind of rifle, and we get it. We have been made to believe that the bore could not be above .30 and retain the high velocity. I believe from my experience with Mr. Weed's rifle that the bore might be .40, with a bullet of 300 grains and yet have a velocity of 2,000 feet or more. That is what I have heard the Blake rifle is, but I can't seem to get one of them.

The requirements of the hunting rifle for moose are: Fair accuracy, high velocity, 2,000 feet or more at muzzle; fairly light weight, under 9 pounds; a repeater, with terrible striking power, and a bullet of about 300 grains, tempered so it will mushroom nicely without flying to pieces. A moose struck with such a bullet, and place where the bullet could use its power, must come down.

I think I hear the big-bore men say, if the .30-40, or Mannlicher, is as good as you say it is, why do you want any better? I will answer by asking another. If the .45 is so much better than the .30, why do they need Uncle Henry's .577?

Mr. Irland in *FOREST AND STREAM* of Feb. 15, asks if any man can show a straight score of a dozen moose and none lost. Mine exceeds that number. I have not killed them all myself; the small-bore has not been on the market long enough for that, but I have seen sportsmen that have been with me do it, and they are not all as good shots as Mr. Irland, either. I am not much of a shot myself, but any place where an ordinary shot can get a moose with a .45 I will get him with a .30-40, and get him quicker than the .45 can. The amount of mixing that one of these high-velocity bullets with a soft nose can do inside a moose is something wonderful, and would hardly be believed by any one who never saw it.

But there are other requirements beside a rifle to get a moose. First, the sportsman must go to where the moose is, then he must find him, and after that he must hit him, for his chances of getting him will be much better if he is well hit by a despised .30-30, than they would be if he was missed by Uncle Henry's .577.

There is another thing about moose shooting that cuts quite a figure, though I don't see it mentioned. Very much of the shooting is done from a canoe, and if the canoe is a narrow and cranky bark or dug-out, or any other kind that is narrow or cranky, and there is sometimes considerable excitement about the time a moose is being shot, it is hard to get the bullets where they will do most good; and a wounded moose is apt to be the result. In fact, I think a steady canoe with a steady hand at the paddle cuts as much figure as the rifle.

No doubt the big-bore men will jump on me, but please do it easy. I am neither a writer nor a lawyer, to be capable of defending myself. What I have written are facts that have come under my observation, and I have reasons for all I say.

I wish the Winchester people would give us the striking power of all their different arms in the table with the velocity and trajectory. I have seen it in some of the English catalogues.

This article is too long now, so I had better stop right here, yet I could easily go on and prove that the small-bores are not all as bad as some writers would have you believe. I am not "stuck on" any particular gun, but I like all guns, some better than others.

ADAM MOORE.

SCOTCH LAKE, York Co., N. B.

Maine Game Reports.

BOSTON, March 29.—The arrest of Peter Fontaine by Game Warden Templeton last week was a good deal of a tragedy, so far as particulars have been obtained. Fontaine has been the cause of the slaughter of a great many moose and deer in close time, and the wardens had been ordered to capture him at all hazards. The warrant charged the illegal killing of moose and beaver. Wardens Templeton and Houston struck the trail west of Baker Lake, and came to Fontaine's camp about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. They waited till nearly dark, hoping that he would come out. Fontaine had repeatedly stated that he would shoot any game warden at sight who attempted to arrest him. As he did not come out, they decided to go boldly in and arrest him. Templeton states that he went in ahead. On entering the door, Fontaine jumped for his rifle and drew it in the attitude of firing, the muzzle not more than six feet from the warden's body. Seeing that the aim was deadly, and knowing that there was no chance for parley, Templeton fired first, the bullet passing completely through the body of Fontaine, in the region of the heart, coming out near the shoulder blade. The wardens made the wounded man as comfortable as possible that night, and the next morning he was taken to the nearest lumber camp. There a team was procured, and Warden Houston proceeded with him to Canada and the nearest doctor. At this writing Fontaine is alive, but with little or no chance of recovery. The wardens are satisfied that he would have shot them, if he could have fired first. His rifle they picked up from the floor, fully loaded and cocked. Fontaine had just returned from a trip to Canada, taking with him the hides of eleven moose that he had recently killed. Commissioner Carleton states that Fontaine had been the means of great illegal killing of game, and that the wardens had been trying to catch him for several years.

Game wardens Frank Perkins, of Bradley, and D. A. Cummings, of Houlton, are out of the woods from a snowshoe trip covering over 600 miles; the journey was made in the interest of game protection and for investigation. They started from Patten, Aroostook county, Me., Jan. 24, and until they reached Fort Kent on the northern border, were on snowshoes continually. They visited Sourdunahunk Lake and surrounding territory, explored the headwaters of the Allequash and St. John in Maine; thence to the headwaters of the Aroostook, and down the waters of the St. John, where they came

to civilization. Much of the time they passed the night in lumber camps, but when these could not be reached they built leantos of evergreen boughs, to break the wind, and with a roaring fire in front they slept on boughs laid on the snow. They investigated all the lumber camps for signs of illegal killing of moose and deer, but found almost nothing in that direction. In the Big Black River region they found plenty of signs where moose hide hunters had been at work, the hunters having evidently gone across the border with their booty, this country being right on the border line. Visiting 150 camps they report to the commissioners that they saw no signs of big game killed out of season. During the time that they were in the Sourdunahunk region they saw eight caribou, three of them at one time. Frequently they saw signs of caribou, and both wardens express the opinion that caribou are really coming back to Maine. Moose were found in good numbers at all points of the journey where they could reasonably be expected, while the number of deer was something wonderful.

For many years a sportsman living in the suburbs of Boston has watched the spring migration of wild geese and ducks. Their northward flight over his locality has been carefully noted. Thursday, March 27, a south wind prevailed, setting in late in the afternoon. At sundown the geese began to pass, and their honking was heard continually till past-midnight. Where such a number of birds were congregated, awaiting a favorable wind and other conditions, is a matter of conjecture with him, as it hardly seems possible that the long journey from the South had been made in one day. It was a reminder of the wild pigeon flights of the 50's, and brings forward afresh the inquiry of *FOREST AND STREAM* as to the probable distance game birds can and do fly continuously without resting.

The very latest reports from Peter Fontaine, the alleged poacher, shot by Game Warden Templeton, are to the effect that he is doing better than might be expected, and is very likely to live.

SPECIAL.

Peter Fontaine.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in your issue of this week that the game wardens of northern Maine have at last taken Peter Fontaine. I am sorry they had to shoot him, but glad they have him. Hope they will put him where he won't kill any more moose.

During the fall of 1899 I spent several weeks on the headwaters of the St. Johns River moose hunting, and while there met Fontaine. It came about in this way: For a time my camp was on a dead water on the upper Southwest. I was sitting out in front of the camp one morning looking at some deer crossing the stream at the upper end of the dead water, when I noticed a man coming up from below in a small wooden canoe. I called my guide's—Dave Haines—attention to him. As he came opposite the camp, Dave hailed him and asked him to come ashore, which he did. We went down to the river bank and had a talk with him. He did not tell us his name or what he was after. When he left, Dave and I decided he was Pete Fontaine.

As it rained that forenoon, we did not go out, but remained in camp. About noon Fontaine came back, and we asked him to stop, as I wanted to have a talk with him and find out a good place to go for moose. He advised me to go to Baker Lake. Said there were big moose there; also told me he had a camp on the lake which I was welcome to use. While talking to him he told us his name, and much to my surprise called me by name and told me how long I had been in the woods, which showed that he kept himself advised as to who were around in the woods.

From the accounts I had had of him, I supposed he was a rough dirty Frenchman, but found such was not the case. He looked about thirty-five years old, clean cut, well built and clean in appearance, wore a suit of home-made clothes.

When he left us we followed him down the river. I noticed he kept looking behind him all the time, as if he was afraid some one was following him. We left him just above the mouth of the Little Southwest. He went on to Billy Jack Noble's depot camp, a mile below, where he spent the night.

A day or two after our meeting I went to Baker Stream and tried to get to the lake, but could not, as the water was too low. On the way down the stream I shot a big bull moose that carried an extremely fine head of antlers—one of the most perfect sets I ever saw.

If Pete Fontaine had not advised me to go to the Baker, I would not have got the moose. Poor Pete, I am sorry for him, but glad to know his moose-killing will be stopped.

W. W. KING.

NORFOLK, Va., March 28.

Massachusetts Quail.

WAKEFELD, Mass., March 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I recently made inquiries from some of my sportsmen friends how the quail wintered, and inclose you extracts from their letters to me. The reply from Topsfield is: "I think the quail are all right. There have been two flocks within a half-mile of home all winter. I see them often. I have seen the tracks of one of the flocks since the February blizzard, and there were seventeen in it. I have counted them several times this winter, and they are all alive." A man from West Boxford tells me the quail have all wintered fine, so I think the prospect good for next season."

The Danvers friend says: "Everybody I have talked with says that there are many quail left over. I do not think the blizzard hurt them any, as it takes a deep snow with a thick crust to kill them, and that is something we have not had this winter if memroy serves me right."

The Reading man writes: "There have been two flocks of quail in my fields all winter, and Uncle Fred has fed them well, so they are alive and all right."

From West Peabody: "Saw six quail a week after the blizzard; think others are O. K."

This information I can vouch for as correct. These towns are from twelve to twenty-five miles north of Boston.

JOHN W. BABBITT.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

New Game Land in Old Mexico.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 27.—Mr. F. M. Stephenson, of Menominee, Mich., holder of large lumber interests in different parts of the country, owner of coffee plantations, etc., in old Mexico, and eke a sportsman of renown and prowess, as well as of general reputation, starts this week in company with a couple of Chicago friends for an extended and interesting trip in Old Mexico. Mr. Stephenson, in conjunction with other capitalists, is looking into a large and valuable tract of timber land in the Sierra Madre Mountains, west of Chihuahua. What his eventual plans there may be is not yet fully determined, but whether he buys pine lands or not, he certainly is going hunting. As witnessing his general strenuousness of habit, it may be stated that Mr. Stephenson has only been back from Mexico about three weeks. In that time he has taken an architect up to the Coleman Club, of Wisconsin (the old Gaylord Club), of which he is president, has placed an order for the erection of a beautiful club house, has gone to New York and arranged for the building of about 100 miles of railroad in Mexico, has telegraphed to Colorado and secured the famous Colorado guide, Joe Goff, and his entire pack of bear dogs—the same which President Roosevelt had in his recent lion hunt in Colorado—has attended to a lot of details regarding outfitting here in Chicago, and will presently be speeding away toward the sunny Southwest, bound for what is one of the most interesting sporting expeditions of which one has received information for some moons.

It is not altogether an experimental trip upon which this hardy Wisconsin young man is entering. He has been in the Sierra Madres before, and last year he and his party killed two grizzly bears, one cinnamon bear, a great number of deer and wild turkeys, and also a mountain lion or so. There are many lions in that country, and when Joe Goff gets down there with his bear dogs things will surely move a-plenty.

There are no bear dogs anywhere near the Sierra Madres, and, in fact, there is not anything else near them except a lot of cattle on the plains this side of there, and a few apathetic Greasers or an occasional enterprising Yaqui Indian, the latter actuated by the sole purpose in life of potting as many of the aforesaid Greasers as he may be able. Mr. Stephenson's guide last year was a sawed-off Yaqui Indian chieftain by the name of Ernestachio. Mr. Stephenson was doing some good work with the .30-30, and Ernestachio sighed with envy as he noticed the powers of the little gun. "Had I had that rifle, señor," said he, "I might have killed fifty more Mexicans than I have in my life. It is sad that one must thus think of chances he has lost. Truly the Americanos are great people!"

The Yaquis are fair guides and good hunters. The Mexicans know nothing of the mountains, and are continually afraid of venturing into them. They get lost on the slightest provocation, and are in general not much good as hunting companions. They have some license for being afraid of the Yaquis. In the recent little war in that country fifty-three Yaqui Indians killed over 400 Mexicans (this at Santo Tomaso, if memory serves). Mr. Stephenson said he had no kick whatever on Ernestachio, except that he was afraid all the time that he would get trail of a Mexican, and prefer to hunt the latter rather than the grizzly bear or the mountain lion.

As to the grizzlies, they seem to be pretty much the same brand of critter we used to have in New Mexico, some hundreds of miles northeast of the Sierra Madres. Mr. Stephenson says the skins of the grizzlies killed by his party measured over seven feet, and the cinnamon was also a good chunk of a bear. He speaks with the greatest enthusiasm over the wild turkeys of that country, which he says are numerous and very beautiful. They usually kill them with rifles, and are taking some solid jacketed bullets with them on this trip for the purpose of shooting turkeys, the soft-nosed blowing the bird quite to pieces when struck fairly. To my own surprise, I learned that gray wolves are very abundant in the Sierra Madres or the foothills thereof, and coyotes are so numerous as to attract very little attention. This I infer to be near the presence of big cattle ranches. There is one good ranch in the State of Chihuahua, that of an old-time cattle king, which the past spring branded 54,000 calves. This would indicate a herd of something like 300,000 head. The pasture ground for these cattle, all under one ownership and all in one tract, is more than 6,000,000 acres in extent. There is another big ranch owned by a California estate which has a million acres in one body of land, and on this ranch there are 50,000 or 60,000 head of stock. It would seem they do things on rather a big scale, after all, in the sleepy land of Mexico. We may be sure that the hunt of these enterprising Northerners will also be on a big scale, and there is every likelihood that they will meet success in their new hunting ground.

The Sierra Madres we heard of continually at the time I lived in New Mexico, twenty years ago. They were then the stamping ground of the Apaches, and not very much visited by white hunters or prospectors, though we always heard that they were full of game. We used to hear there of the "tigres," or "spotted lions," meaning, no doubt, the jaguar, as being fairly abundant in that country. Now and again skins of these animals would come up across the line, rarely in very good condition, as is invariably the case in a Mexican country, but showing an animal of very considerable size. It is possible that in some parts of the Sierra Madres, Joe Goff's famous bear dogs may run across an animal very different and very much worse than the tawny, long-tailed cats of Colorado. I did not hear Mr. Stephenson mention this animal, and, in fact, did not think to ask him about it.

There are big-horn sheep in the Sierra Madres near the Sonora line. There are turkeys, as above mentioned, in good numbers, and very many deer. The latter, although smaller than our Northern deer, make excellent venison, and offer decidedly good sport. Last of all, and perhaps most wonderful of all, comes the report vouched for by Mr. John R. Davis, of Neenah, Wis., that the streams of that district contain the genuine speckled brook trout, as well as the mountain trout, the so-called brook trout showing the same spots and the same peculiarities of the Eastern fish. One would be dis-

posed to believe there is some mistake about this, and it would be very interesting to have verification or refutation of the report, which no doubt Mr. Stephenson will bring out with him. He is a skilled trout fisherman, as well as a good field shot and an ardent big-game hunter. The best trout fishing is toward the headwaters of the Yaqui River, and in the Nuerchic River. The so-called brook trout were, as I learned, found only in the Yaqui, far up toward its source.

Joe Goff takes fourteen dogs with him from Colorado. That is about ten or twelve more than he will bring back with him, although it would be too bad if he lost some of his best fighters in that far-away land. The dogs will be apt to get lost, and whether they are lost or not, they will find some difficulty in handling their game in a country new to them, and where they do not know the way back home. Bear sign was last year very abundant in the district which Mr. Stephenson is going to visit, and he cheerfully expects that he and his friends will account for a grizzly or so apiece. Some of those "platados," as we used to call them, are scrappers, too. It is very lucky to be born six feet two, and with a large golden shovel attached to one's person on his natal day; these being a few of the attributes of Mr. Stephenson, though by no means his most important claim to being called a good sportsman and a good fellow. Luck go with him!

"With the Mallard Drake."

Occasionally in the vast amount of chaff which appears in the columns of the daily press there shows a kernel of genuine worth. There is no disparagement intended in regard to the vast and even performance of the essential journalism of the day, wherein material things and not things artistic must prevail; only one may feel pleasure at the pearl found unexpectedly ensconced in the prosaic oyster. Here is a little pearl, a poem, done by a young woman. It appeared in 1890 in one of the daily papers of Chicago (the Record, I believe), the writer being Agnes E. Mitchell, of Chicago. A friend, who is a sportsman, rescued it years ago, saved it, and brings it to the FOREST AND STREAM in the hope that it may be sent further on its mission of appeal to yet other sportsmen. It reads as below:

Oh, for a day in the white wind's cheek!
To share the mallard's stroke of power,
The electric spark in the tip of his beak,
And flying a hundred miles an hour!
With his throbbing pulse the air to beat—
The swift wild duck; the beautiful thing!
The strength of the sun in his yellow feet,
The purple of night asleep on his breast,
The green of a thousand Junes on his crest,
The band of the heavens across his wind!

To alight and drink in the frothing rings
That circle away to the greening gap;
To stop for the noonday feast of kings—
The crimson seeds in the marsh's lap;
To forget where the city's white flags burn,
And know but the deep air's quivering thrills;
The mystery of his flight to learn,
To follow the way the wild duck takes,
To the twilight of the grassy lakes,
To the glory of the Yukon hills.

To rest where the old gray sea towers shake;
'Mong tangled moss and grassy knots
To seek the rest of the kittiwake
And the pointed eggs with blood-red spots.
O Kittiwake of the snow-white crown,
Of the coral feet and vermilion eyed,
Of the tender croon and wings of down,
I would fly with you this burning day
To the wind-swept peaks away, away,
And hide where you and the tempest hide.

Oh, for a day in the waltzing wind,
With the mallard in his swift, strong flight!
To leave the blue frost-smoke behind,
And poise in the Yukon's opal light,
To know the rush of the upper airs,
The curve of the wing-tip thrilling through
The swelling soul of him who dares!
O beautiful bird, bronze night on thy breast,
A thousand golden Junes in thy crest,
And across thy wing heaven's bar of blue.

Duck Flight Continues.

The heavy flight of north-bound ducks still continues, or did so up until the first part of this week, the numbers of wildfowl going up the Mississippi Valley this spring being something startling and in a way inexplicable. All along the west side of the Mississippi River, in Missouri and Iowa, the shooting has been very heavy, and tremendous bags have been reported by sportsmen and market-hunters alike. The temptation to violate one's conscience in the matter of spring shooting was never greater than it has been this spring.

As to the big bags of the week, probably the best may be credited to Hennepin Shooting Club, on the Illinois River, all the members of which organization have had excellent sport for the past ten days. Mr. J. V. Clarke, of this city, returned from Hennepin Club last Monday, after nine days spent in very pleasant sport. He bagged in all 280 ducks during his stay at the club, his heaviest shooting for any one day being eighty birds.

I have already reported the good bags made by Mr. McFarland of the same club, earlier in the season. Other members are stated to have had similar results, and express themselves entirely satisfied with the sport offered by these grounds during the present season.

Messrs. Pope and Wells, at Fox Lake, bagged fourteen birds early in the week. Other shooters there who happened to be well located had better luck, but Mr. Pope was lucky enough to get twelve good fat canvasbacks, which made him feel distinctly proud of himself. He returned shortly after Mr. Wells. These much-crowded grounds cannot, of course, be expected to offer such good shooting as those more exclusive, but there have surely been plenty of birds on Fox Lake waters this spring.

The Kankakee country still shows plenty of birds, which seem to be lingering here in defiance of the dangers which beset them. It were better for their health did they move

to Wisconsin or Minnesota, where spring shooting is not permitted.

Jack Snipe.

Jacksnipe are reported on the Kankakee, in Illinois, above the mouth of the Desplaines. The grass is showing green to-day, and it is an old saw among shooters that with the green grass come the jacksnipe. That able agrostologist, Mr. Hollis Field, who finds his residence in the pleasant suburb of Oak Park, while spading his garden this morning, discovered divers and sundry large and luscious worms of the type usually called earth or angle worms, of the common or garden variety. From this it is inferred that the jacksnipe will soon be with us. Two or three parties of gentlemen who do not desire their names mentioned will leave at the week end for good snipe grounds to the south of this city.

Western Guides in Town.

Mr. Ben Sheffield, of Livingstone, Mont., and Mr. Frank L. Peterson, of the Jackson's Hole country, both Montana guides of the highly licensed type, are spending a few days in Chicago this week. The life of a Western guide is an ideal one. He works a few brief moments in the fall, and then goes East to spend the rest of the year in opulence and leisure.

By the way—although this is not said in reference to the two gentlemen above mentioned—there are guides and guides. Mr. Alfred Marshall, of Chicago, who had a go at the Jackson's Hole article of sport a while ago, comes back with rather bitter sentiments toward the guiding populace of that region. He says that he was unlucky enough to draw a bad article of the genus guide, and is of the belief that the whole proposition out there is to separate the tenderfoot and his money as promptly, if not always as painlessly, as possible. Mr. Marshall is a gentleman who has lost a moose. I have told him that if he goes to New Brunswick—and I do not care what guide of the New Brunswick Guides' Association he shall select—he will come back with the feeling that he has had a good run for his money and a square deal at every station in the game. I know whereof I am speaking in this instance, although I do not have any experience regarding the Jackson's Hole game, as it is played. I should imagine in respect to the latter locality that excellent guides can be obtained there, or can be secured elsewhere to go into that country, as in the case, for instance, of Mr. Sheffield. As to a territory which puts a law on its statute books compelling a man to take a licensed guide whether he wants to or not, I should say that law was written on wax and not destined to endure. A man may want a guide and want him badly, but he feels just a little better if he goes into a country with the idea that he is at liberty to hire one or not, just as he prefers.

The Wishinnes.

These be warm days for that august assemblage of sportsmen, the Wishinnes Club. The question of the club badge or pin is still a mooted one. There cannot be under the constitution and by-laws of this club, as laid down by the president, more than ten members of the Wishinnes entitled to bear the distinctive badge of membership. The waiting list is something like thirty or forty, and each one of these considers himself fit for full membership. The president has taken the matter under "advisement," as Otto Muehrcke says, and he will announce his decision presently. Meantime, the Wishinnes have been formulating a platform, the main planks of which are two Sundays a week, and the early-closing movement indorsed. The Wishinnes yield to no man in their broad and generous view of life as it ought to be lived.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The Massachusetts Close Season Law.

THERE is considerable interest among marketmen and sportsmen in the decision of Judge Bosworth in the cases in the local police court for offering rabbits for sale, in which he found the defendants not guilty. In both cases the game wardens asked for rabbits, and were given them, the date of the calls at the stores being within the close season on rabbits. The defendants contended that the rabbits were killed in another State than Massachusetts, and cited the case of the commonwealth against Hall, which related to a prosecution for having in possession a woodcock out of season. In this case the defendant claimed the bird was killed in Pennsylvania, instead of in Massachusetts, and Justice Gray in his opinion in the case takes the ground that the law is for the protection of birds during the breeding season in this State, and not in another State, and that it must be shown that the bird was killed during the close season in this State. The law relative to the possession of animals or birds in the close season has been that their possession was prima facie evidence that they were killed in the close season within the State, but it was argued in the local case, and sustained by the decision, that the recent revision of the statutes had made a change in this, and that such possession was no longer prima facie evidence. Under the old law this threw the burden of proof as to where the animals and birds were obtained upon the defendant, but in the revised laws it is claimed the burden is imposed on the commonwealth to prove its case and to show that the birds or animals were taken in this commonwealth. Judge Bosworth took the ground that the case at bar was almost parallel to the case of the commonwealth against Hall, and sustained the contentions of the defendants.

The law relative to birds and animals differs, the former law having been amended since the woodcock case was tried, but the law relative to rabbits and hare stands to-day just as the law relative to woodcock and other birds at the time the woodcock case was decided by the Supreme Court. While the local court's decision seems to imply that marketmen can carry rabbits in stock during the close season, provided the animals came from some other State, it is not believed to be advisable for the markets to begin to stock up with game.—Springfield Republican.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Indorsement of the Lacey Bill.

THE Wisconsin Game Protective Association held a special meeting last week in Milwaukee, at which a resolution was introduced by Game Warden Valentine Raeth and passed regarding Mr. Lacey's bills now before Congress, providing national game preserves in the Western States and for the protection of game and eggs of the wildfowl in Alaska. The resolution reads as follows:

Whereas, The friend and champion for protection of game, Hon. John F. Lacey, member of Congress, has introduced in the House a bill providing for the conversion of all forest reserves in the Western States into game preserves, and

Whereas, Unless every possible protection is thrown around the remnant of these wild animals, the extermination of elk, the mule deer, the Rocky Mountain sheep, antelope and others, and

Whereas, If a dozen or more great national game preserves can be created, as proposed in Mr. Lacey's bill, these noble animals may be preserved for all time to come, as these parks would become refuges and breeding grounds for the game, from which these animals would travel and populate the adjacent ranges; and

Whereas, Hon. John F. Lacey has also introduced a bill to protect the game of Alaska; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the Wisconsin Game Protective Association, a society organized for the protection of game, beg the members of Congress of the State of Wisconsin respectfully to vote and do their utmost for the passing of Hon. Lacey's bills, H. R. No. 10,306, and H. R. 11,535.

These resolutions were signed by Joseph Fisher, President; Valentine Raeth, Vice-President, and August Plambeck, Secretary, and a copy of them sent to each member of Wisconsin Representatives and Senator in Congress, and one to the Hon. John F. Lacey.

The proposed bill, H. R. 11,535, for the protection of game in Alaska, prohibits the shipment of wild birds or the eggs from Alaska; provides short open seasons for killing of game; it limits the number of game which any one person may kill in one year as follows: Two moose, walrus or sea lions, four caribou, sheep, goats, eight deer. It limits the number of game birds for one day to ten grouse or twenty-five shore birds or water fowl. It prohibits the sale of hides, skins or heads of any game animal in Alaska at any time.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Trout and Cyclones.

TWELVE or thirteen years ago, one spring day I left St. Paul with a party of friends for River Falls, there to spend Sunday wading the icy waters of the Kinnikinnick after trout.

Realizing that tramping a trout stream all day brought into play muscles ordinarily unused and dormant, when one is in an office chair month in and month out, I turned in early to be in good shape for the morrow. The rest of the party got interested in a quiet game of poker, and made a night of it, going straight from the sound of chips to the music of the stream. Little in the way of filling overflowing creels was done. Just why I do not remember, but suffice it to say that very few fish were taken by the party, and before evening set in we were all glad to get back to our hotel, especially as the clouds indicated a coming storm. And we had hardly reached cover before a volley of hail fell from the clouds, whitening the air as if a driving snowstorm were in progress. The hail was of a goodly size, so much so as to drive a herd of cows confined in an adjoining pasture almost frantic, the fast-falling pellets all but penetrating their hides. Following the hail came the rain, and when night set in the vivid sheets of lightning showed the rain clouds to be of a peculiar yellow, brassy tinge.

One of our party had been taken ill with symptoms of cholera morbus, and it was my lot to sit up with him during the entire night. The incessant torrents of rain that fell without intermission, the frequent peals of thunder, accompanied by lurid flashes of lightning, which almost continually kept the brassy heavens before my gaze, made the night a memorable one to me. Those who had seen a cyclone in this country said that all the conditions pointed to the existence of a cyclone not far away. The wind and rain, as well as the thunder and lightning with the accompanying cloud effects, ceased with the coming of the day.

Taking an early train for St. Paul, but an hour's ride away, we learned of a cyclone the day before at Lake Gervais that had ground two or three farmhouses into matchwood, licked up the inmates with the timbers of the house and scattered them to the four winds, where, no one knew until the lake gave up its dead. I drove out to the scene of devastation, but five miles from the city. As I neared the scene of disturbance, shingles could be seen standing erect in the plowed fields, thin end down. These had been ripped from the farmhouses and given a rotary, perpendicular motion until they plunged into the earth, making the field look like a miniature burying ground with headstones more or less irregularly set.

I passed next a tamarack swamp, and there saw a tangle of standing and uprooted trees that defied anything short of a forest fire to straighten it out.

The edge of the cyclone cloud had made its influence felt upon this swamp. Emerging into the open, we could now see the full results of the atmospheric disturbance. The farmhouses, barns and outhouses had disappeared, the foundations a few inches above ground, were alone left. Joists, timbers, flooring, siding, doors and sash had all gone heavenward in the mighty suction, and had been dropped into the lake or upon the land. One large 2 x 12 x 16 had been buried like a mighty javelin several feet into the ground. Over in one corner, wedged in between a giant oak and a protruding boulder, was a bed-quilt, a part of a kitchen chair, a piece of a lamp and a lightless window-frame, all wound together in an inextricable bundle by some barbed wire torn from an adjoining fence. No human hand could have so firmly and securely bound that mass of household relics.

Those trees that withstood the tornado were naked as to bark from ground to topmost remaining branch. The whirling cloud carrying with it tons upon tons of flying sand, and acting like a huge emery wheel, instantaneously ground off the bark from the trees. Fields of growing

corn were simply combed out, the leaves adhering to the stalks, and the stalks themselves were one mass of shreds. The fine wind-driven sand had acted like the teeth of a comb. Leaves left on the branches of trees were torn into fine threads by the pulverized flints.

One large tree close to one of the houses, or where one of the houses stood, had received the full effect of the rotary motion of the cloud. The tree had been entirely denuded of its bark. Only the larger limbs remained, the smaller ones having been twisted off short. The roots were intact, but the body of the tree had been twisted like a rope. It was full of seams and fissures, a mute witness to the terrific force of the cyclone. Well up the trunk of the tree and adhering thereto, were three dead chickens. One had its head in a closed seam of the tree, another was so held by the wing and a third by the leg. While the tree was in its throes the fowls had been blown against it, were instantly killed by the impact and imprisoned by the righting of the tree and partial closing of the fissures.

I have a photograph of this part of the story clearly showing the fowls in the grasp of the tree.

As far as the farmhouses were concerned, a charge of dynamite with upward explosive tendencies could not have scattered the dwellings and the contents thereof, animate and inanimate, more diversely. Not a person escaped. Several bodies were found in the lake, and some in the adjoining swamps. It was supper time when the great funnel-shaped cloud came bounding along with the speed of an express train, striking and rebounding from the earth like a great black balloon. Fate placed these farmhouses and their occupants in its destructive path, and in the twinkling of an eye they were hurled to their destruction and death.

The denuding of the trees of their bark seemed to puzzle many. Some said the bark was sucked off, because of the vacuum created in the path of the cyclone; others that the wind simply blew it off, but after seeing the way the corn was whipped and combed by the sand-filled air, I certainly agreed that the sand had acted as a gigantic rasp and had torn the bark free from the trees.

During the summer, after a heated day, let a wind spring up, such a wind as would naturally precede a rain and windstorm, and let a bank of clouds turn from black to brazen hue, and then do the people come out upon the street with bared heads and watch with anxious faces the forming clouds. No cloud of the blackest hue forebodes such dire results as a bank of rolling brass-hued clouds. All such clouds do not mean a cyclone, but all cyclones seem to be accompanied by such cloud effects, and the affinity of one for the other is what disturbs the serenity of the people.

And I never go trout fishing but what I think of that night when I watched by the bed of my sick friend and at the same time witnessed the warring of the elements throughout the long and trying night.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

A Few Days with the Pickerel.

BOSTON, March 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I had waited all winter for a call to go a-fishing that never came. A letter from my friend Huse, of Lacania, informed me that he had been down to his cottage at Spring Haven, Lake Winnepesaukee, several times, but the fishing was anything but good. But last week there came a summons in another direction. On Tuesday, 11th inst., I had just sat down to dinner when a neighbor called and said there was a call for me on their telephone. I soon had the connection, and found it was Mr. Ivers W. Adams, the President of the American Net and Twine Co. He informed me that he and his brother, Mr. Walter R. Adams, of Newton, were going the next day to the latter's cottage on an island in Naukeag Lake, in the town of Ashburnham, and would I be their guest. I accepted at once, of course, as I had been there on several occasions years ago, and knew what a cozy and comfortable place it was. We took the 3 o'clock train the next day, and shortly after 5 o'clock reached the pretty village of Ashburnham, and a ride of a couple of miles by team brought us to the lake. Mr. Walter Adams went up in the morning, and with the assistance of a Mr. Heald, a farmer living near by, had already opened up a goodly number of holes through twenty inches of ice. The cottage was well aired, warm and comfortable. An appetizing supper was soon on the table, prepared by Mr. Alfred Clark, who had come up from the village to do the kitchen act during our stay, and very well he did it, too. During the evening Mr. Ivers Adams entertained us with his salmon fishing experiences on the Moisie River in Canada, where he owns extensive and valuable rights. He also owns rights on other streams up in that country. The next morning was decidedly springlike, the glass indicating 60 degrees, and at sunrise the robins and bluebirds were singing merrily in the trees and shrubs that surround the cottage. Before breakfast Mr. Walter Adams had set in a number of lines in the holes nearest the house, and we had just seated ourselves at the breakfast table, when looking through a window he saw a flag up. Calling my attention to it, I was soon on the spot, and in another minute the first pickerel was floundering on the ice. I then returned to the smoking hot breakfast, and that over we all put in a busy day. Other lines were put in some distance away, and we alternated at the different places throughout the day, with a good lunch any time one wanted it. We gathered at the cottage at 5 o'clock, and found the result of the day's work to be sixty-two pickerel and three perch. It was a great catch, and there were some beauties, three-pounders, in the lot. Dinner was served at 5:30, and it is needless to say that it was not the least important item of the day's programme. There was a change in the weather during the night, and in the morning we found the holes skinned with ice. The birds were there just the same, and they filled the clear air with their melody. The surface water of the day before had entirely disappeared, leaving the surface just rough enough to make it comparatively easy in getting around. The day proved a delightful one. By 10 o'clock the sun had so done its work that the holes kept open, and when we stopped for the day we found the catch to be thirty pickerel and two perch. Saturday was as like the previous day as could well be, and we had the holes clear and ready for busi-

ness in an hour after breakfast. We were to break camp that afternoon, so the lines were all up by noon. Then the fish were laid out on the piazza, and they certainly were the finest lot of pickerel I ever saw. The catch Saturday was twenty-nine pickerel, two perch and two eels, making the total 121 pickerel, seven perch and two eels. Then packages were made up for friends, dinner was disposed of, Heald, the man of all work, made several trips to the shore with the fish and other luggage. At 2:30 we took the team for a four-mile drive to the railway, and boarded the train which landed us in Boston at 5:45. Fish formed no part of the bill of fare during our stay at the lake, the table being well supplied with good things from Quincy market. For many years I have known Mr. Ivers Adams as a thorough sportsman and a gentleman—one who delights in entertaining his friends to the best there is—and on this occasion I found Mr. Walter Adams another of the same kind, and I am indebted to them for the most enjoyable winter fishing trip I ever had.

WM. B. SMART.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

CHICAGO, ILL., March 27.—The last of the pleasant winter meetings of the Chicago Fly Casting Club was held Wednesday evening of this week at the Leland Hotel, a very good attendance turning out as usual. The following members were present:

H. H. Ainsworth, C. Antoine, I. H. Bellows, W. T. Church, H. G. Hascall, N. C. Heston, G. A. Hinterleitner, E. Hough, E. R. Letterman, A. Marshall, G. A. Murrell, F. B. Orr, F. N. Peet, H. W. Perce, F. E. Rugg, A. C. Smith, F. S. Smith, G. W. Strell, J. A. Wood, W. Walforth, J. B. Wallace, John Holman. The guests were: Phelps Hopkins, L. C. Lull, P. Woodruff, E. McAdams, C. J. R. Kerr, G. A. Davis, E. D. Mason.

President H. C. Hascall was in the chair, and Secretary E. R. Letterman was busy near at hand. Minutes of the previous meeting were dispensed with. A special committee, Chairman F. N. Peet, reported in regard to the Olympian game arrangements for 1904 that they needed more time, as the programme of sports for that great festival was as yet in too immature a form for definite motion to be taken.

In the question of handicaps Secretary Letterman read the report of the handicap committee, announcing the handicap in the different styles of casting which had been assigned to each member of the club.

Some discussion arose over the handicaps, but the committee was discharged and the report accepted, as of course should be the case always with a handicap committee, kicks being natural and likewise meaning naught, on the basis that someone must finally decide.

The honorable secretary was cut down to \$25 a year, which he will a good deal more than earn. Associate members—that is to say, members moving out of the State—were relieved of dues upon the basis that they would assume dues upon again taking up a residence in Illinois.

The secretary announced, in response to inquiries regarding the game and fish laws, that Indiana this spring showed no restriction on hook and line fishing after April 1. Michigan opens the trout season May 1, the bass season May 20.

Following these little preliminaries the entertainment of the evening began. Mr. Strell told a story. Mr. Phelps Hopkins, a very good basso, sang a solo about the "Gallant Bandelero," which the latter is apparently bad medicine in his way. He was encored. The main speech of the evening was made by Mr. Press Woodruff, who was announced by Mr. Perce as Professor Woodruff, born in Arkansas, educated in Heidelberg and now acting as Chief of Forestry in British Columbia. Mr. Woodruff kept up the latter bluff for some time, but when he began to tell of his experiments in crossing the tarpon with the lake trout, and to describing the game qualities of the hybrid resultant thereupon, his talk was received with expressions of disbelief, whereafter he told of many things located in Arkansas and elsewhere. Mr. H. W. Perce gave a couple of songs delightfully, and Mr. W. T. Church read the Declaration of Independence of the American angler.

It was announced that on May 15 next following, the fishermen of Grand Rapids would invite the members of the Chicago Fly Casting Club to come to Grand Rapids for a pleasant little fly casting tournament, the visitors later to be entertained in a fishing party on the Pere Marquette and other streams. It need hardly be said that the invitation of the Grand Rapids boys will be gladly accepted. The salt of the western angling earth can be found in inexhaustible supply in the city of Grand Rapids.

Another fishing expedition of the Chicago Fly Casting Club is planned for the Lauderdale Lakes of Wisconsin on May 29.

Florida Fishing.

Mr. Frank B. Orr, a well-known fly fisherman of Chicago, is back from a winter's sojourn along the Florida Gulf Coast. Mr. Orr states that he did not get into the best of the fishing country, although he had very good sport with the sheephead and others of the sea fishes. He has heard of a special brand of salt water gymnasts which the local anglers call the "bone fish," and he says that next winter he is going down to make a special campaign for the latter gentlemen.

No Open Fishing at Castalia.

Prof. G. A. Wyly, of New Philadelphia, Ohio, writes: "I see in your current notes that you mention the trout clubs of Castalia. I would like to ask something about the fishing at that point. I had heard that there was a trout stream or two in the northern part of this State, but never learned just where, and I judge there must be at least one of these at Castalia. Is that so, and could I likely fish at that point? I have made several trips in northern Michigan after trout, but if there is any good trout fishing nearer, I would like to know of it."

There is but the one trout stream at Castalia, which rises in a grand spring situated in a little meadow not far from the city of Sandusky, and directly in the village known as

Castalia. This stream is but a few miles long and on its banks are located two clubs which control all of the fishing. There is no open fishing whatever at Castalia, and so far as known there is no other trout stream in northern Ohio, or indeed anywhere else in Ohio. Mr. Wyly will find very excellent fishing in Michigan this coming season, unless all signs go wrong.

Early Season Likely.

It is almost immaterial what date is set for the opening of the trout season in Wisconsin and Michigan, for it is rarely the case that there is any fishing of consequence before the middle of April, the ice and snow hanging on pretty late in those latitudes and the weather being usually too inclement to permit much sport. This spring, however, bids fair to be an early one. One says this with considerable hesitation, for no one knows what time winter is going to end here until after the Fourth of July. This week, however, reports come from Wisconsin, as far north as Waupaca county, that the snow has been gone for some days and that the meadows are becoming dry. A couple of weeks of this warm open weather ought to show some fishing by opening day, April 15.

Flies for Southern Michigan.

As to flies for this season's fishing, one cannot tell what to recommend, any more than he can tell for a year in advance what brand of millinery might serve for my lady's taste. It seems to be the case, at least in our western streams, that the same fly is rarely good for more than one season. Thus the Cahill fly had a big run in the southern peninsula of Michigan for the season before last and a part of last season, though latterly it seems to have been a "dead one," so to speak, on some streams. The Professor last year turned out very good, but not so good as a weird freak known as the Jenny Lind, a perfectly impossible creation of yellow and gold body, scarlet hackle and green wing. Fred Peet, who fishes the Pere Marquette a good deal, told me that this weird combination was the most killing thing he could find last season. The Montreal, he said, was no good at all. On the other hand, I have fished the western Au Sable, the Thunder Bay streams, and the Kinne Creek of western Michigan at different times when the Montreal was very desirable. Mr. Peet and his friends solemnly believe that it takes a new fly every year on the Pere Marquette.

For Middle Wisconsin in April, I have found the Cow Dung very reliable. On the contrary, I never found the Professor much account nor the Queen of the Waters to do good service.

I have often spoken of the Pine River of Wisconsin, and perhaps have mentioned the freakishness of the trout of that preserved stream. Three years ago nothing would do there but a black fly known as the Indian Crow. Then they switched to Seth Green. Last year they wanted Silver Doctor, that perfectly incongruous and utterly impossible mixture of colors which stands for nothing in the kingdoms, animate or inanimate. What they will want this year no man may say.

By the way, speaking of Mr. Peet, I should say that he is a member of the Chicago Fly Casting Club and an amateur tackle finker of no mean excellence. I believe he ties the prettiest fly I have ever seen done by either professional or amateur. He leans altogether these days to the eyeless hook, No. 12 or 14 size, and to the English tin fly box instead of our American leather-covered fly books. We progress, it may be seen, even in this city of the winds. Our flies grow smaller, their feathers less exuberant, and the drawn gut leader comes on apace.

E. HOUGH

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Fish and Fishing.

Politics versus Protection.

POLITICAL influence has once more proved too much for the cause of fish life and protection. The long struggle against the continuance of net fishing in Lake Champlain for pike-perch by the North American Fish and Game Protective Association, which was so closely and so sympathetically followed by the friends of protection in all parts of the country, is well known to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. It was fondly hoped that the passage of the Order-in-Council by the Federal Government at Ottawa, prohibiting net fishing in Missisquoi Bay, which followed the visit to the Canadian capital of Messrs. J. W. Titcomb and C. H. Wilson, had put an end to this troublous question. So it did for a few days, but for a few days only. While other men slept, the enemy, in the shape of the net fishermen, got in their deadly work. They threatened their parliamentary representative at Ottawa with dire vengeance if the prohibition was not promptly removed, and rumor has it that he in turn similarly threatened the Government. The Minister of Fisheries promptly yielded, and the Order-in-Council was at once cancelled, so far as it applied to net fishing in Missisquoi Bay. As soon as the news reached Quebec, the same political pull of the pike-perch netters, which had been successful at Ottawa, was exerted upon the Provincial Department of Lands, Mines and Fisheries, and resulted in the reissue of the cancelled netting licenses. There is naturally much indignation as well as disappointment at the new turn taken by things in connection with this matter, but all friends of fish and game life know the difficulty of having to contend with opposing political influence, and those who have been moving in the good cause have, in this particular case, nothing to unbraid themselves with. The wanton destroyers of fish and game must be met and fought on their own ground, and it is for fish and game protective associations, and especially for the North American Association, with its international mission, to so enlarge its membership, and, consequently, its sphere of usefulness, as to command a larger share of that political influence which is more potent with some of the politicians of the present day than the legitimate claims of fish and game protection. Every member of the Association can aid in this work by sending in as many new applications for membership as possible to the Secretary-Treasurer.

Illustrated Angling Literature.

The amount of carelessness displayed in the illustrating

of some modern angling literature is much to be deplored. In an illustrated sporting guide book distributed some time ago by one of the Canadian Provinces, a picture of a black bass was labeled "A Ouananiche." Another Canadian publication, devoted to natural history, and published in the French language, recently printed a cut of a carp for the ouananiche. More surprising still, is the blunder made in the handsome edition of "The Compleat Angler," edited by Richard Le Gallienne, and published by John Lane, of the Bodley Head, in 1896, where at page 192 there appears a picture of what is called a charr, minus even a shadow of anything like an adipose fin. As the illustrations are by Edmund H. New, it is charitable to suppose that another cut must have been exchanged for that intended to represent the charr.

Since the general substitution of half-tone cuts for the old-fashioned line engravings, angling literature, like that of nearly every other class, has severely suffered in the quality of its illustrations. One of the chief charms of some of the old angling books is to be found in the beauty of their steel engravings. It is but seldom that one finds anything in the way of modern book illustrations to compensate for the passing of this artistic class of work. Where, now, for instance, do we see in any book of the day, such a finished production as the frontispiece of Thomas Tod Stoddart's "Angler's Companion to the Rivers and Lochs of Scotland," published in 1847? The impression from the steel causes the sheen upon the salmon to assume a hue almost as silvery as that imparted in oil by Mr. Walter M. Brackett's brush.

One very modern, as well as very novel and very artistic piece of piscatorial book making has recently, however, come to my notice. An appreciation of the literary merits or demerits of the book belongs to the province of the reviewer, but its artistic illustration is cognate to the subject under discussion. Mr. Louis Rhead, the Brooklyn artist, who gave an exhibition some time ago of his ouananiche and Lake St. John pictures, is both editor and illustrator of the book, which is devoted to the brook trout, and is published by Mr. R. H. Russell. One of its novel features recalls the method employed in illustrating Gosden's reprint of Col. Robert Venable's "The Experienced Angler; or Angling Improved." This work, it may be remembered, first appeared in 1661, only eight years after the publication of the first edition of Walton's "Compleat Angler." The gentle Izaak himself contributed a courtly commendation of the little volume, addressed to his "ingenious friend, the author," in which he states that he "could never find in (other books) that judgment and reason which you have manifested in this (as I may call it) Epitome of Angling, since my reading whereof I cannot look upon some notes of my own gathering, but methinks I do *puerilia tractare*." Westwood and Satchell's "Bibliotheca Piscatoria" gives the date of Gosden's reprint as 1827 only. The copy in my own angling library bears the date 1825. The illustrations of fish are beautifully printed in miniature upon rice paper, and then stuck into the book at various places left for the purpose in the text. Mr. Rhead has done something of the same kind in his book, which is one of the most uniquely gotten up books on fishing which has issued from the press for a long time. A few of the trout and angling pictures in this book are printed on different paper, and then affixed to the headings of some of the chapters, and the effect is very striking. One of the most novel features of the book is the binding. The outside of the cover is a most natural representation of the rough outer covering of the white birch. The lining of the cover represents the red-brown inner lining of the birch bark next the trunk of the tree. Lying upon the white birch bark which forms the outside of the cover, are such favorite trout flies as the Parmachenee-belle, coachman, grizzly-king, etc. Over all there is a handsomely decorated wrapper of heavy green paper. Lovers of art and lovers of angling alike will gladly welcome the evidence of renewed interest in the artistic illustration of fishing books, furnished by Mr. Rhead's volume.

Boston is said to be about to spring another artistic surprise upon the angling community, in the shape of a set of fish pictures for framing, and two volumes of letter press on fish and fishing in the United States and Canada, to cost altogether nearly \$300. The editor is Dr. F. M. Johnson.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

In New England Waters.

Boston, March 31.—Appearances indicate a very early fishing season in New England waters. The open season on trout in Massachusetts begins to-morrow, April 1, in all but the three western counties, where it begins April 15. Some of the Boston daily papers have lately published fishing articles, putting the opening of the trout season in this State at April 15, and there has been some inquiry to know if the law had been changed. It has not, and all the eastern counties are open April 1. But some of the leading trout fishermen of the State have suggested lately that it would be a good plan to change the law for the whole State, since the weather is usually too cold April 1, and the water too high and roily. They say that they have frequently tried fly-casting in a snowstorm. But this year the weather has been remarkably warm, with the snow all gone, and the fishermen will be off to-morrow. Indeed, several have gone to the preserves on the Cape already. The warm rain of Saturday must have raised the waters a good deal, but they will have subsided by to-morrow morning. Doubtless the President of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association will open the season at the Tihonet Club Tuesday with a good trout, according to his usual custom. Last year his first trout weighed a pound and a quarter.

Landlocked salmon fishermen are almost startled by the announcement that the ice is out of Sebago Lake, Me.—went out March 20. It has taken them generally unprepared, in fact, although reports have stated that the ice was getting thin and uncertain. The warm rain and south wind of Saturday did the business. This clearing is remarkably early, although old residents tell of its happening in March once before. I have a record of the clearing of Sebago, commencing with 1894, when it cleared April 6; 1895, April 16; 1896, April 24; 1897, April 19; 1898, April 10; 1899, April 23; 1900, April 16; 1901, April 19. Under the latest law the open season on trout and landlocked salmon in most of the Maine waters begins

on the departure of the ice, hence the season will be fully on at Sebago at once. Portland anglers will be there in good numbers, though they scarcely expected to be fishing so early in April. Last year the fishing was remarkably good by the second day after the ice went out. W. L. Jones, of Portland, took seven fine salmon in one day, the largest weighing 10 pounds, with another only a few ounces less. The other five weighed from 4¾ to 7½. But one of the biggest salmon of the season was taken on the second day after the ice cleared by Wallace H. Babb, of Cumberland Mills. This salmon was 32 inches in length and weighed 15 pounds. It was taken on a 10-ounce rod, and gave the angler all the sport he desired for over half an hour.

Angling for sea salmon at the big Bangor pool begins April 1. Fishermen seem to think that the sport should be good there, since the water has been most remarkably high, but has been going down for several days. Still, the warm rain of Saturday will doubtless send down another volume of water and debris. Among the noted anglers who have fished there on former seasons, and will doubtless be on hand this year, are Charles P. Hodgkins, Ira Peavey, Howard Peavey, Guy Peavey, George Willey, Ira Doane, Thomas Canning, E. A. Buck, F. W. Ayer, Dennis Tracey and Thomas F. Allen. Ladies are also taking an interest in angling for salmon at the Big Pool. Last year the first salmon was landed by a woman, Miss Jennie Sullivan. It weighed 20 pounds, and was caught on April 3.

SPECIAL.

Hook Wounds.

My first angling lessons were learned when a boy on the stream running through the farm of my grand uncle, a retired sea captain, near Rahway, N. J. Beside the other help on the place, he always employed a small boy, and at the time referred to had a very bright lad of about my own age who of course loved angling, or anything else that was not work, and consequently welcomed me on arrival at the farm, as some days on the stream were usually sure to follow.

The only tackle Joe had was a coarse linen line, with rather a large hook, "half-hitched" to it, and wound on a flat block of wood. This tackle was intended to tie on a pole cut in the woods when we got there. On one of my last visits to the old place, before the death of my uncle, Joe hurried his luncheon, and in his eagerness to be ready and not delay me he ran the point of the hook clean over the barb into his left hand near the thumb.

There was a yell of pain, and in an instant the click of a knife opening and a loud command from my uncle, "You Joe come here, and let me cut it out!" with some embellishments probably used on shipboard. We were all on the porch just off the dining room at the time, my uncle sitting in a big, easy chair, but he half-raised and made a grab at Joe as I told him to run, which he started to do, but had gone only a short distance, when he dropped the block on which the line was wound. Some twenty feet had unwound from the block when my uncle jumped and placed his foot on it, thus stopping Joe's flight and picking up the block while yet holding the gleaning knife, he began slowly to land Joe, all the while uttering the nautical embellishments to the accompaniment of Joe's cries of fear and anguish. Joe's look of terror brought me to my senses, and just as he was nearly landed my knife came in play, and I cut the line and freed Joe just in the nick of time. Then my uncle's attention was transferred to me, but Joe did not wait to hear any more, nor did I, but followed him to the brook, out of sight of the house, where together we removed the line from the hook, which being of such heavy wire and fortunately sharp, we brought the point out, and then the entire hook. My uncle was, of course, only having a little fun, and had no idea of hurting Joe, but to him and me at the time it seemed a very serious matter.

Since then I have had two experiences of my own. The first occurred up on the Rutland Mountain, in Vermont, at the house of a friend, who was entertaining a very particular friend of mine, a surgeon, and myself. The doctor was showing how well he could execute the switch cast while a party of us were standing on the wharf at the shore of the trout pond, and after one or two failures to straighten the line, he made an effort of greater force, and the leader came under and away back, and as I was standing near him on the right, the stretcher fly caught me under the chin and drove the point of the hook in over the barb. The hook was No. 10, old scale, and although the doctor was a skilled surgeon it was fully half an hour's work after the gut and feathers had been removed and the eye broken off, before he could force the point through the flesh by turning the hook and then to bring it entirely out. This he did without the aid of instruments, using his fingers alone, which, with one less skillful, I now think would not be possible. The danger is in breaking the hook if too much force is used, or it is not properly applied.

Last summer, fishing in a broad stream at Henryville, Pa., I attempted to cross it at the head of a natural dam. When within about four feet of the bank, I discovered quite a deep cut in the channel through which nearly all the water was flowing before it went over a fall. Where I stood the water was only a few inches above my shoes, and to step down in the cut and then reach a branch of a tree on the bank seemed quite easy; so placing the wading staff, I always carry, carefully on the bottom and following it, I slowly stepped in; and didn't I wish I hadn't!

The rushing water came to within an inch of the top of my waders, and I began to slide down the stream to the edge of the fall, but fortunately before reaching it caught an overhanging branch with my left hand, which also held the rod, I dropped the staff, as it was fastened by a cord, and with my right hand still holding the rod and placing it over the left shoulder, attempted to throw it, handle end first, as one would a spear, through an opening in the foliage. The stretcher fly had been caught in a small ring I always place for the purpose on one of the bars of the reel, and this held the leader close to the rod and tight at both ends, and consequently as the dropper fly passed my cheek the hook was driven in as far as it possibly could go. Well, I cut the snell with my cutters, which are carried on a fine chain sus-

pended from a button hole in my coat, and threw the rod as at first intended, left the stream, and picking up the rod walked two miles to a house, where the man and wagon were waiting. Under my instructions, the man started in to turn the hook, as the doctor had done the first time, but he could not do it. Then he found two farm hands who each in turn tried by using my pliers, but failed, until it occurred to me to use a second pair of round-end pliers, which I also fortunately had, with which the flesh of the cheek was pressed hard against the point of the hook, while with the others the hook was turned upward and outward, and so the point brought through and then the entire hook, from which, of course, the feathers as well as the eye had been removed. This took fully an hour and the strength of a powerful man. Without the round-end pliers with which to press the flesh back against the point of the hook, neither of those strong men could have removed that hook without injury to me.

In this way I discovered a use for those pliers in addition to that of handling a ferrule when the rod breaks in it, and shall in future always carry them.—C. G. Levison (Brooklyn, N. Y.) in London Fishing Gazette.

Adirondack Streams Menaced.

THE following letter of protest has been sent to Governor Odell respecting the Brown bill to permit the condemnation and ruin of Adirondack streams for private interests:

Sir:—There is a bill now before you for your consideration and approval which might be appropriately and justly entitled, "An act to provide for and facilitate the destruction and extermination of all brook or speckled trout in the streams of the Adirondack preserve and to otherwise destroy the preserve for the use of the people of the State of New York." I refer to Senate bill No. 404, introduced by Senator Brown to amend Section 62 of Chapter 592 of the laws of 1897, being Chapter 307 of the General Laws and known as the "Navigation law."

For many years the State has been engaged through its Fish and Game Commission, their assistants and employees, and has spent hundreds of thousands of dollars in maintaining hatcheries and restocking the streams in the Adirondack forest preserves with brook or speckled trout and for their protection and preservation, for the benefit of the people of the State of New York. And the people have enacted laws from time to time making it a crime to kill trout out of season or to transport them from the Adirondack preserve except in limited numbers and only when accompanied by the owner, or to introduce into the streams of the Adirondack preserve fish that are natural enemies of the trout, or to molest or disturb the brook trout while on their spawning beds or in close season, which lasts from Sept. 1 to May 1.

During the past seven years I have devoted a large portion of my time to the problem of restocking the waters of a large preserve in the Adirondacks with brook trout and restoring the streams to their natural and former conditions with respect to the brook or speckled trout and maintaining them as fishing preserves. During this time various streams of the tract in question have from time to time been used for driving, flooding, and floating logs under certain contracts subject to which the club owning the tract took title, and I have had occasion to make a practical study of the effect of damming, "flooding," "removing obstructions," or disturbing the bed of the stream, increasing and decreasing the volume or flow of water for the purpose of floating, running, or flooding logs in said streams, and can testify that the use of any stream for the purpose and in the manner proposed in the bill by lumbermen will effect its utter destruction as a trout stream or preserve during the time such operations are carried on and for years thereafter, until the stream has been allowed to rest and resume its natural conditions and has been restocked at large expense.

I am convinced that if the proposed act becomes a law, streams upon which the State and private associations have spent thousands of dollars for fish stocking will be utterly destroyed for the uses of the people of the State.

At first sight this may seem a small consideration compared with the moneyed interests of the pulp and lumber companies and trusts, but I desire to call your attention to the fact that of the hundred thousand or more annual visitors to the Adirondack Forest Preserve, nine-tenths are attracted there by the fish and game, and the fish is principally the brook or speckled trout. Article VII. of the Constitution was intended to secure to all the people of the State of New York the Adirondack State Park lands as a place for recreation and restoration to health, etc. If the streams are given over to the pulp industries, as provided by this iniquitous act, a majority of the people of the State who now use the preserve will have no use for it.

A curious feature of the act is that it limits the liability of the lumberman while occupying State or private lands and streams. Under the privileges granted to them they are only liable for damages occasioned by their "negligent or unlawful exercise" of their occupancy, and claim must be made within one year after the act is committed. It is well known that where streams and lands are flooded for the purpose of driving logs the extent of the damage done by the killing of trees, etc., sometimes is not evident until more than a year after the act of flooding takes place. Also the act gives the right of condemnation to any person desiring to drive logs, meaning thereby any irresponsible jobber or log driver who may commit any sort of unlawful or negligent act to the destruction of the property of the State or private individuals without incurring any risk excepting money claims for damages.

Altogether the act seems to me as the most audacious attempt on the part of the lumber and pulp industries to prostitute the great powers of the State for their private ends and profits, and I sincerely hope that the bill as passed will meet with your disapproval and veto.

Yours very respectfully,

WILLIAM G. DE WITT,
Chairman Fish and Game Committee,
Adirondack League Club.

'San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

MEDAL contests, series 1902, Saturday, contest No. 4, held at Stow Lake, March 22. Wind, west; weather fair:

Event No. 1, Distance, Feet	Event No. 2, Accuracy, Per cent.	Event No. 3, —————			Event No. 4, Lure Casting %
		Acc. %	Del. %	Net %	
C. G. Young... 93	89	83.4	77.6	80.5	..
H. Battu... 85	77.8	88	80.10	84.5	83.4
T. Brotherton... 110	88.8	85.8	79.2	82.5	94.3
E. A. Mocker... 94	85.4	75.4	86.8	81	77.3
P. J. Tormey... 102	56.4	55.4	70	62.8	..
W. E. Brooks... 102	90.8	77.4	80	78.8	..
E. Everett... 104	83.8	80	80.10	80.5	..
T. C. Kierulff... 73	85	81.8	72.6	77.1	..
H. E. Skinner... ..	84.4	87.8	76.8	82.2	..
H. C. Golcher... 124	89	90	80	85	..
W. D. Mansfield... ..	93.8	89.8	83.4	86.6	93.4
W. J. Kierulff... 80	72.4	68.8	73.4	71	..
F. H. Reed... 85	85	91	77.6	84.3	..
J. Lawrence... ..	71	83.8	65.10	74.9	..
H. F. Muller... 101	90.4	81.8	75.10	78.9	..

Judges, Everett and Mocker; referee, Brooks; clerk, Wilson.

Sunday, contest No. 4, held at Stow Lake, March 23. Wind, west; weather, fair:

C. R. Kenniff... 98	88	81	75	78	95.8
Z. Daverkosen... 106	86.8	84.4	75	79.8	..
J. Turner... 82	88	92.8	74.2	83.5	..
C. Huyck... ..	89.8	83.4	65	74.2	..
F. M. Haight... ..	75	77.4	75.10	76.7	..
J. B. Kenniff... 110	84	88.8	85.10	87.3	94.2
W. E. Brooks... 96	89	93.4	75	84.2	..
E. A. Mocker... 96	87.8	88	80	84	59.3
H. Battu... 90	74.8	87.8	81.8	84.8	71.8
S. A. Heller... ..	79.8	82.4	73.4	77.10	..
H. F. Muller... 105	90.8	89	78.4	83.8	..
F. H. Reed... 97	86	89.4	80.10	85.1	..
W. D. Mansfield... ..	93	84	87.6	85.9	94.7
E. Everett... 101	94	80.8	76.8	78	..
A. M. Blade... 83½	56	82.4	77.6	79.11	..
W. J. Kierulff... 77	78	71	75.10	73.5	..
H. Dinkelspiel... 84	66.4	62.4	73.4	67.10	..
H. C. Golcher... 118	90.8	93	75.10	84.5	..
C. G. Young... 90	90	87	80	83.6	..
T. Brotherton... 109	85.8	90	76.8	83.4	88.6
J. Lawrence... ..	74.8	88.8	75.10	82.3	..
T. C. Kierulff... ..	73.4	83.4	72.6	77.11	..
G. H. Foulks... ..	87.4	79	73.4	76.2	..

Judges, Reed and Daverkosen; referee, Turner; clerk, Wilson.

The New Jersey Season.

NEWARK, N. J., March 29.—A visit over old stamping grounds the past week has brought back the longing for rod and reel. Already there is enough quarry on the move to tempt the enthusiastic at Manasquan. Many striped bass have been taken in the shad nets; while of small size mostly, a few which range from 6 to 16 pounds have presented themselves. None so far, however, have been taken on the hook. Flounders are moving freely, and herring are abundant. The white perch are in evidence everywhere, and are taking the hook freely; some fine ones have been taken in Deal Lake. When of good size and when taken on a fly-rod, they are always worthy of the angler's attention and respect.

Tuesday sees the opening of the trout season in our State, and if brooks are in fair condition, I know a good many business men whose offices and business places will mourn their absence on that day. Continued warm weather for ten days or two weeks will see the striped bass angler plying the rod, and happy is he who secures the first prize.

LEONARD HULLIT.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

CHICAGO, March 28.—Editor Forest and Stream: Following are the scores made at the meet this afternoon:

Long Distance Fly, Feet.	Obstacle Fly, Feet.	Accuracy, Per Cent.		Bait-Casting, Per Cent.		Delicacy Bait
		Per Cent.	Per Cent.	Per Cent.	Per Cent.	
H. H. Ainsworth... 8.8	3.2	4.16	8.4	..
I. D. Belasco... 15.2	6.4	4.8	...	4.16	7.6	..
L. I. Blackman...	5.76	9.2	..
C. F. Brown... ..	4.8	4.8
W. T. Church... 20	7.2	..
B. W. Goodsell... 4
H. Greenwood... 8	1.6	1.6	...	4.16	6.4	..
H. G. Hascall... 1.6
N. C. Heston... 20	3.2	1.6	...	1.76	3.2	..
G. A. Hinterleitner...	5.76	7.6	..
E. R. Letterman... 20	1.6	4.8	...	2.56	7.2	..
G. A. Murrell... ..	6.4	3.2	...	2.56	7.2	..
H. A. Newkirk... ..	1.6	1.6
H. W. Perce... 19.2	4.8	3.2	...	3.36	4	..
G. W. Salter...	2.56	4.8	..
A. C. Smith... 4
F. S. Smith... ..	8	5.76
Balance... 28	9.6	11.2	...	8.16	9.2	..

E. R. LETTERMAN, Secretary.

The Kinkajou.

I WAS much interested in your article in the Spectator on "Nondescript Animals," especially in your description of the kinkajou. When stationed in British Honduras some years ago I kept two of these little animals, and found them, as you say, most delightful pets, with the one reservation that their notions of cleanliness were of an elementary nature. They are known to the Creoles there by the name of "night-walker," and to the Spaniards as "milas de noche," or little night monkeys. They are absolutely omnivorous in their feeding, eating with equal relish birds, insects of all kinds, and fruit, and it is quite wonderful what a quantity of water they will drink.

"Mob" and "Chittabob," as my pets were named, lived on the front verandah of my house by day and on the back at night, tied with long string and swivel attached to a collar round the neck. They slept all day, but at night played the merriest pranks, their favorite play-fellow being a large, yellow tomcat. All three would roll over and over each other like so many kittens until, having been too roughly handled or too tightly embraced by the prehensile tails, the cat used his claws. Then the one that got the scratch would utter the hissing noise they make when angry and go for the cat like a little demon. In these fights it was always the cat that got the worst of it.

That they eat live birds I know, for my pets killed and ate the best part of a brood of young turkeys I had. These had just left their mother, and took to roosting near the top of the stairs leading to the back verandah. One by one they disappeared till nearly all were gone.

I made sure a 'possum was the villain, and so watched for him behind the creepers in the corner to shoot him. When all was quiet and the turkeys fast asleep on the top step but one, "Chittabob," "whose tale was the longest," crept to the top of the steps, slewed himself round, wound his tail about one, jerked him up and grabbed him by the neck in a moment. As you say, the kinkajou's tongue is a truly wonderful instrument, and how long it is I should be afraid to say. It is thrust into every crevice and hole its owner comes across; from force of habit, I suppose.

I brought "Chittabob" home with me, and on board ship he lived in a hencoop under the bridge. One night he got loose and entered the doctor's cabin; he, knowing the creature belonged to me, carried him to my cabin, thrust him in, and shut the door. I slept in the upper bunk. Suddenly I awoke with a great start to find "Chittabob's" tail wound tightly round my neck and his tongue up my nose as far as it would go! The bang I gave my head against the deck above woke my fellow-passenger, who, when I told him what had happened, said: "Now, this is very curious, for I was dreaming that some one was sitting on my chest and ramming straws up my nose." Another escapade of his was very funny. When I started from Plymouth at an early hour in the morning, just as the summer dawn was breaking, I had a carriage to myself. So I wrapt "Chittabob" in a rug and put him under the seat, and we both went to sleep. The next thing I was conscious of was that some one was shouting loudly and excitedly. Up I jumped, to see a fellow-passenger, who had joined me while I slumbered, standing bolt upright with one leg stiffly stuck out, and "Chittabob" calmly swarming up it with his tail tightly wrapped round it as he ascended.

Poor "Chittabob!" we were great friends, but the best of friends must part, and I had to give him to some friends in Essex. While with them he was well and happy, and his appetite was good, for on one occasion he consumed over thirty sparrows' eggs at one sitting! When the next winter cold came on he was sent to the "Zoo," and there lived, an ornament to the Small Mammal House, for two or three years, but a severe winter in the early "eighties" was too cold for the poor little fellow, as it was indeed for many of his fellow-prisoners in the same evil-smelling but interesting house, and he died.—Letter in London Spectator.

International Congress of Americanists.

AT the thirteenth annual International Congress of Americanists, to be held Oct. 20 to 25, 1902, at the American Museum of Natural History, in New York city, subjects of very great interest are to be brought up. These are, first, The Native Races of America, Their Origin, Distribution, History, Physical Characteristics, Languages, Inventions, Customs and Religions; second, The History of the Early Contact Between America and the Old World.

The note issued by the commission of organization sufficiently explains the purposes of the congress. It is given below:

NEW YORK CITY, February, 1902.—Sir: We have the honor to inform you that in accordance with a vote at the last session of the congress, held in Paris in 1900, the thirteenth session of the International Congress of Americanists will be held in the halls of the American Museum of Natural History in the city of New York, beginning at noon on Monday, the 20th, and continuing until Saturday, the 25th day of October, 1902.

The object of the congress is to bring together students of the archaeology, ethnology and early history of the two Americas, and by the reading of papers and by discussions to advance knowledge of these subjects.

You are respectfully invited to join the congress, to present papers for its consideration, and, if possible, to be present at the session and take part in the proceedings.

Hoping for your efficient aid and co-operation in the important objects of the congress, we beg you to accept our expression of deep respect.

MORRIS K. JESUP,

President of the Commission of Organization.

M. H. SAVILLE,

General Secretary, Commission of Organization.

All persons interested in the study of the archaeology, ethnology and early history of the two Americas may become members of the International Congress of Americanists by signifying their desire to the General Secretary of the Commission of Organization (Mr. M. H. Saville, American Museum of Natural History, city of New York), and remitting either direct to the Treasurer or through the General Secretary, the sum of three dollars in American money. The receipt of the Treasurer for this amount will entitle the holder to a card of membership, and to all official publications emanating from the thirteenth session of the congress.

The money may be sent in the form of a postal money order or a check negotiable in New York, payable to Harlan I. Smith, Treasurer, American Museum of Natural History, New York.

Yachting.

Designing Competition for the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

To be Known as the Seawanhaka 15-Footers.

THE competition is open both to amateur and professional designers. Three prizes will be awarded for the best designs of a yacht conforming to the following conditions:

I. A keel sloop to measure 15ft. racing length under the club's new rule.

II. Sails: Mainsail, jib and spinnaker. The area of the mainsail and jib shall not exceed 350 sq. ft., 80 per cent. of which shall be in the mainsail.

III. Planking shall not be less than ½in. in thickness.

IV. Spars shall be solid, and the mast shall be of sufficient strength to be used without runners or preventer backstays.

V. Cockpit shall be open, and bulkheads or air tanks are to be provided sufficient to insure the boats being non-sinkable.

VI. The boats shall be capable of carrying full sail in ordinary summer breezes on Long Island Sound.

VII. Construction shall be strong and durable.

VIII. All competitors must furnish a drawing of the lines, which will also show the position of the lead keel, and a table of calculated weights, which will give displacement, weight of lead, weight of hull, weight of rig, center of buoyancy and center of lateral resistance, center of effort and center of gravity of the lead keel; also a sail plan, on which the diameters of spars and sizes of rigging shall be marked; also a deck plan and amidship section, which will show height of cockpit seats and floor, and height of coaming. The midship section must also show the construction.

The following prizes will be awarded: First prize, \$100; second prize, \$50; third prize, \$25.

In the event of one of the prize designs being selected by the club and yachts being constructed therefrom, the winner, in lieu of the cash prize, may furnish the necessary additional plans and specifications and supervise the construction and receive \$25 for each yacht built. In awarding the prizes, speed will be the first consideration, but appearance, construction, simplicity of rig and convenient arrangement will also carry weight.

Sail plan, ½in. scale. All other plans, rin. scale.

The designs must be received at the office of FOREST AND STREAM, 346 Broadway, New York city, not later than May 15, 1902, and should bear a nom-de-plume only. A sealed envelope containing the designer's nom-de-plume, together with his own name and address should accompany the designs. The right is reserved to publish any or all of the designs. Those desiring the return of their drawings should inclose the necessary postage.

The designs will be judged by a committee consisting of Messrs. John Hyslop, A. Cary Smith, J. Rogers Maxwell, Jr., and Clinton H. Crane, and the result of the competition will be announced through these columns in the issue of May 24.

The club's new rule referred to in Paragraph I. is as follows: Yachts shall be rated for classification and time allowance by racing measurement, which shall be determined by adding to half the load waterline length, half the square root of sail area, and a quantity expressed as L, and by dividing the sum of these quantities by I.I.

$$\frac{\frac{1}{2} LWL + \frac{1}{2} \sqrt{SA} + L}{I.I} = R.I.$$

The quantity L is to be obtained in the following way: B is breadth of load waterline plane at ⅓ of its length from forward end.

B' is breadth of load waterline plane at ⅓ of its length from after end.

B" is breadth (greatest) of LW plane.

C is any excess of (B+B') over B".

D is draft at MS+2.5 of any greater draft aft, and all of any greater draft forward.

E is any excess of (B"+D) over 3 1-3 √MS submerged. C+E=L.

Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound.

Thirty members representing twenty-three clubs were present at the March general meeting of the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound, held at the Hotel Manhattan, New York City, on Thursday evening, March 27. Mr. C. T. Pierce, of the Riverside Y. C., presided.

The amendment relating to weighted centerboards brought up no little opposition and action was finally deferred until the next meeting, which is to be held on April 10.

An important amendment to take the place of Section 4 of Rule II. was proposed and adopted. It is as follows:

Yachts launched before Jan. 1, 1902, shall remain in the classes in which they raced prior to that date, but shall be rated for time allowance at their actual racing measurement.

The racing measurement of yachts launched after Jan. 1, 1902, shall be considered to be the maximum limits of their classes. Such yachts shall not be entitled to time allowance except from yachts launched prior to that date, whose racing measurements exceed the class limits. Such yachts shall allow time to yachts launched prior to that date whose racing measurements fall below the class limits.

"The effect of this amendment will be to require all yachts to race under measurements made under the rule adopted Nov. 15, 1901."

The fifty-five-foot class was added to the classification of schooners.

Section 3 of Article 12 of the racing rules was amended to read "that a yacht of the 43-foot class may carry eight professionals." This paragraph was also added to section 3: "A yacht of a 51-foot class, or of any class larger must carry as one of its crew a member of a recognized yacht club."

The schedule for the coming season of 1902 was announced as follows:

May 17, Saturday—Huguenot Spring races; 24th, Saturday—New Rochelle spring races; 30th, Friday—Harlem annual regatta; Bridgeport spring races; Indian Harbor special races; 31st, Saturday—Seawanhaka spring races.

June 7, Saturday—Knickerbocker annual regatta; 14th,

Saturday—New Rochelle annual regatta; 21st, Saturday—Norwalk special races; 26th, Thursday—Seawanhaka special races; 27th, Friday—Seawanhaka special races; 28th, Saturday—Seawanhaka annual regatta.

July 4, Friday—Hartford annual regatta; 5th, Saturday—Riverside annual regatta; 10th, Thursday—Indian Harbor special races; 11th, Friday—Indian Harbor special races; 12th, Saturday—Indian Harbor annual regatta; 19th, Saturday—Corinthians of Stamford annual regatta; 26th, Saturday—Norwalk special races; Hartford special races.

August 2, Saturday—Manhasset Bay annual regatta; 9th, Saturday—Hempstead Bay annual regatta; Northport annual regatta; 16th, Saturday—Horseshoe Harbor annual regatta; Huntington annual regatta; Hartford special races; 23d, Saturday—Bridgeport annual regatta; Huguenot annual regatta; 30th, Saturday—Indian Harbor special regatta; Hartford special races.

Sept. 1, Monday—Sachem's Head annual regatta; Norwalk annual regatta; 4th, Thursday—Seawanhaka special races; 5th, Friday—Seawanhaka special races; 6th, Saturday—Seawanhaka fall regatta; 20th, Saturday—Manhasset Bay fall regatta; 27th, Saturday—Riverside fall regatta.

The following executive committee was elected: Charles T. Pierce, Riverside Y. C.; Frank Bowne Jones, Indian Harbor Y. C.; E. M. MacLellan, Manhasset Bay Y. C.; C. H. Crane, Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.; T. H. Macdonald, Bridgeport Y. C.; Robert C. Mitchell, Sachem's Head Y. C., and Charles P. Tower, New Rochelle Y. C.

The representatives present at the meeting were: Bridgeport Y. C., Carl Foster, W. Herbert Jennings, F. A. Bartlett, T. H. Macdonald; Corinthian Y. C., of Stamford, P. W. Cuddy; Harlem Y. C., Franklin C. Sullivan; Hartford Y. C., Harry B. Snell, Walter Pearce, John McFadyen, Charles B. Wyckoff; Hempstead Harbor Club, Ward Dickson; Huntington Y. C., H. H. Gordon; Indian Harbor Y. C., Frank Bowne Jones, F. C. Henderson, Charles E. Simms; Knickerbocker Y. C., O. H. Chellborg, H. Stephenson; Manhasset Bay Y. C., E. M. MacLellan; New Rochelle Y. C., Charles P. Tower, C. A. Becker; Norfolk Y. C., A. E. Chasmar, Clarence F. Osborn; Park City Y. C., Amos H. Lowden; Riverside Y. C., C. T. Pierce; Sachem's Head Y. C., E. C. Seward, Robert C. Mitchell; Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., Clinton H. Crane, Allen E. Whitman, Johnston de Forest.

The Cruising Schooner Marjorie.

THE launching of the schooner yacht built by Mr. Robt. Jacob from designs by Mr. Henry C. Wintringham for Mr. Frank L. St. John, of New York, took place at Mr. Jacob's yard at City Island, Saturday afternoon, March 29. Mr. St. John was present, and entertained a small party of friends. The boat, dressed in flags from bowsprit to taffrail, took the water without mishap, and after being safely moored, all present were invited to a luncheon served in the large shop.

The boat is very pleasing in appearance, with easy lines, moderate overhang and good sheer, and should make a very comfortable and satisfactory cruiser. In point of workmanship and finish, she is undoubtedly one of the best yachts launched this season, and Mr. Jacob deserves great credit for the excellence of the work.

Her principal dimensions are: Length on deck, 88ft.; length on waterline, 62ft. 4in.; breadth, 17ft. 9in.; draft (without centerboard), 8ft. She is substantially built, having a heavy white oak frame, yellow pine planking and flush deck of white pine. The deck coamings for the hatches are of heavy teak, but the hatches and skylights themselves are mahogany. The rail and planksheer are of teak, but the bulwark stanchions and bitts are locust. The two lower masts are of Oregon pine, all the other spars being of spruce.

Below deck, the owner's stateroom extends clear across the after end of the boat, and is 9ft. long. On either side is a berth 6ft. 6in. long, and in front of the berths are wide transoms. Against the after bulkhead is a mirror and bureau. The space forward of each berth is taken up by a hanging locker. At the forward end of the room are two doors, one to the hallway, the other to a closet in which is a wash bowl. The room receives light and air from a large skylight. Leaving the owner's room, one enters a passageway, on the port side of which is a small toilet room and a stateroom. On the starboard side are the main companionway stairs and a large stateroom. Each of these staterooms contains a berth, bureau, wash bowl and transom seat, and in addition, the starboard room has a large wardrobe. The hallway leads to the main saloon, which is 10ft. long and 16ft. wide. It is finished in mahogany, and lighted by a large skylight. On each side there is a berth, in front of which is a transom seat. This transom also runs half-way across the after end of the room on the starboard side. In the two after corners are hanging lockers, and in the forward corners are lockers and sideboards. There is also a large mahogany swinging table. Just forward of the main saloon is the galley, 9ft. 6in. long by 9ft. wide. On the starboard side of this is the sailing master's stateroom. The galley is finished in ash and contains an ice box with a capacity of about 650lbs. of ice, a sink, dresser, range, rack for dishes, and ample locker space. Both the galley and sailing master's room are lighted and ventilated by a skylight and companionway in the deck above. A door connects the galley with the fore-castle, the upper half of it being fitted with a slide through which food can be passed without opening the door.

The fore-castle is very roomy, and carries berths for six men. The crew's water closet is placed at the forward end.

The yacht will carry a gig, cutter and 1½-horse-power launch.

An interesting feature of the construction is the fact that the after deadwood was built with a shaft log and propeller post, and a wheel port cut, but afterward filled in, so that should the owner at any time wish to convert the boat into an auxiliary, it can be done by simply removing the filling piece and installing an engine.

The yacht is named Marjorie, and will be enrolled in the New York and New Rochelle yacht clubs.

Our Boston Letter.

BOSTON, March 31.—Another boat is being built in Boston to compete in the trial races of the Bridgeport Y. C. to select a challenger for the Seawanhaka cup. The latest candidate for cup honors was designed by Fred D. Lawley, and is now being built in the boat shop of the Lawley plant at City Point. Fred Lawley has kept exceedingly quiet about the boat, and had her in frame before she was discovered. He will not say anything about who she is being built for, but it is thought that she is for a syndicate of Bridgeport yachtsmen. It is thought that this is the order that has been spoken of as possibly coming from another Eastern designer. Of course, she will be a scow, but beyond that the designer does not wish at present to say anything about her dimensions. Only this can be said generally, that her waterline will not be extreme in any particular, her overhangs will be very long and her beam will be about the same as that of other boats that have been or are being built for this cup. The work of planking should be well along by the end of this week, and the boat should be ready for her trial trip by the last of April.

Both of the big shops at Lawley's are filled with boats. The 60-rater, Weetamoo, designed by Gardner & Cox for Mr. H. F. Lippitt, is about half plated. The work of construction on this boat in plating and in framing is the slickest that has ever been seen on a metal boat in these parts. Every frame and every plate is fair throughout its entire length, and the outer surface of the plates is polished to the highest degree. Bronze angles have been used in the frames, and also for the top member, above the planksheer, a feature that has never been attempted before. The only thing that looks doubtful about the boat is the weight of the material used in her construction. Everything is extremely light, and it has been thought by many that it will prove too light when the yacht is under strain, but both the designers and the builders are confident that it will prove heavy enough. In the same shop a 46ft. yawl, designed by Binney for Mr. W. A. Wharton, is planked. There is also a Y. R. A. 25-footer in this shop which Fred Lawley has designed for Mr. Lawrence Percival. She is a very neatly turned boat, with double mahogany planking. A yawl designed by Binney for Dr. Paton is partly planked. A 35-footer, designed by Fred Lawley, will be set up this week.

In the east shop the 104ft. steam yacht has been given a priming coat, and the work of finishing up the interior joiner work is now going on. She is very well laid out below decks, and has most of the modern conveniences. She has about everything that can be got into a boat of her size. She will have one deck house of teak, which will be used as a dining saloon, a dumb waiter connecting with the galley. The 46ft. schooner, designed by Crane for Mr. Arnold Lawson, has been painted, and the interior work is being finished. She is one of the finest pieces of construction that has ever been turned out of the shops. The Y. R. A. 21-footer, designed by Crowninshield for Hon. Charles Francis Adams, 2d, will soon be ready for launching. Her cabin trunk, resembling that of the Cartoon, and the interior are being finished up. She is a beautiful boat. The 35-footer designed by Crane for Mr. H. A. Morss is practically finished. An 18-footer, designed by Fred Lawley for Mr. Alfred Douglas, is partly planked. The Binney-designed yawl for Messrs. Foss and Gunnison has her cabin trunk on and the interior work is being finished up.

The Beverly Y. C. is preparing for a very lively season. The new one-design class of fourteen 30-footers will add greatly to the interest, which has always been manifested in racing by the members of this club. All of these boats have been named, but according to the agreement between the owners, the names of the owners cannot appear in connection with the names of the boats until after they have all been launched and tried. This precaution was taken so that not even the designer should know for whom any one of the boats is being built. The names of the boats are as follows: Gamecock, Anita, Arria, Wahtawah, Quakeress II, Arabian, Praxilla, Evelyn, Notos and Young Miss. There seems to be but one name in this list that suggests the possible ownership of the boat. Your correspondent visited Bristol last week and found that eleven of the 30-footers were hauled up at Walker's Cove. It is understood that another has since been taken from the shops and stored at the Cove. Another one is in the shop, but is practically finished, and the last of the lot is now being planked. It is expected that they will all be launched in about a month, and that most of them will leave Bristol for Buzzard's Bay on Memorial Day.

The Regatta Committee has announced the following temporary programme, in which all of the races, unless otherwise specified, will be sailed off the club house, Monument Beach. It is possible that some changes will be made, although the majority of the dates are expected to remain as now scheduled:

June 14, Saturday—Club race.
June 17, Tuesday—Open sweepstakes, prizes added by B. Y. C.
June 28, Saturday—Club race.
July 4, Friday—Open sweepstakes, prizes added by B. Y. C.
July 5, Saturday—First Corinthian.
July 12, Saturday—Second Corinthian.
July 19, Saturday—Club race.
July 26, Saturday—Third Corinthian.
Aug. 9, Saturday—Van Rensselaer cup, Marion.
Aug. 16, Saturday—Fourth Corinthian.
Aug. 23, Saturday—Fifth Corinthian.
Aug. 30, Saturday—Sixth Corinthian.
Sept. 1, Monday, Labor Day—Open races.
Sept. 6, Saturday—Open races, Mattapoisett.
Sept. 13, Saturday—Seventh Corinthian.

It is expected that, as in previous years, only the Corinthian races will count for the club championship. The start of all the Corinthian races will be one-gun, and the others will have a three-minute time start. Beside the regular races of the club, it is expected that a race will be given for the 30-footers by the New Bedford Y. C. The committee is in hopes of arranging a cruise to take place some time between July 26 and Aug. 8, during which it is expected that a special match may be sailed between the 21-footers of the Beverly Y. C. and the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

The following fixtures have been arranged by the Regatta Committee of the Mosquito Fleet Y. C.:

July 5, Saturday—Y. R. A. open.
July 26, Saturday—Club race.
Aug. 3, Sunday—Squadron run.
Aug. 24, Saturday—Club race.
The Wollaston Y. C. has announced the following fixtures for the coming season:
May 31, Saturday—First race for Chase cup.
June 22, Saturday—Club championship.
July 28, Saturday—Y. R. A. open.
July 19, Saturday—Moonlight sail.
July 21, Monday—Ladies' day.
Aug. 2, Saturday—Cruise and clambake.
Aug. 9, Saturday—Club championship.
Aug. 23, Saturday—Club championship.
Aug. 30, 31 and Sept. 1, Saturday, Sunday and Monday—Club cruise.

Sept. 6, Saturday—Second race for Chase cup.
Last week the challenge was sent by the Quincy Y. C. to the Manchester Y. C. for the Quincy cup. As has been announced, Henry M. Faxon will represent the Quincy Y. C., and it is practically certain that he will have a new boat, designed by Arthur Kieth, and built by Smith, of Quincy Point. A. Henry Higginson, Jr., and Reginald Boardman will undoubtedly build a boat in the interest of the Manchester Y. C., and there is likelihood that other members of the Manchester Y. C. will build.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Classification of Yachts.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Assuming that it has been proved that the measurement of a yacht for racing classification cannot be ascertained by a formula, the question naturally arises, "How can we classify yachts, making use of the experience already gained?"

It may be said that experience shows the following:

That time allowance is undesirable, and as a matter of fact has been abolished practically.

That other things beside the racing length of a yacht should be considered.

That we can take the designer's certificate as to the measurement of a yacht as reasonably accurate.

That we must not ask the designer for such information as will disclose the exact form of yacht.

That we should not interfere with the yachtsman's individual preference as to form.

That limits of draft, percentage of ballast to displacement, construction, and the like, have been found necessary and are in general use.

That designers attempt to get as much sail area as possible on a yacht.

It is but seldom that there is any noticeable change in sail area in one year in a given class, but year by year the amount of sail area increases so that yachts of a similar type, and date of launching have approximately the same sail area.

That by reason of the desire on the part of the yachtsman for close finishes and for racing in which the element of their own skill preponderates, there has been a considerable increase in one-design classes, and next to these in restricted classes.

That one-design classes are objectionable because no opportunity is given to develop the form of a yacht or to compare dissimilar forms having exactly the same power and the same displacement.

With the same power and displacement, the superiority of any yacht over another can usually be attributed either to superiority in handling or to superiority of form, and in this way the most desirable yacht for a given set of conditions can be determined.

We finally know that any committee can readily collate the average displacement, sail area and other factors relating to the yachts of any given class.

I would therefore suggest—

First—That we fix arbitrary limits for the sail area, displacement, draft, inclined load waterline length and percentage of ballast to total displacement for each one of the classes. Sail area, draft, length being the greatest permitted, displacement the least permitted.

Second—Take the designer's certificate or affidavit that a yacht complies with the restrictions, subject to verification, if it is considered necessary.

Third—Give two limits for sail area, one for the racing class and the other for the cruising class.

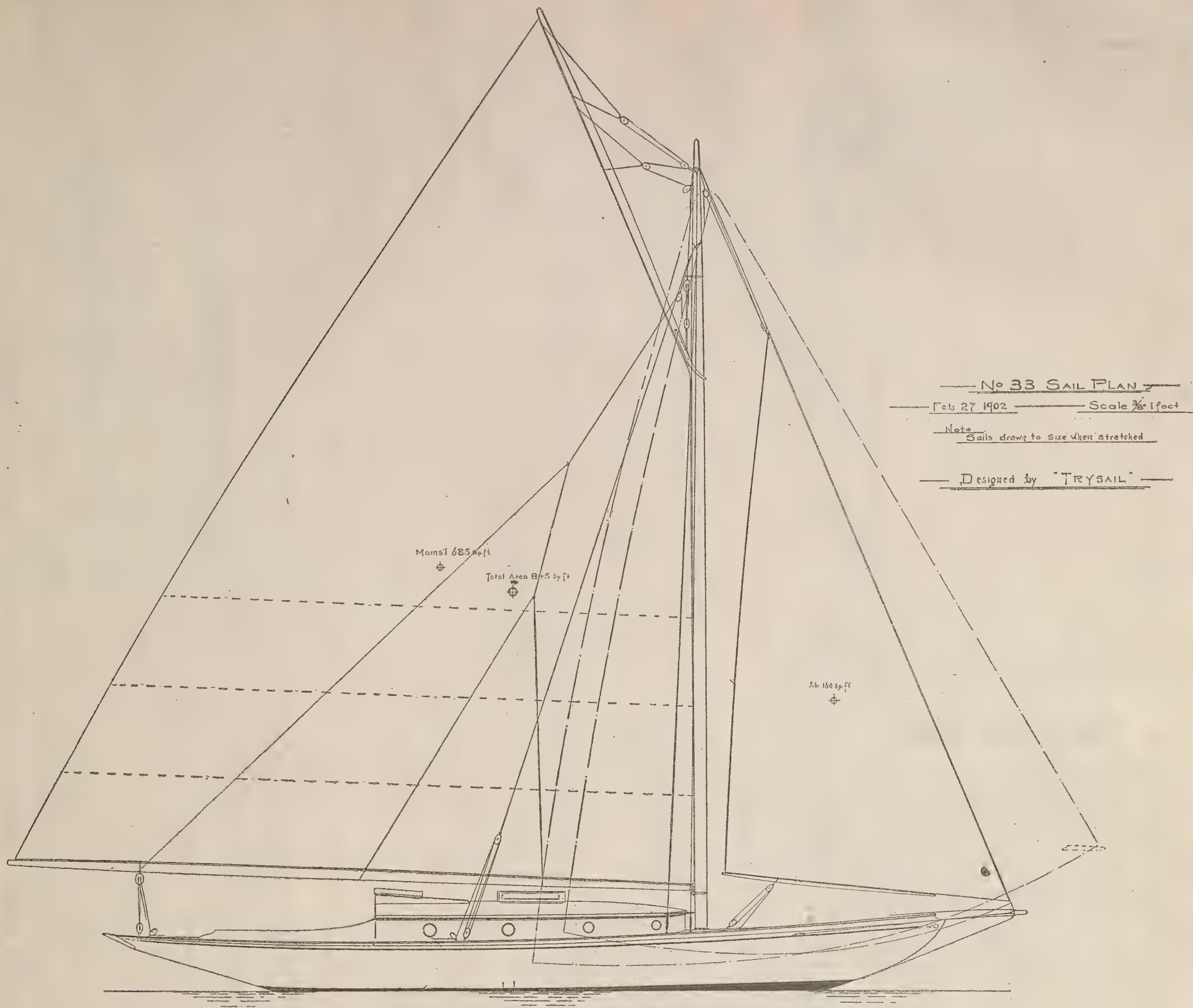
Limiting sail area is not any great change from our present practice for the reason that practically new yachts of any one year in the same class have about the same sail area.

The restriction would operate to limit the constant increase in sail area, so that it would be necessary to make an improvement in the form if the new yacht were to be the superior of the older one. It would make the power of all yachts in a class the same, and would stimulate improvements in rig.

In regard to displacement, if that is made sufficient we at once secure an opportunity for good accommodations, and strong construction, and prohibit very light displacement yachts of extremely light construction, without any proper accommodation. We also avoid the necessity for any specific limitations in regard to the equipment which a yacht must carry in order to be a cruiser, since, with the displacement placed high enough and the ratio of ballast to displacement fixed, there will be a margin which must be used for equipment in order to secure a sufficient displacement to bring the yacht to her designed lines. It takes the place of all scantling rules, midship section requirements, girth measurements, etc., and has the advantage of actually having what these only profess to do. The limitation of draft limits the amount of righting moment and has been found necessary.

The limitation of the inclined waterline is necessary in order to make the displacement of a yacht effective in securing a proper body, and to place some limit on excessive overhangs.

It does not compel the designer to adopt any particular form. No length restriction can be effective that is not measured at the sailing angle. While it is true that the amount of overhang does not necessarily indicate the amount of gain in length when the yacht heels, it is also true that if the yacht is designed to increase her load waterline when she heels under sail, the measurement of



FOREST AND STREAM DESIGNING COMPETITION—HONORABLE MENTION DESIGN—SAIL PLAN—Submitted by "Trysail" (Charles D. Mower), New York City.

the inclined load waterline places a limit on the length of the hull which will prove effective. This limitation should be stated to be applicable when the yacht is heeled in smooth water to her designed sailing angle, and the angle should be stated in the certificate.

Should a yacht habitually sail at an angle sufficiently greater to be noticeable, the matter can readily be investigated.

It is quite certain that a yacht designer would run no risk of having all his certificates refused by issuing a false one, neither would he take the chance of issuing one which might be found in error, because that would reflect on his ability.

If the number of persons which compose the crew were also stated, the complete list of limitations for all classes can be tabulated so as to occupy not more than a space of 4 in. by 5 in. in print. For present purposes and perhaps for some little time to come, it will be necessary to make some allowance for those yachts now launched in which the displacement is excessive. This can be readily done by permitting a certain small increase in sail area per ton of displacement, whenever the displacement of a yacht is 15 per cent. or more over the limit.

In the above I have outlined what I consider to be the correct principle which should be followed. I believe that only in this way can we expect a return of the former racing spirit. It will also permit us without a change of principle to take advantage, year by year, of the experience gained which would be manifested principally in a modification in the amount of sail area allowed in the various classes.

As indicated above, the yacht designer in the measurement certificate would simply state that a given yacht was within the restriction of a given class, and was designed to sail at a stated angle of heel, which would mean that the yacht had at least the required displacement, not more than the limiting sail area, measured when the sails were stretched, not more than the limiting load waterline length when inclined, not more than the limiting draft and percentage of ballast.

GEO. HILL.

In order to avoid friction and improve the racing on Jamaica Bay, there is now a scheme on foot to form a yacht racing association among the clubs located there. There are now five important clubs in the bay, the Jamaica Bay, Canarsie, Bergen Beach, Old Mill and Bayswater Y. C.s. When several clubs are located on a comparatively small body of water the organizations are bound to conflict unless an association is formed and all of them work in harmony. The Jamaica Bay clubs will do well to follow the example set by the Gravesend Bay and Long Island Sound clubs.

Designing Competition.

We publish in this issue the plans submitted for our designing competition by Mr. Charles D. Mower, of New York City, under the pseudonym of Trysail. The design was disqualified, owing to the sail plan being drawn to a different scale than was called for in the conditions.

The design of the hull and rig are excellent, and was one of the best submitted. The cabin arrangement is one of the best we have ever seen for a boat of 25 ft. waterline length, and will bear careful examination. The following descriptive matter was written by Mr. Mower, and accompanied the plans:

General Description.—The type selected, as believed by the designer to be best fitted to fill the requirements of a cruising boat, as outlined by the restrictions governing the competition, is a boat of quite large displacement, with a generous amount of beam, and with moderate and rather fine overhangs. The lateral plan is not cut away excessively, and the aim has been to produce a boat that can be handled easily in any ordinary bad weather, and one that will be a good, able sea boat, so that the crew may have no fears or uneasiness at the chance of being caught out in bad weather.

The large centerboard, with trunk extending above the waterline, is the only one considered as really practical and of any use, and the small plate or dagger board below cabin floor was rejected at the outset as of no real use.

The arrangement on deck shows unusually wide waterways, so that the men can get forward or aft easily. The deck is carried across at the aft end of house, with several large beams to give structural strength, and is also brought in to form cockpit seats, thus making the cockpit a very small well that can even be filled without the least danger.

The rig is comparatively small, with a short bowsprit and but little main boom over the stern, and can be carried in almost any weather without reefing.

Cabin Arrangement.—The most important feature of the proper cruising boat and one requiring different treatment from the case of a boat to be used only for day sailing with an occasional night on board, is the arrangement below deck. The thing most necessary for the comfort and good nature of men while off cruising is a means of keeping the main cabin dry, warm and comfortable in wet and nasty weather, and this cannot be accomplished where the companionway leads directly into the cabin.

In the design shown, the companion ladder comes down in a sort of steerage, which is separated from the cabin by a heavy portiere. In this steerage is a wide berth, which, when not necessary for sleeping accom-

modation, makes an excellent place for suit cases, bags, etc., which are always so much in the way in the average cruiser. Under this berth, drawers are arranged for charts, coast pilots, lighthouse books, instruments, etc., and with the chance of spreading out charts on the berth, the steerage makes an admirable chart room, very accessible from the deck. On the port side opening from the steerage with a sliding door, is a large toilet room, containing folding basin, w.c., and a hanging locker for "shore clothes." The space under the deck back of the w.c. is fitted with hooks for hanging oilers, rubber boots and other bad-weather duds, which are hidden from view by a heavy curtain hanging from the deck beam. This arrangement gives the watch on deck in bad weather an opportunity of getting below as much as necessary without entering the cabin proper, so that the cabin is always dry and clean.

At night there is also the advantage that the watch below can rest quite undisturbed when it is necessary for the deck watch to go below for reference to charts, or, in cold weather, to warm frozen feet or fingers. This plan brings the companion on the starboard side of the center line, so that when at anchor the boom does not obstruct the entrance to the cabin.

The toilet room is lighted and ventilated by a half-sky-light built in connection with the companion slide, and by a port which opens in the side of the house.

The main cabin is 7 ft. 6 in. long, with an excess of the required headroom. On each side under the deck is a fixed berth, 2 ft. wide, and with enough clear heights to allow turning over without difficulty. These berths can be kept made up and always ready for turning in without disturbing all hands with the preparations of making up berths at turning-in time. The transoms are wide enough to form comfortable sofas in daytime, and are built to extend so as to make a 2 ft. wide berth if necessary. This gives comfortable sleeping accommodations for five persons in separate berths in the cabins, and forward is a hanging berth for the man, if one is carried. The centerboard trunk is brought above the cabin floor to the height necessary for the table, and with leaves hinged on either side makes a fixed cabin table that is always in place. The arrangement allows ample room to pass around either end of the trunk. So the centerboard trunk can in no way be considered objectionable in view of the fact that a table of some sort is necessary in the cabin. The board is hoisted by a pennant leading through a brass tube to the top of the house, and as the top of the trunk is above the waterline, the board is accessible in case it should become jammed in any way.

At the forward end of the cabin, the sideboards on either side give additional table space for serving, and

also give locker and drawer room for storing linen, tableware, silver, etc. The space under the transoms is made useable by an arrangement of trays which hold things dry and clean above the floor, and the wash of bilge water when the boat is heeled.

The galley, a most important place so far as the comfort and enjoyment of a cruise is concerned, is forward, with ample space and headroom under the fore end of the house. The ice chest and dish lockers are on the port side; the stove, with hooks, rack, etc., for cooking utensils, and lockers for stores and galley supplies, on the starboard side. This gives the cook a chance to prepare food properly, and to serve it decently by simply opening his door and passing the dishes aft.

Under the fore deck is ample room for man's berth and his dunnage, and for extra sails, anchors, warps, etc. If necessary, the cabin floor could be lowered somewhat and the height of cabin trunk increased, so that full headroom could be obtained in main cabin without seriously affecting the boat's appearance.

The dimensions are as follows:

Length—	
Over all	38ft. 1½ in.
L.W.L.	25ft. 0 in.
Overhang—	
Forward	5ft. 6½ in.
Aft	7ft. 7 in.
Breadth—	
Extreme	10ft. 6 in.
L.W.L.	9ft. 10 in.
Draft—	
Extreme	4ft. 0 in.
Board down	8ft. 0 in.
Freeboard—	
Bow	3ft. 2½ in.
Stern	2ft. 5 in.
Least	2ft. 0 in.
Displacement	14,835 lbs.
Lead keel	6,000 lbs.
Sail Area—	
Mainsail	685 sq. ft.
Jib	160 sq. ft.
Total	
C.L.R. from fore end of L.W.L.	14ft. 6 in.
C.B. from fore end of L.W.L.	12ft. 8 in.
C.G. of lead from fore end of L.W.L.	13ft. 0 in.
C.E. of sails from fore end of L.W.L.	14ft. 1 in.

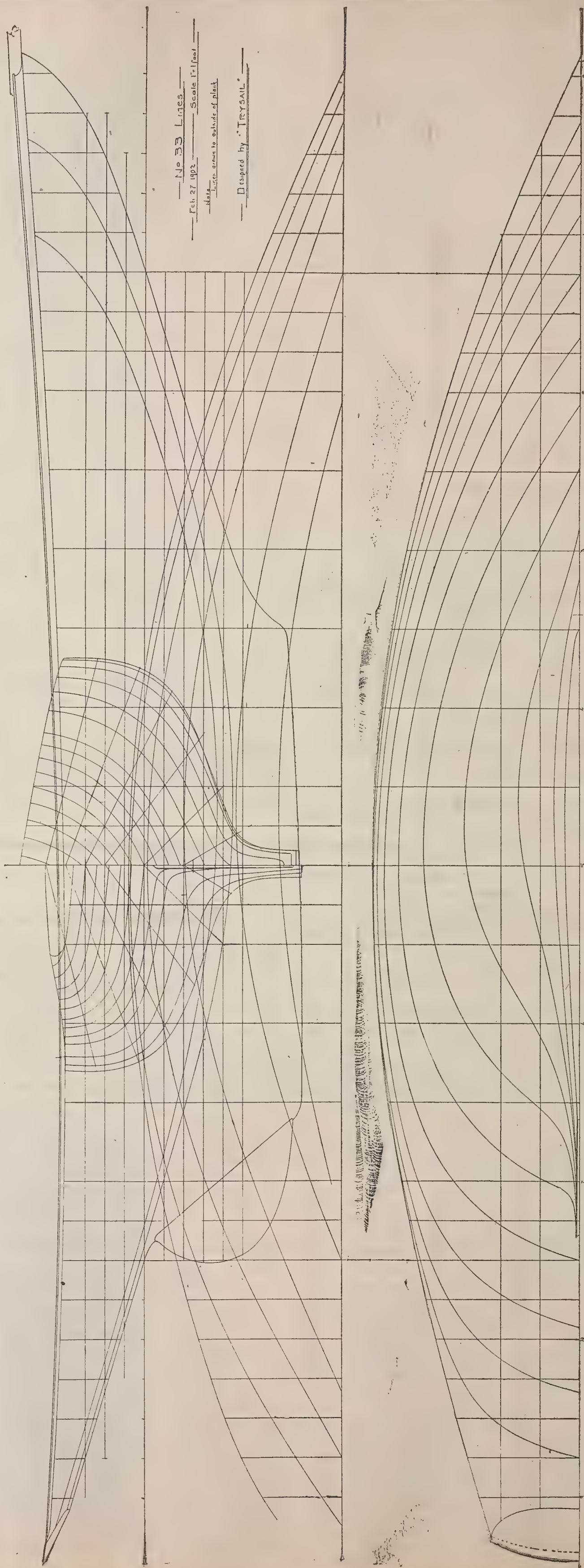
The Rating Rules.

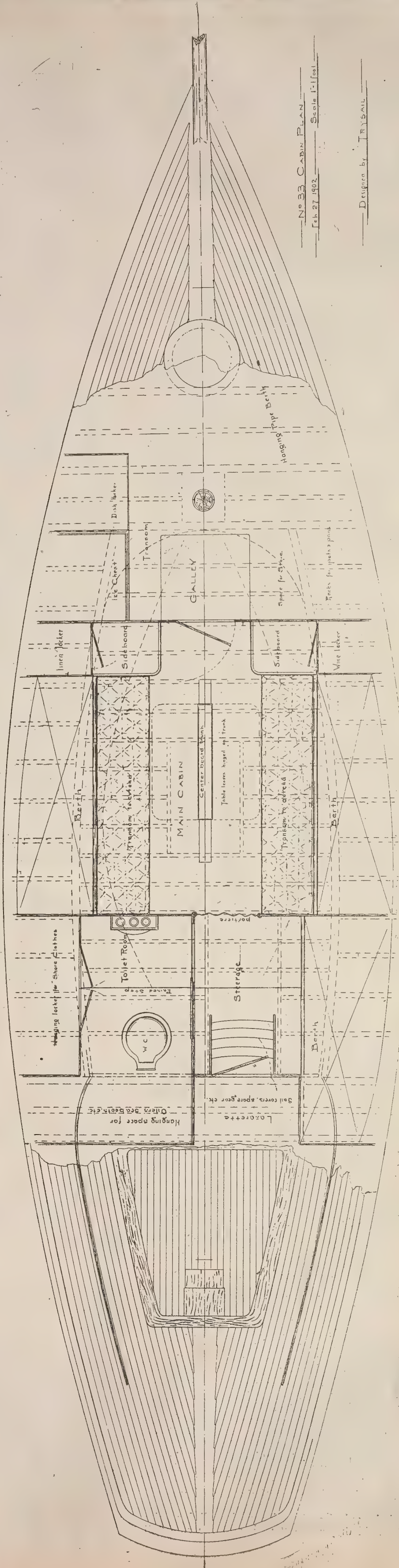
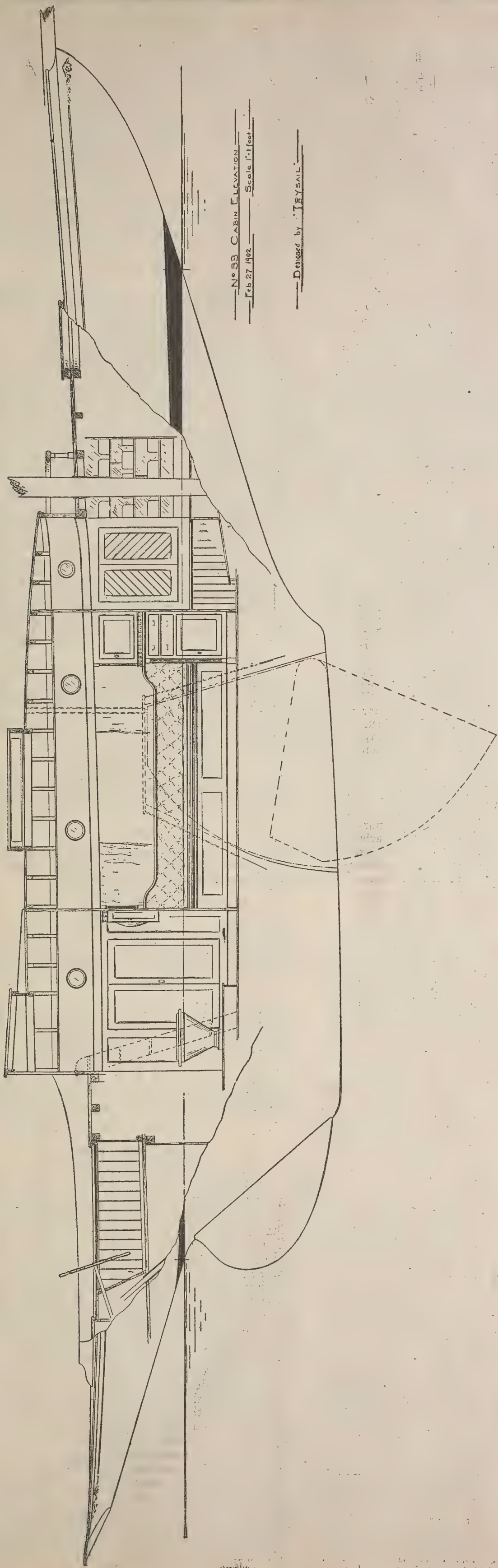
Editor Forest and Stream:

A letter from Sextant in your issue of the 8th inst. deals with one or two matters referred to by me in former notes on yacht measurement, and as I do not appear to have made myself altogether understood I shall be glad of an opportunity to clear up a few points. My object in the former article was to show that the length and sail area rule was based on simple and fairly well understood principles, and in doing so I referred to the rule which states that other things being equal opportunities for speed vary in different vessels as the square roots of their respective lengths. This rule, or perhaps it should be called an hypothesis, is inserted in the preamble to the table of time allowances in the Year Book of the New York Y. C. and of many other clubs using some form of the length and sail area rule. I assumed that it was well-known to yachtsmen and did not think it necessary to explain it or account for it. I am quite aware, as Thalassa pointed out, that the rule is not invariable, but as the exceptions are of a character which do not interfere with its use in the calculation of time allowances, this point need not be further considered. A matter of far more practical importance is that the rule only applies strictly when other things are equal. As I understand it, this means that the rule holds good between two yachts varying in length when all other lineal dimensions vary in the same proportion. This applies to construction, ballasting and sail area as well as to the dimensions of the hull. In other words, the yachts should be built from the same lines, and the fact that such a case hardly ever occurs in practice is the reason why the simple length rule is not sufficient as a measurement for time allowance. This fact having been recognized many years ago led to the necessity to which I referred of taking into account other factors beside length. A very simple case which occurred frequently was that of two or more yachts of about the same length but varying considerably in sail and the power to carry it. This matter of power to carry sail was, of course, a direct result of the general dimensions, weights, construction and ballasting of the various boats on a given length, and as all these obviously affected the possibilities of speed production, the handiest way to measure them was to measure the sail area, and having extracted the square root to reduce it to terms of the same dimension as length, to use it as a corrective factor in the formula.

At the time there was no intention of offering designers a choice between length and sail area in the selection of dimensions, because sail area had hitherto been free and untaxed, and for a long time after its introduction into the formula yachts were still classified by the waterline length. In practice, of which the 40ft. class was a good example, the designer always went to the limit of waterline length, taking such sail area as he thought fit, so that the corrected or racing length was always in excess of the class limits. In course of time it was found that designers were constantly increasing the power and sail on a given length, and producing unmanageable boats, and it was to restrain this that the system of classification by corrected length was adopted on Lake Ontario. Working under this a designer, of course, had the choice of any proportions that he saw fit to use, provided only that the sum of length and the square root of the sail area divided by two did not exceed the limit of the class. Even this was not intended to impose restrictions within the proper sphere of the designer, but merely to prevent boats of a nominal size growing to unwieldy proportions.

The idea that prevailed, at least in my mind, when working under this rule, was that corrected length was a conventional expression of racing length, and that, in view of all the circumstances, it was fair to use it in connection with tables of time allowance which were based





FOREST AND STREAM DESIGNING COMPETITION—HONORABLE MENTION DESIGN—CABIN PLAN—SUBMITTED BY "TRYSAIL" (CHARLES D. MOWER), NEW YORK CITY.

upon the rule or hypothesis that other things being equal possibilities of speed vary as the square root of the length.

I cannot, however, accept the suggestion of Thalassa and Sextant that corrected length is a measure of speed. The hypothesis from which the tables of time allowance are deduced expressly refers only to the possibilities of speed, and between these possibilities and the realization of speed itself there lies the whole legitimate domain of the naval architect. If we begin to consider actual speed as the basis for time allowance then we shall logically conclude by adopting some rule which will put the slowest tub of a cruiser on an equality with the smartest racer. I do not think any rule will be devised which will do this, and in any case it is neither desirable nor necessary. To put the matter as succinctly as possible, the length and sail area rule assumes that the possibilities of speed will vary with size, and, as I have pointed out before, the corrected length under such a rule is a conventional but very useful expression of size in terms of length. Having this data for a number of yachts, we extract the square root and get their relative possibilities of speed. We certainly do not get any expression of actual speed because that depends first of all upon the skill with which the designer has used the dimensions allowed; secondly, upon the strength of wind, and finally upon the skill used in sailing the boat. These three features represent the sport of yacht racing and the only occasion when it is proper to attempt to tax them is in handicap racing.

There is another point to be considered. The hypothesis with regard to relative speeds only applies within economic limits. At the time the length and sail area rule was first adopted, designers observed these limits, but of late they have not done so, and it is for this state of affairs that we are now trying to find a remedy. The attempts in this direction seem to me to be grouped under three heads, and it will possibly be of some assistance in studying the question if I make some attempt to define them: First, it is proposed to restrain designers within economic limits by arbitrary restrictions, producing either one design or restricted classes. This method is simple, and has the advantage of being readily understood and applied. It has also proved successful. It is to be recommended where the local circumstances are such that the measurement rules must be as simple as possible. Secondly, it is proposed to allow designers a perfectly free hand and to use a measurement rule based on the length and sail area rule, but with further qualifying factors which assume to measure certain speed producing elements which did not vary with length and sail area. This is the principle of Mr. Hyslop's rule, and while more scientific than restricted classes, it is necessarily empirical and arbitrary in the selection of additional elements for measurement and of the necessary co-efficients. The data involved are complicated and require special knowledge and skill to obtain. The use of such rules must necessarily be restricted to clubs having perfect facilities for applying them, as any looseness, want of skill, or inaccuracy in the work renders them worse than useless. Thirdly, it is assumed that the worst results of the variations from economic limits are the lack of accommodation and unseaworthiness of modern racing craft, and that these matters may be remedied by inducing or compelling the designer to use a bulkier and more compact underwater body. Rules with this end in view demand the use of displacement as a negative factor or divisor, and the chief objections are the difficulty of obtaining displacement practically and the uncertainty of the final effect on design of its use in the manner suggested. In conclusion, I may add that I should like to see all of these methods tried, and the results, being carefully noted, would go a long way toward improving our very imperfect knowledge and practice of this work of yacht measurement.

WILLIAM Q. PHILLIPS.

CLINTON, Ont., March 14.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The critical letters you publish over the signature Sextant, are extremely interesting, although somewhat pedantic.

Of course, S, being the measure of the force which drives a sailing vessel, is really the only speed producer in the strict sense of the term, just as fuel is the only speed producer of a steamer. But you can no more classify yachts for racing purposes by sail alone than you can classify steamers for speed by fuel alone. If two steamers race across the Atlantic on level terms and *ceteris paribus*, one of them carry 1,000 tons more than the other, she would rightly be regarded as the faster boat and better design. So must it be with yachts.

In horse racing, where horses of different ages meet, they are handicapped by means of small pieces of lead carried in the saddle, the weights carried by the favorites reducing their speed—and yachts are very similar in this particular. Strictly speaking, light displacement is not a speed producer; practically, it is. If Sextant objects to my term *tyweedledum*, let him call it *tyweedledee*. As for its not being a proper thing to put into a rating rule, I am content to know that Mr. Herreshoff proposed to do so in 1892. Sextant raises difficulties which he in no way attempts to remove, and shelters himself behind the proposal that even cup racers shall become a restricted class.

I have raced for twenty years on the Solent, and whenever I have built have designed my own boats, which have competed with those of Watson, Fife, Payne, Nicholson, Sibbick and Soper. My boats being cheaply and strongly built, cost about half the cost of their competitors, and I am convinced that under the rule I suggest my boats would have won frequently, as they would have carried more sail and their rivals less. Is it not fair that strongly constructed hulls should have a better chance of winning in the open classes than they have at present? Is it not fair that a boat which (even Sextant acknowledges) offers more resistance to motion should by rule carry some extra sail wherewith to overcome that extra resistance? I read a few days ago of a new yacht building on the Solent, that she had a double skin of mahogany planking, and everything done to insure her success. Of course, it is not the design, but very often it is merely the extra dollars spent in order to reduce weight that wins. I call it the curse of modern yacht racing.

The Seawanhaka rule has done its work well for quite a long period. Add displacement to it and the rule will

last for another equally long period and give satisfaction. THALASSA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have followed with much interest the numerous contributions to FOREST AND STREAM by Sextant and Thalassa, also those by Mr. Hill and Mr. Phillips, relative to measurement rules.

They are exceedingly interesting, but at times a little deep for an amateur. I have struck several snags, one of which I wish some kind reader of FOREST AND STREAM would pull me off. It is this, why does the larger boat outsail the smaller, if both are built on the same lines and have in proportion to their length the same displacement, wetted surface, sail area, etc., or why does speed vary as \sqrt{V} ? G. G. A.

Meteor's Trial Trip.

THE German Emperor's schooner Meteor was given her first spin under sail on Monday, March 31. The trip was a success in every way, with the exception of a mishap that occurred as the boat was leaving her mooring place off the yard of her builders at Shooter's Island. Meteor was lying between two docks, and as there was little room there in which to maneuver, the captain of the towboat that was to take her down the bay decided to haul her out stern first and swing her when he got into clear water outside. He miscalculated the strength of the wind and tide, however, and the yacht swung against some spiles placed between the two docks. The after overhang on the port side was the only part injured, several plates being stove in and part of the rail was carried away. After the accident happened, an examination was made and it was found that the yacht was perfectly seaworthy. The tow boat was dismissed and the police boat Patrol took Meteor in tow and through the Kills into the bay.

After the yacht had been swung so that her compasses might be adjusted, sail was made, the police boat let go the yacht's line.

The yacht was under her lower canvas, and in the increasing breeze moved fast. The wind was from the northwest, and she was kept on the starboard tack with the wind just forward of the beam, until about a mile below the Narrows, when she was put about on the port tack. After holding the port tack for a few moments, the yacht was again put on the starboard tack. In a few moments she was jibed over and was headed for New York on the port tack.

The wind had shifted to a point a little south of west, and was blowing hard. Meteor heeled well down, was moving very fast, with her scuppers awash. She had no difficulty in leaving the police boat, which was going ahead full steam.

The yacht was brought to anchor off Tompkinsville. She will be surveyed to ascertain the exact amount of damage done, and if the report is at all satisfactory, she will be taken across at once and have the damage repaired on the other side, while the interior fittings are being put in.

On board the yacht were Mr. Wallace Downey, the builder; Mr. A. Cary Smith and Mr. Henry G. Barbey, the designers; Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mr. Allison V. Armour, Mr. E. A. Willard, Mr. Emil Boaz, Karl Buenz, the German Consul-General, Naval Attaché von Rebeur-Paschwitz, Professor MacLean, of the Webb Academy; Mr. John L. Bliss and others, guests of the builders and attachés of the German Embassy at Washington.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Mr. Seth Low, Mayor of New York City, has purchased from Colonel William Hester the steam yacht Willada. The yacht will be used by Mayor Low for making the daily trip between his country place at Rye and New York City. She was designed by Mr. Henry C. Winttingham and built by Messrs. Pusey & Jones, at Wilmington, Del., during the winter of 1898-99. Her dimensions are 127ft. over all, 102ft. on the waterline, 16ft. 6in. breadth and 6ft. draft.

The English-built auxiliary ketch Anemone IV. has been purchased by Mr. John Murray Mitchell, of New York City. The yacht is 102ft. long, 19.5ft. breadth, and 12.5ft. deep. She was designed by Mr. A. H. Brown, and built by Messrs. Camper & Nicholson, Ltd., at Gosport in 1899. The yacht is now at Cowes and is being put in shape for the voyage to America.

Mr. Pliny Fisk has bought the English-built steam yacht Katoomba from Mr. Kenneth M. Clark. The yacht was designed by Mr. George L. Watson, and built by the Ailsa Shipbuilding Co., at Troon, Scotland, in 1898. She is 163ft. on the waterline, 24.15ft. breadth, and 13.75ft. deep.

Mr. J. Rogers Maxwell has sold his steam yacht Kismet to Mr. E. S. Smithers. Mr. Maxwell is having a larger yacht built from designs by Mr. Harry C. Winttingham.

Captain "Lem" Miller has been appointed sailing master of Navahoe, and he will sail her in all her races in English and German waters for her new owner, Mr. George W. Watjin, of Bremen. Captain Miller has been aboard a number of our cup defenders, and is one of our best known yacht skippers.

Helenita, the steam yacht built by the Gas Engine and Power Co. and Charles L. Seabury & Co., at Morris Heights, for Mr. Frank J. Gould, was launched on Tuesday, March 25. The yacht was named by Mrs. Gould and a large number of friends attended the ceremony. The yacht was designed by Mr. Charles L. Seabury, and built under his supervision. The vessel is constructed

of steel throughout. There is a large deck house forward and a smaller one aft. In the forward house is the dining saloon, a smoking room, steward's pantry and sailing master's stateroom. The after deck house will be used as a sort of music and living room. Below decks aft are the owner's quarters. These consist of two large staterooms with bath and dressing rooms adjoining. Aft of the owner's rooms are seven staterooms and bathrooms for guests. Forward below deck are staterooms for the officers, quarters for the crew and the galley. The yacht is fitted with a triple expansion Seabury engine and two Seabury water tube boilers. The bunkers have a capacity for about 100 tons of coal, while the water tanks will carry about 10,000 gallons. The yacht will have a speed of eighteen knots. She will be lighted by electricity and heated by steam. Four boats will be carried on the davits: A 26ft. mahogany launch, a 21ft. launch, a 20ft. gig and a 20ft. cutter. Helenita has a single funnel and two pole masts. The deck houses and all the deck finish are of mahogany.

The following charters and sales have been made through Mr. Frank Bowne Jones agency: The English-built auxiliary schooner Kittiwake, chartered to Mr. James A. Garland. Kittiwake is 120ft. long, 21.2ft. breadth, and 12ft. deep. She was built by Messrs. Scott & Co., at Greenock, Scotland, in 1893. The yacht will arrive in these waters from the Mediterranean early in June.

Schooner yacht Indra, by Mr. John M. Richmond, Providence, R. I., to Mr. Henry F. Noyes, New York City.

Sloop yacht Irex, by Mr. F. C. Rodewald, to Mr. Frederick R. Kellogg, of New York City.

Yawl Fidelio, by Mr. Henry S. Jeans, of Philadelphia, to a New York yachtsman. This yacht has been equipped with auxiliary power.

Yawl Sea Gull, by Mr. Alexander McGuiness, to Mr. Lester F. Dwight, of New York.

Steam yacht Cayuga, by the Rev. F. L. Humphreys to Mr. T. S. Slocum, Boston.

Launch Rush, by Mr. George F. Chester, of Buffalo, to Mr. John A. Eckert, of New York.

The raceabouts Ghoorkha, Viper and Aeolis have found new owners.

At the Spalding St. Lawrence shops, at Ogdensburg, N. Y., there is a 25ft. launch building for Mr. Louis Bossert, of Brooklyn, for use as a tender to his schooner Coronet. The order was placed through Mr. Jones.

Mr. E. T. Hatch is having James Lenox, of Twenty-fifth street, South Brooklyn, build for him an auxiliary schooner. The yacht will be known as the Minnehaha, and will be 45ft. on the waterline, 50ft. over all, 12ft. breadth, and 3ft. 6in. draft. She will be equipped with a 25 horse-power gasoline engine.

The schooner Endymion, recently dismantled in southern waters, is being refitted at Newport News, and will continue her cruise.

The steam yacht Corsair, owned by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, is being put in shape at Manning's Basin, South Brooklyn, for a trip to European waters.

The Sachem's Head Y. C., of Guilford, Conn., is now to have a one-design class. Several members have agreed to build. The boats will be about 15ft. waterline, and will be designed and built by Charles B. Wyckoff, of Clinton, Conn.

Mr. H. Hansen, of Twenty-sixth street, South Brooklyn, is building from Mr. B. B. Crowninshield's design a cruising yawl for Mr. J. S. Negus. She is 40ft. over all, 25ft. waterline, 11ft. breadth, and 3ft. draft.

Mr. A. W. C. Williams, of Hartford, Conn., has sold his launch Diana to Mr. Harry Norvent, of Washington, D. C.

Yacht Club Notes.

The second general meeting of the New York Y. C. was held at the club house, West Forty-fourth street, on Thursday, March 27. Commodore Lewis Cass Ledyard presided. The following gentlemen were elected members: Wallace Downey, Samuel T. Hubbard, Jr.; Edward F. Leland, Henry G. Tobey, Surgeon W. M. Garton, U. S. N.; George G. Murtry, Surgeon James C. Pryor, U. S. N.; James Henry Morgan, Rear Admiral Albert S. Barker, U. S. N.; George G. Williams, Lieutenant Frederic M. Wise, U. S. M. C.; Harris King Smith, William D. Guthrie, Rear Admiral G. W. Melville, U. S. N.; John C. Kaper, U. S. N.; W. R. Hough-taling, Charles Steele, George W. Perkins, Lieutenant Charles C. Plunkett, U. S. N.; John P. Pratt, Edward C. Knight, Rear Admiral Philip H. Cooper, U. S. N.; Paymaster Frank T. Arms, Lieutenant Provost Babin, U. S. N.; Edward Barr, Warner M. Leeds and S. Edward Vernon. Honorary member—Nathaniel Greene Herreshoff.

The committee on uniforms and dress, signal code, yacht routine, etc., made its report, which was accepted. Mr. Wickert presented the club with the programme of the annual regatta held in 1854.

The date and rendezvous of the annual cruise is generally announced at this meeting, but it was decided to leave this matter to the commodore. It is believed that the first week in August will be selected, and the meeting place will be New London. There has been some talk about continuing the cruise to Bar Harbor.

The committee appointed at the first general meeting to consult with naval architects in regard to forming a new measurement rule reported. The work of this com-

mittee is of the utmost importance, and the results of its work will be watched with interest by yachtsmen everywhere. The committee is in communication with the foremost naval architects all over the world, and as soon as replies can be received from men in out of the way points a definite report will be made. Those serving on the committee on measurement rules are as follows: S. Nicholson Kane, chairman; C. Oliver Iselin, H. F. Lippitt, Oliver H. Cromwell, A. Cass Canfield, John F. Lovejoy, W. Butler Duncan, Jr.; Newberry D. Lawton and Secretary George A. Cormack.

Commodore Frederick T. Adams, Larchmont Y. C., has made the following appointments: General Thomas L. Watson to be fleet captain, and Dr. William E. Bulard to be fleet surgeon.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Rifle at Shell Mound.
SAN FRANCISCO, March 24.—Yesterday was a blustery day at Shell Mound, though there was a large attendance of marksmen. Messrs. McLaughlin and Gehret with rifle, and Mr. Gorman with revolver made very fine scores.

Next Sunday the California Schuetzen Club will hold a "spring festival," and a large turn out of marksmen is looked for. Yesterday's scores:
Germania Schuetzen Club, monthly competition shoot for cash prizes: A. Gehret 74, Louis Bonstel 73, D. B. Faktor 69, A. Pape 69, F. E. Mason 69, N. Ahrens 68, D. Salfeld 67, August Jungblut 68, Herman Huber 67.
Competition for trophies: F. E. Mason 223, A. Pape 216, F. P. Schuster 211, A. Gehret 221, Herman Huber 210, Otto Bremer 207, E. H. Goetze 205, N. Ahrens 204, Louis Bendel 203.
Germania Schuetzen Club monthly bullseye shoot: D. Salfeld 125, Herman Huber 133, John Utschig 135, A. Gehret 143, F. E. Mason 403, Edward H. Goetze 412, W. Morken 424, Otto Bremer 523, L. N. Ritzau 546, D. B. Faktor 623, F. P. Schuster 640, William Goetze 765.
Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club, monthly class and medal shoot, rifle, handicap: M. F. Blasse 207, 209, 226; W. F. Blasse 196, 200, 205, 214; F. E. Mason 225.
Gold medal, rifle: William Ehrenpfort 174, 190, 202.
Silver medal, rifle: Otto Bremer 204.
Glindemann trophy: D. W. McLaughlin 232, W. F. Blasse 210.
Handicap revolver: J. E. Gorman 92, 88, 88, 96, 87; F. S. Washburn, 90, 85, 87; P. A. Becker 90, 91; J. W. Tompkins 81, 80, 77, 74, 71, 70; J. Kullmann 76.
Handicap, pistol: J. E. Gorman 92, F. S. Washburn 92, 91, 88, 92; G. W. Hoadley 84, 84; C. O. Wheeler 82, 75, 78; H. Hinkel 81.
Silver medal: J. R. Trego 83, 80, 76; L. C. Hinkel 85, 83, 86.
Norddeutscher Schuetzen Club, monthly medal shoot: First champion class, F. P. Schuster 435; second champion class, not won; first class, D. Salfeld, 416; second class, not won; third class, Henry Meyer 372; fourth class, not won; best first shot, Herman Huber, 24; best last shot, F. P. Schuster, 23.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.
CINCINNATI, O.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, at Four-Mile House, Reading road, March 30. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the Standard target. Strickmeier was declared champion for the day with the fine score of 91. Weather, cloudy; thermometer, 50; wind, strong, from 4 to 7 o'clock; sometimes a regular gale was blowing:

	Honor.	Medal.
Strickmeier	91 88 86 84 83	7 6 7-20
Payne	87 87 86 85 84	9 9 10-23
Gindele	87 86 85 80 79	9 10 10-23
Lux	84 79 77 76 75	8 7 8-23
Roberts	82 81 77 77 77	8 8 6-22
Weinheimer	81 74 72 72 64	8 10 10-23
Hofer	78 68 66 66 65	8 5 4-17
Odell	77 73 71 72 67	5 10 9-24
Jonscher	77 70 64 62 62	7 6 10-23
Drube	75 71 68	8 6 6-20
Trounstone	71 67 66 66 65	7 5 9-21

The following totals were made by those members shooting for the annual 100-shot championship match. Payne led the race, with Strickmeier a close second: Payne 833, Strickmeier 832, Roberts 745, Lux 714, Jonscher 632, Hofer 631.

The Metropolitan Shooting Club held a meeting at 513 Sixth avenue, on March 31, to arrange conditions for the open-to-all rifle and revolver matches, which are to be held under the club's auspices, at Conlin's gallery, from April 1 to April 26. Rules governing the various competitions were made, as follows: Rifle, off-hand, .22cal., 50 record match, German ring target, 10 shots on each target. Rapid fire, 15yds., 15 shots. Revolver, best string of 5 shots on Standard target; experts shoot at 25yds.; amateurs and novices, 15yds.; amateur's best four targets to count; novices best three targets to count. Novices will be classified by the shooting committee by trial shots. Many well-known revolver and rifle shots have entered.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

April —.—Dover, N. H.—Fast Day shoot of the Dover Sportsmen's Association. J. B. Stevens, Sec'y.
April 3.—Brooklyn, L. I.—All-day target shoot of the Dexter Park Gun Club. Thomas Short, Manager.
April 8-11.—Olathe, Kan.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament.
April 10.—Marietta, O.—One-day target tournament of the Columbian Gun Club. Chas. Bailey, Sec'y.
April 12.—Ossining, N. Y.—Cup shoot of the Ossining Gun Club. C. G. Blandford, Capt.
April 15-17.—Asheville, N. C.—Target tournament given by Col. E. P. McKissick.
April 15-17.—St. Joseph, Mo.—Missouri State Amateur Shooting Association's annual tournament. F. B. Cunningham, Sec'y.
April 16-18.—Peru, Ind.—Peru Gun Club's sixth annual amateur tournament; two days at targets for amateurs; one day at live birds open to all. Frank Dunbar, Sec'y.
April 19.—Haverhill, Mass.—Patriots' Day shoot of the Haverhill Gun Club.
April 22.—Olean, N. Y.—Third annual tournament of the Olean Gun Club. B. D. Nobles, Sec'y.
April 22-25.—Omaha, Neb.—Nebraska State shoot. H. S. McDonald, Sec'y.
April 26.—Ossining, N. Y.—Cup shoot of the Ossining Gun Club. C. G. Blandford, Capt.
April 29-30.—Greenville, O.—Annual tournament of the Greenville Gun Club. H. A. McCaughey, Sec'y.
April 30.—Wellington, Mass.—Third annual team shoot of the Boston Gun Club. Horace C. Kirkwood, Sec'y.
May 6-9.—Interstate Park, L. I.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap at Targets. Edward Banks, Sec'y; Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.

May 7-8.—Crawfordsville, Ind.—Target tournament of the Crawfordsville Gun Club; \$400 guaranteed. Mac, Stillwell, Sec'y.
May 13-14.—Enid, Oklahoma Territory.—Oklahoma Territorial Sportsmen's Association tournament.
May 13-16.—Oil City, Pa.—Annual meeting of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. F. S. Bates, Cor. Sec'y.
May 14-16.—Charleston, S. C.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Charleston-Palmetto Gun Club. W. G. Jeffords, Jr., Sec'y.
May 15.—Sherbrooke, P. Q.—Sherbrooke Gun Club's inanimate target tournament. C. H. Foss, Sec'y.
May 20-22.—Ottumwa, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's tournament.
May 20-22.—Elwood, Ind.—Annual tournament of the Zoo Rod and Gun Club, of Elwood, Ind.
May 20-22.—Wheeling, W. Va.—Fifth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association; added money and prizes. John B. Garden, Sec'y, Wheeling, W. Va.
May 20-23.——, —.—New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association.
May 21-22.—Baltimore, Md.—Maryland county shoot for amateurs.
May 21-23.—Springfield, S. D.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
May 26-31.—Lincoln, Neb.—Grand Interstate tournament; three days shooting; three days golf; three days tennis. H. C. Young, Manager.
May 30.—Schenectady, N. Y.—Spring tournament of the Schenectady Gun Club. E. L. Aiken, Sec'y.
May 30.—Ossining, N. Y.—Holiday shoot of the Westchester County Trapshooters' League. J. Curry Barlow, Sec'y.
May 30.—Auburn, Me.—Annual tournament of the Auburn Gun Club. L. A. Barker, Sec'y.
May 30-31.—Altoona, Pa.—Altoona Rod and Gun Club's tenth annual tournament. George G. Zeth, Sec'y, Altoona, Pa.
May 30-31.—Union City, Ind.—Spring tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club. O. E. Fouts, Sec'y.
June 3-5.—Cleveland, O.—Tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League, under the auspices of the Cleveland Gun Co.
June 4-6.—Memphis, Tenn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Memphis Gun Club.
July 8-10.—Pine Bluff, Ark.—Twelfth annual meeting and tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association. Targets. Added money \$300. Rose system. Paul R. Litzke, Sec'y.
June 9-13.—Rochester, N. Y.—Forty-fourth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game.
June 10-11.—Sioux City, Ia.—Eighth annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.
June 10-11.—Muncie, Ind.—Indiana Trapshooters' League's annual tournament.
June 12-15.—Denver, Colo.—Grand Western Bluecock Handicap tournament. Frank H. Mayer, Tournament Manager.
June 17-20.—Warm Springs, Ga.—Annual Interstate tournament.
June 18-19.—Bellefontaine, O.—Silver Lake Gun Club's annual tournament. Geo. E. Maison, Sec'y.
June 25-26.—Raleigh, N. C.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Raleigh Gun Club. Jas. I. Johnson, Sec'y.
June 29.—San Francisco, Cal.—Live-bird shoot of the Union Gun Club.
July 16-18.—Titusville, Pa.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Titusville Gun Club. T. L. Andrews, Sec'y.
Aug. 6-7.—Marietta, O.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Columbian Gun Club. Chas. Bailey, Sec'y.
Aug. 12-13.—Birmingham, Ala.—Third annual Alabama State target tournament, under the auspices of the Birmingham Gun Club. R. H. Baugh, Sec'y.
Aug. 13-14.—Brunswick, Me.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Brunswick Gun Club. L. C. Whitmore, Sec'y.
Aug. 14-16.—Hamilton, Can.—Dominion Trapshooting and Game Protective Association's tournament.
Aug. 27-28.—Haverhill, Mass.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Haverhill Gun Club. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.
Sept. 3-4.—Nappanee, Ind.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Nappanee Gun Club. B. B. Maust, Sec'y.
Sept. 23-25.—Cincinnati, O.—Second annual handicap target tournament of the Cincinnati Gun Club. Charles F. Dreih, Sec'y.
Sept. 29-30.—Lewistown, Ill.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Lewistown Gun Club. H. H. McCumber, Sec'y.
Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot, every Saturday afternoon.
Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.
First Saturday of each month for a year, Burnside.—Contest for the Troisdorf live-bird and target medals; 10 live birds; 25 targets; open to all. First contest, March 1.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.
Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.
DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.
Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The logic of the great New York dailies in the matter of fanciful cruelty as it relates to pigeon shooting, is sadly lacking in consistency. The New York American and Journal in a recent issue, presents a picture, nearly a half-page in size, "of something like 18,000 pigeons that will be cruelly slaughtered," etc. Beside this picture, under a scare head, "Los Angeles Still after Big Fight," a spirited account of the fight situation up to date is presented. Articles intended to stimulate the attendance at fights and to promote their success are a large part of the day's literature in the ranting, spuriously humane journals. All the disgusting details of fights between "Kid" So-and-So, and "Terror" So-and-So, are daily given with minute care. When it is considered that prize fighters and their adherents, with few exceptions, are the lowest of the low, and that the so-called sport of two degraded beings pounding each other to exhaustion or death is cruelty beside which pigeon shooting is white as snow in comparison, one may well doubt whether the ranting of the daily press against pigeon shooting is from sincere conviction or from irresponsible demagogism.

The annual meeting of the Garfield Gun Club, of Chicago, was held on March 26. Reports of officers showed the club to be flourishing financially and physically; membership full to the limit and ten applicants on waiting list. Three directors were elected, viz.: J. D. Pollard, three years; Dr. J. W. Meek, three years; C. J. Wolff, one year, to fill unexpired term. Directors' meeting resulted as follows: W. A. Jones, President; H. A. Hellman, Vice-President; Dr. J. W. Meek, Secretary; Thos. W. Eaton, Treasurer; A. D. Dorman, Captain. The target season opens first Saturday in May.

John S. Wright, manager of the Brooklyn Gun Club, announces that the club will hold a series of three shoots for a handsome gold watch charm. Conditions, 50 targets, handicap, entrance \$1.50, targets included. First shoot Saturday, April 5; second, April 12; third, April 19. Sweepstake shooting to start at 2 P. M. Main event at 3 P. M. Grounds, Enfield street, near Liberty avenue, terminus Kings County Elevated Railroad.

That was a remarkable record made by Mr. Harold Money last week at St. Louis in his match with Alex. Mermod. Out of 60 pairs, Mr. Money broke 99 targets, shooting the Winchester re-

peating shotgun and the Winchester factory-loaded Leader shells. The targets were thrown at regulation distance from regulation traps. Good records have been made before, but this far outdoes them all.

Mr. Frank Lawrence, who has been identified with the gun and ammunition trade for many years past, and who is thoroughly proficient in all its many branches, has accepted a position with the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. Mr. Lawrence's territory will be Pennsylvania. His affability, industry and accomplishments eminently qualify him for the position.

Mr. C. F. Lambert, of Lynn, Mass., one of the steady shooters, and eminently skillful at either targets or live birds, was a visitor in New York last week. Business cares will prevent his attendance at the Grand American Handicap, an event which has won his attendance in previous years.

The Peters Cartridge Company has added Mr. Neaf Apgar to its staff of New York representatives. Mr. Apgar is an expert in the handling of the gun, has a wide and popular acquaintance among shooters and sportsmen generally, and will prove a valuable addition to this company's list of able representatives.

There probably will be anywhere from twenty-five to fifty post entries to the Grand American Handicap, which, added to the 453 received; will bring the total up near to the 500 mark, a great entry indeed. It goes to show that the great West, when in an earnest mood, makes good its claim to greatness.

Mr. Fred Gilbert gained final possession of the Sportsmen's Review Cup at Kansas City, on March 23 by defeating Messrs. J. A. R. Elliott and W. R. Crosby in a closely contested match, in which it was necessary for him to kill 57 out of 60 birds in order to win.

In the second contest for the Peters Cartridge Company's Arkansas championship trophy, at Pine Bluff, Ark., on March 25, Mr. J. A. Coles won with a score of 24 out of 25, from the 30yd. mark, defeating twenty-one competitors.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, who is now in Kansas City, managing the greatest friendly shoot on earth, informs us that the dates for the Lewistown, Ill., interstate tournament have been changed from Sept. 24 and 25 to Sept. 29 and 30.

The Crosby-Elliott contest for the cast-iron medal, which was to have been shot at Kansas City on March 29, was postponed on account of the bad weather.

The all-day shoot of the Dexter Park, Brooklyn Gun Club, April 3, commences at 10 o'clock. Thomas Short, manager.

At Kansas City.

Special to FOREST AND STREAM.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., March 31.—The Kansas City Sweepstakes, at 32 birds, was the only event shot to-day. There were 368 entries, of which thirty-six scored straight. Weather, clear. Indications that a large percentage of entries will fill. The shoot is working smoothly, and with good weather will be finished this week. The following scored straight in the Kansas City Sweepstakes: J. E. Avery, Atlanta, Ga.; J. E. Hicks, Columbus, O.; W. R. Crosby, O'Fallon, Ill.; J. W. Gray, Sioux City, Ia.; Hood Waters, Baltimore, Md.; Sam Hoffman, Jr., Atlantic, Ia.; W. L. Hansbro, Paducah, Ky.; W. A. Baker, Griffin, Ga.; Farmer Burke, Elgin, Neb.; Harvey McMurchy, Fulton, N. Y.; C. C. Herman, Kansas City, Mo.; T. W. Morley, Queens, N. Y.; Ben Eick, Sterling, Ill.; A. H. Fox, Philadelphia, Pa.; R. Kuss, Chicago, Ill.; T. A. Marshall, Keithsburg, Ill.; L. Foley, Nichols, Ia.; W. H. Heer, Concordia, Kas.; C. B. Cockrill, Platte City, Mo.; J. L. D. Morrison, St. Paul, Minn.; H. C. Hirschey, Minneapolis, Minn.; F. L. Alabaster, Chicago, Ill.; H. D. Bates, Ridgetown, Ont.; E. D. Trotter, Kingsley, Ia.; F. D. Alkire, Woodlyn, O.; H. B. Hill, Aurora, Ind.; R. S. Rhodes, Frankfort, Ky.; E. M. Stout, Circleville, Ia.; Chas. Kilgour, Schenectady, N. Y.; G. A. C., Racine, Wis.; A. C. Connor, Pekin, Ill.; J. R. Graham, Windermere P. O., Ill.; T. F. Dockson, Springfield, Ill.; Geo. Tucker, Brenham, Tex.; W. R. Milner, Jay, Ill. B. WATERS.

The Hamilton Gun Club.

HAMILTON, Canada, March 24.—Herewith please find scores of the regular fortnightly meeting of the Hamilton Gun Club, March 15. All contestants shooting on this day were members of our club. With the exception of a small optional sweep in event 2, all events were shot for birds only. Event 2 was shot for the Peters Cartridge Company trophy. Complete scores to the end of the third round in this competition will go forward in a day or two. Event 3 was a team race between teams chosen by President T. Upton and Vice-President M. E. Fletcher, which resulted in a tie. Darkness prevented any further shooting:

Targets:	10 25 10	Targets:	10 25 10
T Upton, 21.....	8 22 7	W Work, 16.....	8 22 7
C Brigger, 21.....	9 21 7	G Crawford, 16.....	6 20 7
Clifford, Jr., 17.....	5 .. 10	J Bowron, 19.....	6 22 ..
E A Clifford, 18.....	8 19 7	H Graham, 20.....	5 19 7
Dr Hunt, 18.....	5 21 6	B Smith, 17.....	8 24 7
J Hunter, 19.....	6 20 4	J Cline, 17.....	8 20 7
H Dynes, 19.....	7 17 ..	A Smith, 16.....	8 16 4
Edwards, 15.....	6 14 4	F Wilson, 15.....	5 20 5
C Waterbury, 15.....	6 18 6	Dunham, 16.....	2 12 2
J Crooks, 18.....	6 18 ..	G Stroud, 18.....	.. 17 3
Ben It, 18.....	5 23 9	Dr Ingersoll, 16.....	.. 17 8
Dr Wilson, 20.....	6 21 7	G Cline, 16.....	.. 15 2
M E Fletcher, 18.....	9 19 9		BEN IT.

"Uncle Lisha's Shop."

"Uncle Lisha's Shop" is temporarily out of print. A new edition is in press, to be ready soon. It will have as frontispiece an excellent portrait of Mr. Robinson. The price will be \$1.25.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of FOREST AND STREAM. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

The Single-Trigger Shotgun.

NEW YORK.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reviewing the development of the modern double-barrel breechloading shotgun, nothing has puzzled inventive genius more than a practical, perfect single-trigger device, and no improvement since the days of flint locks can show up so many rank failures and disappointments as the single-trigger idea. On no other single improvement has so much money been expended without satisfactory results as on single-trigger experiments.

Although well nigh perfect work is being done by experts with the modern two-trigger breechloader, it is an undeniable fact that a perfect single trigger would prove one of the greatest of all recent improvements in a double-barrel shotgun, and the hundreds of patents and hundreds of thousands of dollars spent in the at-

tempt to put a perfect single trigger on the market, and the years of hard work and ever-repeated attempts after costly failures, show that the manufacturers, as well as the sportsmen, are wide awake as to the importance of a perfect single trigger.

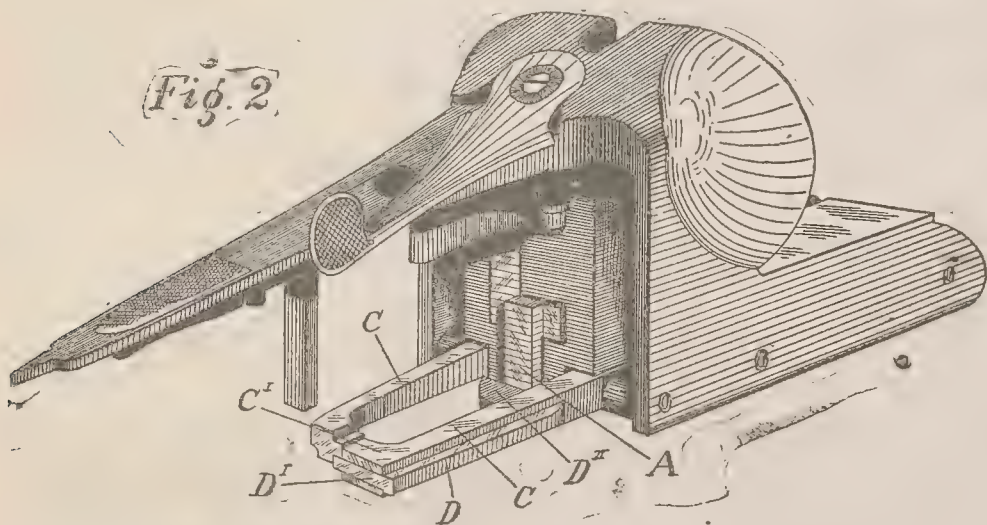
tempts to put a perfect single trigger on the market, and the years of hard work and ever-repeated attempts after costly failures, show that the manufacturers, as well as the sportsmen, are wide awake as to the importance of a perfect single trigger.

The merit of a single trigger for a double barrel gun is self-evident. Every practical shooter knows the importance of a perfectly fitting gun, a difference in the length of a stock, of as little as 1/16 in. is often noticed and insisted upon, and every amateur will do better with a proper length of stock than otherwise. A quarter of an inch, more or less, difference in length of stock is often fatal for best work. Still when shooting a double-barrel two-trigger gun, we continually shorten or lengthen our stock about an inch as the case may be, beside having to fully release our grip on the gun shooting right and left barrel, which all accounts to a great extent for the often comparatively poor work of the second barrel as well as other undesirable features, such as unpleasant punishment on account of recoil of gun, etc.

All this will be done away with when shooting a single-trigger gun.

What constitutes a perfect single trigger? In my opinion several

requirements are absolutely necessary for any single trigger to become popular enough to come into general use.



First.—A trigger mechanism which is easily reversible from right and left to left and right.

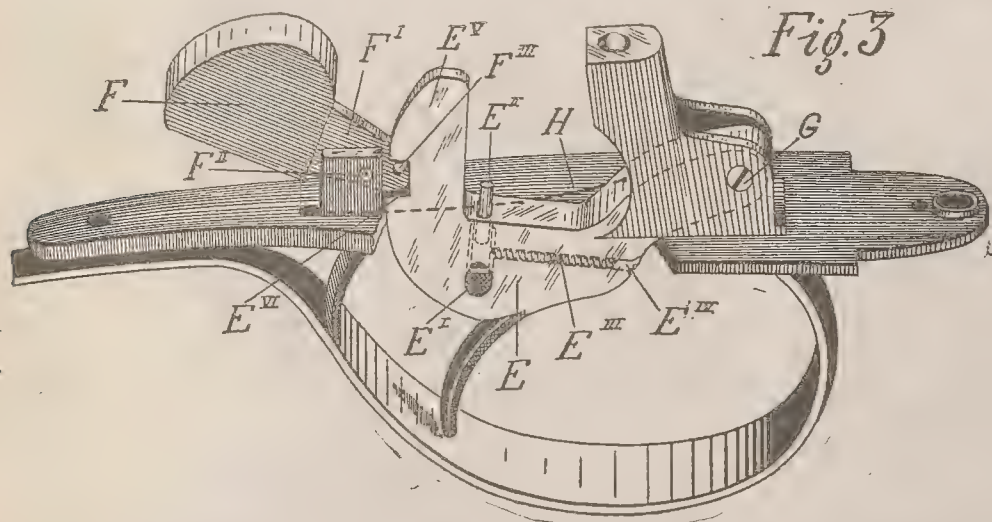
Second.—Which is absolutely proof against "doubling"; that is, firing both barrels simultaneously through either fault of the mechanism, difference in recoil of cartridges, peculiarity of shooter in holding his gun or involuntary pull, caused by the recoil of the first fired cartridge.

Third.—A mechanism which allows of as smooth, easy and light a pull-off, devoid of all drag of the trigger, as the two trigger locks.

Fourth.—A simple, strong and purely mechanically positive device which can be cheaply constructed, easily understood, and which is not dependent upon any recoil of the gun.

In looking over the gradual development of the single trigger, the first attempts did not allow of shifting from right and left to left and right. Again, thousands of single-trigger guns have been put upon the market, and a good many are in use to-day, mostly in England, which are not proof against "doubling" and may be "doubled" by so-called tricks pretty regularly.

Still others have such shortcomings as a hard, stiff or creepy pull-off, while the one or two single triggers which have been



tried and can fairly lay claim to not having the first three objections, are so complicated as to make them possible on the highest grades of guns only. The finest and most expensive workmanship only would admit of their construction, the cost of which would equal that of the cost of our most popular guns.

The above history of the single trigger development during the last eight or ten years is correct, and is well known to all close observers of the many different actions patented, found correct theoretically, manufactured, practically tried and soon found wanting. Nearly every important European manufacturer has had his fingers burned on one or more single-trigger mechanisms, as theory and practice seemed bound to run counter and riot with each other.

I plead guilty; I was one of the burnt ones, and was one of the most disgusted of the single-trigger theorists, and was perfectly willing to let others go ahead and do the experimenting. Many other practical shooters and men in the business did likewise.

My faith in the absolute practicability of a single trigger began to return only when I saw Mr. Charles Francotte, a leading expert, among the practical gun makers of Europe, give his unqualified indorsement and praise for the improved Bittner and Jaeger single trigger, an American invention. The Bittner and Jaeger idea has stood all practical tests, and is taking like wildfire in Germany, France, England and Belgium, dozens of the

vices for preventing doubling in single-trigger guns.

The counterbalance or "timer" is mechanical simplicity in itself, is inexpensive and absolute in its functions.

Upon pressing the trigger, the first time and discharging the first barrel, the counterbalance F is forced downward upon or toward the trigger plate. Upon releasing the trigger, the counterbalance is raised again to a position slightly more elevated than before the first pull of the trigger, thus allowing the sear to make its downward movement and the stud or extension, D, on lever D to slip under or over the lug C, as the case may be, and couple or connect the other sear.

The under-bolt or breech-bolt, by means of a projection, A, Fig. 2, presses against the extension D' of the lever D when the gun is being opened, and places both sears in a normal position as in Fig. 1.

The above mechanism is easily applied to most hammerless lock constructions.

For hammer guns the B. & J. single trigger is still more simple. The transposer is done away with, and instead of the rear projection on breech-bolt A, Fig. 2, we have a stud, "A," Fig. 6, on the tumbler.

In cocking the gun the stud "A" slips under the lever D, Fig. 6, so that the stud D' on the forward end of lever D is pressed in

the groove C' of the sear C.

Upon pressing the trigger and releasing the right hammer, the tumbler is forced upward, releasing the sear C and the lever D, and the action thereafter corresponds with that of the hammerless lock.

The left barrel may be fired continuously without firing the right by cocking the left hammer only. In this wise the stud D will always slip under the shoulders of the left sear, and the pressing of the trigger will lift both sears. When both hammers are cocked the gun will shoot right and left. When only either right or left hammer is cocked it will fire the respective barrel continuously.

The counterbalance of timer F performs the same functions of preventing a possibility of doubling or firing both barrels involuntarily, as in the hammerless gun.

I predict that American sportsmen and gun makers will not be far behind their European cousins in recognizing the practical advantages of a simple, sound, purely mechanical, cheap and thoroughly reliable single trigger for double-barrel guns.

JUSTUS VON Lengerke.

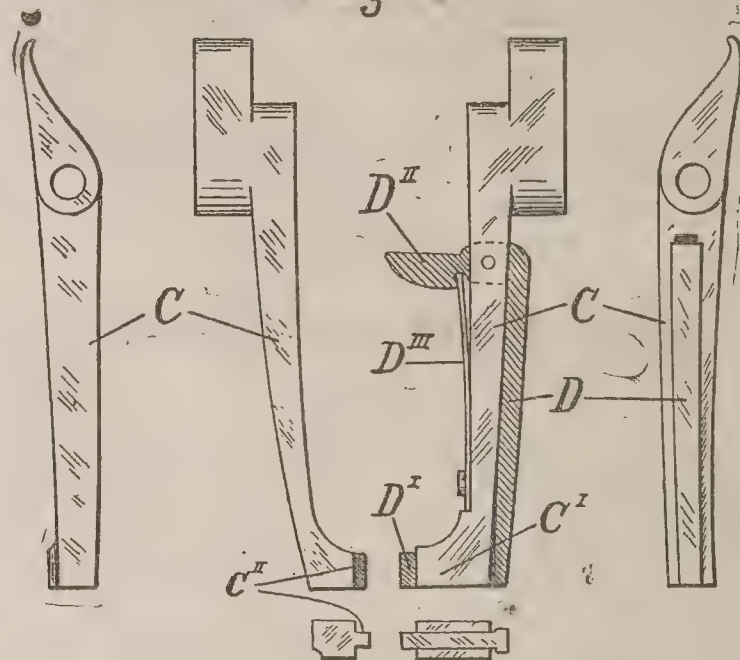
All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club.

FITCHBURG, Mass., March 27.—The annual meeting of the Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club was held Monday evening, March 10. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, I. O. Converse; Vice-President, J. B. Austin; Secretary, E. W. Gilson; Treasurer, M. A. Cutler. Directors at Large: H. A. Estabrook, Dr. Russell Bingham, S. W. Putnam 3d, Prof. E. A. Kirkpatrick, J. G. Donovan.

Reports were made by the different committees, including the membership, fish and game, range, trap, pistol shooting, and

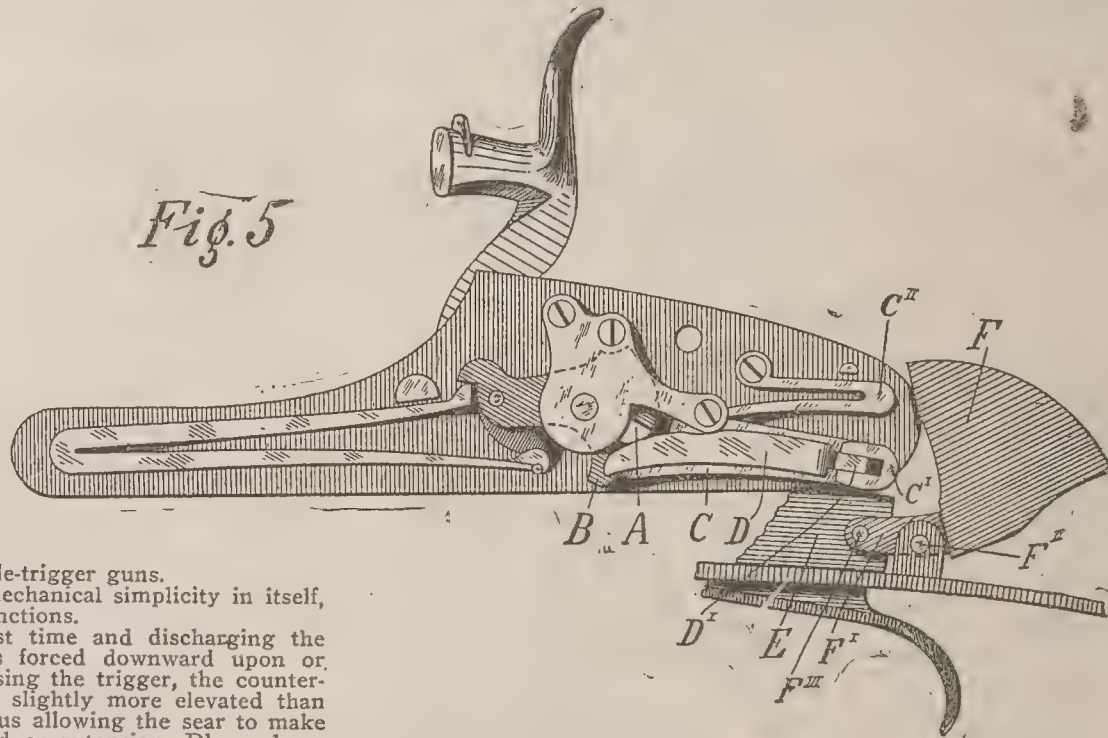
Fig. 4



handicap. Seven new members were elected to the club. The organization is in a good financial condition, as the report of the treasurer showed, and its present membership is in the vicinity of 125 members.

Much information was gathered from the reports of the different committees, especially the committee on fish and game protection. The result of their labors speaks for itself. With the work of two game wardens, both members of the club, the game laws have been enforced very rigidly this past season. The outlook for game this coming season seems very good, owing to an open winter and other favorable conditions. The quail which were liberated by the club last spring did finely, and a good number were left over for seed.

We get good reports occasionally from the pheasants which have

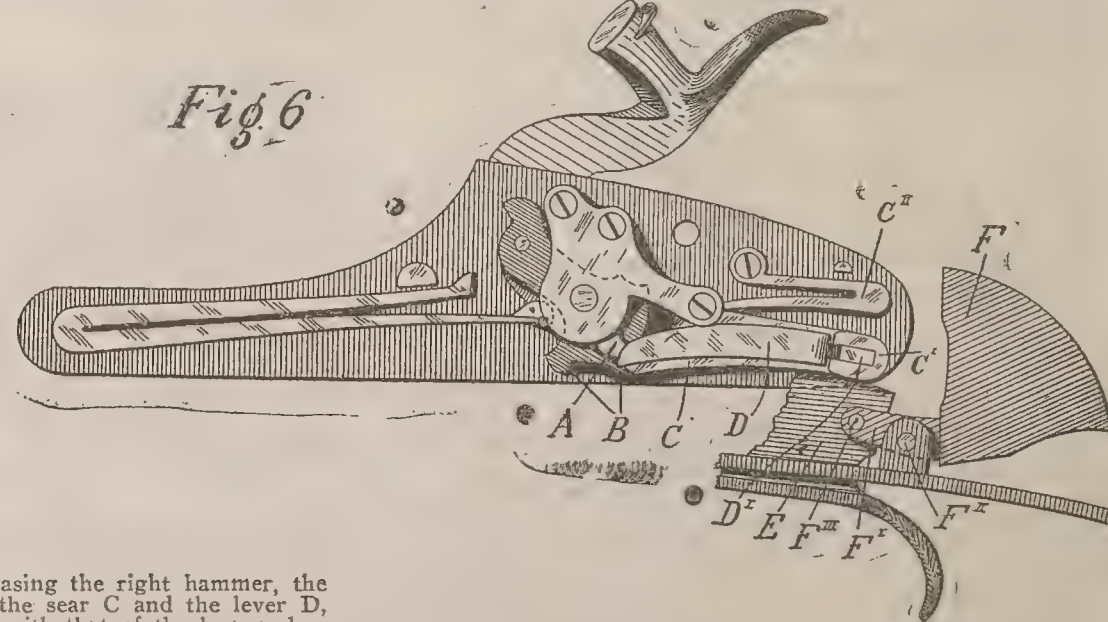


been liberated by the club in the last three years, and we expect them to become quite plentiful in a few seasons.

Action will soon be taken to prevent certain mill owners in this vicinity from polluting streams with sawdust and other foreign matter injurious to the breeding of fish.

The outlook for trapshooting is very bright for the coming season, and a first class team will again represent the club. The record made by last year's team will stand for some time. The team in competition at Winchester, N. H., broke 119 out of a possible 125 birds, a very good record for amateurs and a hard one for the professionals to beat.

Pistol shooting has become quite popular among the members, and several are intending to take up this line of sport this spring.



At a later date the directors held a meeting and elected the various committees for the year, a member of the board acting as chairman of each committee. The personnel of the various committees includes some of the best workers in the club, and a successful season is anticipated.

E. W. Gilson, Sec'y.

The following formidable delegation of wing shots and sportsmen left New York on Saturday in a special car, bound for Kansas City, whither they journey to compete in the Grand American Handicap: Messrs. B. Leroy Woodard, A. C. Burrell, Sim Glover, C. Morris, D. S. Daudt, H. C. Koegel, O. R. Dickey, E. C. Griffith, Geo. Thorpe, J. A. H. Dressel, S. M. Van Allen, H. H. Stevens, T. W. Morley, A. W. Money.

The Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club and the Schenectady Gun Club are to shoot a match between teams of eight men from each club on some Saturday in April. The date is to be decided later.

The Interstate Association's Programme.

Targets.

The third Grand American Handicap target tournament, that of 1922, will be held at Interstate Park, Queens, L. I., N. Y., May 6 to 9 inclusive.

The programme of this tournament, in the main, follows the policy heretofore adopted by the Interstate Association in respect to its Grand American Handicap target tournaments, and which has proven in practice to be popular, equitable and successful.

This programme provides exclusive competition for amateurs in many events, and in other events it provides competition for both amateurs and manufacturers' agents. The latter events are governed by handicap conditions, the scope of which are so broad that, so far as the best judgment of experts can determine, a true equity is established between the ordinary contestants up to and including the most skillful ones.

This tournament in the target competition ranks with its fellow event, the Grand American Handicap at live birds; that is to say, it is the most eminent of its kind.

Interstate Park.

The two previous Grand American Handicap target tournaments were held at Interstate Park, which has unrivaled facilities for the holding of this important event.

The mammoth Casino, with its four sets of live-bird traps, arranged in a straight line, occupies an inclosure of forty-five acres under grass, the whole of the forty-five acres being as level as the conventional billiard table. The traps face due east. Four sets of targets traps are placed within the boundary lines of No. 1 and No. 2 sets of live-bird traps. All four sets are in front of the Casino, and easily accessible from the broad piazza.

To reach Interstate Park from New York City take Thirty-fourth street ferry, East River, to Long Island City; thence by Long Island Railroad to Interstate Park station direct; or Brooklyn Bridge to Long Island Railroad—Flatbush avenue station, Brooklyn—thence by train to Interstate Park direct.

From Thirty-fourth street, East River—Week days: 6:30, 7:50, 9:20, and 11 A. M.; 12:20, 2, 3:20, 4:30, 5, and 10 P. M. Sundays: 8:50 and 9:50 A. M.; 1:50, 4:10 and 5:20 P. M.

From Flatbush avenue, Brooklyn—Week days: 6:37, 7:56, 9:25 and 11:04 A. M.; 12:24, 1:54, 3:22, 4:27, 5:07 and 10:07 P. M. Sundays: 8:53 and 9:53 A. M.; 1:54, 4:13 and 5:25 P. M.

Leave Park for Thirty-fourth street, New York, or Flatbush avenue, Brooklyn—Week days: 7:05, 7:43, and 10:53; 12:16, 1:54, 3:26, 5:11, 5:52 (Saturday only), 6:54, 8:53 and 10:56 P. M. Sundays: 10:40 A. M.; 3:24 and 5:41 P. M.

Conditions Governing Grand American Handicap at Targets

One hundred targets, unknown angles, handicaps 14 to 25yds., high guns, not class shooting. The number of moneys into which the total purse will be divided will be determined by the number of entries received. Entrance money \$10, the price of the targets being included. In addition to first money, the winner will receive a sterling silver trophy, presented by the Interstate Association.

Regular entries must be made at the cashier's office, on the shooting grounds, before 6 P. M., Wednesday, May 7.

Penalty entries may be made after May 7, up to the commencement of the event, by paying \$12 entrance, targets included.

Division of Money in the Grand American Handicap at Targets.

The Interstate Association adds \$200 to the purse, and presents the winner of first money with a sterling silver trophy, commemorative of the win. The total amount of the purse will be divided in accordance with the number of entries received, as follows:

One to ten entries, two moneys—60 and 40 per cent.

Eleven to twenty entries, four moneys—40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.

Twenty-one to thirty entries, six moneys—30, 20, 15, 13, 12 and 10 per cent.

Thirty-one to forty entries, eight moneys—25, 20, 15, 12, 10, 8, 5 and 5 per cent.

Forty-one to fifty entries, ten moneys—22, 18, 14, 11, 10, 8, 5, 4 and 3 per cent.

Fifty-one to sixty entries, twelve moneys—20, 16, 13, 10, 9, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3 and 2 per cent.

Sixty-one to seventy entries, fourteen moneys—18, 15, 12, 10, 9, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 2 and 2 per cent.

Seventy-one to eighty entries, sixteen moneys—16, 14, 11, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 3, 2, 2 and 2 per cent.

Eighty-one to ninety entries, eighteen moneys—15, 13, 10, 8, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2 and 2 per cent.

Ninety-one to one hundred entries, and over, twenty moneys—14, 12, 9, 8, 7½, 6½, 6, 5, 5, 4, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2 and 2 per cent.

Briefly summarizing the foregoing, it will be noted that two places are created for each ten entries or fraction thereof up to one hundred.

Division of Money in the Preliminary Handicap and the Consolation Handicap.

The Interstate Association adds \$100 to the purse in each event. Fifty dollars will be deducted from the net purse in each event to purchase two trophies, one for the winner of first money in each event. The purse will then be divided in accordance with the number of entries received, as follows:

One to ten entries, two moneys—60 and 40 per cent.

Eleven to twenty entries, four moneys—40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.

Twenty-one to thirty entries, six moneys—30, 20, 15, 13, 12 and 10 per cent.

Thirty-one to forty entries, eight moneys—25, 20, 15, 12, 10, 8, 5 and 5 per cent.

Forty-one to fifty entries, ten moneys—22, 18, 14, 11, 10, 8, 5, 4 and 3 per cent.

Fifty-one to sixty entries, twelve moneys—20, 16, 13, 10, 9, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3 and 2 per cent.

Sixty-one to seventy entries, fourteen moneys—18, 15, 12, 10, 9, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 2 and 2 per cent.

Seventy-one to eighty entries, sixteen moneys—16, 14, 11, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 3, 2, 2 and 2 per cent.

Eighty-one to ninety entries, eighteen moneys—15, 13, 10, 8, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2 and 2 per cent.

Ninety-one to one hundred entries and over, twenty moneys—14, 12, 9, 8, 7½, 6½, 6, 5, 5, 4, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2 and 2 per cent.

Briefly summarizing the foregoing, it will be noted that two places are created for each ten entries or fraction thereof up to one hundred.

First Day, Tuesday, May 6.

Five events at 15, and five at 20 targets, \$1.50 and \$2 entrance; \$20 added to each event. All events at unknown angles. Manufacturers' agents, paid representatives, etc., may shoot in the above events for targets only.

Second Day, Wednesday, May 7.

Three events at 15 and two at 20 targets, \$1.50 and \$2 entrance; \$20 added to each. All events at unknown angles. Manufacturers' agents, paid representatives, etc., may shoot in the above events for targets only.

Event No. 6—Preliminary Handicap.—Open to all, 100 targets, unknown angles, \$7 entrance, targets included; handicaps 14 to 25yds., high guns, not class shooting; \$100 added to the purse. The number of moneys into which the purse will be divided will be determined by the number of entries received, as is fully explained elsewhere in this programme. In addition to first money, the winner will receive a trophy, \$50 of the net purse being reserved to purchase same.

Regular entries must be made at the cashier's office before 6 P. M., Tuesday, May 6. Penalty entries may be made after May 6, up to the commencement of the event, by paying \$10 entrance, targets included. Entries are not transferrable, and entrance money cannot be withdrawn after handicaps have been awarded.

Third Day, Thursday, May 8.

Three events at 15 and two events at 20 targets, \$1.50 and \$2 entrance; \$20 added to each. All events at unknown angles. Manufacturers' agents, paid representatives, etc., may shoot in the above events for targets only.

Event No. 6—Grand American Handicap at Targets.—Open to all, 100 targets, unknown angles, \$10 entrance, targets included; handicaps, 14 to 25yds., high guns, not class shooting; \$200 added to the purse. The number of moneys into which the total purse will be divided will be determined by the number of entries received, as is fully explained elsewhere in this programme. In addition to first money, the winner will receive a trophy, \$50 of the net purse being reserved to purchase same.

Regular entries must be made at the cashier's office before 6 P. M., Thursday, May 8. Penalty entries may be made after May 8, up to the commencement of the event, by paying \$10 entrance, targets included. Entries are not transferrable, and entrance money cannot be withdrawn after handicaps have been awarded.

ceived, as is fully explained elsewhere in this programme. In addition to first money, winner will receive a sterling silver trophy, presented by the Interstate Association.

Regular entries must be made at the cashier's office before 6 P. M., Wednesday, May 7. Penalty entries may be made after May 7, up to the commencement of the event by paying \$12 entrance, targets included. Entries are not transferrable, and entrance money cannot be withdrawn after handicaps have been awarded.

Fourth Day, Friday, May 9.

Three events at 15 and two events at 20 targets, \$1.50 and \$2 entrance; \$20 added to each event. All events at unknown angles. Manufacturers' agents, paid representatives, etc., may shoot in the above events for targets only.

Event No. 6—Consolation Handicap.—Open to all, 100 targets, unknown angles, \$7 entrance, targets included; handicaps 14 to 25yds., high guns, not class shooting; \$100 added to the purse. Winners of money in the Grand American Handicap at targets will have one or more yards added to their handicap. The number of moneys into which the purse will be divided will be determined by the number of entries received, as is fully explained elsewhere in this programme. In addition to first money, the winner will receive a trophy, \$50 of the net purse being reserved to purchase same.

Regular entries must be made at the cashier's office before 6 P. M., Thursday, May 8. Penalty entries may be made after May 8, up to the commencement of the event, by paying \$10 entrance, targets included. Entries are not transferrable, and entrance money cannot be withdrawn after the handicaps have been awarded.

Manufacturers' Representatives.

A special rule of the Interstate Association provides as follows: "That all paid representatives, whether paid in shells, guns, money or otherwise, and all those connected in any way with companies manufacturing guns, shot, shells, powder, targets and traps, shall be barred from participating in sweepstakes and purses at tournaments held under the auspices of or given by the Interstate Association, but are eligible to shoot for 'targets only' for the purpose of displaying their goods, and shall stand at the regulation distance as provided in the shooting rules of the Interstate Association. The decision as to who such paid men are is left at all times to the Association's manager, whose decision shall be final."

The above rule, however, shall not apply in any handicap events at the above tournaments if such events are stated to be "open to all."

The aim of the Interstate Association, an organization that was formed and incorporated "for the encouragement of trapshooting," in giving this tournament, is to foster a sport that is deservedly popular; to bring together experts, semi-experts and novices; to safeguard the interests of both, and to show how a large trap shooting event should be run.

Special mention must be made of the fact that the Interstate Association adheres to its usual rule of barring paid experts, and all who come under the head of manufacturers' agents, from participating in the purses in the regular events. All such are welcome to shoot "for targets only" in those events. In the handicap events, however, the Association makes special conditions, fully set forth elsewhere, feeling satisfied that the ability of its handicap committee is such that all will be placed on an equal footing, and each shooter will have an equal chance to win one or other of the trophies for special competition in those events.

The system of handicapping, which is, perhaps, the most generally used, is that of giving allowance of targets to the weaker shots. This is, at best, very unsatisfactory, it being difficult to adjust handicaps on an equitable basis under such a system.

Another system of handicapping is that by which an allowance of "misses as breaks" is made to those who are less expert than their opponents. This system is easier to handle in a fairly equitable manner than the one above described, but it is still somewhat unsatisfactory.

The Interstate Association decided two years ago to discard them both, and handicap by distance only. Success proved its wisdom. The distance handicap will be used again this year.

In appointing the handicap committee for its third Grand American Handicap target tournament, the Interstate Association was at special pains to appoint on such committee those whom it deemed best suited for the purpose. Having been uniformly successful in its choice in past years, the task of appointing a committee for this year's tournament was not a difficult one.

It is with the greatest pleasure that the Association announces that it has secured the services of a handicap committee composed of five men, each one of whom is thoroughly well qualified to judge of the individual merits of the contestants, and to award handicaps accordingly.

The committee is constituted as follows: B. Waters, of FOREST AND STREAM, Chairman; W. R. Hobart, of American Field; Will K. Park, of Sporting Life; M. R. Herrington, of Shooting and Fishing; D. F. Pride, of Field and Fancy.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association, will be secretary to the committee, but will not have a vote in the handicapping of contestants.

The committee will meet in the Casino at Interstate Park on the evenings of May 6, 7 and 8, to award handicaps for the Preliminary Handicap, the Grand American Handicap at targets, and the Consolation Handicap, respectively. Entries for these events close at 6 P. M. on the day previous to that for which it is scheduled.

Shooting will commence each day upon the arrival of the train which leaves Long Island City at 9:20 A. M., and Flatbush avenue, Brooklyn, at 9:25 A. M.

The Interstate Association trapshooting rules will govern all points not otherwise provided for. No guns larger than a 12-gauge allowed. Black powder barred. Targets will be thrown 50yds.

The standard bore of the gun is No. 12, and in the handicap events all contestants will be handicapped on that basis. Contestants using guns of smaller bore must stand on the mark allotted to them.

Winners of money in any event must apply to the compiler of scores for orders on the cashier for the money due them. No money will be paid out by the cashier except on receipt of such an order.

Rule 11 of the Interstate Association rules, relating to bore of gun, is not in force at this tournament. No guns larger than 12-gauge allowed, weight of guns unlimited.

The Interstate Association adds \$1,000, of which amount \$100 will be reserved to purchase a sterling silver trophy for the winner of first money in the Grand American Handicap at targets.

All purses in the regular events will be divided according to the Rose system, into four moneys at the ratio of 8, 5, 3, 2.

Contestants are requested to make entries for the entire programme each day. Money will be refunded in all uncontested events, and the contestant has but to notify the cashier of his intention to withdraw.

Price of targets, 2 cents each, included in all entrances.

In the handicap events ties that are shot off will be at 25 targets per man, and the original distances contestants stand at will govern.

The official score will be kept on a score board in plain view of the contestant. It will be the duty of the contestant to look at the score board and see to it that the right result is recorded. In case of error it must be corrected at once, as no appeal will be allowed after the contestant has left and passed on to the next set of traps.

Admittance to Interstate Park will be free to all during the entire tournament.

A warm and substantial lunch will be served each day in the Casino for the sum of 50 cents.

Bank checks, drafts or bill of exchange, will not be received at the cashier's office, nor will any check, draft or bill of exchange be cashed during the tournament. This rule will be strictly adhered to.

A separate locker will be assigned to each contestant desiring one, there being a sufficient number to accommodate all, no matter how large the number of entries may be.

One important feature in connection with the lockers is that they are large enough for a gun to stand in when the gun is put together, thus permitting a contestant to keep his gun under lock and key at all times when he is not using it. The lockers are also amply sufficient to accommodate the other belongings of a contestant, such as gun case, shells, traveling bag, etc., and no two lockers have the same key.

Lockers will be rented to those who desire them at \$1 for the week's shooting. Each applicant will be required to deposit \$2, of which amount \$1 will be refunded on return of the key when through with the locker.

Guns, ammunition, etc., forwarded by express must be prepaid and sent to Interstate Park, Queens, L. I., N. Y. Mark your own name on box that goods are shipped in.

Special attention is called to the schedule of events arranged for each day of the tournament. The conditions of the handicap

events merit—and will of course receive—more careful study than usual.

In the handicap events the purses will be divided among the "high guns," the number of "high guns" being governed by the number of entries.

No expense will be spared to make the tournament run smoothly. The most expert and competent help will be secured, and the office force will be large and capable.

Four sets of traps will be used, and all shooting will be at unknown angles.

Further information relative to the tournament will be cheerfully furnished by Edward Banks, secretary-treasurer, 318 Broadway, New York, or by the manager, Elmer E. Shaner, 111 Fourth avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

Arkansas Championships.

PINE BLUFF, Ark., March 25.—Jones' Park, the home of that active shooting organization, the Pine Bluff Gun Club, was the scene of the second open contest for the live-bird championship and the possession of the elegant Peters Cartridge Company's trophy. Twenty-two principals qualified for the race, which was at 25 birds, 30yds. rise, Interstate rules. The contest was fraught with interest from start to finish, and while it was any one's race up to the very close, it was eventually won by J. A. Coles, a local man, on the fine score of 24. This was a popular win, and the victor is clearly entitled to the honor, as he shot with rare skill and judgment throughout, and in the closing rounds, when the quality of the birds improved materially, made many fine kills, thereby clearly demonstrating that he is capable of displaying his ability under pressure, for at this juncture a miss would mean a tedious shoot-off and the probable loss of the trophy and honor.

The other chief factor in the contest was I. J. Vick, also a local man, who distinguished himself by killing his first 20 birds in slashing style; but lack of experience overcame his natural abilities, and this, with the strain of having made the pace so long, evidently was responsible for his losing 3 of his remaining 5. He, Howell, Clements, Pemberton and Cromwell all finished with 22, which was next to the winner.

The weather during the early part of the race was very foggy, and it was a difficult matter to judge dark birds accurately. Collectively, these were rather an ordinary lot, and the murky condition of the atmosphere and the total absence of any wind, added neither snap nor vigor. Aside from the foggy condition of the weather, the shoot was a very pleasant one, and all the principals were highly pleased with the manner in which it was conducted.

As soon as Coles was announced the winner, J. E. Balle, of Stuttgart, immediately challenged him to an individual contest, and the pair will meet here April 8.

Geo. W. Clements is the holder of the individual flying target championship of the State, and J. E. Balle was an aspirant for the possession of the trophy that goes with the honor. Just prior to the commencement of the live-bird event they settled their little argument in a 50-target contest, and Clements easily defended his title by putting up the very excellent score of 47, while his opponent could account for but 36 of his. Following are the scores:

Coles	122222131222202222222222	24
Vick	112121221222222222222222	22
Howell	*222122122022210222222221	22
Clements	222222222222220222222222	22
Pemberton	222022222222222222222222	22
Balle	2120*22212021222*22222212	22
Cromwell	2012123221213021*1112111	22
Dr. Williams	1222222*1111222222022222	21
Sumpter	*222222222222222222222222	20
Lloyd	222*22221*22222*2220*222	19
Litzke	2*223*222222222222222222	19
Speers	22*1223*2*22222*22222222	19
Dr. Lenow	1222201122211*102121202*0	19
Conrey	22*1212122221220*022010	18
Glasscow	11202*2222122100202121*2	18
Matthews	202*22200112020222022110	16
Oyster	101102011*10011010121001	15
Powell	0021*20220122*022010201	13
Rall	*222020001222201002*2*02	12
Arnold	0010202022120*00212202*	12
Robinson	*2010022111120020002000	11
De Long	*2*22222222222222222222	w

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Mississippi Valley Notes.

THERE was a grand wind-up reunion at Dupont Park, St. Louis, on March 23, in preparation for the Grand American Handicap. Both the Dupont trophy and Rawlings medal were contested for. For the former trophy fifteen out of twenty-two contestants finished with straight scores. In the shoot-off, John Cabanne won, with Orvis the runner-up.

The Rawlings medal was won by Lenarth on the third contest. The scores in both competitions follow:

Handicap.		Handicap.	
Killed.		Killed.	
Money, 29.....	7	Bowman, 29.....	8
Crosby, 29.....	7	Kenyon, 28.....	8
White, 29.....	6	Clay, 29.....	7
Kilgour, 29.....	7	Cornell, 28.....	6
Brooks, 29.....	7	Brown, 29.....	7
Dr. Sims, 29.....	7	Baggerman, 29.....	8
J. Cabanne, 29.....	7	Field, 29.....	6
C. G. Spencer, 29.....	8	Dr. Cummings, 29.....	6
Orvis, 29.....	8	Spicer, 29.....	7
Dr. Spencer, 28.....	7	Herbert, 28.....	4
Dr. Plumer, 28.....	6	Rock, 29.....	6

Rawlings medal: C. G. Spencer 23, Dr. Sims 21, Hull 18, Christman 6, Shields 10, Crosby 19, Orvis 20, Bowman 21, Mermod 19, Money 21, Childs 16, Kilgour 16, Plumer 22, Brooke 23, White 18, Dr. Spencer 16, Brown 23, Clay 23, Cornell 18, Cabanne 23, Lenharth 23, Davis 21, Rock 21, Baggerman 21.

A New Record.

The incident of the day was the sensational work of Mr. Harold Money, who is now a demonstrator for the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, in a contest at double-target shooting. As a special feature Alec Mermod, Dr. Plumer and Money arranged to shoot at 25 pairs each for the price of the birds. Mermod scored 24, Plumer 38 and Money 49. Money's single miss was the second bird of his ninth pair. Having made such a start, Mr. Money was urged to continue to 100, to see what he could do on 50 pairs. He consented. The targets were thrown out just as in ordinary competition, and Mr. Money scored them all, making the phenomenal record of 99 out of 100 on doubles.

There is no surprise here in the West at the large entry list for the Grand American. As soon as the event was brought to the West, it was a foregone conclusion that this great central basin would turn out an unprecedented number of contestants, and every one familiar with conditions here predicted that it would be so. And there will be other records broken in the great competition next week.

Chesapeake Gun Club.

NEWPORT NEWS, Va., March 26.—The regular weekly shoot of the Chesapeake Gun Club was held to-day. Following are the scores:

First match, 25 targets: T. F. Stearnes 22, B. B. Semmes 21, Dr. J. Charles 18, E. S. Robinson 20, L. D. Thomas 19, F. Latimer 16, G. B. James 22.

Second match, 25 targets: Dr. J. Charles 23, T. F. Stearnes 21, B. B. Semmes 21, E. S. Robinson 20, F. Latimer 19, G. B. James 18, L. D. Thomas 17.

Third match, 25 targets: T. F. Stearnes 22, Dr. J. Charles 21, B. B. Semmes 20.

Smithtown Gun Club.

MARCH 22.—The regular shoot of the Smithtown, L. I., Gun Club was held to-day. Not many shooters were present. Call was high gun, with Tyler a close second. Following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Smith	8	7	5	5	6	3	7	6	7	6	7	..
Olivia	8	5	9	5	4	6	7	6	7
Call	8	10	9	10	7	9	8	7	10	8	9	7
Tyler	9	8	10	9	7	..	7	9	9	7	6	..
Ketcham	6	7	4	..	5	4	9	7	8	8
Brush	4	4

HALSET.

Boston Gun Club.

Boston, Mass., March 28.—Twenty-two shooters made both traps and scores at the regular weekly Boston Gun Club shoot, but as is usual, the more you make them hustle the more they like it, and both trappers and shooters were more than feeling good at the end of the afternoon's sport.

Many new faces were in evidence, some of them securing well-deserved honors during the regular events, and we regret that it is impossible for them to come more often.

While the number of straights were slight in comparison to what is usually the case when such an aggregation get together, the shooting on the whole was good, Twinkle securing two clean ones and Bullard one. The former also secured one run of 28 breaks from the 18yd. mark.

In the individual match, Henderson was high with 21, standing on the 18yd. mark, Twinkle second with 20 on the same mark, Worthing third, 17yds., with 19; Griffiths and Spencer fourth. Scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	10	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Griffiths, 19.....	7	12	8	8	13	5	8	13						
Leroy, 21.....	8	11	4	8	10	7	8							
Howe, 19.....	7	10	4	8	10	5	7	10	8	6				
Twinkle, 18.....	6	12	7	5	10	10	10	14	7	9	8	13		12
Woodruff, 17.....	6	8	3	4	9	7	7	10						
Frank, 18.....	6	9	8	8	7	6	8	10						
Phil, 16.....	5	10	4											
Leverett, 16.....	7	9	4	3	11	5	6	11						
Lund, 16.....	3	5	5	8	4	5	6							
Bullard, 16.....	6	13	6	4	11	4	10	11						
Worthing, 16.....	4	10	4	6	12	7	9	11	9	6				
De Agton, 16.....	4	11	2	5	8	6	3	11						
Hawkins, 16.....	5	13	6	4	7									
Williams, 16.....	4	8	1	6	6	5								
Henderson, 18.....														
Nichols, 14.....														
Dickey, 21.....														
Spencer, 18.....														
Blair, 16.....														
Fisher, 16.....														
Fredericks, 14.....														
Firth, 16.....														

Merchandise match, 25 singles—15 magatrap, 10 Sergeant—distance handicap:

Henderson, 18.....	11111111001111	110110111—21
Twinkle, 18.....	11001101010111	11111111—20
Worthing, 16.....	01011111011111	11011011—19
Griffiths, 19.....	01111011111111	110001001—18
Spencer, 18.....	10111101110111	001110111—18
Blair, 16.....	111101101100101	10111011—17
Howe, 19.....	00100001110110	111111011—16
Woodruff, 17.....	01111011001001	100011111—16
Leverett, 16.....	01110111110111	001101101—15
Leroy, 21.....	11001110110101	000110101—15
Bullard, 16.....	10101111111001	000001011—15
Phil, 16.....	00111111010101	010010101—15
Dickey, 21.....	10111001100110	010110011—15
De Agton, 16.....	01010110110010	110110010—14
Williams, 16.....	01001110000010	000110101—11
Lund, 16.....	00101010000100	110010010—9
Nichols, 14.....	01000010000000	100000100—5

Gilbert—Elliott—Crosby.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., March 28.—To-day Gilbert, Crosby and Elliott shot off for final possession of the Sportsmen's Review cup, at 50 live birds each, \$25 entrance, the high man to get back his entrance, and the second man to take \$12.50, and the balance to pay for the birds.

Mr. Emil Werk, of the Sportsmen's Review, was referee. The contest commenced at 2:35 P. M. Crosby won the toss and was first to the score. He lost his first bird, a left-quartering driver from No. 5 trap. He lost his 11th, a right-quarterer; his 23d fell dead out of bounds; his 41st also fell dead outside, and he went out with 46.

Gilbert came next. He lost his 12th, a straightaway driver; his 33d and 41st fell dead outside, and he went out with 47. Elliott lost his second dead out, and his fifth, a straightaway driver, escaped unhurt. He then killed 40 straight, and looked like a winner, but his 46th, a cork screw driver, got away without a scratch.

It was decided to shoot-off the tie at 10 birds, and a good hot shoot-off was looked for. Gilbert was first up and killed his 10 birds in good shape. Elliott lost his first; also his second, fell dead outside. He then killed three and lost an easy income, going out with 7 out of his 10.

Mr. Gilbert was warmly congratulated on his win. Gilbert shot a Parker gun, Winchester shells and Dupont powder. Scores:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1902, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

5 5 4 5 1 2 4 3 2 8 3 1 8 5 2 1 1 4 4 2 1 1 2 1 1	
W R Crosby.....	0 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 0 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 * 2 2—22
5 8 4 4 1 2 3 5 5 1 1 8 4 2 8 4 2 1 4 2 4 2 2 2	
Fred Gilbert.....	2 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 0 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 2—24
4 2 8 1 4 1 5 2 3 4 4 2 1 5 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 5 5	
J A R Elliott.....	2 * 1 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—28
1 5 5 3 3 3 4 2 2 3 3 1 5 4 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 8 4 4 2	
Shoot-off of tie:	
1 2 2 8 1 2 3 1 2 8	4 5 5 2 8 5 2 4 5 2
Fred Gilbert.....	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1—10
J A R Elliott.....	0 * 1 1 1 0 2 2 2 2—7

HAWKEYE.

New Jersey Anti-Pigeon Bill.

The following is taken from the True American, a New Jersey paper, and throws a bright side light on the pigeon shooting situation in New Jersey:

New Jersey will be the mecca for all the sportsmen interested in live-bird shooting for at least another year, and it is practically assured that the great American handicap shoot will be run off at the Interstate Fair grounds this coming fall.

The bill to prohibit live-bird shooting that the timid legislators passed with so much aplomb in the House, and prided themselves upon their good work in suppressing alleged cruel sport, has met its fate—buried in the Senate committee and left there while the legislators have winged their way home, and some of them are even thinking that the bold, bad men with guns are no longer to kill the sweet, little, innocent doves in target shooting.

They will wake up when they get this edition of the True American and find that there is going to be live-bird shooting in New Jersey this year, and that their efforts to kill a legitimate sport have been abortive.

The honor of keeping this bill in committee belongs alone to Dr. George N. Thomas, president of the New Jersey Shooting Association. It was he who retained counsel, Francis B. Lee, and fought the bill from the beginning. Others lent a hand by their presence at the State House, but Dr. Thomas bore the brunt of the fight and won out.

How was the bill smothered? It was forgotten when the committee went into the last session of the Senate. How was it forgotten? Ask an easier one.

Anyhow, there will be live-bird shooting in New Jersey for one year more, and when the bill or a similar one comes up to stop this legitimate sport, the people who know nothing about live-bird shooting and because of their ignorance think it cruel, will find a solid front made by the sportsmen awaiting their efforts.

Dr. Thomas commenced last night to interest the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association in the danger of a similar bill coming up next session, and by letter told them of the danger run this year in the stopping of the sport, and asked that plans be set on foot at once to stop another attempt at outlawing pigeon shooting.

The crack of the gun will be heard as it brings down the pigeon for this year at least, and New Jersey will be the mecca of all wing shooters this fall.

WESTERN TRAPS.

The Handicap.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 27.—Even the most ardent Westerner is surprised, if not almost dismayed, at the unprecedented enthusiasm which has sprung up all through the Western States over the Grand American Handicap. We used to talk about what we would do with this thing if it ever came West, but it is safely to be said that no one ever imagined that the West would boom the Handicap to its present unparalleled size. From 278 to 453—the latter being the entry at date, though it may be 475 or even 500 before the firing begins—is a long jump, longer than even the most sanguine shooter, East, West or South, has ever dreamed could be possible. The city on the Kaw may well be proud, albeit a bit nervous with her pride. The accommodations will be taxed to the limit, but as has hitherto been stated, Western cities have always risen to big occasions, and Kansas City will rise to this one.

Everything goes forward smoothly here, and the big Illinois excursion train in charge of Mr. Rice is receiving augmentations of its numbers steadily. There are already several Eastern and Southern shooters in town who will move on down to Kansas City the first of next week or perhaps earlier.

A review of the entries seems to show that the East is not proportionately so well represented as it ought to be. One finds to-day only thirty-two names from those States properly to be called Eastern States, a showing which is not so large as it ought to have been. It would do these Eastern shooters a lot of good to come out West and get a touch of genuine ozone in their systems. They would live longer and die much wiser. However, Kansas City cannot be blamed if they do not come. The town is here and the ozone is here also, and the losers are those who do not see the one and inhale the other.

The South is to be represented more strongly than ever before at any Grand American Handicap, the total from those States properly to be called south of Mason and Dixon's line running something like 125 to-day, with prospects of a larger list before the closing of the entries. Missouri naturally is strongly represented, and furnishes nearly 100 shooters by herself, a rally to the support of home industry which is noteworthy and praiseworthy as well. Illinois, with 75, is second to Missouri, and the conservative little State of Iowa sends 54 representatives. The extremes of North and South, namely Minnesota and Texas, send the same number of shooters, 11 in each case. The new State of Oklahoma sends 6 shooters, and from other parts of the late Indian Territory come 4 exponents of the shotgun. Thus far only one representative of Canada is chronicled, though others may materialize before this finds print. It is bootless to print names or figures where such things mean so little. Even the shoot itself when witnessed by the most careful observer will be hard to grasp in its entirety, and will offer so great a mass of detail as to place it beyond any single stroke of the eye—or of the pen either, for that matter.

Illinois State.

Speaking of old times, we should not, in our enthusiasm over the Grand American Handicap, neglect matters close at home. The Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, the oldest fixture of the shooting public in this commonwealth, will hold its twenty-eighth tournament at Watson's Park, Burnside, May 20-23. Eddie Bingham, the secretary-treasurer, will be seen in his act of being the whole thing between now and May 20, as most of the details of this shoot will fall upon his shoulders. The shoulders are entirely competent and trustworthy.

Want More Moneys.

Telegraphic advices from Kansas City under date of yesterday advise of the receipt of a petition asking the management of the Grand American Handicap to increase the number of moneys for the purpose of more widely distributing the purse money. When the original divisions were announced, no such numbers in the entry were anticipated. The petition asks the managers to increase the prize list to 150, doubling the amount guaranteed for the first three guns, and creating a prize list to cover greater numbers than under the old system of divisions. No word regarding action on this has been received at this writing.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Trap at Watson's Park.

March 25.—Event No. 1 was at 10 birds, \$5 entrance, high guns, 60 and 40 per cent.; No. 2 was at 15 birds, \$7 entrance, high guns, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.; No. 3, same as No. 1:

No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Roll, 30.....	11110*2101—7	22201221221211—14
Alabaster, 29.....	1222222121—10	22220221222121—14
Clemson, 29.....	2222222222—10	222222222222—14
Eick, 29.....	2222211222—10	22*222202222*—11
Crothers, 28.....	2222222122—10	2222221*220212—13
Clinton, 26.....	02001222102111—11	2021121220—8
Lord, 29.....	1222022022020w	
Healy, 27.....	11120221002110—10	
Barto, 30.....	22022222221112—14	

March 26.—No. 1, 10 birds, \$5 entrance, high guns, 60 and 40 per cent.; No. 2, 15 birds, \$7 entrance, high guns, 60 and 40 per cent.; No. 3, miss-and-out, \$3 entrance:

No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Gilbert, 32.....	0211102111—8	11211222212112—15
Roll, 30.....	2222222112—10	22112221222112—11
Fox, 31.....	2222222222—10	12122220—7
Young, 27.....	0212012001—6	2222222222—11
Hughes, 29.....	02012100*2—5	12012222122021—13
Bingham, 27.....		22210222222222—14
Alabaster, 29.....		202212220001122—11

Practice:

Geo Brier.....	0222222*22021210222222*2202020—25
J Mulberry.....	0222222222020020222222222222—24
Woodford.....	22222222022102001121221102222—27
Clinton.....	21122221110220220020011122—21
Cameron.....	0120202122222020220020212—17
Harry Lee.....	011021202000101122—13
Hughes.....	1122211101212121021221112221221—30
Collins.....	21222202210200120222220202020—21
Lord.....	2222202110220222221200222—20
Fox.....	222222212221221—16
Gilbert.....	12111212—8
Alabaster.....	111111121210111—15
Weber.....	112101012—8

RAVELRIGG.

March 27.—No. 1, was at 10 birds, \$5 entrance, class shooting, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.; No. 2, miss-and-out, \$2 entrance; No. 3, match:

No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Young, 27.....	2211121122—10	22110—4
Barto, 30.....	2221221122—10	222222222—10
Amberg, 28.....	0112112222—9	2221122222—10
O Von Lengerke, 30.....	2222222222—10	2222222222—10
Roll, 30.....	2212121212—10	221212121—10
Huse, 27.....	2211221112—10	21220—4
Daily, 27.....	0022201*22—6	
Broderick, 28.....	1221121122—10	10—1
Lord, 29.....	2121212200—8	
Woodford, 29.....	2220221022—8	2222222221—10

March 28.—No. 1, 10 birds, \$7 entrance, high guns, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.; No. 2, 15 birds, \$10 entrance, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.:

No. 1.	No. 2.
Palmer, 28.....	2221021022—8
Voris, 28.....	1111221122—9
I Budd, 28.....	2122221122—10
Dr Darby, 27.....	2021222222—9
Broderick, 28.....	1011111110—8
Graham, 29.....	2222222222—10
J Smith, 31.....	*2*2020w
Thorne, 27.....	22222222222*2—14
Barto, 29.....	2211*122212222—14
Dr Shaw, 28.....	2202222*20210w

March 29.—The Nonpareil Gun Club's shoot was held to-day. The club event was at 15 birds, \$5 entrance, three moneys, to be shot down to three men. Scores:

J L White.....	00222221111101—12
J R Graham.....	22222222222222—15
I W Budd.....	2221*12212122—14
G Roll.....	22222222211221—15
*Deering.....	2222222112211—15
*Edwards.....	02222212222000—11
*Ed Voris.....	21*1221122111—13
*Snyder.....	22110220220122—12
E S Graham.....	2222222*222222—13
Pumphrey.....	21211*20211011—11
Kuss.....	22222222222222—15
Dr Shaw.....	022*2021210211—11
*Dr Darby.....	22222222222222—15
*Hibbard.....	200012022002211—9
W Leffingwell.....	222001222212112—13
*E M Steck.....	02002222112012—10
Wade.....	2222222*110022—12
J B Barto.....	21*12220222100—11

*G A Thorne.....	222120222220212—13
*Huse.....	20121001102211—11
*Miller.....	212220210122221—13
S Palmer.....	020122220222212—12
*Visitors.....	

Ties on 15:

J R Graham.....	2222020
Roll.....	1222022
Deering.....	220
Kuss.....	22222
Darby.....	2220
Amberg.....	122*

Quarterly ties:

Roll.....	12220
Kuss.....	2222222222
Amberg.....	122*
E S Graham.....	2222222222

Handicap, 10 birds, entrance \$7, all ties divided:	
Deering, 28.....	2211221020—8
Huse, 27.....	1111212212—10
Miller, 28.....	2102110112—8
Edwards, 27.....	2222*02212—8
Barto, 29.....	0011212222—8
Snyder, 27.....	1111212120—9
Voris, 28.....	1111222112—10
E Graham, 29.....	2222222222—10
Hicks, 27.....	1211200111—8
J Graham, 29.....	1222222222—10
Stanton, 26.....	0010102020—4
Cleek, 28.....	2200222222—8
Clinton, 26.....	112111022—9

Ten birds, entrance \$5, all ties divided:

Thorne.....	2120121212—9
Huse.....	1221222122—10
Voris.....	1221221121—10
Snyder.....	1110221111—9
Miller.....	111110
J R Graham.....	222122222222

Miss-and-out, entrance \$3, ties divided:

Edwards.....	
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FOREST AND STREAM.

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THE SUNDAY FISHERMAN.

THE Sunday fisherman in the salt waters about New York city is multitudinous and conspicuously in evidence when fish are running. On the piers of the two rivers from the Battery north, on the rocky banks of the Hudson, on the creeks and indentations of the Sound, everywhere the fisherman may be seen. The Staten Island waters, the bays of Long Island and the ocean banks are resorted to by steamers and yachts and small craft innumerable. Each Saturday night in the season sees a pilgrimage of fishermen with rods and baskets going by ferry and train to be early on the ground; and Sunday night brings them home again. For the Sunday fisherman in this neighborhood it is to be said that as a rule he is an inoffensive creature, who harms no one, interferes with no other person, and very rarely figures in the police returns on Monday morning. Fishing for salt-water fish is the chosen Sunday recreation of thousands of men who work six days in the week; and most observers would testify that as recreations go, it is an innocent and harmless one.

But the fact remains that fishing on Sunday in New York waters is everywhere except in Jamaica Bay forbidden by that section of the penal code which reads: "All shooting, hunting, fishing, playing, horse-racing, gaming, or other public sports, exercises or shows upon the first day of the week and all noise disturbing the peace of the day are prohibited."

The fishing prohibition is not the only one of these which is made naught of. "Playing" is a somewhat comprehensive term, and many modes of playing are indulged in on Sunday—baseball, lawn tennis, golf, yachting, rowing, wheeling, automobiling, pleasure driving, roller-coasting and riding on the merry-go-round. Horse racing is extensively engaged in; there are in this city two speedways—one on the bank of the Harlem River and another on the Ocean Parkway from Brooklyn to Coney Island—and on both of these speedways Sunday is a favorite day for owners of fast horses to race them one against another, while thousands of spectators gather to look on; and so far are the authorities from construing this Sunday horse racing as unlawful, that they provide special mounted policemen to give the drivers a fair field and fair play.

Now no one in New York ever dreams of interfering with any of these several pleasure makers, except in specific cases, when by reason of their noise and uproar they conflict with the quiet of the community, or as the statute puts it, "disturb the peace of the day"; or unless the law is resorted to for purposes of spite. The Sunday fisherman is never molested under any pretense that he disturbs the peace of the day, but he has been interfered with for the gratification of spite. When the netters were driven out of Jamaica Bay they retaliated by causing the arrest of certain Sunday fishermen; but they did this not to preserve the sanctity of the Sabbath day, but to get even with the anglers for having stopped their netting.

The result of this spite action on the part of the netters was the adoption of an amendment to the fishing law which made angling in Jamaica Bay lawful on every day of the year. By virtue of this special local law, then, the New York Sunday fisherman who fishes in these particular waters is immune from interference by the authorities, but anywhere else he is at any time liable to arrest.

This year the League of Salt Water Fishermen had a bill at Albany making certain very wise restrictions as to netting in the waters about New York, and in order to guard against the possibility of retaliatory action by the netters in the prosecution of Sunday fishermen, a clause was inserted in the bill providing that within the specific waters covered by its provisions angling should always be lawful. This clause was their undoing. The party managers at Albany, when they discovered the insidious attempt thus covertly to break down the sanctity of the Sabbath day as now observed on the New York fishing waters, declared that they could never "stand for" any such revolutionary measure. It would be the ruin of each and every one of them as a statesman, and would shake the party to its foundation. Sunday fishing! They could not think of it. They would not dare to think of it. The nets ought to be driven out, there was no question of that; but not at the terrible price of legalizing the Sunday fishing which is now practiced by thousands on

the salt waters of Manhattan and Staten Island and Long Island. And so they killed the anti-netting bill. And so they have afforded in their action and in themselves a new exhibition of the rare virtue of holding out for the shadow where there is nothing of the substance. This forbidden, illegal and unlawful Sunday fishing they must needs acknowledge and condone; but the flouted law which forbids it and makes it illegal and unlawful they will retain; the goodly fronted pretence they will maintain. This may be politics, but it is neither common sense nor honesty nor religion. They may delude themselves and their fellow legislators and their constituents and the community. But it is a sure thing that they do not hoodwink the Almighty. "Be not deceived. God is not mocked."

FEDERAL GAME BILLS.

Two measures of especial interest to big-game hunters are advancing slowly toward legislative action. It is believed that Mr. Lacey's bills to protect Alaska big game, and to authorize the President to establish game preserves in forest reserves will be favorably reported from the committee, and will pass the House of Representatives. Mr. Lacey is deeply interested in their success, and will unquestionably make every effort to secure favorable action on them.

In the Senate, however, their prospects are not so favorable. It is true that in Senator Redfield Proctor game preservation and all other matters dear to the sportsman's heart have an ardent and able friend. Yet Senator Proctor is occupied in many ways, and it is possible that it may not be practicable for him to give to these bills the attention which they may need. On many matters the United States Senate holds broader views than does the House of Representatives, but for that very reason it is sometimes easier to defeat a measure in Senate than in the House. It is understood that as to one of these bills politics is playing its part, and that the transfer of the forestry force from the Land Office of the Interior Department to the Bureau of Forestry of the Agricultural Department, is likely to be opposed, because such action may reduce the patronage of certain United States officials.

Americans have become quite accustomed to seeing the public good subordinated to party profit, but it is earnestly hoped that in a matter where such vast interests are at stake a measure of this importance will not fail of enactment merely because it may possibly deprive a few small politicians of their jobs. It has been thought worth while to set aside as forest reserves over 45,000,000 acres of the territory of the United States, to pass laws for the care of this territory, and already to spend much money in behalf of this object. The work is universally acknowledged to be important; it should be done in the best way. This best way, all who are genuinely and intelligently interested in the forest preserves would be to turn over the whole matter to the Secretary of Agriculture.

There is another class to be reckoned with beside the people interested in forestry matters. The nature lovers, the zoologists and the big-game hunters are deeply interested in seeing the slaughter of our big game put an end to, and in furthering the establishment of refuges where this game may be free from molestation and where a perpetual stock of it may be preserved forever for all the purposes for which such wild game is useful.

It would be well if every reader of these lines, who feels an interest either in forests or the preservation of natural conditions in this country, or merely in the big game, should write without delay to his Senator urging favorable action on this bill. Unless those who are really interested in such matters are willing to bestir themselves, and to make manifest their interest, we cannot expect our legislators to give much consideration to the subject.

The two bills referred to do not give all that foresters and game protectors would like to have, but they make a beginning. After they have been passed, as experience is had of their workings, changes may be made in them which will render them constantly more efficient.

For twenty years the American people blundered along in their usual careless way, knowing that, somewhere, they possessed a National Park in which swarmed a multitude of big game, which it was forbidden to destroy. One fine morning in 1894 they woke up to learn that the

only band of buffalo living in their country had been wiped out of existence. The horse having been stolen, we proceeded to lock the door by enacting a proper law for the protection of the Yellowstone National Park, but this did not bring back the buffalo, of which now there remain alive, so far as known, only twenty to twenty-five individuals. To-day in certain forest reserves of the United States there are species of big game which are on the point of extinction—if not already gone. A strong effort should be made to preserve these vanishing races.

GENERAL WHIPPLE.

MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM D. WHIPPLE, U. S. A., retired, died last week of pneumonia, after an illness of only two days. General Whipple was seventy-seven years old, and had been a soldier for more than fifty years. He graduated from West Point in August, 1851, and from that time until the breaking out of the Civil War he saw service on the plains, chiefly in the Southwest, where he took an active part in the Indian fighting against the Apaches and Navajos. For those ten years of service on the plains in those early days, he was living in the absolute wilderness, when the only white travelers ever seen in the country were wandering trappers, or the trains of the Santa Fé traders.

At the breaking out of the Civil War General Whipple was in Washington, attached to the Adjutant-General's office. He was at once detailed to active service; saw the battle of Bull Run; was made Brigadier-General in July 1863; was then ordered to the West, and saw fighting at Missionary Ridge and about Chattanooga. He was present at the capture of Atlanta, in September, 1864. At the close of the war, having been mustered out of volunteer service, he served as Assistant Adjutant-General of the Department of Tennessee and the Cumberland, and of the Division of the Pacific, until 1870. His subsequent service was in Washington and in St. Louis. He was retired in 1887.

General Whipple received his Brevet Major-Generalship in March, 1865, for gallant and meritorious service in the field before Nashville, Tenn., in the Atlanta campaign. He was a man of splendid courage, and of great readiness of resource. His experience had been wide, and he told of it most entertainingly. A man of most attractive personality, he left behind him a host of friends. He was a keen sportsman, and in his long life had done much big-game hunting. He was a member of the Boone and Crockett Club.

The bill providing for the transfer of the administration of the New York Aquarium from the city to the New York Zoological Society having passed both Houses and been approved by the Mayor, remains now to be acted on by both parties. A meeting to receive the report of the Executive Committee of the New York Zoological Society with regard to the matter is called for next week, when it is presumed that action will be taken. The possibilities of the Aquarium under proper scientific management are unlimited, and in this case—as with the Zoological Park—the Society unites the functions of giving pleasure and instruction to the general public, and of encouraging investigation and research into problems of the highest scientific and economic importance. It is a fact that in some matters of progress the State of New York stands behind her sister States, but in this particular matter she has shown an example that other States might well follow.

Senator McKinney's bill, carrying out the FOREST AND STREAM's suggestion of a State park for Long Island, has been signed by the Governor. Under it a commission of three will be appointed to examine wild and forest lands in Suffolk county with a view to the establishment of a public park. This means that the Long Island deer will have a refuge; and if the right system shall be adopted, the Long Island park will constitute a permanent source of supply for restocking the Catskills and the Adirondacks. There are Cassandras who prognosticate the end of deer and quail and grouse and other game; but that end will not come in our day nor in that of our children's children, unless by failing to make provision of supply we bring the deprivation upon ourselves. Common sense and common prevision will retain a game supply for generations to come.

The Sportsman Tourist.

The Old Line Fence.

THOREAU found that when he started off for a stroll without any particular destination in mind he somehow gravitated toward the southwest. In such a case I find myself heading instinctively for an old fence that divides two series of farms, among them one which was my home in youthful days. Beginning in the edge of the village the fence runs straight out into the country about two miles. It is composed, by turns, of wire, stumps, rails laid zigzag, rails laid straight and a combination of stones and rails. It is not really handsome at any point, but it is picturesque in spots, and upon it are strung not only charming rural nooks, but pleasant incidents and observations of many years; so that the strolling feet still naturally follow it at times, and memory and imagination at other times.

The old fence passes in succession open fields and remnants of woodland, and along it I carried my first shotgun and my first rifle, with plenty of enthusiasm, though without much game, of which, indeed, there has not been much on this line within my time here. When these woods were larger and denser it was not surprising to start a ruffed grouse hereabout, but that was mostly back of my gunning days. Even now a stray grouse may be seen here after a long interval, and the only quail I ever knew to be found in the town were flushed near the old line two or three years ago. My first practice in wing shooting was had in these fields, upon blackbirds, kildeer, kingbirds, which a neighbor liked to have killed on account of their attentions to his bees, and meadow larks, which, in the eccentricities of legislation, were game some years, though their season opened so late in the fall that most of them had gone south.

The shootable animals within range of the fence in these days are not for the most part game. Nor are they all even "grub" to the ordinary white American. The occasional rabbits fall under one of these heads, and the red squirrels are eatable at a pinch, but the woodchucks find no bidders except the Italian laborers on the railroad near by. Sport is to be had here nowadays with the rifle rather than the shotgun, and not too much of it with either. Fortunately this ramble has other attractions. Wintergreens, sassafras, chestnuts, apples and berries appeal to one sort of taste. The botanist and the ornithologist find their game here whether the gunner does or not; and the indiscriminate nature-lover, professor of no ology, is sure of entertainment and pleasure.

Wandering away from the village along the familiar fence we soon come to the fields where I worked a good deal and sported a little in the auld lang syne. Farm life is generally more favorable to work than to sport. Here the line crosses a ridge that looks over at the little farm house which was the last home of the unbroken family circle. We all left it long ago, yet some drawing of the old home tie doubtless helps to make it natural to turn this way when I drift out of town. From the woods at this point the call of the whippoorwill came down to the house through the summer nights. They disappeared with the clearing of this ground, and I have never heard them elsewhere. Here the first red squirrel fell before my first rifle, having paused for a fatal moment in his scamper along the old fence. Just here a big bird flew up one day from a stump among the thick-growing saplings, leaving the remains of a small bird to tell of one of the tragedies of the woods.

It was about here, too, that I found a hummingbird's nest, the owner having attracted attention by buzzing angrily around. It was eight or ten feet from the ground, on the drooping branch of a beech tree, at a point where the branch was less than an inch thick. A twig started out at the same place and was built into the base of the nest. The whole structure was but an inch and a half wide over all and an inch in diameter inside. When the birds had gone I took the nest, with a section of the branch. The mysterious felt-like substance—"plant down," the books tell us—of which it is mainly composed, is rather the worse for the sixteen years that have passed since the birds made it with their wonderful art, but the flakes of lichen with which the outside was covered still cling by their frail attachment. It is not easy to see just how they are fastened, though spider threads may be traced among them. The authorities say they are glued on with the saliva of the bird, but some of the bits appear to be tied or suspended rather than glued, so movable are they.

Next the line passes between two pieces of second-growth timber. One of these has been thinned out for a chestnut orchard. It has never been "posted," and I have sometimes gleaned a pocketful of the nuts; but the owner mentioned the last time I met him there that he had sold \$40 worth that season, thus intimating that he had his own uses for them. I may yet collect a few of the chestnuts, however, to pay for the bullets that have stopped the nimble paws of sundry red squirrels which would otherwise be boarding on them. This is but a small grove of small trees, and I have hunted it thoroughly in the course of later rifle practice; but there were squirrels there the other day, and it is rather pleasing—except, perhaps, to the chestnut grower—to see wild life thus holding its own in a mere bit of forest just over the border of a large village. I suppose the owner does not begrudge to squirrel or man the chestnuts that may be found among the withered and matted leaves in the spring; but a handful can easily be gathered then that will be sweeter and more tender, with the sprouts already starting, than when they fell in the previous autumn. One has to wonder how they have survived so long among squirrels and chipmunks that have means and reason for canvassing every foot of the ground.

Beyond the next field our fence divides another chestnut grove, of larger trees and mixed with other species. Hill and dell are shaded by them. I have relieved the owners of half a bushel of red squirrels, yet they have lately confronted me with repulsive notices to "Keep off." Years ago a sign on one of these trees warned the rambler against "gunning, nutting or trusspasing" on these premises. The present proprietors put their idea

in better spelling, but it is the same old idea. Venturing to "trusspas," as we have no designs this time of "gunning" or "nutting," we follow the guiding fence to where it shortly drops down the steep bank of a large brook.

This stream, a little below, crosses a corner of the old farm, and it is the stringer for another chain of associations. It has run sawmills in its day. On local maps it is dignified as a creek, and in the spring freshet it justifies the name. A picturesque trapping and fishing character who lived in the neighborhood used to set nets in it at such times. When winter approached he would store minnows in the cask which inclosed our spring, to be used as bait in fishing for pickerel through the ice of the mill pond. The brook pickerel may still be found in the pools of the creek, along with sunfish and little bullheads. I have seen a boy with a respectable string of them, caught by trolling a small spoon from a pole carried along the bank. They tell me this was an ideal trout stream forty years ago and more. I caught a few of the last and least of the trout myself, just about where the line fence crosses the water. In these later summers the stream is reduced to the output of a few springs; yet there still are deep spots and swift channels, shaded by trees, bushes and overhanging banks, where a trout might be very much at home if he could have them all to himself. One day—of course when I hadn't a gun—I repeatedly flushed a snipe beside the creek near this point. He seemed loth to leave for good, but at last took the southern air line at a speed to make up for any loitering here. A couple of miles above this stream waters a productive snipe flat. Another waterside incident just about here was the watching of a muskrat traveling up the creek at his ease, landing here and there to nip grass, splashing over the shallows, or gliding through the depths of the pools, sinuous and graceful as a snake.

A rod or two from the old line fence there is a permanent accumulation of drift wood in the stream which makes an indifferent bridge, but much appreciated at high water. Here for a little distance the bottom land is full of trees and the adjacent ridge is covered with them. This is the most attractive spot on the whole route. The creek, charging upon a bank perhaps thirty feet high, has been repulsed and thrown aside, but has inflicted considerable loss. The settlement of the strife left a wide pool embraced in a semicircular bluff and overhung with trees, while other trees crown the earthy wall and add their shadows to the grateful gloom. The curve of the bank opens toward the northeast, and the sun never shines into its innermost recess. Here a spring sends a rill of chilly water into the stream. It is a cool, fresh, shady place, and to the worker or rambler from the heated fields above it is like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. A dabbler in ornithology likes to distinguish a spot as the place where he met with this or that bird previously unknown to him. Beside the pool under the bluff I first identified the water thrush. In the face of the bluff a pair of kingfishers have excavated for their nest.

Just above, in the edge of the next field, a large tree years ago fell conveniently across the brook, and it still serves as a bridge. This field is a pasture, but some woods remain in it, and the stream runs swiftly over a stony bed, part way in the shade of another timbered hill. Here I first got my hands upon a sparrow hawk, having invited her down from a treetop with a bullet, and inspected her garb of convict stripes, well suited to her murderous character. If the sparrow hawk is not a jail bird it well might be. In this grove I bagged a gray squirrel with my first breechloader. Near the creek at this point I saw for the last time a black squirrel. I would like to know what became of him and of his kind. Apparently they went to join the passenger pigeon in the happy hunting grounds.

One autumn day my attention was called to this field by a great clamor of crows. I found them holding one of their congresses preparatory to the southward migration. There were hundreds in the woods, and more constantly arriving, and most of them were trying to speak at once. Along the creek they kept flying up and down between the banks and the trees. Many were picking about on the ground, where beechnuts and chestnuts were scattered. Gradually they discovered me sitting behind a knoll close to the line fence, and drew off to the more distant part of the grove. Going to a stump where I had seen a crow working, I found the ragged shell of a chestnut with the meat nearly cleaned out.

Where the brook enters this field it receives its most noteworthy contribution from an artesian well which is the result of boring for gas. An iron pipe, battered by driving, rises about a foot above the ground. It is filled with clear, cold water, which usually overflows and which is kept in a turmoil by rising bubbles of gas. One may burn his fingers by holding a match to these. The water has a peculiar taste and apparently contains iron, for it has reddened the soil through which it soaks away to the brook. Who knows but a fortune is here running to waste, which might be rescued by sufficient advertising? Beyond the well the creek is a commonplace stream, running through a commonplace pasture that used to be called in neighborhood parlance the "hundred-acre berry lot." On the other side of the line is a stumpy field browsed by cattle and woodchucks. I have reduced its woodchuck census by ten at one time and another, without killing any of the cows so far as I ever heard. It was at the edge of this field that I first saw the scarlet tanager; a bird crank never would forget where that happened.

Now the ground rises in a great hillside, roughened with "cradle-knolls," dotted here and there with a bush or a boulder and streaked with cow-paths. I once saw in a New York gallery a painting by John La Farge entitled, I believe, "Pasture Lands of New England." It was priced at \$2,500 and I concluded it was too large to bring away. I think of it when I see this broad, gray, stony slope. Over the flank of the hill runs the last section of the old fence. Here it consists of an informal ridge of stones, drawn out with a rickety supplement of rails and stakes. Bushes and trees have grown up along the line and it has become a stronghold of wild life. An amateur naturalist could put in a summer here with a chance of making discoveries any day among the population of bird, beast, insect and reptile. Here dwell woodchucks, red squirrels, mice and chipmunks certainly, skunks and weasels likely enough, other quadrupeds pos-

sibly, snakes in all probability, and spiders, beetles and other insects too numerous to mention.

I sat here on the old fence one bright day in early spring. A squirrel chattered in a tree further along without getting much attention. But suddenly a less familiar sound demanded notice. It was a birdlike call, starting as if with the word "sweet" uttered quick and high, and running out in a rapid diminishing trill, like the song of the field sparrow, but on a larger scale. Moving toward the apparent source of the sound I stared in vain for any bird. The call came repeatedly, now stronger, now weaker. I had just about got it placed when something disappeared from between two fence rails close to the ground. I went up and looked over. There was the mouth of a burrow, and the occupant had freshly nibbled the bark on a bush in front of it. I had been listening to a variation of the woodchuck's whistle.

Returning along the fence I came upon a chipmunk foraging so earnestly that he let me step close to him. He had discovered or deposited something eatable in the grass against a large stone, and he alternately rooted and nibbled, glancing up at me in a quiver of timidity and excitement, but bound not to sacrifice his dinner while he could still skip out, as he did, at my next motion.

Our old line fence is a very common affair, with quite common surroundings, and if it is worth writing and reading about that is the very reason. In itself and its accompaniments it may be matched in almost any township, and if the accompaniments are suspected of being interesting they can easily be tested. I fancy that many a business man in a great city, preserving wholesome instincts amid unwholesome surroundings, would give dollars to take the ramble we have taken. Let those who have such a privilege realize it. Get out and follow your old line fence and you will find it a line fallen to you in pleasant places. It may not be much of a fence, but it lies out of doors. Sun, moon and stars shine on it or throw across it the shadow of tree or shrub. The song sparrow and the goldfinch sing from its stakes. The squirrel scampers over it and the woodchuck burrows under it. The daisy and the golden rod bloom beside it, wild vines clamber over it. If you strike it at the right end it leads away from town, and that is a good way to go sometimes.

BRISTOL HILL.

The Shirt-Tailogram.

If Signor Marconi can squeeze out time for a week's vacation, I wish he would run up to the Second Joe Mary Lake, in the Katahdin region, State of Maine, and look into the possibilities of the "shirt-tailogram," as invented and operated by a bow-legged old hunter who runs a sporting camp. His name is Josh Something—no matter about the last name. But on wireless telegraphy he goes Marconi two or three better. As a matter of fact, our friend of the wishbone legs has been operating his system for more than ten years. The reader may wonder why, under these circumstances, more is not known about the "shirt-tailogram." Well, developments of science percolate but slowly from the deep woods of Maine, and then again, the men who have been up against Josh and his wireless telegraph have not been inclined to be loquacious. You will understand why, later on. As I write on about Josh I am well aware that many scores of city men who read these lines will grin or color or grit their teeth or say something that does not appear in the Rollo books. They will recollect their own individual stay with the genial Josh, inventor of the "Anti-Warden Wireless Telegraph," otherwise known as the "shirt-tailogram method."

Josh's strong suit is the fishing in his neighborhood, and therefore he has many patrons during the months when the game laws are on. You all know how it is in the months when you are out without your gun! As the canoe rounds headlands or sweeps across broad coves, the paddle shattering pictures of the fleecy clouds, splash-thrash, a deer lifts his dripping muzzle and stares at the intruder.

What a shot!

And you see a dozen such opportunities during the day, if you paddle along the shores of any lake in the Katahdin section. I have counted thirty-four deer in five hours sailing Cooper Brook and the Second Joe Mary. Of course I never felt tempted to shoot one. But there are wicked men who are differently constituted. The spectacle of so many deer in reach warps their moral natures to a worse bow than the twist in the legs of old Josh.

You understand how human nature works! For the first week of a man's stay he is content with his fishing. He regards the deer with absorbing interest, but only as so many attractions in the landscape. Then he commences to wonder if it wouldn't be a great addition to his vacation if he should have a little fresh venison to vary the camp fare of beans and salt pork—and a few hunks to take home, hidden in his luggage. You realize that just the moment the sportsman shoots that deer, he packs up and hustles for home. There are several reasons for that. Wardens may hear of the shooting—probably will. Sportsman wants to get the meat home before it spoils. Josh understands! —

The average fisherman, coming for fishing only, usually reels in for the last time at the end of a week or ten days. During this time Josh has been sizing him up from the stern of the canoe, as they have drifted under lazy skies and have chatted in shady coves. 'Tis sad, 'tis true, but true it is, nine men out of every ten rise to old Josh's bait. He sees the lust of killing growing in their eyes. It usually dawns at the end of the first week. Then they are ripe for the "shirt-tailogram." That bit of invention during the past ten years has coined money for Uncle Josh out of vacations prolonged from day to day.

The experience of one man will do for all. A friend of mine who is a judge and who should have known better, gives me the facts of his undoing. He looks back on the affair philosophically, but he nurses the vague hope that some time old Josh may come to his city to see the elephant, and may be hailed before him in the municipal court. Then—but no matter!

One day Josh and the judge were fishing off the mouth of Pratt Brook. Near the end of the judge's vacation! Judge was leaning back in his canoe chair, his hat brim close to his nose. Away off in a cove a deer was splashingly pulling up lily roots.

"Kind o' makes a feller's mouth water for fresh meat, don't it?" asked Josh.

"Sure, it does," said the judge.

"D'jevver ye eat smoked ven'son?"

"Never did," said the judge, flicking out his brown huckle.

"Walsir, it eats about as spankin' good as anything in the meat line that ye'll ever strike. One year a deer broke his laig—broke his laig, ye understand—in the woods back of my camp. 'Twas in close time, but it was a marcy to the deer to shoot him. I done it. Bein' in the warm spell, 'course the meat wouldn't keep no time fresh, and as it was a pity to throw it away, I fixed up a leetle birch bark smok' haouse and I smoked it. Wals'r, naow it did go mighty fine. Some sports come in later and bought up the whole of it. Said it was the best stuff they ever tasted to sarve with crackers and beer. Understand, it made quite a furore daown in the city amongst them club fellers."

The judge pictured himself setting his friends down to such an al fresco lunch, and telling them the right story to go with it.

Josh allowed the matter to soak in a few moments. Then he said: "There's been sech a call for smoked ven'son sence then that I've sort of helped the fellers that I like to take home a leetle of the stuff."

"I'd like to get hold of some of it mighty well," said the judge.

"I hain't got a bit 'round me naow," said Josh, regretfully, "and I'm sorry, 'cause I like ye mighty well."

"How did you help those other fellows you liked, when they wanted to carry out a little of the meat?"

Josh hesitated a moment, then he said: "You understand that I hain't the kind of man to break laws. I'm a keerful, law-abidin' man. But I swow, I do relish it if I kin help my friends. Now, I s'pose ye'd like some of that smoked ven'son, and ye'd be willin' to have an attack of buck fever—sort of forget jest how ye got the deer, eh?"

"I think I would," said the judge, knowingly.

"P'raps I kin help ye. The only trouble is to fool the wardens. They're round pretty thick here, and that Frank Fountaine down to Norcross he's got ears like a Chessy cat. 'Tain't safe to spin a thread till we've got him located. But ye jest leave it all to me. We'll see what we kin do."

Old Josh's cabin is located well up on the side of Joe Mary Mountain. That afternoon when the judge and Josh returned to camp, Josh deposited the duffle in the dingle and said: "Wal, judge, I reckon I'll wopse a while."

"Wopse a while?"

"Yas, it's sort of first steps in gittin' that smoked ven'son we was talkin' of. Ye hain't got to do nothin'—ye watch me."

From the edge of the little plateau, on which Josh's camp is built, a huge pine shoots up. Josh gruntingly climbed into its branches, pulling after him a long sapling, to the end of which he had tied by its sleeves a red flannel undershirt. He perched himself on a pitchy limb commanding a view of the slope of Tumble-dick Mountain. His legs, curved like a sparrow's, he twisted around the limb for security. Then supporting the end of the pole against his breast he swatted and switched and swung and snapped the flaming shirt tail banner, squinting all the while toward the distant mountain.

At last he paused in his wig-wagging and closely regarded some distant object. Then he mumbled out an anathema, and with a new assortment of grunts climbed down off his perch.

"Can't git one to-day. 'Tain't safe, judge," he reported.

"In the name of the bloody shirt and the wireless telegraph, will you tell me what all that means?" demanded the animated interrogation point at the foot of the tree.

"Wal, ye see it's this way," explained the chief of the Joe Mary signal bureau, "over yender on Tumble-dick is Zibe Watkins' camp. Zibe and me kind o' watch out for each other. Zibe can see to here and on t'other side he kin look down into Norcross. That Frank Fountaine, the warden, lives in Norcross. Mighty cute, spry feller that warden is. Have to look out for him, now I kin tell ye."

"Now, here's how we work it. I want to know where the warden is. So I gits up the tree and wopes the signal like ye see me doin'. That tells Zibe that I want information. I watches the top of a saplin' that grows in front of Zibe's cabin. He has a rope hitched to the saplin'."

"If he switches her down to the right that means that the warden has started out and has gone east. If down she wopes to the left, the warden has gone west. If the saplin' jest keeps up a devil of a wigglin' all-a-which way that means look out. Warden out for blood. Took camp-in' kit and makin' gen'ral skirmish."

"That saplin' was all of a wiggle to-day. I don't dast to stir a peg. Warden's likely to pop up anywhere if a shot is fired."

"How in time does this Zibe, whatever his name is, know anything about the matter?"

"Hist! They's a feller down in Norcross who hain't known in the matter. But he's in with us. Zibe keeps an eye on that feller's clothes line. Nothin' on it means 'warden's to home.' One sheet means 'gone east.' Two sheets means 'gone west.' And a red shirt means 'danger, he's skirmishin'."

"So ye see it hain't safe to burn paowder round here to-day."

In the morning the wireless telegraph was set in operation again. Still the wiggling was reported from the observer's station.

"Let's go fishin'," said Josh. Fishing they went. For five days the thing was repeated. The judge decided that Warden Fountaine ought to have his pay raised. East, west and all round he was reported as scooting. On the sixth morning the judge insisted on climbing the tree himself in order to view the operation of the shirt-tailogram. Josh protested strenuously that outsiders weren't allowed in the operating room, but when the judge voiced his suspicions and insisted on the thing being shown to him, Josh refused and took the shirt off the pole. He asserted that he was afraid the judge might hurt his eyes straining them and then he would be suing Josh for damages, because he couldn't see to read up the law.

So the judge paid his extra six days of board and guid-

ing and came away. But he has the soulful satisfaction of knowing that he hasn't been the only one who has been buncued out of money and important business engagements by a doubled-over old hunter with a whine in his voice and legs like spectacle bows, and who lives in forty miles from nowhere.

HOLMAN F. DAY.

A Walk Down South.—XXIV.

ACE JONES lives down a little run in a narrow gully where there are a number of other houses beside his—low, two-roomed affairs for the most part. The place located, I crossed a footlog over the run, and at the fence bailed. It is always best to hail from the fence in the South. 'Way down on the Tennessee I heard a man say:

"I always tell my wife that if a man comes up to the door and knocks, and hasn't manhood enough to hail from the road like he ought to, she must pour hot lead through the door." It is the general custom in rural Southern communities to hail from the road, and as one learns sooner or later, it is safest to follow local customs.

A woman came to the porch, smiling. It was a charming smile, and she was good looking, buxom style. Between thoughts of Ace Jones and the pretty woman, I was confused. I misspoke myself and asked if Tip Jones lived there. Of course he didn't. But I got my wits and learned that it was really Ace's boarding place. Ace was up to the store and would be back soon. Would I go in and warm? I explained my mission. The lady chuckled, a hand on each knee and her clear, smooth, round cheeks quivering—not boisterously, but gently. Her name is Mrs. Berry. Her first husband was killed, it is said, by her second husband (Thomas Berry), and Ace Jones was cleared by trial of the charge of killing Berry out by the spring house, fifty yards from the house where Ace boards now, Berry having been killed mysteriously in the days when Ace was hiding out, with a reward on his head, for sundry shootings at certain of the Greens.

Then Ace appeared, lean-limbed, broad-shouldered, erect, seemingly taller than he was, his gray chin whiskers and mustache contrasting with his smooth-shaven brown and wrinkled cheeks. A black coat, with a cape, a black, broad-brimmed hat just perceptibly aslant on his head, he looked almost ideally a man-killer. In only one respect did he fail to meet the general notion—his eyes were thrusting rather than piercing—a little—not shifty—but black and indirect. The widow explained my mission, and then Ace turned on me with the look that suspects and demands exact information—he wanted to know the kind of chap I was, too. It was a scrutiny the like of which I never had experienced.

Passing muster, Ace told the story of the feud—the dispute about lumber; how his son, Jimmy Jones, dogged Dick Green's hogs; how Dick tried to whip Jim and got whipped; how Jim was shot and killed, and then the declaration of "war"; of the purchase of a dozen Winchester, some .56-caliber Springfields, and "a bushel of cartridges." Details followed of a battle on the river ridges, of another at Hamp Green's house, and then of the "scouting on the mountains" while sheriff's posses searched for the Jones—accompanied by gleams of ferocity in the eyes of the narrator when he told of the boy's death, of genuine pleasure when he told how one of the Greens hit it down a hollow with bullets whizzing round, and of fox-cunning when he spoke of his life on the mountains while a fugitive from the Hancock county officials. He stiffened with real pride when he told of his surrender to stand trial on the charge of murdering Berry.

The feud gone over, the widow said roguishly:

"Tell him 'bout that big nigger you shot."

Ace leaned back with a laugh. The feud had been serious business. He was relieved now to tell something cheerful. He crossed his legs and leaned 'way back, reminiscently, his hands in his trousers' pockets.

"One of my neighbors caught a nigger stealing grain once, and the nigger had the man promise not to tell what he would tell. The neighbor promised. Then the nigger said I put him up to stealing the corn, fruit and other stuff he'd taken. That made the neighbor mad at me, and he told 'round what the nigger said. Hit got warm for me till I heard what 'twas. Then I got brother Tip and we went to the nigger's house, called him out and took him to the neighbor's. The nigger was pretty badly scared. He said, 'De Debbil made me tell it. He did shore.' Well, Tip and me cut a lot of switches, but the nigger runs, so I shot him easy in the hams with a pistol. I asked the nigger if we'd be good friends after this. He said 'Yes.' The nigger was pretty sick for a while, but got over it."

Ace summed matters up by saying: "I've done things that if a man had come out of the grave and sat on his coffin to say I'd do them, I'd said he lied. When I got into trouble I didn't know which friend would stand and which would cut and run. But I knowed that if I got the best main springs put into my gun and pistol, those friends I could trust." While he was talking the three dogs barked. Ace approached the window from the right side and peeked out with one eye.

Among others, Ace tried to get Jim Wright to help hunt Dick Green. But "Tim was peaceable." He didn't want to go out of his own country to hunt for anybody, but, of course, if Dick got up into his country "Jim would kill him just to accommodate" Ace, who was known as a good and peaceable citizen. Of Wright there is more to tell further on.

In the morning, after a sumptuous meal of fruits, pies, biscuit, meats and coffee, I was ready to go on to Sneedville to see the Greens. Ace asked me:

"You don't know any old man up your way, kind of lame, and sick and 'most blind, do you?"

I was puzzled; then Ace explained:

"She's looking for a man, you know," speaking of the widow. The widow tossed her head and turned up her nose.

Following directions, I went down the road a couple of miles, "below the second mill," crossed the footbridge, went up the hollow, through two gates and crossed a ridge, down into another hollow, near woods, cornfields, a vacant house, "through a barn," bore 'round to the right of a hill I "could see"; then up a run to Mahon Settlement, down the road to Church Post Office. It was

a lonely walk through a country where "killings" are done from ambush, but it was not so bad as the ten miles to Tip Jones' from Rogersville. At Clinch Post Office the postmaster was in the volunteer soldiers' uniform. I told him who I was and heard that the Lawson brothers were to be on trial at Sneedville court Monday. They were accused of the murder of Clint Legere, owing to a dispute over some land which had already caused two other deaths. I asked about the boys. They were kept at Knoxville jail for safe keeping, but were to be brought back for trial. I wanted to know how, when and where they would be taken on the way from Knoxville to Sneedville. I got some misinformation, and the sheriff at Sneedville next day said he'd heard I was coming. After dinner I went on northwest to the Clinch River, crossed it in a hand ferry, walked down to the gap through the hills, and then, half a mile back from the river, saw Sneedville, a collection of wooden shanties and houses on a hill sloping toward the Clinch Valley. The road took a circle half-way round, then went in as the main and only street, with painted wooden houses and stores on both sides of the way to the number of thirty-odd. The mud in the road was blackish red. Nearly all the buildings had fine brick chimneys of local make.

I went to the Royston House, kept by Jesse Nichols and his wife, the widow of Royston. A man with a halt to his gait and an arm in a sling passed up the jail alley to the street. "There's Enoch Gillam, the man Jim Wright shot," Mrs. Nichols said. This was late on Saturday afternoon.

The court house loomed diagonally across the street, two stories high, a red brick building with large white pillars in front, a porch both upstairs and down, the stairs leading from porch to porch, for the crowd to go up to the court on. The sun went down in a snowy lead-colored atmosphere. The gloom of the place was thick—thickened by a double-barreled 12-gauge shotgun in the far corner of the sitting-room, and an old, rusty Smith & Wesson on the dresser before the looking glass. But later the shotgun was cheerful.

After a plentiful supper of biscuit, pot roast beef, potatoes, honey, fruits, etc., I sat down before the fireplace in the sitting room and drew long breaths from time to time. It was Saturday, Jan. 19. There was little stirring around. A cold rain began to fall, and then a man drove into town on a mule, a banjo tied across his back.

"Looks like court, don't it?" Nichols remarked. Then quiet resumed.

Some time after dark two horsemen went past at a gallop. Nichols' left ear turned up to catch the sound. Mrs. Nichols looked toward the door. Then the drops fell loudly on the stillness again. A few minutes later a man came in and sat down at the fire.

"Wet!" he said.

"Yes," was reply.

"Who was that went down the road?" Nichols added.

"Sheriff and Joe Cloud."

"Yes?"

"Yes. Word just come that there's been shooting down the road."

"Yes?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"Somebody tried to get Marion Legere." "Somebody" was accented in marked fashion, though the voice was low. Marion Legere was pressing the case against the two Lawson boys for the murder of his brother Clint. Standing a few yards from his house, three men had fired on him, just at dusk. Marion reached the house by the time eight shots were fired. As he entered a man went out the far side of the building and was mistaken for Marion. Thirty-odd shots were fired at him. "You'd ought to have seen him go up that holler," Marion said on Monday, with a laugh at the memory—a laugh cut off with a bite of his teeth.

In the morning I was up early. It was clear, the ground frozen, the sun shining. Enoch Gillam, whom Wright shot, was in the street when I looked out. He had been a friend of Wright's, but the \$550 reward on Wright was too much for him. Last November he went to Marion Legere, who offered part of the reward, and offered to betray the fugitive. Marion loaned Gillam a new Winchester rifle and to Enoch's brother a Krag-Jorgensen, which a soldier nephew of Rev. John Trent got in the Philippines, and had loaned him. With these rifles the Gillams went hunting Wright. Wright and his partner, John Templeton, also a "scouter," hid in a barn and fired on the Gillams with a double-barreled shotgun. Enoch's arm was broken; two buckshot entered his thigh. Both the Gillams fled. Wright and Templeton ran out of the barn, picked up the Winchester and Krag-Jorgensen and opened fire with them on the runners. The Gillams gone, the two desperadoes went to a store near by and got two pairs of shoes from the willing merchant, and gleefully exhibited their new weapons. They now carry a Marlin .38, a double-barreled shotgun, a Winchester and a Krag-Jorgensen, beside revolvers.

On Sunday afternoon the gathering of the court crowd thickened and livened the street. Men came in on horseback, or muleback, with black, broad-brimmed hats, booted, and usually a single spur. Goated, whiskered or shaven, the local county men presented two peculiarities. Some had jaws that fitted like stone; the others had chins a-tremble. All had eyes that glanced and gleamed. Whether blue, gray or black, they stuck out of their sockets and seemed constantly watching back over the shoulders. The rattle of a fence, the suck of a horse's foot in the mud, the click of a shoe on the stone or board walk turned every eye of a standing group that way instantly.

In the hotel sitting room the click of my camera as I opened it, made nearly a dozen men cringe. I recalled that when Tip Jones sat down by the window the night I talked to him, he pulled down the window curtain.

The nomination of some officers and judges was near at hand. Politicians were in town, following the court, because at court one can meet the county's men. They came in buggies behind small mud-streaked loping teams. They were most of them men used to commanding respect. One man in particular, looking to be a judge, worked determinedly on the familiar lines, "I always find the brightest people away from the railroads," he said. (Sneedville is more than twenty miles beyond the ridges from the railroad.) He told good stories. To one man

he said, "How are you?" He gave his whole attention for half an hour in an effort to explain about courts of chancery to an ambitious, influential young fellow. Heavy, red-bearded, in Vandyke shape, a strong momentum of determination in his bearing, he contrasted strangely with the sleek, shrill, artificial man who tried to gain favor by gymnastics.

Groups assembled and then dissolved, some of oldish men, some of the active men. Broad, red, leather belts glistened for a moment as the overcoats that all wore spread apart in front. Bulges on the right or left hips, or under the arm pits, told of a law regarded but not always obeyed. One is liable to a fine of \$50 and six months in prison for carrying a revolver in Tennessee.

A curious politeness, a lack of definitive assertion, none of the hammering of one fist into the other palm, were conspicuous. The day waned; night came on, but the air was quick with expectancy. From somewhere came Marion Legere, and some of his witnesses, glad to get to court unshot at. Then there was a rumor. Dan Duskin, an important witness, had been run out of the country. The uneasy town went to a fitful slumber.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

Floating on the Missouri.—VIII.

We were now in the wildest part of the upper Missouri Valley, a country so interesting, of such vast extent of cañon-like ravines, of cliffs and buttes and weird, weather-carved sandstones, that I would have liked to pitch camp every four or five miles or so along down the river and explore all the interesting places. But the lateness of the season prevented. The river had frozen over the previous year Nov. 10; it nearly always freezes some time during that month, and the middle of the month had been passed. With regret we broke camp at the mouth of the Seven Blackfeet and resumed our voyage just as the sun appeared above the breaks to the east. The channel here is on the north side of the river, and I had some difficulty in getting the Good Shield over the rocky bar out into deep water. At this point the river bends sharply to the north around a long, high broken ridge, a most likely lurking place for mountain sheep. On the south side of the stream, high up in the breaks, there are scattering groves of pine, but the slopes are of barren blue clay, which wash away so rapidly under the influence of the rain and melting snow, that it is impossible for any kind of vegetation to flourish. A row of three miles took us to the Buffalo Shoals, a wide, rapid, shallow bit of the river. I told Sah-né-to the name of the place, and, of course, she had something to say about the great herds which used to ford here. But her remarks were cut short by the jar of the boat as it bumped over some rocks and came to a dead stop. I stood up and tried to make out the channel, but here was one place where there was nothing to indicate it; from bank to bank nothing but an undulating ripple of the water over the stones. I put on my waders and holding the boat firmly by the bow, dragged it back up stream a short distance, and slowly began to cross to the north side, until I found two feet of water, and then waded slowly down behind the craft, letting it float ahead of me. It ran aground several times, and I found that what channel there was wound like the letter S across the shoal. We had no more than floated into the deep water below it when Sah-né-to espied an animal of some kind hurrying across the flat below toward the river. On it came, trotting rapidly, down on to the sandy bar and buried its nose in the water. Then we saw that it was a buck mule deer, and a very large one. I dared not row, for fear of alarming it, and picking up the rifle waited for the boat to drift down within range. But the buck was in a hurry; he had important business somewhere back in the hills, and having satisfied his thirst, trotted away as fast as he had come, while we were yet 500 yards distant. "Go," I said, "and good luck to you; I think there are fatter bucks than you to be found."

All the same, I was disappointed; it would have been so handy to kill the meat we needed right on the shore. We kept on running northward for three or four miles, and then the river bent to the east again past long, narrow, almost treeless flats, and by rough hills and cliffs. After something like eleven or twelve miles of hard rowing we came to a nameless creek, putting in from the south through tall and fantastic portals of sandstone. On the west side of it, on top of a high ridge, stands a peculiar sandstone formation, which the United States engineers who surveyed the river named the Sphinx, and, viewed from a point on the river anywhere east of the nameless creek, it certainly does bear a striking resemblance to that old monument of ancient Egypt. Looking at this and at the surrounding hills, the walled valley of the creek, I felt that I could not forego a ramble in such an interesting place. A mile or more below there was a wooded island, from which a sandy bar extended to the south shore; the channel ran in to its outer side, and we landed only a few yards from the grove. The trees were scattering, the underbrush was interspersed with plots of tall grass that bore the impression of many a deer bed. In one of these open places the tent was pitched and a few blows of the ax on a large dead cottonwood brought down sheets of thick bark, sufficient for several days' fuel. That is one of the advantages of camping along this river; it is not necessary to do any chopping. One can quietly row to a cottonwood grove, pitch camp, secure fuel without disturbing the game in the immediate vicinity. The loose dry cottonwood bark can be piled from the trunk and noiselessly broken into convenient size for the stove.

While I was eating a bit of lunch, Sah-né-to strolled out on the wide sandy bar at the head of the island, and quickly returned with the information that she had seen a bear track. So, without any questioning, I knew that I was to have company on my ramble. Where the rifle is there will always be the madame when bears are around; not for all the wealth of the country would she remain alone in camp after seeing the trail of one, for it was well known that they had even "carried women away to their dens and made slaves of them."

We started, crossing the long sand spit connecting the island with the main shore, and thence up the hard mud margin of the river to the mouth of the nameless creek. Here were tracks of game galore; of mountain sheep and mule deer, of wolf and coyote, and of the grizzly, which

had been recently prowling along the shore in search of a dead fish or other morsel of food cast up by the eddying waters. We climbed the steep bank, twenty or thirty feet high, and stood on the edge of the long flat among the giant sage and greasewood, some of which was taller than our heads. Away up the creek was a bunch of horses. When they saw us they lifted their heads and gazed at us curiously for a moment, and then bounded away up the narrow valley as fast as they could go, startling a little bunch of antelope, which also scurried off across the flat and up into the breaks. Perhaps they were wild horses—horses which had never felt the touch of a lariat, nor the burning, sizzling brand. Here, if any place, in this vast extent of bad land lying between the Missouri and the Yellowstone, there should still be some of these untamed descendants of the Spanish conquistadors' steeds. Once, traveling with Mr. Joseph Kipp from our trading post on the Missouri to the branch post on the Flat Willow, we saw a band of these wild horses. I think it was in the fall of 1880. We had crossed Crooked Creek, and climbing to the top of a high pine-crowned butte, stopped to rest our horses and survey the country. War parties, we knew, were abroad—Sioux, Assinaboines, Crows and Cheyennes—and we didn't intend to run into any of them if we could help it. It was a broken bit of country we surveyed. Tall buttes, long ridges, deep coulees on either hand, with glimpses of the dead grass and sagebrush plain stretching away for untold miles to the verge of the horizon. Away to the north of us, across, beyond the dark breaks of the Missouri, loomed the Little Rockies and their terminating pine-clad butte, the Hairy Cap. West of them we could see the flat tops of the Bear Paws. To the south, near at hand, was the Black Butte, a dark, high, steep cone of volcanic rock, and still further on, the green slopes and bare peaks of the Snowy Range. As we sat there, smoking our cigarettes, and viewing this great expanse of plains and mountains, and rough country, a herd of wild horses, a hundred or more, came dashing down the valley of Crooked Creek, climbed the ridge near us, and swept on toward the Musselshell. Some were bays, some blacks, with no inconsiderable number of gray and dun-colored ones. Their exceedingly long and full manes and tails streamed out in the breeze. They were sleek-coated and fat, and by the way they arched their necks and pranced along they seemed to have a grand and invincible spirit, which I for one would not have cared to attempt to conquer. Some wolves, disturbed in their slumber, perhaps by the thunder of the horses' hoofs, trotted to the edge of the butte opposite us, and looked at them longingly, hungrily; they prefer the flesh of the horse, it seems, above any other meat. Only a few moments after the band had passed us, a large herd of buffalo came in sight from the same direction that they had. "There are no camps of hunting Indians near here," my companion remarked, "so these herds must have been scared by a war party. Let's go."

We went. On and on, past groups of buttes and high ridges, over stretches of level plain, by many a herd of buffalo and antelope, and far in the night arrived at our destination, tired and hungry. We had no thought that all that game we saw was soon to vanish, and that the wide plains we crossed were soon to be dotted with vast herds of the accursed sheep.

Well, the horses and the antelope vanished. Antelope are protected the year round in Montana, nevertheless if I could have got within range of one of the bucks I would have killed him. I believe in the protection of game. I will not kill a female, deer nor elk, nor any other species. But when I'm out of meat, the first buck of any kind I run across has got to fall if I can aim straight enough. If all hunters would forego the shooting of females, we would have no need for game protection. For instance, three years ago a friend of mine killed three does. There was no excuse for his doing so, as we had the meat of a good buck in camp. Now, if those three had lived, they and their increase would have numbered about fourteen head this coming spring.

We crossed the flat, passing through a prairie dog town, where the little animals were so tame that they sat up on their mounds within fifteen or twenty yards of us, and scolded us unmercifully. Evidently they knew nothing about men and rifles. We left them, still barking and jerking their tails, and began the ascent of the valley slope west of the little creek. The barren, blue clay hill, as usual, had a hard rasping crust, which afforded good walking. We climbed up easily, through a grove of scattering pine, past clumps of juniper, and coming to the foot of the Sphinx, were surprised to find that it rests on the edge of a high, long, cut sandstone wall. All along its base there were many bighorn tracks, and near by lay the skull and horns of a large ram. From the Sphinx southward to the next ridge, a distance of perhaps two miles, there has been a sudden sinking of the country, resulting in a rough grassy plain seamed with cracks, which would be difficult to cross. I had intended to go that way, but concluded to go back down and across the nameless creek, and hunt the opposite side. We were resting at the foot of the Sphinx and viewing the rough country to the west, tall steep buttes and cut cliffs, when, about quarter of a mile away a large ram appeared at the foot of the cliff we were sitting on, evidently following the trail of some of its kind. He would trot a ways, always with his nose close to the ground, and often stop and circle a bit, and look around, as if having lost the scent. When we first saw him, he was coming toward us, but while still a long ways off, he began to climb the cliff on a place where it seemed as if it would be impossible to sustain a foothold. Up he went, however, rapidly, and with apparent ease, and disappeared in some pines. I thought of following him, and, indeed, we traveled along three or four hundred yards in the direction he had taken, and then we saw a bunch of the animals bounding up the side of a butte some distance ahead. They paused on attaining the summit—there were between fifteen and twenty of them—looked at us a moment or two, and then ran on out of sight, their white stern ends bobbing up and down most ludicrously. Well, I reasoned that it was nearly if not quite past the rutting season, that a ram's meat would be unpleasantly rank, so I bade Sah-né-to turn, and we retraced our way past the Sphinx and followed the ridge down into the valley. On the east side of the little creek are many thickets and groves of pine, dense beds of juniper brush, most likely places, I thought, for a mule deer's siesta. We climbed up through

several of them, finding plenty of sign, deer tracks and beds, and presently an exceedingly large old buck slowly arose from a patch of brush on a ridge across a narrow coulee from us, and calmly stood gazing our way most inquisitively. I cocked the rifle and handed it to Sah-né-to, and she hurriedly aimed and fired. The old buck made one jump up the hill and looked at us as before. Twice more Sah-né-to fired before the old fellow ran, and then he stopped before he had gone more than fifty yards and gave her another chance. But that was the last one; unhurt, untouched, he bounded stiffly up the ridge and over the crest of the hill. "Did you look carefully through the little hole in the rear sight, and get the ivory bead fairly on him?" I asked.

"I don't know. I guess not," she replied. "I just kept looking at him and shooting."

That was what I had already guessed; she had been too excited to think of the sights.

We continued our climb until we arrived at the foot of a steep wall, where we found a broad and hard-beaten game trail running along its base, used principally by mountain sheep. Sah-né-to was becoming tired, so we climbed no higher, and followed the trail in the direction of the river and camp. Numberless deep coulees headed up against the cliff, and we kept descending and ascending them, until we finally came into one that extended back to the east further than we could see. Here the game trail branched, the main one crossing the coulee, the lesser one continuing along the foot of the cliff, which, like the ravine, now bore away to the east, forming its southern wall. It was this one we followed, and after a while came into a sort of amphitheater, caused by the junction of a number of smaller coulees. Here on all sides, in every conceivable shape, domes, columns, and all sorts of queer-shaped figures, was the blue clay, devoid of any vegetation whatever, nor could we see a living thing—no tree nor brush in any direction. Inadvertently stepping into the bottom of the coulee, I went down into a soft alkali mud, but scrambled out of it before I pierced its depth; perhaps it had no end. I sat down, and with a bit of rock was cleaning my leggings and shoes, when with a clatter and rush a band of sheep slipped out of a coulee back of us and in an instant were out of sight over the trail we had been following. We did not follow them.

This was about as barren a bit of nature as I had ever seen. One could imagine that in the course of his work the hand of the world maker had been stopped and his plan had remained uncompleted. I expressed something of my thought to Sah-né-to, and she said that Old Man had himself finished these plains, and caused the grasses to grow upon them, but afterward he cut the gash where the Big River should run and from that cut the rains had kept wearing away the banks on either side, forming the deep coulees and hills, and carrying off the top soil which alone could support vegetation.

We went up the coulee a ways further, climbed a steep ridge and got on top of a long, narrow point overlooking another coulee. All the morning during our ramble we had seen numerous deposits of red iron rock, but here we found large quantities of it, always in flat, circular form, as if it had been melted in a furnace and moulded in this shape. I lifted one or two of the smaller cakes and found them very heavy. They were scattered promiscuously here and there on top of the clay. Crossing the next coulee, and over the next ridge we found that we were abreast our camp only a half-mile away across the flat, and as by this time Sah-né-to was tired out, we turned homeward, seeing no more game, although there were fresh tracks everywhere. As we descended into the flat a dense low bank of dark fog rolled in from the north, down the opposite slope, and a few minutes later a fierce cold wind was howling over the plains, and it became so dark that we could not see our island. The sudden change chilled us thoroughly, and by the time we arrived at the tent our fingers and ears were tingling. In two or three minutes I had the stove red hot, the tent sufficiently warm, and Sah-né-to began preparations for dinner. I have tried all sorts of temporary camps, from the bark shelters of the Adirondacks to the skin lodge of the plains, but have found nothing to equal the tent and stove for comfort.

It had been another unsuccessful day, although in a section of country abounding in game, the camp was still bare of the juicy roasts, broils and rib stews necessary for our complete contentment. "Sah-né-to, 'twas your fault; if you had taken careful aim at the buck, his carcass would now hang on the tree just beyond the doorway."

"It is done," she replied. "The cartridges have been fired, the deer has bounded away into the hills; let us talk no more about it."

Thinking over the incidents of the day, of the ram so accurately trailing a band of his kind, reminded me of a young elk I used to see on Upper Arrow Creek. Some Indians had caught it when it was a calf and given it to Mrs. La Mott, whose husband kept a roadhouse. She raised it, feeding it milk at first from a bottle, and gradually teaching it to drink from a pan, and it became so attached to her that it would bleat most dismally whenever separated from her for a few moments. Sometimes to tease it Mrs. La Mott would put it outside by the front door and then leaving the house at the rear side run to the timber bordering the creek, and thence up the stream, crossing it several times, and finally make a circuit around back to the stables. It was never many minutes before the uneasy calf, strolling around to the back of the house, found her footsteps, and trailed her accurately around the course she had taken. Often balked where her mistress had jumped the creek or crossed on stepping stones, it would circle about until it found the trail once more, and hasten on with all speed, and how it would jump and buck and play around when it finally overtook her. The little thing was hated by the "mule skinner." The freight outfits were obliged to camp at Arrow Creek on account of water, and it was amusing to see the weary, dusty, thirsty mules take after the young elk as soon as they were unharnessed. The calf would start up the road at first on a walk, the mules crowding after it, all curiosity, crowding and kicking each other to get near it. From a walk it would change to a trot, and then to a swift lope, and presently there would be a straightaway run of fifty or a hundred miles and a calf elk for several miles, a turn, and as frantic a run back. Then how the wagon boss would "cuss" and swear vengeance on the little thing.

Natural History.

Intelligence of Wild Things.

BY HERMIT.

The Crow.

THE intelligence of the crow is admitted by those who deny reason to the lower animals. This bird is so large and is so meddlesome in human affairs that he has forced mankind to acknowledge his intelligence.

While I admire his ability to look out for number one, I do not believe that he is in any way beneficial to the farmer. In my opinion, he is a great deal blacker than he is painted by our wise men at Washington. After a lifetime knowledge of the crow, with ten years' close observation of his habits, I have nothing to say in his favor.

While farming in Maine I was a sworn enemy of the crow. Not because he pulled up my corn, thinned out my barley and carried off my chickens; these things I could provide against, I was his enemy because he robbed bird nests by the wholesale. It did not take me long to find out that this black imp prevented the increase of song birds in cultivated fields and the adjoining woodlands.

I brought with me my hatred of the crow when I dropped into the woods of Cape Ann, and for several years I made life miserable for his kind with trap and shotgun.

Ten years ago, influenced by the articles in *FOREST AND STREAM* on game protection, I laid aside my gun and devoted more time to the study of the wild things. The crows got the benefit of this change. I should have continued my warfare if the crows had plundered the bird nests in my vicinity. King birds nested near my cabin, and during the nesting season crows and hawks were very careful to give the locality a wide berth. At other times the king birds did not go far from home to attack the crows, and the latter made themselves at home in my dooryard, after I had ceased to persecute them.

Crows possess a language which enables them to communicate to each other anything that relates to crow life. They can hold long confabs and then act intelligently from evident conclusions.

In the years when I lived happily with my shotgun, before a divorce was decreed, I planted a bushel of potatoes in the woods on the west side of Magnolia Swamp. Fire had cleared the side hill and the prospect of a crop was good.

The crows gathered in some dead trees, out of gunshot, to criticise my work, and seemed to be highly elated. Raw potatoes are not down on the crow bill of fare, so I thought there would be a great disappointment when they investigated my work. The second day after I had finished planting I visited the spot and found that the crows had dug up every hill on the south half of the field. There were three pieces of potato beside each hill, so the crows did not dig them up for food. Why they did so much hard work for nothing was beyond my knowledge of crow life. I nearly surrounded the other half of the field with white cotton string and retired to the swamp to await the crows. Twenty minutes later a sentinel crow winged his way to a dead tree on the hill, and after looking for enemies called out, "Caw, caw, caw." Immediately eight crows appeared. They held a consultation, and it seems they decided that it was a good time to dig up the rest of my potatoes, for they started for the spot where they had left off. As this part of the field was under a high ledge, the crows could not see the string until they had passed the brow of the hill. The first crow over saw the string, and nearly turned a somersault in trying to stop his speed. He called out, "Cur-cur-cur. Cur-cur-cur," and instantly every crow returned to the tree. For ten minutes a great confab took place. The crow that had discovered the string was eagerly questioned by the others and replied in a hasty and excited manner. After talking it over a crow flew to the south end of the field, where he could look to the north and see the string. He returned and reported. Another crow flew to the north end of the field and stationed himself in a tall pine tree. This crow soon discovered that the string did not surround the whole field, there was a wide gap in front of the pine tree. He called "Caw-caw-caw-caw-caw," and the crows flew down to the tree. They were told about the gap and one crow boldly flew through and acted as sentinel from a tree in the potato field. The other crows soon followed and began digging up the seed potatoes. I think they tasted of every piece, with the idea that somewhere I had planted something good to eat. I shot two of the crows and hung them in the potato field, but a week later I found the seeds dug up with the exception of a few hills beneath the string.

The few hills left made quite a store two years later. They had produced a crop each year without being discovered by hunters. But when the weeds and shrubs made a rabbit cover, "wild potatoes" were discovered on that side hill and I was soon informed of the fact that the potato was growing in a wild state "away back in the woods."

I believe that crows destroy fully one-half the quail and grouse on Cape Ann. A woods' fire south of my cabin burned the nest of a ruffed grouse late in the season. The grouse made a new nest north of my cabin, and one day I found four eggs in it. The next morning I heard a strange cry in the direction of the nest and started to investigate. I took to the path at the rear of my cabin and when I had reached the top of the hill I saw the grouse running toward me. She held one wing close to her side, but with the other she was striking savagely at two crows that hazed her as they flew above and around her. Just as I came in sight of the trio, the grouse dropped an egg from under the closed wing and one of the crows seized it and flew so near me that I could see the egg in his bill. The thing that impressed me most was the silence of the crows. Not a sound did they utter. The scamps knew that I was near by and would be warned of crow mischief if I heard their cries. The cry made by the grouse was new to me. It was a wild cry in every sense of the word. The grouse when she fled with her eggs took the path to the cabin, and I think she did it for protection.

Last spring I saw something that added to my knowledge of crow intelligence.

Fuller Brook runs past my cabin, and after losing itself in a swamp, takes up its course again between high granite hills, until it falls into the sea at Fresh Water Cave. In the valley along the brook tall pine and hemlock trees make an ideal nesting site for crows and hawks. Last spring I was much interested in a red-shouldered hawk's nest which was in this valley. There were two crow nests some twenty rods further down the valley. One of my visits found the male hawk at home and when he discovered me he flew in circles above the trees uttering the loud scream that can be heard for a mile or more. Soon two crows came sneaking through the tree tops to find out what was disturbing the hawk. The hawk flew to a tall pine, but continued his cries after he had alighted. The crows flew to the same pine and taking a position near the hawk began to talk to him in a low tone. It was evident that they were telling him that his loud screams would bring all the hunters of Cape Ann to the spot. The hawk continued to scream, and one crow in a loud tone called out "Caw-caw-caw-caw-caw." Immediately five other crows appeared, and all attacked the hawk, striking at him with their wings until he ceased to scream.

The crafty crows did not care about the hawk's nest, but they did not intend to have the hawk publish the fact. Well they knew that a search would expose the two nests down the valley.

The red-shouldered hawk seems to be too slow and clumsy to wage war on crows, and the birds nest near each other, without trouble, only as I have related.

The crows in my locality have named me in the crow language. Two caws is the way the sentinel announces my approach to his mates.

Several years ago I had occasion to pass every night a spot in the woods where dead horses are buried. The crows would gather there nightly, but always had a sentinel out. The sentinel took up a position in a tall oak on a hill where he could overlook all the approaches. When everything was quiet the sentinel called out: "Caw-caw-caw," which means "all is well." If a man approaches, the danger signal is, "Cur-cur-cur," sometimes repeated, and it means "look out there." It is uttered rapidly.

I noticed one night that the crow in the tree, as soon as he saw me, called out "Caw-caw," and in a short time repeated the call. He had told his mates that the hermit was coming. My path passed within fifty feet of the crows, but they did not fly away. They had long ago found that I was not to be feared. Sometimes I had company, and the sentinel would then give the danger call, "Cur-cur-cur," and the crows would fly away before we got in sight. I had this experience throughout the summer, so there could be no mistake.

This fall a young crow became quite familiar. He would call to me in the woods, "Caw-caw," and often fly near me. The old crows seemed to think he was in danger, or they thought he was departing from the ways of the fathers, and they always drove him away. They would beat him with their wings until he was forced into flight to save himself. This young crow had found food in my dooryard, and had heard the older crows say that "Caw-caw" was harmless, so he wanted to be friendly, no doubt with an eye to the food supply. I am experimenting with this fellow, in hopes that I can tame him, and learn from him and his mates something of the crow language.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A New Alaska Caribou.

In a recent article on the work in the north of Mr. Andrew J. Stone, mention was made of a new caribou (*Rangifer granti*), soon to be described by Dr. Allen. This description has just been published and forms Article X. of Volume XVI. of the Bulletin of the American Museum of Natural History.

Mr. Stone's investigations of the large game of the far north had led him to suspect that a new form of caribou might be found to inhabit the Alaska Peninsula, and at the end of the season of 1901 he determined to visit that region in order, if possible, to verify his anticipations.

The Alaska Peninsula, as is well known, is the western portion of the mainland of Alaska, lying north and west of Cook Inlet and connected with the main land only by a narrow neck of land. It extends several hundred miles beyond the western limit of tree growth, and is a true barren land. High rough mountains form a continuous range throughout its whole length, and from these, brooks or small rivers run down in the sea which are frequented by salmon during the spawning season.

Mr. Stone left Homer on the Kenai Peninsula about Oct. 15, and four days later reached Popoff Island. Here he was detained by storms for more than a week, but at length succeeded in crossing the twelve miles of sea, reaching the mainland Oct. 26, and his hunting grounds two days later. Here on his first day's hunt he took nine caribou, and secured in all fifteen fine specimens.

All these were very uniform in character, and differ from any other caribou known from North America in certain external as well as certain cranial characters. The species is a representative of the barren ground group of caribou, which includes the caribou of the Arctic coast and the Greenland caribou. It need not be compared with the various forms of woodland caribou. Mr. Stone tells us that Grant's caribou "inhabits the barren land of Alaska Peninsula, ranging well up into the mountains in summer, but descending to the lower levels in winter, generally feeding on the low flat lands near the coast and in the foothills. They formerly lived in considerable number on Unga Island, where they are now practically extinct. The only other island inhabited by them is Unimak Island, at the western end of the Alaska Peninsula. They were formerly exceedingly abundant, but they have been greatly reduced in numbers through the agency of market-hunters."

The species has been fittingly named after Mr. Madison Grant, Secretary of the New York Zoological Society, whose services in securing funds for the organization and maintenance of the Andrew J. Stone Exhibition are well known.

Grant's caribou, as described by Dr. Allen, is dark

Sportsman's Correspondence.

I.

DEAR ———:

I want to tell you a little of my hunting last fall, and my wonderful dog, Rex No. 2, a dark liver and white pointer pup, also of his first season with the birds.

At the end of the first week out, Dr. —, my hunting mate, shot a grouse that fell across a stream of water. Well, knowing that his dog would not retrieve it, he asked me if Rex would swim across and get the bird. Told him I thought he would. Calling Rex in and going down stream to the leeward of the bird, so that he would get the scent, I asked him to fetch dead bird, and motioned across. He readily swam, reaching the opposite bank. He soon had wind of the bird and pointed, I urging him on to fetch it, which he soon did without wetting a feather.

A week or so later we were hunting out a small swamp. I got hastily to the upper end with Rex well to heel, expecting the birds would fly my way, and two of them did, the third turning back over Dr. —'s head, and he was obliged to use both barrels on the bird. When he got through to me, Rex had my two birds on the grass beside me.

After two weeks of training I did not feel as though I was handicapped with a pup; in fact, he was an old dog in bird ways.

Probably you have not forgotten old Rex, and the many trips that he took with us. The Doctor asked me why Hastings was not up this fall, and why he stopped writing for *FOREST AND STREAM*. I told him of your sickness with neuritis, which accounted for your absence and possibly for the absence of correspondence. The Doctor says it is the worst thing that can happen to the man. There is nothing that causes so much agony, and nothing so difficult to cure.

Yours truly,

II.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I have yours of recent date in relation to your hunting trip last fall. Was very much pleased to receive it, and could almost imagine that I were with you. You certainly have an intelligent dog, and his intelligence reminds me of old Rex. You say that I have probably not forgotten him. How can I forget him? I could forget him when I forget all else in the past. While I can look back and remember, my love for that old dog will ever be strong. I remember the noon that we rested in the angle of the stone wall, where the wind had swept together masses of autumn leaves, and how we ate our lunch and shared it with Rex, and all three took our siesta almost buried in the leaves, and I remember with sorrow the day that old age closed his eyes forever. I remember how he died in your arms, and the last loving look that he gave you, and I remember how we dug his grave under the chestnut tree, and how carefully you wrapped him in your old leather hunting coat and covered him with the green sod.

Why does a man outlive four or five, or six, generations of dogs? The man lives too long or the dogs don't live long enough. One becomes attached to them, and in the course of a lifetime of pleasure in the fields they must part with several.

As to the Doctor, I have to say that he seems to still retain his proclivity to be jocular. You may tell him that I am better in health, and hope to tramp the fields with him and yourself many times in the future. Tell him that I regard him as an old hand-loaded shell, chraged with powder of his own make, and with pills for shot he goes around among his friends spilling both because his top wadding is loose.

Yours truly,

W. W. HASTINGS.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of *FOREST AND STREAM*. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

"Uncle Lisha's Shop."

"Uncle Lisha's Shop" is temporarily out of print. A new edition is in press, to be ready soon. It will have as frontispiece an excellent portrait of Mr. Robinson. The price will be \$1.25.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Duck Roosting in Big Bay.

"SAY, Doc, there's lots of ducks up in the bay now; don't you feel like goin' up and roostin' them this evenin'?" said Jim Griffin, my man of all work, one cold, gloomy day in December.

"All right," said I; "bring the buggy 'round at 2 o'clock and we will take a try at them."

The time appointed found us setting out on our five-mile trip in a not very common phenomenon for this latitude, a blinding snowstorm. Griffin had his ax along and stopped by the way to tackle the butt of a boxed pine log, from which he secured several slabs of the fattest of fat light wood.

The Big Bay, so called from its unusual size, covering as it does some two or three thousand acres, is one of those flat, marshy cyprus swamps covered with a well-nigh impenetrable growth of stunted bays, gall and hurrah bushes, interwoven and matted with thorny vines, which abound throughout the southern pine belt. Its outlet is a large branch called Sammy Swamp, and just at the point where the stream emerges from the bay is the dam of the ancient and still-existing Weeks' mill pond. The back water from this dam, shallow and bristling with stumps and snags in low water, covers hundreds of acres of the bay in high water to a depth of from a few inches to two or three feet.

Reaching our destination by the side of the old log mill house at the end of the dam, we harnessed out, covered up the horse and built a roaring fire with some of our fat lightwood. While I was toasting myself, Griffin produced a cracked and battered old fiddle from a bundle under the buggy seat and went over to banter old man McIntosh, the miller, for a trade. This momentous deal was finally effected, after much haggling and exchange of backwoods' wit by Griffin giving Mr. Mack his fiddle, a dollar watch and ten cents in money for the old man's fiddle, which was a very superior instrument to his own.

After concluding this episode, Griffin unearthed a venerable and not very water-tight bateau, made with a flat bottom and a long-pointed nose for the purpose of threading the shallow mazes we were to encounter high up the pond. Breaking the ice in which it was coated and bailing out the accumulated water with one of the paddles which he had brought along, and we were ready for our arduous trip into the fastness of the ducks. As the pond was about a foot below high-water mark and the snags were consequently just near enough to the surface to be run on, we had to proceed rather slowly and cautiously, and even then got hung a time or two, and only got off with much and warming exertions.

Near the dam the pond is comparatively narrow and walled in on each side by dense groves of cypresses. These, bare of their summer foliage and draped with great streaming festoons of Spanish moss, seen dimly through the mist of falling snow, had a peculiarly gloomy and forbidding appearance.

A few hundred yards from the dam we came to ice and found that the pond was frozen over from edge to edge. Griffin had to kneel in the bow and cut a passage with his ax—which we were obliged to return to the dam and get for the purpose—while I paddled. In this way we crawled along for about a quarter of a mile, Griffin from time to time stopping to cast off superfluous garments and mop the sweat from his brow. We had a tough job of it, as the ice was an inch thick, and sometimes required two or three sturdy blows before it would break. The snow had meanwhile ceased to fall, and a cold wind, which but for our strenuous exertions would have chilled us to the bone, was blowing across the ice.

Finally the ice began to thin, and we ran into open water, caused by the current from the vast flats in the bay pouring their overflow into the back water of the pond proper. Here the scene had undergone a marked change. We were in a vast shallow flat, where bunches of thick, scrubby bushes five to twelve feet high separated the channels and comparatively open stretches of water and green, spongy moss bogs. Far off in the distance in front and on either side were the walls of gnarled and hoary cypresses, the monotony being occasionally relieved by a stunted juniper with its dense evergreen frondage.

From time to time small bunches of ducks, frightened by the noise we made in our passage through the ice, had been getting up out of range and decamping for regions higher up the bay. Presently a mallard pitched down in an opening off to the left, and as we had very nearly reached the head of bateau navigation, I got out in my rubber boots to stalk him. Griffin, who did not have boots, remained in the boat and moved slowly on up the bay. The water was only a few inches deep, but the bog underneath seemed almost bottomless in places, and I would frequently sink over my knees and have much ado to extricate myself and avoid shipping a boatful of ice water. As a consequence, the duck got up at very long range, and my effort to bring him to bag only increased his speed in departure.

I turned my course up the bay again, making very slow progress through the vegetation-choked water and bogs, and taking care to avoid alligator dens and other deep places, some of which would have engulfed me head and ears. Sometimes I would strike a patch of frozen moss and bushes and walk along as easily as on a paved street, when suddenly I would break through without warning up to my knees or over, and then have a scuffle to get out again. Going on in this way, I finally arrived a little in advance of the boat at the beginning of the duck roost proper. Here dense thickets of taller bushes blocked the way, and one had to grope his way through small winding passages to the patches of open water scattered around among them. In these open places the ducks were in the habit of roosting.

I left Griffin in one of the first of these bewailing his bad luck in not having a pair of "them wadin' boots." He was armed with a big 10-bore breechloader and some shells, which he said he had loaded with four drams

of powder and two ounces of No. 6 shot, wadded with newspaper in default of cut wads. He "calculated on droppin' enough lead on their backs to stop a duck or two anyhow."

Setting off up one of the winding passageways, after considerable labor and much circumnavigation to avoid old alligator dens and quaking bogs, which the staff with which I had provided myself showed rather deficient in bottom, I finally arrived at a promising looking opening about a quarter of a mile further on and took my stand between two clumps of bushes to await the setting of the sun and the coming of the ducks from their feeding grounds in the Watnee Swamp and other nearer swamps and ponds.

All became silent save the occasional quack, quack of a drake in some distant puddle, and the more high-pitched and valuable response of his fair partner, varied occasionally by the whistle of a wood duck.

Soon after sunset birds of all descriptions began pouring in to roost. First, a long procession of carrion crows (black vultures) with an occasional turkey buzzard, came sailing along with now and then short, brisk strokes of their wings, and settled on the outstretched branches of dead cypresses which stood here and there like white skeletons far above the stunted growth of the bay. Occasionally, too, many would light on the same limb and a crash result, followed by a great commotion and flapping of long black wings.

Then came the robins; not in dozens or scores, but in hundreds. From all the country for many miles around they came to seek refuge for the night in the dense water-surrounded thickets. They pitched by me so close at times that I verily believe I could have struck down a few with my gun had I been quick enough, and such a chattering and chirping and fluttering as they kept up!

Fast behind the robins came the doves, in ones and twos and little bunches. Every now and then one dashing by at close range would cause me to throw up my gun in sudden anticipation of a shot at a duck, only to lower it again the next second as I discovered my mistake.

Then as a semi-twilight began to creep over the scene and the dim snow clouds ceased from work for the time being, took on dull yellow and reddish tints, a big bunch of teal dashed by out of range and went on down the bay toward the more open water of the pond. And then the ball opened. Teal in bunches, and greenheads and black ducks in ones and twos and half-dozens, and here and there a pair of summer ducks—but always ducks of some kind in the sky. I soon found that I was out of their line of flight, and that the bulk of them were evidently going down at a point between Griffin's station and mine, so I set out to retrace my steps in the hope of getting a better position before it became too dark to shoot.

As I was warily scrambling over a half-submerged log a pair of black ducks shot by at close range. I threw up my gun, and at the report had the pleasure of seeing one of them double up and come down with a plunge in or behind a clump of thick bushes behind me. I immediately floundered out in the moss box to retrieve him, but search as I might I could not locate my game. It was probably only wounded and had succeeded in concealing itself in the thicket. While searching for this one a single drake came by, and I dropped him on a patch of ice and snow some distance in advance. I got this one without much difficulty.

Then followed a series of misses. Owing to the fast-deepening twilight, I could only get momentary glimpses of passing ducks, and the shooting was rather too quick and snappy for my eyes. I could hear many ducks passing overhead and around me that I could not see at all, or only after they had got out of range. Finally I succeeded in bringing down and securing another black duck, and came to the conclusion that if I was going to get out of my environment that night I had better be starting about it without further delay. Tying my two ducks to a piece of twine, I slung them over my shoulder and set out in the now exceedingly difficult job of retracing my steps.

Griffin had been keeping up quite a lively fusillade. First one and then both barrels of his 10-bore would roar in quick succession; he was evidently more in the thick of the ducks than I was. Guiding myself by the direction of his cannonade and keeping in the most open water I could find to avoid getting confused and tangled up in the numerous *cul de sacs* and moss bogs that branched out on every side, I proceeded to do some of the hardest work that ever fell to my lot. Sometimes I would bring up against an impenetrable wall of bushes and thorny vines and have to retrace my steps until I could find a way out or around. Then I would narrowly escape getting beyond my depth, or that of my boots, in an alligator den; or find myself sinking in a quaking bog, from which I would only extricate myself by seizing the nearest bush and pulling myself out by main force, one foot at a time. Once I sank down until the water rushed in over the tops of my hip boots, and the shock of the icy old bath nearly took away what little breath remained to me.

When I reached Griffin and the boat, which I finally did, I found him the proud and happy possessor of a black duck, sole result of the vigorous bombarding I had heard. After stopping a few minutes to recover my lost wind, I deposited my gun and game in the boat and waded on behind, while Griffin poled. This was necessary for some distance, owing to numerous sunken logs and concealed snags, which could not be well gotten over with two in the boat. This was not near so tedious as my former wading, since I now had the benefit of Griffin's guidance, and had the boat to cling to if I got in too soft or deep a place. As we worked along, ducks were constantly getting up around us, and at very short range. Of course it was too dark to shoot them, as night had fallen.

When we reached the more open and deeper water I resumed my place in the boat with a groan of relief, and we were soon passing through the ice path we cut going up. After getting to the dam our first care was to build a blazing fire with the lightwood we had brought along. I pulled off my boots, poured out the water, and set myself to the agreeable task of getting my feet warm and dry again. In the meantime, Griffin, who had gone to look after the horse, returned with the alarming intelli-

The Opossum's Bad Name.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Perhaps you will answer this request for information, or give it place in your columns, so that your army of sportsmen and naturalists may give their testimony.

Staten Island swarms with opossums. It is claimed by some persons that these apparently harmless animals kill and eat chickens and other domestic and wild birds; also that they catch and eat our wild rabbits (hares).

Are these statements founded in fact? I have seen numbers of opossums in my hunts and woods walks, and their behavior has always been mild, and their offensive tactics limited to noiselessly opening and shutting a not very dangerous-looking mouth. Yesterday my little thirteen-inch beagle killed one weighing seven pounds, and the opossum did not attempt to fight. My observation of these animals led me to believe them logy, low-spirited and harmless. DIDELEPHYS.

PORT RICHMOND, N. Y.

[Perhaps there is no familiar beast—unless it be the common rat or weasel—that has a worse reputation among poultry raisers than the opossum. It is called chicken thief and egg stealer, and it is certainly true that opossums are frequently found and trapped in the vicinity of chicken coops and hen houses. Yet it is impossible to conceive of an opossum running down and catching a lively chicken, and still less of his steepchasing across the country after a cottontail rabbit. We regard the question asked by our correspondent as extremely pertinent. Who ever saw an opossum catch a chicken, or found one feeding on a freshly killed fowl? That the opossum will eat the eggs and nestlings of wild birds, and will rob the nest of the setting hen cannot be doubted, and its reputation has probably been earned by evil deeds. Yet all naturalists would be glad to have some definite information as to the basis of fact on which the opossum's bad name is founded—whether this animal does actually kill chickens. The food of the opossum is supposed to consist largely of insects, with fruit in its season. They are very slow and inactive animals.]

Montana Buffalo.

MONTANA to-day is a great buffalo ground of the United States—if such a term can be used about any portion of the country. The Allard herd is said to number about 180; C. W. Conrad & Co., of Kalispel, have between 35 and 40 head, and there are a few buffalo, perhaps 25 in all, in the Yellowstone National Park.

The Allard herd, belonging to the sons of Charles Allard and to Michel Pablo, has been reduced in numbers by the selling of bulls for beef and to taxidermists, but it is not probable that any cows have been sold. There are said to be a number of mixed bloods in this herd. Mr. Conrad's herd includes seventeen cows, and last year he had nine calves. All the Conrad buffalo are full bloods.

There was a recent sale of six bulls to Frank Tolhurst, of Livingston, Mont., and to Howard Eaton, of Medora, on the Little Missouri. Messrs. Eaton and Tolhurst went to the St. Ignatius Mission and thence to where the buffalo were herded on the west side of the Pend d'Oreilles River. With a good deal of trouble the buffalo had been rounded up there, but it was not easy to hold them when the company of strangers who were to do the butchering reached the ground. However, after a little difficulty a bull was shot by Mr. Eaton, but he turned and charged the men, most of whom took to the trees. Tolhurst, however, stood his ground and killed the bull when very close to him. Six young bulls were butchered, and all were very fine specimens. The heads and hides were taken off and freighted to the railroad. Mr. Tolhurst will mount these specimens—three for Mr. Eaton and three for himself. It is said that he has contracted for two large bulls in the Allard herd to be killed next winter.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Washington.

THREE-DAY PERSONALLY-CONDUCTED TOUR VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

The next Pennsylvania Railroad Personally-Conducted Tour to Washington leaves Thursday, April 17. Rate, covering railroad transportation for the round trip, hotel accommodations and guides, \$14.50 from New York, \$13 from Trenton, and \$11.50 from Philadelphia. These rates cover accommodations for two days at the Arlington, Normandie, Riggs or Ebbitt House. For accommodations at Regent, Metropolitan or National Hotel, \$2.50 less. Special side trip to Mt. Vernon.

All tickets good for ten days, with special hotel rates after expiration of hotel coupons.

For itineraries and full information apply to ticket agents; Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; 4 Court street, Brooklyn; 789 Broad street, Newark, N. J.; or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.—Adv.

Two prime essentials to the provisions that the camper takes with him on his outings are lightness and concentration. These, we are told, are found in Egg Flake, advertised by the Pure Food Co., which is the whole egg evaporated. It is not a substitute, but the real thing.—Adv.

gence that the animal had got loose and left for parts unknown. Here was a dilemma, indeed; five miles from home with heavy rubber boots on and my heels already chafed, and snow coming down steadily again.

After some investigation with a torch we concluded that the horse had not recrossed the dam, which would have been his way home, and therefore must be in the neighborhood somewhere. Griffin set off with a torch in search of him, while I resumed my drying operations. After about a half-hour of waiting I was joined at the fire by a youth of the name of Dick Brown, who lived with his grandfather, old man Jim Ardis, about a half-mile away. He brought the agreeable news that a horse, harnessed and blanketed, had turned up near his home just after dark, and was now in his grandfather's stable, awaiting an owner. Griffin soon after arrived with the recreant, whom he had tracked, in tow.

DR. R. B. FURMAN.

PRIVATEER, S. C.

An Outing for Quail.

BY SMITH DALY PARKER.

THE skill displayed by crack shots in the great pigeon shoots, and their ability to stop almost every bird before it passes the boundary, must be admired, even by those who disapprove of the practice, and breaking fifty clay birds in succession is also a fine exhibition of accuracy, but the man who only has a few days each year to devote to out-of-doors sports cannot expect to excel. Let him realize that he is not a good shot, accept his limitations, and take pleasure in other features of gunning beside making a good record. If he breaks fifteen out of twenty-five clays, kills half the quail he shoots at, and bags one duck for every three shells, he should be satisfied. His aim may not be true, but he can be a true sportsman.

I have been devoted to gunning ever since my thirteenth birthday, when I received a Forehand & Wadsworth single barrel gun, and during the ideal holidays of school and college I sat in the mudholes around the Great South Bay, with snipe stool in front of me, and in the fall had occasional chances at quail, woodcock and ducks. A friend, younger than myself, was not allowed to go shooting with another boy if both guns were loaded at once, so we used to crouch along on the meadows after a flock of ox-eyes, one boy with his gun loaded and cocked, the other holding his, broken, in his left hand and a shell in the right ready to slip in when the other gun was fired. We had also been warned against getting mud in the muzzle, which would cause the barrel to burst, so, as we sat at decoys and a flock of yellowlegs approached, we would run the left hand out to the muzzle and feel in the barrel for mud. Then, as the birds drew nearer and the shot became more imminent, we would forget we had already found the barrel free, and feel again and still again, in our excitement, till the birds saw our movements and turned away. These precautions sound absurd, and were really not very safe, but the theory of respecting firearms is excellent. Appreciation of danger in a gun removes most of the danger.

Business has prevented me from shooting for several years, but one day last summer I received a letter from my old friend, Tom Archer, suggesting a trip the first week in November, and urging me to accept on the plea that my health required it. The excuse was lame, but the very idea of shooting again sent a thrill through me. That evening I looked over my Lefevre and practiced getting it to my shoulder quickly and sighting at a bird in a picture across the room. A dozen times in quick succession made my arms ache, and I wondered how I could carry the gun all day, and determined to take long walks with it and practice on clays before the trip, three months off. I never had time to do either, and November found me as "soft" and out of practice as ever.

I was to furnish the dog, and had secured, in September, a red setter pup with a fine pedigree and nose, but no experience of feathered fowl except that gained by having the chickens he had killed hung around his neck. He was three-quarters grown, and I believed that dogs pointed by nature, so thought I could train him, but three days before the time to start my confidence in the young Irishman vanished, and I wrote Tom to get a dog with love, or money, or threats, as "Smoke" was too uncertain.

Quailing without a dog is poor fun; you walk all day with the consciousness that a flock may be within thirty feet of you, and are seldom rewarded with a shot.

At last October 31 arrived. What a "boy-out-of-school" feeling it gave me to leave the office in the middle of the day and start with gun case and grip! On the Thirty-fourth street cars were two other guns, and on the crowded ferry boat—of the vintage of '62—were golf bags, bicycles, rifles and at least a half dozen other gunners with a couple of splendid English setters. I wondered where they were all going, and if they knew where to find more game than we did. I took Smoke from a boy who had walked him to the ferry for me, so had my hands full. When I reached the tall iron railing beyond the waiting room, where they waste so much time vainly hunting for passengers who have no tickets, there was Tom with his hearty greeting, "Well, I am mighty glad to see you, Smith, old boy. How have you been? I see you have everything; dog, gun, grip, and this remarkable bundle of old army coat; let me take it. Why, it's filled with lead. Have any trouble getting the dog over? By the way, you will have to take him around the other way and sign a paper saying you do not mind if he is killed. I'll go and save seats."

Soon we were under way and passing through the three successive odors of gas, oil and bone. Then we stopped at Jamaica, where rumor states that more trains pass than through any other town in the United States—which means the world, I suppose. Tom said he had written to different places for a dog, and that one would be put on the train at Sayville for us. Everything was turning out right.

About two hours after leaving Long Island City we got off at a small station, took the two dogs from the baggage car, and drove in a farmer's rockaway for a couple of miles through the fresh, invigorating woods until we came to the small house that Tom engages as

a shooting box for the first week in each November. He had been known there all his life, and the owners of several adjoining farms reserve that week for him and his friends. Sarah Hill, a timid, cheerful negress and a famous cook, takes care of "the box," and a royal dinner she gave us. The Blue Points had not traveled far enough to lose their real flavor, nor to gain microbes, and we disposed of dish after dish, declaring we had never tasted anything so delicious, and that oysters had never been so well roasted. The pile of shells testified to our approval. After chickens, etc., Sarah came in and hesitatingly said: "Don't s'pose Mis'r Tawm cares fr any dessert?"

"Why, haven't you got any, Sarah?"

"Well, I made some punkin pie, but didn't know es you wanted any."

The pie disposed of and the dogs fed, we sat and smoked before the roaring wood fire, and began oiling up our guns and unpacking our loads, smooth, brilliant colored shells with brass reinforcement. Both of us had 12 gauge hammerless guns and No. 8 shot for quail and No. 4 for ducks; Tom uses 42 grains E. C. and 1½ ounces of shot; and my loads were 3½ drams Schultze and 1½ ounces of shot.

After a look at the beautiful, starry night, we turned in and tried to sleep, but anticipation of pleasure is often more deadly to sleep than pain or troubles, and the only naps I got were filled with the nightmare that Tom had forgotten to call me. At last 5:30 came, the alarm clock rang and we lit our lamps and quickly put on the comfortable old clothes we had laid out the night before. Tom had the fire blazing when I got down and the coffee pot hanging on the crane. Sarah would not sleep away from her shanty a mile distant, and we could not ask her to have breakfast before dawn, so we decided to have coffee early and return for breakfast at 8:30. The bright streak in the east had spread over the sky, driving away the stars, and at six o'clock it was light enough to shoot. We took up our guns, much to the delight of Rex, the hireling.

The morning was perfect, just enough crispness in the air to make us put on our gloves and avoid holding steel parts of our guns, but there was no wind, and the sun was due with the heat in half an hour. A beautiful white frost covered the grass, and where quantities of huckleberry bushes were grouped together the impression, in the dim light, was that a mist hung over the ground. Rex bounded around us with short yelps at first, but soon settled down to work, galloping over the field with his tail wagging so vigorously that it described a circle, as if it were the propeller of a ship or bark. From the way he turned to look at us every few seconds and obeyed a wave of the hand to the right or left, we knew we had a trained dog and were anxious to see if his nose were as good as his action. Smoke, too, ranged around, but closer in and only occasionally put his nose to the ground. A sudden stop by Rex would bring our guns to attention simultaneously, but after a good whiff in the suspicious direction, he would gallop on, across the field and back, hunting energetically for a scent of the quail that he knew we were all trying to find.

The fields are surrounded by hedges of trees, oaks and hickories of all sizes, with thickets of cat briers in some places forming nooks of safety for the quail from his foes. These hedges or balks vary in width from ten to one hundred yards, and many fields have dense oak or pine woods on one or two sides. When the birds get there it is difficult to follow them far, so it is a great advantage to know the cover well and drive the birds to the thinnest balks. We had traversed two fields with no success, though every acre seemed as if it should teem with quail, and had just pushed through a balk and entered the corner of a third field when a bevy of about ten birds jumped up and scattered in several directions. We fired three barrels and did not touch a feather; they got back in the hedges so quickly and it was so unexpected; but still they gave a partially open shot and there was no excuse. We did not know if the dogs were to blame for not pointing, as they had passed through the balk at a different opening. Rex went crazy, bounding everywhere looking for dead birds, and it was difficult to get him to "charge." In our excitement we had only noticed where three or four of the flock had gone, so we started after those, one on each side of a very narrow hedge of thick cat briers. After walking only about 100 yards, Tom called to me, "Come around quickly, Rex is on a dead point; run ahead and find an opening through the hedge so you can get a shot." Smoke came with me, and as Rex was pointing almost at his own feet, his eyes bulging out and rolling from side to side, but not another muscle moving, it was a good time to test the pup. We stood on each side of where the bird must be, and Smoke wandered aimlessly around and finally put his nose against Rex's, but paid no attention to any scent, nor to his companion's rigidity. None of the four of us was more than five feet from where the quail must be, but not even Rex could see him. Suddenly there was a br-r-r-r-r, and we put up our guns and tried to get a bead on a vanishing bird that had jumped directly behind the pointing dog. Rex turned his head with an expression of surprise and bewilderment; after a second of doubt, his head snapped back to its original position, as if his captain had called, "As you were," and the point was resumed. There never was a more steady old soldier. I believe he would be there yet, had we not walked up the bird, which came down at the first barrel, a disgracefully short distance away. Rex did not "charge" at the shot, as a perfect dog should, and only turned the bird over with his nose, instead of retrieving it. Later in the day, however, when we dropped a bird in a creek he went in and brought it out, for he saw we could not get it. A dog that will show where the dead bird is and follow a wounded one, is about as satisfactory as a retriever that is apt to mangle the birds. It is an interesting fact that a hunting dog works for the sport only, and will not eat a game bird.

We hunted up and down the hedges for some time looking for the rest of the flock, but with no success, so started in to find a fresh covey. We kept in the open, some distance apart, letting the dogs run along the hedges up the wind. Many of the fields were ideal for quail, and Tom would point out the spots where he had found flocks in other years, but disappointment was our lot, until we had tramped an hour or more. Then Rex began to work more slowly, crouching a trifle and keep-

ing his nose to the ground. He stopped short once, then sniffed the air and advanced a few paces and pointed again. Smoke followed behind us. We walked ahead of Rex, who could not be induced to flush the birds even at our command, and the flock rushed into the air so closely bunched that I admit I fired wildly into them and only singled out a bird with my left. "How many did we get?"

"Four, I think."

"I only saw three."

We walked up and found two, and Rex had a third a couple of rods off. Tom insisted on looking longer, and after crossing and re-crossing the same small area, Rex pointed a clump of thick grass at our feet, and there was a beautiful cock with his fine white throat that would never call "Bob White" again. He was only wounded, so we dispatched him at once, a most unpleasant task, either by biting or wringing the neck or pressing in the head, but the man who will put a wounded bird in his pocket to die in lingering torture deserves a rawhiding, or worse yet, to be deprived of his gun forever. We had taken the precaution of getting between the dense woods and the birds, and they had flown into a thin balk as we desired. Better gunners than I am have told me that this heading off process amounted to nothing, and I admit that quail will sometimes double, but usually you can force some of the flock, at least, in the right direction. It was past breakfast time, but who could leave such a flock. We took a circuit and entered the balk some fifty yards further on than the stopping place of the longest fliers, and worked up the wind. This is the ideal situation, and for fifteen minutes it was.

"Bang!"

"Did you get him?"

"Yep."

"Bully for you!"

"Bang! Bang!"

"Worse luck to it, I missed him; right in the open, too. I'm a duffer."

"Come, quick, Tom, he's on a point."

"Bang! Bang!"

"Good for you; you wiped my eye; thick shooting just here."

We beat the hedge thoroughly and bagged four, beside the four we got at the first rise. That was not so bad, and we went to breakfast at nine, comfortably tired and hungry after a three hours' walk.

Smoke had become disgusted and run home, but came bounding out to meet us. He had failed miserably, missed his vocation and disappointed his master. Tom said perhaps he was too young, or his nose was so large the scent got lost in it.

The five cocks and four hens, laid on a shelf in the cold pantry, made quite a show. We sent some to our wives, and mailed Murgatroyd, in North William street, a pair to be mounted. They looked badly rumpled, as quail always do after being in the pocket of a shooting coat, but came from the taxidermist two weeks later in excellent feather.

Oatmeal, steak, potatoes, coffee and nicotine kept us busy for an hour. Then we started, with fresh rounds, for fields at some distance from the house. Our sympathy went out to Smoke, who was left behind, and to Rex, who could have nothing to eat but a half glass of milk for fear of numbing his olfactory nerve.

There is a good deal of truth in the theory that birds are in the open early and late, and in the woods and thickets in the middle of the day, but we trusted to finding them first in the open and were rewarded. Rex did not "make game" as much as most dogs, but came to a dead point as soon as he got wind of birds. He gave us a famous one on a grassy bank sloping down to the water. His head was turped to one side, and one fore foot raised, as it always is in pictures. The sun was shining brightly; a light northwest wind had risen, making the air clear and the water and sky brilliant; a flock of broadbills jumped out of the river a quarter mile out, and the scene was enchanting.

"Whirr-r-r—bang, bang! Bang, bang!"

Three birds down and the flock gone to forbidden ground. It was over very quickly, but the memory of the scene has not faded yet. We sat down and basked in the sunshine, and ate some apples we had brought, while the quail began whistling together out of our reach—not "Bob White," of course, but their gentler call, "Phew-i-whii."

Soon we were off again to find another flock before dinner at one. While passing through a swampy hedge we were treated to one of those comical points that the sudden catching of scent compels a conscientious dog to make. It struck Rex as he was in the act of squeezing his rather fat body between the first and second rail of a fence, and through force of habit he stopped where he was, leaving his hindquarters in the bars. We laughed loudly and longed for a Kodak, but thanked the old fellow for his devotion when we had bagged a fine, lusty fall woodcock. Rex got to chasing a cat which doubled on him in a bush, like a rabbit, and then made for a creek, and plunging bravely in, much to our surprise, swam to the other side, a distance of some ten yards, while Rex was vainly hunting for the trail.

On a bluff above the creek Rex noticed the scent he was always trying to select from the many that tickled his sensitive nostrils, and stood on a point. We pushed up our safety catches, and held our guns ready for action, but noticed he was holding his nose high, an indication that the birds were some distance off. We walked ahead of him, and he moved up to the front again and resumed his point. This was repeated several times, and we momentarily expected the rush of feathers, so held our guns well out. The field was dotted with native cedars, and covered with long thick grass—splendid cover—but this progressive point continued for over five minutes.

"The suspense is trying on the nerves," said Tom.

"Yes, and my left elbow aches like the tooth-ache. We are sure of a good shot, though, unless they jump from behind the trees."

"You take your side of the flock, and I'll take mine; mark where they go this time."

"They must be running, but we're getting near that farm house, so they can't go much further. Did you ever see such a steady dog!"

"Do you know," after more suspense, "I have a sneaking suspicion it's those darned guinea-fowl!"

"By thunder! You're right. What a stupid old piece of dog flesh that hound is."

"Yes, rather a fowling piece," drawled Tom.

The discovery was most disappointing, but there was a humorous side also, and when we reached the box and the cooking odors greeted us, we were friends with our luck again. A swash in the tub with cold water was refreshing, and dinner was so good we were content to rest a couple of hours before the last round of the day.

Seven and a half pounds of gun and two pounds of ammunition are somewhat of a handicap, but by shifting the piece to different positions and carrying the shells in a cartridge belt, the shoulders are relieved. Woolen socks on the feet add greatly to the comfort, and a double thickness of court plaster over a skin abrasion caused by the shoe is a very handy trick to know.

We pulled ourselves out of the easy chairs somewhat wearily and called the dog from dreamland. He had been scratching a good deal, which Tom explained by quoting, "The hireling flea-eth, because he is an hireling." We doubted if the old fellow would be able to continue, he seemed so rheumatic, but he picked himself up and we all settled down to our steady gait. As we came to a large field, half-covered with rye stubble, a flock of about twenty quail rose quietly in the further part of it and flew into the woods. It was aggravating not to get a shot in the open, but we decided to follow them up. Rex lagged behind, forcing his way with difficulty through the thick underbrush, and the flock rose together before he gave us warning. We fired four barrels, and dropped one, which we had considerable difficulty in finding. The shooting reinvigorated the dog, and he gave us a number of fine points on the now scattered birds. It was thick shooting in the scrub oaks and pines, and many a bird escaped, but often only to be flushed again later on. In quailing there can be no rule as to whose turn it is. "Shoot whenever you can" was our motto, and often we fired simultaneously at a single bird. In such cases the cross fire was usually successful, and one time neither of us knew the other had shot, so concurrently had the explosion come. When we both shot and the bird came down, we each said the other had hit him, and each thought we had a hand in it too. When the trees hid us, we kept hallooing to warn each other against shooting in our direction. One bird that the dog pointed proved to be a partridge, and I was lucky enough to get him with my second barrel. It made me think of Mr. Ernest Seton Thompson Seton's "Red Ruff"—but it is dangerous to think too much of his stories when one wants to shoot. His friends, Molly Cottontail and Raggybug, bounded from the bushes at our feet, and we nearly disregarded their flags of truce and added two rabbits to our bag.

As we were sitting on an old lopped tree resting a few minutes before trudging home, the dog, who was lying in front of us on the other side of a fence, with his tongue lolling out of his mouth, suddenly closed his jaws, rose to his feet, and after two steps stood on a point. We jumped to our feet, hardly believing a quail would have skulked so near us, and remembering the guineas; but quail it was, and as it rose, indistinct in the gloaming, we fired two barrels—and I hope may live to do so again next year, after the bird has raised a good flock of twenty and taught them likewise to rely on their color for safety except where the dog is concerned.

Darkness settled down on us and we were obliged to stop. The day had been a full one: steady walking from 6 to 9, 10 to 1 and 3:30 to 5. Every muscle in our bodies testified to the exercise, but the twinges only reminded us of the glorious day's sport and did not impair our appetites. It was a pleasure to give the dogs as good a meal as we had ourselves. Sarah also was rewarded with the two rabbits. When asked if she liked them, she said, "Ya-as, I likes 'em, but [timidly] I'se gwine t' sell 'em, if Mr. Tawm don' min'."

"Of course not, Sarah, but I didn't think they would bring anything."

"Oh, yes, indeed, I kin git ten or twelve cents."

Life must have many hardships when that amount is so highly prized, and it made us add a little to her regular pay.

The farmer who had driven us up came in to see what luck we had had, and was much pleased. "Wall, wall, yer done perty good ter git eighteen quail and a woodcock in one day. I hearn yer gunnin' considible, but powder don't allers mean birds. Nineteen birds and two rabbits! I want ter know!"

We gave him a cigar, and all sat before the fire recounting the chief points of the day. Occasionally there would be a "thump, thump" on the floor, which was Rex's way of indicating with his tail that he recognized when he came into the story.

Taking stock of our loads, we found we had used 45, nearly all we had brought of 8's, but Tom always kept a small tin keg of black powder and a bag of shot for emergencies. I sometimes load shells even now, and the ladies of the family think the black powder is the shot, and ask why I put two poker chips on top of it, and what the round pellets are, and where the bullet is; and on being told that the pellets are the bullets, they remark that it must be the homeopathic way of killing birds, to which I reply that allopathy and homeopathy are equally killing.

There is a fascination about loading. Everything fits so perfectly. As boys, we used to reload the poor grade shells so often that they bulged on the sides and stuck in the breech. The picture, "A Tight Shell" is always painful to me. We tried brass shells, but the shot would come out after being shaken around much, and they are not to be compared with the excellent and inexpensive ready-loaded shells.

Bedtime came, and we were glad to retire. My loads had proved too heavy, and I determined to fasten a pad on my arm before starting for ducks in the morning.

Queen Alexandra's Lucky Shot.

MANY years ago Queen Alexandra visited Biscay, and was invited to try her fortune at the targets at a distance of 600 yds. The rifle was placed in position for her, and with her first shot she hit the bullseye. This rifle is now one of her most treasured possessions, and is preserved in a glass case in one of her private rooms at Sandringham.—London Standard.

Hunting Rifles.

PRINCES BAY, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read a great many discussions in FOREST AND STREAM about the large and small bore rifles, and their good points, but I have said nothing—have just "saved wood." Now I will come out and tell the large-bore faction that I have the gun that they want. I know it would be an ideal moose gun, and if any of the large-bore men want to use it next fall, they can do so by making a substantial deposit for its safe return. I am a crank about lending guns, but I will let this one out under the above condition.

The dimensions of this rifle I will give so that the experts can see that the general contour of the article is all right. Length of barrel, 32¾ inches; diameter of barrel, 2 3-16 inches (hexagonal). The drop of stock can be regulated from 2½ to 3¾ inches. From the end of stock to trigger, 14 inches. The bore is .7656, ascertained by careful measurement. The weight of this rifle is 47½ lbs.; and if the shooter desires he can use a rest, as there is a bar inserted at right angles, with the barrel near the muzzle for that purpose. I don't know whether it is an increase twist or not, as I have not been down to the bottom of the hole yet and looked out; but I will get a well-digger some day and send him down to make observation. I bought this gun from a local antiquarian who deals in old bottles, second-hand rubber boots, etc. His advertisement is a string of cow bells on top of his wagon. This gun is rigged for a telescope, and is a hammer gun and muzzleloader, but the muzzle is lost; that sounds queer, but old-timers know what it is to lose the muzzle from a rifle. ***

Editor Forest and Stream:

Adam Moore, in his letter of March 25, asks for a table of the striking power of different rifles. About a year ago I computed such a table, and it may be of interest to your readers:

	Winchester.	Foot-pounds.
30-30	1,269
45-90-300	1,466
45-70-500	1,551
50-110-300	1,580
45-125-300	1,786
30-40	1,887
U. S. Navy 6mm.	1,503
W. J. Jeffery & Co.	
400-60, smokeless, 300	3,313
Holland & Holland.	
450-125, black, 475	2,812
500-140, black, 440	3,131
577-160, black, 590	3,625
450, special smokeless, 480 (charge not pub.)	5,004

It is interesting to see how closely this table of mechanical energies corresponds with the experience of both Adam Moore and Henry Braithwaite, for the former does not criticise the English large bores, nor does the latter recommend the American .45s.

DAVID E. WHEELER.

Michigan Woodcock and Woodduck

SAGINAW, Mich., March 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose a letter that came several days ago from a Saginaw friend, that explains itself. The gentleman in question is a student of nature, and well posted on the subject, I am certain. I have had no means of knowing, personally, much about woodcock for several years, for I have not had an opportunity to get out into the covers at the proper time, but comparatively, it seemed to me that wood ducks were very scarce, for they used to be the principal duck found here in our marshes and woodland streams during the month of September, and I have not seen any of these handsome birds in a long while.

W. B. MERSHON.

SAGINAW, March 8.—Mr. W. B. Mershon, City. "My Dear Sir: In the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM appears an article on the editorial page, headed 'Wood Duck and Woodcock.' It contains a quotation from you, saying: 'Wood ducks, I think, are practically extinct here.' I am pleased to say that there were more wood ducks here last fall than there have been in a number of years previous. On the first two days of the season two guns bagged eighty ducks, and most of them were wood ducks. Mr. Ed. Gardner, an old duck hunter from the Flint River country, says he had not seen so many wood ducks in fifteen years. Fred Meidlein, of Cheboyganing, also says wood ducks were more plentiful last fall than for ten years.

As to woodcock, I never had seen such a heavy flight as I did late last fall. The main flight only lasted about three days. On the 7th day of November I went out, thinking the rain the night before might have brought in a few stragglers. The air was cold and raw, the ground in the fields and open places was frozen hard, and it seemed foolish for one to be looking for woodcock. I had tramped about an hour before I found the first bird, and I was so chilled through that I missed him with both barrels, and he went sailing through the maples unharmed. Of course, I have missed these same birds when I was not chilled through. I flushed him again, and missed once more, and then I could not find him again. I left that place and went to another patch, and there I picked up seven birds without much effort on my part. I then went out in the open prairie and crossed a strip of burnt grass about half a mile long. Never before have I seen so much woodcock sign in one place as was on this piece of burnt ground. To one not accustomed to woodcock it would appear as though there were a thousand birds there the night before. I worked the dog over the whole piece very carefully, and at one end he came to a point, and as I walked up one lonely woodcock flushed. He went out like a rocket, but it being in the open he afforded an easy mark, and it only required one shot to bring him down. Every fall I find instances of this kind where birds have stopped during the night and passed on, especially when the grounds in the cover are exhausted. There is no other game bird that affords so much study and interest as the woodcock. The whole secret lies in its feed. I have never found a woodcock where there was no feed. Each rain changes the feeding spots and makes a shift in the birds. I know of covers

that were frequented by woodcock for a number of years, but when the cover had attained a certain height the root growth changed, which in turn changes the condition of the soil, and the birds abandon it. This accounts for the many reports where covers yielded numbers of birds for years and then abandon it entirely. Hoping I have not overweighted this letter, I am,

Yours truly,

WM. C. HELD.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Duck Flight Tapering Off.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 5.—The man who fondly and firmly believes that ducks ought to be sold at any season, that they ought to be shot the entire year round, and that "there are just as many ducks as there ever were," is still abroad in this vicinity. The unprecedented spring flight gives him the only possible foundation for his flimsy argument, or rather the flimsy assertion, which of course is not an argument at all, and rests upon no logical foundation. This gentleman is precisely in the class with the farmer who raises poultry for the market and who considers it expedient to kill all his hens in the spring, and not to undertake to raise either eggs or chickens for the coming market. He is likewise in the same class with the man who looks at a full granary of wheat, or a full barrel of meal, and reasons that they represent all granaries and all barrels, simply because they are within the range of his vision. We have had a good many ducks here this spring, a dangerous amount of ducks, and although—thanks to the wisdom of at least the Indiana law—they have not been slaughtered as they might have been, there is every reason to believe that 5,000 ducks at least have fallen to the guns of the better class of sportsmen of this city. Hence the man who thinks there are "just as many ducks as there ever were" is very jubilant. Let us see what we shall see this time next year and the year thereafter. Really one becomes too impatient in speaking of these things to write with moderation, and, in fact, it were just as well to write not at all on these heads, for nothing will serve but an absolute passing away of the wildfowl to make our enthusiastic friends realize that you cannot both have your cake and eat it.

By reason of warm weather and of opening waters north of here, our duck flight is now tapering off. The bluebills came in about ten days ago, and the first part of this week offered fair shooting at Fox Lake, which is to-day one of the most available open waters left in Illinois. Mr. J. V. Clarke and his companion killed eighteen ducks on Fox Lake early in the week. Mr. Eddie Pope, also of Chicago, had very fair shooting, although I did not learn the exact number of his birds. Mr. W. L. Wells and his friend, Mr. Robert Stites, of this city, had perhaps the best sport of any of the Chicago shooters who went up there early in the week. They killed forty-eight ducks, mostly bluebills. They report the latter in good condition and good to eat. Other shooters in varying amounts of success did similar stunts in the duck line around Fox Lake a few days ago.

I am rather disposed to believe that Fox Lake proper would not be the best place to go for shooting to-day, and would rather favor the little lakes, such as Eagle Lake, Round Lake, etc., which lie within five to fifteen miles of the main waters. When the birds are hammered hard on Fox Lake, Grass Lake, etc., they go back into the country and take refuge on smaller and less disturbed waters, where they sometimes find a little feed and where they establish a place of refuge which they visit at least once a day. A telegram was received to-day from Round Lake, Ill., stating that the lake was full of ducks, and that no one was there to shoot them. I recall very heavy bags having been made at Eagle Lake, Wis., in earlier days, when the Wisconsin law permitted spring shooting, this water being, if I remember correctly, about twenty miles from Fox Lake.

Mr. W. L. Wells and one or two other friends will go up to Fox Lake either to-day or to-morrow, and shoot Monday and perhaps Tuesday on these waters. It is believed that the flight has not yet all passed the upper range of counties in Illinois.

An unfortunate accident marred the sport of shooting at Muehrcke's place on Fox Lake last Tuesday. Mr. Achilles A. Naissance, of Chicago, went out alone in his boat for a little duck shooting, the water being somewhat rough at that time. During the afternoon his half-sunken boat was discovered, with its owner clinging to its stern by his elbows, his arms doubled up and his hands nearly in his face. Naissance was unconscious when thus rescued from his fatal position, and although evidently not drowned and not dead, was so far gone from his exposure to the cold water that all efforts to resuscitate him were fruitless. He was taken to Muehrcke's place and there everything was done to revive him that could be thought of. Mr. Clarke says that Naissance was evidently alive, his limbs being still flexible and his skin showing a glow under friction. He died apparently not from drowning, but from exposure. No doctor could be obtained, and the best of the amateur attention available did not serve to restore the victim to consciousness. Naissance was a musician, and was well known in certain circles of this city.

Caught an Alderman.

On last Friday Deputy Warden Brannen, the husky young Irishman who serves as head protector for Tolleston Club, of Indiana, arrested Deputy Game Warden Sheer and Alderman William Cihage, of Hammond, Ind. It is alleged that the latter were hunting ducks on the Tolleston Club grounds. This brings up, of course, all the old unpleasantness regarding the club, which has excited more bitter animosity among the residents of upper Indiana than any other game preserve ever known in this country. The local shooters who want to get in on these well-stocked preserves bring up the old charges of law-breaking against the members of the club, which latter are, of course, groundless. Meantime Mr. Brannen will no doubt go along calmly and in the even tenor of his way, and will arrest aldermen or anybody else found trespassing on the club preserves. This club is well located for ducks, and apparently equally

well located for poachers, and it has had rumpuses without number connected with its history.

Jacksnipe.

A warm rain is falling to-day in the vicinity of Chicago, and this will soften up the ground and induce the succulent worm to leave his erstwhile fastnesses beneath the surface of the earth. Now, when we get a good moonlight night we may count upon a flight of jacksnipe without fail. Indeed, there are already some few birds in as far to the north as this. Some shooters the middle of the week out along the Drainage Canal got half a dozen jacksnipe. Yet others report birds in along the Kankakee River. They have been reported also as seen in the vicinity of Fox Lake, though in no great numbers. Jacksnipe are in the market, and the dealers report that they come from different parts in Indiana and Illinois, although they do not cheerfully specify the exact locality from which they are getting most of their shipments. The general belief is that it will be a few days yet before these birds are up in numbers sufficient to afford good shooting.

Quail on Toast.

Quail on toast in April would hardly seem just exactly the right sort of thing, but perhaps it would please well enough the man who believes there are "just as many quail as there ever were," and that this desirable state of affairs will continue to exist in spite of all. This is apropos of the fact that in the bill of fare offered on the dining car of a railroad running out of Chicago, I this week saw "Quail on toast, au cresson, 50 cents." Referred to State Warden Lovejoy.

The Booming Grounds.

Mr. J. Amberg, of this city, came into town from a Western point yesterday, and says that from the car window he saw the pretty spectacle of a lot of prairie chickens doing their love dance on the booming grounds, a spectacle not so familiar to the average Western sportsman as it might have been twenty years ago. Many a time during my childhood and youth I have crept up and watched the dance of the prairie grouse in the spring-time, and it seemed like old times to have a friend mention his enjoyment of the same spectacle to-day.

By the way, simply as a suggestion to those who think there are "just as many chickens as there ever were," one might suggest that the spring booming ground is an excellent place to pot a prairie chicken, especially a prairie hen, as the birds at that time are much preoccupied, and not so very difficult to approach. True, there might be some sportsmen who would object to shooting prairie chickens in the spring, during the mating season. What is the difference between this and shooting wild ducks in their mating season? If some fellow can explain this to me I shall be deeply in his debt.

Game in Ohio.

A gentleman interested in fishing and shooting writes me from New Philadelphia, Ohio, regarding sport in his vicinity. "We might have excellent fishing here," he says, "if it were not for some who dynamite and seine. As it is, we have some bass fishing and some jack salmon. Quail and grouse shooting was pretty fair last fall, and I think the quail have wintered well. There were no squirrels last fall to speak of. We have no duck shooting here worth mentioning, as the ducks do not stay with us either in the spring or fall, and, in fact, very few pass over this section."

I wonder if there are any gentlemen of New Philadelphia who believe there are "just as many fish there as there ever were."

From Puget Sound.

Mr. W. S. Phillips (El Comancho), formerly of Chicago, and now of Seattle, writes from Vancouver, B. C.: "I think I have found a place where you can get a bear, a sheep, a goat, an elk, some deer, plenty of trout and maybe a gold mine, all in one trip. It is a hard proposition to get to and you needn't worry about the strenuous life—it is here! I see Chicago is under the snow yet, but out here salmon berries are in bloom, bass are biting in Lake Union, and the weather is like May in Chicago. Come on out here the next time you take a trip. You have never been in God's country till you get to Puget Sound. This is the best country ever finished and it's plum full of white folks."

Geese.

An unusually large number of wild geese have appeared in this part of the North this spring, or rather I should say a couple of hundred miles further north than this. While up in Wisconsin on a hurried trip, I saw a bunch of these big, white-throated fellows out in the middle of a plowed field, and I hear every now and then of some Wisconsin man killing a wild goose, usually with a rifle, at long range. From the lower edge of Wisconsin north for 150 miles the geese have been fooling around for two or three weeks, not always to their own best interests.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Game Reservation in New Brunswick.

MONCTON, N. B.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As the FOREST AND STREAM has been strongly advocating the establishing of game reservations in the United States, it may be interesting to your readers to know that a bill has been brought before the Provincial Parliament at Fredericton, which is now in session, by the Surveyor General, Hon. Mr. Dunn, providing for the establishing of a fish and game reservation of about nine hundred square miles.

It is likely to be in the interior of the Province, probably in the basin between the Tobique and Mepiquit waters. This legislation seems to be a step in the right direction. It no doubt will at first be a difficult matter to carry out and see that the law is enforced, but with good wardens and caretakers it should at least meet with a fair amount of success.

Some of our legislation is often open to criticism, but on this matter the Government are deserving of praise and there should only be one opinion, both by those who

are lovers of sport, and others who take slight interest in the preservation of our game.

Judging from the number of moose yearly killed, principally by foreigners, it will only be a matter of a few years before the moose will be a thing of the past, and can only be referred to as past history, as the buffalo are spoken of to-day.

Our Government demands a reasonable license (\$30) from non-residents for the privilege of hunting the game of our forests, and in doing this I think they are well within their rights. The Americans I have had the privilege of meeting have not objected to this charge, in fact, they seem to think it well worth the money.

J. W. SMITH.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Where Alewives Spawn.

WE used to see them strung on sticks in the markets—rows upon rows of them; especially were they plentiful in New England and New York, and "smoked herring" was a common item on the ordinary bill of fare. But here in New York "bloaters" have taken their place to a great extent.

Why they should ever have been called herring is hard to understand, unless it is because they appear in such great shoals as the real herring only can equal. But the alewife is a member of the shad family—an aristocrat, if you please, to the red herring. In the spring and early summer the alewives appear in great numbers on our eastern coast, entering Chesapeake Bay about March and getting into New York waters and those of New England during April. They never go further north than the Gulf of St. Lawrence, while the true herring is found in the Arctic seas and seldom gets south of Ireland.

Of late years the alewives, like all other edible fish once so plentiful in these waters, have grown more scarce. They never appear now in many streams formerly chosen by them to spawn in. For instance, the writer has seen the Seekonk River—a wide branch of the Providence River—fairly white with shoals of alewives, and men in boats chased them with nets, or "gigged" for them with three-pronged spears. But that was years ago. Rivers beaten by the paddles and propellers of many steamers and tugs, or made filthy by city sewerage and mill slops, do not attract spawning fish.

But there are rivers where the alewives seem to have a regular spring engagement and appear in their waters annually to spawn. One of these is the Damariscotta, in Maine, and the scenes which occur there while the fish are crowding up the tideway are really marvelous. Little else is thought of or attended to but the fish during this time in the towns of Damariscotta and Newcastle. "The alewife rush" is by far the most interesting event of the year.

Some fine April morning, without any warning of their approach, all at once down the river the calm surface is broken by little glints of silver in the sunshine, little flirtings of the water and quivers as though something of broad extent were moving below. Then with startling suddenness a queer sort of a tidal wave seems to form. It moves rapidly up stream, extending from bank to bank. The wave rolls a foot high, and it is a wave of fish!

It comes sweeping on, one fish leaping over another and falling only to leap again. And thus, flashing and spluttering, and leaping till the surface is a foam and the air is full of the queer rushing noise, the fish come till they break at the foot of the falls. From the pond above the village the river descends, by successive leaps, the face of a rather steep bluff. There are two branches of the stream flowing down the bluff, one much harder for the fish to ascend than the other.

During these rushes, which happen frequently during the day, the fish are (many of them) forced, flapping and floundering, out upon the banks, and may be picked up by the basketful. The laws of Maine permit the capture of these alewives under somewhat peculiar provisions. All the fish which turn to the right at the foot of the falls and ascend the stream which is hardest to mount, must be allowed to pursue their way undisturbed. They are permitted to hop from pool to pool, flop out on the bank and then flop back again, and thus make their difficult way to the lake, the journey occupying a hearty and active alewife at least two days.

The fish that select the left hand stream, which is wider and much easier of ascent, are caught in a lock, not one escaping. At certain intervals, as soon as the lock is full, the water is drained off, and men with great dip nets ladle the struggling fish into a runaway that slopes to a packing house. A thin stream of water is running down the sluice, and the fish are borne away. As they come out at the end, men stand there with barrels, and as soon as one barrel is full another is substituted. During the season of a few short weeks fifty thousand barrels are secured.

Most of the fish are pickled in strong brine, but few are sold in this form in the United States, as the Yankee prefers his smoked. Nine-tenths of the fish the Damariscotta packers catch are shipped direct to the West Indies, and are readily sold there to the natives. The call is for plenty of salt and fat fish, and the alewives that run up the river are in fine condition, fat as butter, and the females are full of roe that makes good eating in itself.

All the profit from the result of the sale of the fish to the packers goes to the treasuries of the towns of Damariscotta and Newcastle. The sum realized is so considerable that the taxes in the two municipalities are very low. By an ancient provision every widow in the towns is allowed to come to the side of the stream and receive a hundred pounds of the fresh fish from the hands of the selectmen, who are on duty during the whole of the season.

Each night armed guards patrol the banks of the stream, especially the right hand stream, where the fish that are allowed to pass are struggling bravely up to the

pond. Poachers have in the past been able to capture hundreds of pounds out of the pools in a few hours. In the old days it used to be a favorite but risky practice to descend on the Damariscotta fish pools by night and haul enough fish away to peddle around the country for a few weeks. But the guards now are instructed to shoot, and the poachers know it.

Notwithstanding the fact that the ascent of the fish is so spectacular, no one sees them depart from the lake, but it is sometime about the middle of summer. Occasionally the fry are seen in the lake, traveling in belts many feet across. Sometimes, sitting on the shore, one will see this procession of little fellows passing in apparently interminable parade, hour after hour.

W. BERT FOSTER.

Trout Fishing at Upper Dam.

HAVING had a very successful trip to the big pools at Upper Dam, and now having time to think it over, I have a number of times questioned myself as to how long will these big trout exist in the Rangeleys, and have come to the conclusion that if the present laws are carried out and a few possible improvements made, that the supply will last for years, and I hope forever.

One of the greatest checks on the fish at this place is the example set by such men as Mr. T. B. Stewart, R. N. Parish, Osgood, Tom Barbour and others. These men fish only with the fly and look with scorn on the man that puts a bait or spoon in the waters of the big pools. A stranger that comes to the Upped Dam House and watches these men fish for one day soon begins to agree with them that bait fishing is poor sport, and in a day or so will be seen trying his best to be classed as a true sportsman and not a grubber, and if he will persevere he will be rewarded with a fish before long, and after once having the sensation of seeing a large trout or salmon rise and take the fly and seeing how he fights for liberty, he is generally satisfied that it is the correct way to fish.

Another good unwritten law at the pool is to keep no small fish. All, or nearly all, the men return all fish under three pounds weight. All fish three pounds or over are put on record at the Upper Dam House and weighed by a pair of balance scales by the proprietor, who looks over all fish and gives the exact weight, no more and no less. He cares not who takes the largest fish of the year or the largest fish on record, but what he does want is a correct and complete record of all fish from the pools for future reference, so that one year may be compared with another.

I am sure that if the laws of the Rangeley Lakes were the same as they are in the pools and river at Upper Dam the supply of trout would increase from year to year and the fishing would soon be as it was twenty years ago. These fish now are holding their own both for size and numbers. Some of the largest fish have been taken in the last few years, the largest being nearly ten pounds. This is the heaviest trout since accurate weights have been kept. There are accounts of much larger fish, but how carefully they were weighed I cannot say. I know that at one of the oldest camps at the lakes their largest trout is eight pounds. This camp has been in constant use since 1864, and some of the party made visits prior to this, and it has contained many noted fishermen. The record is accurate and full, giving the name of the man that took the fish with the date, weight and length of big fish. In looking at the record at the hotel and comparing it with the camp I have come to the conclusion that ten pounds is about the limit. I do not mean to say larger trout have not been or will not be taken, but the number has been and will be few.

I learn from looking over the records of these two places that the weights at present do not show any change, but that where twenty years ago numbers of big trout were taken where one or two now are.

At the present time there are large numbers of trout taken, and I believe that the fishing at Upper Dam Pool is the finest in the world. I do not think there is such a remarkable pool to be found.

Think what the history of this pool and river is. About 1860 laws were not known and I have an intimate friend who tells me that he has seen them in those days netted at the head of the river for years and taken out by the wagonload for market, and no law to prevent it. He also told me he had seen the same men jigging them off their beds in the fall. Now, even with all this slaughter and fishing through the ice, there are lots of fish there yet.

Should a man not care to fish for big trout in the pool, he can try many other places near by with only a short row or walk, say an hour or an hour and a half. The lake has a number of fine streams that empty into it, and they all contain trout up to three or four pounds for the largest, with numbers of two and two and a half pounders. Mill Brook brings forth as large fish as the pool, but fewer of them. George Thomas, a guide, told me of one of nine and three-quarter pounds being taken this year. If you do not like stream fishing there are a number of fine ponds with beautiful scenery, and if you are there at the right time you might take any number. I heard of one party taking ninety some trout one day this fall. This is wrong, and such men should be taken care of.

Another very good law is the one forbidding fishing in the streams emptying into the lake above the first rapids. This, as you see, gives the small trout a chance, and as they increase in size they come down into the deep water. When a man fishes in the big pool he does not expect to take a five, six, seven or nine pound trout daily, and my readers must not think if they go there that they will be taken by them daily, for if they do they will go away much disappointed. What they may look for is a few record fish during their stay, say six; by this I mean over three pounds. They may not come up to this, but during this time they may take a number of smaller ones, all or nearly all of which they will return.

In 1901 I saw some men fishing that did not make a record, and yet they persisted in their work cheerfully, and had the pleasure of seeing other men take one daily.

No doubt many of my readers have never seen this pool, so it might be well to mention that it is very large; I should think it was nearly 300 feet long and 200 or more feet wide, with a strong current through the middle making two strong whirlpools, one to right and one to the left.

The fishing is done either at the mouth of the pool or on the back waters from large rowboats. The boats are anchored in the middle of the pool away from the main current, and the fly is cast toward the shore into the outer edge of the eddy. This water moves so fast that the line and flies are carried out straight and will follow in the circle. At the best fishing time of the day it is not uncommon to see from twelve to fourteen boats with men in them casting at one time. The first time one is in the pool it is necessary to pay close attention as to your position, for if you do not you may be taken into the foam and upset, as one man was this year. I saw another man with a lady nearly taken under in the same way. At the lower end the same danger can be found in being carried down the rapids. This happened the last day I fished to a lady and gentleman. How they got through without upsetting is more than I can understand. The color and size of fly appear to make little difference. I saw them used from No. 10 or 12 hoops to 00, which are large enough for bluefish. The Whitney dragon is used by some with much success. This is tied on double nought hook with gray wings and I think a cork body. Opinions differ much as to color.

One of the oldest and best fishermen told me he considered the Queen, white-tipped Montreal and Silver Doctor the three best flies. The next day another of the older men told me he never used a Silver Doctor. One day, while talking about flies, an expert said he would like to see the man that fished in the pool with a Parmachenee belle. My first five trout, and one weighed 5 1/4 pounds, were taken on this fly.

All the men agree on the white-tipped Montreal as one of the best; after this Montreals, Queen, Silver Doctor and Parmachenee belle; beside these a general assortment of the standard flies tied on two or more sizes of hook.

All my fish were taken on Parmachenee belle, white-tipped Montreal, Meehan and Silver Doctor. In September, which is one of the best months for fishing, from 4 P. M. to 6:30 P. M. an afternoon in this pool will show more big fish than it is possible to imagine, I believe, in any other place. At such a time I have seen fish from two to seven and eight pounds jumping all over the pool, under your boat and over your flies, and no one will be able to hook them; they are playing and not feeding, and presently one will be hooked, and if a large one, the man that has him will have the rest of his evening taken up with the fight; the light tackle and strong current make it impossible to hurry him, and if he is hurried he is in danger of tearing out.

I cannot make up my mind why these fish take the fly, unless it is because it irritates them or that they are at play. All the fish I took had an empty stomach. They appear as though they do not want it. One day there were four large trout under my boat, and I tried everything to tempt them. I cast far ahead in the current and let my flies sink to about six feet, and they passed directly over their heads, but they would not look at them. When the trout are in this condition of mind it is almost useless to cast for them, but you never can tell how soon they will start to rise, and this is what keeps all the men on edge, and all want to be on hand when they come, as you might lose your only chance and perhaps hook a fish that will keep you at work the rest of the afternoon. The scenery at the Rangeley Lakes is about the finest that I have seen in the State of Maine, and the air most invigorating, with pure, cold water. To me, for a man that is tired out from overwork and requires a good rest and wants sport without hard work, it certainly is an ideal spot.

F. B. G.

Early New England Fishing.

Boston, April 5.—The early opening of Sebago and some of the other Maine trout and salmon waters has taken the fishermen by surprise, and very few have started. The weather has been cold, and other lakes and ponds expected to follow in clearing have declined to clear. Lake Auburn, at this writing, is still ice-bound. But the local fishermen are ready. Orders for very strong lines have come from that section to Boston tackle dealers. The desire is for lines that will stand a strain of at least twenty pounds. Two lines were forwarded Saturday that tested a strain of 28 pounds before parting. Sebattus Pond is clear of ice, and some good salmon have been taken. Lewiston and Auburn fishermen are heading that way. Tunk Pond, near Bangor, is clear of ice, and Dr. Heber Bishop has reports of good salmon taken. He starts for that pond, with a Boston party, early next week. The ice at Clearwater Pond, near Farmington, Me., promises to play the fishermen a trick. Reports from there yesterday say that the ice is already broken up around the shores, and that the smelts are running up the streams. This means that the salmon will be after them the moment the ice is out. Here comes in the trouble. The law makes it legal to fish in about all Maine waters as soon as the ice is out, except in Franklin and Oxford counties. Clearwater Pond is in Franklin county. A party of well known Boston sportsmen has a new camp there, completed only a few months ago. The members say that they fully expect that the ice will be out and the fishing all over before the first of May this year. They will ask the Maine Legislature to put their pond on the list of waters legal as soon as the ice is out. Portland fishermen have landed a few good salmon at Sebago, and the news has started one or two Boston anglers. George P. Kendrick has packed his kit and started. A. D. Foster and wife have gone after the big Sebago landlocks.

Boston fishermen who went to the preserves on the cape and elsewhere April 1 have not yet returned any good trout catches. One party at least found a lot of cold weather and few trout.

Boston, April 6.—Fishing is very slow, spite of the early opening of the waters in this State and the lakes and ponds nearer the sea coast in Maine. Fishing has been "mighty poor" at the trout preserves on the Cape and the South Shore. Plenty of cold weather and piercing winds have been experienced. Along the North Shore and in Essex county little has been done in the way of full creels. The truth of the matter is that it is too early, with the weather cold. Three Boston trout enthusiasts tramped the streams all through Billerica and adjoining towns last week "without a bite." They are thoroughly disgusted. In New Hampshire trout fishing

affairs are not much better. Young Master Hemmehway caught a number of trout from the brooks about Nashua last week, however, but they all had to be put back, not being large enough to clear the law.

Nothing has been done yet at the Bangor salmon pool, though the season opened April 1. The first Penobscot salmon of the season was taken in the weirs at Veroha, near Bucksport, Friday. It weighed 20 pounds, and was sold to Boston parties for \$25. It will be served at a club dinner early this week. The ice still hangs in most of the Maine and New Hampshire lakes and ponds, with no further signs of breaking up. Colder weather has retarded progress. A fine salmon of about four pounds weight was sent to a Boston gentleman Friday, from Bristol, N. H. It came from Newfound Lake, though the lake is not yet reported open for fishing. Reports from Sebago Lake, Me., continue to tell of cold weather and little done in the way of salmon catches. Each night the mercury has been down to freezing and below, while in the daytime the wind has blown a gale most of the time, making fishing impossible. One letter says that the smelts are running up the streams to spawn, and that as soon as they begin to return the salmon will be after them. Then the fishing should begin.

Boston, Mass., April 7.—The first salmon of the season at the Bangor pool was taken yesterday. It weighs 20 pounds.

Boston, April 7.—Lake Auburn, Me., fully cleared of ice yesterday, fourteen days earlier than last year, and the earliest clearing of which there is any authentic record. In 1834 that lake is said to have cleared April 14, but this year is eight days ahead of that record. I have a record for twelve years as follows: In 1890, April 26; 1891, April 27; 1892, April 21; 1893, May 5; 1894, April 24; 1895, April 23; 1896, April 25; 1897, April 26; 1898, April 18; 1899, April 30; 1900, April 26; 1901, April 20; 1902, April 6. The season is now open for landlocked salmon in what Commissioner H. O. Stanley considers one of the best lakes for those game fish in Maine. He is sure that there are more and larger salmon there than in almost any other waters. Some record breakers have been taken in seasons past. This year a great deal of preparation has been made. One local fisherman is said to have on hand \$12 worth of different sorts of bait. Still, the weather is cold, and fishing will be under difficulties.

SPECTAE

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Early Fishing.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 5.—The earliest bass water in this part of the country is Cedar Lake, in the upper part of Indiana. The ice is out of this lake now, and a party of more than a dozen Chicago anglers will leave to-day for a try at the early bass in that somewhat famous water. Mr. H. English will be leader of these early fishers. They will probably get some bass.

Postmaster F. E. Coyne, of the city of Chicago, was duck hunting at Fox Lake the end of last week, and did some fishing on the same trip. He caught several bass while in the act of fishing for pike.

Mr. H. M. Van Hoesen leaves to-day for Round Lake, Ill., and goes equipped for some fishing, that water also being open.

Mr. P. D. Paulsen, of this city, goes to Fox Lake this evening, and thinks that he will find some bass fishing there in the channel of the river, or up in the Grass Lake precincts.

Mr. W. F. Brabrook, owner of a hotel on Bass Lake, Ind., told me the other day that the ice was out of that water, and that he had made arrangements with several Chicago gentlemen for a bass fishing trip within the next few days. They ought to find the bass out in the shallow waters in good numbers.

Illinois allows this early bass fishing, and so does Indiana. It is to a great extent spawning-ground fishing, but I presume one need not get himself altogether disliked by calling attention to this fact. Every fellow has to be his own judge about these matters when the law does not act as judge for him.

Hook Wounds.

I was much interested in reading in last week's issue of FOREST AND STREAM Mr. Levison's comment on hook wounds. Mr. Levison is entirely right in his description of the difficulty of extracting a hook which has been buried above the barb, as I can testify from fresh personal experiences. Within the week I was experimenting—and, by the way, with my new fly-rod—with my friend Mr. J. D. McLeod, of Milwaukee. In some way, as he attempted to pass under my rod, which was over my shoulder, he managed to bury one of the fly-hooks over the barb in the tip of his ear. It was the slightest twitch in the world, but the hook went in almost to the feathers. Very calmly he told me to come and "pull it out," and I tried to pull it out, but do my best I could not remove the hook the way it had gone in, and saw that I was causing Mr. McLeod a great deal of pain. I then cut off the snell of the hook and called to Mr. Harris, another friend who was near by. The latter had a knife with a sharp blade, which he keeps for emergencies of this sort, and between us all we managed to get out the hook. Taking hold of the shank, I held the hook tight, and Mr. Harris did the necessary surgery. It seemed as though he would surely cut the ear entirely off of Mr. McLeod's head, and at one time I thought he purposed so removing the ear, and taking it into the house with him, there to extract the hook at his leisure. There was much effusion of blood, and Mr. McLeod very patiently remarked that we must be making a cut very nearly a foot long in the side of his head. At last the knife blade cut through the cuticle, down along the side of the hook, and with a little twitch I drew the hook into the knife wound and so removed it. It was an operation painful to the sufferer, and none too pleasant for those who performed it. We could not get at the hook very well to remove it in the proper way, and hence the unnecessary pain and bloodshed, all of which Mr. McLeod underwent like the gentleman he is.

On the very next day, as it happened, I had a similar accident myself. At that time I was a mile away from any assistance, and in some unknown way managed to

get a fly-hook sunk over the barb in the third finger of my right hand. It was near the end of the finger, and at first I thought that I could easily pull the hook out, but although I used what I know to be a considerable amount of strength, I simply raised up the skin from the finger and did not start the hook backward one iota. This, of course, was painful, and moreover, bootless. I learned that the human skin is as tough as rawhide, much stronger than leather, and quite capable of retaining a hook which has been sunk through the skin and over the barb. Fearing that I might break the barb off the hook, and unable to cut it out with my knife by using my left hand, I started for the house, a walk of about a mile. Here I met Mr. McLeod and explained to him that it was his turn to operate.

"Well, we'll do this thing right this time," said he. "The way to do is to trim all the feathers off the hook, then poke it out through the skin, and pull the shank through the hole."

With this I quite agreed, but when we came to remove the feathers from the hook, we found that they were put on there tightly, and that the pressure on the hook was awkward to the hook. Therefore, we took the hand close up to the edge of the table, and, having a solid support, cut off the feathers and scraped the shellac, etc., from the shank of the hook without any inconvenience to the patient. Then, with the bare fingers, for we had no pliers of any kind, I simply turned the hook under the skin and pushed the point out through. As Mr. Levison says, this requires a considerable amount of force, the skin being very much tougher than one would suppose. However, the point of the hook came through so that the barb showed, and it seemed to be a simple matter to pull the rest of the hook through, the elasticity of the skin allowing the shank to come on through. After the hook was removed I stuck the finger into a glass full of witch-hazel, where it was allowed to remain for perhaps five minutes. Then I tied it up in a rag saturated with the same solution, put on my glove, and from that time had no trouble with the hand. On the next morning you could hardly see where the hook had gone into the finger. Mr. McLeod's ear, which we also treated with the witch-hazel, healed almost as quickly.

The moral of witch is, don't try to cut out a hook or to pull it out. Put the free end against a solid support if you can, cut off the feathers gently and then poke the hook around and out. It hurts very little, and if treated with the witch hazel or some similar lotion will probably give no trouble at all. Mr. Harris regretted very much that he was not there to cut the hook out of my finger with his knife, but he did make one suggestion worth remembering, which is that in cutting the feathers from a fly-hook in this way, one should not begin at the tail of the hook, but at the head. A fly is finished with the knots all at the head of the hook. Remove the shellac there, cut free the binding silk, and most of the feathers will drop free at once, and the rest is simple. The shank of the hook ought to be well cleaned before it is pulled through the wound. It is better to dip a knife blade into hot water, and to immerse the wound and the imbedded hook in hot water, if possible, before the iron is drawn through the flesh.

Mr. Harris has been obliged two or three times to cut hooks from his fingers, and Mr. McLeod tells me that he once cut one out of his own finger. I presume almost every fisherman has had a similar experience. It is painful to have to remove the eye of the hook or to file through the wire at any place. I think I would rather try to pull through the eye of any ordinary hook than to undertake to file it or break it off while the hook remained in the wound. The accident is not a very serious one, provided the wound is in a part of the body so that the victim can readily get at the hook. The ear, the chin, the cheek, the right hand, or any part of the body out of convenient sight or touch are the worst places in which one could have a wound of this sort.

Prepared Pork Rind.

I presume every one knows of the virtue of a spoon hook with pork rind bait for bass. Heretofore we have always been obliged to act as our own architects in carving out this pork rind for our spoon hooks, but hereafter this will be unnecessary. I notice prepared pork rind baits for sale, done up in neat little packages of a dozen, price 15 cents, at the tackle counters here this week, these goods being made by an enterprising purveyor of live frogs and other specialties. The price of these baits is only 15 cents a dozen, which is cheaper than dirtying one's fingers. They are highly ornamented with strips of red worsted, which are pulled through after the fashion of a larded tenderloin, and the shape is guaranteed the correct one to tempt the big-mouth bass. Surely the sportsman of these days has all his thinking and a good deal of his work done for him.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

E. HOUGH.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

MEDAL contests, series 1902, Saturday, contest No. 2, held at Stow Lake, March 29. Wind, west; weather, fair:

Event No. 1, Distance, Feet.	Event No. 2, Accuracy, Per cent.	Event No. 3, Acc. %	Event No. 4, Lure Casting %
E. A. Mocker... 98	85.8	88	79.2
H. Battu... 85	89.4	89	80.10
G. C. Edwards... 99	91.4	95	83.4
W. E. Brooks... 98	93	79.8	80.10
H. E. Skinner... 88	88.4	77.6	82.11
H. C. Golcher... 122	91.8	96	80.10
T. Brotherton... 106	94.8	93.8	82.6
T. C. Kierulff... 80	83.4	90.8	75
P. J. Tormey... 76	73.8		82.10
Reed... 96	90.8	97	75.10
J. Lawrence... 85	73.4	85	60.10
W. D. Mansfield... 88	91.8	88	77.6

Judges, Golcher and Reed; referee, Kierulff; clerk, Wilson.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Fish and Fishing.

Generous Offer to Trout Culturists.

MR. S. T. BASTEDO, Deputy Commissioner of Fisheries for the Province of Ontario, makes a generous offer to trout culturists. Within the territory controlled by his department is the famous Nepigon River, claimed by many of its enthusiastic visitors to be the best trout stream on the continent, if not in the world. Of the enormous size and splendid game qualities of the Fontinalis which inhabit its waters, there is no possible doubt. Mr. Bastedo is anxious to see the experiment tried of fertilizing the eggs of the brook trout in some of the preserves with the milt from the male of the Nepigon. In a report recently issued by him and in which I find the offer referred to, he thus deals with this interesting proposition: "Milt can be retained for days in hermetically sealed jars, and has been sent one thousand miles or more by mail, and on its arrival used to impregnate eggs that afterward yielded over ninety per cent. of fry. If any of our trout culturists would care to make the experiment the department will endeavor to have a supply of milt obtained by its officers at the Nepigon. The milt must not be diluted with water, and the eggs should be impregnated within six days from the time it is taken. The result, it is believed, would be a hardy and vigorous offspring."

"Like father, like son" has passed into a proverb. Though no rule has more exceptions than that declared in this familiar form, little doubt need be entertained that the immediate result of the experiment proposed by Mr. Bastedo will be just what he forecasts. What future generations of the progeny thus produced will prove to be, must largely depend upon the habitat selected for it. In waters similar to those of the Nepigon, there is no reason why the race should deteriorate. It is not because the trout of the Nepigon are of a different variety from those of small brooks, and of larger waters in warmer latitudes, that they grow so large and lusty. There is not the slightest structural difference between the Nepigon trout and those Fontinalis which never much exceed the size of fingerlings. It is all a matter of environment and of food supply. And while there will certainly be deterioration, in time, even in the pure offspring of Nepigon trout, when planted in unfavorable waters, healthy fish from waters in which the trout has remained small, will in a few generations assume the generous proportions of those in the Nepigon, if furnished with the same conditions. These include accessibility to an abundant food supply, and a deep cold water habitat; for the Nepigon and the lakes by which it is fed contain large quantities of whitefish, while the water is so cold that its average summer temperature is not much above forty degrees. This beautiful river and the lake of the same name, thirty miles from its mouth, may justly claim to be the headwaters of the St. Lawrence, and forming, as they do, such an ideal home for the brook trout, it is not surprising to find that they often yield fish of five, seven, and even ten pounds in weight.

Fly-Fishing for Whitefish.

In "The Ouananiche and its Canadian Environment" I indicated to anglers some six years ago, the interesting sport afforded by fishing for whitefish in the Grande Discharge of Lake St. John. Few fishermen have troubled themselves in seeking for this sport, partly, no doubt, because of the prevailing supposition that the fish will not rise to the fly, and also because there is so much more rapid and exciting sport to be had in the same waters with the ouananiche. This exceedingly palatable and handsome specimen of the whitefish family, invested with the distinguishing badge of the salmonidae appears to school, at times, in the Grande Discharge—usually in June and July—with the ouananiche, swimming close to the surface of the water, round and round the eddies and oily-covered pools beneath falls and rapids, frequently showing its dorsal fin above the scum, and by the similarity of its manner, often passing for ouananiche. It occasionally takes the fly intended for this latter, not, however, with the bound characteristic of those salmonoids that are best known to and most frequently sought by sportsmen, but quietly and with steady tension. Few of the guides appear to know that the fish takes the fly at all, and so do not encourage the angler to make any effort to obtain it, though its flesh is delicious and very much prized, its form symmetrical as that of the salmon itself, and its fight for life and liberty exciting and obstinate. Of artificial lures it prefers the smallest, and these must be dressed on very small hooks and the finest of tackle employed. Only one fly—a gnat, or something of that kind—should be used, and the gut should be stained the color of the water. No little ingenuity is required to induce the whitefish to take the fly and to save the fish after he is impaled upon the hook. It is not only his shyness that puzzles the angler, but there is the impossibility of forcing the fight, as well because of the fineness of the tackle and the smallness of the hook that should be employed, as for fear that the latter, delicate as it must be, may tear itself out from the tender mouth of the fish.

Mr. A. P. Low, the Labrador explorer, tells me that upon several occasions in the far north he took whitefish on a fly, his most killing lure for them proving to be a May fly with rubber gauze wings.

At the foot of the Virgin Falls—the miniature Niagara which occurs near the head of the Nepigon river—there may almost always be seen in the summer season, disporting in the foam, hundreds of whitefish as well as speckled trout, and Mr. Bastedo is authority for the statement that the former take the fly as to the "manner born."

Professor Goode has remarked, it is true, that none of the American species of whitefish are of any importance to the angler, and of those which inhabit the great lakes this is undoubtedly correct. In the far north it is altogether different. As in the case of the ouananiche, it is still a matter of latitude and of the temperature of the water. It has long, now, been established that the famous fresh-water salmon which affords such splendid sport in Lake St. John waters, is identical with the Maine fish, which rarely rises to the fly at all.

R. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Some Trout Streams.

SAURE, PA., April 4.—Trout streams in this section of country are in splendid condition at the present time—far in advance of the ordinary season. There is but little snow in the woods, and the streams are rapidly assuming normal mid-spring conditions.

In central New York counties the streams promise excellent sport for the trout angler abroad on the 15th of the month. The glorious old time resorts—those at Slaterville, Speedsville, McLean, Hartford Mills, Groton City, Cortland, Wilseyville, all in New York—are in good stock of trout, and should furnish a fine turn of sport.

I have lately heard some pleasant news concerning Shendagen Creek, at Wilseyville, and the fine sized trout it holds. Wilseyville is reached from Owego via the D. L. & W. R. R. The Thomas brook, in Broome county, which empties into the Chenango River, in addition to its brook trout supply, holds a nice little stock of brown trout. In the vicinity of Elmira the trout streams worthy of mention are Newtown Creek, Sing Sing Creek, and Catherine Creek. Elmira is a good outfitting point from which to fish these streams. In Lycoming county, this state, Rock Run, Pleasant Run, Roaring Branch, Gray's Run, and Lycoming Creek are all splendid trout streams. Northern Pennsylvania anglers evince a great liking for the Beaverkill River, Sullivan county. This stream contains many magnificent members of the trout family, and they run particularly fine and uniform in size and fighting qualities. Along the line of the Bernice branch of the Lehigh Valley railroad at Mottstown and points further down the line, the trout fisherman will find some very daring and large sized trout. As a matter of fact, the streams suited to brook trout in northern Pennsylvania and southern and central New York should yield sport with very much of its old time flavor, this approaching season. All the streams in the section of country here mentioned are now annually stocked with trout, and given the right sort of protection the stock should continue to increase rather than diminish. To cite a single instance in support of this statement: The streams in Chemung county, New York, have already been replenished this season with 20,000 trout fry, and this is shortly to be supplemented by a consignment of 25,000 more fry. It is also intended to place 20,000 yellow pike fry in the Chemung River. So, too, the Central New York streams are being similarly re-stocked. All of which is a gratifying condition for the angler of every kind and degree to contemplate as he feels himself aglow with the spirit of an ever delightful season of the year.

M. CHILL.

Fishers of the Night.

SAURE, PA.—While in Ithaca, N. Y., on the night of March 28, I witnessed a novel and quick method of bagging the appetizing bullfrog. It happens that a great reach of water now broods over portions of municipal real estate which formerly passed as dry land in the college town, and around the shore of one of these miniature lakes, within a stone's throw of the Lehigh Valley depot, a young man carrying a machinist's torch picked up bullfrogs with the mechanical precision and accuracy of a professional knife juggler. Within the fifteen minutes I had an eye on him the deft fingered youth caught two dozen of the husky voiced amphibians. The glare of the torch revealed the location of the aquatic miscreants, and at the same time either confused or fascinated them to the extent of allowing the aforesaid youth to take them quietly in hand, from whence they were shuffled into a capacious bag carried by an assistant.

The wonderful attraction which just plain, every day sort of fishing has for many people was likewise vividly illustrated upon this occasion. It was a cold, rainy, and altogether disagreeable night—this 28th of March—full of blackness and ferocious puffs of wind, and down the historic Ithaca inlet the waters plunged and frolicked in a mad race to the wide freedom of the lake beyond. Nevertheless, at many points along the banks of the inlet, braving the rain and the wild tumult of the night, I saw, as the train sped away up the valley, fishermen patiently watching their lines, speculating, no doubt, the while upon the prospect of bullheads or suckers for breakfast. Wrapped in great coats and puffing sweet contentment from the ample recesses of the fragrant sweet brier, these rough visaged fellows were in their sphere and were tasting much of the joy and gladness which belongs to every lover of God's out-of-doors.

To defy the indescribable discomforts of a cold rain-storm on a March night for the chance of taking a mess of ordinary table fish, requires something more than a mere craving for commercial gain. There is an element of genuine sportsmanship, a spirit of the true lover of outdoor life, leading up to the courage that puts a man in a fishing humor on such a night.

M. CHILL.

Fishing in a Sacred Lake.

A LAKE which is so sacred in character that boats have not hitherto been allowed on it; which is ruffled by no breeze; the depth of which has not been ascertained; the water of which is slightly brackish, made use of extensively by leprous natives for bathing and washing clothes, and is, in short, so foul that it is hardly safe for a white man to wash in it unless it is boiled—this is surely something of a curiosity! Yet such is the description sent by Mr. Malcolm Fergusson, the surveyor who accompanied Mr. J. E. Moore on his expedition to the Central African lakes, to the Geographical Journal. The reference is to Lake Busumchwi, Ashanti. It lies about twenty-five miles southeast of Kumasi, and is the fetish lake of the Ashantis. It abounds with fish, which are not easily caught by a baited hook, but are taken by means of huge wicker-work baskets, open at the ends, and woven from the split stems of a kind of lily. The fishing in this nasty, if very sacred, water is really a great industry, as industries go in Ashanti, and people from far and near come down to its cleared or wooded shores to trade for fish in exchange for the fruit and vegetable produce of the cultivated land. The lake, which is nearly circular, with a maximum diameter of about six

miles, lies in a large basin entirely inclosed by hills, with an average altitude of 800 feet, and since Prempeh's time the fishery is open, so that twenty-five villages have now sprung up around the shore, with a total population of nearly 10,000. Animal and bird life is scarce, and even mosquitoes are comparatively rare. Still, there are monkeys, leopards, bush antelopes, pigs, pelicans, kingfishers, ospreys and hawks, and Mr. Fergusson does not forget to mention that the sand flies come out in force in the early morning and evening, and are particularly troublesome.—London Field.

Texas Tarpon.

TARPON, Tex., March 31.—The following is the list of tarpon landed from March 21 to 31: W. E. Thorne, Kansas City, 4; David T. Beals, Kansas City, 5; Geo. R. Jones, Kansas City, 2; W. B. Young, New York, 8; A. P. Camp, Durango, Cal., 1; Neil Camp, Durango, Cal., 2. Large schools are coming in daily. J. E. COTTER.

Yachting.

Designing Competition for the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

To be Known as the Seawanhaka 15-Footers.

THE competition is open both to amateur and professional designers. Three prizes will be awarded for the best designs of a yacht conforming to the following conditions:

I. A keel sloop to measure 15ft. racing length under the club's new rule.

II. Sails: Mainsail, jib and spinnaker. The area of the mainsail and jib shall not exceed 350 sq. ft., 80 per cent. of which shall be in the mainsail.

III. Planking shall not be less than 1/2 in. in thickness.

IV. Spars shall be solid, and the mast shall be of sufficient strength to be used without runners or preventer backstays.

V. Cockpit shall be open, and bulkheads or air tanks are to be provided sufficient to insure the boats being non-sinkable.

VI. The boats shall be capable of carrying full sail in ordinary summer breezes on Long Island Sound.

VII. Construction shall be strong and durable.

VIII. All competitors must furnish a drawing of the lines, which will also show the position of the lead keel, and a table of calculated weights, which will give displacement, weight of lead, weight of hull, weight of rig, center of buoyancy and center of lateral resistance, center of effort and center of gravity of the lead keel; also a sail plan, on which the diameters of spars and sizes of rigging shall be marked; also a deck plan and amidship section, which will show height of cockpit seats and floor, and height of coaming. The midship section must also show the construction.

The following prizes will be awarded: First prize, \$100; second prize, \$50; third prize, \$25.

In the event of one of the prize designs being selected by the club and yachts being constructed therefrom, the winner, in lieu of the cash prize, may furnish the necessary additional plans and specifications and supervise the construction and receive \$25 for each yacht built. In awarding the prizes, speed will be the first consideration, but appearance, construction, simplicity of rig and convenient arrangement will also carry weight.

Sail plan, 1/2 in. scale. All other plans, 1 in. scale.

The designs must be received at the office of FOREST AND STREAM, 346 Broadway, New York city, not later than May 15, 1902, and should bear a nom-de-plume only. A sealed envelope containing the designer's nom-de-plume, together with his own name and address should accompany the designs. The right is reserved to publish any or all of the designs. Those desiring the return of their drawings should inclose the necessary postage.

The designs will be judged by a committee consisting of Messrs. John Hyslop, A. Cary Smith, J. Rogers Maxwell, Jr., and Clinton H. Crane, and the result of the competition will be announced through these columns in the issue of May 24.

The club's new rule referred to in Paragraph I. is as follows: Yachts shall be rated for classification and time allowance by racing measurement, which shall be determined by adding to half the load waterline length, half the square root of sail area, and a quantity expressed as L, and by dividing the sum of these quantities by 1.1.

$$\frac{1}{2} \text{LWL} + \frac{1}{2} \sqrt{\text{SA}} + \text{L} = \text{RL}$$

The quantity L is to be obtained in the following way: B is breadth of load waterline plane at 1/4 of its length from forward end.

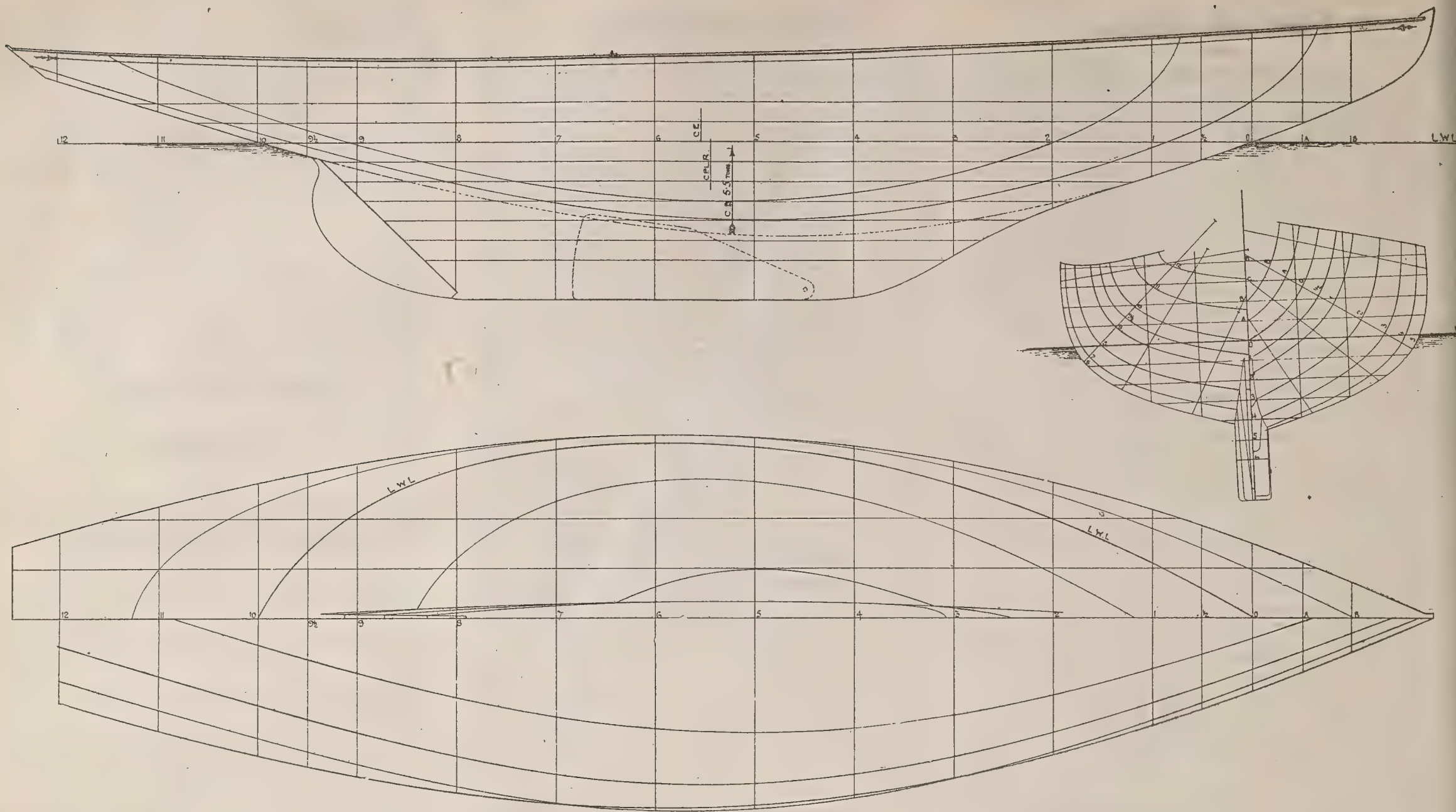
B' is breadth of load waterline plane at 3/4 of its length from after end.

B" is breadth (greatest) of LW plane.

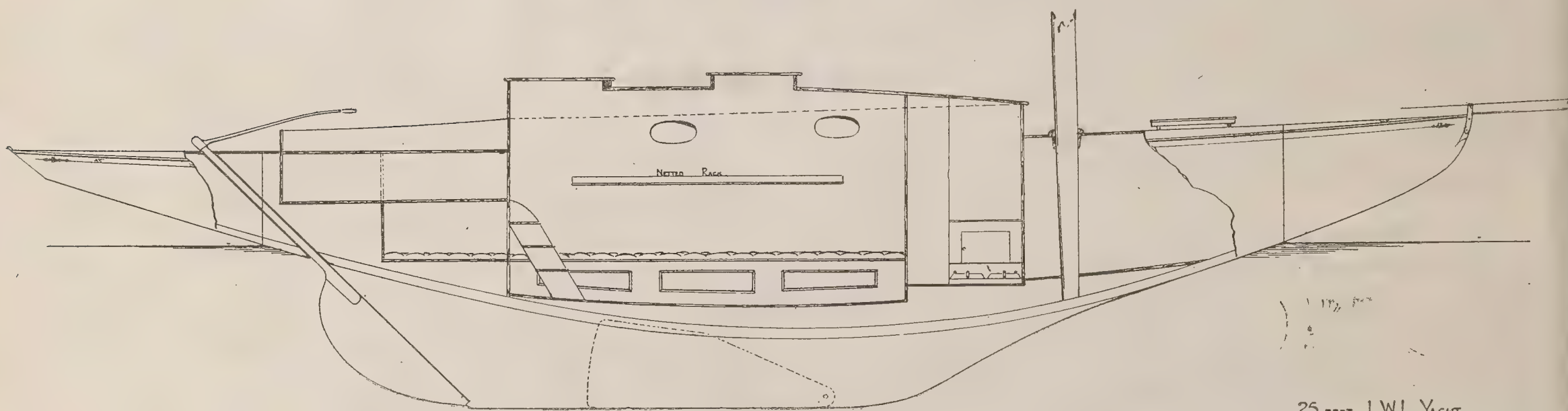
C is any excess of (B+B') over B".

D is draft at MS+2-5 of any greater draft aft, and all of any greater draft forward.

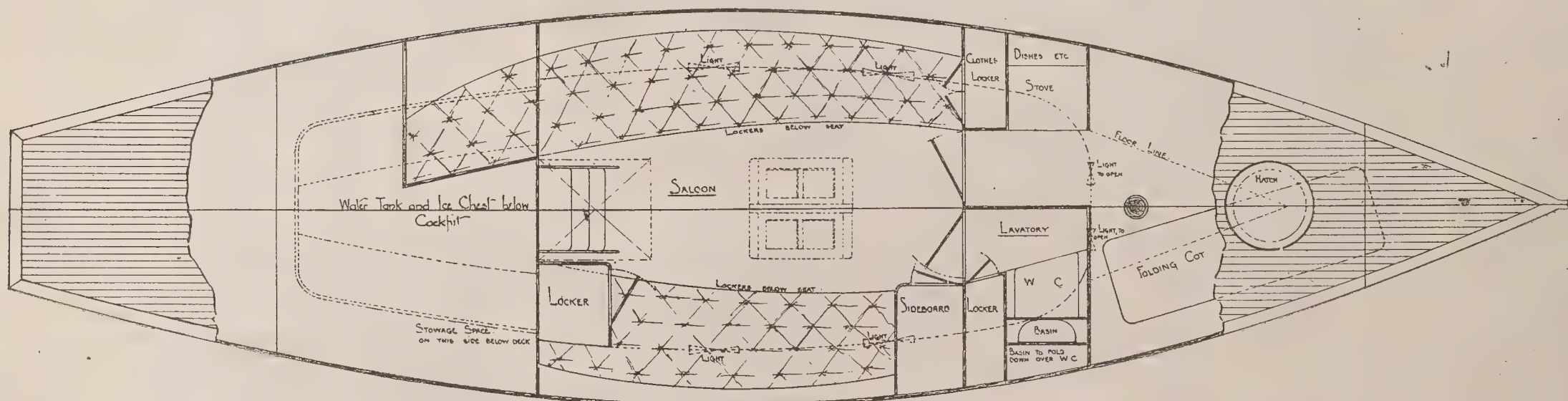
E is any excess of (B"+D) over 3 1-3 VMS submerged, C+E=L.



FOREST AND STREAM DESIGNING COMPETITION—HONORABLE MENTION DESIGN.
Submitted by "Noira" (John M. James), Glasgow, Scotland.



25 FEET L.W.L. YACHT.
General Arrangement Plan
SCALE 1/2" = 1 FOOT



FOREST AND STREAM DESIGNING COMPETITION—HONORABLE MENTION DESIGN—CABIN PLAN.
Submitted by "Noira" (John M. James), Glasgow, Scotland.

Designing Competition.

Two designs that were specially mentioned by Mr. Crane in our designing competition are published this week. The other four, which received honorable mention, will appear in our next two issues.

Noira.

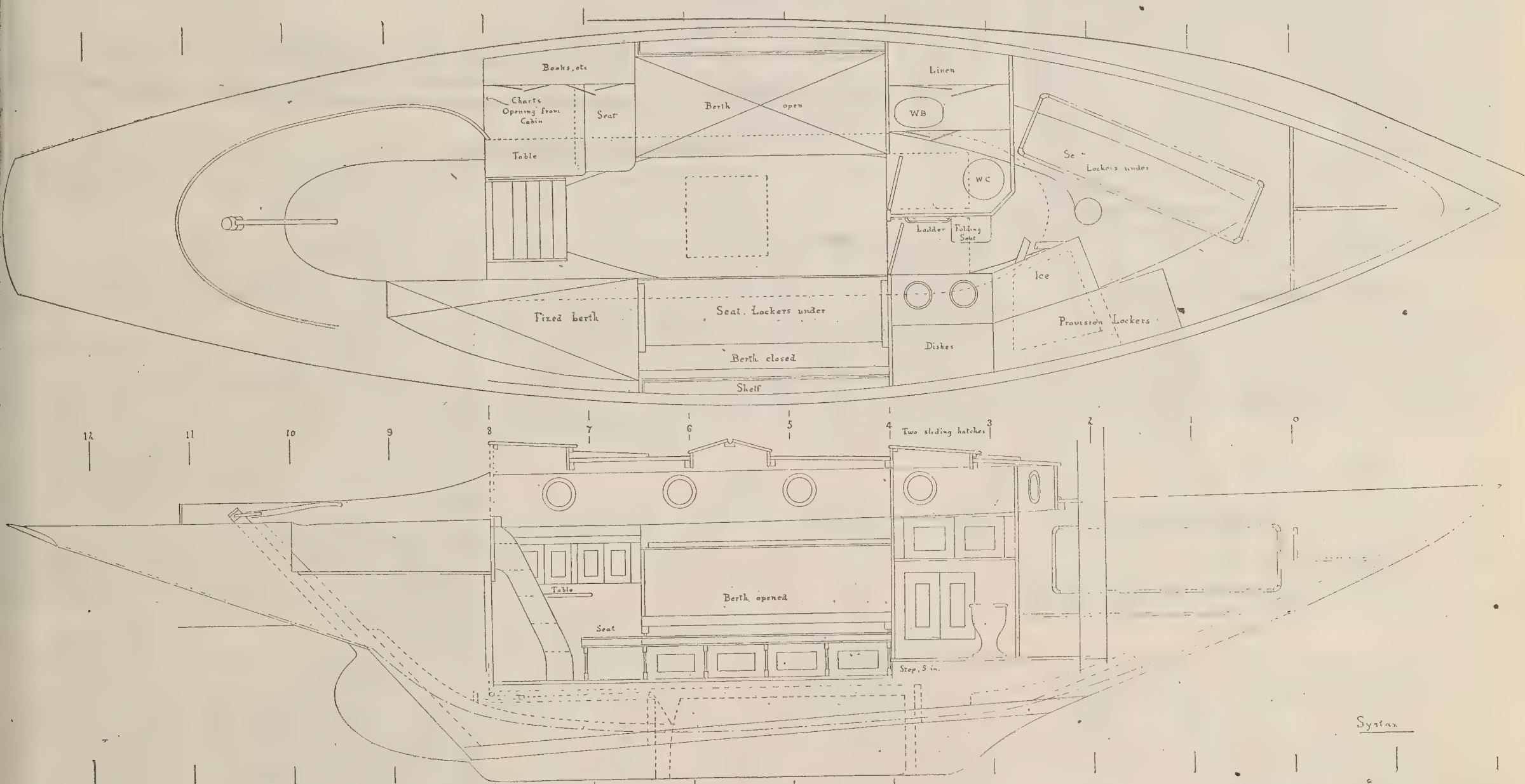
The design submitted under the nom-de-plume Noira, Mr. John M. James, Glasgow, Scotland, was the best of four received from the other side. The plans are the work of an accomplished draughtsman. The design shows a well-turned boat of good proportions and very fair internal room. She is perhaps a little narrow and of too little displacement. The arrangement of the centerboard is not good, but with some slight changes the design could be greatly improved and would make a very nice little boat. The dimensions are:

Length—		
Over all	35ft. 9 in.	
L.W.L.	25ft. 0 in.	
Overhang—		
Forward	4ft. 6 in.	
Aft	6ft. 3 in.	
Breadth—		
Extreme	9ft. 3 in.	
L.W.L.	8ft. 8 in.	
Draft—		
Extreme	4ft. 0 in.	
To rabbet	2ft. 3 in.	
Board down	6ft. 0 in.	
Freeboard—		
Forward	3ft. 2 in.	
Aft	2ft. 5 in.	
Least	2ft. 0 in.	
Displacement	12,320lbs.	
Lead keel	6,720lbs.	

C.B. from fore end of L.W.L.	13ft. 1/2 in.
C.E. from fore end of L.W.L.	13ft. 10 in.
C.L.R. from fore end of L.W.L.	13ft. 7 in.
Sail Area—	
Mainsail	644 sq. ft.
Jib	173 sq. ft.
Total	817 sq. ft.

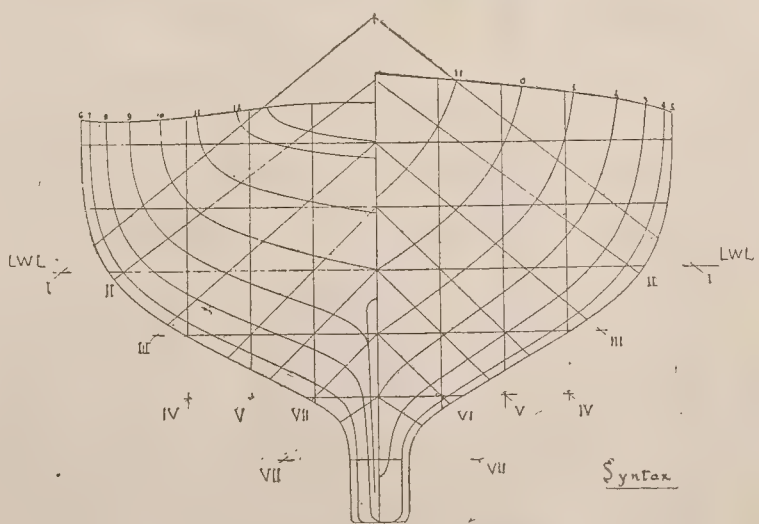
Syntax.

The design sent to us under the pseudonym of Syntax is the work of Mr. E. P. Morris, of New Haven, Conn. The author has given his design considerable care and study, and the boat has much to recommend her. The design shows a good wholesome craft, and while she would not be fast in moderate conditions, she would make a very comfortable and seaworthy boat. The cabin arrangement is very good, with the exception of the galley, which is too cramped. Comfort below decks would



be increased by running a bulkhead athwartships at the after end of the berths, in this way shutting off the main cabin from the steerage. The main cabin could be kept dry in wet weather, even if it were necessary to keep the companion slide open. The dimensions are as follows:

Length—			
Over all	37ft.	4	in.
L.W.L	25ft.	0	in.
Overhang—			
Forward	5ft.	3	in.
Aft	7ft.	1	in.
Breadth—			
Extreme	9ft.	4 $\frac{3}{4}$	in.
L.W.L	8ft.	6	in.
Draft—			
Extreme	4ft.	0	in.
To rabbet	2ft.	10	in.
Board down	6ft.	10	in.
Freeboard—			
Forward	3ft.	1 $\frac{3}{4}$	in.
Aft	2ft.	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	in.
Least	2ft.	4 $\frac{1}{8}$	in.
Displacement	12,218	lbs.	
Lead keel	6,248	lbs.	
C.B. from fore end of L.W.L.	13ft.	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	in.
C.E. from fore end of L.W.L.	12ft.	10	in.



C.L.R. from fore end of L.W.L.....	13ft. 2½in.
C.G. of lead keel from fore end of L.W.L..	13ft. 2 in.
Sail Area—	
Mainsail	652 sq. ft.
Jib	180 sq. ft.
Total	832 sq. ft.

by Messrs. C. H. Seeley and Wilson Marshall.

The one-design class boats for members of the New Rochelle Y. C. are well under way. Six boats have been ordered and they will be finished and turned over to their owners on May 24. The owners are to draw lots for the boats, and a race will be sailed on the day they are turned over to the owners. They are keel boats with outside lead ballast and are 23ft. over all, 15ft. waterline, 7ft. 2 in. breadth and 3ft. 6in. draft; 387 sq. ft. of canvas are carried in the mainsail and jib.

Mr. Huntington has built from his own design for Mr. Frank Maier a cruising yawl. She is 35ft. over all, 27ft. 6in. waterline, 11ft. 4in. breadth and 4ft. 9in. draft. She is a wholesome little boat and very roomy below decks. She will be known as Fanshawe.

At City Island, Messrs. Jacob and Wood have both had a very busy winter. Mr. Jacob now has over a hundred men in his employ. The new marine railway is nearly finished. The work is being done by Messrs. H. I. Crandell & Co., of Boston. The railway will have a 1,000-ton capacity, and there will be 22ft. of water at any tide, so that the largest vessels can be hauled at any hour. Now that the schooner Marjorie that was built for Mr. Frank St. John has been launched, the men will be put on the other yachts and the work of fitting out the eighty boats now in the yard will be begun. Some changes are being made on the schooner Elmina, and the cutter Hester is being altered below decks. The Watson designed cutter, Queen Mab, has been almost entirely rebuilt by Mr. Jacob. Her steel frames have been replaced throughout and she has been entirely replanked, and a new deck has been laid. Three more of the Manhasset Bay Y. C. one-design boats have been finished, and they will be put overboard in a few days. One is for Mr. H. L. Quick, another for Mr. Thomas Ratsey, and the third is for Mr. H. Hennen. The sail lofts built by Mr. Jacob for Mr. Thomas Ratsey, the English sailmaker, are now completed. They are the largest sail lofts in the country, with the exception of the Government loft at the Brooklyn navy yard. The new lofts are 175ft. long and 50ft. wide. The floor space is unobstructed, as girders take the place of the usual supports for carrying the floors. Only American sail makers will be employed by Mr. Ratsey.

At Wood's yard there are five new boats building in the shop. These were designed by Messrs. Tams, Le-moine & Crane. Three of them are about 30ft. on the waterline, and are designed to fit the 30ft. class under the new rule. The boats are for Messrs. Walter S. Ladd, N. E. Macy and John B. Trevor. They will be raced first on the Sound, and will then be taken to Bar Harbor. The raceabout for Mr. H. M. Crane is practically finished, and she is a superior little boat. The fifth boat is for Mr. John Y. Suydam, who will race her on Great South Bay against Pleasure and Electra, two Herreshoff boats. Mr. Wood has done a remarkably good job on all five of these boats. The cruising sloop that Mr. Wood built from Messrs. Gardner & Cox's designs for Mr. George Bullock is entirely completed. She will be named Cleona.

Our Boston Letter.

BOSTON, April 7.—A new state of affairs is to exist this season that has never been known before, and which is to be of great benefit to yacht racing. The Corinthian Y. C. and the Eastern Y. C. have consulted with Y. R. A. clubs in regard to the selection of open dates, and with the Boston Y. C. and the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. in

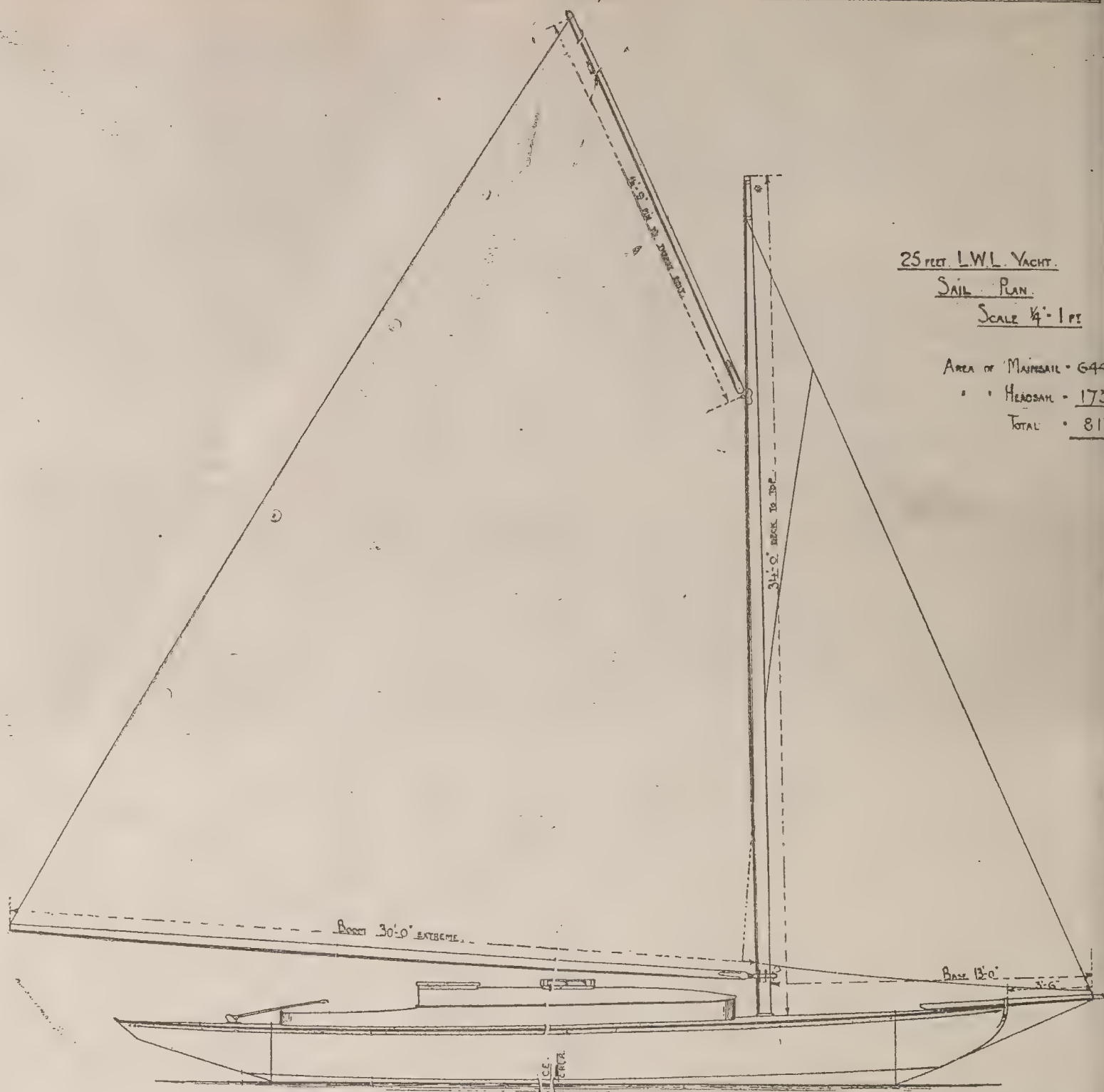
regard to the selection of club events. The result is that racing throughout the bay will be, as nearly as possible, in perfect harmony. The benefit the sport will receive from such action is well known to every yachtsman who has been puzzled about where to race on days when two or more clubs have given races at the same time. A meeting was held at the B. A. A. on Thursday, March 24, at which the following representatives were present: Boston Y. C., Walter Burgess; Corinthian Y. C., D. H. Follett and Geo. W. Mansfield; Eastern Y. C., Henry O. Howard; Hull-Massachusetts Y. C., J. T. Humphrey;

Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts, Louis M. Clark. Geo. W. Mansfield was chosen chairman of the meeting and J. T. Humphrey secretary, and then the representatives proceeded to harmonize yacht racing with very good results.

The feature of the Corinthian Y. C. and the Eastern Y. C. not only consulting with representatives of Y. R. A. clubs so that dates might not conflict, but also conceding certain dates in the interest of those clubs, is one that has not been noted before. Neither of these clubs are members of the Y. R. A., nor have they been in favor of such an organization. Throughout the winter there was a movement on foot to confine the racing in the restricted classes to the waters of Marblehead, and the fact that two of the Y. R. A. clubs are now asked to change their dates by the Eastern Y. C., might be taken by some as an indication that such a movement is taking definite form; but if conditions are viewed in a fair light, it will be seen that these clubs, one of which has adopted the classes which the Y. R. A. has worked hard to establish, have not only recognized the value of the classes, but at this time are recognizing the Association itself.

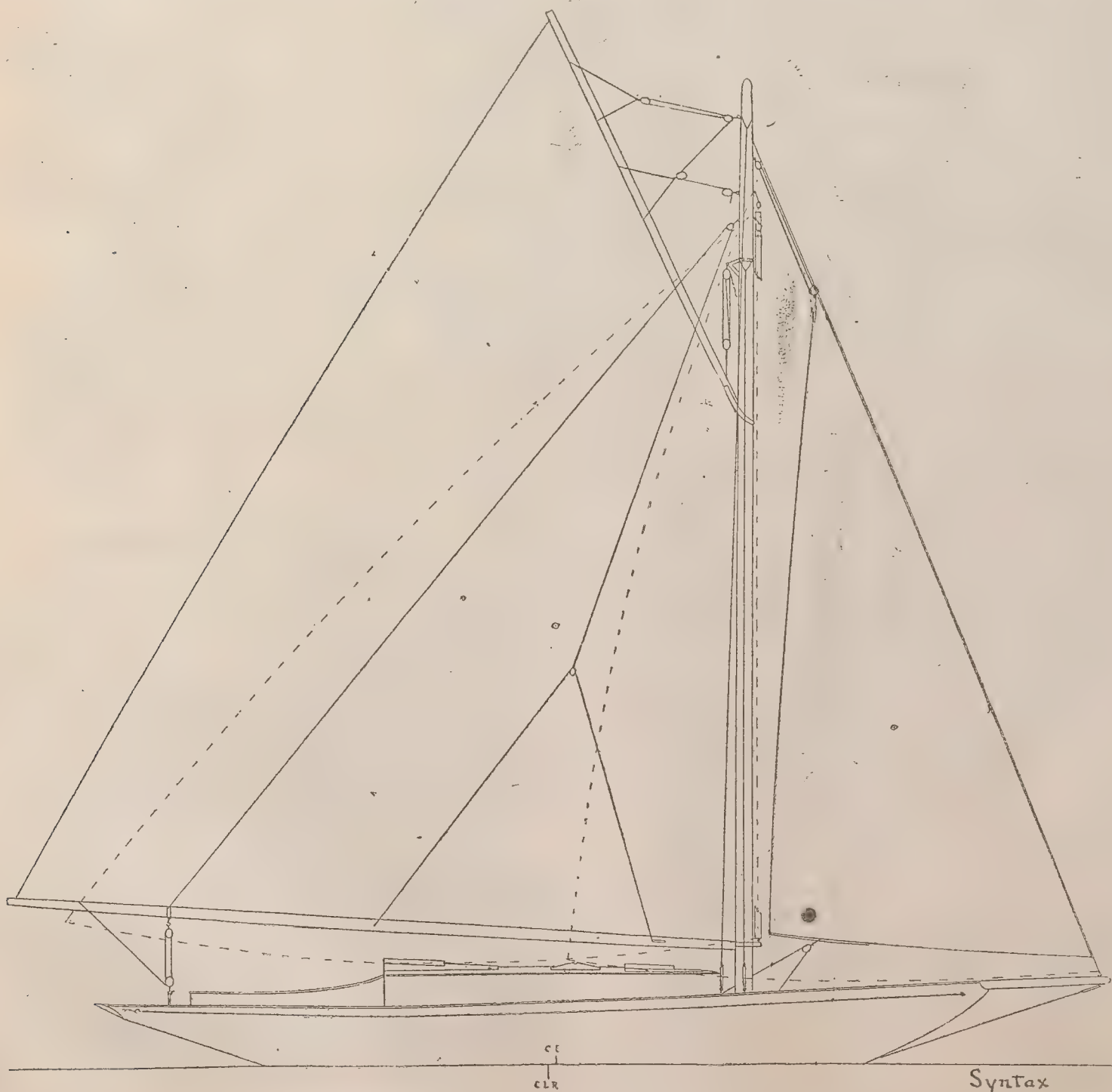
This year the Eastern Y. C. proposes to make the special feature of giving open races for 18ft. knockabouts, 21-footers and 25-footers, a feature that is indeed unusual, as this club does not enroll yachts of less than 30ft. waterline. It has asked the Mosquito Fleet Y. C. to change the date of its open race, which was scheduled for July 5, and also wants to give an open race on July 4. This request is made so that two days of open racing may be had at Marblehead. The Corinthian Y. C. proposes to give an open race on the morning of July 4. That these clubs are not asking anything that would not be equitable can be plainly seen from the fact that they have given up dates, which they scheduled early in the season, in the interest of Y. R. A. clubs, and that there might be a good attendance at all open races. The Corinthian Y. C. has given up its race scheduled for May 30, so that the opening Y. R. A. race of the South Boston Y. C. at City Point might not be interfered with. This club has also given up June 17, and the Eastern Y. C. has given up the same day in the interest of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. It is perfectly plain that, if no arrangement had been made, races would have been scheduled on these days at Marblehead, and also on every Saturday, which is the day taken by most of the Y. R. A. clubs for their open races. Both of these clubs have arranged their dates so that the Saturday open races already scheduled will not be interfered with. There was no inducement for them to give up their dates except to benefit yacht racing by creating harmony. And when they have so willingly conceded days to the Y. R. A. clubs, on which they might have held opposition races, it is only fair that the Y. R. A. clubs should make the same endeavor. The request of these clubs is consistent; it is far from being a demonstration of "hogging" the races in Marblehead, and the attitude taken by them is most sportsmanlike in every particular.

The Eastern Y. C. has asked for July 5 and Sept. 6—days that have already been scheduled respectively by the Mosquito Fleet Y. C. and the Quincy Y. C. There is every prospect that when the season opens there will be no conflict on these days, and that the open race of every club in the bay will be sailed without any opposing race being held. This is a situation which, if continued, will be the greatest boon to yachting and yacht racing that



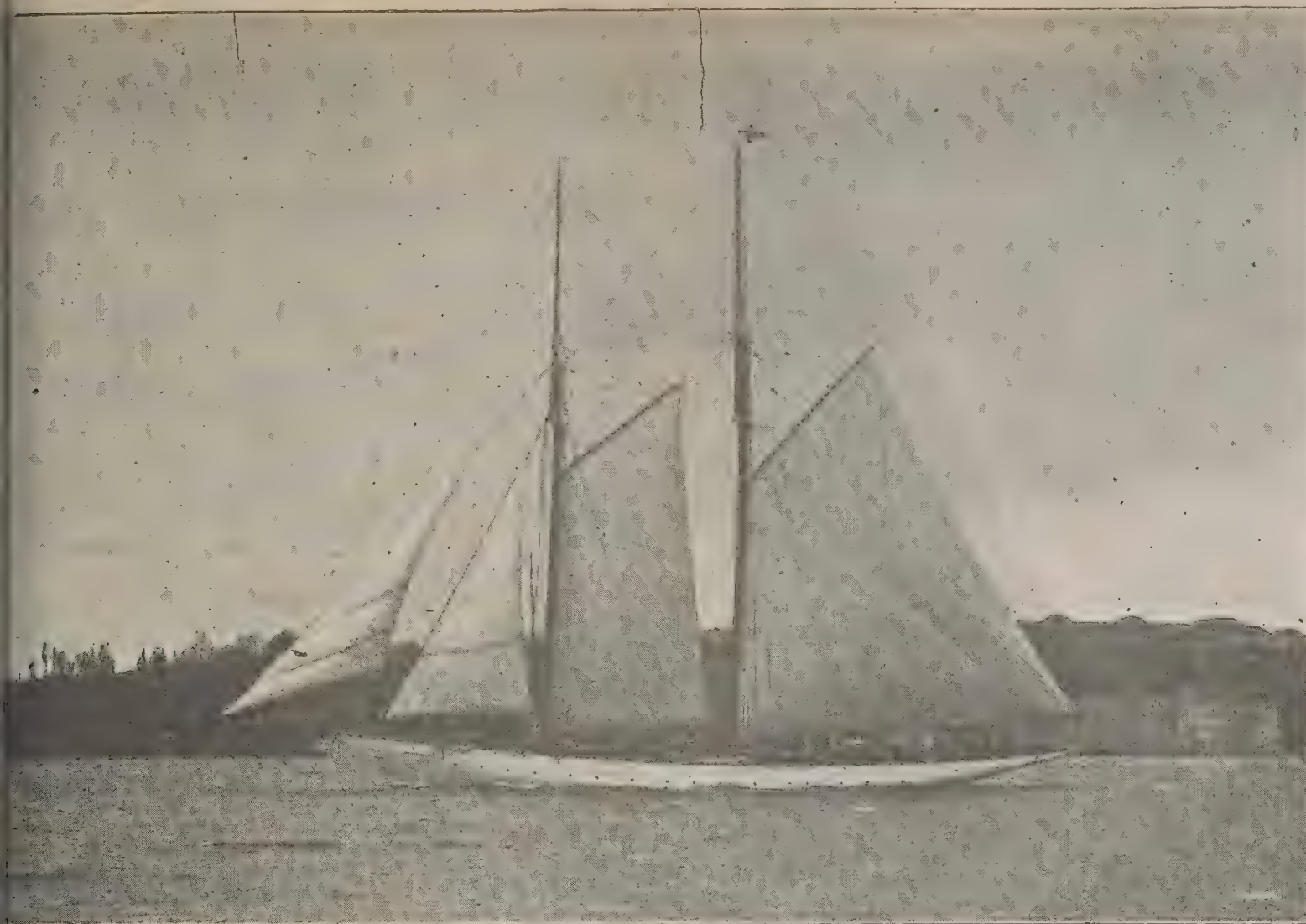
FOREST AND STREAM DESIGNING COMPETITION—HONORABLE MENTION DESIGN—SAIL PLAN.

Submitted by "Noira" (John M. James), Glasgow, Scotland.



FOREST AND STREAM DESIGNING COMPETITION—HONORABLE MENTION DESIGN—SAIL PLAN.

Submitted by "Syntax" (E. P. Morris), New Haven, Conn.



METEOR—THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S NEW SCHOONER.
Photo by James Burton, New York City.

the sport has ever received in Massachusetts Bay. At the meeting of representatives the following schedule was made up by the four clubs named, with regard for the dates already taken by Y. R. A. clubs, in which the correction of the date of the Cheney cup races of the Boston Y. C. will be noted, it having been given incorrectly last week:

May 31, Saturday—Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull.
June 7, Saturday—Boston Cheney cups, City Point.
June 14, Saturday—Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull.
June 14, 15, 16 and 17, Saturday, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday—Boston, cruise, City Point, Marblehead, Gloucester and Hull.
June 17, Tuesday—Hull-Massachusetts, Y. R. A. open, off Point Allerton.
June 21, Saturday—Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead.
June 23, Monday—Eastern, open, Marblehead.
July 4, Friday, A. M.—Corinthian, open, Marblehead.
July 4, Friday, P. M.—Eastern, open, Marblehead.
July 5, Saturday—Eastern, open, Marblehead.
July 12, Saturday—Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull.
July 19, Saturday—Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead.
July 24, 25 and 26, Thursday, Friday and Saturday—Hull-Massachusetts, mid-summer series of Y. R. A. open races.
July 26, Saturday—Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead.
July 28 and 29, Monday and Tuesday—Boston, Y. R. A. open, Marblehead.
July 30, 31 and Aug. 1, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday—Corinthian, mid-summer series, Marblehead.
Aug. 2, Saturday—Corinthian, open, Marblehead.
Aug. 16, Saturday—Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead.
Aug. 23, Saturday—Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead.
Aug. 30, 31 and Sept. 1, Saturday, Sunday and Monday—Corinthian, annual cruise.
Sept. 5, Friday—Eastern, open, Marblehead.
Sept. 6, Saturday, A. M.—Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead.
Sept. 6, Saturday, P. M.—Eastern, open, Marblehead.
Sept. 8, Monday—Eastern, open, Marblehead.

Work on all three of the Seawanhaka boats is progressing smoothly. All are in the planking stage, the Crowninshield boat being nearest completion. They will be in the water early, and it is likely that there will be several impromptu scraps before they go to Bridgeport. Burgess has an order for a boat to compete in the Quincy cup races, but he will not state what side she is for. As was expected, another syndicate has been heard from for the defense of the cup, but there has been some talk to the effect that the Manchester Y. C. would not allow the boat owned by this syndicate to defend the cup. It is expected, however, that this matter will be arranged satisfactorily this week.

Work is being rushed on all of the boats now under construction at Lawley's, and launchings will soon be in order. Many of the large steam yachts are fitting out in the basin, under their winter covers. Designer Gardner was at the west shop last week looking over the new bronze 60-rater Weetamoe. He stated that it was the finest job of bronze plating that has ever been done in this country, and the appearance of the boat certainly justifies the remark. Mr. H. F. Lippitt also visited the yard recently, and was much pleased with the boat.

Crowninshield reports the following sales: 18ft. knockabout Suzanne, owned by Quincy Bent, to Norman Greeley; 25-footer Chewink, owned by F. G. Macomber, Jr., to W. E. Scull; 25-footer Flirt, owned by Fabyan and McKee, to Mr. Bond, of Philadelphia; 21ft. knockabout Theresa, owned by E. L. Davis, to Mrs. Powell, of Newport; steam yacht Cayuga to T. Slocum; raceabout Pompeia, owned by R. C. Robbins, to J. Rogers Maxwell, of New York; new raceabout of Crowninshield's design built by Rice Bros., to R. C. Robbins; raceabout Tunipoo, owned by J. L. Bremer, to Chas. Cooley, of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C.; knockabout Opeche, owned by E. S. Grew, to F. G. Peabody.

JOHN B. KILLEN.

Meteor Leaves for Southampton.

THE German Emperor's schooner, Meteor, left her anchorage off Tompkinsville, S. I., just after 1 o'clock on Tuesday, April 1, bound for Southampton, England. She will be accompanied by the Hamburg-American steamer Scotia.

It was found after the vessel had been surveyed that her seaworthy qualities had not been impaired by her accident at the builder's yard on the day of her trial trip, so it was decided to sail at once and have the damage repaired on the other side while her interior fittings were being put in place in order to save time.

The picture of the schooner that appears in this issue was taken on the day of her trial trip.

Yacht Club Notes.

At a meeting of the Ocean Y. C., held a short time ago, the following officers were elected: Com., Herman Siemer; Vice-Com., Frederick Rierson; Rear-Com., Alexander Fendt; Fin. Sec'y, John H. Schron; Cor. Sec'y, Jacob Ward; Treas., Otto E. Schroeder; Meas., William Anderson. Trustees, George Stapleton, one year; Thomas McKnight, two years, and Louis Barker, three years.

An effort is being made to establish a yacht club at Greenwood Lake, N. J. All yachtsmen living in that vicinity who are interested in the project are requested to communicate with Mr. L. J. Hayden, Custom House, New York city, who has the matter in charge.

Yachtsmen living along the Mississippi between St. Louis and St. Paul, have banded together and organized a club to be known as the Mississippi Valley Y. C. The club was incorporated a few days ago.

The third general meeting of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. was held at Delmonico's, New York city, on Tuesday evening, April 1. Com. James presided. With the exception of the clause relating to centerboards, the racing rules as adopted by the Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound were passed. Messrs. Crane, Whitman, Stewart and De Forest, who have served on a committee to confer with the New York and Eastern yacht clubs in regard to uniformity on uniforms, dress and signals, reported progress. Among the most important amendments was the exception of all life, honorary, navy, absent and associate members from the 500 limit. The fourth regular meeting will be held this year on April 29, instead of May 12. Ten members have already agreed to build in the new 15ft. one-design class, should a suitable design be submitted in the competition.

At the eighth annual meeting of the Huguenot Y. C., which was held at the Arena, New York city, a short time ago, the following officers were elected: Com., A. P. Thayer; Vice-Com., Geo. C. Allen; Rear-Com., Jos. P. Donovan; Sec'y, H. H. Van Rensselaer; Treas., L. C. Ketchum; Trustees to serve two years, Wm. B. Greeley and Rev. John Tatlock.

The Indian Harbor Y. C. has established a one-design class. The race committee of the club has distributed a circular to members of the club in order to bring the class to their notice. The boats are to be known as the Indian Harbor sailabouts. They are 18ft. over all, 14ft. 3in. waterline, 6ft. 9in. beam, and draw 8in. with board hoisted and 3ft. 6in. with board down. The boats have roomy open cockpits, and carry 230 sq. ft. of sail in the mainsail and jib. They are built in Racine, Wis., and cost \$236, delivered at Greenwich, Conn.

Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane have chartered the steam yacht Felicia, owned by Mr. E. W. Bliss, to Mr. Ogden Mills.

Yachting Fixtures, 1902.

Secretaries and members of race committees will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list and also changes which may be made in the future.

MAY.

17. Huguenot, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
24. New Rochelle, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
30. Harlem, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, City Island, L. I. Sound.
30. Columbia, club regatta, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
30. South Boston, M. Y. R., open and tender race, City Point, Boston Harbor.
30. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club races, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
31. Seawanhaka Corinthian, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open races, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
31. Wollaston, club race, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.

JUNE.

7. Atlantic, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, N. Y. Bay.
7. Knickerbocker, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, College Point, Long Island Sound.
7. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
14. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club race for Centre Island Cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
14. New Rochelle, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
14. Beverly, club, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
14. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
14. Columbia, race to Michigan City, Lake Michigan.
14. Boston, cruise, racing run, Boston to Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
15. Boston, cruise, racing run, Marblehead to Gloucester, Massachusetts Bay.
16. Boston, cruise, racing run, Gloucester to Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
17. Boston, cruise, racing run, Marblehead to Hull, Mass. Bay.
17. Hull-Massachusetts, Y. R. A., open, Hull, Boston Harbor.
17. Beverly, open, sweepstake, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
17. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
21. Norwalk, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, South Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
21. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club race for Centre Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
21. Brooklyn, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, N. Y. Bay.
22. Wollaston, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
- 26-28. Seawanhaka Corinthian, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
28. Beverly, club, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
28. New York C. C., Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
28. Boston, Y. R. A., open, City point, Boston Harbor.
28. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
28. Wollaston, Y. R. A., open, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
28. South Boston, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
30. Bridgeport, Trial races for selection of representative for Seawanhaka cup contest, Bridgeport, Long Island Sound.

JULY.

- 1-3. Bridgeport, trial races for selection of representative for Seawanhaka cup contest, Bridgeport, Long Island Sound.
4. City of Boston, M. Y. R., open, City Point, Boston Harbor.
4. Beverly, open sweepstakes, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
4. Hartford, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Saybrook, L. I. Sound.
4. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
4. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
4. Columbia, annual open regatta, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
4. Milwaukee, club regatta, Milwaukee, Lake Michigan.
5. Mosquito Fleet, M. Y. R. A., open, City Point, Boston Harbor.
5. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club race for Centre Island Cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
5. Beverly, first Corinthian, Mon. Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
5. Riverside, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Riverside, L. I. Sound.
5. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
- 10-12. Indian Harbor, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
12. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
12. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
12. Beverly, second Corinthian, Mon. Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
12. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
12. Marine and Field, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
12. Squantum, M. Y. R. A., open, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
12. South Boston, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
19. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club race for Centre Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
19. South Boston, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
19. Stamford Corinthian, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Stamford, Long Island Sound.
19. Corinthian, commodore's cup, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
19. Beverly, club, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
- 21-26. Interlake Y. A., an. regatta, Put-in-Bay, Toledo, Lake Erie.
- 24-26. Hull-Massachusetts, midsummer series, Y. R. A., open, Hull, Boston Harbor.
26. Beverly, third Cor., Mon. Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
26. Beverly, third Corinthian, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
26. Mosquito Fleet, club, City Point, Boston Harbor.
26. Atlantic, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
26. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
26. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club race for Centre Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
26. Norwalk, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, So. Norwalk, L. I. Sound.
26. Hartford, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Saybrook, L. I. Sound.
28. Wollaston, M. Y. R. A., open, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
- 28-29. Y. R. A., open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
- 30-31. Corinthian, Midsummer Invitation series, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.

AUGUST.

1. Corinthian, Midsummer Invitation series, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
2. Corinthian, annual, open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
2. Columbia, race to Macatawa Bay, Lake Michigan.
2. Manhasset, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
2. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
2. Brooklyn, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, N. Y. Bay.
- 4-6. Manchester, M. Y. R. A., open, West Manchester, Mass. Bay.
7. East Gloucester, M. Y. R. A., open, Gloucester, Mass. Bay.
- 7-9. Seawanhaka cup races, Dorval, Lake St. Louis, Canada, between representatives of Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. and Bridgeport Y. C.
- 7-9. Macatawa Bay, Lake Michigan, Y. A. open races.
- 8-9. Annisquam, M. Y. R. A., open, Annisquam, Mass. Bay.
9. Beverly-Van Rensselaer cup race, Marvin, Buzzard's Bay.
9. Hempstead, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Glen Cove, L. I. Sound.
9. Northport, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Northport, L. I. Sound.
9. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club race for Centre Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
9. South Boston, sailing tender race, City Point, Boston Harbor.
9. Wollaston, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
- 11-12. Misery Island, M. Y. R. A., open, Salem Bay, Mass. Bay.
16. Horseshoe Harbor, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
16. Huntington, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Huntington, L. I. Sound.
16. Hartford, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Saybrook, L. I. Sound.
16. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
16. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, race for Centre Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
16. Beverly, fourth Corinthian, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
16. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
21. Plymouth, M. Y. R. A., open, Plymouth, Massachusetts Bay.
22. Kingston, M. Y. R. A., open, Kingston, Mass. Bay.
23. Bridgeport, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Bridgeport, L. I. Sound.
23. Huguenot, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
23. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
23. Beverly, fifth Corinthian, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
23. Wollaston, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
23. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
23. South Boston, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
23. Duxbury, M. Y. R. A., open, Duxbury, Mass. Bay.
23. Marine and Field, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
24. Mosquito Fleet, club, City Point, Boston Harbor.
- 25-26. Wellfleet, M. Y. R. A., open, Wellfleet, Massachusetts Bay.
- 27-29. Cape Cod, M. Y. R. A., open, Provincetown, Mass. Bay.
30. Beverly, sixth Corinthian, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
30. Columbia, race to Waukegan, Lake Michigan.

30. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
30. Indian Harbor, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
30. Hartford, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Saybrook, L. I. Sound.

SEPTEMBER.

1. Sachem's Head, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Guilford, L. I. Sound.
1. Norwalk, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, So. Norwalk, L. I. Sound.
1. Lynn, M. Y. R. A., open, Nahant, Massachusetts Bay.
1. Beverly, open, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
4-6. Seawanhaka Corinthian, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
6. Boston, club, City Point, Boston Harbor.
6. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
6. Beverly, open, Mattapoisett, Buzzard's Bay.
6. Wollaston, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
6. Quincy, M. Y. R. A., open, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
6. South Boston, sailing tender race, City Point, Boston Harbor.
6. New York C. C., Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
13. Beverly, seventh Corinthian, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
20. Manhasset, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
20. New York C. C., Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
— Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
27. Riverside, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Riverside, L. I. Sound.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Messrs. Swasey, Raymond & Page, of Boston, have finished the plans of a steel steam yacht for Mr. W. H. Ames, also of Boston. The vessel is 121ft. long on the waterline, and will have a triple expansion engine of 850 horse-power. She will have a speed of 18 knots.

The steam yacht building for Mr. F. M. Smith from Mr. Henry J. Gielow's designs at the yard of the John N. Robbins Co., Erie Basin, is well along. The frames were set up last week.

Mr. Abram Baudoiné, of New York, has chartered the steam yacht Buccaneer, owned by Mr. Frank T. Morrill, through the agency of Messrs. Colvin & Bickermann.

Mr. William H. Hand, Jr., New Bedford, Mass., has gotten out plans of a racing sloop to be built for Mr. F. P. Sands. She is 25ft. waterline, 41ft. 10in. over all, 10ft. 6in. breadth, and 5ft. draft.

Up to last week the steam yacht Orizaba, now building at the yard of Lewis Nixon at Elizabethport, N. J., was the prospective property of Henry Clay Pierce, who summers at Manchester, and is a member of the Manchester Y. C., but all this is now changed, and when the yacht is launched she will be the property of A. C. Burrage, a well-known speculator, identified with Amalgamated copper and other companies.

The Orizaba, which is named after the Mexican volcano, sometimes called Citlaltepetl, is 260ft. on the waterline, and when finished will be one of the finest steam yachts in American waters. She was designed by Gardner & Cox, of New York. She is to be equipped with two four-cylinder triple expansion engines, 16, 25, 28½ and 28½ inches in diameter, with a 24-inch stroke. She will have two Scotch boilers and a donkey.

According to the story the yacht was designed to be several feet shorter than her present waterline measurement. The plans were changed and the work of construction on the yacht begun. When she was partly finished, Mr. Pierce discovered that she was still too small for his needs, and then arose very perplexing difficulties.

At this time, it is said, Mr. Burrage came into the field. He liked the plans of the Orizaba, and he wanted a boat larger than the Wanderer, which he now has under charter, so he agreed to take her. He has stipulated that her construction and interior fittings shall be the most elaborate that can be procured in America.

Mr. Burrage is now at his estate in Redlands, Cal., but he is, nevertheless, the owner of the Orizaba. Capt. George Studley, who has been in command of the steam yacht Viola since she was built, will be master of the Orizaba. A better or more careful man could not have been obtained. Capt. Studley is now living at Quincy Point, where the Viola is in winter quarters, but it is expected that he will soon leave for Elizabethport.—Boston Globe.

Mr. Seth Low, who recently purchased the steam yacht Willada, has changed the vessel's name to Surprise.

The auxiliary schooner building at the yard of the Harlan & Hollingsworth Co., Wilmington, Del., from designs made by Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, is for Mr. H. W. Putnam. The yacht will be named Ariadne. She was designed for off-shore cruising. Her dimensions are: 110ft. waterline, 140ft. over all, 28ft. breadth, and 14ft. draft. It is estimated that her engines will drive her at a speed of eight knots.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

- April 10.—Marietta, O.—One-day target tournament of the Columbian Gun Club. Chas. Bailey, Sec'y.
April 12.—Ossining, N. Y.—Cup shoot of the Ossining Gun Club. C. G. Blandford, Capt.
April 15-17.—Asheville, N. C.—Target tournament given by Col. E. P. McKissick.
April 15-17.—St. Joseph, Mo.—Missouri State Amateur Shooting Association's annual tournament. F. B. Cunningham, Sec'y.
April 16-18.—Peru, Ind.—Peru Gun Club's sixth annual amateur tournament; two days at targets for amateurs; one day at live birds open to all. Frank Dunbar, Sec'y.
April 16-18.—Peru, Ind.—Sixth annual spring tournament of the Peru Gun Club. Two days of targets, amateurs only; one day of live birds, open to all. Frank Dunbar, Sec'y.
April 19.—Haverhill, Mass.—Patriots' Day shoot of the Haverhill Gun Club.
April 22.—Olean, N. Y.—Third annual tournament of the Olean Gun Club. B. D. Nobles, Sec'y.
April 22-25.—Omaha, Neb.—Nebraska, State shoot. H. S. McDonald, Sec'y.
April 26.—Ossining, N. Y.—Cup shoot of the Ossining Gun Club. C. G. Blandford, Capt.

April 29-30.—Greenville, O.—Annual tournament of the Greenville Gun Club. H. A. McCaughy, Sec'y.

April 30.—Wellingtown, Mass.—Third annual team shoot of the Boston Gun Club. Horace C. Kirkwood, Sec'y.

May 1-2.—Central City, Ia.—Wapsee Gun Club target tournament; \$40 for high average. A. P. Ward, Mgr.

May 6-9.—Interstate Park, L. I.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap at Targets. Edward Banks, Sec'y; Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.

May 6-7.—Natchez, Miss.—Mississippi and Louisiana Trapshooters' League target tournament; \$500 added. C. W. Walton, Sec'y.

May 7-8.—Crawfordsville, Ind.—Target tournament of the Crawfordsville Gun Club; \$400 guaranteed. Mac; Stillwell, Sec'y.

May 13-14.—Enid, Oklahoma Territory.—Oklahoma Territorial Sportsmen's Association tournament.

May 13-16.—Oil City, Pa.—Annual meeting of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. F. S. Bates, Cor. Sec'y.

May 14-16.—Charleston, S. C.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Charleston-Palmetto Gun Club. W. G. Jeffords, Jr., Sec'y.

May 15.—Sherbrooke, P. Q.—Sherbrooke Gun Club's inanimate target tournament. C. H. Foss, Sec'y.

May 15.—Sherbrooke, P. Q., Can.—Annual tournament of the Sherbrooke Gun Club. Targets. C. H. Foss, Sec'y.

May 20-22.—Ottumwa, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's tournament.

May 20-22.—Elwood, Ind.—Annual tournament of the Zoo Rod and Gun Club, of Elwood, Ind.

May 20-22.—Wheeling, W. Va.—Fifth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association; added money and prizes. John B. Garden, Sec'y; Wheeling, W. Va.

May 20-23.—New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association.

May 21-22.—Baltimore, Md.—Maryland county shoot for amateurs.

May 21-23.—Springfield, S. D.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association tournament.

May 26-31.—Lincoln, Neb.—Grand Interstate tournament; three days shooting; three days golf; three days tennis. H. C. Young, Manager.

May 28-29.—Anamosa, Ia.—The Prison City Gun Club's two days' tournament at targets; \$100 for high averages. H. Been, Sec'y.

May 30.—Schenectady, N. Y.—Spring tournament of the Schenectady Gun Club. E. L. Aiken, Sec'y.

May 30.—Ossining, N. Y.—Holiday shoot of the Westchester County Trapshooters' League. J. Curry Barlow, Sec'y.

May 30.—Auburn, Me.—Annual tournament of the Auburn Gun Club. L. A. Barker, Sec'y.

May 30-31.—Altoona, Pa.—Altoona Rod and Gun Club's tenth annual tournament. George G. Zeth, Sec'y, Altoona, Pa.

May 30-31.—Union City, Ind.—Spring tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club. O. E. Fouts, Sec'y.

June 3-5.—Cleveland, O.—Tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League, under the auspices of the Cleveland Gun Club.

June 4-6.—Memphis, Tenn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Memphis Gun Club.

July 8-10.—Pine Bluff, Ark.—Twelfth annual meeting and tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association. Targets. Added money \$300. Rose system. Paul R. Litzke, Sec'y.

June 9-13.—Rochester, N. Y.—Forty-fourth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game.

June 10-11.—Sioux City, Ia.—Eighth annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.

June 10-11.—Muncie, Ind.—Indiana Trapshooters' League's annual tournament.

June 12-15.—Denver, Colo.—Grand Western Bluerock Handicap tournament. Frank H. Mayer, Tournament Manager.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Mr. C. F. Lambert, of Lynn, Mass., writes us as follows: "Should the Haverhill, Mass., Gun Club be favored with fair weather on the 19th, all present indications point to a large attendance to their Patriots' Day shoot. They have installed a set of Sergeant system traps, which in addition to their regular set of five traps, will keep the shooters busy. Handicapping for the prize events will be based not on what a shooter has done in past shoots, but what he is doing on that day, the events previous to the prize events furnishing a fair estimate. The club will give either an order for the prizes or their equivalent in cash to winners of same, as such may elect."

There was a rumor prevalent in New York a few weeks ago that the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company, of Cleveland, O., was the financial power behind the anti-pigeon shooting legislation in New York and New Jersey, the implication being that it was to that company's interest to stop pigeon shooting on the ground it would advance target shooting. At Kansas City Mr. Paul North indignantly refuted the rumor. He maintained that pigeon shooting helped target shooting, and vice versa. It is of the class of silly rumors which now and then spring up from sources which are unknown.

The Peru Gun Club's sixth annual spring tournament will be held at Peru, Ind., April 16, 17 and 18. The target events, which will occupy two days, will be open to amateurs only. There are to be twelve events on each day, of from 10 to 20 targets each, revised Interstate Association rules to govern. Five dollars each will be paid to the two high guns, and the two low guns shooting through the entire programme. The third day will be given over to live-bird events, open to all. Six regular events and such others as may be arranged will be shot, all handicaps, from 25 to 32yds. Mr. Frank Dunbar is secretary.

"The Indians" held a special meeting in the Midland Hotel, Kansas City, on Tuesday morning of last week. There was a large attendance of the tribe, nearly all being present. Battle Creek, Mich., was fixed upon for the next Indian shoot. The date will probably be in August or September. Battle Creek offered \$500 added money. It was carried that a medal of fine gold be presented by the tribe to the members of the American team of trapshooters which went abroad last summer, and to Capt. A. W. Money, F. S. Harrison and Emil Werk, who acted as judges and referees.

Mr. N. V. Gerrish, secretary of the newly organized Cadillac, Mich., Gun Club, writes as follows: "On March 18 the Cadillac Gun Club was organized with forty members, and proceeded at once to the preparation of grounds and a club house. In about two weeks we shall have everything completed and ready for our weekly shoots. We have many enthusiastic members, and expect to have some good times."

Mr. O. N. Ford, of Central City, Ia., under date of April 4, writes us as follows: "The shooting tournament of the Wapsee Gun Club will be held at Central City, Ia., at clay targets, \$40 for high average, May 1 and 2. The Prison City Gun Club, of Anamosa, Ia., will give a two days' tournament at clay targets May 28 and 29, \$100 for high averages. H. Beem is the secretary."

Elsewhere in our columns this week we present a cut of the Grand American Handicap trophy, a silver cup, on which each of those who will contest at Kansas City, March 31 to April 5, hopes to inscribe his name. It bears the following legend: "Presented by Interstate Association to Winner of the Tenth Annual Grand American Handicap at Live Birds, 1902."

Mr. John Parker, of Detroit, a popular representative of the Peters Cartridge Company, has a busier season in prospect. He will manage the New York State shoot in June; the Pennsylvania State shoot; the Elwood, Ind., shoot, and the Michigan State shoot in May; the Edgewater, O., shoot in June, and some others, in prospect.

Owing to the death of Mr. Jas. Whitfield, Kansas City, on Monday morning of this week, the Cast Iron medal contest, fixed to take place on Monday of this week between Messrs. Elliott and Crosby, was postponed. It will take place at Omaha, at the Nebraska State tournament.

Dr. C. E. Cook, the secretary, writes us as follows: "Announce through your columns the fifth annual Midsummer tournament at targets of New London Gun Club, at New London, Ia., June 18, \$10 average money. A gold medal to one making longest run of consecutive breaks."

Mr. Seymour G. Smith died at his home in Plainfield, N. J., on April 5. Mr. Smith was prominent in shooting circles in New Jersey, and was president of the Middlesex Gun Club, of Dunellen, N. J., which was the first club to run open trapshooting tournaments in the East.

The Sherbrooke Gun Club announces a tournament to be held at Sherbrooke, Que., Can., on May 15, at which there will be twelve target events, distance handicaps from 16 to 22yds., Rose system to divide purses. Mr. C. H. Foss is secretary.

The third and deciding ten-man team race between the Carlstadt and Fairview gun clubs, of New Jersey, took place on the grounds of the Carlstadt Club on Saturday of last week. Fairview won by a score of 133 to 108.

The match between teams of eight men from the Ossining Gun Club and the Schenectady Gun Club will take place at Ossining, N. Y., on Saturday, April 19. The prizes will be a gold, a silver, and a bronze medal.

A few days before the recent G. A. H., Messrs. Hood Waters and Harold Money shot a 50-target race at Kansas City, the former winning by a score of 47 to 42.

BERNARD WATERS.

New York State Shoot.

As heretofore stated, this shoot will be held on the grounds of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club, where there is plenty of room, beautiful scenery and one of the finest club houses in the country. The official programme will soon be ready for distribution and mailed to all gun clubs and individuals upon application; in fact, the management will be glad to hear from all that would like one.

American Association rules will govern the contests where they do not conflict with special rules of the club, and the use of the magautrap.

Paid representatives and professional experts will be entirely welcome, but will not be permitted to participate in the merchandise event; they may, however, compete in all other events, but can only share in first and second moneys.

As is customary, prizes will be given to those making the highest averages.

Monday, June 9, will be given up to practice and sweepstake shooting, while the main events will commence Tuesday morning.

There will be two State events each day, in which guaranteed purses will be offered. On Wednesday morning the merchandise event, in which there are a large number of valuable prizes, will commence. In figuring averages, this event will not be included.

On Thursday there will be a four-man team match, the first prize being a \$100 Parker hammerless gun, with cash prizes for second and third places. Entrance, \$10 per team, targets extra.

On Friday the Dean Richmond trophy event will take place, three-man teams, 50 targets per man; ties to be shot off at 25 targets each man. Entrance, \$10 per team, birds extra; three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.

All main events will be at 25 targets, and all targets will be thrown at 2 cents each.

The tournament will be under the management of Mr. John Parker, of Detroit, whose reputation in such matters is sufficient assurance that everything will be conducted in a sportsmanlike manner. Some of the best squad hustlers in the State have been engaged, with a view to keeping the shoot moving from start to finish.

Sweepstakes will be an interesting feature between State events; all may compete, but manufacturers' agents and professional experts can participate only in first and second moneys. Headquarters and hotel rates will be given in official programme. Reduced rates on all trunk lines running into Rochester will be obtained. Ammunition shipped prepaid, care McCord, Gibson & Stewart, 85 Main street East, will be delivered on the grounds free of charge.

Do not forget the dates, June 9 to 13, both inclusive.

HAD.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., April 5.—The following scores were made at the regular weekly shoot of the Ossining Gun Club to-day. The targets were thrown at top speed, so the showing in the 25-target trout race was all that could be expected. Foley broke 21, which was good work. The next high man was Blandford with 23.

The eight-man team race with the Schenectady Gun Club comes off on the 19th inst. The prizes will be a gold and silver and a bronze medal, beside the sweepstakes.

Next Saturday there will be a club shoot for a silver cup, 25 bluerocks, handicap, misses as breaks. All shooters are invited to shoot at any time with us:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	10	10	25	5p	5p	Targets:	10	10	10	10	25	5p	5p
H Bissing...	8	5	9	5	16	5	4	J Barlow...	9	8	18	4
C Blandford...	7	7	7	9	21	9	7	A Rohr...	2	4	10
W Clark...	7	8	8	9	16	7	8	S Mullen...	5	12
R Kromer, Jr.	5	6	4	6	14	4	2	W Coleman...	4	3	6	19	4	3	..
J Foley...	4	7	7	8	23	J Packard...	17
W Fisher...	6	16

C. G. B.

Westmount Gun Club.

MONTREAL, Can., April 5.—There was a large attendance at the Westmount Gun Club grounds this afternoon to witness the contest for the Robin Hood Powder Company's international trophy between the present holder, Mr. J. K. Kennedy, and R. B. Hutcheson, both of this city. Mr. Kennedy won with a score of 91 to Mr. Hutcheson's 87.

This trophy is open to all New England shots, as well as Canadians. If some of the down-country shooters would like to try for it, they can be accommodated, and, with several greenbacks behind the trophy. Below are the scores and a few of the sweeps:

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	100	15	10	Targets:	100	15	10
Kennedy	91	12	..	Cleghorn	11	8
Hutcheson	87	12	9	Murdoch	11	9
Aubin	14	8	Dumont	8
Eaton	13	8	Leach	13	..
Galbraith	12

S.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, N. Y., April 5.—The first of the series of three shoots for a gold watch charm given by the Brooklyn Gun Club was held to-day. The conditions are 50 targets, handicap. Barron, with his handicap of 15, placed the first win to his credit. The other shoots in the series take place on April 12 and 19. Scores:

Prize shoot, 50 targets, handicap: Barron (15) 52, Welles (3) 48, Hooligan (3) 47, Van Sicklen (10) 48, Keller, Jr. (8) 45, Wright (15) 44, Arrowsmith (8) 44, Apgar (3) 40, Gardiner (4) 39, Carruthers (15) 39.

Sweeps:	1	2	Sweeps:	1	2
Targets:	15	15	Targets:	15	15
Gardiner	9	..	Hooligan	15
Keller, Jr.	10	13	Hitchcock	10
Welles	12	12	Newton	5
Arrowsmith	11	15	Barron	10
Apgar	14	12	Wright	10
Craig	7	Hilliers	10
Clifton	9

Chesapeake Gun Club.

NEWPORT NEWS, Va.—Scores of shoot held Wednesday afternoon, April 2:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25
T F Stearnes...	20	22	21	21	23	22	F K Latimer...	17	14	11
D B Semmes...	19	21	20	22	F Palmer...	15	14	14
Dr J Charles...	20	20	19	20	20	20	H Westcott...	17	12
G B James...	18	20	13	E S Robinson...	23

THOS F. STEARNES.

Grand American Handicap.

Kansas City, Mo., March 31—April 5.

THE tenth Grand American Handicap tournament, of the Interstate Association, March 31-April 5, was a record breaker in many ways, but chiefly in the number of its entries, it being overwhelmingly greater in that respect. The total number was 493 in the main event, the Grand American Handicap, and of these there were 37 forfeits. The programme of each day, devoted to events other than the G. A. H., was also astonishingly well supported. The machinery was taxed to its utmost capacity from the moment that the first gun was fired to that of the last gun. With such an infinity of detail the most perfect organization and management were necessary. Without doubt, for the successful management of the shoot, unstinted praise is due to Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the association. He arrived on the grounds about two weeks before the tournament began, and was an invaluable assistant in all the preliminary arrangements. There was grading to be done, boundaries to be arranged, buildings to be built, etc., and while everything was not perfected as contemplated, the arrangements were adequate to run the shoot off smoothly and promptly. Much praise and admiration were bestowed on Mr. Shaner for his skillful management. He was there, there and everywhere, answering three or four questions asked all at once; giving instructions wherever needed; ruling on this thing and that promptly, patiently and correctly.

The tournament was truly a representative one in its support. Every section of the country was represented, though the Middle West was most conspicuous in this respect. As to age, there were all degrees from youth to old age. As to skill, there were all degrees from that of the man who was an expert to that of the man who was a novice. There were a great many good field shots who were not good trap shots for the reason that they were deficient in the necessary schooling, hence there were many phenomenal kills and misses outside the boundary. Many know now who did not know it before, that a dead duck scores as dead wherever it is gathered, and that a pigeon, dead out bounds, is lost. There is no boundary in one instance, and there is one in the other, a circumstance which makes essential difference in the results.

It is a fair presumption that the Middle West would always give a larger support to the G. A. H. tournament than would the East, for the reason that there are many more users of the shot-gun in that section. It is not a fair presumption, however, that any future G. A. H. tournament of the Middle West will ever reach the same degree of magnitude as that of the one just held. It is safe to say that the G. A. H. represented the full power of the country in every way as it concerns trapshooting competition. It had the further attractiveness of great fame and novelty. Many entered who were new to competition, yet who were not without the most implicit confidence in their own ability to come out victors of more or less degree. There is no doubt whatever that many of the latter now know more of trapshooting competition than they ever did before. Many of the latter would not enter again, and it is all the better for themselves and for trapshooting that they should not.

A shoot of such great magnitude has many undesirable features. It is cumbersome to manage, tiresome to the contestants, and dangerous to the sport, the latter as it concerns the sentiment of the public in respect to prohibiting pigeon shooting on the ground of cruelty, or that hostility to the sport which is paraded as public sentiment. Indeed, at the great tournament last week, April 4, there was a delegation of five Chicago ministers in attendance, sent by a Chicago newspaper to see whether the sport had any cruelties and to express their opinions concerning it, and whether it should not be stopped by law. They were Rev. Dr. W. Edward Fawcett, pastor of St. Bartholomew Episcopal Church; Rev. C. C. Kindred, pastor of the Englewood Church of the Disciples of Christ; Rev. H. Atwood Percival, pastor of the Mound Park Presbyterian Church; Rev. K. Keene Ryan, pastor of the Garfield Boulevard Presbyterian Church; and the Rev. F. C. Priest, pastor of the Church of the Redeemer (Universalist). They were met by a delegation of Kansas City ministers. None of the reverend gentlemen were familiar with the sport, and it seemed to impress them unfavorably. They were treated courteously and with consideration. But, aside from the fact that the G. A. H. draws hostile sentiment and action to it, its mammoth proportions make it cumbersome to manage and tiresome to attend. There are very few cities in America which can furnish the necessary grounds and trapping equipment necessary to hold it; the resources of the country are taxed to get skillful referees, etc. It is a very expensive shoot for these reasons. Also, the evolution of trapshooting has passed to a higher stage in respect to conditions. To have the necessary dignity and importance, the greatest shoot should be up with or ahead of the times. Twenty-five birds, \$25 entrance, is no longer considered much of a race. Indeed, last fall, by the energy of one individual, Mr. C. R. Stephens, of Moline, Ill., one open to the world was nearly arranged on a basis of 100 live birds, \$100 entrance. To be really important, the race must be of a length which will test the skill of the contestant, and for a consideration sufficient to command respect. Col. Oscar Guessez, of San Antonio, Texas, a mighty shooter himself, and high in the friendly esteem of his brother shooters, was present at the tournament, and in behalf of San Antonio he made a proposition to the Interstate Association that the next G. A. H. tournament be held there. He declared that there were grounds in broad abundance; that as many sets of traps would be installed as were necessary, and that whatever the programme that the association arranged, San Antonio would add \$1,000 in cash. It was a generous proposition, and one worthy of serious and friendly consideration. Still, it would seem as if the time had arrived for a rearrangement by making a higher entry fee, more birds to shoot at, and longer distances, that is to say, cut out all the marks under 29 or 30 yards. With 50 to 75 shooters, such a race would have more public significance and therefore more value to its promoters than has the present G. A. H., which is alluring to every owner of a gun whether he can use it skillfully or not.

The Grounds.

The grounds are situated close by Blue River, about seven or eight miles of a ride. They were reached from the hotels via the Ninth, Twelfth and Fifteenth street cable cars, and the Independence electric line. In passing, it may be said that the car service was admirable. The large crowds were handled with expedition. Special cars would run during the rush hours, and some real energy to accommodate the public resulted in gratifying success.

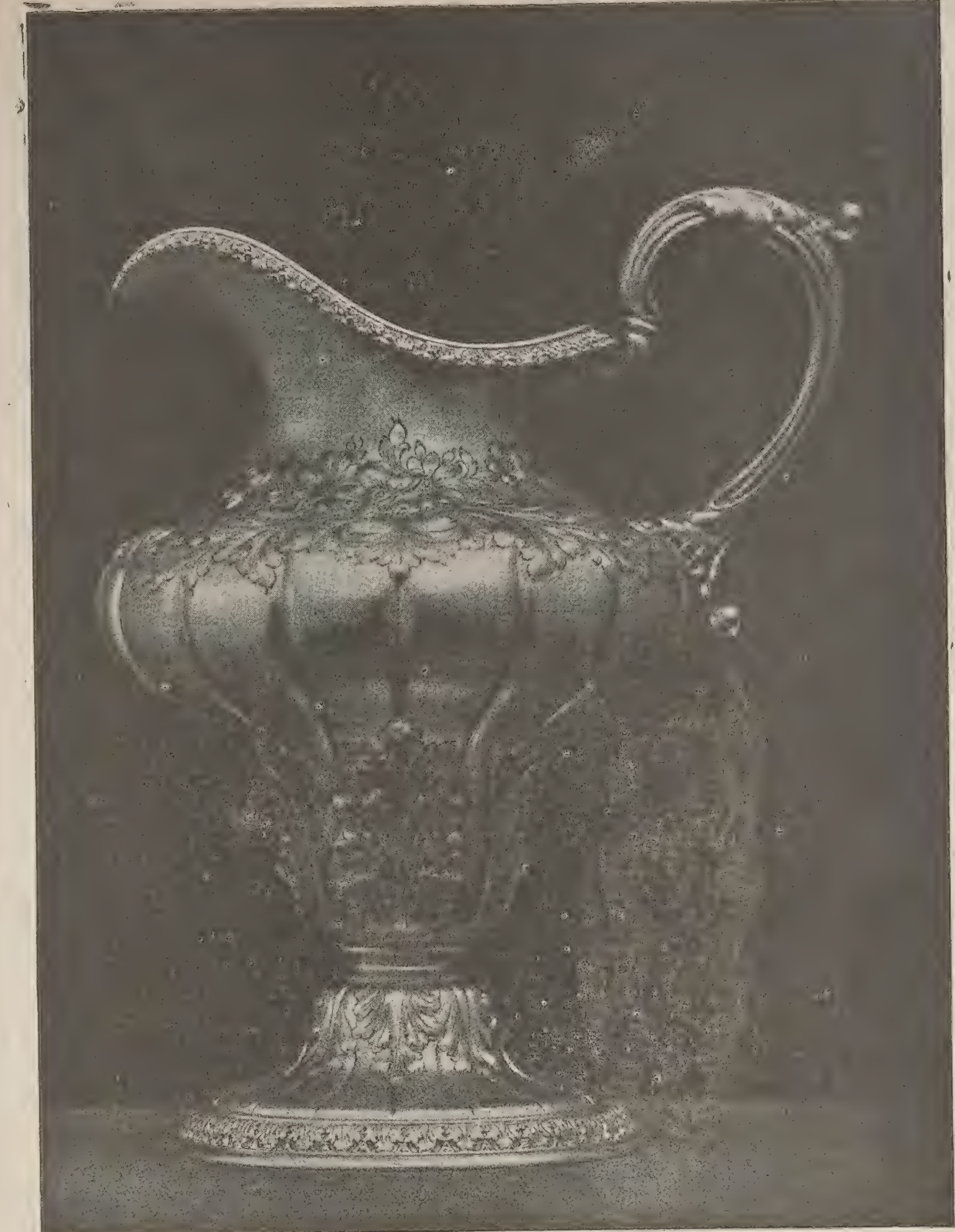
The grounds were hardly large enough for the purpose, but the arrangements were so well made that the great shoot ran like clock work. Two sets of traps were on the north side of the grounds, two on the south. Thus the shooters faced north at Nos. 1 and 2, and south at Nos. 3 and 4. At one set of traps only a 40-yard boundary could be laid out, so, to make them uniform, all were made 40 yards. This narrower boundary had a very important bearing on the results, and brought disaster to many, for just over it many and many a bird fell dead, and with it many a hope. Blue River Park is on a kind of a hillside. Each set of traps has its own peculiar slope. No. 1 sloped gently outward; No. 2 had a more positive pitch, particularly smooth for left quartering drivers; No. 3 was dishd, and No. 4 curved downward and upward to the left and downward to the right. The traps were Fulford's, and the trapping was underground. Boys did the retrieving.

The new long building was used for an assembly room, for gun racks, check room, etc. The office of compiler of scores was close by No. 1 set of traps, and a few steps away, across the room from it, was the cashier's office.

The Workers.

Great credit is due to Messrs. R. S. Elliott, C. Gottlieb and E. Hickman, the working committee, for their interest and efforts in connection with the shoot, and their uniform kindness and courtesy toward the visiting sportsmen. They were ably assisted by the Schmeltzer brothers. The force directly associated with conducting the competition was as follows:

Manager—Elmer E. Shaner, Pittsburg, Pa.
Cashier—Fred C. Whitney, Des Moines, Iowa.
Compiler of Scores—Edward Banks, New York, N. Y.
Assistant Compiler of Scores—J. K. Starr, Philadelphia, Pa.
Clerk in Compiler of Scores Office—F. C. Riehl, Alton, Ill.
Clerk in Compiler of Scores Office—J. B. Hayes, Jr., Kansas City.
Clerk in Compiler of Scores Office—W. H. Matthews, Kansas City.
No. 1 Set of Traps: Referee—W. V. Rieger, Kansas City, Mo. Scorer—J. H. Quistgaard, Kansas City, Mo.
No. 2 Set of Traps: Referee—J. G. Smith, Algona, Iowa. Scorer—J. H. Manahan, Kansas City, Mo.
No. 3 Set of Traps: Referee—H. S. McDonald, Omaha, Neb. Scorer—H. S. Taylor, Kansas City, Mo.
No. 4 Set of Traps: Referee—E. P. Frisbee, Des Moines, Iowa.



GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP TROPHY, 1932.

Scorer—High Callahan, Platte City, Mo.
Messengers—Lee Hickman, Kansas City, Mo., Nos. 1 and 2 sets of traps; Jos. Hayden, Kansas City, Mo., Nos. 3 and 4 sets of traps.
Squad Hustlers—Louis Erhardt, Atchison, Kansas; Geo. W. Morris, Jamaica, L. I., N. Y.
Bulletin Board—Ed. A. Hickman, Kansas City, Mo.
Check Room—Gill Snow, Kansas City, Mo.

Birds.

The birds were an excellent lot. They were, as a class, strong, vigorous birds, oftentimes requiring hard hitting to stop them within bounds. Betimes as swift a bird as ever left a trap would be sprung for a contestant, and then it was not infrequently the case that the bird was too swift for him. A very important percentage escaped from the traps, and there must have been a very important loss from this source.

Special Parties.

There were four special parties in attendance at the G. A. H. tournament, namely, the Interstate Association party from New York, the E. S. Rice party from Chicago, the Will K. Park party from Philadelphia, and the A. V. Waddell party from Cincinnati. Kansas City did itself proud. It had the honor of making good the claim that the West could hold a big shoot, which proved to be the biggest ever held in the world in a peaceful way. Beside being great in numbers, it was a success in its management from its inception to its conclusion.

Monday, First Day, March 31—Kansas City Sweepstakes.

The bad weather of Saturday was still in evidence in the way of a wet soil in the high places, and more or less muddiness in the low places. Heavy, billowy, white clouds, in widely scattered masses floated lazily across the sky, though they had no effect upon the light. The latter was rather high and glory at times.

A stiff wind blew from the north, almost straight in the faces of the contestants at Nos. 1 and 2 sets of traps, and almost straight away from them at Nos. 3 and 4 sets. This wind made exceedingly hard shooting. The birds oftentimes went out of Nos. 3 and 4 down wind with astonishing speed, and at Nos. 1 and 2 they curved out right and left with a speed which also taxed the best skill of the contestants.

Mr. Shaner had the competition running like clockwork from the very start. So carefully had all contingencies been foreseen and provided for that there were no delays of any importance, and therefore competition proceeded expeditiously. It was evident, however, that owing to the large entry, but one event of the two on the programme of the day could be shot, so the Blue River Park Introductory at 8 birds, \$5 entrance, was cut out. Competition began, therefore, with the second programme event, at 12 birds, \$7 entrance, birds extra, 30yds. rise, high guns, two places for each ten entries or fraction thereof up to 150 entries, or a maximum of thirty moneys. There were 368 entries, of which thirty-six went straight, and they agreed to divide without shooting out the extra six contestants. Each contestant with a straight score received \$71.55. It was evident early in the event that extreme diligence would be necessary to finish it; hence to expedite it Mr. Shaner announced that those who had missed two up to the eighth round would be retired. The wisdom of this decision was well proven in the end, for those who had missed but one were not in the money. The list of those who scored 12 and 11 is as follows:

Straight scores:	
W R Milner.....12	T A Marshall.....12
J E Avery.....12	L Foley.....12
J E Hicks.....12	W H Herr.....12
G Tucker.....12	F N Cockrill.....12
W R Crosby.....12	J L D Morrison.....12
J D Gay.....12	H C Hirschey.....12
Hood Waters.....12	J L Alabaster.....12
S Hoffman, Jr.....12	H D Bates.....12
W L Hansbro.....12	E D Trotter.....12
W A Baker.....12	F D Alkire.....12
Farmer Burke.....12	H B Hill.....12
H McMurchy.....12	R S Rhoades.....12
C C Herman.....12	E M Stout.....12
T W Morley.....12	C Kilgore.....12
M Eich.....12	G A C.....12
I L Williamson.....12	A C Connor.....12
A H Fox.....12	J R Graham.....12
E Kuss.....12	Theo Dockson.....12
Those who missed but one:	
F N Cockrill.....11	C A Young.....11
Ed Hickman.....11	W J Graber.....11
F Gilbert.....11	E C Fort.....11
A W du Bray.....11	J E Vaughn.....11
W Turner.....11	W W Shemwell.....11
A J Lawton.....11	J H Boisseau.....11
E H Tripp.....11	C R Stephens.....11
S Perry.....11	T E Hubby.....11
J S Fanning.....11	B-27.....11
C W Budd.....11	J Taggart.....11
G Simpkins.....11	F M Faurote.....11
Arno.....11	H B Money.....11
A C Bottger.....11	A C Schwartz.....11
H H McKinney.....11	T P Hicks.....11
B P Woodford.....11	J B Barto.....11
J W Huse.....11	H Arp.....11
W Wettleaf.....11	Ed Voris.....11
G Raines.....11	C Gottlieb.....11
F L Snyder.....11	R R Kimble.....11
Watertown Kid.....11	G E Trent.....11
J F Gorman.....11	S Glover.....11
Le Roy.....11	G Roll.....11
Levy.....11	C R Wilkins.....11
W Mattox.....11	H H Stevens.....11
W P Devaney.....11	Alf Hill.....11
J McMorris.....11	T H Clay.....11
C A Calib.....11	B F Downs.....11
C W Phellis.....11	Kaintuck.....11
J T Page.....11	E Emmers.....11
S S Johnston.....11	Dave Elliott.....11
W M Clegg.....11	W Howe.....11
J J Cornett.....11	G W Clay.....11
E D Fulford.....11	O R Dickey.....11
J T Anthony.....11	F See.....11
A D Mermod.....11	M J Smith.....11
G Schroeder.....11	C E Geikler.....11
E Hinshaw.....11	

Tuesday, Second Day, April 1—Nitro Powder Handicap.

The programme for the second day was the Nitro Powder Handicap, 16 birds, \$10 entrance, birds extra, handicaps 25 to 33yds., high guns, not class shooting, two high guns for each ten

F. M. Soward, 27	2222102*2222221222202212	-22
G. W. Loomis, 28	2222122022222222202222	-23
W. Bradrick, 27	21111121220*2221222220	-21
Dr. J. J. Plumer, 27	20212222222222202220220	-19
R. S. Waddell, 26	222222*2202200222222202	-19
S. M. Rushing, 27	02112220122221222221102	-21
Blaisdell, 27	112022101111011121121012	-20
G. Evander, 26	111012222222222010121012	-20
Paul North, 27	2122222*212*1221102222000	-19
J. E. Riley, 27	22222222222222222222220	-19
W. L. Hausbro, 27	2222222022*2222002222200	-18
E. M. Stout, 28	22222220222222222222222	-22
W. Budd, 27	22212222222222120222200	-21
C. O. Le Compte, 26	12222220011202222222222	-19

SCORES OF THOSE WHO SHOT AT 20.

F. C. Riehl, 28	22222221222000222*22	-16
E. Dickinson, 27	22212211122022202220	-17
Paul Parker, 26	15122222222022022022	-17
Farmer Jones	00122212122212022100	-15
T. H. Conrades, Jr.	22222202222*2220222	-17
S. Millett, 27	12102222222222202202	-17
D. T. Timberlake, 26	1220221111102222000	-15
E. C. 27	20222222222222222120	-16
W. A. Laidlaw, 26	22102220121220122220	-17
W. F. Boltenstern, 27	12022122012222222220	-17
C. S. Magill, 27	*20222222222222*220	-16
J. W. Bramhall, 28	222222021222*2222222	-18
J. S. Boa, 28	2222220220222222*20	-17
W. E. Nason, 27	20222122212222020222	-15
Chas. Calk, 27	2022121222222222102	-16
G. W. Jenkins, 26	2112201222222222200	-16
W. C. Crutchley, 27	12202012122222220220	-16
F. W. Fogg, 28	02222222202222222202	-17
W. S. Allen, 28	22222221202022222012	-15
W. Clayton, 27	122221222220202*20102	-15
T. R. Brown, 27	2122211122202020221	-17
J. P. Parry, 26	22222222022222222022	-17
W. Spencer, 27	22222222022222222022	-17
F. P. Lamoreux, 27	0222212022222220112	-17
Ranger, 27	21110012011220120002	-13
F. G. Moore, 27	20112120202122220112	-16
H. L. Hubbard, 27	2202122222*22220200	-14
G. E. Crosby, 28	22222222222222222020	-17
S. Palmer, 28	22022222222222222220	-16
J. C. Broyles, 29	20222222222222222220	-18
F. N. Cockrill, 27	22222122220222*12012	-17
C. E. Biddison, 26	22222202222222*202012	-15
J. B. Porter, 28	22222202222222220222	-17
Dave Elliott, 29	2222222222220122220	-18
Wishbone, 28	22*2222222222222022	-17
Raina Maker, 28	2022222222222122*202	-16
B. Murphy, 27	22222222222222222020	-17
B. F. Scott, 28	22222220222222222022	-16
J. W. Kimmel, 27	21222202222222202002	-17
J. A. Gilfillan, 27	21222222220221122020	-15
G. L. Carter, 27	22012222222222222222	-18
L. R. Oberly, 27	2222222222220222*220	-16
E. S. Graham, 29	22222222202222222220	-17
H. H. Gregory, 26	21021222012222121021	-17
Lumber Jack, 27	22222222222222222220	-18
S. S. Johnson, 26	11112022111*21221000	-15
T. W. Morley, 30	*22222222222222202000	-15
J. T. Anthony, 27	12222220022222222220	-17
Frank Sec, 28	110222222021220222020	-15

SCORES OF THOSE WHO SHOT AT 16.

S. C. Spelts	220222222222202202	-13
H. Tipton, 26	122012*222221020	-13
D. E. Allen, 27	12210*2101120112	-12
J. A. P., 27	22222020222220222	-13
E. Howard, 27	222220202222202222	-13
A. H. Hill, 27	2202221220222200	-12
J. M. Hughes, 28	1*22022122222022	-12
H. Reed, 26	222101022020020	-9
J. F. Cabane, 28	22222022222222202	-13
J. W. Bucknell, 27	2222222220222200	-13
H. Taylor, 28	2212101202220211	-11
Duckey Holmes, 28	222202220100210	-11
J. W. Boyd, 27	2200212022201200	-10
C. A. Schroeder, 28	0122222220220222	-13
C. E. Cook, 27	*02222222202222	-13
S. H. Lincoln, 26	2012102212102110	-11
John Parker, 28	121222221202212*	-13
C. O'Brien, 28	22222022022222*	-14
E. D. Fulford, 30	01200211*2221012	-11
J. B. Barto, 29	20222022222222022	-13
Ed. Voris, 28	2222*22200221221	-13
J. F. Gorman, 27	02111221222010222	-13
A. Gambell, 27	2222222222002222	-13
W. A. Heilman, 28	1122212200112101	-13
G. R. White, 27	0121122222020222	-13
C. B. Spicer, 28	2030022022222020	-10
H. B. Spencer, 26	0022120202122222	-12
R. Dwyer, 27	1212021222212220	-14
F. Clinton, 27	2022022022220222	-12
J. W. Davis, 27	2222222222020220	-12
G. E. Trent, 28	2212102102120120	-12
C. J. Childs, 27	00222122*1201202	-11
J. E. Hicks, 28	2222222022020222	-12
A. Loudenburg, 27	222222202202*102	-12
E. Werk, 26	200101212021222	-12
J. J. Sheehy, 27	0222122022222022	-11
J. W. Gray, 28	22202022022200211	-11
F. P. Stannard, 27	0022222222022022	-11
H. McMurchy, 30	122222222202*0001	-11
J. W. Ward, 27	0222*2122220122	-13
D. K. Douthett, 27	*21111212121001	-13
G. J. McGraw, 27	020222222222202	-13
E. W. Ardmore, 27	1221222022222102	-11
W. A. Leach, 27	2220022222222220	-13
F. W. Myrick, 27	2022222222222022	-14
J. J. Halliwell, 29	22222222222222*0	-14
C. R. Wilkinson, 28	2222222220220200	-12
A. S. Wold, 27	0212011212220222	-11
T. H. Clay, Jr., 29	2222222222022020	-11
T. J. Fortier, 28	2210020122122212	-11
H. D. Bates, 31	220222222220202	-13
F. M. Berkey, 27	0222212112110100	-12
G. B. Simpkins, 27	22*2222202222002	-12
F. E. Orvis, 28	222022222210222	-13
G. Templin, 27	022022202222200	-11
R. R. Kimball, 29	*22222002222220	-12
Frank, 27	2222220222200222	-12
A. C. Connor, 28	1111222122020222	-14
Indian, 27	20202222222222*2	-13
E. Duncan, 28	110122202120002	-11
H. J. Kaep, 27	2222222022222002	-12
S. Grant, 29	2222222022222001	-12
Rudy, 27	2222222022222000	-11
T. J. Storey, 27	1222222111012002	-13
R. L. Dove, 27	110112210212*10	-12
G. F. Brucker, 27	2222201222220122*2	-15
H. Arp, 27	1220102110112212	-13
H. Middleton, 27	2222222022020212	-13
H. M. Brown, 27	122022200122100	-11
C. Kilgour, 27	2220222222200220	-12
H. Butch, 27	0222222220222202	-13
J. W. Baker, 27	22202212*221*222	-12
T. A. Marshall, 27	212201122220222	-13
C. H. Calhoun, 28	200222222020220	-10
Wenonah, 26	222222222202222	-13
F. L. Goodrich, 27	22222222202222	-13

SCORES OF THOSE WHO SHOT AT 12.

C. R. Stephens, 28	222220020222	-9
J. F. Spatz, 27	022222222200	-9
J. H. Caldwell, 27	222220202220	-9
A. H. Glassner, 27	010111212122	-10
J. Carson, 26	*211221*0222	-10
J. W. Sexton, 27	222201212201	-10
Ed. Fosgard, 26	20220*222022	-8
K. C. 27	22220222020	-9
D. H. Snyder	002001210112	-7
W. Mattox, 28	222022222000	-8
G. C. Beck, 27	021012121220	-9
C. Gossett, 26	0222*222202	-9
E. Haier, 28	222022222022	-12
O. Feudner, 28	222022220002	-8
J. O'Brien, 27	20222220222	-9
J. J. Rooney, 27	20222220002	-7

Farmer Burke, 28	2222222220220	-10
H. C. Goebel, 27	220222221002	-9
J. Hubbard, 27	222022222020	-9
Chick Ross, 27	222222222200	-10
W. H. Hillian, 27	21220*022112	-9
M. Daily, 27	220202022002	-8
E. Bero, Jr., 27	222201220002	-8
J. A. Lane, 28	22222222*0*2	-8
C. Dixon, 27	2222*2200220	-9
J. H. Amberg, 28	22222011*202	-9
Arkansas Traveller, 28	222222202020	-8
B. J. Means, 27	012220222200	-8
J. F. McAuley, 27	222022202020	-7
J. Shaw, 27	220222020220	-8
F. H. Lord, 28	2222022000*2	-7
M. M. Patton, 26	220222220220	-9
W. A. Smith, 27	200122121012	-9
Dr. W. M. Byram, 26	101002111021	-8
F. E. Rodgers, 28	0122*2220212	-9
B. H. Norton, 27	202220020112	-8
H. M. Dyer, 27	221022210011	-9
W. Warren, 27	012022020222	-8
H. E. Sherman, 27	220200122220	-7
C. Stevens, 26	121202102020	-8
J. Burmister, 27	202222220220	-9
G. Stevenson, Jr., 26	2021022202*2	-8
R. Merrill, 30	222221022010	-9
F. C. Merrill, 28	022022202020	-7
M. J. Smith, 27	21220220*022	-8
A. Frank, 28	2202222220*0	-8
I. H. Troch, 27	01121110000	-7
C. M. Powers, 30	222202220010	-8
A. W. Kirby, 28	112200110200	-7
C. Von Lengerke, 28	2222022202*2	-9
O. C. Bottger, 27	222022220222	-9

SCORES OF THOSE WHO SHOT AT 8.

F. J. Smith, 27	02220010	-4
T. A. Marshall, 31	22022220	-6
A. W. du Bray, 28	*2222001	-5
G. Burnside, 29	0220*011	-5
D. R. Tripp, 27	02000211	-4
A. D. Long, 27	22200100	-4
G. W. Stockwell, 27	02201210	-5
P. Bekcart, 27	1022*022	-5
R. Kuss, 28	22022220	-6
E. R. Schlosser, 27	02001111	-7
E. Emmers, 28	22202220	-5
F. S. Crabill, 28	22200220	-5
J. O'Neil, 27	02202220	-5
E. S. Rice, 26	22121000	-5
M. G. 28	22202022	-5
W. J. Buzby, 27	22200111	-6
T. B. Ware, 27	*2212020	-5
T. W. Kearns, 26	01120120	-5
J. P. Flownoy, 27	01022002	-4
E. L. Wetzig, 27	12200001	-4
J. P. Leggett, 27	022120*2	-5
W. F. Meidroth, 28	02222200	-5
C. W. Budd, 30	20122220	-6
J. C. Small, 26	22110002	-5
D. J. Kimble, 27	00200000	-1
R. Anthony, 26	20022200	-4
W. P. Markle, 27	00120200	-3
S. Redman, 27	02012011	-5
J. J. Hardin, 28	02122022	-6
H. B. Money, 30	22022200	-5
E. H. Tripp, 28	20202222	-6
H. M. Rossbach, 28	22202002	-2
H. C. Dorton, 28	00200020	-2
L. T. Crisman, 28	22220202	-6
J. Watson, 26	12022001	-4
Lone Jack, 27	0*111002	-4
B. O. Running, 27	11020022	-5
C. E. Foster, 27	02220220	-6
Billy Allen, 28	20102220	-5
C. Thompson, 27	01002102	-5
W. C. Deal, 27	02222200	-5

SCORES OF THOSE WHO SHOT AT 4.

C. E. Geikler, Jr., 27	0002	-1
D. G. Gorden, 26	2002	-2
F. C. Peck, 27	0202	-2
J. T. Page, 27	2000	-1
W. L. Moore, 26	0000	-0

The Shoot-Off.

Interest which was languid or scattered about became alert and concentrated as the 25 bird race drew to a close on Friday afternoon. As the contestants shot at their last bird, cheer after cheer greeted successful effort, for the 25th bird, to a man who needs it to make a straight score or who needs it to be in the money, is a bird of value, one to test such man's nerve and to affect his fortune. After that ordeal was over, there were 33 contestants with straight scores.

It was decided that the shoot-off would take place at No. 3 set of traps, and toward them, long before the shoot-off took place, there was a general movement of men, women and children, until it was at length a true swarming. The irregular surface and seats made a cramped, crowded, contorted mass of humanity, still everyone seemed to be good natured. There was a squad of police present to assist, but Manager Shaner was the active agent in getting chaos into order. The spectators, a dense mass of hundreds, backed the traps many deep, extending in heavy wings right and left in the overflow. The left wing of spectators extended some forty or fifty yards off beyond the dead line. Kansas City was strongly in evidence as a city which could give a great shoot in itself, and could also bring out an army of people keenly interested in seeing it, not forgetting, however, that Kansas City for the time being was the rallying point and exponent of the great West.

It required some moments of diligent effort on the part of Manager Shaner to get the crowd at the dead line properly placed, the contestants in line, and the press properly seated, and everything else in general and particular steadied down for the final effort. The roll of the straight score contestants was called, they were photographed in a group, after which all was ready. Mr. H. S. McDonald, of Omaha, refereed the final, and in passing it is but fair to say that he filled the office admirably. His decisions were pleasingly prompt and correct. He manifested a thorough knowledge of the rules, excellent judgment in applying them, and the utmost fairness toward all.

There was no wind, but there was a chilling rawness, most uncomfortable to the inactive spectators.

As to the birds, many of them took wing reluctantly or not at all, and there were constant interruptions caused by birds escaping from the traps, No. 2 in particular being prolific of such deliveries.

Of the thirty-three contestants, all but two passed the first round safely, the two who retired being J. Kaintuck and Eugenia, each of whom slipped up on a left quartering driver of the swiftly glimmering kind. There were then 31 left marching on toward victory. The second round brought disaster to a local man, W. H. Herman, who drew a hot left quartering driver; to S. Glover, who drew a right quartering driver; to W. W. Turner; to Ed. Banks, who drew a curving driver which died out of bounds; to these four the tie lost none of its interest. Everything at this juncture indicated that the finish would be long drawn out, all the contestants displaying excellent form.

The third round brought a stay to three good men, Crosby, one of the scratch men, had a nimble bird of the driver brand which started for the boundary in a merry mood and escaped into the ether. Adams and Avery each drew left quartering drivers which were representative of freedom. Avery's left dead out. All passed safely through the fourth round, save H. B. Hill, who drew a bird which flipped up, settled on the ground, and then dexterously went out of bounds in a sort of shadowy yet purposeful manner. Mr. Hill's number was 13.

The fifth round had some negative properties in respect to the trophy. Mr. Hood Waters, who was shooting in excellent form, drew a hard, corned left-curving quarterer, which went out of bounds and died a death which occurred in the right way but in the wrong place. J. H. Holmes drew a bird of bad steering qualities, for going at lightning speed it twisted right and left, and twisted out of a load of shot each time. This was a genuine case of hard luck, and was a case in which any man was likely to be among the retired.

There were 21 in for the sixth round, and all went through without disaster, though some had very hard birds, while others had very easy ones. This was but a respite, however, for troubles soon began thereafter.

The seventh round added five to the band of martyrs whose numbers were growing. Eddie Bingham drew a hot blue twisting driver, which was out of bounds in about three flaps of its wings.

T. F. Dockson drew a bird which curved from No. 5 outward and onward toward the left and was a true bird of freedom. Water-town Kid drew a slippery curving right quarterer. B-27 had a straight driver which was illustrating the shortest distance between two points. J. H. Boisseau drew a fair sort of a left quartering driver, the result of which was that a number of people looked pleased; for were not the others nearer to the trophy? There were 16 in for the next round.

The eighth round retired T. B. Nichols, the reason for it being a left driver with an inclination to wander.

The ninth round was without any hint of dismissal to any aspirant.

A right quarterer punctured H. E. Boltenstern's progress with a final stop in the 10th round, at the conclusion of which Mr. Shaner announced that the continuation of the shoot-off would take place at 9 o'clock the next morning.

The tie was resumed on Saturday under most favorable auspices for good competition. The weather was clear and pleasant. There was a gusty, strong southwest wind blowing, which seemed to be of a kind prolific in goose eggs and quick action in settling the ownership of the trophy. Mr. Shaner, the embodiment of energy and action, was quickly completing the preliminary arrangements for the shoot-off. No. 2 set of traps was chosen for the conclusion, as the wind then would be about a 6 o'clock wind, hence would tend to make swift drivers.

Every one predicted a short finish, under the windy weather conditions. There was a goodly crowd on the grounds early, but it seemed as if the great crowd of the previous day would be absent at the final. However, as the hour approached, car after car, heavily loaded, made heavy accessions to the spectators in a few minutes, and when the competition began there again was a vast assemblage to witness it. Again Manager Shaner had much of a task to get the spectators from crowding the contestants and the dead line. He also saw that the members of the press were comfortably and advantageously seated, and it may not be out of place to here state that notwithstanding his exacting duties, the members of the press are indebted to him for uniform courtesy and favor throughout the tournament. His thoughtfulness did much to assist them in their labors, whether in the way of furnishing scores and information, or in putting them in

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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When any speak to thee stand up. Say not I have heard it before. Never endeavor to help him out if he tell it not right. Snigger not; never question the Truth of it.—THE SCHOOL OF MANNERS, OR RULES FOR CHILDREN'S BEHAVIOR, 1701.

THE DUTY ON CANADIAN GAME.

We stated the other day in reply to a correspondent, who had been taxed on a moose head he was bringing home from Canada, that such a duty was provided in the Dingley Law, and the fact having been questioned, we have procured an official statement, which is printed in another column.

The wisdom of a law which imposes a duty on the heads of foreign game is something beyond conjecture. Its natural effect, of course, is to discourage the importation, which means the killing of the game by American sportsmen. But most of us who rightly think that we have reason to deplore the scanty stock of our own moose, are quite content to see the man who is convinced that he must have a moose head, go across the line to get it. A moose killed in Canada means one moose the less killed in this country; and the customs regulations should be framed with a view to encouraging the hunter to seek his head in Ontario and Quebec. As a foolish protective measure, this moose tax provision is on a par with the duty on lumber, which is working for the destruction of our forests. As a game protective expedient the game head duty might well be removed. Mr. Lacey now has before Congress a measure to remedy that provision of the Dingley Law which absolutely prevents the importation of the eggs of game birds. If Mr. Lacey would put in his bill a clause exempting from duty the heads of foreign game, he would add still further to the gratitude American sportsmen already entertain for him for his distinguished service in their behalf.

GENERAL WADE HAMPTON.

THE death of General Wade Hampton last week has a peculiar significance, for it removes the figure that for more than half a century had been most prominent in South Carolina, and who was the type of a class enormously influential for good and high things. Yet this class has now quite disappeared from the public view, not because its members have all passed over to the majority, but because they have been thrust aside by the hurrying, bustling spirit of modern times and a new South.

General Hampton was born in Columbia, South Carolina, in 1818, of one of the wealthiest families of the State. He was reared in that old school which taught the men of his class that they were natural leaders in the community, perhaps its natural rulers. Of this class, a majority felt deeply the grave responsibilities which rested on them, and endeavored to fit themselves for their work. They were studious, thoughtful, honorable, punctilious in their courtesy and careful of the rights of others, whether those others were their equals, or poor white trash, or their bond slaves. Incidentally, of course, they were sportsmen, and took their pleasure with horse and hound and gun and rod.

Of this social condition General Hampton was a type. It is said that at the beginning of the war the Hamptons owned 3,000 slaves, but notwithstanding this, General Hampton opposed the extension of slavery, and believed it a bad thing for master and man alike. At the beginning of the war, General Hampton organized a body of troops known as the Hampton Legion, which he led to frequent victory. He was several times wounded, became the chief cavalry commander of the Confederate troops, and finally Lieutenant-General.

At the close of the war he adapted himself as rapidly as was possible to the new conditions, and devoted himself to helping his people. In due time he was elected

Governor of the State, and afterward sent to the Senate, where he served for twelve years, when, at the age of over seventy, he was swept out of his position by the extraordinary revolution of political sentiment represented by the present Senator Tillman.

Undoubtedly the greatest services performed by General Hampton were those which immediately followed the war, during the so-called reconstruction period, when he did so much to make life easier for his own people. Yet it was no small service to Americans and to the South that during the almost forty years that have elapsed since the war, General Hampton has stood as a splendid example to the Southern youth of what an old-time Southern gentleman should be.

Perhaps there never was a keener or more enthusiastic sportsman than General Hampton, and it is but a few years since, while riding furiously to hounds, his animal fell with him, crushing his foot so that his leg had to be amputated. The younger sportsman, whether of the North or of the South, may profitably study the life and public services of General Hampton and model his conduct on them.

THE SALE OF GROUSE.

OUR latest advices from Albany were that the bill to prohibit the sale of grouse killed in the State was still before the Governor. It is only an expression of the sincere conviction of every thoughtful person cognizant of the actual state of affairs to say that Governor Odell should not hesitate to set his hand to the measure.

The conditions are such as imperatively to demand for the ruffed grouse more protection than it has at present; and the sensible way to give it such needed protection is to remove the agency which is doing more than all others to destroy it. That agency is market-hunting. Close the market, stop the sale, and the stock will recuperate.

This is not theory; it is the actual working of cause and effect, as demonstrated so convincingly in Massachusetts. There, when because of the persistent and unrelenting pursuit by the professional snarers, who took the birds for the Boston market, the supply had reached a low limit, the Commonwealth adopted a three-years' prohibition of the sale of the bird. The effect was manifested in the first season following the operation of the law by a vastly increased supply, and this condition has continued. In many sections of New York, as in the covers referred to by Mr. Wadsworth in another column, the grouse is practically a game bird of the past; and individuals and associations are seeking to make good the void by the importation of the Mongolian pheasant. Whatever may be the character of the new bird, whether or not its presence means the driving out of the grouse, of one thing we are assured—no bird can take the place of the old partridge; nor would grouse shooters willingly exchange the American bird for the imported substitute. Much more sensible than the restocking depleted covers with pheasants would be the adoption of such measures as would assure the perpetuation of the native bird; and the most efficient, certain and speedily effective expedient to accomplish this end is to protect the grouse from the market-hunter. We sincerely trust that the bill passed by the Legislature to secure this end may by Governor Odell's signature become the law.

THE NEW YORK AQUARIUM.

THE bill introduced by the city authorities, authorizing them to make a contract with the New York Zoological Society for the care and management of the New York Aquarium was signed a few days ago by Governor Odell. A meeting of the Board of Managers of the Society was had on Monday last at the office of the president of the Society to consider this subject and decide on the general form of contract to be made with the city. The whole subject was explained in some detail, and Mr. Wilcox, one of the Park Commissioners of the city, addressed the meeting and expressed his satisfaction that the Society had been persuaded to undertake this important work.

This satisfaction will be shared by all who are interested in the public welfare of this city. Such an arrangement as is to be made will take the Aquarium out of politics as wholly as the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the American Museum of Natural History are out of politics, and will result in its being managed with an eye single to the public good, just as those institutions are managed. Their success and the success of the

Zoological Society's park in the Bronx are a sufficient guarantee that the work will be well done.

Until the contract with the city has been signed and the Aquarium formally turned over to the Society, no choice will be made of a director for the Aquarium. It is purposed, however, to secure for this very important position a man thoroughly equipped in all respects not only to manage the institution, but to direct investigation. He is likely to be assisted by an advisory committee, consisting in part of members of the Executive Committee of the New York Zoological Society, and in part of scientific experts who are familiar with aquarium work and with marine and fresh-water life. It is altogether probable, if nothing unforeseen happens, that in the course of time we shall have here in New York, either as a part of the Aquarium, or in connection with it, a biological station which may rival in interest, importance and service to science some of the most noted biological laboratories in the world.

It is interesting to see how rapidly the New York Zoological Society is taking hold of and accepting the responsibility for different forms of work which hitherto have been quite neglected in this city. Its field is a wide one, and it is filling it well.

The Society still needs additional annual members, for it is from a fund made up largely from the dues paid by these annual members that additions are made to its collection of animals. The fee for annual membership is \$10, and all persons interested in the wild life ought to belong to the Society. Its membership is by no means confined to residents of New York, but includes residents of many States of the South and West. Persons desiring to become members of the Society may have application blanks forwarded to them on request to the FOREST AND STREAM.

A NEWFOUNDLAND GAME REFUGE.

THE recent opening of the Newfoundland interior by the construction of a railway, which has made the hunting grounds more easily accessible, and has introduced a greatly increased number of caribou hunters, has prompted a fear that the stock would not suffice for the demands made upon it. A commission was appointed last year to consider the situation and suggest remedial measures, and as a result the Newfoundland Legislature has now provided for an exempt zone where no caribou may be killed. The law reads:

The Governor in Council, upon the recommendation of the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, may define the boundaries of a tract or section of land in this colony along the line of railway from Goose Brook to Grand Lake, extending five miles on either side of the said line of railway, and shall publish such definition of boundaries in the Royal Gazette and one other newspaper published in this colony, and from and after such publication it shall be unlawful for any person to hunt, kill or pursue with intent to kill any caribou at any place within the boundaries so defined.

This is an adoption in Newfoundland of the game refuge system which has proved so efficacious elsewhere, and the same good results secured from other refuges will here be attained.

The inclosing of immense tracts of lands in the North Woods for private parks and game preserves is narrowing the area open to free fishing and hunting to such an extent that some of the guides see, or believe that they see, the time when there will be no open country, and their occupation will be gone. And so they talk much foolish talk, averring that when they can no longer enjoy the unrestricted freedom of the woods they will turn incendiaries and burn up the country in a conflagration of revenge. This is foolish talk, not because such a course might not sate the desire to "get even," but first because the men who indulge in such threats will never carry them out; and second, because instead of harboring such thoughts, these very self-same guides might more profitably be studying to adapt themselves to the changing conditions of the country in which they live, and preparing themselves to make the most of the new opportunities of a livelihood the new conditions will bring to them. It is true that the field of guiding may become restricted; but there will be other occupations quite as congenial and quite as profitable, and therefore quite as much to be desired and prepared for and adopted.

We regret to announce the death of Frank Mason, who was for a number of years connected with the business department of the FOREST AND STREAM.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Through the Parsonage Window.

XII.—Indians! Buffalo!

We had been four days out and were sharply on the watch for buffalo, but as yet had sighted none. It was not expected we should see any between the Republican and Arkansas Rivers, but now that we had turned south and crossed the Arkansas, something might be looked for beyond each rise of ground or in any dip of draw or valley. We had seen the first fresh sign at the crossing of the river—a track not more than a month old. Signs in the form of old trails could be encountered anywhere in the country we had been traversing, but these old trails were deeply worn and remained a characteristic of the country long years after the last buffalo had departed.

It was late in the afternoon of the fifth day, when, rising a low ridge overlooking a small creek and the valley beyond, we sighted two dark objects on the hillside just opposite. Two of us were walking ahead, as was our custom, and motioned for the team to stop while we had a closer inspection. The objects were doubtless buffalo, and by going round a quarter-mile we could cross the main ridge at the head of a small draw which slanted down past the supposed buffalo to the creek. Motioning our teamster to remain hidden below the brow of the ridge, we went back and crossed into the draw and followed on down till we thought we were opposite the buffalo again, and then crept to the top of the ridge and looked over. There were the two objects; but they were ponies and dragged lariats. "White or red?" That was the question we asked each other, expecting no answer. But an answer came, notwithstanding. As we watched two Indians came out of the concealment of a fringe of willows along the creek, and mounting the ponies, rode back to the creek again and under the brow of the hill out of sight. Looking carefully, we thought we could see the top of a teepee down among the willows, but were not sure. Back we went up the draw, as carefully as we had come down, a little ashamed of the retreat, but determined to be on the safe side. We had the drop and meant to keep it if we could.

The expectant countenance of our friend changed woefully when we announced the result of our scout. We had driven a long way without water, and must have some from the creek. So we kept on up the ridge, well under the brow out of sight, for a couple of miles, and then turned into it. We struck the very last pool at the head of the stream, watered our stock, filled our keg and then pulled out for the divide on the other side. In going up we followed the bottom of a draw, as opposed to our custom of following the divide between the draws. When we had nearly reached the summit and while the ridge on either side was still high enough to conceal our team, we unharnessed and picketed our horses. Just there we should halt until we learned what had become of those Indians.

When we started out I had been an humble camp follower, but now it dawned upon me that I was dictating the entire policy, and the old-timers were following my lead without demur. Back at the settlements they had laughed at me as a tenderfoot, and read me sarcastic lectures as to the right method of doing things; now all was changed. "How shall this be? What shall I do?" were the questions on which I was expected to pass judgment. I smiled as I noted this, but knew that when we reached the haunts of man again my light would go out before the blazing ego of the others. Nevertheless, while we remained on the range I was the virtual, if not acknowledged, leader.

Just above our team was a ledge of rock that cropped out almost at the summit of the ridge. From behind this ledge I could see the whole course of the ravine up which we had come, and also sweep with my eye any of the three ridges which hemmed us in. I smiled again as I noted this, and felt that if the Indians wished to initiate a fuss with us it would be a pleasing diversion.

Our camp was completely concealed from all directions, and I did not believe we had been discovered by the Indians; we were out of the line of travel, even of the buffalo, yet I determined to keep watch the first part of the night, and walking up to the ledge I lay down beside it. The secret of a good fighter is, "Get the drop and keep it as long as there is doubt; if your man proves to be an enemy, shoot quick." This was Wild Bill's way, and if all reports are true, the shooting was often mere wanton murder under the guise of fair fight. When it came his turn to go he went by the same road he had sent so many others.

Another thing which rendered us secure against surprise was our dog. He was a Newfoundland, and not much more than a year old. He was every one's friend and nobody's enemy, yet I believe he did not like Indians very well. He was very acute of ear, and it was next to impossible for man or horse to get near camp without his hearing them. At all he would bark savagely as long as he could only hear and not see them. He would not bite any one, and after barking until they came in sight had often gone out and escorted strangers into camp with a wagging tail. This was his strong point. He never bred animosities, and never barked at anything but man or horse. These were all we feared. White or red, we never wanted men around, unless we had a line on their doings. A horse was sure to be carrying a man; and Colonel never barked at anything else. Wolves might howl all around the camp; he never paid the slightest attention to them. Had he barked at everything, he would have been a nuisance; as it was, he was the best watchdog I ever saw. He gave a sure warning, and left his master to do the rest. At one time he barked persistently, and I went up to the top of the lookout hill, which commanded most of the surrounding country, but could discover no one. I then got a switch and ordered him to "Hush!" but though he cowered and looked wistfully at me, he refused to keep still, and continued to bark at intervals. I thought, certain, that Colonel had gone wrong that time but when, half an hour later, a caravan rolled into sight, he was vindicated. After that what Colonel said went; if he barked, some one was coming,

and no questions asked, and so far as I know he never made a mistake. With Colonel lying beside me in the shadow of the ledge and a bright moon lighting up the prairie in all directions, I felt that surprise was an impossibility, and at length got a blanket and went to sleep, leaving everything to Colonel's nose and ears, even as the others had left all to me. Poor old Colonel! I have missed him more than any other of my companions of the range.

I awoke sometime during the latter part of the night, and did not allow myself to go to sleep again, but from that time until the sun rose over the plains kept a close watch from the ledge. Nothing occurred, however, to rouse my suspicion, and I woke my partners from a sound sleep to keep guard while I went on a scout to try to discover what the redskins were doing. Following along down the ridge and keeping well under over the brow from the enemy's side, until I thought I was about opposite their camp, I lay flat down, crept to the top and peered through a bunch of grass into the valley. I could see where the grass had been trampled down on the creek bank at the margin of a willow thicket, and a couple of abandoned lodge poles lay near; but the Indians were gone. Following on down the stream with my eye, I saw several thin films of smoke rising. Wandering along a distant slope, my somewhat startled gaze fell upon a long thin line winding away up the hillside, like a column of ants marching in single file. Indians! and lots of them. At the head was a long line of horsemen, and then came squaws on foot, driving ponies harnessed between two long poles, the rear ends of which dragged on the ground. On these were lashed various kinds of duffle. I watched them until they disappeared over the divide several miles away, thankful that they had taken a course nearly opposite to ours. When I returned to camp I simply said I had seen the Indians go and made no mention of their great number, being fearful of a back-track movement. We stayed in camp all day and kept a careful watch, going twice to the creek for water, but saw nothing suspicious.

Next morning we again took up the line of march toward the southwest. As we traveled on across the hills I fell to speculating on the probability of our falling in with other bands of Indians. It was not likely that any of them would bother us unless they caught us at a decided disadvantage, of which, however, being on the move as we were, there was some chance. The Indians of the Southwest were never strong on stubborn fighting. They did most of their work of the sort with whoop and hurrah; and with overwhelming numbers and advantages on their side. If the other party got in the first whoop they were likely to be cowed. It was this quality which gave Custer, with his dash, such success in his campaigns against them, and it was this success which led him to think he could do the same thing with the Sioux, which resulted in the terrible disaster on the Little Big Horn.

Judging the future by the past is a mistake in any line. Men who have played safe games for years are likely to go "up against it" some time, full of confidence, only to find it has been "braced" from all sides. New conditions are constantly coming up, and new schemes evolved. The red paint and glitter of yesterday are not sure to catch the crowd to-morrow. Pomp and plumes are all in a circus parade, or even at an inauguration, but have no place in real war, and generally disappear with the army officer of peace times, who has received most of his training in the ball room. Custer's mistake consisted in having made a bluff and won, supposing he could do the same thing again. Disregarding the counsel of his scouts, he charged headlong into a stone wall, simply because the red granite of other times had proved to be only red paint on tissue paper. When it came to a show-down, his weak hand of inferior numbers and raw recruits was badly beaten. A good rule in the game of life is, "Don't bluff all the time"—but this was to be a tale of a buffalo hunt.

I remember I was filled with exultation as we traveled along that morning. We had bested the Indians in the first round; the morning was grandly beautiful, with a soft south wind, and I was brim-full of health and vigor; the realization of a long-cherished dream was just beyond some of those hills. The realization of dreams is always just over a hill, never on our side, but this dream of mine was above the average, and its fulfilment was really there. The chirp of a cricket, the chitter of a lark, was music for me; it was about all the music nature provided for any one in that country, unless indeed it might have been the howl of a wolf at night. A magpie that sprang from its perch on a bleaching skeleton and rose fifty feet in the air, where it hovered and chattered for a few seconds and then dropped back to the identical spot it sprang from, seemed the happiest thing alive.

Where the country was rough, so that we could not see far ahead, I rode in advance on the extra pony, keeping from a quarter to a half-mile to the fore. Where we had high divide ridges to cross, I rode to the top, even further to the front, and surveyed the country, while the wagon was coming up. Topping one of these divides just before noon, a panorama was unrolled, the thrill of seeing which abides with me still. There was a wide valley, in the center of which was a shallow basin of water extending over several thousand acres. I almost unconsciously noted that there were great dark patches of ducks and geese, and great white patches of swans and waders, but the thrill came from the black specks that dotted hillside and level to the south and west. Buffalo! I had tried to imagine my first sight of the great beast ever since first starting out, but I never dreamed of anything so grand as this. The herd extended for miles up the valley, from mere flecks like flies in the distance, to one old bull three hundred yards away, that looked as large as a haystack. I motioned my comrades to leave the team and come up, which they slowly and cautiously did, half-expecting another Indian camp. Their faces had a haunted look as they came slowly to the top, but after they had taken a survey of the valley, the troubled expression left them in a moment, and Ego was king.

"Poor Darby!" said Nathan; "wasn't you afraid setting up here with that old bull so close? If he'd got his eye on you, you'd have been a goner."

That was a joke on me. The buffalo were feeding toward the hills to the west, and as yet were too far

from the breaks to admit of our getting a shot. The only feasible plan seemed to be to wait until they got within easy range of the hills, and then by going round to the west and coming to the top again, the advantage would be ours. But I was temporarily deposed as leader of the expedition. Nathan was a famous buffalo hunter, having been on the range several times before, and Pete was not without his meed of honor, having once run a buffalo down and killed it. In this race Pete had been ahead with the Spencer carbine tucked under his arm pointing to the rear. He was pumping up lead and throwing it backward at random, while the bull was behind, reaching frantically for his coat tails. But the bull never got within reaching distance of his coat tails, even with the tips of his horns, and at length gave it up in disgust and lay down and died. Pete explained this by saying he had previously shot and wounded the buffalo, which had dropped in its tracks, and supposing it dead, he had walked up to it, when it got up, suddenly and charged him. He said he might have shot it, but wanted to see if he could run it down; he had only pumped lead under his arm to aggravate and keep it coming, and that it had finally given up. Pete's nearest and dearest friends told a different story. They said there was no sign of a bullet mark on the bull, but that it had simply got dizzy at the whizz of Peter's legs, as he tossed yawning gaps of space behind, and fell and broke its neck. This was a joke on Pete, and shows why history comes to be so unreliable a mess of flattery and detraction. Here were two eye-witnesses to the same event who told widely divergent stories. The biggest coward yearns to be a hero in the eyes of his fellows; the bigger the coward the bigger the yearn. The man who really does things has no time to prove or disprove statements, and the fellow who has nothing to do but talk usually gets his stories to the fore.

The others laughed at my suggestions as to how to get at the buffalo and said the right way was to break the big bull down and get a stand; that is, to break his spine without killing him, and his bellowing would draw the whole herd to his assistance, when we could shoot enough to make a load. The theory was all right, but the practice was bad. Aside from this, the bull would weigh nearly a ton, and would make a load for any team over the unbroken prairie. To this end they drew bead on the bull, while I was left to get everything ready for the inrush of the scattered herd.

"Get the skinning knives and whetstones out of the wagon," was the order they gave as they stretched themselves on the ground to take aim; but I waited to see what was going to happen. One of them over and the other under estimated the distance. A jet of powdered earth, like a puff of steam, a quarter of a mile beyond the bull, and another jet half-way between showed where the huge slugs struck. Neither came within ten feet of the level of the bull. As the bull rolled off the hunters pumped lead at him with might and main. The old fellow did not seem to be traveling fast, but I noted that the shots all fell to the rear of him; over and under, but always far to the rear. A Spencer rifle ball was a slow traveler, hissing and sputtering through space like a skyrocket, and usually varied six to ten feet in trajectory at four hundred yards.

As the rifles roared and belched, the dark specks in the further distance, one after another, began to roll away until everything in sight was on the move. It was a grand spectacle. Added to the uneven, rolling mass of buffalo, every wildfowl took wing and flocked the upper air as well. It was no ordinary flight of wildfowl, but one among the greatest I have ever seen. As they rose and spread they seemed to fill the entire heavens with a moving mass of dotted lines. It was enough to make one dizzy, this turning and twisting above and rolling and tossing below.

When the thrall of the splendid spectacle broke, I noted that the bull was still going, and our stand rapidly developing into a stampede, with no chance of stopping it. I resolved to try one shot, though, and turned the old half-breed Sharps loose. I aimed high and well ahead, but the shot went nearly as wild as any of the others, as, indeed, the range was too great for anything more than a mere guess thrown into the immensity of space. The course of the buffalo was nearly at right angles to our position, and as I saw them approaching the breaks of the hills, I bethought me of the pony, and mounting I rode off at full speed, keeping behind the comb of the divide. I kept this up for nearly two miles, and then the first buffalo appeared on the crest of the hill ahead. At this I dismounted, for I had no idea of shooting from horseback; it was hard enough work for me to keep that old half-breed twelve-pounder from beating the life out of my pony as we galloped along. Leaving the pony and creeping to the summit, I saw that the supreme moment was at hand. Most of the herd was still beyond, but the great bull the others had opened on was coming up the slope in a line that could bring him to the top of the divide only a hundred yards away.

The bull paused on the crest just long enough for me to get a good bead. Almost before the smoke cleared I saw a crimson spot on his side just where I had thought was the proper place to aim. A sharp spat and seeming groan of despair from the bull told of the awful impact of the bullet on his ribs, and then he wheeled abruptly to the left and rolled away. Knowing I had hit fair I sat still and watched, expecting him to fall at any moment; but he held on his course, growing smaller and smaller until he disappeared, a mere speck in the distance, over a hill more than a mile away.

Then I mounted again and followed after. When I reached the crest of the hill over which he had disappeared, I saw him lying at the brink of a pool of water in the gully at the foot. I noticed, too, several large, dead cottonwood trees and a number of smaller ones; enough to furnish a camp in fuel all winter. A good place for an out-of-the-way winter camp. The bull was not dead, as I saw by a movement of the head, and getting off the pony I walked up to within ten steps of him and placed a second bullet at the butt of his ear. That settled it, and the head dropped, offering about as much resistance to the majestic force of that slug as a sheet of paper would to a common rifle ball. I skirted the margin of the pond and found the fine spring that fed it. I also found it was only a small pond of about an acre in extent, with no outlet. Just the place, in fact, that I

was looking for. There was a grove of tall young willows at the foot of a steep bank. Here I would build the camp.

Having settled that much, I got the pony and rode back to meet the wagon. The others were submissive again and willing to fall in with any scheme I might offer. It took all three of us from an hour before sundown until pitch dark to skin the buffalo and dress the meat, something which had to be done in order to let it cool off during the night.

In the morning my companions were to start back for the settlements. While we had been dressing the meat they chaffed me considerably over the great "scratch" I had made in killing the bull, and ended by suggesting that they had themselves killed it, and that I had only followed on and found it dead. As I said nothing in rebuttal, they had lost most of their gloom and were quite companionable again by the time we were ready to roll into our blankets. In the morning they started early with their load, leaving me an ax, a spade and a scythe with which to construct the camp. I also kept Colonel and the pony for my companions. Although it had taken six days to come out, we expected that by steady going and a straight course the round trip could be made in five.

E. P. JAKUES.

Mrs. Bob White's Story.

THE first balm of spring was in the air, the trees were putting forth their tender leaves, and the dreary brownish gray of the earth was rapidly changing to a vernal tint.

In a corner of a field where the April sun shone bright and warm, Bob White and Mrs. White sat basking and happy. They had just been married, and were on their honeymoon.

"Sit a little closer, dear," said Bob.

"Gr-r-roo!" gurgled Mrs. White, edging up as close as she could.

Then they caressed for awhile and relapsed into a state of blissful quiescence.

Presently Mrs. White, who appeared to have been indulging in a reverie or retrospect, observed, as if half to herself:

"It hardly seemed possible that I should live to enjoy this day. What perils I have passed through! I shudder to think of them."

"Me, too," said Bob, with half-closed eyes. "But let us forget 'em."

"Oh, I never, never can," cried Mrs. White.

"Well, perhaps it will relieve your mind to tell 'em," said Bob, complacently. "If so, go ahead."

"Thanks, dear," said Mrs. White, who hated to be silent. "But you are sure I won't be boring you?"

"Oh, no," said Bob, without opening his eyes, "not at all."

"Thanks, dear," Mrs. White repeated; "I am sure you are just the sweetest—"

"Go on," said Bob.

Mrs. White then began as follows:

"Well, then, you see there were eight of us, papa and mamma included. We were a happy family, as families go. To be sure, papa and mamma sometimes had their 'spats,' and we children used to wrangle and peck at one another occasionally, but these things happen in every family, and do not interrupt the current of true affection—do they, dear?"

Bob said he supposed not, with a superior philosophical air.

"While we were little—we children, I mean," Mrs. White continued, "the weather was lovely, and we had plenty to eat. Our home was on the edge of a wood where the grass grew high, and there were lots of seeds. One day a horrid animal with a big bushy tail (mamma called it a fox) pounced on baby, who had wandered too far from the nest, and carried her off. Mamma's grief was something terrible to see, and she resolved to leave that unlucky place. Papa opposed the idea, saying that there was no luck about baby's being carried off, and that carelessness was as likely to lead to trouble in one place as another. But mamma would not listen to him, insisted that the place was unlucky, and so for peace sake papa let her have her way. Well, we moved into the next field, and here we were very well off for awhile, and we children grew bigger and bigger. It wasn't long until we were as big as papa and mamma, and then we took it into our heads that we knew more than they did, and used to argue with and laugh at them. One day after we had conducted ourselves worse than usual, we heard a dreadful noise, which scared us half to death, and we felt that a judgment was going to fall on us for our wickedness. Papa and mamma were scared too, but not so much as we were, and retained their presence of mind, for they ran quickly to cover. We followed them, of course, and there we all lay for awhile in a terrible state of apprehension. All of a sudden a great red animal came and stood over us, looking as if he were going to spring. Imagine our feelings, Bob! We looked at papa and mamma with despairing eyes, and they looked at us. Then papa gave a sign and we all sprang up, but were in such a panic that we flew in different directions. Immediately that terrible noise filled our ears again, but this time it was much nearer than before, and I saw poor papa and one of my brothers fall. I didn't fly far, and when I lit on the ground I ran under a log and lay there panting, and expecting every moment would be my last. Again and again that terrible noise filled my ears, but it seemed to be further away every time, and I began to hope that I should escape. I lay in my place of concealment until evening, when I heard mamma call. Oh, how sweet was the sound of her voice and how grateful I felt that she had escaped! It didn't take long for me to join her, you may be sure. There she was overwhelmed with grief and anxiety. Oh, dear me, such a sight! I did what I could to console her, and was assisted by three of my brothers and sisters, who had also escaped, but she seemed disconsolate on account of poor papa's loss. However, she became more resigned during the night, slept some, and next day was quite hopeful. 'Poor papa!' I heard her mutter, 'he wasn't a bad sort, but after all there are others!' To be sure, Bob, dear, I'd never say anything like that if I were to lose you—"

"Oh, of course not," said Bob. "Go on!"

"Well, mamma feeling now that she had all the care of us children hanging on herself alone, took us to a wood

for greater safety. Here as we lay thinking of the terrible events of the day before, we heard a movement among the branches of the wood, and looking up saw three men enter. We children were for immediately taking flight, being very nervous, but mamma said: 'For pity's sake keep still!' Then she took to observing the men. One of them was quite big and the other two short and stout. 'The two stout ones look harmless,' said mamma, who, of course, had great experience, being three years old, 'but I don't like the looks of the big one. However, keep still!' Just then another man appeared, a lean, sallow one, and an awful row broke out between him and one of the stout men. The latter's expressions were something dreadful—so much so that the lean man said he wouldn't stand them, and went off in a huff. 'Children!' exclaimed mamma in an excited whisper, 'we're saved! Do you see that man going off there? That's a guide, and those three fellows he's left can't find their noses without him.' 'Twas true. After the guide had gone the three tenderfeet looked blankly about them; then indulged in some more bad language at the expense of the guide and took their departure sadly from the wood.

"Well, to make a long story short, almost every day had its exciting episodes. Two more of us were killed, and then we took up with another family of Whites—cousins. It wasn't long before our new party got thinned out, alas, but mamma and I always escaped as if by a miracle. Oh, those horrid gunners! Have they no hearts? Do they never think that what is sport to them is death to us? For whole months they continued to blaze away at us, day after day. Life for us was made all the harder as the weather grew terribly cold and food was hard to get. At night, no matter how closely we huddled together, we would be almost frozen stiff. And one night—oh, when I think of it!—we got covered over with snow, which froze on top. When morning came there we were prisoners, without a morsel to eat. Had it not been for mamma I'm sure I should have perished; but she with her experience began pecking at the frozen surface above, and after untold labor succeeded in making a hole big enough for us to get out. I could continue for hours, Bob, dear, but I fear you are getting a little bored, and besides, we are now married and happy, and what is the use of recalling the miserable past?"

"That's right, my dear," assented Bob, who was of a very practical turn of mind. "Forget it and remember—well, I won't say the 'Maine,' but the main chance."

FRANCIS MOONAN.

A Walk Down South.—XXV.

AT daybreak a bell that would hold half a bushel at the kitchen door clanged. I awakened to find my room-mates stirring, partly dressed by lamp light. I joined the tramping men on the way down stairs to the dining room. The would-be judge was nearly through eating, and had a "good morning" for all. His eyes roved restlessly from face to face, a tinge of anxiety in them. The court days upon which he must do so much were at hand. He was smiling, however. A few minutes later I saw him on the porch looking at the ground. The perpetual smile still lingered, but the wrinkles died away and the eyelashes flickered uneasily. Of ambition and hope he had all a man could safely contain, and here he was at the moment of weakness just before the time when he must grasp aright or fail. His shoulders stiffened, his two hundred odd pounds settled into his shoes and on his heels; with a swagger he came swinging into the sitting room to tell a story, to shake a hand, to be introduced and to draw a local leader to one side for a moment's talk.

Few were on the streets that early, but a large brown saddled mule was hitched to a stub a hundred yards down the street on the far side. It was a large stub with a round broom of branches growing straight up from the various sides, but not very high in proportion to the diameter. Jesse Nichols, in reply to a question, said:

"That's a yellow locust. It makes the best fence posts there are. They'll last forever, I know. I've tried it twice."

He laughed, and a ripple of laughter went round the fireplace. A newcomer didn't understand, so somebody repeated the remark to him. So all laughed again, but the newcomer only smiled. He had news to tell. A deputy sheriff was coming down the road the night before when he was hailed:

"Hello-o-o-o! You Dan Duskin?"

"No-o!"

"All right, go on." The deputy rode on.

Dan Duskin had seen the two Lawson boys in the Jim Wright neighborhood the day before Clint Legere was killed last July. Wright, John Templeton, George Templeton and the Lawson boys were supposed to have done the shooting of Legere. On Sunday morning Wright and Templeton had gone to Dan's house up near Kyles Ford, and told Dan to leave the country. Dan went as fast as he could. The deputy sheriff's story indicated that it was well for Duskin that he was gone. Nobody made any comment on the story, which was told with as little emphasis as possible.

Meantime men came riding into town on horseback. There wasn't a Winchester in sight, but there was an impressive number of overcoats with flowing tails. In the court room some few men were gathered round one of the two stoves. They ceased talking to eye the stranger in knickerbockers with the expression of cornered mud turtles.

At the rear of the room was the judge's bench and two little square tables for associates. In front of these were tables of large size for the lawyers. On these looked down the halo motto:

"Not How Much but How Well."

The seats for the spectators rose on an inclined plane from eight or ten feet from the "fence" to the rear of the room, with a ditch between along which the crowd ebbed and flowed when, at 9:30 o'clock, business began. Judge Campbell—big, burly, red mustached and florid—sat sideways in the chair, wrenched a chew of tobacco from his plug and rapped for attention.

Outside horses were hitched to fences and trees, groups of men from two to fifteen strong talked and discussed. On a hill behind and to the left of the court, horse and mule owners were swapping and selling.

"I can stand right here and see five murderers," a man said to me in a low voice.

"There's George Sutton, who killed his own uncle, and that fellow with a red mustache, long overcoat, with his hands in his pants pockets—there, he's just spit!—he killed three men last 'lection and Jesse Nichols—"

"What?" I said.

"Yes, Nichols. He had a hot 'lection when he was sheriff, and he had to kill a man. That was a good many years ago. Nobody bothers Nichols now." One could see why Nichols was left alone from his bearing; it was that of a man who "minds his own business." He kept his eyes on the ground, he walked straight, with a suggestion of momentum in his stocky figure; he kept his hands in his trousers' pockets; a quiet, slow-moving individual, hidden behind three-inch black whiskers; he spoke in low, unobtrusive tones which were convincing, like his sedate walk. He looked to be the last man who would "get into trouble." But the other men were disgusting. They were stoop-shouldered, lean-checked, lean, lopsy bodied, thick, watery, red mustaches, with little rolls over their sideling gray eyes, and with finger-like chins under thick lips. They had killed in drunken rows, and would probably be killed either from the bushes by friends of the dead, or in rows of similar character. They were not the sort of men to inspire fear.

Every one in sight seemed uneasy and nervous. Each newcomer on muleback saw a hundred faces turned toward him as he came in view. An important witness, the short, fat, shame-faced father of the Lawson boys—any notable caused a perceptible quiver to pass through the gathering. It was the same in the court. A heavy tread, a sharp noise, an exclamation, a raised voice, reared every neck and turned every eye—saying those of the principals, who were beyond the fence. The warm smell of chewed tobacco flowed and drifted in layers—home-grown twist, black, yellow and molasses plug. It was funny to see a long mountaineer lean his open mouth close to the dapper, smooth-shaven prosecuting attorney, whose face showed all the misery that one can show while striving to stop breathing for the while that the mountain man was speaking. But it wasn't funny when oneself was the victim—a victim fearful lest he would offend some "high strung mountain soul."

To me it was a strange crowd, novel in every respect. Poverty-stricken whiskers, weed-like mustaches, broad, stooped shoulders that gave no suggestion of strength, knotty fingers and bunched feet, and a large portion of the eyes animal-like—it was chilling to look upon such coiled humanity.

It is said that these men are the best shots in the world. The stories of their wonderful shooting fill the romances of the United States. But I think that a very few men have by their skill leavened a monstrous lump of mediocrity. Some few of those I saw there looked to be brave, strong, able. They looked as men ought to look, without bravado and without fear. But when the sharp stamp of a foot makes practically every man in hearing duck his head from a hair's breadth to six inches, I don't believe they are the best shots. The man who can make the best shots at gray squirrels, quail, men, and other game, are not of this type. It takes a brave man to be the best shot at game.

I didn't see any shooting at Sneedville of any sort—at game, marks or men. But the nearest I came to it confirms the idea. Marion Legere is a man six feet tall, broad-shouldered, clear blue-eyed, who never was in trouble till he started to prosecute the men who bushwhacked his brother Clint. On Monday afternoon Marion was down by the little red brick jail. Several men were standing round, both friends and foes. A drunken fellow named Baldwin, in an army coat, called Legere names to pick a fight—presumably for a chance to "get rid of him." But Legere took offence quicker than was expected. He drew his brother Clint's .45 Colt's and leveled it, clasped in both hands, at Baldwin, who reached for his own gun. Instantly the partisan on-lookers drew their guns, and half a dozen revolvers were out in a flash. A boy grabbed Baldwin's pistol hand. Legere was one man in a hundred. He did not shoot. "He would not take advantage of a man." So I just missed hearing and probably seeing a mountain battle, for I was only fifty yards away and six steps from a good view of the scene. No arrests were made, though the sheriff was a spectator. Legere is one of the men who could shoot and do it man fashion, sober and in the open.

Three bushwhackers I spoke of awhile ago missed him late in the afternoon at 70 yards eight times, and another man thirty odd times, supposing it to be Legere. These bushwhackers are supposed to have been Jim Wright and John Templeton, who are said to be wonderfully accurate shots. At ten yards with a double-barrel shotgun Templeton missed the Gillam brothers one out of two shots, and then he and Wright failed to add to Enoch's wounds or to hit the brother with any one of the shots in three magazines full. It is said that "they were just trying to scare them."

When the Jones and Greens met on the river ridges six of them shot at on another for twenty minutes and broke one arm. A man named Jackson seized another man's horse by the bridle and shot at the rider six times, missing every shot. The rider then broke the shooter's arm. These are typical incidents.

The shooting from ambush is usually deadly. The method is characteristic. Take the case when the Baward and Sutton feud began. Some boys got cruelly cut. Big John Baward was accused of slashing them by a Sutton. "Big John" was "afear'd" for his life. With four others he went to a log beside the road before daybreak, carrying fried chickens, fruit and biscuit to eat during the day while waiting for the victim. Toward night the victim and another man came along. "Big John" aimed at his body, shot him, then approached, firing as he advanced. He hit and missed several times. When Clint Legere was killed thirty or forty shots were fired. The victim was pierced by eleven bullets.

So far as I could tell, the mountain hunters miss game as often as they do in the Adirondacks. The propensity to tell only of the successful shots is quite as strong, however, as it is elsewhere. But they do make good shots oftener than men who do less hunting, of course. One thing that makes the marvellous stories of all the

mountaineers' shooting seem improbable is the condition of their fire arms. Many of them have supposed that my Colts was new simply because the barrel was clean and greasy. Their revolvers have the nickle rusted off the outside and the grooves inside thick with powder, unlike the weapon one sees on the hips of western bad men.

Being court week the town was crowded. So were the hotels. The three beds in my room had nine men in them. One boy slept on the floor. Of the nine, at least five had been shot at. One was Carpenter. Carpenter had been shot at from ambush by four or six men. He went down with seven projectiles in or through him, four rifle balls. He drew his own revolver then, and by moonlight killed two and wounded one of his assailants, who had mistaken him for another man. The mistake was generally regretted.

Marion Legere was one of my bedmates. We were all abed when the attempt on Marion's life on Saturday and Baldwin were mentioned.

"I'll tell you, boys," Marion said, "things are getting so now that nobody knows who'll be shot at next. There's got to be something done. If they don't hang them for shooting men nobody will be safe."

His voice had the limp in it that a tired man's has. But after the sigh I heard his teeth click.

Tuesday morning there was an inch and a half of snow on the ground, melting. The long mountain to the north presented a curious appearance. The top trees were white with frost, but two-thirds of the way down the ridge the frost was thawed, or had not been. The brown mass below and the sharply marked whitest gray layer above made a memorable scene.

After breakfast several were sitting before the fireplace; I was by a window writing, when a man came in and sat down by the fireplace, slewed his chin around to half face me, then demanded:

"Who are you?"

I didn't realize I was being spoken to and went on writing.

"Who are you?" came the demand. I looked up. The talking at the fireplace had stopped and all eyes were looking more or less at me. The speaker was a dark-skinned, brown-eyed, black-haired and mustached man; short, burly and of active Italian appearance.

I told him my name.

"Where ye from?" sharply.

I closed my note book, turned my chair to face him—wanted time to think—then said "New York" as slowly as possible.

"Whatche doin' yere?"

For the first time on that side trip I didn't answer that question instantly.

"I'm attending to my own business," I replied, as clearly as I could, with a grin that didn't please the questioner, and stopped his further inquiries. He got up and left. I asked later if the shotgun in the corner was loaded. Mrs. Nichols said "yes." "Buckshot?" I inquired. "Yes." I fancy that my feelings at that time were like those of Ace Jones, of which he said: "I knowed that if I got the best main springs put into my gun and pistol, those friends I could trust."

Carpenter followed me up-stairs a few minutes after the talk. He said, when we were alone:

"I didn't like the way that man talked to you." I would not have been "friendless" there in case of difficulty.

He didn't know who the man was, but the fellow was from Jim Wright's country, and I had asked a good many questions about Jim from Jim's friends and enemies, from his wife, who was in town, and his sister, Mrs. Aaron Templeton. I tried to see Jim, and probably would have seen him if his lawyers had been going his way. But all were suspicious of me.

The Lawson boys were brought out to the court room—very pale and very fat they were, unpleasant, low-browed young fellows, whose eyes moved with jerks. The sheriff and two or three deputies accompanied them. They sat in the court seeing every move of the lawyers, almost sure of escaping conviction, and certain not to hang, no matter how guilty they were. A change of venue was granted, so I missed the trial.

That afternoon I got Dick Green's side of the Jones-Green feud, told in a whining voice, and having seen everybody that I could see I felt able to start for Rogersville. That night the room was again crowded. While we were sitting round the stove before going to bed, my questioner came into the room and sat down near me. I turned my chair toward him, put my foot where it would give me purchase for a jump at him, if need be, and watched him without let up. He didn't like the gaze a bit—shifted under it—asked who I said I was; and then left the room. I went to sleep thinking about the long road to Rogersville and its logs and rocks.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

Maple Sugar in Champlain Valley.

ESSEX, N. Y., March 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Just now in coming up the village street from the post office to my house, I noticed a red squirrel hanging back downward on the limb of a maple tree above my head. I stopped a moment and saw that he was greedily licking up the sweet maple sap which ran along the lower side of the limb from a wound made by one of the winter's storms. As I stood and watched him I heard a patter, patter on the leaves, and looking around observed that the sap was dripping to the ground from a score of places in this and other trees, indicating the fact that another good sugar run was on. In the near-by pines and spruces the blackbirds were discussing summer plans, but out in the lake the ice was still groaning and the mountains are still white with snow.

After several very poor seasons, we are at last having a first-class run of maple sap, and maple sugar will be abundant and cheap. The farmer does not profit by these big runs, however, and neither does the average consumer of maple syrup, which is the important part of the crop to the majority of people, the cake sugar output being of minor importance, and the soft sugar going mostly to manufacturers. The man who profits is the maple syrup bottler, who buys the genuine article only for the flavor

and gets bulk and the rich syrupy appearance by the addition of glucose at a cent and three-quarters a pound.

As a commentary on the practice, it is said that the so-called "pine Vermont maple syrup" can be purchased in any State in the Union cheaper than it can be bought in Vermont, where they have a heavy penalty for adulteration. The effect of this law is to force the farmers who are the producers to sell to the bottlers and canners who take good care to get their adulterated product clear of the State before marketing. It isn't safe for the farmers to doctor their own goods. The manufacturers are safe in purchasing stock in farmers' packages, but they will not deal among themselves, for even the spoiled cake sugar turned out by these men is not what it purports to be, and the chances are it contains all the adulterant it will stand.

Glucose is neither sweet nor wholesome, but it has a thick syrupy beauty and greatly improves the naturally thin appearance of genuine maple syrup.

Professor Hallock, of Columbia, once told me that he has visited a glucose factory in Brooklyn where the commercial article is manufactured from rags and street sweepings. Sulphuric acid is the vehicle of conversion, by means of which the cellulose eventually becomes a sugar. Theoretically, the acid is all removed, but for practical purposes enough remains to render the glucose unwholesome. Up here in New York State bee keepers know that to feed it is sure death to their bees. When the honey gives out they winter bees on sugar, but the cheaper glucose kills just about as quickly as any other kind of poison.

The only safe way to get genuine maple sugar or maple syrup, is to purchase directly from the farmer, and while one is about it, it is well to find out a man who has a reputation as a good sugar maker, and who by his care and experience preserves the distinctive, fascinating flavor of this, the simplest and purest of nature's sweets.

J. B. B.

Natural History.

Wild Traits in Domestic Cats.

COMPANION of the home and fireside, the most domestic of animals peculiarly lends itself to observation and analysis, and of such adaptation to introspective inquisition is this study the fruit. Though its views may not command the convictions, it may induce the interested consideration of all who may favor or merely tolerate "the harmless, necessary cat."

While it is difficult, as Darwin shows, to satisfactorily determine the ancestry of the cat, it seems clear that it was a former denizen of grassy plains in a not inclement climate. It lacks the spotted pelt so characteristic of the leopard and other forest cats, a marking that harmonizes more with a background of leaves than with one of grass or shrub stalks. Our panther, only in some localities a forest cat, is not so marked, but then its young have spots, and their absence upon the domestic kitten implies that the present habit of the species is the heritage of ages. So long has that habit been fixed that the cat has ceased to be an expert climber; like a bear it descends a tree backward, and when lofty heights are inadvertently attained, it often fears to descend, and vocalizes its distress unceasingly. Evidence of ancestral lowly life also survives in its disposition, upon the approach of a human being that it fears, to squat motionless upon the ground, thus indicating a former habit of hiding in grass or other cover. Again, when its prey eludes its initial leap, it will actively pursue, not abandoning the chase when so balked as do the larger cats; its speed for short distances being certainly equal to that of most animals of its size. Finally, its habit of patient watchfulness may be accepted as evidence that its prey was largely the burrowing rodents—creatures not usually the denizens of the forest.

Although the identity of the ancestral species of ground cat remains undetermined, divers attributes of its domesticated descendant indicate that it maintained an arduous struggle for existence. Among the foes, great and small, with which this puny creature contended, probably the most deadly was the snake. Both cat and reptile foraged for the same provender, patrolled the same coverts, and the resulting strife must have been the occasion of great feline mortality. Prowling in darkness through dense vegetation, the cat exercised the keenest observation, the most strained attention, watchful, too, it had need to be of enemies other than the dreaded snake as well as of the prey it sought, and thus to kill or be killed was the ever-haunting question of its existence. To such constant tension of the faculties may reasonably be attributed the animal's acute nervous sensibility, sometimes manifested in very marked degree. The writer recalls a highly nervous cat that was accustomed, if startled by a sibilant noise, to leap vertically upward, falling back into its tracks. Not improbably its involuntary movement was due to an awakened ancestral impulse; its remote forbears, in wary prowl, having been accustomed to associate the direful sound with the presence of its mortal enemy. Its upward spring would balk the reptile's forward dart, and flight or combat could then have been the animal's choice.

Protective mimicry, as every reader of Darwin and Wallace knows, is of frequent manifestation in animals; it is thus plausibly urged that the hissing, spitting and associated attitude of the cat is a mimicry of the hostile challenge, and posture of its dreaded foe. Thus the extended and amplified tail is a suggestion of the up-lifted portion of the snake, the huddled body, of the coil, which appearances, with the accompanying hiss, issuing from the concealment of the grass, would tend, especially at night, to impress an enemy with the belief that the encounter was reptilian rather than feline. Animals yield readily to first impressions, and, not being reasoning creatures, act upon them without analysis; thus they are lured to destruction by delusive appearances or imitative calls. Even the wary cat is easily imposed upon. A mother, for instance, may be driven almost frantic by a simulation of the male caterwaul, the alarmed animal's solicitude for its progeny being not unlikely an awakened ancestral apprehension. It may thus be inferred that the Thomas of by-gone ages was sometimes impelled,

like the male tiger and other carnivora, to devour his own offspring, an indulgence that many would be disposed to commend, his one unpardonable sin, the offense that brings obloquy upon his tribe, being his exasperating caterwaul.

The runways of the cat's urban habitat are narrow, necessitating frequent encounters; the character of the resulting vociferation varying with the anger or the prowess of the disputants, sometimes the voice of one, usually a tenor, is dominant, that of the other being heard as a basso interlude. In this case the leading vocalization is that of the aggressive animal, the choleric incident to such primary rôle causing the falsetto, while its calmer opponent, in more passive attitude, responds with "fulminations" "not loud but deep." There are occasions when the wail of the leading peace disturber is a weird suggestion of the human voice, such distressful variation being, perhaps, as much due to the individual quality of the voice as to the degree of anger expressed thereby. It is, however, the outcry of two fiercely enraged animals that occasions the most horrid discord; then ensue the fitful bed-tossings, the smothered imprecation, perhaps an upflung window and a discharge of missiles into darkness, the ferocious human critic not usually being sensible that the voice of his own species, in its extreme manifestation of anger, pain or terror, becomes also painfully harsh and shrill. A large portion of these vocal contests result in a mutually inglorious but gradual retreat, an appearance of precipitation inviting attack, and so, with gentle diminuendo, the performance ends.

The caterwaul may be regarded as a challenge as well as an expression of rage, such as the males of most animals vociferate from greater or less distances. Thus Captain Forsyth describes a male tiger; breathing his defiance at night with "a long wail, like the drawn-out mew of a huge cat," the response of a far-off rival thereupon following, "pitched in a yet deeper tone"; the approaching animals, at intervals, repeating their cries, which, after a prolonged silence, were renewed, apparently upon their meeting, as "outbursts of infernal shrieking and moaning," the latter intermittently hushed, gradually dying away. The trumpetings of defiance with which most rival animals approach each other usually cease upon their meeting, and active proceedings thereupon begin; but the cat's battle cry is reserved for close quarters, and its breath may long fan the faces of the raging disputants without provoking an actual conflict. This unique procedure should find its explanation in the habit of the ancestral animal, which probably restricted itself to the neighborhood of an unchanged abode, as may be inferred from the strong local attachments of its present-day descendants. Over this vicinage it not unlikely assumed, with respect to its own species, a suzerainty, and the invasion of its domain was an overt act, a *casus belli*. The mighty tiger can make his realm reverberate with the volume of his nocturnal challenge, and none, save his kind, will seek to bar his path; but the weakness of his pigmy relative, its multitude of foes, necessitated the utmost guardedness. It was not a far wanderer, it dared not load the winds of night with menaces to unseen rivals; an unceasingly watchful scout, its advance was stealthy and circumspect, giving no tongue until in contact with an antagonist. Accustomed to rear or to secret attack, the determined front and flaming eye of its opponent was disconcerting, and it wrought itself to the requisite pitch by screams that, acting upon its acute nervous sensibility, excited the frenzy of battle, in which respect it is not without human imitators.

The cat's hostile vociferation may, moreover, be, in part, occasioned by the animal's consciousness that it inflicts the suffering it probably endures, for its impressibility is often excessive; some cats are intolerant of shrill noises, of which aversion the writer recalls an instance. One of the family pets was peculiarly sensible of acute sounds, of the treble notes of a piano or other instrument; but particularly of whistling. Its antipathy was at first doubted, inasmuch as it would walk about with gently arched spine, its tail a heavenly index, and, at intervals, rubbing itself against the performer. One day, however, when a particularly stirring march was being piped for the ambulatory cat, it jumped upon the piano and placing its paw upon the whistler's pursed-up lips, effectively blocked the source of an evident annoyance.

Other instances could be given of aversion to such sounds; but, while of only exceptional manifestation, a peculiar sensibility thereto is undoubtedly common to the species. Mice have a very shrill squeak, that emitted during play being often, apparently, beyond the range of the ordinary human ear. Puss' auditory appreciation has, however, kept pace with the evolution of this protective form of chatter, it being a matter of common observation that a seemingly sleeping cat will suddenly and mysteriously rouse itself, go to a distant portion of the room, and squat in watchful scrutiny of the wall. Nevertheless, persons of unimpaired hearing, sitting much nearer the seeming source of the creature's emotion, may remain entirely unconscious of any disturbance of the prevailing quietude.

The cat's coaxing demonstrations, such as were employed by the animal alluded to in its endeavor to induce the cessation of an objectionable noise, are customary incidents of its courtship. Its deportment in this respect is suggestive of that of the turkey and the peacock, and although the ostentation and display are less evident, there is substantially the same measured walk, the same up-lifted banner, and the same posturing and parading. When the cat seeks to please, placate or persuade a human being, it addresses itself just as it does to one of its own species; it endeavors to exhibit itself in its most charming attitudes, to display its curving form, its graceful walk to the utmost advantage, and, finally, like the turkey gobbler, to set forth an impressive narrative. The creature's peculiar habit of rubbing against persons and objects appears to be a smoothing of its fur, a smartening of its appearance, and, as an evidence of a desire to gain favor, the action is comparable with the fop's stroking his mustache, or the coquette's smoothing of her hair, cajoleries of not infrequent resort in the confabulations of the sexes.

The cat's elaborate and painstaking toilet impelled its early Aryan domesticators to give it the name of "mar-

¹This peculiarity seems to have been marked in the catamount or panther; its fearful scream, breaking the nocturnal stillness, was wont to send a thrill of horror through the lone settlements. Thompson's "History of Vermont," Part I., page 37.

²"Highlands of Central India," p. 391.

gara," Sanscrit for "the animal that is always cleaning itself." It has been assumed that its exceptional tidiness is an inheritance from ancestors that secured immunity thereby from noxious vermin; but the most scrupulous cleanliness is no bar to an access of fleas, probably the parasite that is most in evidence. Moreover, such striving should have impelled a resort to bathing, which more efficient protection, although of frequent indulgence with the tiger, is repellant to the lesser cat. This opposition of habit may be largely attributed to the differing character of the two animals' coats, the tiger's bristly hair readily drying after immersion, while the fine and abundant fur of his puny cousin is retentive of moisture. Discomfort is occasioned by the slowly drying pelt, which is left in a rough and unsightly condition, and to this latter circumstance much of the creature's aversion to a wetting is probably due.

In its ancestral state the cat exercised a choice of companionship, and, in its selection of a mate, was, doubtless, influenced by a bright and glossy coat, of which its appreciation was perhaps as keen as is our own of the sheen of silk or satin. Most birds will preen themselves with as much elaboration as cats, and, in all probability, for the same reason. They will carefully oil and adjust each particular feather, so that their plumage appears smooth and shining, whereupon, with conscious pride, they will display themselves to their kind, and to a similar motive may the strenuous feline toilet be reasonably ascribed.

The nature of the cat's original habitat should also have furthered its addiction to toilsome purification. Occupying grassy levels, subject to heavy dews, it probably acquired the habit of giving its wet, tousled and unsightly coat some approach to seemliness by rubbing itself against the most available object. Those that most assiduously endeavored to resume their accustomed sleekness of appearance, were those that were most favored by their critical companions, were those that contributed most to the continuance of the species, and, also, to the impartment of its most notable peculiarity.

The feline habit of scratching at the bottom of trees, posts, table legs, etc., appears also to be an ablutionary operation. The mode adopted is certainly calculated to effect a thorough purification of its claws, a curious feature being the creature's frequent selection of a special post or tree to which it will generally confine itself, often with marked results. Tigers and jaguars will deeply score, with long, vertical fissures, specially selected trees, the practice, in Darwin's opinion,⁴ being resorted to with the object of removing ragged projections from the claws. It would seem as likely, however, to be a sanitary precaution, for in a hot climate the clearance of all putrescent matter from the claws of the primitive animal, their absolute freedom from taint, was a vital necessity, otherwise a simple prick, self-inflicted or otherwise, with probably resulting infection, would obviously have been of great disadvantage to the species.

Cats are generally particolored, and when white is a component marking, it is very rarely found at the tail tip; although in similar case, it usually forms the dog's terminal coloration. An explanation of these antithetical features is afforded by the opposite habits of the two animals, the dog's conspicuous caudal conclusion serving, according to Dr. Robinson, to indicate his whereabouts to his companions; the "wigwag" signals thereby displayed above the tall grass being more perceptible to the scattered members of the pack with a white than with a darker termination. The cat's detached existence involved directly opposite conditions; its prey was stalked in solitary prow. Before launching itself thereupon, its body and the greater portion of its tail become tense; but the creature's nervousness, at such critical time, was manifested in an agitation of the caudal extremity, and thus such movement in a crouching cat is commonly accepted as a "sign of an early spring." It is evident that the involuntary vibration of a white tail tip being, by reason of its greater conspicuousness, more calculated to alarm the intended prey than that of a dark one, would only exceptionally occur. Darwin's allusion to this premonitory oscillation is not explanatory.⁵ Inasmuch as the tail tip in the larger cats is usually a darker portion, the habit is probably common to all of the feline sisterhood, and implies an inheritance from a common ancestor in whom it existed as an extravagant tail lashing; the subsequent modification being the result of a selection of individuals most free from so disadvantageous a habit.

Dr. Robinson's explication, in his "Wild Traits in Tame Animals," of the Dundrearian conundrum, "Why does a dog wag his tail?" while probably correct, has obviously no application to the agitation of the cat's vertebral continuation. With both species, the tail is an emotional exponent; but the proverbial antagonism, or rather, the opposite nature of the cat and dog is, in this instance, of extreme expression; what implies pleasure in the one indicates anger in the other. The cat's nimbleness and agility, its ready maintenance of a seemingly precarious balance, is largely due to the use of its tail, the caudal movement, at critical times, insuring the animal's equipoise. A cat's progress along a fence, affording no footing save the upturned edge of a tongued board, is a series of swayings or tail lashings; the last being compensating movements, or balance restorers. It is not an unreasonable inference, therefore, that an excitation of anger or displeasure, involving a disturbance of emotional equilibrium, should have the same expression as a disturbance of the physical balance. All, however, is speculation and conjecture, for Darwin very properly remarks, "No cause can be assigned, with certainty, for the tail being lashed or curled from side to side."⁶

The cat's curiosity is not improbably the outcome of its former need of constant watchfulness and scrutiny of details. Its inquisitiveness, though not carried to simian extremes, is often amusing. With most cats the advent, in a room that they frequent, of a new piece of furniture or other unusual object, excites this desire for knowledge. The strange object is subjected to a minute inspection, to numerous sniffings; and is felt of by whisker contacts, the long bristles being tactile organs. Such absorption in its surroundings is, however, dependent upon the animal's kind treatment; it must be enabled to look upon the room as its own. Not improbably its wild ancestor was accustomed to familiarize itself with objects

in the immediate vicinity of its abode; and when, at night, it sallied forth, it noted slight disturbances of local features, as possibly due to the vicinage of an enemy or of the prey it sought.

Compared with that of the dog, the cat's appreciation of odors is æsthetic; it delights in the scent of various plant emanations, and may often be seen sniffing leaves, grasses, etc. In its nightly peregrinations its former observation not unlikely included the more marked features of the vegetation through which it passed. Odors, in many cases, must have been indicative of localities; the cat's nocturnal vision, though acute, had need of an associated sense. Moreover, being a reposeful animal, a patient watcher, haunting, within limited areas, coverts varying in plant formation, a familiar acquaintance with their emanations was unavoidable. The dog, on the contrary, by reason of his jackal ancestry, delights in foul animal odors, and reeking with carrion, will seek to share his olfactory pleasures with human kind.

In comparison with its canine associate, the cat appears to advantage in another, and not generally admitted, respect—it is apparently less bloodthirsty and cruel. A sheep-killing dog will steal away from its kennel and, visiting a distant fold, will revel in slaughter, like a terrier in a rat pit, or its wild brethren in a herd of deer. A cat lacks the canine delight in killing, its forbearance, however, can not reasonably be attributed to a merciful disposition; but to its instinctive desire to retreat to a place of security with its capture. Such is the habit of the larger cats; and the remotely inherited instinct, even in the security of its home, will, for a few moments, impel the house cat to walk about with its prey in its mouth, as though seeking a proper place of deposit.

The cat's habit of playing with its captive prey is peculiar to the species, none of the larger felidæ, as a rule, being disposed to waste their energies with an unsatisfied appetite, in such a seemingly objectless and ill-timed diversion. A tiger may roll, with gratified appreciation, when his quarry has been duly lodged in his interior department, and after thus returning thanks, will go his ways; like a sensible brute, he acts upon the principle, "business first and pleasure afterward." One royal beast that was observed by a hunter in hiding, was an exception. Evidently not very hungry, he approached a decoy goat tied to a stake, and, discovering its plight, proceeded to gambol about, at times leaping over his terrified victim, and renewing his antics upon the other side, not, however, harming, or even touching, the poor creature until he administered its mercy stroke.

The possession, by a species, of an inherited instinct, implies some associated advantage, either past or present, and, therefore, it is doubtful if the cat worries its captive simply for the pleasure thereby afforded. Of the scores of species of burrowing rodents among which, in its former wild state, it found its subsistence, the majority are bold and courageous; the little lemming, for instance, will face any antagonist, however mighty. Most of these self-assertive species vociferate loudly when handled or touched, and not improbably their outcry would tend to induce the emergence of some of their underground companions. The ancestral cat, therefore, by teasing its prey and provoking its clamor, would assure itself a better subsistence, a more probable survival, and consequently enlarged opportunities of continuing its kind.

Romanes, in his "Animal Intelligence," gives an account of a tomcat using a fledgling as a decoy for the old birds; touching their captive progeny now and then with his paw, whenever it ceased to flutter and cry, so that the parents, which were flying about in great distress, might be induced to come within reach. The eminent naturalist evidently assumed that the animal's action was prompted by a process of intelligent reasoning, and not, as seems probable, by an ancestral instinct.

In the cat's play with a disabled mouse it will usually withdraw a distance and, squatting low, intently watch the cripple's movements. With the ancestral animal this apparent abandonment of its stricken prey was, not unlikely, a further device to lure the companions of its victim from their burrow. A solitary mouse could but scantily minister to the need of a hungry cat, hence its probable employment as a bait for others.

Although grimalkin partakes of many of the characteristics of the tiger or "king of cats," it differs from its sovereign in its appreciation of leisure. Equally agile and active upon occasion, it luxuriates in repose; the tiger, however, is restless, like the leopard, it will pace its cage. The cat's calm, its dignity and deliberation, its abstinence from fussy, fidgetty or unnecessary movement, are incident to its habit of patient watchfulness. The ancestral animal's protracted vigils, its prolonged maintenance of statuesque immobility, while awaiting the emergence of a rodent from its burrow, naturally engendered that philosophic serenity, that snug composure, so characteristic of its descendant.

In his wild state, the dog submitted to the tyranny of recognized superiors to whom he would, on occasion, abjectly cringe and fawn. Thus habituated to subjection, he has humility; he accepts punishment from his master, and servilely licks the chastising hand. The solitary feline hunter of a remote age was, however, a law unto itself; it had its home, its local attachment, its sense of proprietorship in its vicinage, it was independent and self-reliant. Chastisement, therefore, is an affront to the cat's pride, and, if of severity, is deeply resented. If a dog is severely punished, or otherwise hurt, he howls; if in sore pain or fright, he yelps shrilly; his distressful cries, of varying urgency, being far-away echoes of appeals to his associates for assistance. The lone cat, having no such resource, had no such cry; it, therefore, accepts its punishment, or endures its pain, in silence.

Cats are in disfavor with many because they disdain to minister to man's arrogance, to feed his sense of animal sovereignty, his lordship over creation. Just as ages of tyranny have induced in the dog a cringing servitude, so, too, it is possible that in the course of indefinite time man's arbitrary control may mould the feline disposition to humility and slavish subservience. Those, however, who esteem the cat's self-respecting pride, with its associated cleanliness, daintiness and elevated sensibility, who admire a dignity asserted without arrogance, a spirit and an independence reflected in an aristocratic bearing, and a manifestation of grace and elegance in every attitude of movement or of repose, will wish that the day of its abasement may never dawn.

A. H. GOURAUD.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Field Columbian Museum.

THE annual report of the Director to the Board of Trustees of the Field Columbian Museum for the year 1900 and 1901 is just out. It is a handsome volume of eighty pages, copiously illustrated by beautiful half-tones of many interesting objects.

The year has been a successful one for the museum. The lecture course was kept up from October to April, and there have been additions to the collections in many directions. Of these a large number are in ethnology, and others in zoology, botany and geology. The field expeditions, for which the museum has been so noted, have been continued, and with very great success. The work of installation and of cataloguing and labeling continues, and very much has been done in the way of displaying some of the museum's specimens of gigantic vertebrate fossils.

The illustrations show the methods of mounting and displaying the collections. A notable example of admirable taxidermy is the group of African wart hogs which faces page 39. List of gifts and other accessions make up the remainder of a very interesting paper.

An Odd Muskrat.

WEST ROXBURY, Mass., April 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Recently I caught a muskrat, the like of which I never saw before. The back and top of the head were black, while the belly was darker than usual, but the underparts of the hind legs were a beautiful creamy color.

I asked several persons if they had ever seen one like it and they said no. Perhaps some of your readers can inform me whether this is at all common.

MUSKODOSA.

[Probably a partial albino muskrat.]

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in *FOREST AND STREAM*.

Hunting the Blue Quail.

WE had been penetrating for an hour a vast tangle of fifty varieties of prickly pear, cat-claw, mesquite, huisache and such shrubs, a tangle so thick and interwoven that a cotton-tail must exert his wits to have gotten through, when suddenly I was warned by a rapid, sullen whirr, like the sound of a sewing machine as it runs down.

"Jump!" exclaimed Sandy, suiting his own action to his words with surprising agility for a cowpuncher afoot.

I jumped. I had heard the whirring sound before, though not amid the chapparal of southwestern Texas. The rattlesnake is a chivalrous foe, and always gives warning of its intended attack; but its lightning-like lunge is apt to follow immediately on the shivery buzz with which it heralds its anger.

At the same instant, too, there was a commotion ahead, a blue cloud shot up into the air like a puff of smoke from a hidden mortar, and both our guns spoke.

"Missed!" growled Sandy, ruefully. "Did you get one, pardner?"

"I got the rattler," I replied, kicking the writhing body of the headless reptile to one side. But I could no more have shot one of those darting streaks of blue than I could have bagged the flash of a sunbeam!

Sandy cursed the rattler. He didn't pay them any particular attention, except to jump when one sprung its rattle; but as a measure of safety the sensible man, bagging quails in the chapparal or amid the cactus, will wear heavy leggings reaching to his knees. It is seldom that the rattlesnake strikes higher, although it has been known to puncture a tall man square in his breast.

The eastern border of the territory of the blue, or Mexican, quail, as far as Texas is concerned, is pretty sharply defined by the Nueces River, which runs a generally southeastern course, some one hundred miles from the Rio Grande, and in the main parallel with it. It is not much hunted by man on account of the difficulty of getting at it. Owing to its fecundity it would swarm in millions over all the country which it favors but for the fact that western Texas is singularly populous with destructive animals, and they are cunning and determined enough to keep the blue quail hordes within proper bounds.

The quail hunter who is used to the wide, brown fields and straight flying birds of the more settled parts of the country, has little appreciation of the difference between that hunting and this. It is a characteristic of the ordinary brown quail bred always within the sound of human industry, that it will fly as straight as a chalk line when flushed, unless some obstacle intervenes. It is a characteristic of the quail bred in semi-solitudes that its flight is always more eccentric, as well as stronger, than that of its more civilized cousin. This is an especial characteristic of the blue quail, and it is apt to develop as much zig-zag in the air as a streak of forked lightning, and is about as easy to shoot for the uninitiated. It never flies so crooked as the snipe, but it never flies a straight course, and invariably there is some sort of a swing to it, which aids it in escaping shot, while its swiftness is phenomenal.

The hunter who gets his one bird out of two all day long must be able to shoot within one second of the first sound of the buzzing roar which follows the upspringing of the quarry. No time is afforded to get the bird exactly on the end of the barrel and hold it there while enjoying the pleasurable anticipation of a certain killing. That man kills blue quails most who keeps both eyes wide open, looks only at the whirring target, and never sees the gun barrels at all.

Quick powder, a calm gaze at the mark, and the habit of pressing the trigger as soon as the gun butt is firmly against the shoulder, will do much to help a man along. A straight stocked weapon is the only kind to use, because the blue quail when it flushes will spring to a height of fifteen feet, and will often go twice as high straight up in the air. Its spread of wing and its strong muscles shoot its body skyward like a rocket. It is often the

³"Max Muller's Lectures," I., 419.

⁴"Voyage of the Beagle," p. 126.

⁵"Origin of the Species," Vol. I., p. 254; also "Expression of the Emotions," p. 126.

⁶"Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals," p. 126.

case, too, that a bevy, flushing twenty or twenty-five yards away, will whirl so swiftly into the air that they seem to be standing on their tails, and will dart straight backward over the hunter's head, doing it all in less than a second.

By the time he has turned about the bevy will be fifty yards away, a buzzing blue swarm, waving heavily from side to side, like a jacksnipe, but traveling three times as fast as the jacksnipe ever thought of going.

These blue quail are the most difficult targets of any of the gallinaceous family for other reasons, too. The color is much in the favor of the birds. They are found only in the chapparal, and the dark green surface over which they skim makes them even harder to distinguish.

The bird is larger than the brown quail, somewhat lighter in body proportionately, and has a greater wing spread which aids in its terrific speed. Its method of using its wings is identical with that of other members of the tribe. That is, it makes the same buzzing roar, only of greater volume. The slightest depression of a pinion, accompanied by a shift of the tail and head, will send it darting almost at right angles to its course.

The blue quail, like the black-breasted quail of the hills, cares nothing at all for the neighborhood of man. There are plenty of fields in this part of Texas of corn, oats and peas, but they are inhabited by the brown quail only. The blue quail is never seen in them, breeding and living altogether in the chapparal, and the thicker the growth the better it is suited.

All gallinaceous birds are swift of foot, but in proportion to its size this blue quail is the swiftest thing on two legs. They never hop, of course, but run like a man, placing one foot before the other. It is not especially long legged, but carries a good deal of weight in the shape of a plump breast and broad back, but on moderately clear ground, unless sufficiently frightened to take to its wings, its pace is remarkable. So great is its running speed that it will lie to a dog only on rare occasions. Consequently in hunting it a pointer of great staunchness, which will come down on a scent and hold it until called off, is of no use at all. While he is "pointing" the bevy will be fifty yards away and speeding like the wind.

Nearly all pointers, when used against one kind of game, come in a little while to know all of its peculiarities, and they set their wits against the wits of the quarry. A pointer that made a business of heading off brown quail, huddling them and holding them huddled until its master's arrival, would be something of a curiosity in the East; but such a dog is common enough where the blue quail are found. I have seen a dog on striking the scent of a bevy, follow cautiously until it knew the birds were running, and then dash off to one side at full speed, making a half circle, and thus getting in front of the quarry, and there holding them until the hunter drew near enough to flush the birds.

It will readily be seen, therefore, that hunting blue quail on foot is desperately fatiguing. Any man who hopes to get a respectable bag must go at a rapid walk nearly all day. When his dog shows signs that the birds are near, the animal must be urged forward with all speed, and the hunter must keep up with the dog, ready for the birds when they spring up, which they usually do in moderately open cover when the pursuers have approached within twenty yards.

The distance at which they flush must be added to the swiftness and eccentricity of their flight as a factor in making uncertain the result of shooting. Because of the active life it leads the bird has a great deal of vitality, and will stand a lot of killing. It carries, too, a thick coat of feathers so tough that those on the breast will check shot at sixty yards. A charge which would prove ordinarily fatal against brown quail is much too light for blue quail shooting. Better results are obtained from No. 6 driven by three and a half drams of quick powder in a 12 gauge gun, though some old hunters of the blue quail prefer No. 4's.

There is no really good reason why the blue quail should be called a quail at all, though the naturalists have so classified it. It partakes, indeed, much more of the character of a diminutive pheasant, not only in the brilliance of its feathers, but in its contour and long tail. Whatever its family, however, there is no question that it is truly gallinaceous, having among other attributes the usual inability of that great tribe to find its way out of a trap once it has walked into one. Knowing this, the Greasers of this section of Texas, who never use a shotgun, catch numbers of them by building small pens, like the turkey traps of the southern States, and baiting them with maize.

As previously said, the numbers of the blue quail are kept down more by its comrades in the chapparal than by man. The rattlers consider the bird a tidbit. The bob-tailed cat, the long-tailed cat, the leopard cat, the fox, the coyote, the brush wolf, the raccoon, are all its sworn enemies, while there are not less than twenty varieties of hawk in this region, to say nothing of owls galore. Against most of the winged foes the quail is protected by the tangle of undergrowth in which it lives; but there are at least two kinds of hawk that are not above lighting on the ground and pursuing the quail stealthily through the chapparal until the bevy is in an open space; and as for the owls, they hunt after dark almost as much on foot as on the wing. The eggs of the quail, too, are subject to destruction by snakes, mice, and kangaroo rats.

To the ornithologist the blue quail seems to be a very desirable bird, indeed, because of the beauty of its plumage. It is one of the handsomest of American feathered things, both in grace of outline and in coloring. It is taller than the ordinary quail, and its back is much broader; yet because of its length of tail it seems a slender fowl when running from the observer. The back is of a peculiar slaty blue—a delicate hue, yet intense—while the breast is beautifully mottled in black and white, and about the side feathers there lingers a suspicion of iris similar to that of the burnished dove.

Altogether the blue quail is about one-fourth larger than its more sober brown cousin, and its flesh, when cooked, is exactly similar, having the same fine texture and snow-white breast meat. It is rather silent, perhaps having learned through centuries of dwelling in the deadly chapparal that it is best not to cry "Bob White!" as the brown quail does when mating, or to utter the continuous whistle which is the assembly note of the latter. Its

only call is a faint, querulous cheep, which it makes sometimes when scattered in the undergrowth and anxious for a family reunion. W. BERT FOSTER.

On the Pacific Coast.

NORDHOFF, Cal., April 8.—Only five inches of rain had fallen here previous to Groundhog Day, and the outlook for good hunting and fishing next season had become ominous, as these could only follow a comparatively wet winter that would grow forage and replenish the streams, but during March the record has been brought up to seventeen inches for the season, which is a little better than last year. An acquaintance who has lived here a long while had told me that no two seasons are just alike and one can hope for the best to the end of May. Now the fields are green and the brooks full; California is a pretty country in which to live.

The six forest reservations of this State, the San Gabriel, San Jacinto, Trabuco, Zaca Lake, San Bernardino and Santa Ynez, which are likely to become game preserves at some time and must be of interest to all hunters, the manzanita or other brush restored on many of the hills by careful supervision of government in preventing fire, larger growth saved from lumbermen, quickly showed the good effect of recent drenching. Many of the barrens have been seeded with timber. Some of the pines five years old bear cones. *Pinus tuberculata* and Torrey pine are deemed the most feasible. *Tuberculata* incloses some of its cones with wood and thus renders them indestructible by fire. The past winter has been a season of especial effort. Planting the seed, which is accomplished by means of common pipe with sharp edge at one end, and handle at the other, being mostly over desolate mountain, is considered a wearisome job, and so lonely.

Recent snow in the mountains drove large game to the valleys. Though our local mountain lion, a huge brute that has been seen in the Ojai Valley this winter, a cause for perturbation to those of us who sleep in tents, has not been in evidence lately, yet a great many deer have been flushed from some of the nearest canyons. Wild-cats have been numerous throughout the lower part of the State. Even the elite Pasadena had a large one shot nearly within corporate limits, and many other towns report these creatures as being killed nearby. Over in the Simi Valley, which is just south of the Ojai, a mountain lion drove a farm laborer from work recently, while in Santa Barbara county, directly to the north, a rancher caught a lion with steel-trap. Driven from the mountains by snow to the hills and settlements near Santa Maria, lions became very troublesome in that section, many of the cattle being destroyed by them, and a one-armed rancher who had six to his credit shot a specimen that measured nine feet and a half.

Better water than for years has induced large numbers of fish to ascend the streams this season, especially courses emptying into the Pacific north of Point Conception, which divides upper from lower California, and many steelhead trout, known also as salmon, are reported as running up the Santa Ynez, the first large river north of Santa Barbara, to spawn at headwaters, where they will make good summer fishing. The efforts of last season to stock the Santa Ynez with rainbow trout, which have resulted encouragingly, will be continued this fall.

Salt water fishing along the south coast has been unusually good this spring for perch, sheephead, haddock and like kinds, notably over at Catalina Island where barracuda and yellowtail also have been plentiful, and almost coincident with the date early in March on which the president of the Tuna Club received notification of his being elected an honorary vice-president of the British Sea Angling Society, and the members of his club an invitation to call at headquarters if ever in London, enormous tuna began to bite with avidity in Avalon Bay, though a month earlier than in the ken of the oldest fisherman.

The actual tuna season, indeed, had been thought to begin only as late as May, or when their chief food—the flying fish—would become plentiful, until Mr. J. J. Nestell, who had been watching the schools about the island all winter, hooked several large specimens by means of smelt bait, and though he failed to land any of his catches, his efforts induced other sportsmen to try with various kinds of bait. Eventually Colonel John E. Stearns, of Los Angeles, by using a sardine for his lure, hooked and landed a 197-pound tuna, which for size is the third fish on record, the 251-pound tuna of Colonel C. P. Morehouse still being the largest specimen ever caught, and the 216-pound specimen of Mrs. E. N. Dickerson being the second largest. The immense tuna just caught will be mounted by A. A. Cutter, with whom I once fished on a Florida lake, that he may ship it to his home in Eau Claire, Wisconsin.

Do not be alarmed lest I should attempt to relate an animal story nauseating with its perfervid sentiment, for deception of that kind has also proved wearisome to me, but I think an incident which occurred near Anaheim, down in Orange county, might be worth reporting for your paper. Two hunters down there, while out in the country nearby, discovered a lot of sightless coyote cubs, and upon bringing them to town, not knowing what other provision to make, gave the young wolves to a dog that she might assume maternal charge, which commissary office she afterward accepted with a great deal of pleasure, even to deserting her rightful pups. The hereditary instincts of wolves may be affected by such care.

Eastern editors who advocate bounty laws should take warning from the condition in which California is involved. The repeal of the five dollar bounty on coyote scalps has not effected instant relief. The Farmers' Exchange Bank, of San Bernardino, has brought suit against the State for \$2,365, said to be due its patrons, and the Producers' Bank has filed suit for \$14,000 under a like claim. Many other banks hold claims assigned to them, and yet the ranchers in a number of counties assert that the coyotes have become a serious menace. Squir-

rel legislation by counties proved ineffective. The temptation to collect where tails brought the highest reward has been too alluring. The county of Colusa, which still offers two and a half cents, fears it will become the slump heap for all squirrels killed, now that so few of its neighbors offer a reward, and is using every means to have a uniform rate generally adopted.

President H. T. Payne, of the State Game and Fish Protective Association, who has been making a comprehensive tour through the State to organize assistant clubs, recently established a society at Oxnart, the large sugar town of Ventura county, with T. E. Walker as president, Sim Myers vice-president, and R. B. Whitman, secretary.

The Board of Supervisors of Los Angeles county, to whom an appeal was recently made by Professor C. F. Holder and other well-known anglers, to prohibit purse netting along the coast or about Catalina Island, have passed an ordinance prohibiting this kind of seining near any pier or within the waters of Avalon Bay.

Two Sacramento sportsmen, while hunting on the river a short while ago, shot 173 wild geese in a day, for which deed they have been censured by one of the Los Angeles papers, and the ranchers up that way who have planted the tules along the river with grain, had to patrol their fields at night this winter to keep off wild ducks. A rancher told me that grain raising immediately along the San Joaquin River was seriously threatened a few years since by foraging geese, and that buying powder and shot for their destruction became rather a significant expense.

The Canadian Game Country.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As the season is approaching rapidly it may be of interest if I give the names of outfitters and of the outfitting points in northern Ontario, Quebec and Manitoba, as far as I know them.

Montreal is a good outfitting point for a great part of the Province of Quebec. In the way of grocers and provision supplies in general, Messrs. Fraser, Viger & Co., St. James street, are in a very large way of business, and understand thoroughly packing outfits for the bush.

Mattawa, the station at which sportsmen bound for the Kippewa, Temiskaming, Temagaming and White River regions, leave the main line of the Canadian Pacific, is a good outfitting point, as here the Hudson's Bay Company has a branch; Colin, Rankin and L. H. Timmins & Co. also do a good deal in the outfitting line, and are able to provide anything from a birch bark canoe to a tin dipper. There is also a good drug store in Mattawa.

Temiskaming station, some thirty miles above Mattawa, is a small settlement containing a large, modern summer hotel, the Bellevue, but there is no outfitter there. A few miles further is Kippewa, the station at the foot of Kippewa Lake. Here the hotel accommodation is not so good, though it is quite fair, but Monsieur O. Latour is prepared to outfit sportsmen, with practically everything in ordinary kinds of food and outfit, and can procure guides and canoes for the great wilderness beyond. Steamers of the Lumsden Line leave Kippewa for the Turtle and Red Pine portages, at one of which the canoes are usually put in the water, though at the Turtle portage a smaller steamer connects with the larger boat, and will take the sportsman and his outfit up the North River to the foot of Lake Ostoboining.

The wharf of the Lumsden steamers, plying on Lake Temiskaming, is close beside the station and in proximity to the Bellevue Hotel. The steamer usually leaves about 1 in the afternoon on certain days, which may be ascertained in advance by writing to the agent of the Lumsden Steamboat Line, Lumsden Mills, P. Q., or to any principal C. P. Ry. agent. Late in the afternoon, after a most lovely sail, the steamer will be off the mouth of the Montreal River. Many tourists and sportsmen land here with their guides and outfits, bent on a journey to Lake Temagaming by way of the Metabetchewan River, but it is better to go in by way of Haileybury for many reasons too long to be given here. About dusk, which is late in these latitudes, the steamer anchors off Ville Marie. Here there is another Hudson's Bay post, hotels and stores, but as the steamer will start in the morning at sunrise, few people buy their outfits here. Before 9 next morning the boat will have landed her passengers at Haileybury. Here Mr. Paul A. Cobbold keeps a large stock of everything necessary for wilderness travel, and guides and canoes will always be in readiness if he is written to in advance. There is a good hotel here, and even those who intend hunting in the White River district had better make this their outfitting point, because the mouth of the White River flows through an Indian reservation, where outfits such as sportsmen need are not obtainable.

At Missanabie, Ontario, a station on the C. P. R., 675 miles west of Montreal, there is a Hudson's Bay post. This station is on the height of land, and is usually selected as the jumping off place for the Hudson Bay trip by way of the Moose River.

A number of fishermen make pilgrimages to the Nepigon, perhaps the most famous trout river in the world. Nepigon is on the main C. P. R. line, 925 miles west of Montreal, and 65 miles east of Port Arthur. Mr. William McKirdy, general merchant and fishery overseer at Nepigon, carries a large stock of groceries. He will rent tents, canoes, camping outfits, blankets; in fact, anything the fisherman could need, and will find good guides, the latter charging \$2 a day if fit to take the stern, and \$1.50 a day if merely helpers.

Any sportsman going to Manitoba for big game or wing shooting should put himself in the hands of the Hudson's Bay Company. This far-reaching corporation has its Canadian headquarters in Winnipeg, and there is nothing the hunter should take into the bush that the company cannot furnish. Another great advantage in dealing with the Hudson's Bay people in Winnipeg is that they are practical men themselves, know where the best game districts are, and can always find among their army of employes, half-breed and Indian trackers inferior to none.

In all these districts the sportsmen will find prices approximately the same. A good head guide should be paid \$2 a day, though there are a few who receive a little more

than this, for instance, George Crawford, of Mattawa, who is very much in demand. Assistant guides should receive from \$1.50 to \$1.75 a day. Eighteen-foot canoes cost from \$12 to \$15 new; if hired, 25 to 50 cents a day. It costs from 30 to 60 cents a day to feed a man in the bush; 50 cents would probably be a fair average for the districts in question.

Ontario Province has made a most important change in its game laws, by which there is an open moose and caribou season every year, commencing with this year, viz., from Oct. 16 to Nov. 15, inclusive, in the immense territory of about 100,000 square miles of wilderness north and west of the railway line from Mattawa to Port Arthur, and from Nov. 1 to 15, inclusive, south thereof.

While these jottings are by no means exhaustive, they will answer a good many questions that our American friends often ask us.

SNOWSHOE.

MONTREAL, April 4.

Massachusetts Legislature.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Although there is no reason to anticipate an adjournment of the General Court of Massachusetts in the near future, legislation relating to fish and game is sufficiently well advanced to warrant discussion of the results attained or in prospect. At the outset it may be said that all legislation hoped for by those who desire to see the old Bay State stand in the forefront of the commonwealths that are taking an advanced position for the protection of fish and game, was not secured. Still the general result shows a steady advance in the right direction and supplements previous achievements of the past two years. If this good work can be kept up for a few years longer, it is possible to attain conditions second to none in the country. In order to accomplish this, however, it will be necessary for those interested in these matters to stand together and for all to pull on the same rope, and in the same direction.

One of the earliest game laws of the session, and one of the most important, is "an act to prohibit holding insectivorous and song birds in captivity." Heretofore if those engaged in trapping song or insectivorous birds could escape the vigilance of the Deputy Fish and Game Commissioner, they could boldly expose the birds for sale or dispose of them to dealers without fear of the law, which only provided against the taking or killing of such birds. The recent enactment is as follows:

"Whoever captures or has in possession a wild or undomesticated bird not named in Sections 2, 3, 4 or 5 of Chapter 92 of the Revised Laws, except English sparrows, crow blackbirds, crows, jays, birds of prey, wild geese and fresh-water and sea fowl not named in said sections, and birds which are not found wild within the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, shall be punished by a fine of \$10, but this act shall not apply to birds held in captivity before this act takes effect.

"Possession of the wild or undomesticated birds specified in this act shall be prima facie evidence that they have been captured and are held in possession contrary to law."

In recent years many deer have been run to death by dogs. There was no law on the statute books to prevent or limit this evil, and the State officers were helpless in consequence. The following act should, however, do much to supplement the law against hunting or shooting deer in this State:

"The owner or keeper of a dog found chasing or hunting deer at any time shall be punished by a fine of twenty dollars. Any person may kill a dog found chasing or hunting deer at any time, if the dog is used for such purpose with the knowledge and consent of his owner or keeper, and the owner or keeper of such dog shall be punished by a fine of fifty dollars."

Many of the sportsmen in the eastern section of the State have complained that the open season for quail shooting closed too early. So loud and strenuous were the complaints that came from Bristol county that an act was passed permitting quail shooting there until Dec. 15, or fifteen days later than in any other section of the State. In vain were the promoters of the bill told that many of the sportsmen from other sections of the State, and from Rhode Island as well, would congregate in Bristol county after the first of December and clean out the covers. They were quite willing to take their chances, and so their wishes have been granted.

The trout fishing season has been shortened a month in the four western counties—Berkshire, Franklin, Hampden and Hampshire—by a bill approved Feb. 27. This law cuts off fifteen days from each end of the open season, which in those counties will now begin April 15 and terminate July 15. The season is thus really two months shorter than in the other sections of the State, where one can fish for trout from April 1 to Sept. 1.

By the way, the reports from the eastern counties indicate that the heavy stocking with fry, fingerlings and yearlings for the past two years by the Fish and Game Commission, has produced good results. The Worcester Telegram of April 6, in a long article on early trout fishing, says:

"The season has thus far shown the best opening of any trout season in the memory of Worcester fishermen." This is certainly encouraging, and indicates the possibility of making the trout streams of the Old Bay State an attraction far beyond what has been deemed practicable heretofore.

The tendency of legislation the present year has been in the direction of broadening the duties of the Commissioners of Fisheries and Game. By an act approved Feb. 27, "The powers and duties heretofore conferred and imposed upon the Inspector-General of Fish" were "conferred and imposed upon the Board of Commissioners on Fisheries and Game." And the Board was authorized to appoint inspectors of fish in every town in which fish are packed for export.

It is a curious fact that until now the Fish and Game Commissioners of this State have never had the authority to appoint an assistant, scientific or otherwise, for the prosecution of investigations bearing on the life history or economic importance of fish or game. And this, too, despite the fact that the Fish and Game Commission of Massachusetts is the oldest organization of its kind in the country. Its inability to make such appointments was discovered last year, when the legal department of the State could find no authority for it. The natural outcome of this was the following act, approved March 12:

"The authority of the Commissioners on Fisheries and Game shall extend to the investigation of questions relating to fish and fisheries, or to game, and they may from time to time, personally or by assistants, institute and conduct inquiries pertaining to such questions."

This puts the Commission where it ought to be, and makes possible the utilization, sooner or later, of the vast educational resources of this State in behalf of the public interest, so far at least as fish and game are concerned.

It may interest the readers of FOREST AND STREAM to know that, for the first time in its history, our Fish and Game Commission made an exhibit this winter illustrative of its work. And for "a maiden effort," so to speak, its collections were not only creditable, but by far the most complete of their kind at the Sportsmen's Show. The exhibit included yearling, two-year-old and four-year-old square-tailed brook trout, some of the latter being "regular old busters" that would make a line sing and a rod almost bend double. Then there were two-year-old and four-year-old rainbow trout, some of the big fellows being quite able to tip the scales at 4½ to upward of 5 pounds. Yearling rainbows were there, too, in numbers, and as sleek a lot as one would care to look on. Some fine Loch Levens and splendid specimens of brown trout added to the variety, and in part illustrated the scope of fish propagation carried on by the State. In view, however, of the claim made that landlocked salmon cannot live in Massachusetts waters, the display of beautiful three and four year old fish of this species, raised from the egg at the State hatchery in Sutton, must have been a revelation to the doubting Thomases.

A dozen fine living specimens of Mongolian pheasants, a lot of mounted game birds and animals, and fourteen enlarged photographs, nicely framed, fully illustrating the work of breeding fish and game birds and animals, made up an exhibit that was very creditable, especially in view of the fact that, two years ago, the Commission did not have anything whatever in the way of collection.

BAY STATE.

Peter La Fontaine.

THE DU QUAM River is a tributary of the Northwest St. John, coming in from the Quebec side. The sportsmen who have hunted moose on the Northwest St. John and the Southwest up to Baker Lake usually go in via the Du Quam, which they take at St. Justine Parish, which is thirty-five miles from the railroad at St. Francis. Beauce county, Quebec.

Peter La Fontaine long lived with his family at St. Justine. From there to his camp at Baker Lake is about sixty miles, with good water all the way. Peter is called an outlaw, but he is an outlaw only in Maine—not in his own country.

Fifteen years ago when I used to go to Jackman, the guides told me stories of the murders committed by La Fontaine, but there is apparently no evidence to convict him of any crime.

The average Maine guide has a very lively imagination, and in this singular man found a subject which he fitted up with all the attributes of a woods terror. Among his neighbors Peter seems to be well liked. He is of light build, quick and nervous in his movements. His eye lights up at the least excitement, and he seems always apprehensive of some danger not apparent to others. Of all the trappers who live along the border, Peter is the most successful in getting fur. None of these men have any regard for the game laws, but while most of them do some other work, he makes his living wholly out of the woods. From St. Justine La Fontaine has moved his family to St. Francis, that his children may attend the schools, and it was to his home at St. Francis that he was taken after being shot by Warden Templeton.

I have just received a letter from M. Marquis, of St. Justine, dated April 3, in which he writes that he has just heard from La Fontaine that he is fast recovering, and will be "relieved soon." So we may expect him back at Baker Lake by summer.

No man knows that section of country better than La Fontaine, and if he were a man of different character he would make an excellent guide. Twice, to my knowledge, he has guided American sportsmen, and I believe has given satisfaction. I have met him at his home and camped one night with him in the woods. To the American sportsmen he has been friendly, offering the use of his camps and their contents, but to those who trap fur on what he considers his ground or who seek to enforce the game laws, he has been, and probably will be, a very dangerous man. Such men as Wardens Templeton and Houston are the kind of officers needed along the border.

FRED TALCOTT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was very sorry to learn of the shooting of Peter Fontaine. "The Devil is not so black as he is sometimes painted" is a trite saying, which, I think, applies to the case of Fontaine. I had the satisfaction of meeting this man on two of my Maine hunting trips. Before I met him I was told to beware of him, for he would shoot me with as little compunction as we shoot skunks; that his hands were continually red with the blood of his victims—in fact, that he was a perfect terror. My curiosity was aroused, and I determined to interview this "bad man" if possible. The opportunity first came to me when I was coming down the west branch of the Penobscot from Lee Bog. The river was very low, and my guide, Jack Henry, had fallen behind with the canoe. Rounding a bend of the stream I suddenly came face to face with a tall, slim, wiry-looking fellow, and we began to swap news, as woodsmen generally do. My French was worse than his English, but we managed to carry on a very pleasant conversation until my guide reached us, when I learned that this pleasant fellow was Peter Fontaine, the Maine terror.

He told us he had been helping our other guides carry our canoes across to St. John Pond, and this was only the first of many kindnesses we received at his hands. When we reached Baker Lake, after dark, cold, tired and hungry, almost as soon as the sound of our axes resounded through the forest, we saw a light coming on the dead water, and Fontaine soon appeared, and insisted that we should spend the night at his camp—I presume the camp where he was shot. We accepted his very kind invitation, and next morning he helped us fix our

camp, and really seemed to hunt for opportunities to do us favors. I improved many opportunities to talk with him about his life in the woods, and the violations of law which were charged to him. He talked freely and frankly, and I judged that his views on game laws were similar to those held by Alvah Dunning, of Adirondack fame.

The fact that the misdeeds of others which were committed anywhere near his stamping ground were all charged to him, did not seem to disturb him much. In this inaccessible country moose and other large game which were killed by hunting parties were as a rule left where they fell, the heads only being taken, simply because it is almost impossible to carry out more than the heads. These were grist for Fontaine. The bodies he used for bear bait, and the skins he collected and carried out to market, and these no doubt helped to swell the sum total of his iniquities in the minds of the game wardens. He undoubtedly violated Maine's game laws, and the wardens were undoubtedly justified in arresting him, possibly also in shooting him, but I cannot believe that he was wholly bad as he was generally pictured. The best that we can now do for him is to hope that he will recover, and that the severe lesson he has received will teach him to respect and obey the law.

JOS. W. SHURTER.

GANSEVOORT, N. Y., April 7.

Duty on Game Heads.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, Office of the Secretary, Washington, April 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Department is in receipt of your letter of the 2d instant, requesting to be advised whether there is a duty on the importation of game heads from Canada, namely, heads of moose, deer and caribou, also, whether any distinction is made between green heads and those which have been mounted.

In reply I have to inform you that heads of moose, deer and caribou, unless imported as specimens of natural history "for scientific public collections and not for sale," would be dutiable if mounted at 20 per centum ad valorem, as non-enumerated manufactured articles, under Sec. 6 of the Act of July 24, 1897, and if green, would be dutiable at 10 per centum ad valorem, as non-enumerated unmanufactured articles, under the same section. (See Treasury Decision 22234 of May 17, 1900, copy of which is herewith inclosed).

Respectfully,

O. L. SPAULDING, Acting Secretary.

Treasury Decision 22234, May 17, 1900.

MOOSE HEAD AND HORNS.

A moose head and horns, with only the fleshy parts removed, unmounted and not prepared in any manner, dutiable as an unenumerated unmanufactured article at 10 per cent, ad valorem under Section 6, Act of 1897.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, May 17, 1900.—Sir: The Department is in receipt of your letter of the 12th instant, in regard to the importation at your port of a moose head and horns, with only the fleshy part removed therefrom, which was passed by you free of duty under the provisions of Paragraph 663 of the Act of July 24, 1897, as a preparation of anatomy, and concerning which the Auditor for the Treasury Department has questioned such classification.

In regard thereto, I have to state that under date of the 5th of January last the Department held that mounted heads of animals which had been treated in a certain manner, and artificial eyes added and the skin stuffed, etc., were dutiable as non-enumerated manufactured articles at the rate of 20 per centum ad valorem, under Sec. 6 of the tariff act, and in the case of importations of the kind mentioned where no preparation has been had, and the fleshy parts only removed, they are properly dutiable, as suggested by you, at the rate of 10 per cent, ad valorem as a non-enumerated unmanufactured article under said provision of law, and are not skeletons or preparations of anatomy within the contemplation of Paragraph 663. You will be governed accordingly.

Respectfully,

O. L. SPAULDING, Assistant Secretary.

(5 k.)

COLLECTOR OF CUSTOMS, Buffalo, N. Y.

Minnesota Quail.

SAUK CENTRE, Minn., April 7.—Quail wintered here finely. There were several flocks last fall, and they seem to be all together now. Last winter was very mild. Some say if the snow covers the ground up quail starve to death; others say they live all right, as they feed the same as a partridge. I do not know much about their habits, as they have been with us here only a few years. I read with much interest the articles in your paper by the different ones in regard to the large and small bore rifle. I don't know much about rifles, but judging by weight of argument, would say that up to date the large bores seem to have it by about three and a half good, open lengths. On the other hand, judging by the amount of game killed, those dead-shot-drop-in-their-track boys with their .30-30, must have it by at least 250 moose.

C. W. VIRGIN.

Iowa Game.

NORTHBORO, Ia.—The first flight of ducks arrived here Feb. 25, quite a good many of them, mostly pintails. I for one would like to see spring shooting abolished; but I do not know when it will be, as our State Legislature killed the Greene bill this winter. Prairie chickens are very plentiful here. I have seen from fifty to three hundred in a flock feeding on the shock fodder in the cornfields. There were not many killed, as the law was out Dec. 1. Quail are quite plenty and wintered all right, as there was plenty of feed for them here.

P. C. D.

"Uncle Lisha's Shop."

"Uncle Lisha's Shop" is temporarily out of print. A new edition is in press, to be ready soon. It will have as frontispiece an excellent portrait of Mr. Robinson. The price will be \$1.25.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Jack Snipe and the Indiana Law.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 12.—All snipe shooters know that jacksnipe move on moonlit nights, and the fact that the moon does not lie just right on the calendar has no doubt been the reason that the snipe are a little late this spring, as they certainly seem to be in view of the recent favorable weather which we have had in this part of the country. There has been no big flight in as yet, though for more than a week and a half scattered birds and an occasional bunch of them have been dropping in. Near Morris, Ill., a week from to-day, one shooter killed ten birds and put up one bunch of about thirty, out of which he killed four jacksnipe at one shot, certainly a very unusual performance. The birds were thin, scattered, uneasy, and, of course, wild, not having yet settled down to any regular feeding grounds.

Similar reports come from the upper tier of counties in this State. Shooters who were out there last week killed a few snipe here and there, but discovered no considerable body of the birds in on the regular feeding grounds. Thus far the prairie marshes west of this city, the Fox Lake meadows and the big marshes along the Illinois River have offered the best opportunities for a bag of early birds. The ground has been warm for more than a week and worms are certainly obtainable by the diligent seekers thereof, whether bird or human.

Naturally, in view of the recent Indiana non-resident license law, the attention of our city shooters has been attracted to localities other than the long-time famous marshes of Indiana. We have not heard much about the State of affairs as to jacksnipe along the Kankakee, where the best of the grounds in this part of the world are to be found, and upon which the Chicago shooters always used to depend for their sport with the longbills.

Word is, however, at hand that the advance guard of jacksnipe is in along the Kankakee, and were it not for the non-resident license scare, there would be a good many of our shooters who would start for Indiana to-day. Perhaps one may be able to add a word which will set the minds of these at rest somewhat, or perhaps get them into worse trouble, as the event may prove. At any rate there is a report in town to-day that the Indiana law does not apply on jacksnipe (indeed this was reported to be the case by a correspondent in these columns at the time the law was passed). A prominent sportsman of this city states that a friend of his within the past few days wrote to Dr. Sweeney, the State Game and Fish Commissioner of Indiana, and asked him for a construction of the law on jacksnipe. The latter is stated to have replied that the latter bird was not protected in Indiana and could be shot wherever found in the State, but that only twenty-four birds could be brought out of the State. The advice was stated to be explicit, that there was no limit on the bag of jacksnipe which could be made, that there was no law protecting them at all, and that the export clause of the law was the only one which applied to jacksnipe. There was also a rumor, I don't know how correct, to the effect that the State warden advised that the non-resident gun license did not apply to the pursuit of jacksnipe. As to this latter, I do not wish to be quoted explicitly, and do not quote the State Game Commissioner explicitly. There is not time at this writing to investigate the matter thoroughly before going to press. The only thing certain is that the jacksnipe is considered to be an outlaw in Indiana, the same as he has been so long in Illinois and many other States in the Union.

This mix-up regarding one game bird shows into what beautiful complexities we can get ourselves with new game laws. It surely would seem that the whole gamut of blunders has been run in the manufacture of game statutes in this part of the world. Here are the quail and the woodcock left without protection in Illinois, and the jacksnipe placed in a similar condition in Indiana. Whether these things come from covert malice or from general ignorance, it is difficult to determine, but the result is none the less confusing and deplorable.

As to the Indiana law, there is a growing spirit of reconciliation in this neighborhood in regard to the non-resident license idea *per se*, though a great many shooters still insist that \$25 is too high a license to charge for bird shooting, that it is prohibitory and not helpful, that it keeps money out of the State game protection fund, instead of bringing money into it, and so bettering the shooting and improving the protection offered to the game creatures of the commonwealth. In the belief, of many the Indiana law should be, and in all likelihood may be, amended so that it shall read \$10 instead of \$25 for a non-resident license.

Of course there still arises the old cry of unconstitutionality, some claiming that the citizen of one State shall be entitled to the privileges of another State. I do not hear of any one trying to bring this question into the courts. The trend of popular approval among sportsmen here seems to be in favor of a non-resident license of a limited and reasonable extent. Twenty-five dollars is not apt ever to become popular here as a price for shooting, even for shooting along the once glorious snipe grounds of the Kankakee country.

Still Some Ducks.

There are still some ducks found upon the better grounds of Illinois, and there are still some shooters who are pursuing them. The flight now is mostly deep-water ducks, more especially the bluebills, and fine bags of the latter bird have been made by different Chicago shooters in the Fox Lake country north of here. As was suggested in these columns last week, some of the best sport has been found in the little lakes lying back from the main chain. A few of my friends, Mr. W. L. Wells, Mr. Robert Stites, etc., who have been taking a little trip every week into that country, ran across a little lake back in the country to which they were guided by Charlie Muehrcke. Here they found bluebills coming in in scattered bunches and decoying very nicely, so that they killed a dozen without much difficulty. They thought that the best shooting around Fox Lake was to be had by hunting out some outlying district like this, and not by going out with the rest of the crowd of shooters in the more open waters around Pistakee, Grass Lake, etc.

Science and Quail in Iowa.

On Wednesday, April 9, Judge Blair of the District Court of Waterloo, Ia., decided that under the present game laws of the State of Iowa a taxidermist may shoot and kill birds at any season of the year. This decision dismissed the case against Harry Fields, appealed to the District Court from Justice Hildebrand. It may be remembered, as reported in these columns, that Harry Fields was charged with the killing of six quail on Jan. 22 of this year, the complaining witness being Victor Speers. The warrant charged him with violating Section 2551 of the statutes of Iowa, which says: "No person shall trap, shoot or kill any pinnated grouse or prairie chicken between the first day of December and the first day of September next following; any woodcock between the first day of January and the tenth day of July; any ruffed grouse or pheasant, wild turkey or quail between the first day of January and the first day of November."

Fields admitted that he killed the quail and that he shot them with No. 7 shot, instead of the fine shot which taxidermists usually use on the birds which they intend to mount. He claimed that he was a taxidermist and was engaged to secure specimens for the State Normal School. The defense set up Section 2561 of the law, which reads as below:

"Protection of Birds.—No person shall destroy the nests or eggs of, or catch, take, kill or have in possession or under control for any purpose whatever, except specimens for use of taxidermists, at any time, any whippoorwill, night hawk, bluebird, finch, thrush, linnet, lark, wren, martin, swallow, bobolink, robin, turtle dove, catbird, sandpiper, snowbird, blackbird, or any other harmless birds, except bluejays and English sparrows, but nothing herein shall be construed to prevent the removal of nests from buildings, and the keeping of song birds in cages as domestic pets. Any person violating any of the provisions of this section shall be fined not less than one dollar nor more than twenty-five dollars and costs of prosecution, and may be committed to the county jail until such fine and costs are paid."

The original trial was before Justice Hildebrand, where Fields was found guilty on six different counts and fined \$120 and costs. This fine is now remitted by the decision of Judge Blair. The attorneys for the prosecution state they will take the case to the Supreme Court, as they fear the results of the decision of Judge Blair and believe that every pot-hunter in the State will feel himself free to shoot into flocks of quail on the snow, just as Fields admits that he did, and that such pot-hunters will also set up the claim that they are taxidermists. The sportsmen of Waterloo are indignant at the decision and urge its being carried up. During the trial Fields was asked by the prosecuting attorney why he waited until January before killing quail for mounting, and why he did not use some of the quail which he had killed in December—it being well known that Fields is much accustomed to hunting. He replied that the skins in December were too tender, and that the plumage was unsatisfactory.

A Singular Double.

Mr. Richard Merrill, while hunting in Texas this winter, made what I presume we may be permitted to call a singular double. He was out hunting for wild turkeys and was lucky enough to kill one with his right barrel as the bird rose close to him. Just as he was about to open his gun he heard a pattering on the leaves at no great distance, and looking that way saw a full-grown wildcat headed in the direction of the turkey. With a quick shot from his left barrel Mr. Merrill doubled the cat up in its tracks, and says that it then made the biggest yowling and scratching that he ever saw and heard in his life. A little more work at closer range finished the matter. I fancy that very few shooters ever bagged a wild turkey and a wildcat in the form of a double.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The Hunting Rifle.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I think Adam Moore made a great big mistake in his interesting and instructive article under the above heading, which appeared in FOREST AND STREAM for April 5, when he classed himself with the small-bore cranks. It is true that smokeless rifles as a rule have smaller bores than black-powder rifles, yet a person can prefer the first type of gun and still be a big-bore man. On the other hand, a person can prefer the black-powder rifles and at the same time be the rankest kind of a small-bore crank.

Now, Mr. Moore tells us distinctly that Uncle Henry's .577 is a better gun than the .45, and lets us infer that he thinks the .45 is a better caliber for a moose gun than the .38, .32 or .22. Then he tells us that the .30-40 is the best American-made gun on the market to-day, while he must be aware of the existence of the .25-35 and the famous .23, which are preferred by many genuine small-bore cranks. And mark this, he won't say the .30-40 is the best that can be made, or the best that has been made, simply because he has heard that there is such a thing as a Blake .40-60.

Really, Mr. Moore, I fear it is the small-bore cranks who will jump on you, and I advise you to quit their company as quickly as possible and hasten to the camp of your friends, the big-bore men. Mr. Moore is not only a man who has had a large experience with rifles on big game, but he is also evidently a man of intelligence and honesty, and it is safe to assume that the big-bore cause will never suffer much from what such men say.

Every rifle has its place. The .30-30 is an excellent rifle in its place, so also is the .38-55, the .30-40 and the .45-90, but I must insist that they are all out of place when they are brought forward as moose guns. Like Mr. Moore, I prefer the smokeless rifle, because of its lighter weight and recoil, flatter trajectory, and absence of smoke. However, it has at least one serious fault, which is the tendency of its bullets to fly to pieces before they have done their perfect work. This happens oftenest when shooting at long range through a dry, heavy air, which leads me to think that it is caused by the bullets becoming heated by friction, and that it could be prevented by tempering the bullets so they would stand a greater degree of heat.

For Mr. Moore's benefit, I will say that I had a Blake .40-caliber built and sent to me for trial. This rifle weighed about 8½ pounds, and was chambered for the regular .40-72 Winchester cartridge. The cartridge I tested it with was loaded with a 330-grain soft-point

bullet, and I think 65 grains of Wetterin powder. The 200-yard trajectory of this bullet was considerably flatter than the trajectory of the .30-40 Winchester, the recoil only a very little greater, and the accuracy fully equal to the best match rifles I ever shot, and I have shot nearly all of the best ones, and the havoc those 330-grain bullets wrought in pine boards was simply amazing. Anywhere back of the seventh board it was mostly a mixture of kindling wood, splinters, chips and dust. The bullets showed no tendency to fly to pieces, which I attributed to their greater diameter. I have seen some of the work of the .30-40, having tested six .30-40 Winchesters for my friends, and have also been a member of three hunting parties where these rifles were used on deer, caribou and moose, and they don't begin to be in it with this .40-caliber Blake.

However, I think it is incumbent upon me to say that I regard the action and model of the Blake as somewhat faulty, and I say this with less hesitancy because I understand that it is no longer made. But it thoroughly demonstrated to my mind the feasibility of a larger bore than the .30 for high-power rifles, and at the same time showed me that my ideal moose gun is a possibility.

JOS. W. SHURTER.

GANSEVOORT, N. Y.

Editor Forest and Stream:

If a man wants to carry around 9 or 12 pounds of dead weight, simply because he thinks he can't kill big game unless he hits them with a quarter of a pound of to him. I used to do it, and for years thought there was to him. I use to do it, and for years thought there was nothing like a .45 or .50, but as I grew older, I turned to the small-bore and lighter gun.

During the last seven or eight years I have used the .303 Savage, .30-30 and .30-40 Winchester, and have come to the conclusion the .30-40 is large and strong enough for any big game we have between the two oceans.

I find it is not so much the gun as it is the man behind it. Any one who knows how to hold a rifle can knock down the biggest moose in the New Brunswick woods in his tracks with one shot from a .30-40 if he looks through the sights before pulling the trigger. A good many so-called sportsmen who go for moose, hardly know how to load the rifle they have, and when they shoot, never look at the sights. This is the cause of so many wounded moose getting away. If they took more time they would kill more game.

Of all the moose and caribou I have killed, only one went over 30 feet from where he stood when I shot, and he only went a short distance before he laid down.

My guide, Charles Barker, of Riley Brook, New Brunswick, has told me that he has seen a good many moose get away that were shot with .45-70's and .45-90's—one went off with four .45 balls in him, and he found him the next spring and set bear traps near his carcass. It took four .45 balls to drop the moose that carried the largest head of antlers that have come out of New Brunswick in the last five years.

The gentleman who was with me last fall dropped a very large moose in his tracks with one shot from a .30-40—the old fellow did not move after he was shot.

The new Mannlicher is a very powerful gun. Those used up to this year have been the 8 mm.; the new one is 9 mm., .354; killing distance, 3,000 yards; point blank range, 300 yards. In this rifle the box magazine is done away with, which makes it a nicer gun to handle than the 8 mm.

Shooting moose birds with a .30-30 is boy's play—true sportsmen don't kill birds or animals simply for the pleasure of killing.

If every sportsman going to New Brunswick would see that the sunset and sunrise law was strictly enforced, there would not be so many dead moose found later in the season.

I saw a fine large set of antlers at Perth last fall that came from a moose that was killed by a lady with a little .30-30.

The principal claim of all the big-bore advocates is that the chance is greater to get big game with a small cannon than it is to get them with a small bore. Why? Because they trust to luck in hitting the game, knowing that if they do, there is more likelihood of the animal bleeding to death from the big slug than there is from the small bullet of the small bore. Good workmanship don't enter into it with them. It is all bull luck with nine out of ten of them.

Of all the articles written about the large and small bores during the last two months, the one by Adam Moore in last week's FOREST AND STREAM is the best. He hits the nail on the head from start to finish.

A man that will lug a big .45-90 or a still bigger double-barrel .577 around with him, has not much confidence in his marksmanship.

W. W. KING.

NORFOLK, Va., April 7.

Report from Currituck.

Editor Forest and Stream:

March 31 closed the best season for ducks we have had at Currituck for many years. There were more mallards and broadbills (scaup) than I have seen in twenty years. There are still thousands and thousands of broadbills and blackheads here to-day, April 10, and they are so tame they will hardly get out of the way when approached by a sailboat.

I am glad to say that the laws have been kept by the natives better than ever before, which should insure a larger crop of ducks next fall.

Your Boston correspondent does not seem to understand how wild geese should reach Boston at about sunset. I think I can explain this satisfactorily.

Canada geese in leaving Currituck for their northern flight always depart about sunrise in the morning, or just before sunset in the afternoon. I think there is little doubt that a goose is quite equal to making Boston from Currituck in twelve hours. I know they often fly several hundred miles without stopping; for about half of the geese that leave here go about west northwest, and there is no known place where they stop in large numbers until they reach the lakes. The other half head about northeast. These, of course, are the birds that pass over Boston and vicinity.

Yellowlegs and other shore birds are coming in. Mr.

L. R. White shot eighty-eight yellowlegs and a few plover a week ago.

Jacksnipe have not been abundant. I saw quite a number to-day, however. Shot a few which were very thin, showing that they had just arrived.

About ten years ago there were a few German carp deposited in the north end of Currituck Sound, and I am sorry to say are becoming very abundant. Some of them weigh 25 to 30 pounds each. I trust they will not destroy all our wild celery, as they seem to have done in the vicinity of Chicago.

North Carolina shad and striped bass were a month later than usual this season—in fact, have not come in anything like the quantity which usually comes. Referring to the article by the purser of a southern steamer concerning a sora found at sea, would say after heavy storms we often find them in large numbers, along with the king sora, washed up on the Currituck coast dead. They, of course, get blown off by the storm, and while they are fairly good swimmers, the breakers are too much for them.

Both the Virginia sora and shorter bill rail nest at Currituck. I saw both kinds to-day.

MORE ANON.

Pheasants and Farmers.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I received a letter to-day from a friend in North Bloomfield, N. Y., in which he states that Livingston and several of the adjoining counties have been stocked with the Mongolian pheasants. That they are hardy, have multiplied rapidly and have driven the grouse completely from their old haunts, scarcely a grouse being found where previous to the coming of the pheasants there was fair shooting. That the pheasant nests in the wheat and oat fields, and forages openly upon the farmers' corn in the fall, and that every local sportsman with whom he is acquainted condemns their introduction and would be glad to see them exterminated. While I believe this gentleman is sincere in his view, I should like to hear from other sportsmen as to the habits of the bird, particularly in regard to any injury they are liable to do to the farmer. I had four of these birds in confinement for three months last spring. I offered them all kinds of grain to eat, but they would eat nothing but cracked corn, and very little of that; they would eat any and all kinds of insects and worms, clippings from the lawn, lettuce, and would eat sod grass, roots and all. I think that during the summer they would feed largely on insects and worms, and in this way, perhaps, more than repay for what corn they eat in the fall and winter. I should like to hear from some one in Genesee county, as I understand this county has been stocked with pheasants for some years.

W. H. TALLETT.
WATERTOWN, N. Y.

Inquiry as to this question was made of Hon. W. Austin Wadsworth, of Genesee, N. Y., who originally introduced pheasants in the section referred to. Mr. Wadsworth's reply is given below:

GENESEO, N. Y., April 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your correspondent is absolutely wrong in thinking that the pheasants drive out the grouse. The grouse are "gone from their old haunts," but they went when the big cold storage warehouses were erected in Rochester and Buffalo, and that was before the pheasants came, and it was to fill up the gap that I first brought pheasants in. The two birds work preferably in entirely different kinds of country, the pheasants keeping as a rule along the river banks on what we called the "flats," which grouse do not. That they are granivorous is undeniable, but they surely destroy enough insects to pay for what little grain they eat, since most of the year they live on the seeds of weeds and grasses.

I know quite a number of local sportsmen personally that do not want them exterminated, and I have no fear whatsoever of their increasing unduly, because the hen is a very bad mother and raises very few chicks, and because they are so easily killed by poachers that I do not believe they can be kept at all except in private preserves, and hence deprecated their introduction by the State when on the Fish and Game Commission.

W. A. WADSWORTH.

Everyone to His Taste.

ST. AUGUSTINE, April 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A week or two ago you republished part of one of Fred Mather's always-interesting FOREST AND STREAM communications, and it carried me back to the days when I eagerly fumbled over its pages from beginning to end in the hope of finding a treat from Mather, Robinson or Podgers; but of all your departed stars, Fred Mather was my pet.

He seemed to entertain no love for the big-game hunters; in which I heartily agree with him. Their communications are the ones I skip.

A bloodthirsty disposition seems to have taken possession of scores of men who are ready to go through any amount of hardship, week after week, hoping for a shot at a moose. If these men had even a touch of human feeling they would hesitate to fire at such a noble beast without a feeling of certainty that the shot would be fatal, but I doubt not that four-fifths of them, if they saw the animal standing with nothing but the paunch exposed, would, without a moment's hesitation, send a bullet through his entrails, knowing perfectly well that he would go beyond the possibility of their finding him, and then suffer an agonizing death. Mather said the pleasure of stopping a partridge in his wild career through the woods, or a woodcock as he sped on his whistling way through the bushes, would be far greater to him than putting a murderous bullet through a moose—in which I fully agree with him.

If the result could be ascertained, I would not be afraid to bet a dollar against a doughnut that not one out of five of the moose that are shot at and wounded is secured by the hunter, or lives to multiply his kind.

In reading of the big-game hunts in Africa, I wonder how a man can deliberately fire bullets into such a huge and noble beast as the elephant; but there seems to be, with them, no more sentiment about the butchery than if they were New Jersey Senators.

DIDYMUS.

King Alfonso as a Sportsman.

THE correspondent in Madrid of the European edition of the Herald sends some details showing that King Alfonso XII. has a healthy love of sport. Nearly every Sunday King Alfonso attends shooting parties at Zarzuela, often accompanied by the Prince of the Asturias and the Duke of Calabria. He is always escorted by his adjutants, Señor Loriga, lieutenant-colonel of artillery; Señor Castejon Elio, chief of staff, and Dr. Alabern, physician to the royal household. There is game of all kinds, especially rabbits, hares and small birds. At midday the King drives to the Orient Palace for déjeuner.

Larger game is found in the mountains of the Granja, belonging to the Crown. There is a large number of wild boar and deer here, and a large shooting party will be organized to celebrate the accession of King Alfonso, to which all the special Ambassadors to the Spanish coronation will be invited. The Bourbons are all fond of shooting.

King Alfonso XIII. also likes fencing, and will preside at a meeting which will be held at the Army Club, with the co-operation of Conte, who is already popular here; Kirchhoffer, Mérignac, Mimiaque and Rue, all of whom wear the insignia of the Order of "Isabel la Catolica."

The King has a fondness for the Casa de Campo, where he may often be seen riding his favorite horse, Chiquito, a thoroughbred from the stables of Aranjuez.

His Majesty is also honorary president of the nautical clubs of Barcelona and San Sebastian. He always attends the regattas at the latter place. For these he has created a prize bearing his name.—New York Herald.

Narrows Island Club Meeting.

THE annual meeting of the Narrows Island Gun Club was held on the evening of April 4, at the Hoffman House, New York city. The report of the treasurer showed the club to be in a very satisfactory condition financially. In his address to the members, the president, Mr. John Burling Lawrence, congratulated them on the success of the past year, and especially on the acquisition of very important additions to their marshes.

The following officers were elected: John Burling Lawrence, President; Henry Sampson, Vice-President; William Trotter, Secretary and Treasurer; Executive Committee, in addition to the above, R. H. Robertson, T. S. Young, Jr., George Bird Grinnell. After the adjournment of the meeting some hours were spent at supper, during which many ducks were killed and the performances of many good retrieving dogs gone over again.

Camden Association.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Camden Fish and Game Protective Association has just been incorporated with the Secretary of State to promote hunting and fishing and to stock the streams, lakes and ponds in the vicinity of Camden, Oneida county, N. Y. The new organization starts out with very encouraging prospects, and has an excellent charter membership. The directors are T. A. Farnsworth, A. H. Maloney, J. D. Van Dyke, C. O. Beiderman, R. A. Magee, W. I. Stoddard and R. M. Rush.

W. E. WOLCOTT.
UTICA, N. Y., April 14.

The Hunter in Camp.

James Barton Adams in Denver Post.

O! the bountiful sense of freedom that sweeps through the hunter's breast
When the tramp of the day is over and he dreamily lies at rest
In the glow of the blazing camp-fire, that stabs at the robe of night,
And points at the gathering shadows with fingers of cheery light.
The smoke from his pipe curls upward in wreathings of vaporish gray.
And chases the sparks from the pine knots that snap in defiant way
As he lies in his well-worn blankets and lazily takes his ease
Where only the stars can find him as they peep through the sheltering trees.

He dreams of the world out yonder, but never an envious thought
Finds place in his brawny bosom; to him the great world is naught
But a whirlpool of care and trouble, from whose ever-gathering ills
He fled to his life of freedom and peace in the towering hills.
He accepts no man as his master, he is king of his wild domain:
There is none to challenge his power, there is none to dispute his reign
As he lists to the night's weird voices borne down on the whispering breeze,
Where only the stars can find him as they peep through the sheltering trees.

Those voices to him are as music; the cry of the crag-perched owl,
The spiteful squall of the wildcat, the dog-wolf's resounding howl,
The voice of protest from the cougar from mouth of its cavernous den,
As the smoke of his fire arises from his camp in the hidden glen.
With never a thought of danger, he lies in his blanket bed,
His coat of canvas the pillow supporting his drowsy head
As he watches the white clouds drifting through limitless azure seas
Where only the stars can find him as they peep through the sheltering trees.

O! where is the life so peaceful, so free from the fangs of care?
With never a thought of the morrow—no thought of the fruit it may bear.
His bedfellow but his rifle, a friend that he never knew
To fail in the hour of danger—no animate friend more true.
He studies the jewel beauties set high in the arching skies
Till the finger of sleep soft touches the lids of his weary eyes,
And sweet are the dreamland visions the eye of his slumber sees,
Where only the stars can find him as they peep through the sheltering trees.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

New England Fishing.

BOSTON, April 12.—Some of the Massachusetts trout fishermen have had better luck than others, although the cold weather has continued to hold them back. Mr. J. E. Maynardier, of Boston, often mentioned as the "Dean of the Fishing Fraternity," has made his sixteenth trip for trout on the opening day. He has missed only one year, in fact, for seventeen consecutive seasons. With Mr. H. Wade, of Boston, he visited Holloway Brook, in Taunton, on the first of April. To reach this brook the fishermen get on the Old Colony trains at Myrick's. The weather was cold and the water high, but they secured some good trout. For a man of over sixty, Mr. Maynardier is a wonderful fisherman, and an enthusiast. His love of fishing and of nature makes him a pronounced disciple of the gentle Izaak. Howard and Clarence Brandenburg fished a trout brook at Fairhaven Bay, on the Sudbury River, not far from Concord, on the opening day. The water was so high that the brook could scarcely be found, where it flowed through meadow land, but knowing the brook well, they were able to follow it. They got nineteen handsome trout. They secured a trout weighing three pounds in the same location last year, which they have mounted.

Newfound Lake, New Hampshire, cleared of ice last Monday, about the earliest on record. A few salmon have been taken, but the weather has been too cold and blustering. Boston anglers, who intend trying those waters, have postponed their trips to warmer weather. One Lowell fisherman, who has fished Newfound Lake every spring for several years, could not resist the temptation, under the news that the ice was out, and was off early in the week. He tried the fishing for several days, or attempted to try it, but was twice nearly blown out of his boat and half frozen. He finally secured a couple of good salmon and went back to Lowell to wait for better weather. A few salmon are being taken at Lake Auburn, Me., but a letter says that the weather is all too cold and blustering. G. Morse and Lem Baker were the fortunate fishermen Monday, securing two salmon to the credit of Mr. Baker, and one to Mr. Morse. One of Baker's salmon weighed five pounds, and the other about two pounds, and Morse's two and a half pounds. Tuesday Mr. B. D. Stevens, of Auburn, caught a salmon of five pounds, and Mr. Elton Bailey secured five handsome trout. Still, two or three fish to a boat in a day is about all the record will sustain, while the experts declare that a few warm days will more than treble it. Bait can be secured, for there are minnows for sale, while the small boys are turning an honest penny digging worms for bait.

It is calculated that the ice will soon go out of Moosehead. A dispatch of Thursday says that the stage has made its last trip over the ice to Kineo, since it is getting unsafe. It is always calculated that the breaking up will be in about ten days after the last trip of the stage. John Chadwick, the beloved landlord at the Upper Dam, Rangeley Lakes, who has been there for the past thirty years, was seen by a newspaper reporter the other day and asked: "When is the ice going out?" "Gorry!" he replied. "Dunno as I know. She'll have to melt first."

BOSTON, April 14.—The Maine fishing season is certainly opening most remarkably early. Grand Lake and the others of the Schoodic Chain have opened, nearly two weeks earlier than last year. They have opened too early for the noted Boston anglers who go there every season, and they will generally stay in town till they are sure that the weather is warm. Green Lake, in Washington county, is open, and several good catches have been made. Tuesday six good salmon were taken there, and the next day four. H. C. Chapman, of Bangor, has taken the largest fish there of the season, so far, a salmon of 10 pounds. Branch Pond, not far from Bangor, has also shown a good record. S. A. Maxfield and a friend brought from that pond the other day seven salmon, the string weighing 42 pounds, the largest fish two of 10 pounds each. Phillips Lake has yielded several fine strings of trout. Four Boston fishermen have returned from Tunk Pond, in Hancock county, with a catch of salmon numbering twelve; the best string ever taken from that pond. The largest salmon weighed 13½ pounds. Fish and Game Commissioner H. O. Stanley loves to fish as well as any man in the world, and with C. B. Hazeltine and John Sanborn, of Belfast, usually fishes Swan Lake, near the city, every spring, soon after the ice goes out. They were on hand the other day and had excellent sport, getting several salmon up to 5 pounds weight, and one big trout. These gentlemen demonstrated several years ago that there are fine large trout in Swan Lake, a beautiful sheet of water, but for many years supposed to contain only pickerel and perch. Each season they try for them and are usually rewarded with several beautiful fish. The big salmon pool at Bangor is not turning out many fish, by reason of the very high water, though some pretty good catches are expected as soon as the water subsides. A few salmon were taken at Sebago last week, although the weather was cold and blustering a good deal of the time. W. A. Darrah, of Portland, has taken two good ones. E. J. Cheney, J. P. Stevens, C. P. Stevens, C. S. Foss, Clinton Foss and J. H. Pierce, all of Portland, were at that lake last week, with fair success. Messrs. Cheney and Foss caught six salmon that weighed 45 pounds. L. B. Mason, of Casco, took three salmon from Kettle Cove Wednesday, one weighing 9¼ pounds. At times the lake is alive with boats, fully 100 being out at a time, the total number of salmon taken, up to last reports was not over 160. The theory is that the water is still too cold for good fishing. Lake Cobbosseecontee, near Gardiner, Me., is clear of ice, and a few salmon have been taken. Local fishermen have taken salmon of 2½ and 3 pounds. Moosehead is not clear of ice at this writing, and the latest reports mention freezing weather, which will not help the clearing of the lake in the least. The Rangeleys are not yet clear, and for several nights

ice has made, rather than melted. The balance of opinion centers on about April 30. The clearing of Mooselucmagentic was May 2 last year, though Richardson had cleared a couple of days earlier. Rangeley cleared two days later. The earliest clearing of which there is any record was April 30, in 1899, and the latest, May 21, in 1888.

Boston, April 14.—Some of the Boston anglers are off for Newfound Lake, New Hampshire. Word has been received that some good salmon are being taken. Dr. Austin Woodman, of Plymouth, and Dr. Pierce, of Oxford, have each caught several salmon, the largest weighing $4\frac{3}{4}$ and $4\frac{1}{4}$ pounds. Stephen Vallier has caught two salmon, each weighing about 7 pounds; Q. A. Ballou, two salmon, about 8 pounds; Mrs. I. Smith, two salmon, 4 and 7 pounds; Felix Kenney, one salmon, 4 pounds; William Cyr, salmon, $4\frac{1}{4}$ pounds; Fred Gray, trout, $4\frac{1}{4}$ pounds; Frank W. Calley, salmon, $3\frac{1}{2}$ pounds; A. F. Cate, salmon, 4 pounds; Earl Solomon, salmon, 3 pounds. Lake Winnipiseogee is clear of ice, and two Boston anglers have gone up there. Some lake trout of 6 and 7 pounds have already been taken. Warmer weather is looked for to improve the fishing. SPECIAL.

Fish and Fishing.

Grayling in the Yukon.

MR. MICHAEL CREAN, the Superintendent of the Dominion Government telegraph lines in the Yukon, was here the other day, and after being an interested listener for some time to the stories of bighorn, moose and grizzlies in the far Northwest, which he was relating to an attentive group of sportsmen in the Quebec Garrison Club, I asked him something about the fishing in the Klondike country. I am sorry that I had not time to make very detailed inquiries of Mr. Crean, but in a general way I gleaned some information from him that can scarcely fail to interest a number of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. His description of the grayling fishing in some of the streams in the neighborhood of Lake Atlin was exceedingly graphic. The fish are plentiful, and

esting problem. It is also an open question whether they will be able to return to Lake St. John from the sea; over some of the falls of the Upper Saguenay; and it is sincerely to be hoped that some competent engineer, conversant with the life history of the Atlantic salmon, will be instructed to ascertain whether the blasting away of boulders or the construction of fish ladders at some of these falls may not be necessary to the ascent of the returning fish.

One plant of young fish from the Roberval hatchery which was made two years ago last autumn was the product of mixed parentage. The progeny was half-salmon, half-ouananiche. If these fish are not mules, but reproduce their kind, there ought, in a few years, to be a marked improvement in the size of many of the Lake St. John ouananiche; and the naturalists fail to see any varietal distinction between the ouananiche and *Salmo salar* to warrant the belief that their joint product would prove to be mules.

An Early Season.

The oldest inhabitant in Canada fails to recall so early a spring as that of the present season. There has been scarcely any snowfall in Quebec since the first week of February. Plowing commenced in the end of March, and although the lakes are still covered with ice, the streams are all clear, and scarcely any snow is left in the northern woods. The thaw will be complete in a few days. The season in general is a full month earlier than usual. Trout fishing ought to be good this year by the first of May, when the open season commences, though generally there is little or no fly-fishing in the far northern waters until the 15th or 20th of the month. The ouananiche fishing in the Grande Décharge, which usually begins about June 12 or 15, will probably be good this year in the first week of the month.

A Trade in Natural Flies.

The importance of supplying proper food for fish is now pretty well realized by almost every novice in the art of fishculture. Smelt, minnows and other small whitefish are the more ordinary varieties of food employed when pro-

under banks and sheltered places. The trout fed with worms grew slowly, and had a lean appearance; those nourished on minnows—which it was observed, they darted at with great voracity—became much larger; while such as were fattened upon flies only, attained in a short time prodigious dimensions, weighing twice as much as both the others together, although the quantity of food swallowed by them was in nowise so great.

Lanman has stated that one principal cause of the great variety in color of the brook trout is the difference of food, such as live upon fresh-water shrimps and other crustacea are the brightest; those which feed upon May flies and other aquatic insects are the next, and those which feed upon worms are the duldest of all. Trout which feed much upon larvæ (*Phrygamæ*) and their cases are not only red in flesh, but they become golden in hue and the red spots increase in number.

Professor Agassiz has said "the most beautiful trout are found in waters which abound in crustacea; direct experiments having shown that the intensity of the red colors of their flesh depends upon the quantity of Gammaridæ which they have devoured."

And as long ago as the days of old Father Walton we find in "The Compleat Angler" that the May fly, which is bred of the cod worm or caddies, "makes the trout bold and lusty; and he is usually fatter and better meat at the end of that month than at any time of the year."

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

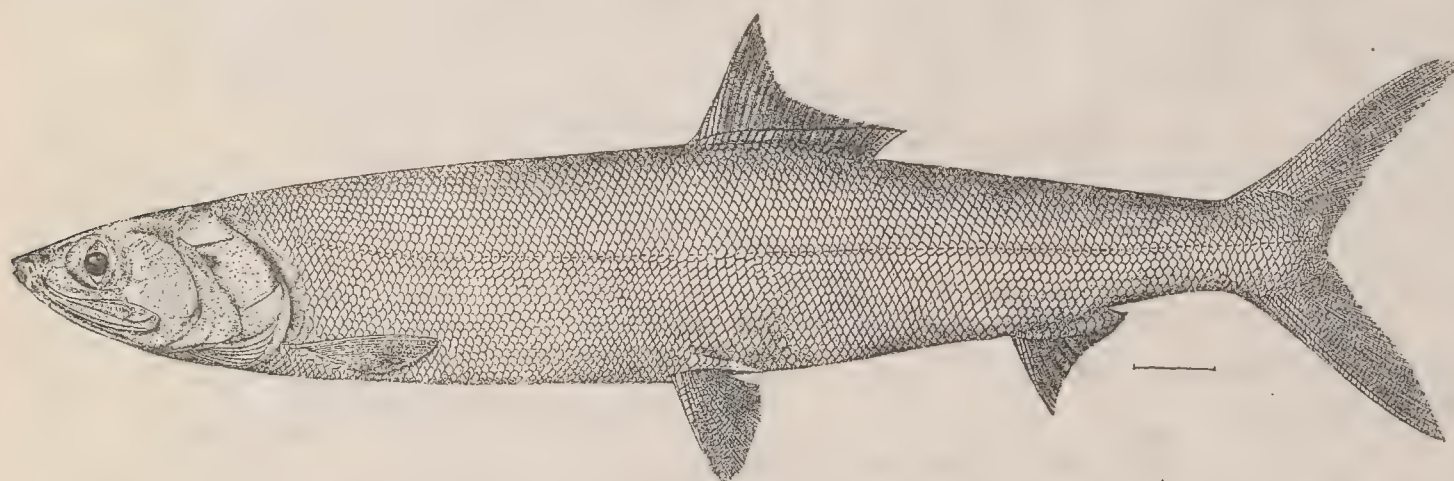
CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Renovation of Cedar Lake.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 12.—As is generally understood by the bass fishermen of Chicago, the little lake known as Cedar Lake, on the Monon road in Indiana, is the very earliest of all the bass waters of this country. As was stated last week, our bass fishers have already begun to visit this favorite water, although the fishers who came back from there the first of the week reported but poor sport. Mr. W. H. English was lucky enough to kill one bass which weighed nearly four pounds, and one other of the party got a good bass, though for the most part but little success was had.

At that time it became generally understood that Cedar Lake was to be seined this week for the purpose of removing all the worthless fish, such as buffalo, carp, dogfish, etc., it being the intention of the railroad and the residents to improve the angling so that Cedar Lake might come into still greater prominence as a bass water. Different members of the local settlement had contributed toward the purchase of a seine, a net of about 500 feet in length being considered ample for the purpose intended. The seining was to be done under the supervision of the State Fish Commissioner. The worthless fishes were to be destroyed or given away, and all game fish returned to the water. The enterprise was very widely advertised, and, in fact, we rather expected a convulsion of nature when that big seine began to tear through the pearly depths of Cedar Lake. It is even stated that some representatives of the Field Columbian Museum were to be on hand to take care of the scientific possibilities of this undertaking. At the least calculation, everybody supposed, thousands of carp, bullheads, etc., would be taken when the big seine got to work, although no one anticipated that it would be possible to exterminate the carp or buffalo fish in this way.

As a matter of fact, the Cedar Lake seining proposition panned out worse than any circle hunt for wolves that ever was pulled off in all the wide, wide world. Of course a 500-foot seine is just about one-tenth of the length it ought to have been for the purpose intended. A steam launch was fastened to one end of the seine, and after considerable excitement one or two hauls were made. Reports have it, with probably a fair degree of accuracy, that the first haul resulted in the capture of one small and somewhat dismayed croppie, which by order of the representative of the State Fish Commission was returned to the element from which it had been thus unceremoniously haled. The dogfish, bullheads, etc., were, at last accounts, still reveling in the outer depths of the



Elops saurus.

though not large, are extremely gamy. They seize the angler's flies with avidity and afford capital sport when hooked. Trout are described as abundant, and I have very little doubt from Mr. Crean's account of their forked tails and deep red bellies and sides, that one or more species of the Arctic char, more or less closely resembling the *Salvelinus marstonii* of Garman and Cheney, abound there. I was not surprised to hear from Mr. Crean that the Pacific salmon are taken up to 75 pounds in weight in the vicinity of Dawson, but what caused me to wonder more was his statement that they run up the river some hundreds of miles higher than that place.

Half a Million Ouananiche.

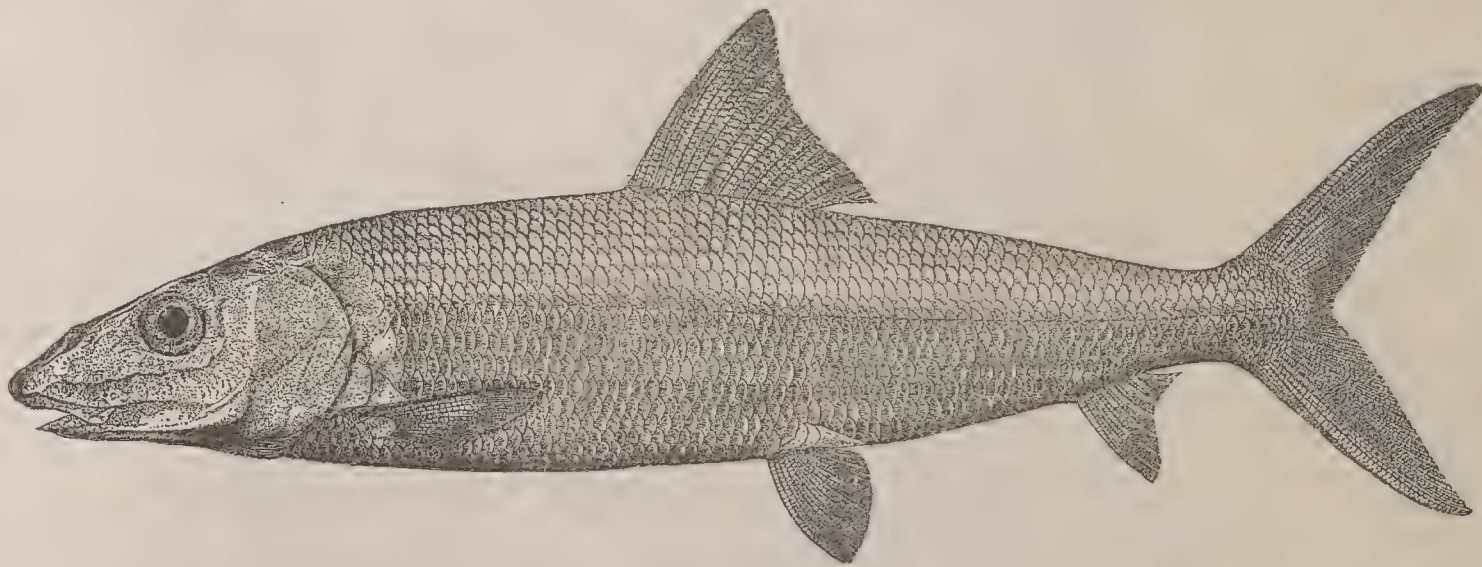
It is a far cry from the Klondike to Lake St. John, yet upon the same page of my notebook with a memorandum of Mr. Crean's story, I find an entry about the Roberval hatchery. This refers to the success achieved by Mr. Marcoux, the manager of the establishment, in securing 600,000 ouananiche eggs last autumn, which are now in an exceedingly healthy condition, giving promise of an early crop of at least half a million young fish, which will be ready for planting next fall. Mr. Marcoux secured the parent fish in the Salmon River, a tributary of the Ashuapmouchouan, and liberated them as soon as they had been stripped of their ova and milt. Friends of the ouananiche will be glad to learn of the success of the Roberval hatchery; for despite the natural fecundity of the fish, the waters in which it spawns contain so many enemies of both the spawn and the fry, that the fish hatchery is an improvement upon nature so far as the protection of the eggs and the young fish are concerned. Under ordinary circumstances, of course, the hatchery would be no more necessary to the preservation of species than it was during the ages that elapsed before the operations of nature with respect to the ouananiche suffered interference at the hands of man. Since ouananiche fishing has attained its present popularity, it is fortunate that the fact has thus early been realized that artificial aid to the reproduction of the species is called for to compensate for the loss of fish that now fall to the wiles of the angler.

A reasonable supply of young fish, hatched in this hatchery, have been distributed in creeks tributary to some of the feeders of Lake St. John, for three or four years past, but never before were operations carried on there so extensively as during the present season.

Several of the samlets planted in Lake St. John waters two or three years ago were found last year, still bearing the parr marks. A close watch should be kept for them this season, and it would much add to the interest of the experiment if anglers, competent to identify salmon smolts from the young of the ouananiche, and fortunate enough to catch any of the former this season in these waters, should report the circumstances fully through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. It should scarcely be necessary to add that no good sportsman capturing salmon smolt will fail to replace them in the water. Whether these fish will attain the grilse stage in Lake St. John, or whether they will first run down to the sea, is an inter-

viding it for game fishes, though for trout, in particular, it has long been established that they thrive best of all on crustacea, larvæ and flies. It may readily be understood, however, that superficial observers are likely to regard smaller fishes as a more substantial food than flies or larvæ for trout, while the facility with which the May-fly, the fresh-water shrimp and other excellent trout food may be planted is not nearly as well known as it deserves to be. A few carefully and intelligently conducted experiments will nevertheless convince the most skeptical of the ease with which the transplanting may be accomplished.

I have not noticed any advertisements in FOREST AND STREAM similar to those in some of the English sporting papers, in which all kinds of fish food are offered for sale. One, at least, of the English houses has carried out a number of valuable experiments in breeding water



Albula vulpes.

flies, and is continuing the work on commercial lines. In their recently issued price list, they advertise both the fertilized eggs and larvæ of the May fly, the former being delivered in June. In addition, they sell mollusca (fresh-water snails) and crustaceans, such as *Gammarus pulex* (the fresh-water shrimp), and a variety of useful water weeds, such as those to which the different varieties of fish food cling.

In connection with what I have said concerning insect food for fishes, an interesting experiment is worthy of note here, which is mentioned by Mr. Stoddart in his "Art of Angling as Practiced in Scotland." It was made some years ago with trout in the south of England, in order to ascertain the relative value of different food. Fish were placed in three different tanks, one of which was supplied daily with worms, another with live minnows, and the third with those small, dark-colored water flies which are to be found moving about on the surface

lake, and declining to come into the shallow water to become involved in the meshes of the big net. What the ultimate returns may be no one knows, though at present, in the words of the country reporter, great excitement prevails.

Early Bass.

The most favorable outlook for early bass seems to be at Bass Lake, Ind., and at Fox Lake, Ill., both of which may now be declared to be open for business. One angler caught eighteen good bass last Sunday at Bass Lake. Mr. Jim Edwards, of this city, caught six bass early in the week at Fox Lake, and he thinks there will be good bass fishing in the latter district within the coming week. This would be a good time to go bass fishing in the Kankakee River, or would have been six or eight years ago, at which time the Chicago anglers used to have such sport along that stream below Momence, Ill.

The carp, however, have nearly ruined the Kankakee as an angling water, and it is hardly likely that we shall ever see its glories as a bass stream restored to us.

The Prairie River.

A letter received from Delos Cone, on the best angling reaches of the Prairie River of Wisconsin, stated a few days ago that the ice was all out of the Prairie, that the water was at a very satisfactory stage, and that everything promised an early trout season. This is one of the earliest trout streams of Wisconsin, and as the spring seems generally pretty well advanced over that State, there is very good promise that opening day, April 15, will show some returns to the adventurous rods who may be that far to the northward by next Tuesday. Personally, I know that I ought to stay at home and split a little more kindling wood, but I cannot ever resist the temptation to go up and open the season on this pretty little river, where one can wade in rubber boots, get good bread and butter and coffee, have a road to walk back home on at night, and can moreover catch some trout once in a while. My daily personal limit, law or no law, is twenty-five birds or twenty-five fish. I think I have never had occasion to stop fishing on account of the personal limit on the Prairie River, and indeed have rarely been able to kill more than twenty-five trout on the fly on any stream in an average day's fishing; yet Mr. Edward G. Taylor and myself when we fished that stream used to bring in twenty-five or thirty fish between us every once in a while, and I believe we rarely took less than a dozen fish or so to the rod. The sport will no doubt be better there a week from to-day than it will be next Tuesday, but a warm season of a day or so would certainly bring the trout up to the fly handsomely. Mr. Taylor is going up to be at Lottie Cone's on the morning of opening day, and I may as well confess that I am going to overlook the kindling splitting proposition for just once more my own self, and will see Lottie, and the family dog, and the pretty little river, just once more for luck.

We usually found the following flies good on the Prairie River in the following order. Cowdung, Reuben-Wood, grizzly-king, gray-hackles, coachman—these will do up to the middle of May, the coachman being increasingly useful toward the close of the warm May days. The Prairie is a fast, yet not a wicked water, and its great beauty is that the bottom is hard and allows perfectly secure and easy wading. High waders are not necessary and rubber boots of hip length are sufficient in any ordinary stage of the water. We only had to go out on the banks once or twice at the deepest holes. Our trout ran sometimes up to a pound, the usual length in our part of the stream being well over eight inches. At Dudley's place, above Lottie Cone's farmhouse, the trout are regularly planted in large numbers every year, and one can take forty or fifty small trout almost any day up there when the season has fairly begun. Mr. Charles Antoine, of Chicago, will go up to Cone's place toward the close of next week, and will probably spend a week or two there with his family later in the season. Mr. Graham H. Harris will also possibly join the Chicago contingent on the Prairie opening day, although the latter is not yet assured.

The Saginaw Crowd.

The Saginaw Crowd, to the number of six or eight rods, will assemble on their special car, the W. B. Mershon, and will start north from Saginaw the morning before May 1, opening day of the trout season in the State of Michigan. The destination at this writing is not known, but will probably be the same stream which was fished successfully by the party on opening day of last year. Mr. W. B. Mershon, Mr. George Morley, Mr. Jack Morley and Mr. Watts Humphrey are among those who are certain to be of the Saginaw party.

The Art of Tying Flies.

I had occasion the other day to mention the beautiful flies tied by Fred Peet, of this city, purely in an amateur way, and not for sale. These flies are the prettiest I ever saw done in any country or by any hand. This matter of tying artificial flies seems not to be so much of a mystery after all—that is to say, almost any one can learn to do it in some sort of way, though I imagine that the great skill attained by Mr. Peet is vouchsafed to but few. Mr. Graham H. Harris, who, by the way, is Mr. Peet's original instructor, undertook to show me and another party something about tying flies one evening a week or so ago, and since then I have been trying to see what could be done. The first efforts resembled a cross between a feather duster and a coal scuttle, but none the less I have hopes, though the further I get into it the more I wonder how Fred Peet does it so well. There is really no mystery about it, however, and nothing specially difficult in the putting together of the fly itself. The essentials are only a good eye, a daintiness of imagination and a deftness of touch. If some other fellow could furnish these, I think I could get the feathers and the hook.

When They Won't Rise.

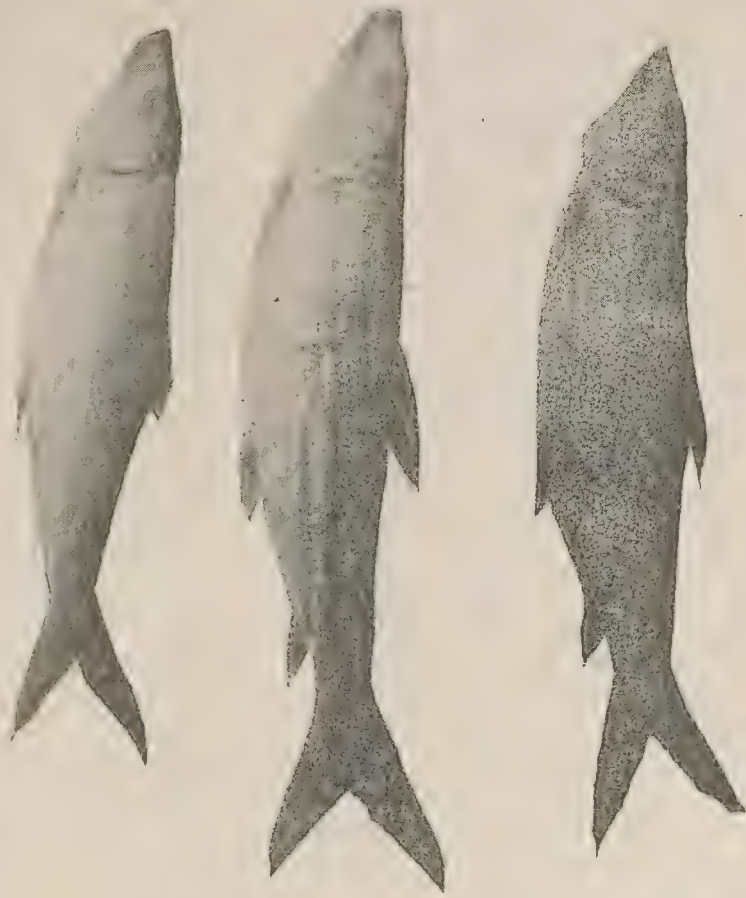
When the day is dark or rainy, or even snowy, and the trout will not come up, try them with the silver-doctor, sunk deep and fished far down in the pools. I recollect once taking ten handsome trout on the silver-doctor during a snowstorm, at a time when all the other fishermen were indoors, and when certainly one could hardly have picked harder conditions for fishing with the fly. The silver-doctor was used exclusively, and was allowed to sink deep, being used indeed precisely as one would use bait. After the line had extended and the fly had gotten far out into the water which I wished to fish, I drew it upward and backward with a long and rather steady pull, the trout nearly always taking it just as the backward movement was well begun. This one cannot call very high class sport, for, indeed, it resembled bait-fishing more than fly-fishing, the difference being more in name than in anything else. It is not a bad thing to remember, however, if the fish are dull and not doing their duty properly. The trout probably strike at the silver-doctor on account of the glimmer made by the body, which should be of silver tinsel and not the different combinations which sometimes are found in the bodies of alleged silver-doctors.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Florida Bonefish Record

COCOANUT GROVE, Fla., April 8.—Editor Forest and Stream: Mr. John Hunter, of New York (not Newport, as I incorrectly stated in my last), has again broken all Biscayne Bay records for bonefish, by taking in succession one of 9¼ pounds, one of 10 pounds and one of 11¼ pounds. These fish were taken in the presence of the writer on a Sproat hook, single o, single leader, 8½-ounce rod, light bass line. I inclose picture of the three, the 11¼-pound fish being in the center. The weights and measurements were most carefully taken.

In my last I spoke incorrectly of this fish as the *Albula*



MR. HUNTER'S RECORD BONEFISH.

vulpes, having authority of a member of the Fish Commission for my error. Having read better authorities, I am convinced that the bonefish is the *Elops saurus*, first cousin of the tarpon, while the bony fish, or lady fish, is the *Albula vulpes*. This last is indeed a game fish, stronger than and outleaping even the ouananiche, but is not quite the peer of the *Elops*, whose wariness, sly nibble and fierce rushes, together with his superlative strength, make him the delight of even veteran tarpon men.

As I am unable to find that a 10-pound bonefish has been taken in Biscayne Bay, although the local fishermen net hundreds annually, I believe this 11¼-pound *Elops* is a record.

HENRY GUY CARLETON.

New York Sunday Fishing Law.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just read the article in FOREST AND STREAM of April 12, relative to Sunday fishing, in which it is stated that fishing on Sunday in New York waters, except in Jamaica Bay, "is forbidden by Section 265 of the Penal Code. Such is not the law, and fishing on Sunday is not illegal in the State of New York, unless done in such manner and place as to seriously interrupt the repose of the community on Sunday. This section of the Penal Code reads as follows: "Sec. 265. Public Sports.—All shooting, hunting, fishing, playing, horse racing, gaming and other public sports, exercises and shows upon the first day of the week, and all noise disturbing the peace of the day are prohibited." Sec. 269 fixes the fine for a violation at not less than five and not more than ten dollars, or by imprisonment not exceeding five days, or both, with a heavier fine for a second offense.

Sec. 265 was under review by the General Term of Supreme Court, second department, in the case of People vs. Dennin, 35 Hun., 327, and it was held by that court that ball playing in private grounds was not forbidden, and to constitute a violation of this section, the act done (ball playing, fishing, hunting, etc.) must be a serious interruption of the repose of the community on Sunday. In other words, fishing in close proximity to a residence or a public assemblage might interrupt the repose of that community, and would therefore be a violation, but fishing at a place away from the public would not be a violation.

The statute was again under review by the Court of Appeals in People vs. Moses, 140 N. Y., 214, and Judge Earl wrote an opinion holding that the section absolutely prohibits fishing, etc., on Sunday, and everywhere and under all circumstances, in which construction Judges Andrews and O'Brien concurred, but Judges Finch, Peckham and Gray dissented. Judge Maynard, the only other judge, and whose concurrence was necessary to sustain the conviction of Moses, did concur with Earl in the disposition of that case, but upon the ground that the evidence showed that the act complained of was committed by Moses under such circumstances as to constitute a serious interruption of the repose and religious liberty of the community. The question has not since been before the higher courts, and the case of People vs. Dennin is the law of the State. It is true the Court of Appeals may hereafter overrule this case and follow the construction of the statute adopted by Judge Earl, but in view of the fact that the apparent object of section is to prevent "noise disturbing the peace of the day," it seems more probable this court will approve of the common sense interpretation adopted by the General Term of the Supreme Court.

WILLARD S. REED.

CORNING, N. Y., April 14.

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Utica Association.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Utica Fish and Game Protective Association held its annual meeting on the evening of April 9, the attendance being good. Various matters of interest to the members of the organization were discussed, and considerable business was transacted. The annual report of the treasurer, George L. Bradford, showed the financial condition of the Association to be eminently satisfactory.

A resolution was adopted requesting the secretary to write the Governor in regard to the bill intended to stop the sale of grouse killed in this State, which the Association favors.

Secretary John D. Collins presented his annual report, which was as follows: "Your secretary respectfully reports at this annual meeting that after diligent and faithful effort for protection and increase of fish and game during the past twenty-two years, that game laws are and have been well observed. Yet, notwithstanding the observance, results still manifest a continued steady decrease of the choicest species of both fish and game to an extent that little is left. The gloomy apprehensions and melancholy forebodings in this respect prognosticated by this Association years ago are now verified and apparent as a fact, owing to the too liberal provisions of the laws designed to protect. The provisions of the laws are sufficiently liberal to allow complete legal extinction in one year. It is only the superior cunning of a surviving few of the species that avoids the result. An army of protectors can neither save or restore what the law says may be legally killed; not even the remnants. In view of the existing conditions of fact now staring us in the face, it is the opinion and best judgment of your secretary, after mature deliberation, that it is inexpedient and useless for our members to further contribute private funds or personal effort in furtherance of the objects for which this Association was organized. This conclusion is reached with great hesitation and reluctance, but the facts are before us. Extermination is only a question of a short time unless decided restrictions are enacted."

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Gustavus Dexter; Vice-President, William M. Storrs; Secretary, John D. Collins; Treasurer, George L. Bradford; Directors, W. E. Wolcott, Elton G. Brown, Thomas Jay Griffiths, George L. Bradford, William M. Storrs, W. C. Logan, M. M. Colby.

The Association decided to advertise a reward offered for evidence to convict any person of Sunday shooting in Oneida county.

W. E. WOLCOTT.

UTICA, N. Y., April 10.

Stocking Maryland Waters with Perch.

SNOW HILL, Md., April 9.—State Fish Commissioner Clarence L. Vincent has just returned home from an inspection of the hatching station on the Tuckahoe River, in Caroline county. The enormous number of 130,000,000 perch eggs have already been taken by Deputy Hughlett and his men at this station. Seventy-five million young perch are now ready, and under direction of Mr. Vincent are being put in the various rivers up the shore. Others have been turned over to the Fish Commissioner of the Western Shore for distribution in the waters of that section.—Baltimore Sun.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

March 26-29.—Atlantic City, N. J.—Atlantic City Kennel Club's show. Thos. H. Terry, Sec'y.
April 1-4.—Boston.—New England Kennel Club's eighteenth annual show. Wm. B. Emery, Sec'y.
April 9-12.—Seattle, Wash.—Seattle Kennel Club's annual show. H. S. Jordan, Sec'y.
Oct. 7-9.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society's show. John W. Bacon, Treas.
Oct. 21-24.—New York.—Ladies' Kennel Association of America's show. Miss M. K. Bird, Westbury, L. I., Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 26-29.—Philadelphia.—Philadelphia Dog Show Association's show. M. A. Viti, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Aug. 19.—Emmetsburg, Ia.—Iowa Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fifth annual trials. Louis Stuehmer, Sec'y, Emmetsburg, Ia.
Aug. 26.—Salem, S. D.—South Dakota Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) third annual trials. E. H. Gregory, Sioux Falls, S. D.
Aug. —O'Neill, Neb.—Nebraska Field Trial Association's inaugural chicken trials. M. H. McCarthy, Sec'y.
Oct. 27.—Paris, Mo.—Missouri Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club), sixth annual trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y, Sedalia, Mo.
Oct. 27.——, Pa.—Monongahela Field Trial Club's field trials. A. C. Paterson, Sec'y.
Nov. 3.—Robinson, Ill.—Illinois Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fourth annual trials. W. R. Green, Sec'y, Marshall, Ill.
Nov. 3.——, Mich.—Michigan Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fifth annual trials. C. D. Stuart, Sec'y, Benton Harbor, Mich.
Nov. 10.—Bicknell, Ind.—Independent Field Trial Club's (member of the American Championship Club) fourth annual trials. H. S. Humphrey, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Nov. 10.—Ruthven, Ont.—North American Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fourth annual trials. Richard Bangham, Sec'y, Windsor, Ont.
Nov. 11.—St. Joachim, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's fourteenth annual trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 17.—Elizabethtown, Ky.—Kentucky Field Trial Club's (member of the American Championship Club) third annual trials. F. W. Samuel, Sec'y, Louisville, Ky.
Nov. 20.—Manor, L. I.—Pointer Club of America's (member of the American Championship Club) second annual trials. R. E. Westlake, Sec'y, Scranton, Pa.
Nov. 24.—Washington C. H., Ohio.—Ohio Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fifth annual trials. C. E. Baughn, Sec'y.
Dec. 1.—Washington C. H., Ohio.—American Championship Field Trial Club's second annual trials. Chas. B. Cooke, Sec'y, St. Louis, Mo.
Dec. 1.——, —.—Interstate Championship Field Trial Association's second annual trials. C. D. Cooke, Sec'y.
Dec. 15.—Huntsville, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's (member of the American Championship Club) third annual trials. John F. Fletcher, Sec'y, Birmingham, Ala.
—, —.—Western Field Trial Association's second annual trials. C. W. Buttle, Sec'y.

Haverhill Kennel Club.

HAVERHILL, Mass., March 28.—A little over a month ago a few gentlemen got together one evening and talked dog, as a result the Haverhill Kennel Club was formed with the following as members: Mr. A. B. Tyrrell, Mr. D. J. Broderick, Mr. Geo. L. Meserve, Mr. A. A. Balch, Mr. M. A. Knipe, Mr. Fred L. Rowe, Mr. O. L. Shattuck, Mr. H. S. Wilson, Mr. H. M. Reid, Mr. Wm. A. Mobley, Mr. W. P. Bradford, Mr. Matthew French and Dr. Grantly Bickell, Mr. Tyrrell being elected President, Mr. Broderick Vice-President, Mr. Meserve Treasurer, Mr. Balch Secretary and Dr. Bickell Veterinary. They talked dog show a little, and then went to work. It was a case of "saw wood," and every one did his part well—so well, in fact, that March 22 275 canines of all kinds and degree were having a howling time at Independence Hall. To say, all things considered, that is was a grand success, is putting it mildly. The dogs were all nicely and comfortably benched, but as it was only a one-day exhibition, there was more or less hurry. Nothing but words of praise and congratulation was heard from the crowd that flocked in to see the dogs, and at the same time contribute to a most worthy institution. The Hale Hospital will receive the net proceeds of the exhibition, which will be a goodly sum. The dogs were of all classes and degrees. I would not dare to make comments on any particular canine were I competent, as I have neither the bomb proof or the time to spend in one. I inclose clipping from our local papers, giving winners in the regular classes, also of specials. Mr. Thos. Benson judged Boston terriers, bull terriers, English and French bulldogs; Mr. H. W. Lacey all others, to the satisfaction of everybody except a few poor losers, as there always are in all competitions. Mr. Tom Middlebrook acted as Boston secretary; Mr. W. J. Rimmer, of Lawrence, Mass., as superintendent, and Mr. M. A. Knipe assistant superintendent. The club is more than pleased—as they have a perfect right to be—with the success crowning their first efforts, and next year they intend to join the A. K. C. A. and hold another show, at which they hope to score even a greater triumph. This they may do, but their mark is set pretty high. But they are all energetic gentlemen—workers every one of them—and we cannot expect too much of them. S. G. MILLER.

Interstate Championship Field Trial Association.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., April 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you herewith a corrected list of dates for holding the field trials of 1902. Please run these under the head of "Kennel" during each issue for the information of your patrons.

I would also like to notify you that the Alabama Field Trial Club and the Pointer Club of America have paid their initiation fee to the American Championship Field Trial Club, and are now full-fledged members.

Our Alabama brethren will hold an open subscription stake in December, next, their date being Dec. 15, and as this follows directly after the Championship Stake, which will be run at Washington Court House on Dec. 1, they expect a good many of the handlers to come down there and patronize their trials. As it is in the South, the weather will be delightful and they have elegant grounds, some five by eight miles, with plenty of birds. Mr. John F. Fletcher, of Birmingham, Ala., will give any one all the information desired upon application.

The Pointer Club of America is joining us, with the hope of demonstrating to the sportsmen of the country that the pointers are the equal, if not the superior, to the setters, and they promise to come down to the championship trials at Washington Court House next fall with some good representatives from their club. We welcome them heartily. CHAS. B. COOKE, Secretary.

Quick Work.

GEORGETOWN, N. Y., April 7.—Please take my ad out of your paper at once. The dog I offered was sold to-day and shipped to-night through this ad in edition dated Saturday, April 5, before I had even received my copy of the paper. Respectfully yours,

J. F. STODDARD.

GEORGETOWN, N. Y., April 4.—Please take my ad out [The paper of April 5 was mailed April 2. The reader who bought Mr. Stoddard's dog must have written immediately upon seeing the advertisement. Moral: If you want to make sure of a FOREST AND STREAM bargain, you must act on the instant.]

Yachting.

Designing Competition for the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

To be Known as the Seawanhaka 15-Footers.

THE competition is open both to amateur and professional designers. Three prizes will be awarded for the best designs of a yacht conforming to the following conditions:

I. A keel sloop to measure 15ft. racing length under the club's new rule.

II. Sails: Mainsail, jib and spinnaker. The area of the mainsail and jib shall not exceed 350 sq. ft., not over 80 per cent. of which shall be in the mainsail.

III. Planking shall not be less than 1/2 in. in thickness.

IV. Spars shall be solid, and the mast shall be of sufficient strength to be used without runners or preventer backstays.

V. Cockpit shall be open, and bulkheads or air tanks are to be provided sufficient to insure the boats being non-sinkable.

VI. The boats shall be capable of carrying full sail in ordinary summer breezes on Long Island Sound.

VII. Construction shall be strong and durable.

VIII. All competitors must furnish a drawing of the lines, which will also show the position of the lead keel, and a table of calculated weights, which will give displacement, weight of lead, weight of hull, weight of rig, center of buoyancy and center of lateral resistance, center of effort and center of gravity of the lead keel; also a sail plan, on which the diameters of spars and sizes of rigging shall be marked; also a deck plan and amidship section, which will show height of cockpit seats and floor, and height of coaming. The midship section must also show the construction.

The boats are to be measured with a crew of two men aboard, their weight to be taken at 300lbs.

The actual sail area will be measured.

The following prizes will be awarded: First prize, \$100; second prize, \$50; third prize, \$25.

In the event of one of the prize designs being selected by the club and yachts being constructed therefrom, the winner, in lieu of the cash prize, may furnish the necessary additional plans and specifications and supervise the construction and receive \$25 for each yacht built. In awarding the prizes, speed will be the first consideration, but appearance, construction, simplicity of rig and convenient arrangement will also carry weight.

Sail plan, 1/2 in. scale. All other plans, 1 in. scale.

The designs must be received at the office of FOREST AND STREAM, 346 Broadway, New York city, not later than May 15, 1902, and should bear a nom-de-plume only. A sealed envelope containing the designer's nom-de-plume, together with his own name and address should accompany the designs. The right is reserved to publish any or all of the designs. Those desiring the return of their drawings should inclose the necessary postage.

The designs will be judged by a committee consisting of Messrs. John Hyslop, A. Cary Smith, J. Rogers Maxwell, Jr., and Clinton H. Crane, and the result of the competition will be announced through these columns in the issue of May 24.

The club's new rule referred to in Paragraph I. is as follows: Yachts shall be rated for classification and time allowance by racing measurement, which shall be determined by adding to half the load waterline length, half the square root of sail area, and a quantity expressed as L, and by dividing the sum of these quantities by I.I.

$$\frac{1}{2} \text{LWL} + \frac{1}{2} \sqrt{\text{SA}} + \text{L} = \text{RL}$$

The quantity L is to be obtained in the following way: B is breadth of load waterline plane at 1/8 of its length from forward end.

B' is breadth of load waterline plane at 1/8 of its length from after end.

B" is breadth (greatest) of LW plane.

C is any excess of (B+B') over B".

D is draft at MS+2.5 of any greater draft aft, and all of any greater draft forward.

E is any excess of (B"+D) over 3 I-3 VMS submerged. C+E=L.

Designing Competition.

APPEARING in this issue are the designs submitted for the designing competition under the nom de plumes of Designator and Argonaut. Both were honorable mention designs. The plans A. B. C. and Ktaadn will be published next week.

Designator.

The designer of Designator was Mr. J. J. Young, Dorchester, Mass. The design is a good one, well drawn and carefully lettered. The boat would be improved for cruising purposes if she had a little more displacement and if the bow sections were not quite so full. She is fairly roomy below decks, the cabin arrangement lacking originality, however, being laid out as is customary on cruising boats of this size. The dimensions are:

Length—	
Over all	37ft. 3 3/4 in.
L.W.L.	25ft. 0 in.
Overhang—	
Forward	5ft. 7 1/4 in.
Aft	6ft. 8 1/2 in.
Breadth—	
Extreme	10ft. 6 in.
L.W.L.	9ft. 9 in.
Draft—	
Extreme	4ft. 0 in.
To rabbet	2ft. 0 in.
Board down	6ft. 6 in.
Freeboard—	
Forward	3ft. 2 3/4 in.
Aft	2ft. 2 1/2 in.
Least	2ft. 0 in.
Displacement	11,716lbs.
Lead keel	3,276lbs.
C.B. from fore end of L.W.L.	13ft. 1/4 in.
C.E. from fore end of L.W.L.	12ft. 9 in.
C.L.R. from fore end of L.W.L.	14ft. 1 1/2 in.
Sail Area—	
Mainsail	706.6 sq. ft.
Jib	155.9 sq. ft.
Total	862.5 sq. ft.

Argonaut.

Mr. Holding Froling, Cambridge, Mass., was the author of the design sent in under the pseudonym of Argonaut. The design has much to recommend it, the overhangs are long and well balanced. The boat would have been improved by having more beam and displacement and a

little less sail. The cabin arrangement is both novel and good. The companionway opens into a steerage, which is sort of a vestibule to the main saloon and would keep that apartment dry and comfortable in any weather. The galley is aft opposite the steerage. A rather good place for it, although, in this case, it would be improved if it were not so small. The main saloon is of good size with a berth on each side and a transom in front. The toilet room extends the full width of the boat, and is unusually large and roomy. The forecabin is separated by a bulkhead from the toilet room. In speaking of the boat, the designer says: "The object in the design of Argonaut has been to produce a yacht of easy form, which can be driven by a moderate sail plan and be easily handled by two persons. The designer has aimed to obtain a good-looking boat and one which will behave well in rough weather, rather than one of extreme speed. As the owner is to sail his own boat, it has been thought advisable to place the galley aft, giving full headroom under galley slide, which is similar to the one leading into the cabin, thus giving the house a symmetrical appearance. Particular attention has been paid to lockers for shore-going clothes, something unusual in boats of this class. The idea has been to give the greatest possible comfort to two or three persons, rather than scant accommodations for a large number."

The dimensions are:

Length—	
Over all	39ft. 11 in.
L.W.L.	25ft. 0 in.
Overhang—	
Forward	6ft. 5 3/4 in.
Aft	8ft. 5 1/4 in.
Breadth—	
Extreme	9ft. 8 in.
L.W.L.	9ft. 0 in.
Draft—	
Extreme	4ft. 0 in.
To rabbet	2ft. 4 1/2 in.
Board down	6ft. 6 in.
Freeboard—	
Forward	3ft. 2 3/4 in.
Aft	2ft. 4 3/4 in.
Least	2ft. 0 in.
Displacement	12,420lbs.
Lead keel	4,650lbs.
C.B. from fore end of L.W.L.	14ft. 5 in.
C.E. from fore end of L.W.L.	13ft. 0 in.
C.L.R. from fore end of L.W.L.	14ft. 3 in.
Sail Area—	
Mainsail	765 sq. ft.
Jib	166 sq. ft.
Total	931 sq. ft.

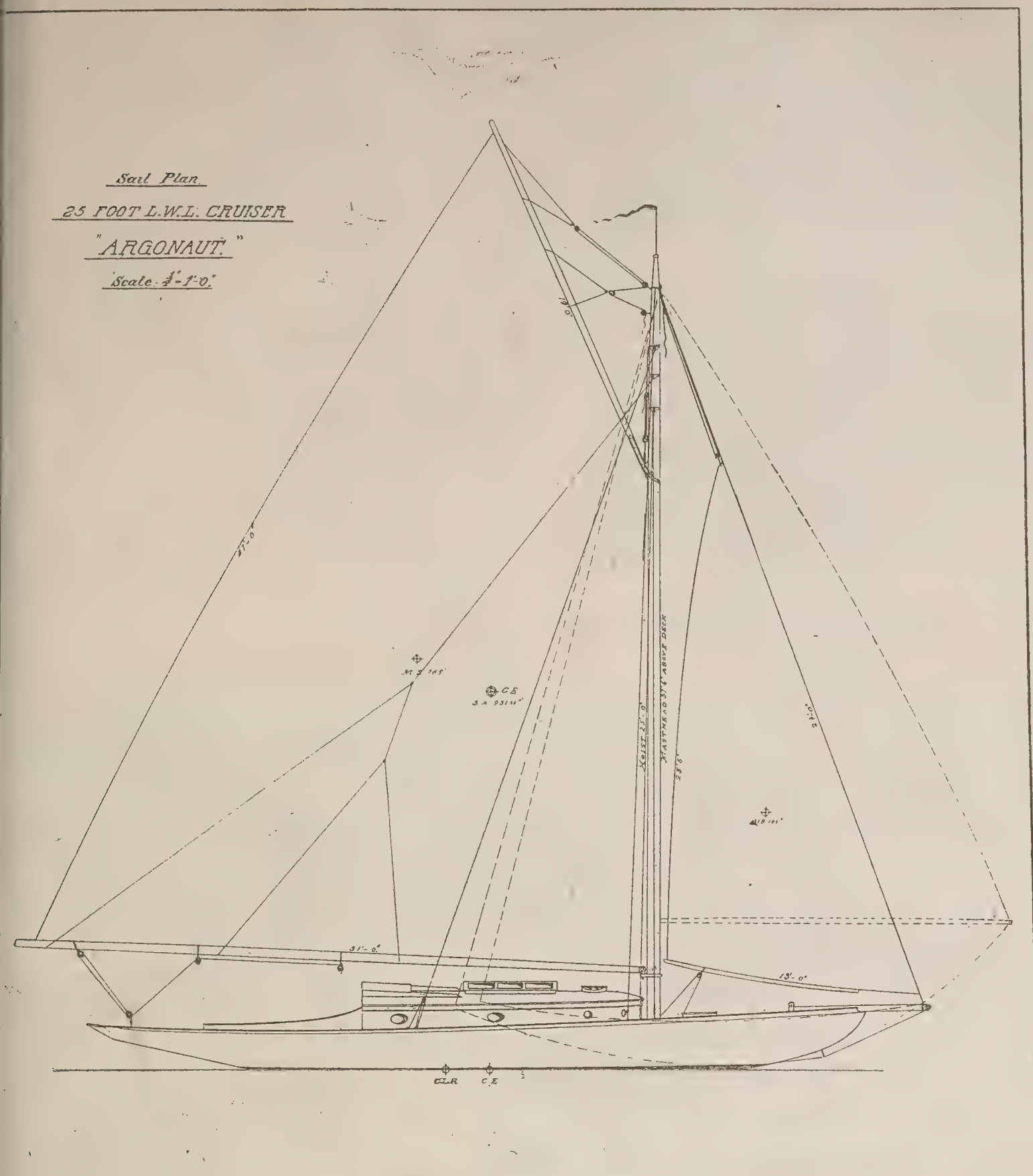
Margaret and Chanticleer Launched.

THE yards of the Gas Engine and Power Co. and Charles L. Seabury & Co., at Morris Heights, were the scene of two important launchings last week. The first boat to go overboard was the steam yacht built for Mr. John H. Rutherford, N. Y. Y. C., from designs made by Mr. Charles L. Seabury.

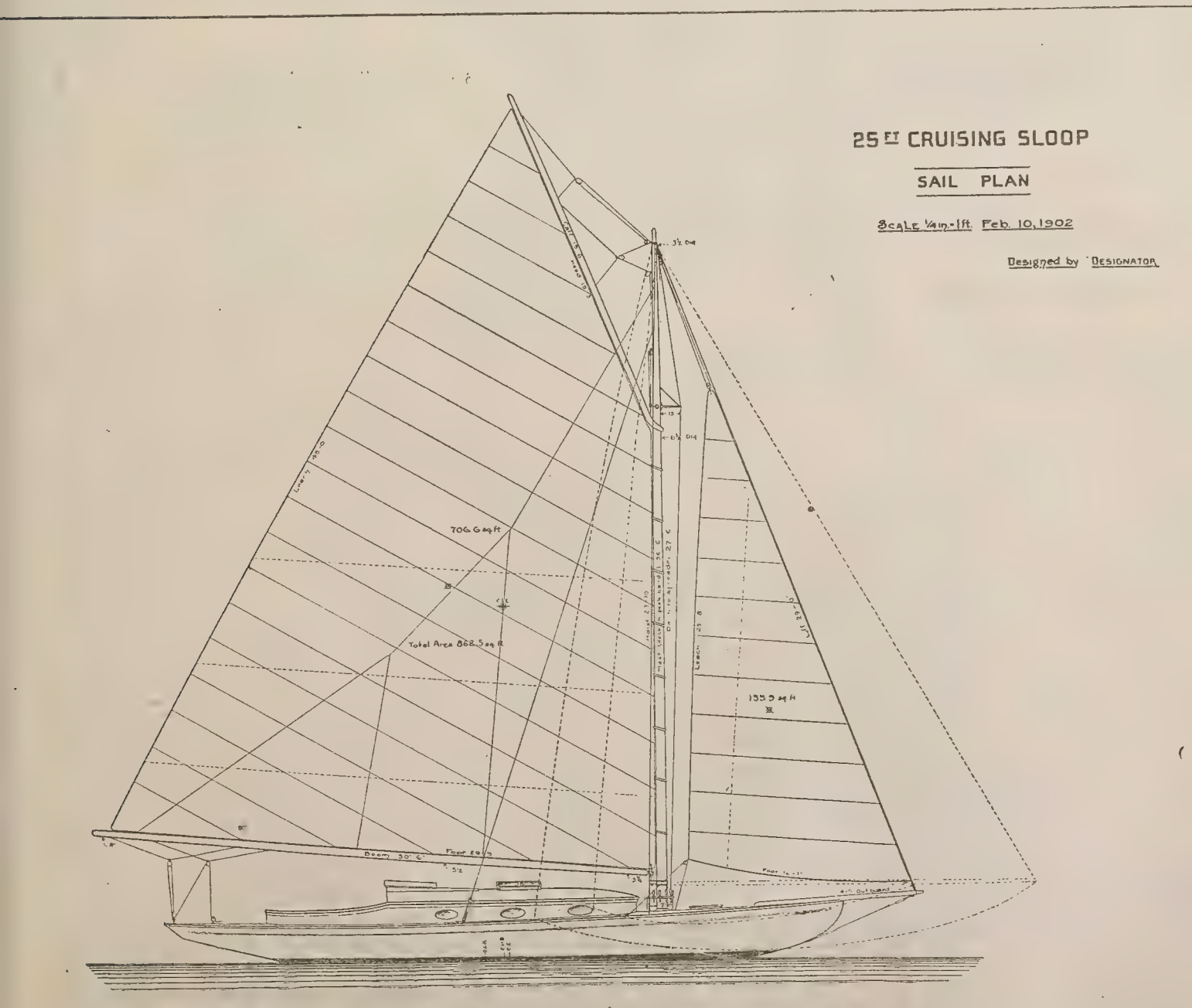
This boat is of the trunk cabin type, of steel construction, and has several interesting features connected with same. It being desired by Mr. Rutherford to have as large a yacht as possible for use at his summer residence at Lake Champlain, and the longest craft than can be passed through the Southern Canal connecting with the Hudson River and the lower end of the lake being only 98ft., it was found necessary to construct the yacht in sections. The lines were therefore laid down for a 98ft. waterline boat; the over all length being 117ft. on deck; the bow being constructed to take off as far aft as the forward end of the waterline, and all of the after end or overhang of the yacht will be taken off to the after end of the waterline. These ends will be placed on a scow and towed through the canal, and will be again attached to the hull at Whitehall, at the lower end of the lake. All of the deck joiner work is constructed of teak throughout. Below decks aft, large, commodious quarters are arranged for the owner, consisting of a large bathroom full width of the boat immediately aft of the engine compartment, thoroughly fitted up with modern plumbing. Directly aft of this comes the owner's double stateroom, connected by sliding door. These rooms are each fitted with dressing cases and brass bedstead, and otherwise furnished in the most modern style. Directly aft of the owner's rooms is arranged a single stateroom on the starboard side; on the port side a wardrobe, guest's bathroom, etc. The saloon, which is very large and commodious, has wide transoms on each side for sleeping on in case of large party making an extended cruise. The finish through the owner's quarters, staterooms and saloon is in mahogany. These quarters are very light and airy, and in many respects are much better than are found in a flush deck yacht of the same size. The crew's quarters are forward, and are large and roomy, staterooms arranged for captain and engineer. On the forward deck is the dining saloon, finished throughout in mahogany, arranged with large dining table, and buffet for glass and china. A dumb waiter connects this room with the galley directly below. This house is also constructed differently than those of most vessels of this type, as it is put up in sections, arranged to be divided half way up the height of same, so the yacht can go under the bridges and through the canal, all the bridges being stationary and not admitting of the passage of a yacht of this size with the deck house all intact. This house can be easily reconstructed, requiring only about one-half day's labor.

The yacht is fitted with two Seabury triple-expansion engines and is twin screw, the draft being only 4ft., on account of the shoal water in the canal. The engines will be supplied with steam by one Seabury water tube boiler of latest design. The yacht has a complete electric light plant, having forty lights. A searchlight is mounted on the forward bridge. She is schooner rigged; all spars are stepped on deck, and arranged to be quickly shipped and unshipped.

The second boat to go overboard was the steel cruising schooner Chanticleer. This vessel was also designed by Mr. Charles L. Seabury for Mr. George W. Weld, of Boston. She is 118ft. over all, 79ft. waterline, 22ft. breadth and 12ft. 6in. draft.



FOREST AND STREAM DESIGNING COMPETITION—HONORABLE MENTION DESIGN—SAIL PLAN.
Submitted by "Argonaut" (Helding Froling), Cambridge, Mass.



FOREST AND STREAM DESIGNING COMPETITION—HONORABLE MENTION DESIGN—SAIL PLAN.
Submitted by "Designator" (William J. J. Young), Dorchester, Mass.

The yacht is arranged with crew's quarters forward, as is usual with this type of vessel. Directly amidships is a large saloon used as a general dining room and social hall, fitted with buffet, wine locker and all conveniences and equipments essential to comfort, including a large open fireplace, which is often necessary in early spring and late fall cruising. There are large skylights over this saloon, and easy companionway in the forward part affords access to the deck. There is also a companionway aft leading indirectly to this saloon. Next aft come large and well-ventilated staterooms for guests, equipped with dressers, wardrobes, etc. Bath and toilet room for guests' use. Then will be found a large double stateroom for the owner, extending full width of the ship, fully furnished and equipped with all the conveniences one might desire for a long and extended cruise, and has connections with a private bath and toilet room.

A separate stairs leading direct from the owner's room to the deck makes these rooms entirely private.

The finish of these quarters—saloon, staterooms, bath and toilet rooms—is in mahogany and white and gold.

In many of Mr. Weld's cruises to the West Indies and other distant parts, he found it very advantageous to have his captain and quartermaster quartered directly aft, close to the position where their services are mostly required, so that they may be quickly summoned, and also where watches can be changed at night without disturbing the remainder of the crew. He therefore has these officers' quarters stationed aft.

The yacht will be equipped with naphtha launch, cutter and life boat fitted with sails and centerboard. Sails furnished by Wilson & Silsby.

The lead ballast will be placed inside of the deep keel, being specially cast in small pieces for the purpose, and not bolted on the outside as is customary with some of the late vessels. The idea of this arrangement is to allow of the ballast being taken out of the hull and the whole of the inside of the boat painted once a year to prevent corrosion.

Immediately after the launching the work of stepping the spars and completing the rigging was commenced.

Our Boston Letter.

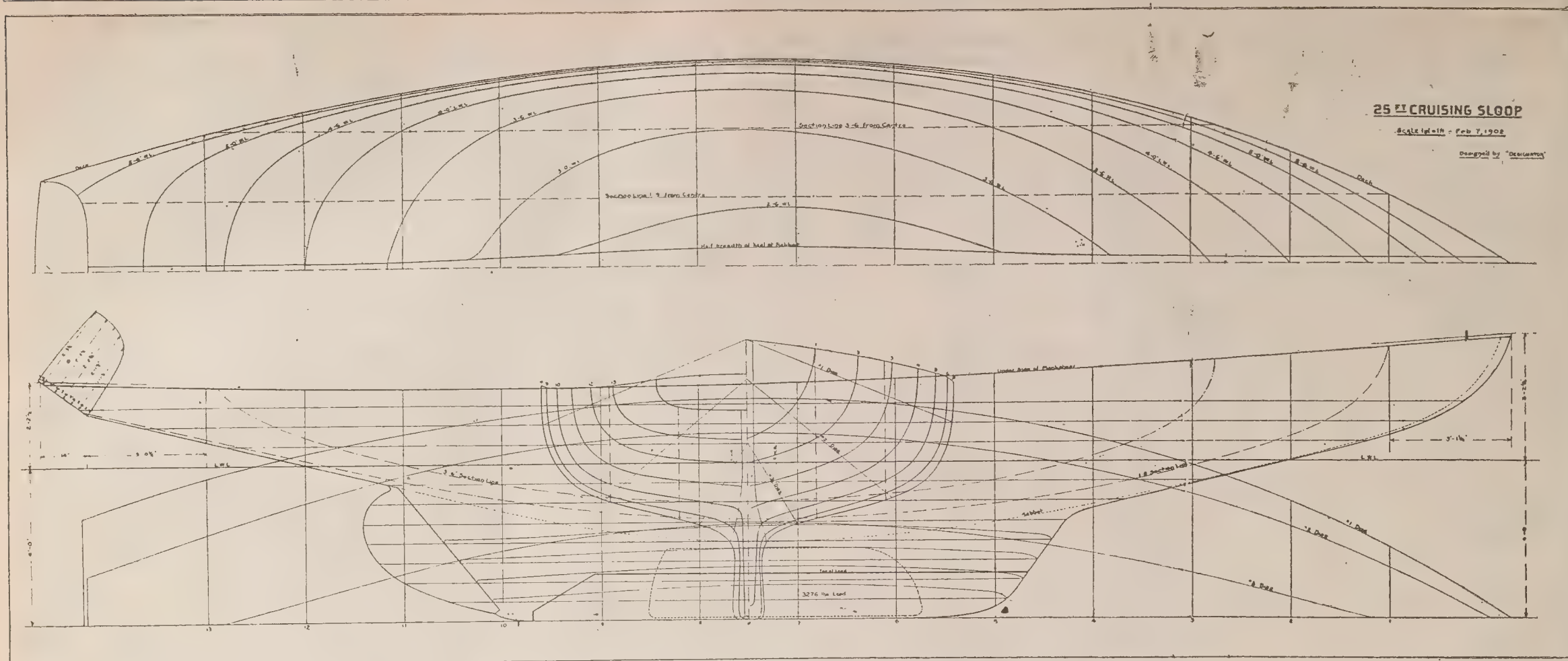
Boston, April 14.—Spring cleaning has begun on the yachts around Boston in earnest. Yesterday the yards were crowded with yachtsmen who were getting their craft ready for an early dip. Lawley's was the quietest yard in the lot, but there is enough going on there during the week to make up for Sunday quiet. In the case of the yachts hauled out at this yard, most of the work of fitting out is done by Lawley, and so, for the most part yesterday, the visitors were on a tour of inspection. In the other yards, however, where smaller boats are stored, there was a hum of voices throughout the day. There was a big crowd at Borden's and at Colter's. Linnell's, Bruno Berg's, McIntyre's and the space reserved alongside the Savin Hill Y. C. all came in for their share. The East Boston yards, too, were all well attended.

Last week a number of boats were seen off City Point and there were a few in Dorchester Harbor. Two or three of the yachts at City Point were out for spins. Before next Sunday it is expected that quite a fleet will be in evidence, and in a couple of weeks the anchorage at City Point will take on its usual crowded appearance.

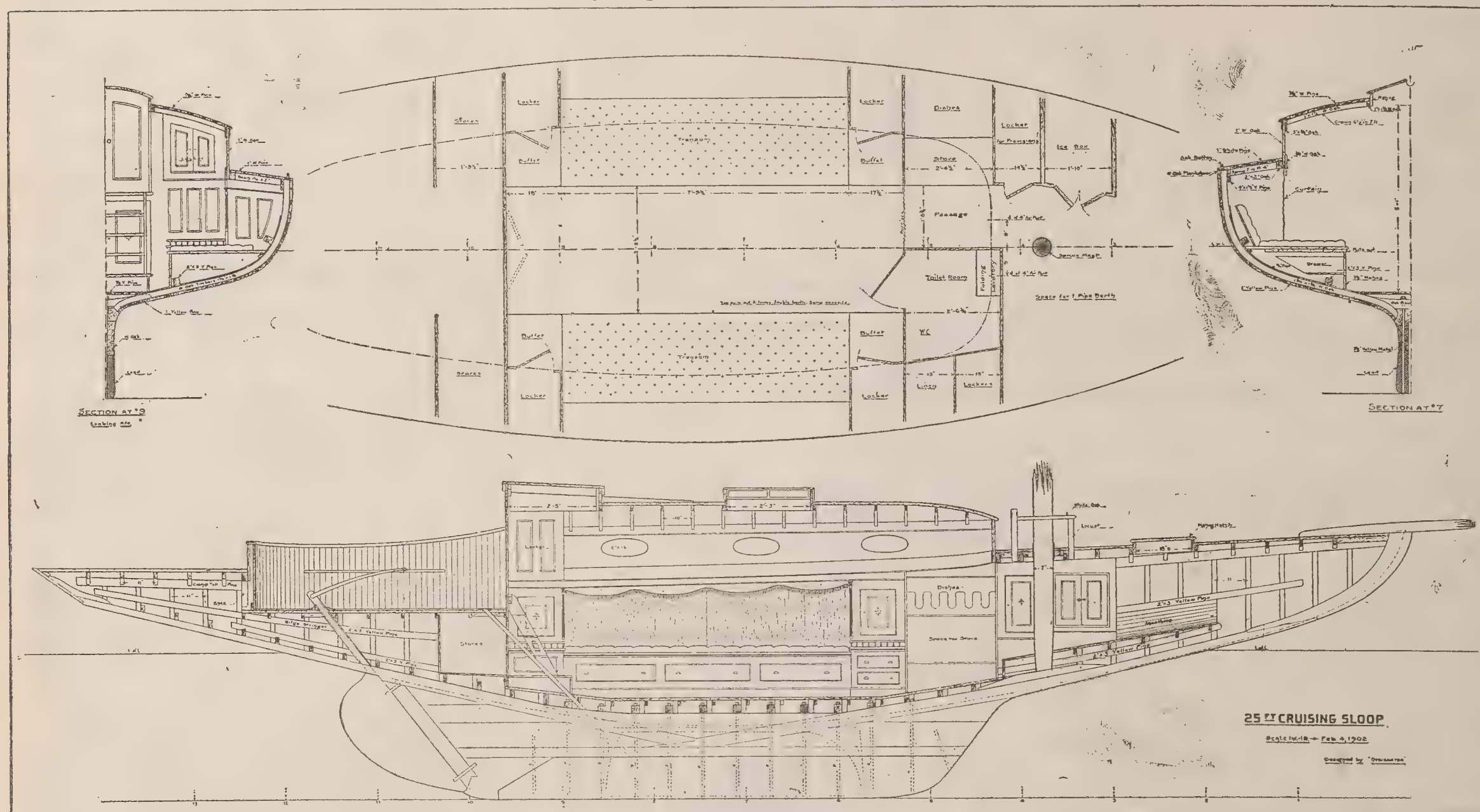
Yesterday seemed to be a sort of warming-up day all around, for there were gatherings at all of the club houses. The prospects for the season were discussed from all points of view, and also the possibilities of each of the new boats. At most of the club houses one or two floats had been put out, and all day long tenders were seen coming from their storage places to be made ready for their season's work. The floats were turned into work benches, and the merry sound of scrapers and sandpaper were heard on all sides.

I have within a few days received word from Canada that one boat for the defense of the Seawanhaka cup is already under way. My informant states that there is likelihood of two more being built in Montreal. It is said that all three of these boats were designed by Duggan, although it is not expected that he will sail in either. The challenger designed by Crowninshield for the syndicate headed by Com. T. H. McDonald, has been completed by Smith, of Quincy Point. It is expected that she will have her trial trip Saturday. All that remains to be done is to rig her and bend on the sails. Those who have seen her say that she is a promising looking craft and shows the clever workmanship that always characterizes a Smith boat. The Burgess challenger is still in the planking stage, but is well along, and should soon be ready for the water. The Lawley challenger is nearly planked, and will be in the water soon after the others. A recent story in one of the local papers reminded me strongly of this boat. The story states that a yacht of extreme type is being built; that she was gotten up to defeat the restricted rules of the M. Y. R. A. In another part of the yarn it is stated that the boat will not be raced in these waters, but will take part in events elsewhere, and will probably be shipped to her port on the cars. The last statement directly contradicts the first, for it would not seem that any type of yacht could have any effect upon the restricted classes of any association unless she raced with the yachts of those classes. From what was said it would not be surprising if Fred Lawley had been up to some of his pranks and has been giving some wrong leads to some one who has seen the Seawanhaka challenger.

There is every probability that trial races will be held by the Manchester Y. C. to select a defender for the Quincy cup. That other syndicate which was spoken of came to the front as soon as it was known that Henry M. Faxon had sent a challenge. The members of it consulted with the Executive Committee of the club, and declared its intention of building a boat. It seems that the Executive Committee felt that there would be little opportunity for trial races, and asked the syndicate to challenge from some other club, and in that way, have all of the boats race at the same time. This put the second syndicate in a rather unsettled state of mind, and its members thought that they were being unfairly dealt with. A second meeting of the Executive Committee was held last week, with the result that a communication was sent to the syndicate to the effect that trial races would be held by the Manchester Y. C. during the month of July. It is now ex-



FOREST AND STREAM DESIGNING COMPETITION—HONORABLE MENTION DESIGN.
Submitted by "Designator" (William J. J. Young), Dorchester, Mass.



FOREST AND STREAM DESIGNING COMPETITION—HONORABLE MENTION DESIGN—CABIN PLAN
Submitted by "Designator" (William J. J. Young), Dorchester, Mass.

pected that the syndicate will go ahead and build. It is likely that Crowninshield will design the second boat. Burgess has an order for a defender for a syndicate headed by A. Henry Higginson. Reginald Boardman, who is also a member of the syndicate, and who sailed the successful Lookout in 1900, will undoubtedly be at the tiller of the new boat. Smith has not yet started the boat for Mr. Faxon, but will do so as soon as the Seawhaka boat is out of the shop. The general make-up of these boats is known, but nothing in the line of dimensions can be given out at this time. When their general dimensions are given out I will probably have something to say about unrestricted boats of over 18ft. waterline.

At Lawley's the bronze 60-rater Weetamoe is shut in and most of the riveting has been done. Work on her deck will probably be started this week. The Wharton 46-footer is planked and her deck is being finished. The Percival Y. R. A. 25-footer is all shut in and her cabin work has been started. The Fleetman 35-footer is in frame. The 21ft. cruiser designed by Mower has been set up. Arnold Lawson's schooner will soon be ready for launching, as will also be the Crane 35-footer. The Foss and Gunnison 30ft. yawl is finished. The Strawbridge 104ft. steam yacht is nearly ready for the water. Some delay was experienced on the boiler and shafting work on this vessel, which were on the steamship Indian, which went ashore at Gay Head.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Our English Letter.

KARIAD is having things very much her own way in the Mediterranean. Sybarita is a wonderfully fast light-weather yawl, but then she is a yawl, and Kariad is a cutter, which makes all the difference in the usual breezes of those waters. There can never be any great interest in such racing, and yet it is all we can look forward to this summer in our big class. Bona is being converted into a yawl, but Mr. Peter Donaldson, her owner, will not race her in the open class regularly.

If the report be true that Mr. Pierpont Morgan intends to bring Columbia over here to race, it will be the salvation of our season. I have heard that Shamrock I. is in a bad way, owing to the rotting of her aluminum, but if she can be put in order there is little doubt that Sir Thomas Lipton would have her set right to meet (and beat) her old antagonist. Matches between these two would be of the greatest interest, for they would settle the question as to how far the first Shamrock suffered from bad management and misfortune in her races with Columbia. The various matches between the two Shamrocks leave it a very open question as to which is the better boat, and the new one pushed Columbia so close that, even if she is only a little better than the first Shamrock, Columbia would not have it all her own way with the old boat over here. Such a visit would make the Coronation season notable, whereas at present it bids fair to be a little flat.

Mr. Cecil Quentin's new schooner will race for the first time in the German Emperor's match from Dover to Heligoland, which race, by the way, will this year be called the Coronation cup race. This fine schooner is designed by Mr. W. Fife, and is building at Southampton. She is very much of the size of your ex-Cup defender schooners, being 90ft. on the waterline, 23ft. beam, but only 14ft. draft. She ought to move in a lighter breeze

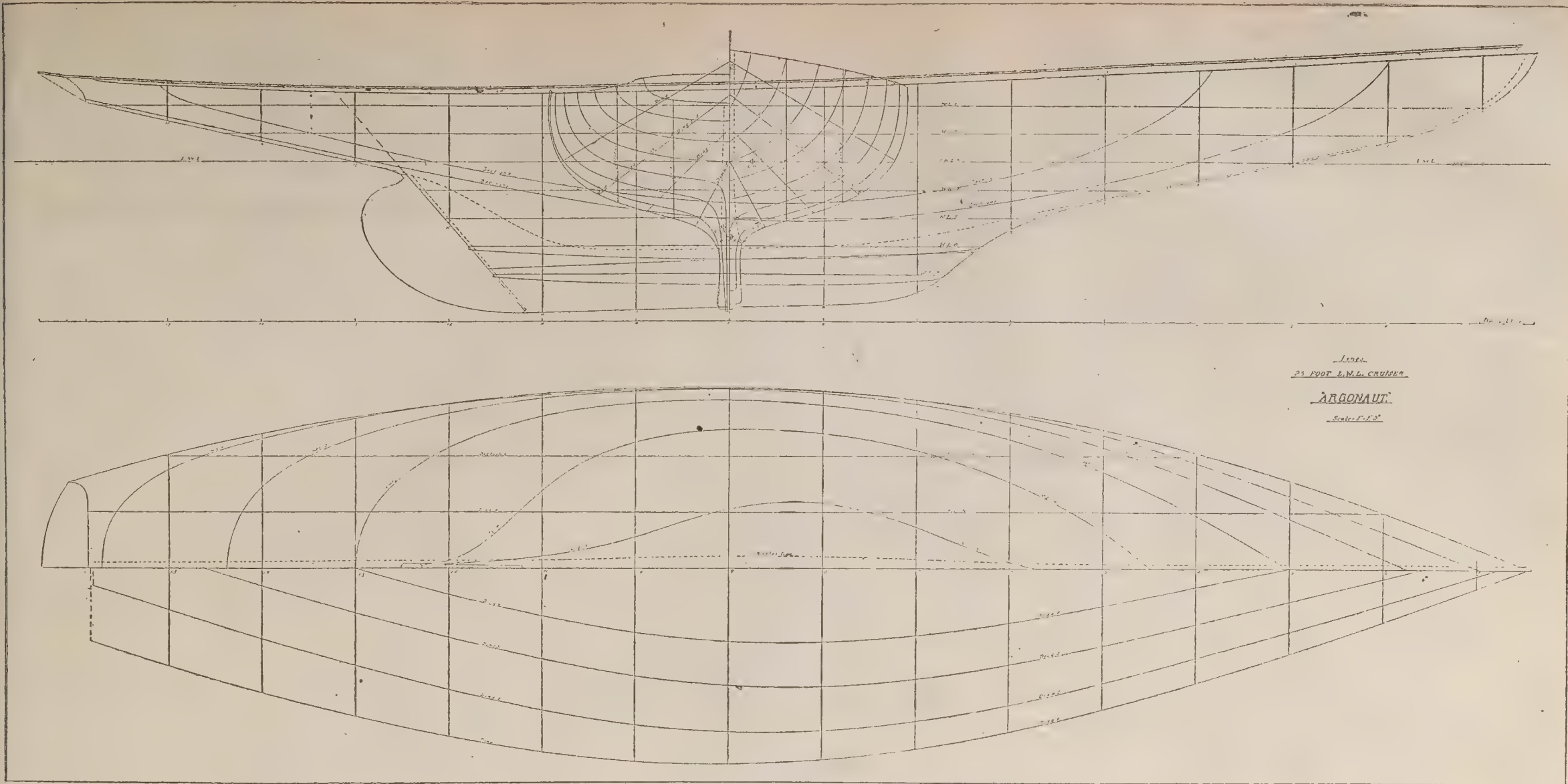
than the Emperor's new schooner, though her sail spread will not be extravagant. She is reported to be a peculiarly pretty vessel, and is arranged for being fitted with oil engines later on.

This year a return match from Germany to England is contemplated, under the management of the Royal London Y. C. A handsome prize has been offered by Mr. Carl von Buch, and the race is only open to German-owned yachts. This is taking a leaf out of the Emperor's own book, and the result will be watched with considerable interest. There is some searching of heart each year at so many yachts being drawn to Kiel, for our own racing is not on so grand a scale as it might be, and if we can entice some of the German yachts back it will be quite a satisfactory bit of reciprocity.

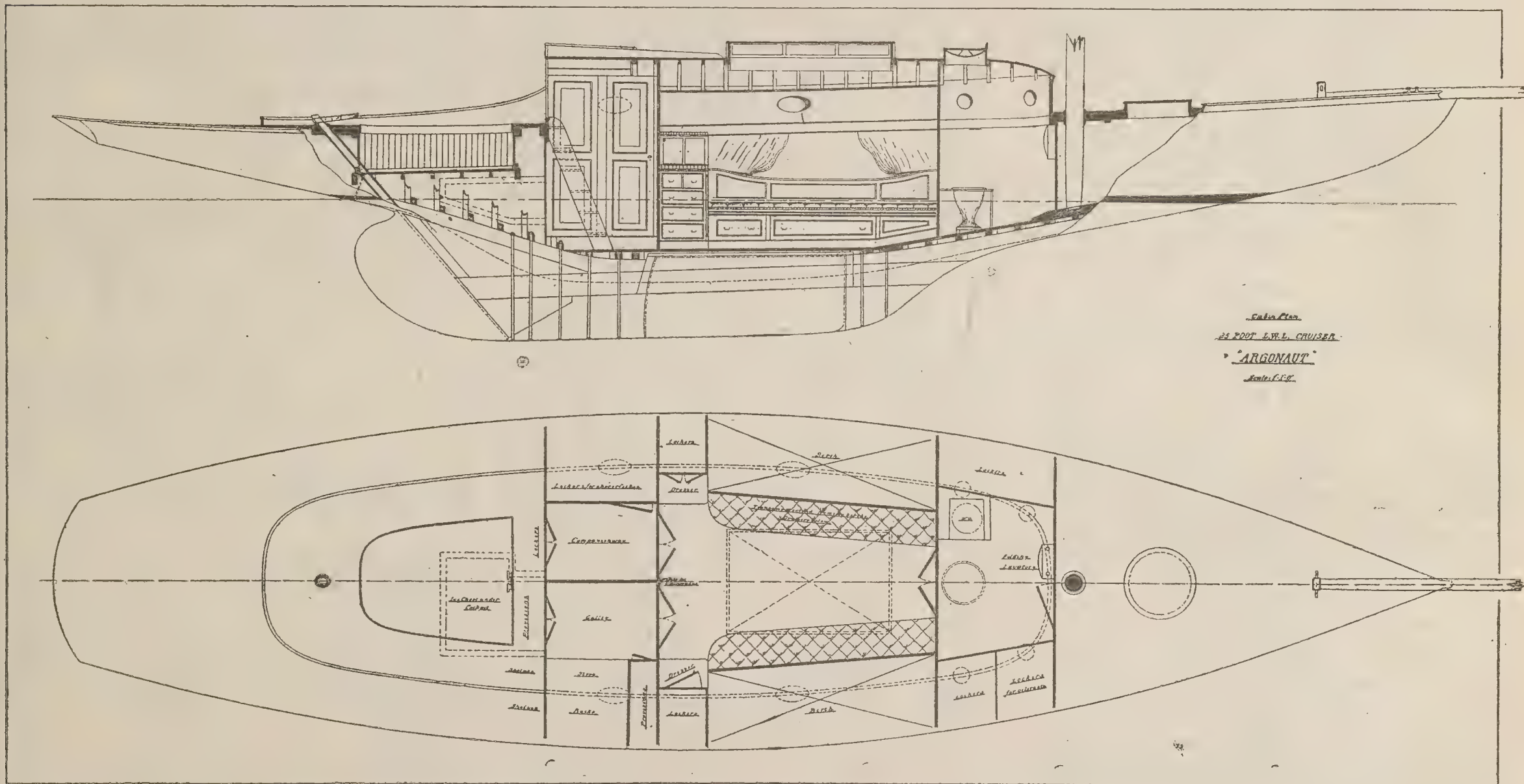
This is the season of gales with us, and last week Mr. Cazabee's schooner Privateer had a nasty experience in the Channel. She was on her way to Southampton, en route for the Mediterranean, and was caught in a sudden gale. Her mainsail had been reefed down, and the third jib was being taken in, to be replaced by a spitfire, when she pitched into a steep sea and broke the bowsprit. This took with it the starboard cathead and 25ft. of rail. The anchor was foul of wreckage and could not be hove up. They wore ship and ran up Channel for Dover, but the helmsman jibed the vessel in trying to avoid another vessel. The boom came over on the backstay and tore away stanchions and bulwarks for 12ft. All trouble was not over yet, for when they fetched Dover, the port anchor was let go, but instead of bringing up the vessel, it also got foul of the wreckage, and the ship had to be run for the Downs. However, the crew could not clear the anchors, and finally the yacht was picked up by a steamer and towed into Dover. The owner and his wife were on board, and had a decidedly nasty experience of a winter night at sea.

I hear that since this unpleasant cruise Privateer is to be fitted with a three-cylinder Lozier motor engine of

On Saturday, April 12, the steam yacht built for Mr. J. Rogers Maxwell, from designs made by Mr. Henry C. Winteringham, was launched from the yard of the builders, Pusey & Jones Co., at Wilmington, Del. She will be known as the Celt, and will replace Kismet, the steam yacht recently sold by Mr. Maxwell. Celt is 170ft. over all, 138ft. 6in. waterline, 23ft. 6in. breadth and 12ft. 6in. deep. She is built of steel throughout.



FOREST AND STREAM DESIGNING COMPETITION—HONORABLE MENTION DESIGN,
Submitted by "Argonaut" (Helding Froling), Cambridge, Mass.



FOREST AND STREAM DESIGNING COMPETITION—HONORABLE MENTION DESIGN—CABIN PLAN,
Submitted by "Argonaut" (Helding Froling), Cambridge, Mass.

30 horse-power. This will make her the largest British auxiliary motor yacht afloat, but she will not hold that record long.

Mr. W. G. Jameson's new auxiliary schooner has been commenced at Fairlie, and will be finished about the middle of the season. Mr. Jameson is one of the Y. R. A. vice-presidents, and the other, Mr. Augustus Manning, has also had a motor fitted in his yacht. The two new 52-footers, one by Payne and the other by Fife, are well advanced, and will be ready for the first regattas. The Fife boat is said to be similar to Magdalen, but that there are small but important alterations. I believe she will be of lighter scantling, of a new departure. The Payne boat for Mr. Andrew Coats is different from Gauntlet. She has a triangular underwater profile and may be expected to be decidedly better. Mr. Payne is a designer to reckon with. If he gets beaten, he generally manages to come up again with a faster boat, so that the twenties, though a small class, ought to be a very good one.

The King is about to make a cruise round the coast in the new royal yacht. She is now in satisfactory trim, but her appearance is sadly impaired, owing to the shortening of her masts. These were originally designed to be rather stumpy, but one of the many cooks who succeeded in spoiling the broth suggested that she would look better with long spars. However, they had to be cut down again. After the Coronation review, she is to have her masts altered again. With short masts she is merely a rather ugly steamer, with long ones she is quite a fine-looking vessel.

Messrs. Ramage & Ferguson have just launched a new steam yacht of 317 tons for Mr. G. A. Clark Hutchison, Edinburgh. She is 145ft. b.p.; beam, 22ft., and depth,

13ft. She is called Ariana. The same firm is building (for Mr. A. L. Barber, of New York Y. C.) a 1,400-ton steamer to be driven by turbine engines. She will be ready in July.

E. H. HAMILTON.

Seawanhaka Cup Notes.

The ninth boat for the trial races for the Seawanhaka cup has materialized. She is now under construction at Read's yard, White Bear Lake, Minn. The boat will be owned by Mr. L. P. Ordway, and will be sailed in the trial races by Mr. C. M. Griggs. The following gentlemen have been suggested as excellent men to serve as judges of the trial races: Messrs. Newbury D. Lawton, Frank Bowne Jones, Charles L. Tower, of New York, and Louis M. Clark, of Boston.

The Mower-Hunt boat will be launched on Saturday, April 19, and will be towed to New Rochelle, where she will be rigged and raced against the boat turned out by Larry Huntington for Messrs. Seeley and Marshall.

The boat building from Crowninshield's design for the Bridgeport syndicate will be known as Massasoit, and the Jones & La Borde boat building for the same syndicate will be named Tecumseh.

As we go to press word is received that Mr. Frank Crowninshield has ordered a boat to compete in the trial races. She will be designed by Mr. W. Starling Burgess, of Boston. There will be two boats from Mr. Burgess' board in the trial races, the other being for his brother. Mr. Frank Crowninshield's boat makes the tenth already ordered. Work will be begun on her at once, and every effort will be made to complete her as soon as possible. The name of the builder is not given out. The Indian

Harbor Y. C. will have a class for the Seawanhaka trial boats in their regatta to be held on May 30. In all probability the other clubs will follow suit, and good racing will be had before the trial races at Bridgeport.

YACHT CLUB NOTES.

The annual meeting of the Hempstead Bay Y. C. was held a few days ago. The following officers were elected: Com., Hiram R. Smith, of Freeport; Vice-Com., Willis A. Hutchinson, of Hempstead; Rear-Com., Frederick K. Walsh, of Woodmere; Treas., Carman R. Lush, of Hempstead; Sec'y, De Witt C. Titus, of Hempstead; Fleet Capt., Elvin A. Dorlon. The following schedule of racing fixtures was adopted: Opening day, June 7; regatta, July 4; annual cruise, Aug. 4 to Aug. 9; ladies' day, Aug. 20; regatta, Sept. 13; closing day, Oct. 4.

The annual meeting of the Kingston (Ontario) Y. C. was held on April 7, and the following officers were elected: Com., J. H. Macnee; Vice-Com., S. C. Calvin; Rear-Com., R. Easton Burns; Sec'y, Chas. Kirkpatrick; Treas., Frank Strange; Meas., Henry Cunningham; Executive Committee, J. C. C. Almon, D. Allen Black, J. B. Conway, A. C. Johnson, Ross Murphy; Regatta Committee, K. A. Cameron, J. A. Dalton, Col. Drury, C. B., Frank Strange, Holloway Waddell.

The annual meeting and election of officers of the Southern Y. C. took place at New Orleans, La., Thursday, April 3. The club has nearly 600 members. The fol-

lowing officers were elected for the season of 1902-3: Com., A. Baldwin; Vice-Com., A. M. Cooke; Rear-Com., M. Fornaris; Treas., J. J. Hooper; Sec'y, L. D. Sampson; Governing Committee, P. Sefton Schneidau, Chas. Janvier, Fritz Jahncke, J. B. Campbell and W. S. Douglass; House Committee, C. W. Smith, C. W. Gruber, Chas. W. Drown, Jr., P. G. Merritt and Peter Donnes, Jr.; Regatta Committee, E. J. O'Brien, H. L. Burton and A. M. Aucoin; Fleet Capt., Dr. R. L. Riley; Meas., M. C. Vaughan. The flagships are in this order, the steam yacht Semper Idem, cabin sloop Susie B. and launch Alma. The club's address is No. 4908 Camp street, New Orleans, La.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The famous cutter Minerva has again found a new owner. She was recently purchased by Mr. Arthur H. Clark from the estate of the late Andrew T. Johnson. Mr. Clark is a deep-sea sailor in addition to being a yachtsman, having been brought up in some of the most famous clipper ships, and has followed the sea for over twenty years, his last important command being Indiana, U. S. Mail S. S., American Line, running between Philadelphia and Liverpool. In 1866 he took the sloop yacht Alice, 48ft. long, across the Atlantic from Boston Light to Cowes Roads in nineteen days. In 1894-5 (December and January), he brought the steam yacht Sylvia from Queenstown to New York. Mr. Clark has been a member of the New York Y. C. since 1866, being No. 30 on the list of members. He is also a member of the Eastern Y. C., Royal Thames Y. C., Hong Kong Y. C., Royal Cork Y. C., and is now the New York representative of the Royal Yacht Squadron and the Royal Thames Y. C. Mr. Clark owned a yacht in England for ten years.

Messrs. Huntington & Seaman have made the following sales: The schooner yacht Clarissa, purchased by Mr. Eli Kirk Price, of Philadelphia; the auxiliary yawl Dione, bought by Mr. Albert L. Pope, of New York city.

Mr. Willard F. Downs, of Bay Shore, L. I., is building three launch hulls from designs made by Mr. Henry J. Gielow. The boats are alike in every particular. They are 28ft. over all, 26ft. 3in. waterline, 6ft. beam and 2ft. draft. The boats are planked with cedar and each one will be equipped with a 5 horse-power Craig motor.

Capt. Thomas Diaper, one of the best known of the English yacht skippers, died at his home not far from Southampton on March 27, at the age of sixty-three years. He was pilot on Navahoe and Vigilant when they were raced in English waters. He commanded during his career many successful English yachts, notable among them was the 40-tonner Norman. He won several Queen's cups, and three years ago sailed the old yawl Gertrude to victory in a race for a cup offered by the German Emperor.

Capt. Daniel Bradford, another well-known English yacht skipper, died on board a yacht at Dartmouth on Wednesday, April 9. Capt. Bradford handled Galatea when she raced against Mayflower for the America's Cup in 1886.

Mr. Isaac Stern has purchased through the agency of Messrs. Gardner & Cox the 30-footer Oiseau. Mr. Stern will have the boat taken to Germany on the deck of a steamer, and she will be raced at Kiel during the coming regattas. The yacht is now at the Jacob yard at City Island. She is 42ft. over all, 25ft. 6in. waterline, 10ft. beam and 6ft. 5in. draft. She carries 1,150 sq. ft. of sail, and is rated under the old measurement rule 29.93ft. Oiseau is planked with mahogany, and her topsides are varnished. She is a wonderfully fast boat in light to moderate breezes, but does not show up well in strong winds.

The German Emperor has had a 30ft. racing yacht built at Hamburg. She will be raced in the regattas at Kiel, and will be known as Samoa III.

Mr. F. W. Bush, a member of the Jamaica Bay Y. C., is having A. D. Francis, of Holland Station, build a catboat for him. She will be 23ft. over all, 19ft. waterline, 8ft. 6in. beam and 22in. draft. She will be equipped with a 3 horse-power Palmer engine.

Mr. G. L. Price has purchased the raceabout Merrywing from Mr. H. M. Crane.

Mr. W. G. Jennings has purchased from Mr. John R. Maxwell, Jr., the raceabout Joker, formerly Oonagh.

The three-masted cruising schooner yacht Shenandoah was launched from the yard of Townsend & Downey Shipbuilding and Repair Co., Shooter's Island, on Saturday, April 12. The vessel is built entirely of steel, and was designed by Mr. Theodore E. Ferris. She is a powerful yacht of large displacement and full body. Her measurements are 135ft. over all, 100ft. waterline, 21ft. breadth and 14ft. draft. Below decks the yacht is very roomy. A companionway leads to a steerage, on the port side of which is the chart room; opposite on the starboard side is the sailing master's room. The owner's room is just forward. This apartment is 11ft. by 25ft. A passageway leads forward; on one side of it is a bathroom, and on the other is a guest's stateroom. Still forward of the stateroom and bathroom are two more staterooms. Just forward of these rooms is the main saloon, which is 15ft. wide and extends the full width of the vessel. Forward is the galley and crew's quarters. A yacht of this size having three masts is most unusual. When on long cruises off shore she will carry yards forward. All the finish on deck is of teak. Six boats will be carried, two lifeboats, two gigs, a cutter and a launch.

The yawl Onawa, owned by Mr. Wilbur C. Fiske, was launched from the Electric Launch Co.'s works at

Bayonne on Saturday, April 12. She was named by the owner's wife. Onawa is 50ft. over all, 35ft. waterline, 14ft. breadth and 5ft. draft. One-half the ballast is on keel, the balance being inside. She has a 6 horse-power Globe engine under the cockpit floor.

The Electric Launch Co. is building for Mr. Richard Delafeld a 21ft. electric launch. The boat is planked with mahogany, finished in the natural color. She will be used on Tuxedo Lake, where the owner has a country place.

Mr. Frank Bowne Jones has made the following sales through his agency: The English-built cutter Eelin, owned by Mr. Philip T. Dodge, to Mr. F. L. Rodewold; the schooner Quickstep, owned by Mr. F. H. Grinnell, to Mr. Edward Shearson; the schooner Neacra, owned by Mr. Thomas A. McIntyre, to Mr. A. M. Judson; knockabout Sito II., owned by Mr. K. R. Otis, to Mr. Willard Winslow; knockabout Fly, owned by Mr. Charles H. Brock, to Mr. T. M. Hill; knockabout Indian, owned by Mr. John S. Lawrence, new owner's name withheld; knockabout Pompilia, owned by Mr. R. C. Robbins, new owner's name not given out. Mr. Jones has chartered the steam yacht Reva, owned by Mr. Nathaniel Witherell, to Mr. J. A. Spoor, of Chicago. Mr. Jones has also placed a contract with the Spalding St. Lawrence Boat Co. for a 42ft. 25 horse-power Leighton motor launch.

Messrs. Gardner & Cox have sold the steam yacht Alvina, owned by Mr. Charles Fletcher, of Providence, to Mr. Clement A. Griscom, of Philadelphia.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, at Four-Mile House, Reading Road, April 13. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand at the German ring target. Payne was declared champion for the day with the good score of 226. Weather cloudy, thermometer 52, wind 7 to 9 o'clock:

Payne	226	219	218	214	212	24	20	20—64
Gindele	226	215	211	206	205	23	23	20—66
Strickmeier	224	223	217	217	215	25	24	21—70
Bruns	224	210	194	191	190	12	19	17—48
Roberts	217	216	215	210	209	22	18	20—60
Nestler	216	212	210	210	207	23	13	18—54
Uckotter	214	210	203	200	200	18	23	20—61
Odell	213	206	203	193	192	22	22	20—64
Jonscher	215	203	202	197	191	19	23	23—65
Lux	210	207	202	191	189	24	11	22—57
Hofer	200	199	189	188	184	14	14	16—44
Weinheimer	197	188	185	179	169	17	17	17—51
Hoffman	185	180	179	161	157	19	18	15—52
Drube	182	179	174	168	163	12	19	17—48
Topf	166	160	164	153	148	15	20	20—55

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 6.—The Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club's range has been flooded, and later the proprietor's wife, Mrs. Herman, died; so we have rested. To-day was very windy and rainy, with changing light, but A. H. Pape tried for a 50-shot record. He had a bad primer on his twenty-first shot, which gave him a miss (27), and he re-entered again for 50 shots on his fourth score, making 232 or 4.64in. ring average in 50 shots, all his shots but one being in the 8in. ring. This will stand as the record. He took the lead for ten best scores for the year. This, with his fine shooting at the Schuetzen rize shoot a week ago, where he won everything in sight, making an average in 89 shots of 226 3-10 on German target, places him second to none with the rifle. This is his third consecutive year to beat the Schuetzens. He uses a Pope-Winchester rifle and King's semi and smokeless powders.

Rifle, 200yds.: A. H. Pape, 47, 45, 33, 54, 53, 45, 42, 38, 57; A. B. Dorrell, 48, 50, 58; F. O. Young, 49, 54, 57, 59, 64, 70; A. H. Cady, 57, 60, 71, 77; W. G. Hoffman, 60; A. J. Brannagan, 100; Dr. Twist, 110, 117; C. Gimmel, 133; Dohlender, 130, 147, 165.

Pistol: Brannagan, 40, 48, 50, 50; Young, 43, 46, 49, 49, 51, 52; R. Schneider, 52, 53; H. Baker, 48, 62; Hoffman, 59; C. Gimmel, 31, 92.

Revolvers: Brannagan, 46, 46, 47; Dorrell, 59; L. C. Hinkel, 73, 74, 22 and .25 rifle, 50yds.: Dr. Twist, 24, 28, 30, 32, 34; C. Gimmel, 30, 35, 39.

FRED. O. YOUNG, Sec'y.

The secretary's report of the National Rifle Association of America for the year ending Dec. 31, 1901, abounds with interesting information. It contains a list of officers, of members and their addresses, of affiliated organizations, and voluminous information in respect to the reorganization of the Association. It also gives full and interesting reports of the competitions of 1901, and also a report of the annual members' and directors' meeting. In the report are presented portraits of the members of the rifle team of the N. J. State Rifle Association, portraits of the members of the Ulster Rifle Association rifle team, portraits of the Canadian rifle team, and a cut of the Laffin & Rand Powder Company challenge cup. Lieut. Albert S. Jones, of Passaic, N. J., is the secretary.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

April 16-18.—Peru, Ind.—Peru Gun Club's sixth annual amateur tournament; two days at targets for amateurs; one day at live birds open to all. Frank Dunbar, Sec'y.

April 16-18.—Peru, Ind.—Sixth annual spring tournament of the Peru Gun Club. Two days of targets, amateurs only; one day of live birds, open to all. Frank Dunbar, Sec'y.

April 19.—Haverhill, Mass.—Patriots' Day shoot of the Haverhill Gun Club.

April 22.—Olean, N. Y.—Third annual tournament of the Olean Gun Club. B. D. Nobles, Sec'y.

April 22-23.—Jeffersonville, O.—Jeffersonville Gun Club's second annual tournament.

April 22-25.—Omaha, Neb.—Nebraska State shoot. H. S. McDonald, Sec'y.

April 23-24.—Farmer City, Ill.—Farmer City Gun Club's tournament.

April 26.—Ossining, N. Y.—Cup shoot of the Ossining Gun Club. C. G. Blandford, Capt.

April 29-30.—Greenville, O.—Annual tournament of the Greenville Gun Club. H. A. McCaughey, Sec'y.

April 30.—Wellington, Mass.—Third annual team shoot of the Boston Gun Club. Horace C. Kirkwood, Sec'y.

May 1-2.—Glen Rock, Pa.—Spring Target shoot of the Glen Rock Gun Club. Open to all. Allen M. Seitz, Sec'y.

May 1-2.—Central City, Ia.—Wapese Gun Club target tournament; \$40 for high average. A. P. Ward, Mgr.

May 6-9.—Interstate Park, L. I.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap at Targets. Edward Banks, Sec'y; Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.

May 6-7.—Natchez, Miss.—Mississippi and Louisiana Trapshooters' League target tournament; \$500 added. C. W. Walton, Sec'y.

May 6-7.—Natchez, Miss.—Tournament of the Mississippi and Louisiana Trapshooters' League. C. W. Walton, Sec'y.

May 7-8.—Luverne, Minn.—Luverne Gun Club's fourth annual tournament.

May 7-8.—Crawfordsville, Ind.—Target tournament of the Crawfordville Gun Club; \$400 guaranteed. Mac. Stillwell, Sec'y.

May 13-14.—Enid, Oklahoma Territory.—Oklahoma Territorial Sportsmen's Association tournament.

May 13-16.—Oil City, Pa.—Annual meeting of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. F. S. Bates, Cor. Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The programme of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association's twelfth annual tournament, Oil City, Pa., May 13 to 16, provides target competition for the first three days; live-bird competition for the fourth. On the first day there are nine State events, of which seven are at 15 targets, \$1.50 entrance, \$5 added to each. Of the two others, event 4 is for the American Wood Powder Co. trophy, for two-man teams, 25 singles and 5 pairs, \$5 entrance; event 7 is the L. C. Smith gun handicap at 25 bluerocks, \$1 entrance. On the second day there are five 15-bluerock events and three prize events, namely, the Wolstencroft trophy at 50 bluerocks, \$1 entrance; the Parker Brothers gun handicap, 25 bluerocks, \$1 entrance, and the Harrisburg team trophy, a three-man team race, 25 bluerocks, \$6 entrance. On the third day there are eight 15-target events and the Winchester gun handicap at 25 bluerocks, \$1 entrance; also the Reading team trophy for four-man teams, \$8 entrance. On the fourth day four live-bird events are provided, namely: No. 1, 5 birds, \$5; No. 2, the Denny-Wilson cup, 15 birds, \$7.50; No. 3, the Williamsport diamond badge, \$10, and fourth, the L. C. Smith team trophy, three-man teams, 45 birds per team, \$25 entrance. Handicaps 14 to 24yds. in target events. The foregoing are State events. On each of the first two days, six open events are provided, of which five are at 20 targets, \$2 entrance, \$5 added, and a handicap on each day at 50 bluerocks, \$4 entrance, \$10 added. On the third day, there are three 20-target events on the programme, and a handicap at 100 bluerocks, \$6 entrance, \$20 added. Nobody barred. Three magautraps. High guns and Rose system will govern the division of the moneys.

A picturesque canine fixture of trapshooting about New York passed into the eternal hereafter a few days since. In other words, Mrs. O'Grady is dead. She was Tom Morley's pet fox-terrier, and had been an appendage of Lyndhurst and Interstate Park so many years that she seemed to have an existence free of the destruction which comes to organic life in general. Probably more trapshooters had seen Mrs. O'Grady than had seen any other dog on earth. In private life she was known by the pet name of "Pig." Many maternal cares of progeny which one time might be setter or pointer, at other times as it happened, had changed her erstwhile trim form to one of pudgy stuffiness. She had a jolly, rolling gait, which showed to great advantage her mangy sides, bald in places, much after the manner of moth-eaten fur. In the months preceding her death, she dearly loved to sit down, breathing thickly and wheezily, while scanning the company in a most cynical manner. "Pig" was not a lily of the valley among dogs, but it was notable that her mission on earth ceased about the same time that the pigeon shooters of New York resolved to eschew shooting pigeons at the traps.

A correspondent from Utica, under date of April 14, writes us as follows: "The annual meeting of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association was held in this city on the evening of April 11, at which time the following officers were elected: President, Henry L. Gates; Vice-President, Wm. A. Ainsworth; Secretary, C. R. Alzner; Treasurer, O. A. Wheeler; Directors: Gustavus Dexter, T. L. Davidson, M. Bacon. The report of the treasurer showed that the assets of the Association are \$5,047.92 and the liabilities \$2,385.99. The receipts of the year for shooting prizes, etc., amounted to \$421.99, and the expenditures for targets, prizes, etc., to \$490. The Association will have a shoot on Memorial Day. The regular shooting days for the coming season will be two Fridays and two Saturdays in each month. The handicap committee for the year will be H. L. Gates, C. R. Mizner and O. A. Wheeler."

Mr. A. A. Schoverling, secretary, writes us as follows: "The next shoot for the Lewis live-bird cup will be held at Smith Brothers' East Side Gun Club grounds, at corner of Foundry and Ferry streets, Newark, N. J., April 19, 10 o'clock, under the auspices of the Richmond Gun Club, of Staten Island. To reach grounds, take Cortlandt street (Pennsylvania R. R.) ferry to Jersey City, then the Newark Plank Road (red) trolley to corner Foundry and Ferry streets, Newark, asking for Gregory's Hotel. The first four shoots were held on Staten Island, and two gentlemen have won the cup twice. Three wins keep the cup. As we cannot shoot live-birds on Staten Island any more, we are going to try our luck in Jersey. This is a 10-bird event, open to Staten Islanders only, but there will also be other events to suit shooters present."

The Glen Rock, Pa., Gun Club have issued the programme for their shoot on May 1 and 2. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock each day. On the first day there are twelve target events, 10, 15 and 20 targets, entrance 50 cents, 75 cents, \$1 and \$1.50. Also a challenge match for the live-bird championship trophy of York county between Allen M. Seitz, holder, and D. G. Deardorff, 25 live birds each, 30yds. rise, will be shot. On the second day there are ten target events, of which No. 6 is the Winchester repeating gun event. There is also a target match between Allen M. Seitz, holder, and H. Wasbers, 100 targets each, for the target championship trophy of York county. Average moneys each day. Ship guns and shells to the secretary, Allen M. Seitz.

That skill in trapshooting is advancing year by year was convincingly demonstrated in the recent Grand American Handicap at Kansas City. H. C. Hirschi, the winner, was forced to kill 78 straight before he won the cup. C. G. Spencer, the runner-up, killed 77, one less than the winner, and R. O. Heikes, winner of third, killed 56 straight, which was very near to the highest winning scores of prior handicaps, or, to be more specific, Hon. T. A. Marshall killed 33 straight in the tie in 1899 and won first, and Mr. H. D. Bates killed 36 straight in 1900 and won first. It indeed is a race when a winner of first is forced to kill 78 without a miss, and he is truly a great trapshooter who can go the pace and the distance.

The programme of the Olean, N. Y., Gun Club tournament, April 22, provides twelve events, 10, 15 and 20 targets, entrance \$1, \$1.50 and \$2 respectively. Moneys divided Rose system, ratios 8, 5, 3 and 2. Professionals for targets only. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock, rain or shine. Shelter in case of rain. The management reserves the right to handicap the shooter at any time during the tournament. A challenge trophy will be awarded the shooter making the highest average, which he must hold himself ready under conditions made by the club. Magautrap will be used to throw the targets. Mr. B. D. Nobles is the secretary.

The Peru Gun Club, Norristown, Pa., has issued the programme for its tournament on May 30. The main event is a six-man team shoot, entrance \$5 per man, 25 targets per man, unknown angles, optional sweep of \$1 therewith. Any club may enter more than one team. Entries close at 1:30 P. M., May 30. There are also fourteen sweepstake events at 10, 15 and 20 targets, entrance 50 cents, 75 cents, \$1 and \$1.50. Moneys divided by per cent. system. Sergeant system and magautrap. Lunch served on the grounds. Mr. J. R. Yost is the secretary.

Mr. Roll Organ, one of the influential and active members of the trapshooting and game protective fraternity of Chicago, is a visitor in New York this week. While Mr. Organ is not so active in practical trapshooting at present as he was a few years since, he is still earnest in his interest in that respect and keeps well in touch with the sport. He reports great activity on the part of those in Chicago, who are opposed to pigeon shooting.

Mr. Hough, in "Western Traps" this week, utters some well-merited words in respect to Mr. Shaner's hard and skillful work in connection with the recent Grand American Handicap at Kansas City, and it is all the more pleasing, coming as it does from the West as a spontaneous tribute to Mr. Shaner's ability.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Kansas State Tournament.

The Kansas State Sportsmen's Association held its thirteenth annual convention here this week, together with the most successful tournament in its history.

Olathe is a pretty place of 4,000 inhabitants, on the Frisco & Santa Fe Railroad systems, twenty odd miles southwest of Kansas City, and when Mayor Frank Hodges, as president of the Association, told the boys while at the G. A. H. that he would give a good tourney here, they took him at his word, and came over in a bunch. The programme called for 200 targets per day for three days, and one at live birds. The latter feature had to be abandoned owing to the impossibility at this time to get good birds. In the target programme there were four 20 and eight 15 bird events daily, with four moneys, divided under the Rose system, with points of 7, 5, 3, 1. Mr. H. S. McDonald, of Omaha, was in the office, and handled the work with consummate skill, while President Hodges and Secretary Kooler looked after the outside management in their happy style.

Three sets of expert traps were used, working on the Sergeant system, and put out an average of 10,000 targets daily without driving. The daily scores are appended:

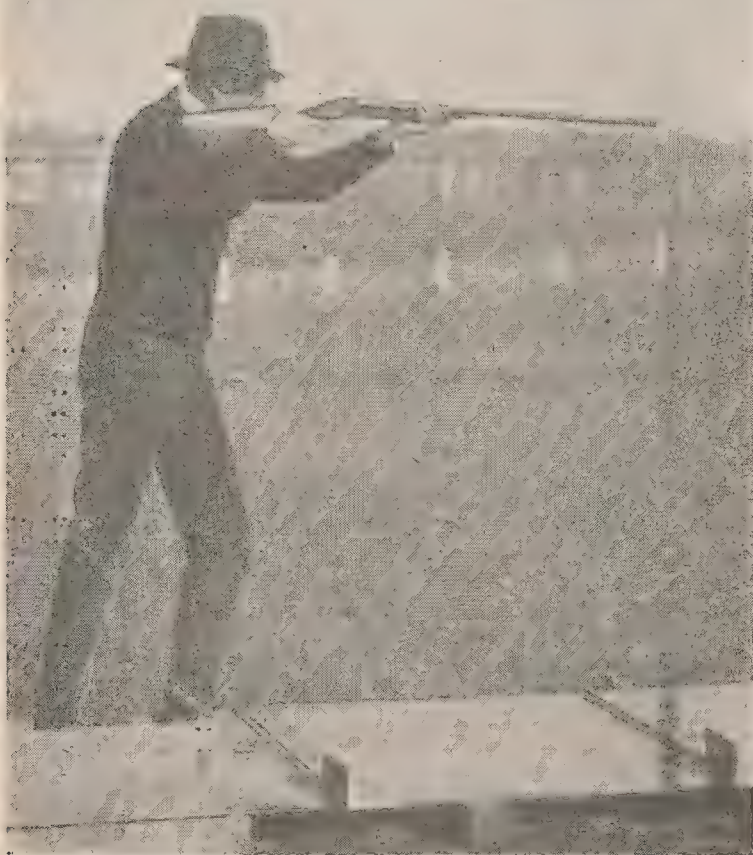
Tuesday, April 8.

This was a difficult shooting day, and but for thoughtful arrangements on the grounds as to shelter and heat, would have proven very unpleasant. A high wind sweeping directly across the traps made the targets erratic in the extreme, and a cutting drizzle of rain fell at intervals until late in the afternoon. First and second averages were landed by Heer and Garrett, from the 16 and 18yd. marks respectively. Detailed scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Rogers, 18.....	13	13	19	15	15	20	12	14	19	14	10	19
Cunningham, 18.....	13	8	18	13	14	18	13	12	15	11	14	17
Bray, 16.....	13	10	7	12	14	18	13	13	16	13	10	20
Riehl, 16.....	6	10	11	9	10	16	11	7	8	10	11	19
Livingston, 16.....	6	8	9	10	10	14
Herr, 16.....	13	14	20	15	15	20	15	15	18	14	14	18
Arnold, 16.....	13	13	18	14	11	19	14	14	18	13	14	19
Templin, 16.....	13	14	16	12	14	20	15	13	18	12	12	18
Cawley, 16.....	15	12	17	13	12	19	12	14	19	14	15	19
Bird, 16.....	14	14	18	12	14	15	14	12	17	13	14	19
Garrett, 18.....	14	15	18	15	14	19	14	14	19	13	14	18
Lawton, 18.....	15	13	20	12	12	16	13	11	18	10	13	15
Burnside, 18.....	15	12	18	12	12	17	12	11	17	13	13	18
Badger, 18.....	13	15	18	9	14	18	13	15	18	15	12	19
H Money, 18.....	11	11	13	13	10	15
Hardy, 16.....	14	12	17	13	11	15	11	12	15	12	13	16
Norton, 16.....	14	15	20	15	11	17	11	12	18	12	10	18
Shemwell, 16.....	10	10	18	16	5	16	13	12	17	12	12	13
Johnson, 16.....	12	12	18	12	12	15	14	12	15	12	10	14
Shemwell, 16.....	10	10	18	10	5	16	13	12	17	12	12	13
Gilbert, 20.....	14	13	19	14	12	19	12	15	19	14	14	17
Crosby, 20.....	15	14	17	14	14	19	14	12	15	13	14	16
Fanning, 20.....	14	12	18	11	13	15	8	11	16	13	12	18
Fort, 18.....	13	11	15	12	14	16	13	12	16	14	15	14
Calhoun, 16.....	14	11	16	12	13	19	11	13	17	13	10	18
Farcla, 16.....	14	14	16	12	12	15	14	14	18	13	12	14
Le Compte, 16.....	10	11	17	11	12	19	13	12	15	13	13	17
Morrill, 16.....	12	13	15	13	14	16	15	13	16	13	13	15
Goff, 16.....	14	14	18	9	12	17	12	11	15	11	9	..
Winchester, 16.....	7	13	13	12	8	11	3	11	16
Leggett, 16.....	14	13	13	10	14	17	13	11	19
Williams, 16.....	12	11	18	10	13	18	11	12	17	13	14	18
Sprague, 16.....	12	12	17	14	8	14
Van Kuren, 16.....	12	12	17	11	9	18	8
Fulford, 18.....	11	14	16	11	12	15	9	14	19	13	13	19
Baker, 18.....	14	14	16	10	12	19	11	11	13
Taylor, 18.....	9	11	17	9	13	15	9	10	15
Loudenburg, 16.....	13	14	17	10	12	15
Olinger, 16.....	10	10
Mick, 16.....	11	12	18	..	11	19	14	15	19
O'Brien, 16.....	11	10	18	13	11	18	11	14	20	14	14	20
Dawden, 16.....	9	8	11	12	8	11	14	9	12	9	9	15
Jones, 16.....	13	..	12	13	..	10
Blivins, 16.....	13	13	10
J. Calhoun, 16.....	7
Howard, 16.....	11	9	12	6	..	12
Houglund, 16.....	13	11	15	12	10	17	11	11	14	14	13	14
Hicks, 16.....	12	13	19	16	14	18	14	15	14
Eisenhaur, 16.....	12	9	17	11	12	17	13	11	19	15	11	16
Thomas, 16.....	10	2	14	9	9
Ammons, 16.....	10	11	11	11	8
Beasley, 16.....	6	5	11	8	11
Williams, 16.....	11	13	15	12	8	19	12	10	17	12	12	18
Hodges, 16.....	11	12	18	12	12	16	11	14	18	13	9	18
Scott, 16.....	12	11	17	13	14	18	13	10	19	13	12	17
Anderson, 16.....
Capt. Money, 16.....	14	13	15
Parker, 16.....	12	10	15

Second Day, April 9.

The weather early this morning was threatening, and promised rain, but the skies cleared before 9 o'clock, the wind subsiding to a light breeze. Targets flew true to the traps, and the natural consequence was a much better general average of scores. On the merits of Tuesday's work, most handicaps were reduced to 16yds., but proceeded promptly to shoot themselves back to the



C. G. SPENCER, THE RUNNER UP, G. A. H., 1902.
Killed 77 straight in contest for G. A. H. trophy

next mark. Fred Gilbert did remarkable work in the first half, scoring 98 out of 100 shot at, from the 20yd. handicap. Average for the day was won by Badger, shooting at 18yds., while Arnold, standing 2yds. nearer, took second.

The contest for the State individual championship trophy, at 30 targets, was called as the last feature of the day, with fifteen entries. J. C. Calhoun and W. H. Herr tied on straight scores, but in the shoot-off the latter won easily. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Rogers, 18.....	15	11	18	12	14	20	15	15	17	14	13	19
Cunningham, 16.....	12	13	18	12	13	17	11	9	18	15	14	18

Bray, 16.....	12	15	17	15	14	19	14	12	18	13	15	18
Riehl, 16.....	15	15	17	14	14	19	14	14	19	15	12	19
Arnold, 16.....	14	13	19	15	15	19	15	13	19	14	15	20
Herr, 18.....	13	13	19	13	14	19	14	13	17	15	13	17
Cawley, 16.....	10	13	18	13	14	18	11	13	19	12	14	19
Templin, 16.....	11	13	19	12	14	18	13	13	19	10	12	19
Bird, 16.....	12	15	19	14	13	18	13	11	13
Le Compte, 16.....	10	14	18	13	14	20	13	12	19	12	13	19
Parker, 16.....	14	12	19	13	9	12	11	12	19	13	12	19
Capt. Money, 16.....	15	10	19	15	13	15	13	11	15	14	13	18
H Money, 16.....	14	12	20	14	14	18	15	15	18	12	13	18
Sardanyx, 16.....	15	10	17	14	12	20	15	12	18	14	14	14
Norton, 16.....	10	14	14	15	9	15	10	12	15	7	13	17
O'Brien, 16.....	14	12	19	14	14	20	15	14	17	15	14	19
Dawden, 16.....	11	12	17	13	9	12	11
W C Williams, 16.....	13	12	20	11	14	18	14	14	18	12	14	17
Calhoun, 16.....	11	11	16	13	15	19	12	12	20	13	13	16
Scott, 16.....	14	17	18	13	13	17	14	15	18	12	12	19
Bray, 16.....	11	12	17	13	9	12	11
Johnson, 16.....	9	11	16	11	6	15	13	15	16	13	14	..
Sherman, 16.....	10	9	14	11	13	19	10	15	19	12	11	17
Eisenhaur, 16.....	12	12	17	14	11	14	11	10	18	13	15	15



H. C. HIRSCHY, 1ST, G. A. H., 1902.
Killed 78 straight to win the G. A. H. trophy.

Morrill, 16.....	13	12	16	14	13	19	14	15	19	13	13	20
Garrett, 18.....	14	14	18	14	14	17	15	15	20	14	14	18
Lawton, 16.....	12	13	18	13	12	18	13	10	16	13	13	19
Shemwell, 16.....	13	13	16	13	11	19	13	13	18	13	13	20
Badger, 18.....	15	14	19	13	15	19	14	15	18	15	15	20
Burnside, 18.....	12	14	20	13	14	18	14	13	20	14	15	19
Gilbert, 20.....	15	15	19	15	14	20	15	13	17	14	15	17
Crosby, 20.....	14	14	17	15	14	20	12	15	18	13	13	18
Fanning, 18.....	13	15	18	15	13	19	13	14	19	12	10	18
Fulford, 18.....	13	15	16	14	14	20	14	12	18	12	13	17
Fort, 16.....	15	15	18	13	15	18	11	14	18	12	13	17
Loudenburg, 16.....	15	15	19	12	15	19	13	14	18	14	14	18
Goff, 16.....	13	15	19	12	11	17	14	14	17	14	13	..
Fairclo, 16.....	13	13	..	14	14	..	11	14	..	14	12	..
J Williams, 16.....	14	13	14	13	10	15	7	14	10	..
Morton, 16.....	10	9	16	12	12	13
Baker, 16.....	13	15	18	15	14	20	15	15	19	11	14	17
Anderson, 16.....	13	12	13	12	14	19	12	10	19	13
Quick, 16.....	13	11	19	14	14	18	15	15	20	15	15	19
McStevenson, 16.....	13	10	16	9	11	14
Hayne, 16.....	12	11	15	14	14	16	14	13	18	12
Floyd, 16.....	8	7	16
Hodges, 16.....	14	14	20	14	15	18	15	13	19	12	14	17
Hicks, 16.....	13	14	18	15	10	20	15	11	19	13	14	19
McDonald, 16.....	14	15	9	13	14	15	19	10	13	13	13	13
Taylor, 16.....	11	13	18	12	13	19	14	8	19	13	14	19
Snyder	14	13	..	13	10
Broderick	13	13	19	11	15	17
Detar	14	8
Guy	17	..	12	..	12
Devenney	15	12	..	11
Hougland	12	..	13	13	16	12	13	..
Lemen	9	9
Dent	11
Thiele	11



CONTESTANTS WHO KILLED 25 STRAIGHT IN THE G. A. H. AT KANSAS CITY, 1902.

Garrett	187	186	560	.933
Lawton	168	180	518	.862
Burnside	171	186	528	.880
Badger	179	192	558	.930
J. W. Hardy	162	180
Norton	173	154
Shemwell	148	175	486	.864
Johnson	158	155
Sherman	143	160
Gilbert	182	189	555	.925
Crosby	177	183	545	.908
Fanning	161	180	512	.854
Fort	165	179
Calhoun	167	171	525	.872
Fairelo	168
Morrill	168	181	524	.872
Le Compte	163	177	525	.875
Williams	168	177
Fulford	165	178	511	.850
O'Brien	176	187	529	.878
Hougland	167
Eisenhour	165	167	503	.827
J. Williams	169
Hodges	164	185	533	.887
Scott	159	177

Side Shots.

The Kansas boys are all enthusiastic, and this successful meeting will do much to advance trapshooting in the State this year. Fred Rogers and Frank Riehl each had a bad day, owing to broken guns. The boys agree that Frank Hodges is a prince of entertainers,



BLUE RIVER PARK, KANSAS CITY.
No. 1 set of traps, G. A. H., 1902, where the greatest contest began.

backed by the good people of Olathe, to whom he serves as Burgomeister. Owing to the James Whitfield obsequies, J. A. R. and Dave Elliott did not arrive until late Thursday. The resolutions adopted by the Association relating to the death of Mr. Whitfield are as follows. They will bespeak the nature of the man and the friendships which he drew unto himself through life: "Inasmuch as the tragic death of the late James M. Whitfield, of Kansas City, Mo., has deprived the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association of the sympathetic aid of a lifelong friend, and the sport of trapshooting of an ever-ready advocate and supporter, therefore be it "Resolved, That this Association greatly regrets the sad circumstance of the sudden termination of this brilliant and useful career; that we appreciate and shall ever cherish gratefully the force of his free and earnest pen in behalf of the sport of trapshooting; that we condole with the stricken family and friends in their personal bereavement, which is a public loss throughout the Western world of true sport and sportsmanship. Also "Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the records of the Association and sent to the bereaved family, and to the Kansas City Star, with whose sporting columns he was so long and brilliantly identified." Several snipe, plover and wild ducks were killed by the boys during the week as they flew northward over the traps. Ed O'Brien, of Concordia, was presented by his friends with a handsome loving cup, "between the acts" of a theatre party on Tuesday night. Secretary Kooler was detained by sickness from reaching the grounds until Wednesday afternoon. Following the State tournament at Olathe, an informal programme was shot Friday forenoon by twenty of the boys who stayed over. Two events were shot from original handicaps, pairs from 14, miss-and-out from 20, and last sweep from 18yd. mark. Riehl made high average for the day.

Crosby-Elliott Match.

The match between W. R. Crosby and J. A. R. Elliott has been fixed for the afternoon of Friday, April 24, as a closing feature of the Omaha meet.

WESTERN TRAPS.

The West and the Handicap.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 5.—It was a Western Grand American Handicap this year, held in the West and attended largely by Western shooters, the greatest number of shooters ever assembled in any contest of similar nature in the history of the world, so far as known. The winner, Mr. H. C. Hirschy, of St. Paul, is a Western man. The runner-up, Mr. C. G. Spencer, of St. Louis, is another Western man, and the third man in the tie, Mr. R. O. Heikes, of Dayton, O., is yet another Westerner. Mr. Pollard, fourth in the tie, and crowding Heikes close in the running, is yet another Westerner, and the members of Garfield Gun Club, of Chicago, will receive him joyfully on his return. Bingham, Hill, Herman, Coll, Dering, Roll, Crosby, Gilbert and very many other Westerners showed far up in the ties. All in all, the Grand American Handicap is a very good example of what the West can do in a shooting way. There is talk in Chicago to-day about the proposition to hold the next Handicap at Springfield or Chicago, and much as Illinois would appreciate this honor, there seems to be a considerable sentiment here in favor of not attempting this State for the Handicap next year. Chicago has at present no adequate grounds for the entertainment of the Handicap, nor is Springfield adequately equipped therefor. These matters might perhaps be remedied, but the impression here is that should the big shoot be brought to Illinois or perhaps to any other Northern State, the immediate result would be a hard fight in the Legislature with the intention of abolishing live-bird shooting altogether. A good many gentlemen here think it would be well to pass the North for a time until this sort of thing cools down a little.

able a manner. As a matter of fact, the accommodations for this big crowd of shooters at Kansas City were hardly adequate, and the bad weather rendered the accommodations still less fit to cope with the great numbers in attendance. Only one thing kept the machine running smoothly, and made possible the handling of the record-breaking affair in so smooth a manner, and that one thing was the presence of an Eastern man, the black-eyed manager, Elmer Shaner, of Pittsburg. We can handle a shotgun out here, and handle the cash, and handle the crowd, but when it comes to handling a shoot, and a big one, an extraordinarily big one, there has been produced in this country only one man who could do it right, and that is Shaner, of the East. He certainly delivered the goods under difficult circumstances at Kansas City, and won the entire approbation of every man, Western or Eastern, who saw him run the machine. We saw nothing wrong with Mr. Shaner, and are quite willing to make overtures for him to take up his residence either in Chicago or in Kansas City. He'll do.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Chicago Gun Club.

Chicago, April 5.—Please find scores of the first shoot of the season of the Chicago Gun Club at Seventy-ninth street and Vincense road. It was not the kind of weather to induce shooters to come out. A steady downpour of rain fell until after 3 o'clock. Ten members came, and shot the two trophy events, Nos. 2 and 3, also two 15-target sweeps. The club offers some very valuable prizes, the best in the club's history, and that means considerable. The club is using handicapping system to put all on an equal footing—hard job to do satisfactorily figuring for the 90 per cent. man and the one making 35 per cent., but will cut and try until satisfactory. W. D. Stannard and Cop were figured on the 90 per cent. basis, but they did not carry home any prizes, so it was O.K. for the other fellow. The month of May will be better for all the shooters, as this percentage will be figured for the handicap more accurately:

No. 1, trophy shoot:	
W Stannard.....	11011111101010-11
Dr Morton.....	11111101111111-14
A C Boroff.....	00100110010001-6
A Walters.....	000010111101011-8
A Morton.....	111011011111000-10
C S Horn.....	011101110111111-12
G V Weart.....	101101110111111-12
Cop	111111111111111-15

No. 2, weekly handicap, 25 targets, with added targets to shoot at.				
at. First column, added handicap; second column, original shoot;				
third column, total shot at; fourth column, number broken:				
W D Stannard.....	2	25	27	22
Dr Morton.....	6	25	31	25
Borroff.....	8	25	33	19
A Walters.....	8	25	33	25
A W Morton.....	7	25	32	24
C S Horn.....	8	25	33	21
Weart.....	11	25	36	23
Cop.....	2	25	27	23
Dr Burckey.....	14	25	39	18
Balmer.....	16	25	41	16
W D Stannard, 1.....		0010110011011110		- 8
Dr Morton, 3.....		101100111110111101		-13
A Walters, 4.....		101010111110111011		-14
Horn, 4.....		0011011000100011000		- 7
A W Morton, 4.....		0110101000001000111		- 8
Cop, 1.....		1010110111101101		-11
Dr Burckey, 8.....		10001100111101111010		-15
Balmer, 9.....		100001010101111000101101		-12

Monthly handicap and cash prizes. The above shoot, No. 3, is shot on the percentage plan, giving added targets to shoot at instead of allowing shooter dead birds.

Sweep, 15 targets:	
W Stannard.....	10111111111111-14
Dr Morton.....	00111111001010-9
Walters	111110010101011-10
Horn	010100001100101-6
Dr Burckey.....	111110110110111-13
Cop	11111011011111-13

BLUE JEANS.

Mt. Kisco Gun Club.

Mr. Kisco, N. Y., April 4.—The following scores were made by the Mt. Kisco Gun Club, at the regular monthly shoot on April 2. Bad weather kept a few of our members away. Four of our good friends from the Ossining Gun Club were with us. Scores: Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 Targets: 10 10 10 15 15 25 Targets: 10 10 10 15 15 25 Betti

North Branch Gun Club.

North Branch, N. J., April 5.—Herewith find scores of club shoot, held at North Branch, April 5: G W Field.....0000010000000101001100101-7 M H Rupell.....001100111011101111011011-17 H Van Fleet.....000100010001100110001001-9 Wm Disbrow.....111011111000111010111001-17 H B Ten Eyck.....10000011101100101011011-14 Ed Daniels.....111011010111110101011-18 H. B. TEN EYCK, Sec'y.

Colt Gun Club Medal Shoot.

HARTFORD, Conn., April 7.—Fifteen shooters attended the bi-monthly shoot of this club Saturday afternoon to contest for the club medal, which was easily won by Hermann. Several events of 25 targets were shot, but following is the final score: Hermann 24, Alger 23, Cook 22, W. Fetridge 22, Hubbell 21, Warner 21, Nichols 21, Hollister 21, C. B. Cadwell 20, W. H. Cadwell 19, J. Cole 18, Evans 18, Hyde 16, S. Cole 15, Scudder 14.

R. McF.

FOREST AND STREAM.

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THE STEALTHY TREAD.

THERE is a world of philosophy of feeling and of observation in the interesting letter on left-leggedness by Mr. Emerson Carney. And because Mr. Carney's observations are true, there is also science in his letter, for it shows the readiness with which an animal—man, for example—adapts himself to his environment and modifies his modes of life to suit the conditions which he must face.

When a white man walks, he stumps along over the pavements, or the hard road, and as he steps, his heel first strikes the ground and a little later the ball of his foot comes down with a flop. As explained by Mr. Carney, an Indian walks differently. There are no heels on his moccasins to interfere with his natural gait, and, because it has become a part of his nature through generations of inheritance and is a part of his education through many years of practice, the first part of his foot to touch the ground is the ball, and not the heel.

No one who has hunted much with Indians can have failed to notice the peculiar manner in which they walk. When following the trail of game, or when in situations where game is likely to be seen. They pass along over the ground with a complete absence of noise which seems singular to the white man. If one takes pains to observe the manner in which the Indian steps, he will notice that in putting the foot to the ground he holds it in almost precisely the position which the dancing master insists upon among the children whom he is teaching to dance. The foot is thrown out in front; the ball is lowered so that the toe is directed diagonally toward the ground, and when the foot is lowered so that its ball touches the ground. This is done slowly and gently, and if the Indian feels under his foot a twig or stick, he shifts the foot's position a little to avoid bearing his weight on something which may break and crack and make a noise. As he lowers the heel toward the ground, he is in a position to feel any stick that may be under the instep or under the heel and to avoid resting his weight on it. Wearing moccasins he goes along with the silence of a man who is walking in his stocking feet. There is no stiff board-like leather sole under his foot, beneath which sticks and leaves crackle, and against which stones may noisily strike. His feet, beside being mere supports, become organs of touch—feelers which assist his noiseless progress.

The clumsy stumping gait of the white man is probably largely due to the fact that on his shoes he wears heels which raise him an inch or more above the ground. Accustomed to go along anyhow, he walks with ankle and knee very nearly stiff, while the Indian, one of whose chief objects in life is to advance silently, goes with the whole leg loose; the joints of the foot, of the ankle and of the knee contributing to make a spring, while the trunk swings easily on the ball and socket joints of the thighs.

To one who has spent much time out of doors and who has been accustomed to see natural people walk in a natural way, there are few things more striking than the manner in which many of the inhabitants of our cities walk with the inside of the foot directed forward; in other words, with the toes pointed outward at an angle of nearly 45 degrees with the direction in which they are advancing.

The more or less unconscious desire of the hunter to avoid observation is one which has no doubt been felt by very many men, but, as far as we know, has never been so clearly formulated as by Mr. Carney. It is very certain that it exists and that in an earlier state of our country when conditions were different, when there were great tracts of wilderness occupied by people who lived much alone and who seldom ventured to the settlements, it existed to a far greater extent than now.

In other days a stronger motive than the wish to avoid observation by game was to avoid being seen by enemies. In the old days of travel on the plains, no man ever rode boldly up over a hill; but, approaching the crest with caution, he raised his head slowly and scanned the country before him so that if enemies were about he might see them before they saw him.

It is surely well that all such phases of human nature with their explanations should be recorded and discussed, since conditions in this country are changing so rapidly that opportunities for observations in such as these cannot much longer be had.

THE BLOOMING GROVE PARK CASE.

THE case of those members of the Blooming Grove Park Association who were arrested last autumn on the charge of violating the Lacey law has just been decided, and the defendants have been acquitted. The case has attracted much attention by reason of the prominence of the persons involved and because of an anticipated illustration of the practical operation of the Federal game law. The illustration was not afforded, because the facts set forth in the complaint were insufficient to constitute a cause of action under the law.

The defendants were at the time of their arrest on the way from Blooming Grove Park to the railway station. They were intercepted by Dr. Kalbfus, of the Game Commission, who discovered in their valises and trunks a number of pheasants and some venison. The arrest was on a charge of violating the non-export game law, and suit was brought to recover penalties under the clauses of the Lacey law which forbid the transportation of game unlawfully killed in violation of State law and of game lawfully exported unless tagged and labeled. The decision was rendered by Judge Archibald, of the United States Federal Court, last Saturday. It set aside the indictment on the ground that the defendants had not committed an offense against the statute. Judge Archibald said:

"The game that is prohibited from being shipped from one State or Territory to another is that and only that which had been killed in violation of the local law. There is no averment as to where the game was killed, whether in Pennsylvania or elsewhere, or that when and where killed, it was killed in violation of the local law.

"All that we have is the bald statement that the defendant had prepared for shipment by interstate commerce out of the State certain packages of dead game, without having them clearly marked with the name and address of the shipper and the nature of the contents, as required by the act, and that he had concealed the game spoken of in trunks, satchels, etc., without having them so marked, with the intent to carry them out of the State into other States in violation of the act.

"But there was no necessary vice in any of these acts by themselves. The game may have been innocently killed, and we must presume that it was until it appears otherwise. For all that we know, it may have been killed in Canada or some other equally irrelevant place, with which the facts charged are just as consistent as they are with anything which is prohibited.

"It is the shipment or delivery for shipment which the act forbids and punishes, not the intent to do so, nor the preparation for it, or, in other words, it is the complete and not the inchoate act which it undertakes to control, and we have no right to carry it a single step further."

From all of which it appears that while the defendants had been doing their best to violate the law of the State and the Lacey law, they had been interfered with prematurely by the game warden by whom they had been prevented from effecting their design, and consequently they were acquitted.

The Pennsylvania export law is one of those cast-iron regulations which should be modified to the extent and end of permitting a sportsman to take home with him out of the State the game killed by him. It is nothing less than a hardship that the members of a game preserve association, who have bred their own game upon their own grounds, and have taken it themselves, should not have the privilege of carrying it home with them. As we have pointed out before, and shall persevere in pointing out until such laws shall be modified, there is no necessity of this stringency, since, as has been demonstrated in the experience of numerous States, it is perfectly practicable to devise and operate a system of export regulation which permits the individual shooter to take his game with him, but does not allow the wholesale export of game to market. Pennsylvania exacts a license fee from the visiting sportsman; justice would give him the privilege of carrying his game home with him.

THE Brown bill for the condemnation of Adirondack streams as public highways has received the executive approval and has become a law. The measure is one which is fraught with the peril of tremendous damage to the forests of the State, and damage which it will take generations to repair. It is believed to be unconstitutional, and we trust that the very earliest opportunity may be improved to test the point. The Constitution of New York is, however, no very material obstacle in the way of the schemers and wreckers who have for years been raiding the Adirondacks and will continue their work so long as anything shall remain to invite them. The attitude of these men was admirably shown by Senator Malby at the recent hearing on the Brown bill. The incident was thus reported by some of those who were present:

Senator Malby, who followed Senator Brown in advocacy of the bill, referring to the constitutional question, made an extraordinary confession in regard to a bill affecting the lumbering interests, which had become a law by a previous Governor's signature. He said that he knew the law to be unconstitutional at the time; that he had told the Governor so, but that he had said to the Governor that the lumbermen had so many thousand feet of logs in the woods which they wanted to get out, and if the Governor would sign the bill it would give them a chance to get the logs out before the courts would pronounce the law unconstitutional.

Mr. Lacey's bill to regulate the introduction of game birds for propagation (H. R. 10995), having been referred to the Committee on Agriculture, Mr. Wadsworth, the chairman of that committee, submitted a favorable report, and on Saturday, April 19, the bill passed the House. It is to be hoped that the Senate will act favorably upon it. The bill is very brief, and provides that from and after the passage of the act the Secretary of Agriculture shall have the power to authorize the importation of eggs of game birds for the purposes of propagation, and shall prescribe all necessary rules and regulations governing the importation of eggs of said birds for such purpose. The FOREST AND STREAM has often called attention to the need of a modification of the Dingley law, such as is here provided, and it is eminently proper that the power to regulate the importation of game birds' eggs should be placed in the hands of the Secretary of Agriculture. All friends of game protection and of good sport may safely advocate the passage of this bill by the Senate.

The report of the Committee on Agriculture affords a new illustration of the persistence of a fake. The anti-importation clause was incorporated in the Dingley law as a result of the foolish story that the eggs of wildfowl were taken in the north and imported into the United States for the manufacture of albumen and other commercial purposes. There was no truth in the yarn; it had absolutely no foundation in fact, as was clearly and convincingly demonstrated in these columns at the time. It was a fake, pure and simple. And yet we now find this Congressional committee gravely repeating the story in the assertion that "prior to the enactment of the Dingley law a very considerable importation of eggs of wild birds was made from Canada to this country. Nests of the migratory birds were broken up and the eggs collected to be used for commercial purposes."

In response to our suggestion of last week that Mr. Lacey might well amend his bill so that moose heads would come in from Canada free of duty, Mr. Lacey advises us that this would be impracticable at the present juncture because the introduction of such a measure would open up the tariff question. The Canadian moose in Congress, it appears, would be like a bull in a china shop. For the present, then, Americans must pay the added tax for their sport across the border.

Governor Odell has vetoed the bill making unlawful the sale of ruffed grouse killed within the limits of the State, and New York is thus prevented from keeping in line with her sister States, which have adopted and are profiting by this very necessary market restriction. There yet remains, however, the provision of the law which forbids the transportation of ruffed grouse out of the county where killed, except for a limited number when accompanied by the owner; and in proportion as this regulation can be enforced it will go to attain the purpose of an anti-sale law.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Left-Leggedness and Toeing In.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* An editorial in FOREST AND STREAM appeared at one time, entitled "Left-Leggedness," in which explanation was made why a lost person always travels in a circle, stating that such persons nearly always circled to the right, especially a right-handed person, who would presumably be "left-legged"; that is, the left leg stronger and more active than the right, just in proportion to the greater strength and utility of the right arm over that of the left. This was interesting, because it explained what has perplexed many others, as well as myself, and it would all seem reasonable enough to be accepted.

Other observations might be made in regard to cause and effect of the peculiar workings of certain other muscles. It is generally known, or at least generally believed, that Indians nearly all walk with their toes turned in, or "pigeon-toed," as it is expressed, while nearly all other people walk with their toes pointed slightly outward. Most people may think that their toes point straight ahead, but just notice your tracks some time in the snow, and see if the toes do not turn slightly outward.

Now, there must, or should be, a cause for everything. During the first twenty-four years of my life my toes pointed outward, so that the inner corner of the boot or shoe sole, or the corner coming directly under the big toe, would be worn off to the uppers, while the outer corners would scarcely have begun to wear. At about the end of this period, my surroundings became such that much of my time was spent in the woods and mountains among big game. I became so accustomed to treading softly and stealthily while going through the woods that I did so involuntarily, even when not hunting, and in so doing acquired the habit of walking almost entirely on the ball of the foot, or "toeing," scarcely allowing the heel to touch the ground. About ten years later I would occasionally get a thrust from some friend about being "pigeon-toed," but thought nothing of it, believing it was just the way I happened to be standing; then I began to realize that my shoe soles were never worn off at the corners any more, but always wore through in the center first, while the edges all around were thick. Then I began to notice the position of my feet more carefully, and observing my tracks, and behold! I find I am as pigeon-toed as any Indian who ever trod the woods. How or when this change came about, I cannot tell, but probably it was some years in coming about; at any rate, it was without any consciousness of it on my part.

It is also known that an Indian, beside "toeing in," when walking, treads principally on the ball of his foot, which gives the soft, springy, cat-like tread so characteristic of the Indian, rather than throwing the full weight on the heel, which gives the whole body such a jar that if you should be looking intently for or at something, it blurs the vision very perceptibly at each step thus taken. Thus we might infer from these observations that the Indian, being by nature a hunter, treads on the fore part or ball of his foot in walking, because his occupation requires a quiet, stealthy tread, which neither makes noise nor blurs his vision, which movement he acquires by habit until it becomes his natural movement. And also, judging from personal experience that this mode of walking must naturally bring the foot around so that the toes turn inward, which would account for this peculiarity attributed to the Indians.

Many a time when going into the woods with an ax to chop, where I could reasonably expect at any minute to see a deer, I have found myself unconsciously walking with the same caution and watchfulness that would be exercised in hunting, and on coming to the place to begin chopping, would look carefully in every direction to see that no deer was going to be disturbed by the noise, and would even hesitate with a peculiar sense of reluctance at striking the first blow, which would break the stillness and alarm any wild creature which might be within hearing. Indeed, there appears at times to be a sort of sacredness in the awful silence of a virgin forest which it seems almost wicked to disturb by the noise of the ax, every stroke of which makes the surroundings less attractive.

I have lost many an hour's work by either waiting for big game animals to get out of my sight or by going out of my way to keep from being seen by them, for what reason I never could explain, only that I had such a desire to have the wild creatures living near me, and knowing that the less they see of man or know of his presence in their domain the more certainly they will remain in their natural haunts. Once, while chopping in the woods, I happened to look up on the hillside, and there stood a magnificent buck deer less than 100 yards away, with antlers which might well have made the trophy hunter green with envy, looking down at me as I worked.

I didn't strike another stroke until he went leisurely away several minutes later, giving me a good rest, while enjoying every minute of the time that he was in sight.

Many times, when going to the creek from my cabin for a pail of water, when deer or sometimes mountain sheep or elk would be on the meadow, instead of going down by the regular path, I would go away around, climb down over a steep, rough bank and crawl through thick bushes, rather than let them see me, even though I had no thought or intention of killing any of them.

I once read an article in FOREST AND STREAM about an old hunter and trapper with whom the writer had taken tramps through the then thickly settled neighborhood where the old man lived, and one of his peculiarities was his extreme averseness at traveling out in the open, where he would be exposed to view, not that there was the least possibility of there being any wild creatures to be startled by his exposing himself in the open, neither was it because of a fear of any unpleasantness as a result of his being seen by his fellow men, but a lifetime of stealth and caution, had simply made it a part of his nature to avoid being seen, and the writer stated that under no conditions could the old man be prevailed

upon to cut across an open field to save distance, but would go several times as far in order that he might keep under cover.

While reading this, I felt sure that some who had not lived the woods life to any great extent would not understand or appreciate the old man's eccentricities, and would think him queer; even the writer hardly seemed to fathom the real cause of his actions. It cannot be explained to any degree of satisfaction; it must be a part of the nature and be felt to be understood. I have been going through the woods with my ax, hunting timber, when I would find an open little meadow or park directly on my course, and instead of going directly across it, which would have been the easiest and quickest, would go around it, keeping in the timber, and not realize what I was doing, and have often found myself wondering why I hadn't gone the most direct route, inasmuch as I was not looking for game, and didn't even have a gun. The more exclusively a man lives in the woods, the more strongly will develop the animal instincts. Unconsciously, but surely, will those faculties and senses develop most strongly within us, which best fit us for our existence, amid the surroundings in which we live, everything showing the perfect workings of the hand of an all wise Providence.

EMERSON CARNEY.

Floating on the Missouri.—IX.

WE left Ryan's Island at sunup. There was a heavy fog hanging over the water and filling the valley, and for an hour or more we simply drifted with the current, not caring to risk striking a sawyer or sunken rock while running at full speed. As it was, we hit a sunken log and lost the hindquarters of our buck, which, to better balance the boat, I had placed on the little deck on the bow in front of the mast. It went overboard with a splash, and that was the last we saw of it, for the water was deep. Sah-né-to felt worse about it than I did, and gave me a scolding for not tying the saddle to the mast. "Well," I said, "it is gone, but not uselessly; it will furnish a feast for your water spirits, and they will be kind to us." She said no more.

There were a great many geese on the bars this morning, as there had been every other morning when there was a heavy fog. I believe they only stop on the river to rest on their way south, and leave very early in the morning, unless there is an unfavorable wind or fog. Of the many thousands we saw on the trip, but one lone goose was feeding, and that was a cripple. I shot it, and was sorry, for there was an old shot wound at the base of the upper mandible, partly healed. Evidently it had half-starved for some time, as it was mere skin and bones, entirely unfit for the table.

When the fog lifted we found ourselves in sight of Hawley Point, a long, narrow bottom on the south side of the river, half a mile across and four miles around by the channel. But to our surprise we found that we were to be saved the four miles, for the river had cut straight across the base of the point in two places, leaving a small island, which was also fast wearing away. All we could see of the old channel was a vast bed of sand, fast growing up with willows and cottonwoods. At the lower end of the island we caught a glimpse of a whitetail deer as it bounded back into the willows. Beauchamp Creek comes into the river at the apex of Hawley Point—that is, when it runs; for the greater part of the year its channel contains water only in places. It heads near the easternmost butte of the Little Rockies, a very steep, high hill the Blackfeet long ago named Hairy Cap, on account of the dense growth of pines which covers its summit. It used to be an objective point for all the war parties traveling through that part of the country, for they could obtain a view of an immense scope of country from its top. Many battles have been fought on and around it between war parties of different tribes.

Except for the heavily timbered bottoms, the scenery along here is uninteresting. The north slope of the valley is barren, and there are few pines on the south slope. Ten miles from Hawley Point the river turns from its generally easterly course sharply to the south, at the base of the long point which terminates at the mouth of the Musselshell River, ten miles further down. From there it runs due north for ten miles, forming a bend only four miles across at the widest place, but twenty miles around. An hour's run brought us to the ranch of our friend, Mark Frost, who has been located on the river for a number of years. We tied up and paid him a short visit. Frost leads an ideal life. He has a fine ranch, a nice band of cattle, which support themselves the year around, and so has absolutely nothing to do but enjoy himself. Once a year he gathers his beef stock and drives them to the railroad, ninety miles distant, ships them to Chicago and purchases a year's supplies, and then back he goes to his ranch. Many persons undoubtedly would call that a lonesome life. He doesn't think so, nor does his good wife and children. Panics may come, banks may break, droughts may ruin the crops of the country, but it makes no difference to him. People will eat beef and he always has it to sell.

Frost is a great hunter, and has a fad for saving the antlers of the game he kills. Strunk on the fence near his meat house, and piled on the ground, are antlers of elk, whitetail and mule deer, horns of mountain sheep and antelope. In the house are rugs of the grizzly, mountain lion and wolf, all of his own killing. The lower part of the ranch is heavily timbered and shelters numbers of whitetail deer. Frost said that he only disturbed them once in a great while, when meat was wanted on short notice, and that consequently they were very tame, feeding in sight of the house almost daily. He shoots most of the game he kills up and down the river, or back in the pine breaks, where the mule deer are numerous.

We would have been only too well pleased to accept Frost's invitation to stop and hunt with him a year or two. But our ever-present bugbear of winter and a frozen river prevented. So, after an hour's rest, we went on and arrived at the mouth of the Musselshell in ample time to make camp on the island there. This river heads in the Big Belt and Crazy Mountains, and parallels the Yellowstone for a long way before it turns northward toward the Missouri. A number of tributaries flow into it from

the Snowy Mountains. The principal one, Flat Willow Creek, is a beautiful stream; we once had a branch trading post near its mouth.

There have been stirring times here on this Musselshell flat. The shallow ford just below the confluence of the two streams was used by war parties of many tribes on their raids, and even when the river was high they came here to cross, for a war trail between the Missouri and the Yellowstone followed the Musselshell for many miles. Numbers of woodhawks here met their fate in the shape of an Indian arrow or bullet. But there came a day when the redskins paid dearly for the scalps they had taken. A few Yanktonais Sioux had attacked a wood yard, and instead of wiping out the white men as they expected to do, themselves lost several of their party. Back they went to camp somewhere down the river and got up a large party, one hundred and fifty warriors, to revenge their losses. The woodhawks expected they would do this, and in the interval, before their return, managed to collect twenty men at their place to help them. I cannot say just how they managed, but in some way they ambushed the Sioux, killing thirty of them on the ground and driving the remainder into the Missouri, where many more were shot and drowned. Seventy-two of the party never returned to their lodges. It was in this fight that Liver-eating Johnson got his name. He didn't really eat an Indian's liver, as most persons believe, but ripping a Sioux open he cut off a piece of his liver, held it near his mouth and pretending to take a bite of it said, "Come and help yourselves, fellows, it's good."

Johnson died in California last winter. Another participant in the fight was Daniel Fitzpatrick, who has lived for many years with Mr. Joseph Kipp. He has a bullet wound in the leg which has never completely healed, as a memento of the day. After that experience, Dan says, the Sioux did not molest the woodhawks for a long time.

In the summer of 1884 a few cattlemen fancied that the Missouri bad lands sheltered a number of cattle and horse thieves who were preying on their herds, so they got up a gang of cowboys and others under the leadership of one Flopping Bill, and sent them to the river to clean out the bad men. Flopping Bill himself had been a woodhawk, and hadn't the best of reputations. The two notorious gangs of outlaws, Big Nose George's and Dutch John's, had left the river a year or more before this, but the gang had started out to do some hanging, and hang they did many an innocent man along the river. It is said that Flopping Bill had some ancient grudges against a number of them, and took this means to pay them off without danger to his own precious carcass. It is claimed by many that some men were hung for their money and property. At the time a young man named William Downs was located here at the mouth of the Musselshell with his wife. Toward the close of the buffalo trade he had kept a small trading post and wood yard, and was by no means poor. One day the hanging gang rode up to his place and asked him to show them a trail by which they could get out on the prairie to the south. He willingly and innocently mounted his horse and rode away with them, and that was the last that his wife ever saw of him. Somewhere up in the pine breaks they hung or shot him, and buried his body. At the time he had a large sum of money with him. Downs came of a good family somewhere in eastern Canada, and before he came over to the Missouri served a term of years with the Northwest Mounted Police. He was well liked by all who knew him, and was an honest and industrious young man.

Just before dark, while walking around the island reading the record of the game about, as printed in the sand and mud by their hoofs and paws, I came across a fossil bone of large size, which I thought had been one of the vertebrae of a mastodon. I lugged it to camp, thinking to tell Sah-né-to something of the great animal which roamed here before the glacial period. "Ah!" she said, as I laid it down. "You have the bone of a water bull. Where did you find it?"

I told her, and at the same time concluded not to say anything about a mastodon for a while, as from her remark I believed there might be a bit of folk lore forthcoming. So, after the dinner things had been washed and put away, I remarked: "A water bull's bone, is it? Tell me something about the animal; I never saw one."

"Of course you never saw one," she replied. "They died off long, long ago; perhaps hundreds of years. One of them once befriended a man when he was in great trouble. He was a young man named Red Crow, the only son of a poor widow, and he was very much in love with a girl named Two Stars—"

"And," I interrupted, "there was another man also in love with her, hence the trouble."

"How did you know," she asked, "since you never heard the story?"

"Oh!" I replied, "I guessed; that is about the only thing that makes trouble in this world."

"Well, you were right this time, at least. Another young man named Bull's Head also loved her. His father was a great chief, very rich, and he was pleased when his son told him that he wanted to marry Two Stars, for she was a good girl, very industrious, quite handsome, and her father was a medicine man and quite wealthy."

"The chief went to the medicine man's lodge and they smoked together, talking of various things. Finally the chief came around to the object of his visit. 'What say you,' he asked, 'to giving my son your daughter?' He is a good hunter, brave on the war trail for one of his youth, and as he is my only child, all I have will one day fall to him."

"Your words are good; pleasant to hear," said the medicine man, "and nothing would please me better than what you propose. Alas! the gods have already spoken to me regarding her; recently in my sleep, my secret helper came and said: 'You are not to give Two Stars to any one for a wife until you receive a certain sign, which will be carried by the one we have chosen for her.' Also, he told me what the sign would be, but I may not tell you that. I now await it, expecting to see it daily. How nice it would be were your son the chosen one to carry it."

"The chief went to his lodge, disappointed, of course, yet not angry, for no one questions the ways of the gods. But when Bull's Head was told what the old man had

said, he swore that he would have Two Stars in spite of all the gods of the universe, above, below, on the earth and in the water.

"Red Crow and Two Stars had loved each other a long time in secret, and each knew how the other felt, for their eyes had spoken if not their lips. Red Crow was the old medicine man's hunter, and so poor that both knew it would be useless to ask his consent to their union. One day the young man was out hunting deer in the timber, and after a while, sitting down to rest, he absently picked up the soft earth with his stone knife. Something caught the point, and digging a little deeper he uncovered and cut off a small, brown-skinned root, yellow inside, which had a powerful, but pleasant odor, and was good to the taste. He barely touched it with his tongue for fear it was poison. That evening when he returned to camp, he gave it to the old medicine man, and to his great astonishment the latter sprang to his feet, held the root aloft and gave thanks to the gods for their kindness. 'My son,' he said later to the youth, 'you did better than you thought when you brought me this root. I have been expecting it a long time. You shall show me where it grows and its leaf, and you shall have my daughter, for so have the gods decreed.'

"News travels quickly in camp, and when Bull's Head heard that the young couple were soon to marry, he was very angry; he sat long by the fire, scheming, thinking, trying to find some plan to bring the old medicine man's words to naught.

"Two days passed. On the morning of the third day Red Crow went hunting as usual, although he was to be married that night, for there was to be great feasting and much meat was required. Bull's Head followed and overtook him in the forest. 'Come with me,' he said, 'for I have found a place where game was never hunted and deer are as plentiful as the rabbits here in the brush. Yesterday I made a raft and went to that island you have likely seen away out in the great lake whose shores are not far from here. There I found more game than I ever saw in my life before. Come, let us go; two of us can make the raft go quickly, and we can bring home a big load of meat upon it.'

"Suspecting nothing, thinking his friend's words were true, Red Crow accompanied him. They went through the forest, and after a time came to the lake. There was the raft, two long drift logs lashed together, and they pushed out upon it, paddling hard. They came to the island; its shores were rocky walls standing high above the water's edge, and difficult to climb. 'Go you this way,' said Bull's Head, 'and I will go around the other way, thus will we drive the game to each other.'

"Red Crow started as he was told through the deep woods, and keeping close to the cliffs. He saw no trails, no tracks of deer, no life of any kind except a few small birds in the branches of the trees. 'This is strange,' he said to himself. 'Surely, if there were deer on this island their tracks would be here as well as elsewhere.'

"He kept going, however, on and on, and at last having walked clear around the island, came to the place where they had landed. He shouted for his companion, but there was no answer; he looked for the raft, and found it was gone; far, far out on the lake, so far, that he was a mere speck, his companion was paddling it toward the shore and home. Then Red Crow saw light; he remembered that Bull's Head had wished to marry Two Stars and felt sure that he had taken this method to be revenged and marry her after all. His first thought was to make a raft and hurry back, but not a dry stick could he find on the island, not even a piece large enough to support his weight. Dead trees there were, dead and fallen, moss grown and rotten. He sat down on the shore and wept; the distance was far too great to swim, and he despaired of ever seeing home and Two Stars again.

"As he sat there on the rocks grieving, a small duck suddenly swam up close to him and said: 'Why do you grieve? Why are you crying on such a warm, pleasant summer's day?'

"'Oh,' it continued, when the young man had told his troubles, 'and is that all? Cheer up. I will go find one who will aid you,' and it dived beneath the waves.

"Then presently two swans came sailing by on the water and stopped to ask him why he mourned, and they also told him to have courage, that they would find one to aid him. Next came an otter, then a muskrat, proffering aid and hurrying away in search of the promised one. Lastly a beaver came, a very large old beaver, carrying a carefully wrapped bundle which he placed on a rock at the young man's feet. After Red Crow had told him also of his plight, he said:

"'Yes, I heard of this a little while ago from the swans who were talking with you. They were looking for the chief of this lake to get him to carry you home, and he will soon be here. When I heard the way you had been used I took pity, and have brought you a present. In this bundle is a sacred pipe, which we beavers have had for a very long time; take it and keep it, and use it with the sacred prayers and songs I will teach you. Its power is to heal the sick, to give long life, to preserve one from the enemy and make him successful in war.'

"The beaver had just finished teaching Red Crow the songs and prayers, when the duck, the swans, the otter and muskrat were seen approaching them. 'I guess they have found him,' he remarked. The words were no sooner said than a huge animal rose out of the water in front of them with a surge that sent great waves rolling and dashing upon the rocks. The young man started back in fear. 'Don't be afraid,' his friends cried, 'this is the water bull, our chief. Get on his back and he will carry you whence you came.'

"It was a frightful looking animal, very much larger than a buffalo bull, wearing great horns, wide backed, long, round and fat. But Red Crow took courage, and with his pipe in one hand got astride of it and it started swiftly toward the main shore, swimming the deeper places, wading shallower ones when 'twas still so deep its rider could not see bottom. And so, in a little while, they came to the land, and as soon as Red Crow slid down, the bull turned and went out in the lake without ever having said a word. It was dark when the young man reached camp, and when he entered the old medicine man's lodge he found the people mourning for him, his old mother having already cut off her hair. They thought at first he was a ghost, but after a little, when they had got over their joy and excitement of seeing him alive and well

again, they told him that Bull's Head had come into camp and said that while crossing the river in pursuit of a wounded deer his friend Red Crow had been seized by the water people and was likely dead. Then Red Crow told his story to the crowd which had gathered, and when he had finished they ran and seized Bull's Head and killed him. So Two Stars was married to the man she loved after all, and they lived in peace and happiness many years, protected by the sacred pipe. When they died it fell to their son, and ever since it has been kept in the tribe."

"How big do you suppose this water bull was?" I asked.

"'Tis said that when one crossed a river as large as this, its forefeet touched the further shore before its hind ones had come to the water."

Whether it was the story, or too much dinner, or more than the usual number of cigarettes, I cannot say; but I do know that just as a monster of the deep had smashed our boat and knocked us into the icy water, I awoke, only too happy to find that I was still on land, and that it was a quarter to one in the morning.

APPEKUNNY.

An Outing in the Olympics.

In the first week of last September I set out from Portland, Ore., in company with a physician of that city, for a hunt for big game in the Olympic Mountains, Wash.

We traveled via N. P. R. R. to Seattle and thence by steamer to Port Angeles, where we arrived about noon, having spent twelve hours on the water. Port Angeles lies on the straits of St. Juan de Fuca, opposite and in sight of Vancouver Island, B. C.

We were met at the wharf by Dewey C. Sissons, who had been recommended to us as the best guide obtainable and a first-class packer, and whom we had engaged by correspondence to take us into the mountains. He began his duties by guiding us to a comfortable hotel, where we consulted him as to where we should hunt. He recommended the headwaters of the Elwha River, where, he said, elk, bears and deer were all very numerous; but on learning that we would be about ten days on the road—five going and five returning—we told him we would like something nearer, as our time was limited. He said that the next best he could do would be to take us to Happy Lake, thirty miles away, which we could reach within two days, traveling ten miles by road to McDonald post-office and the balance with pack horses. The lake, he said, lay about 6,000 feet above sea level. He would guarantee to show us elk and deer. We would not find either as numerous as they were at the headwaters of the Elwha, but there were plenty of both. Bears, however, were scarce, as there were few berries. We said that we would be content with elk, and we decided on Happy Lake.

In the afternoon we completed our outfitting by the purchase of groceries, etc., taking Dewey's advice as to quantities, and got ready for a start next morning by packing our bedding, extra clothing, tent, etc., in war sacks. We also called on the county clerk, from whom we got our hunting licenses. Under the game laws of Washington, residents of that State, Oregon and Idaho get their licenses for \$1; non-residents pay \$10, each hunter is allowed to kill one bull elk, and after killing it has to pay \$20 more.

Shortly before noon we reached McDonald, where the road strikes the Elwha and crosses it by a bridge, the pack trail branching off and continuing up the east side of the river. The postoffice is in the cabin of an old man, the only resident of the place, whose principal occupation appeared to be peering through a microscope at specimens of rock.

We unloaded our outfit and Dewey rode off to a ranch for a supply of oats, the doctor and I making a fire and preparing bacon and coffee for dinner. While doing so we took stock of the river. It was a roaring glacial torrent, unfordable except in a few places, and as it looked inviting, we hurried up our meal, ate our share of it, got rods and flies ready and went to work, expecting good sport with trout, but as the salmon were running, the trout had no use for anything but salmon roe, and we couldn't get a rise. We could see salmon working up through comparatively shallow rapids below the bridge, and the doctor, having noticed a longhandled barbed gaff at the postoffice, he went there and borrowed it, returned, waded out into the rapids and snaked out a good sized fish. It proved to be a hook-jawed dog salmon, covered with sores and fungus, and he returned it to the water. Thinking that I might get a better fish, I took the gaff and waded out. I saw a number of fish, one of them a monster, but let them pass, as all had white spots of fungus. At last I saw one which seemed to be clean, landed it, found it another dog salmon and quit in disgust.

Dewey was delayed for some time, but finally made his appearance, ate his dinner and adjusted the horses' packs, and we took the trail up the canyon of the river, each leading a horse. Dewey told us that we would ford the river eight miles up the trail; that there was a cabin on the other side of the river at the ford used by him and others as a half-way stopping place on their way to and from Happy Lake, and that we would cross and put in the night there if possible. As it turned out, it was nearly dark when we reached the ford, and too late to cross, so the horses were turned loose to graze a short distance up the river, where there was an opening in the thick brush, our tent pitched, supper prepared and everything made snug for the night.

Before turning in Dewey told us that there was a horse ranch five miles up the river in the neighborhood of which berries were very plentiful and bears correspondingly so. He suggested that if we wanted a bear or two we should, as we would get none at Happy Lake, go to the horse ranch next morning for one day's bear hunt. We consented.

Next morning, as we were about to start, we proposed that as our tent and outfit was on a trail which was considerably traveled, we should take it across the ford to the cabin for safety. Dewey said it would be unnecessary, and that no one who traveled that trail would think of meddling with anything. Stealing was not common in the mountains. We took his word for it, left everything standing and lost nothing by it.

We left our horses feeding, took nothing with us but our rifles, hit the trail for the horse ranch, and found the climbing stiffer than it had been. Though the mountains had been pretty high on both sides of the canyon since shortly after we left McDonald, we had, as a rule, been near the river and on low ground. Now we had to go well up the side of the canyon. Finally, from one of the highest points on the trail, we saw the horse ranch away below us on the other side of the river. We descended and crossed a bridge over the river where it forced itself through a narrow passage between the rocks, and approached the ranch buildings. The owner, we learned, raised few, if any horses, but pastured or fed a great many which were sent up the trail to board by the month. He had plenty of grass and hay.

The ranch was in charge of a man named Harry (I forget the rest), who lived alone in a log cabin. As we neared this we passed a large frame barn, sided with what appeared to be ordinary lumber, the boards being of average length. As we knew that everything used at the ranch was produced on it or packed in, we inquired where the sawmill was. We were surprised to learn that the boards were not sawed, but split from the fir logs with a "frow," and that as the trees were so large and the wood, as a rule, clear to a long way from the roots, there was no difficulty in splitting off boards of almost any required length.

Harry welcomed us at the cabin and on learning what we had come for, offered to join our hunt, so that we could work in pairs, he in one and Dewey in the other; this being settled, as we did not propose to get back to the cabin until evening, Harry got us up an early dinner—and a particularly good one—after which we started.

We went some distance along the bottom and finally turned upward and into a draw down which a little stream trickled. It was full of rocks and logs and the ascent was pretty rough, but by following it we evaded a belt of very thick undergrowth, which would have been harder to get through. Emerging from the draw we found ourselves in timber. A short distance above the grade became steeper, and there was no growing timber. It had all been burnt off some years before, and there were plenty of blue and red huckleberries, large blackberries on creeping briars, and other berries.

Here we divided into pairs. The doctor and Dewey went upward in one direction, and Harry and I in another. Harry informed me that he did not hanker for "bar." He was out of fresh meat and wanted venison. He did not care for bear meat.

We saw a few bear tracks and a good many signs of deer. Harry took me to several places where he hoped to see deer, but as in most cases we approached them with the wind on our backs I was not surprised when we saw none, and said so, but was informed that the direction of the wind made no difference in hunting the deer of these mountains. As I was a stranger to the locality and its game, I did not dispute this, but I suspected that Harry's happy-go-lucky style of hunting had something to do with the scarcity of fresh meat in his cabin while there was so much trotting around in its vicinity.

Harry and I had our climb for nothing, and returned to the cabin in the evening. As we were nearing it, we heard shooting away above us—about half a dozen shots, and just as night was closing in the doctor and Dewey appeared, one carrying a black bear's head and the other a paw. They told us that they had seen no game until after they had begun to descend the mountain, some distance apart. The bear jumped out of some bushes about 150 yards below the doctor, and was going very fast down and straight away. The doctor fired two shots with his Savage; the bear dropped and began to roll down, pawing the ground as it went. Finally it was stopped by a stump. Dewey reached it first, and as it seemed to be dead, he took hold of one of its hind paws, but dropped it when he narrowly escaped a swipe from a fore paw. He jumped back and fired a shot through the bear's body. This did not settle it, but a bullet through its head from the doctor did.

On examination it was found that the bullet from the doctor's Savage which dropped the bear in the first place had caught it in the back part of its belly, had mushroomed, and as it went forward had torn the belly open so that entrails dropped out and trailed on the ground. The doctor exhibited the jacket of the bullet, which had opened out to about three times its original diameter, and said he had found it lodged against the bear's breast bone. Harry was told that he could have the carcass and skin of the bear, and also where to find them.

We slept in the cabin that night, and when we got up next morning found that it was raining heavily. It cleared off about noon; we returned to the ford, and Dewey went off to catch the horses. While he was doing so and preparing and putting on their packs, the doctor and I again tried the river with our flies. There were several deep holes below riffles and above the ford, and from one of them the doctor landed three fine rainbow trout, the largest weighing about three pounds. They put up a fierce fight, and so did another large one which got away. A little above the doctor I landed two dolly varden trout, one of which was considerably larger than the doctor's heaviest rainbow, but it was a poor fighter, as well as inferior to the rainbow in quality.

Dewey having completed his preparations, crossed the ford with the packs and came back for passengers; the doctor and I mounted, went over to the cabin, helped him to unpack, had our supper and went back to the river before dark, but neither of us got a rise.

Next morning we began our final climb for Happy Lake, which is two miles beyond where the trail reaches the summit of the mountain, and, altogether, twelve miles from the ford. The latter is perhaps 1,000 feet above sea level, and as the altitude of the summit is 6,000 feet, it can be understood that the grade is steep. It is not particularly rocky, however, and the forest of red fir is thicker along the trail until the summit is approached. About half way up there is a short break in the climb and a rather boggy spring. Here we stopped to water our horses and eat our lunch, as Dewey said we would see no more water until we reached the lake.

As we approached the summit the trees became more scattered, and the view was magnificent. Away across

the canyon of the Elwha rose Mount Olympus, the highest peak of the range, and next to it Mount Fitzhenry, nearly as high. On both were huge glaciers. On Mount Olympus Dewey pointed out one which he said was continually moving downward, and the ice falling into the Hoh River which ran below it. The Hoh, the Soleduck and the Elwha all have their sources around the base of Mount Olympus. On Mount Fitzhenry there was a perfect Maltese cross of ice and snow, one arm of which joined a glacier. The weather was beautiful, the sun bright and the effect dazzling. We stood spellbound, and when we moved on agreed that our climb had not been in vain, however our elk hunt might turn out.

At last we reached the summit, and shortly after doing so passed a large bank of snow on the north side of the divide. Further on we found ourselves looking down into Happy Lake, which is very small, lies in a deep basin and is surrounded by thick brush, with occasional open grassy spaces. We found our camp ground a little beyond the lake, on a level grassy spot about half way down the side of a deep canyon and close to a large running spring of ice-cold water.

We unpacked, pitched our tent, and while Dewey was cooking I took my rifle and went toward the lake to look for a deer. Dewey warned me not to go too far, or at least to keep good track of my bearings, lest I should be caught in one of the thick fogs which he said frequently came up from the straits in the evenings. I found a good many tracks near the lake, but saw no game. After awhile the fog put in an appearance, advancing like a solid white wall, but it did not reach us until about dark, and after I was back in camp.

Next morning Dewey, who said there were no elk within several miles of our camp, and probably not many nearer than the canyon of the Soleduck River, about six miles off, announced that he would go and try to locate a band, to which he would guide us next day. He said he might have to do a good deal of tramping and climbing, and that there was no particular object in the doctor and myself going with him. He suggested that we could put in the day more pleasantly looking for deer near camp. We agreed to this, and he went off alone, and we made for the lake. We hunted separately around the sides of the basin, and saw nothing of each other until we returned to camp for dinner. The doctor reported that he had seen no game. I had got a glimpse of a doe or a spike buck, which had got out of sight in about two jumps, too quickly for me to shoot if I had been in a position to do so, which I was not, as when I saw it I was descending a steep incline and hanging on to bushes with one hand while I carried my rifle in the other.

In the afternoon we tried it again. Neither of us saw anything until evening, when, as the doctor was heading toward camp, a fawn walked out in front of him, and, as we had no fresh meat, he killed it and dragged it in.

When Dewey returned, he reported that he had seen no elk, but plenty of signs. He had not gone as far as the Soleduck, but proposed to do so next day, and that the doctor and I should again try for deer. We objected. We said that we had climbed the mountains for elk, not deer, and that we had venison enough for the camp. If we got an elk each, as we hoped we might, we would have our hands full packing them out, and we did not propose to kill deer and leave them to rot. There was nothing left for us but to hunt elk or to hang around camp, and we preferred to do the former, even though we might not find them.

Accordingly, we all made for the elks' headquarters next morning. For about three miles we followed a trail which Dewey said ran to another camping place which he believed was occupied by an English sportsman and his guide who left Port Angeles for the mountains about a week before ourselves. Leaving the trail we went along the top of a divide. Here and there we saw below us open, grassy spaces. Dewey called them "pot holes," said we might see elk in some of them, and we kept our eyes open. About a mile from the trail the divide became rocky and its top narrow. As we were passing over some loose stones, which rattled under our hobnailed boots, we looked down into a large pot hole on our left; Dewey stopped, crouched down, motioned to us to do the same, and said: "There's a bull elk." He and I got out our binoculars and then I saw, about 400 or 500 yards away and 700 or 800 feet below us, a bull elk lying in the grass in an opening and near a brown patch which looked like a mud hole. Dewey discovered another bull near the first, and after we had all taken a look at the two we crept as noiselessly as possible over to the other side of the divide, so as to be out of sight of the elk, went back a short distance to where the trees were thicker below us and began a cautious descent. As we had got clear of the stones it was easier to avoid making much noise. We had previously learned from Dewey that at that season the bulls kept together and separate from the cows and calves, which they joined a little later in the rutting season. On our way down we crossed a small stream of water which came from a spring on the slope and ran through a grassy opening which extended to where the elk lay. On reaching the level ground we advanced slowly and cautiously, keeping close to the edge of the bush, Dewey leading. We went through a bunch of trees that extended out into the open space and saw, not more than fifty yards away, the two bull elk, still lying down. We paused a moment to admire them, and then I whispered to the doctor, who was on my left: "You take the left hand one and I'll try for the other." He nodded, but just as we were raising our rifles the right-hand bull rolled over and lay flat on his side, so that I could see neither his head nor his neck. I whispered, "Wait till he lifts his head again." We waited, and when he again exposed his broadside, the doctor said, "Now!"

We fired together, the elk jumped up, and before they had time to start, we fired again. Away they trotted, though, as we discovered afterward, both had been hit twice; neither showed any sign of it, as they would have done if they had been deer. Instead of running straight away, they crossed our front through the trees, but as these were somewhat scattered, we could keep them fairly well in sight. Three more bulls, which we had not seen, joined them in the trees. They headed for the nearest

rise, passing within thirty or forty yards of us, and the doctor and I each fired another shot. Both bulls dropped almost in line and quite near each other, about seventy-five yards from where they were first shot. Both had fine five-spoke heads, and they weighed, according to Dewey, from 700 to 800 pounds each.

As we stood admiring them the doctor, for the first time since we had seen them, remembered that he was packing a camera, and began to lament that he had not done so before we fired and taken a snap at them. Possibly it would have disturbed them, but he doubted it, and we would have got them anyway. They were too easy to shoot and he felt as if we had taken an unfair advantage of them. We might as well have sneaked into a barnyard and killed cattle as have shot them as we did. I agreed with him that they were much less wary than deer, and that perhaps we had not much to brag of; but, after all, we might have killed the whole five, and as we hadn't, we were not as bad as we might have been.

Dewey consoled the doctor by saying that elk were not always easy to approach, that if we had blundered after we first sighted ours we wouldn't have got them, and that every hunter that saw elk at a distance, as we saw ours, did not succeed in getting within range of them. He thought that we had made a pretty good job of our little bit of still-hunting. Perhaps he was right, and as the doctor and I have had no previous experience with elk, we took his word for it.

On examining the elk we found that both had been hit three times in or behind the shoulders. In each case two bullets had lodged in one shoulder after passing through the other, and one which had entered through the ribs had made its exit through them on the opposite side. Honors were easy between the doctor's Savage and my Winchester .30-40. Whether they would have stopped moose as quickly I cannot say, having never hunted moose, but a bull elk is a large animal, and I am inclined to think that the rifle that will stop the one will settle the other if it is held straight. This is my contribution to the controversy in FOREST AND STREAM on large vs. small bores in hunting rifles.

The doctor consoled himself as far as possible for his oversight in not photographing the elk while alive by taking a snap at the carcass of his bull with Dewey standing by its head, and getting Dewey to do likewise with mine. He first posed himself and me on either side of its head, I holding up the antlers to show them, as Dewey, in order to get the sun on his back, had to stand above us, the head lay down the slope and the carcass was too heavy to move.

The photographing completed, we went to the spring, where we ate our lunch. The spot was an ideal home for elk, and judging from the number of tracks we saw, the bulls had made it their headquarters for some time. The mud hole which we saw from the divide seemed to have been a wallowing place; at any rate it was full of tracks, and there was mud on the antlers of the elk.

Having lunched, we returned to the carcasses, and as it was impossible to pack them out except in pieces, we proceeded to skin, quarter them and cut the meat in chunks from the bulls. While doing so we were pestered by flies of several kinds, all equally bloodthirsty. These appeared to have gathered around and stayed with the elk, for they were the only ones which gave us any trouble during our outing, and when we returned to the pot hole next day they were all gone. We worked away until it was time to return to camp. When we did so Dewey packed out the two capes, i. e., the skins of the heads and necks, which he had removed artistically. They weighed, I should say, about 50 or 60 pounds, and though I am fairly strong I would not have undertaken to carry them in the pack sack to the top of the divide, to say nothing of the four miles beyond. They did not appear to trouble Dewey, however, nor was he any more winded than the doctor and I when we reached the top of the slope.

Next day we returned with the horses, completed the cutting of the meat, and packed about half of it to camp, together with the heads and antlers. In order that the latter could be carried conveniently, Dewey having first removed the lower jaws, sawed the skulls in two between the horns. He had brought a saw with his outfit for that purpose.

It was our intention that we should all return next morning with the horses and pack out the balance of the meat, but when we got up it was raining heavily, with a gale of wind and there was no saying how long it would be until the weather changed. The prospect was not pleasant, but Dewey said: "I guess I'll do this trip alone. The horses will carry the meat anyhow, and I can load them alone. You had better stop in camp and keep dry."

We elected to stay, and Dewey left with the horses. He must have had a pretty tough time of it, for the weather did not improve during the day. We found it anything but cheerful in camp. It was not only wet, but cold, and we moped in the tent, wearing our heaviest underclothing and our mackintoshes, except when we were forced to go out to cook our meals.

Our only amusement was with whisky jacks. There were about a dozen of the cheeky little birds hopping about, and some of them came into the tent. The doctor said: "I'm going to catch one," laid a small piece of bread on his hand and sat still. The bread was soon snatched, but the doctor failed to snatch the bird, which was too quick for him. He tried bait after bait, and at last he captured a bird, but though it had been so impudent and greedy when at liberty, it was badly frightened. The doctor spent an hour or two in petting and trying to tame it, but found that impossible and let it go.

Dewey came toward evening bringing the meat. The rain continued until we went to bed, but when we got up next morning the weather was beautiful, and as we could hunt no more, we prepared for the back trail to the ford. Dewey packed about 150 pounds of the choicest cuts of the meat, the heads and capes on two of the horses, rubbed the balance of the meat with salt, piled it up in a shady place, covered it with a tarpaulin and gunny sacks, and left it, with the greater part of his own outfit, to be called for later. The third horse carried the balance of our traps. Our preparations took up some time, but at last we got off.

When we reached the spring half way down the trail, we found the water muddy, the surrounding ground wet

and the tracks of a very large bear in the mud. Evidently we had disturbed him while he was wallowing in the water, but we did not see him. We would not have objected to a shot at him, but when a little further down we started five deer in a bunch—we let them go. We did not want any of them.

We reached our cabin by the river in the afternoon, and camped there for the night. The doctor and I whipped the water for an hour or so in the evening, but neither of us got a rise.

We got off in fair time next morning; Saturday, September 14, crossed the ford and took the trail for McDonald, which we reached about noon. As we were approaching it we met two Port Angeles friends of Dewey's who were on their way to Happy Lake for a hunt. They shocked us with the news of the shooting and death of President McKinley, both of which had taken place while we were in the wilds.

From McDonald we went to Port Angeles in the mail carrier's wagon, Dewey following with the horses. On reaching the town we interviewed the county officials and paid our \$20 each for killing our elk.

We remained over Sunday and were most hospitably used by some of the good people of the town, particularly by Mr. Lauridson, its leading merchant, who treated us to a sail across the harbor on his yacht.

We left for Seattle about 1 A. M. on Monday, and in due time reached Portland with our elk trophies and meat in good order. We had arranged with Dewey that he should return to the mountains for the balance of the meat, pack it out, jerk some of it and sugar cure the balance. He carried out the contract satisfactorily, and the meat reached us in due time very nicely cured.

Altogether the doctor and I had a first-class outing. Probably we would have seen more elk and bears galore if we had gone to the headwaters of the Elwha, as Dewey recommended, but as it was we got all the elk the law allowed us and all we wanted, and we could have killed more. We had found Dewey to be all that had been promised for him, and not only competent as a guide, hunter and packer, but a cheerful, willing worker. We had feasted our eyes on magnificent scenery and had new life put into us by the pure air of the mountains. What more could any reasonable men want?

W. P.

A Walk Down South.—XXVI.

ON Wednesday morning, Jan. 22, I made ready to go to Rogersville, going down the road to bid the editor of the Hancock Times good-bye.

"Well," he asked, "did you find your man?"

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, I'm on," he said with a wink and a poke at my ribs. "Pinkerton has many a man on the road."

There it was again. For days I had been talking to him about newspapers, stories, had eaten dinner with him, but he hadn't been convinced. A stranger to the mountain mind of Tennessee is either a fugitive or a detective, and that is an illuminating fact.

Henry F. Coleman, a lawyer, is a sportsman, a—well—loves the mountains for the nature in them, and hunts quail for the pleasure in it. He gave me a copy of his little book on the "Amateur Sportsman," in which he tells the rules which his long experience has caused him to believe best to follow in quail hunting. For instance, he says:

"When birds are found, the sportsman should advance slowly, placing his thumb on the cock of his gun as he advances, and making it a point to be as near the birds as possible when they rise. Being near the birds when they rise is one of the greatest secrets of success in quail shooting."

The six thousand words that comprise the pamphlet cover such things as "Courtesy Among Sportsmen," "How to Teach Obedience"—of the dog—shooting at various angles, etc., which Mr. Coleman has learned about in the fields of Tennessee, where there is much to interest the sportsmen, especially quail.

I left Sneedville and started for Rogersville via Lee Valley, where Cal Cope and Tip Jones live, starting about 9 o'clock after an hour's talk with Mr. Coleman. It was an interesting walk to me. The buskwhackers I had seen, men who believed that buskwhacking was the best way to settle hog disputes and openly advocated murder because "Gillenwaters would get 'em loose for a thousand dollars," did not inspire much respect—but they did seem fearsome, and that road was a lonesome one. There was no telling from what bush one of the despised class would open fire. Various emotions naturally came and went as I plodded along. In the gap through Copper Ridge Mountain—gloomy, narrow and deep—I felt exactly as I did when putting down some firewood back in Pennsylvania. If the ax slipped I might cut myself, and that would hurt, perhaps badly. It made me nervous and I stumbled over rocks, but not hurriedly, for I was more than two and a half hours going five miles. I was sorry I didn't have the revolver with me—I left it at Rogersville, lest it look as though I were a detective. Every mile had its gloomy woods. I "expect" that my eyes were, for the time, as bulging and glancing as those of any of the men at Sneedville. It was the first opportunity I ever had of being afraid of gun "fighting" bad men, and I made the most of it.

The nearest similar feeling I'd had was when a dog I wounded with a revolver showed its teeth to me in a dusky cellar. It wasn't a respectable, heroic battlefield scare in either case—just a measly crawling along the back which one couldn't ignore nor yet admit to himself and retain any self-respect.

At noon I stopped at the home of Mr. Davis. He had been a Federal soldier like many another east Tennessean, a sturdy, farmer man these days, he lives comfortably between two steep-sided gully banks.

"Jim Wright's a coward; his whole crew are cowards. They never bother men," he said. "They get behind something to shoot at each other. I saw that kind in the war. We couldn't keep them in line on battle days except by lining men up behind them with orders to use the bayonet if they turned back. I've lived here ever since the war, but they never have molested me; and they never will, without it's from that brush up yonder."

"When I was young," Mr. Davis continued, "this was

a great wild here. I have seen poplars seven feet through on these ridges; walnuts, oaks and chestnuts which would be worth more than the land they stood on is now. I used to kill a good deal of game on these mountains. I preferred to hunt foxes, and many a race I've run them over these hills, red and gray both. Deer lived here then, too, but they are all gone now. Squirrels are scarce, varmin—'coons, 'possums and the like—have departed. But I am getting old now. I couldn't get many of them even though there were plenty." Pork, potatoes, corn and wheat bread, sorghum cane molasses and fruit piled the table at dinner time. After dinner he showed me a persimmon tree a few rods up the gully on my road, and I ate the novel, soft, sweetish fruit with relish. Then the road lead me on through Pumpkin Valley again. I thought little more of the ambushes. I was pretty well beyond the danger line—if danger there had been, which is doubtful. At Cal Cope's I stopped for the night, pretty tired with the work I had done, but feeling that I'd done as much as possible.

All the folks were going to revival meeting, so I went too. The church was a low, schoolhouse-like building nearly half a mile away in a clump of trees. Saddle horses were hitched along rails and to trees. Within was a gossiping gathering of a hundred, which crowded the place. Boots, broad-brimmed hats, blue pokes (sunbonnets) were the chief features. It was a clean, bright-eyed, cheerful gathering. It was a higher grade of people than the court crowd—perhaps it would be better to say they were in better spirits there than when at court, for many of them were of the sort that go to courts as witnesses and principals. In fact, when a feud is raging, both parties sometimes attend a church like this, and wage a battle beyond the church precincts of a Sunday, but not in the church.

Suddenly a voice raised in song, a sharp scuffling ensued, and then with a rustle and scrape the congregation settled on the long board benches, except two newcomers, who stood by the stove to warm their feet first. It was vigorous, earnest, but not harmonious. A prayer followed. Then I discovered the preachers one by one. They were the Rev. Trents. One was tall, booted, with gray whiskers and mustache, with a bearing of the Ace Jones type. This was John Trent. He began to preach in a low voice, which increased in volume till it made the flames of the lamps—it was "early candlelight"—flicker. At this juncture a short, clumsy, brown-whiskered man came up from the dimly seen gathering with a thunderous "Amen." He walked up and down across the front, calling, "Praise the Lord!" in a loud voice, while John reared his voice higher and higher to the thread of his discourse upon the text, "I am not ashamed of Jesus." Their enthusiastic sincerity was edifying, and one must needs pay it the respect due to sincerity. The sermon was simple in its wording—no pompous phrases or high-sounding words, but marred for my ears by the repetition of the sound "ah" at the end of various words:

"And—ah the Lord is good—ah. He will save—ah. He has the power—ah. Oh, you sinners, repent! Repent—ah!"

A tall young man appeared then, towering, physically, above the other two speakers, but there was nothing in his bearing, in his words or in his eyes to inspire enthusiasm or confidence. His behavior was that of forced rather than forceful enthusiasm.

Up popped a little old man, white-whiskered and mustached, through which his red lips and even eyes seemed to force themselves. His eyes were round and inclosed in circles. He came down the aisle, thrusting both his hands out in front of him, calling aloud. I had to choke down a splutter of laughter, for he was "the King" in Mark Twain's "Huckleberry Finn" to the very gestures—so far as appearance was concerned. Later the Reverend Bob Trent proved to be as sincere as Ho Law Bob Trent and John.

The sisters on the right side and the brothers on the left of the pulpit began to rise from their seats with exclamations and cries. Several came down the line shaking hands with everybody. When the Reverend John got to me he stopped.

"You're a stranger, I reckon?" he said. "B'long to any church?"

"No."

"You're lost!" he shouted above the din. Oh, Lord, save this po' stranghai!"

Here and there the sobbing of a penitent girl or boy could be heard in a lull of the exclamations. Songs and preaching and prayers succeeded one another in rapid succession from standing on their tiptoes to bowing their heads to the floor. Suddenly the session came to an end. The voices stopped abruptly, leaving my ears humming, as they have hummed after a day in an express train.

We went home to supper. It was 8 o'clock. Three hours had passed like an hour. The brown-whiskered preacher and "the King" went to Mr. Cope's for the night. Like all of Mrs. Cope's and her daughter, Mrs. Clara Brown's (a pleasing widow) work, it was a fine meal of at least six varieties of fruit, two sorts of bread, meats and coffee, sweet and sour milk, etc. We ate much with great relish, then went to the sitting room.

"What did I think of their meeting?" I replied that any sincere religion deserved respect. What did I believe? It was satisfactory "as far as it went," but didn't I "feel better after their sort of meeting?"

Then they began to throw out covert suggestions as to my reformation, till I felt that the equality I had found among man hunters was more to my taste. I defended myself as well as I could by switching the talk to neutral heathens—Indians and such like. They had never heard that the Indians had held a belief as sincere as their own. Their ideas of the old-time barbarians were gathered from the Bible untempered by mythology and tradition.

"Ho Law!" said Ho Law Bob at intervals, while "the King" sat back in his chair and listened to the broadside about Iroquois, Yaghan and Greek—all news to them.

At 11:30 o'clock I looked at my watch and gasped at the hour; 9:30 o'clock is a late hour in that region. I apologized.

"We like to hear those things," said the brown-whiskered man. "We have lived here all our lives. We never traveled anywhere. We have no education. Our eyes are old, so we cannot read very much excepting in our Bible, and even there we must stop to rest."

Mr. Cope took us three upstairs to a large, wood-ceiled room. They were reluctant even then to go to bed, but drew their chairs around the hearth of the fireplace and plied question after question about the people I had seen or heard about.

After breakfast I started for Rogersville, pausing at Tip's house, thirty yards from Cope's, to see a "little writing" he had. He handed me some letters Ace had written while in jail on the charge of murdering Barry. He had, too, a diary that he had kept for many months while he was "scouting" or hiding on the mountains a fugitive. I couldn't get it, but I could copy it. So I sat down to copy 15,000 words, and did it. Every day had a paragraph—half a page of a 3½ by 4 inch note book. For instance:

"Oct. 7, Tuesday (1890), I went up to John Price's and me and him went a-hunting. We went over to Quil Mams, came back on this side of the mountain. We caught one opossum. Came back to John Price's and stayed on night. I am at home now. I been here most all day."

Again: "Oct. 10, Friday morning. I left Stoke about day. I come up on the mountain. The hounds started a fox; run about half an hour. I shot it and came off home. I have been home ever since. I don't know where I will be next."

Where he ranged, where he stayed, whom he saw was set down with a lack of detail, but still comprehensible. From Choptack to Jim Wright's, twenty-odd miles, this man crept and lurked, seeing pursuers from hilltops, seeing a chicken stolen by a woman, hunting squirrels and quail, running foxes, once fleeing by night in his underwear from raiders, sleeping in barns and at friends'. Sometimes he was alone, again he had a fellow scouter—his brother or one of the other fugitives of his clan, getting news of his brother Ace through his wife.

By "candlelight" I was more than two-thirds done, but tired out. I went to meeting again that night. One girl whose cries for it were clear above the other voices, got "religion." Her joy was manifested as her penitence had been. She came to a young man, evidently her sweetheart, and prayed for him in a low voice, with her plump arms around his neck. He bowed his head, and I fancy that he joined her soon in the happy fellowship of the hardshell religion.

Ho Law Bob and the tall preached came to Mr. Cope's that night. My exhaustion due to ten hours at the pen was mistaken for the preliminary signs of conversion to their belief, but the talk ran to general topics, aside from the direct question:

"Don't you feel better after the meeting to-night?"

The affirmative caused some sidelong glances of triumph, and an expression that seemed to say, "If we can get him there ain't many we couldn't get, and here he's coming!"

A morning at the pen again, and then I started on for Rogersville once more on the steep, short-cut path, which was white with snow, as was the long wooded ridge over which it led, tired out mentally, but not unhappy.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

Natural History.

The Siberian Mammoth.

Prof. Henz, of the St. Petersburg Zoological Museum, who discovered last September near the Ebrosovka, Siberia, the remains of a mammoth, states in a recent letter sent from Snedni Salym, Siberia, that the mammoth is on the road to St. Petersburg on a 100-pack sledge escorted by a troop of Cossacks, and will probably reach its destination about the first of May. It is undoubtedly the most perfect specimen ever discovered. He describes his great find as follows:

"Above all, it is all there; for, while the bears and wolves tore some of the minor bones from their moorings, they were powerless or unwilling to carry them off. I am certain I got away with all the bones, being more fortunate in that respect than Mr. Adams, whose fossil mammoth, now in the Imperial Museum, lacks one hind foot. Aside from the bones, I collected enough of the flesh and coat to allow the most thorough scientific investigation. I believe that it is the most perfect specimen of fossil flesh and skin ever shown in a scientist's laboratory, and after our authorities have passed on it we will be able to decide, approximately, at least, whether the story that the Alaska Indians greased their boats with mammoth fat attached to a skeleton found on the bank of the Yukon can be credited or not. I say right here that it is not impossible, even though I found no traces of fat on or about the carcass I dug up myself.

"I secured large portions of the skin of this monster, aside from that attached to the one perfect leg—the fragments show that the creature was so clothed as to be able to withstand the utmost cold—that does away with the theory that the bones were swept to this place by the deluge. The hairy coat is extremely thick, thicker than that on the neck of a bull buffalo. Its average length is seven inches, but the mane must have been five or six times as long. It is thicker than horse hair, of dark brown color, lighter at the hoofs. At that point, too, it grows luxuriously, as is sometimes the case with horses of coarse breed.

"The hair described belongs to the outer coat and is stiff and wiry, calculated to throw off wet and wind. Under this grows a wool, very closely, and from five to ten centimeters thick. Like the covering of a young camel, the wool is of a light yellow color. It would be impossible for an animal so protected to feel even the extremest cold.

"Up to now we had absolutely nothing to guide us in searching for the period when the mammoth became extinct, particularly as regards Siberia and North America, where the theory that this giant was exterminated by early man obviously doesn't apply, as in both hemispheres there were, and are, vast territories never trodden by man's foot. I am now inclined to think that the mammoth perished of starvation, when overtaken by a period of ice and flood. This, however, did not happen to my mammoth, as we will presently see.

"As already stated, foxes, bears and wolves relieved me

of the necessity of carting away the greater portion of flesh and skin, but, happily, they left the stomach undisturbed, permitting me to secure this important organ intact. Seeing that, curiosity got the best of me—I couldn't resist the temptation to investigate. Let scientists rejoice; the stomach is full of undigested food—now we will learn positively whether or not the mammoth could live in prehistoric Siberia, Europe, and North America. The food in the stomach will settle the question once and for all. It is very considerable in quantity, and more is found on the tongue and between the teeth.

"My mammoth undoubtedly died during the pleasant occupation of feeding. He probably rolled off a precipice while reaching out for a coveted branch or plant, the position of his forelegs shows that almost to a certainty. The left one is bent into a semi-curve, indicating that the ponderous and unwieldy animal tried in vain to climb upward, while his right foot was struggling to maintain a hold, but the soil or rock, presumably, was slippery or too steep to afford a safe foothold for so large a beast. In gliding down the mountainside, the animal's hind legs were forced into a horizontal position and got under his body, which circumstance made it completely impossible for the mammoth to raise himself by his own efforts.

"The impromptu grave into which the animal plunged was made of sand and clay, and his fall probably caused masses of neighboring soil to loosen and cover him completely. This happened in the late fall, or at the beginning of winter, to judge by the vegetable matter found in the stomach; at any rate, shortly afterward the grave became flooded, ice following. This completed the cold storage, still further augmented by vast accumulations of soil all around—a shell of ice, hundreds of feet thick, inclosed by yards upon yards of soil, that remained frozen for the greater part of the year. Thus the enormous carcass was preserved for how long no one knows.

"As to measurements, exact figures cannot be given at the present time. I am inclined to think that my mammoth, when mounted, will exceed in height the most famous specimens known, that at St. Petersburg and the other in Chicago. The first measures 9 feet 3 inches, the latter 9 feet 8 inches."

The Guilty 'Possum.

LONG ISLAND CITY, April 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reply to your inquiry, in last week's *FOREST AND STREAM*, whether the opossum eats poultry or game birds, I beg to say that I know of one instance where a 'possum that had been kept as a pet by a saloon keeper got loose, and in a night killed fifteen or twenty fowl and ducks. The poultry shed was in the rear of a private school, which I attended. One morning, while some other boys and I were waiting for school to open, we heard a noise in the poultry house. We opened the door and saw the floor strewn with feathers and dead birds. We entered, and from a dark corner jumped an animal, which made for the door and escaped over the fence. Some of us had seen the saloon keeper's 'possum and recognized the animal that ran out of the shed as one like it. It was subsequently caught in the neighborhood and returned to its owner. There had been fifteen or twenty chickens and ducks in the shed, the owner told us, and every one had been killed. Some had been torn to pieces; others had their heads torn off, and some merely had their throats torn open. This happened twenty years ago, but I remember the gory sight that met our view, and the scare the 'possum gave us when he made his break for liberty, as if it were only a month ago that it happened. There was no chance for a mistake being made in identifying the animal, as we had a good opportunity to observe it as it ran across the yard and scrambled over a high board fence.

Two or three years ago several geese were killed near here under circumstances that led me to believe that a 'possum was guilty. It was at night, and the owner of the geese, who heard the noise and went out to see what the trouble was, saw a large, dark-colored animal climbing over the fence. As 'possums are plentiful in the neighborhood, and I know of no other animal existing in the vicinity that would be likely to do such a deed, it is probable that Mr. 'Possum was the guilty one in this instance also.

W. F. H.

NEW IBERIA, La.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reply to Didelphys' question about the opossum eating chickens, I wish to state that I have caught them quite often in my hen house at night.

After killing one or two fowls and eating the best part, they leave as quietly as they came, but will return again until every fowl is killed. You are quite right about the opossum being a very slow-moving animal, and that it could never catch a chicken in the daytime, and their resorting to night to do their prowling. One strange thing is that they never make any attempt to escape when discovered, but stay blinking at the light as if charmed.

They grow very large, sometimes weighing 9 pounds. I have heard of some weighing more, but have never seen any.

L. F. LALLANDE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As a sufferer from the deceptive, sly and omnivorous 'possum, I wish to give some testimony in support of the indictment against him in *FOREST AND STREAM* of April 12. I have had many years' experience with this animal, and will state a few facts in regard to his bad habits. Once on a time I was a chicken fancier, and had birds which cost me all the way from two to ten or more dollars. When the beautiful light Brahma was my then pet, I had quite a large flock, of which I was missing one or two night after night. The door of their house had a square opening into the yard, through which only small animals could squeeze themselves. But my fowls began to disappear, and some were found dead in the house, so much so that I went on the watch. One night there was a row in the house, and with a lantern I went to investigate. Nothing wrong appeared, and I was at a loss to determine what was the matter. The fowls for want of ability to fly had perched near the floor, and in one corner of the house I found the fowls crowded together. Examining the cause of it, I found a 'possum on the

perch squeezed in among the birds in such a way that he was hidden completely. One dead bird laid on the floor with his throat bitten, and not quite dead. The 'possum was executed on the spot and the fowls were no more disturbed.

I have had small lambs killed by 'possums, but the raccoons were more destructive than they; and one raccoon I shot as it was up a tree with a lamb a few days old. I know that raccoons will take young chicks and kill hens on their nest and destroy the eggs. Living here in the midst of a vast wilderness and boundless contiguity of shade, as the poet remarks, I have had during the score of years' residence many proofs of the bad character of the sly 'possum in regard to his appetite for poultry.

NORTH CAROLINA.

H. STEWART.

An Incident at the Zoo.

THE peculiar charm of the National Zoo in Washington comes from the close approach to nature that is possible there. From the footpaths that wind through this picturesque park glimpses may be had of deer and other denizens of the forest, and so unobtrusive are the wire fences that it is easy to imagine the animals as in their natural habitat. The natural conditions especially favor this, and a wise administration has not neglected the opportunity. Not often, however, does this realistic treatment become so spectacular as on an afternoon recently when two large gray wolves could be seen coursing up and down the wooded slope unrestrained by any barriers erected by man. It was past the hour when many of the keepers left for the day, and the two wolves chancing to break open an insecure door, enjoyed several minutes of freedom before any of the employees could be summoned to the spot.

Freedom to an animal reared in captivity is a condition in which he has no precedent for guidance. Thus, the first shock of the change of scene over, these wolves seemed most intent upon securing admission to some of the yards occupied by other wolves or foxes, and the resulting uproar can be imagined. Then curiosity appeared to guide them, and together they investigated a neighboring pen where two peccaries were enjoying their ease. Some inherited traits now cropped out and the wolves seemed to enjoy making the peccaries run at full speed around their inclosure, the wolves keeping close to the separating bars. The scene had now become such as to attract the attention of both visitors and employees. The latter turned out in force, having armed themselves with ropes. Nurses with small children sought the protection of the monkey house, but most of the visitors remained outside to watch the chase.

One of the keepers appeared to be on fairly good terms with the estrays, and could at times almost induce them to follow him, but the excitement incident to the change of environment was too much for the wolves, and together they continued to run back and forth. It was evident, however, that confinement within narrow limits had wholly unfitted them for such liberty of action as was really possible here, and so they would turn and run in circles when they might have just as well taken a straight course for the wilder parts of the park. They plainly felt more at home when in close proximity to wire netting, even though on the outside of an inclosure. Such visits to the various pens and yards had the effect of terrifying certain of the other animals, and to the visitors standing upon the brow of the hill and looking down into the Rock Creek Valley, the scene was most realistic and interesting. At one time, a band of llamas could be seen in full flight across their yard, finally standing huddled together in a group while their innocent enemies ran past. The activity of the keepers was more wisely directed than that of the wolves, and finally an end came to the half-hour of freedom. The tired animals were cornered on the bank of Rock Creek, nooses thrown over their heads, and they were ignominiously carried back to the environment with which after all they are more in accord. G. O. S.

Waterfowl as Life Distributors.

It is a well-understood fact that in various ways waterfowl carry seeds and perhaps minute animals and their eggs, and even the spawn of fishes from one body of water to another, and it is believed that they have played a very important part in geographical distribution of plants and water animals. A note from the Indian Museum of Calcutta by Mr. Frank Finn tells of an interesting observation which he recently made on this subject, and is very well worth reproducing here. It is to be understood that the jacana is a water bird related to the snipes, and, like them, spending much of its time wading along the edges of pools, running over floating vegetation, and swimming on the water. Mr. Finn says:

"Yesterday (March 19) I witnessed an interesting instance of the capacity of quite small waterfowl to carry aquatic mollusks of considerable size. A pheasant-tailed jacana (*Hydrophasianus chirurgus*) which was at large, with partially clipped wings, on the tank in the museum grounds, had attached to one of his feet a fresh-water mussel, well over an inch long, which remained there for about an hour and a half to my knowledge.

"The jacana, although quite a small bird, only about the size of a turtle dove; nevertheless flew quite as well with this burden as without, covering as much as sixty yards at a flight, with its legs naturally extended behind.

"Of course, the partial clipping of its wings hindered it from rising high and going off altogether; but had it not been thus handicapped I am sure it could have transported its burden for miles if forced to leave the tank.

"I have had more than one specimen of this jacana, in which a toe, or part of a toe, was missing, an accident which might possibly be due to the pinch of a bivalve behaving as described above. A fish or turtle might more probably be guilty of such amputation, although the jacana's slim, green toes look very like weed stems when it is swimming, and the resemblance might be protective so long as the bird floated quietly without paddling.

"I find from my notes that six years ago I observed one of some tree ducks (*Dendrocygna javanica*) which I was then keeping on this tank, with what appeared to be a big water snail remaining attached to its toe for some time."

Another New Alaskan Bear.

CERTAINLY Alaska must be a great place for bears. We know the common garden black bear and grizzly, the mammoth Kadiak bear, the Yakutat bear and the tiny glacier bear. Beside that, it is only two or three weeks since Dr. Merriam described two new bears from the Alaskan Peninsula; the results of Mr. Kidder's hunting; and now Dr. Allen describes another.

In an account recently published in *FOREST AND STREAM* on the work in Alaska of Mr. Andrew J. Stone, reference was made to this new bear which Dr. Allen has named *Ursus merriami* in recognition of Dr. C. Hart Merriam's excellent revision of the North American bears. As already stated, the specimens on which the description is based come from Portage Bay on the Alaska Peninsula, a locality opposite the Shumagin Islands, and so some 600 or 700 miles west of the type locality of *Ursus dalli gyas* recently described by Dr. Merriam.

These specimens are the skull of a bear, adult, but not old, as shown by the still open sutures, and the skin of a probably very old male. The skull, which is about 13½ inches long, is long and narrow with low forehead and only moderately expanded zygomatic arches. Seen from above it is almost like the skull of a polar bear, and is thus as different as possible from the short, broad, high skull of the Kadiak bear and allied forms. Viewed from below, the teeth are seen to be as different as possible from those of the polar bear. The general color of the skin is yellowish brown, lightest over the shoulders and darkest behind and on the sides, while the lower parts of the flanks, the whole under surfaces and the legs are dark ruddy brown.

Dr. Allen believes that *Ursus merriami* is the nearest ally of *U. dalli gyas*.

Adirondack Bears.

ELIZABETHTOWN, N. Y., April 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A man engaged in lumbering for the J. & J. Rogers Co., of Ausable Forks, at the head of the Rogers Slip, so called, on the west side of the Ausable River, between Keene Center and Upper Jay, Essex county, N. Y., captured four bears last week—three cubs and the old she bear. He captured the three cubs alive just at night, and killed the mother the following day.

GEORGE L. BROWN.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in *FOREST AND STREAM*.

Ducking, Fun, but no Ducks.

THE surf boomed solemnly on Bloody Cove Beach. The rain beat a steady accompaniment on the roof. The outdoors was as black as a pocket, but the interior of the cottage presented a picture of comfort and cheer. The sitting room stove diffused a steady heat, and the sputtering of chops on the kitchen stove gave evidence of the feast to come, and the aroma of steaming coffee whetted to a greater extent appetites already ravenous.

"It's Sunday morning," said Barker, glancing up at the clock from his cooking; "those fellows ought to be here pretty soon, if they are coming."

The murmur of voices out in the storm and the tramping of feet on the veranda, told that "those fellows" had arrived at last. A heavy bang on the door admitted them, all three, guns, baggage and other paraphernalia. George Humphreys, assistant superintendent of the American Ordnance Company, of Bridgeport; Mr. Canteley, an inspector in the same concern, and Mr. Delaney, head of the tool department, comprised the contingent of "those fellows."

We were after, first, fun and recreation; second, ducks. The first part of our proposition could have been no better filled. The second came to just nil! The total amounted to success.

Sunday morning broke, as did the first morning of my trip here in 1898, with Major Mather and Dr. Bashford Dean. The wind howled out of the northeast; the rain poured; the leaden surf thundered on the beach, and the tide backed up over the road.

After breakfast, Barker and I hunted the neighborhood for a boat, for use on Monday. We finally found a skiff, although a launch would have suited us better. Then the decoys were overhauled.

Much to our satisfaction, the wind boxed the compass in the afternoon, then settled in the northwest. The clouds broke, the sun came out, and the wind howled out of the new quarter and gave ominous warning of what to expect on the morrow, for it grew steadily colder. Close-reefed schooners began to put in an appearance. "Let's all go for a walk," suggested George. "Nothing in the world so good as fresh air and sunshine."

We walked to Chimney Corner, where the Sachem's Head Y. C. house stands. Here many fine cottages are taking the places of the small ones which were there when Mather, Dean and I visited the place in '98. The yachts were all out of commission, and the handsome club house was deserted. We saw quite a number of ducks on our way over and back.

Our second walk took us to Pipe Bay, by way of Vineyard Point. The point makes out into the Sound about four miles north of Falkner Island and forms the east shore of Bloody Cove. Bloody Cove gets its suggestive name from a battle fought in Colonial days, when the whites surprised a band of Indians on the north shore and massacred them. The head of the dead chief was placed on a pole and stuck in the ground on the extreme end of Chimney Corner, where the yacht club house stands. From this civilized and Christian act comes the name, Sachem's Head. Vineyard Point is building up fast with summer cottages.

Half way between Pipe Bay and Bloody Cove, and a short distance from tide water's edge, stands an old, deserted farmhouse. Until recently it has been occupied in the summer time, but for over a year it has been de-

serted. It is Colonial in architecture, and was built by a retired sea captain. A large veranda faces Falkner Island, and a peep in the windows from this veranda revealed considerable furniture in the big, low-ceilinged rooms, and large, open fireplaces. There is a tragedy connected with the place.

It appears that the captain's wife died, and he and two sons survived the wife and mother. The produce of the farm was carried to New York in a small sloop and sold. The sons and a Chinese cook formed the crew. Finally a cargo was taken to New York and disposed of. Then wonder was created by noting no life aboard the little vessel. She had remained in one place a number of days. Then an investigation was made. Her bunks and the cabin floor were smeared with blood, but the vessel was deserted. Whether the bodies of the sons were ever recovered escapes my memory, but the story goes that the cook was captured and held for murder, but for lack of evidence was not convicted. It is said, however, that he returned to China and was there beheaded.

Were I a wealthy man, the broad acres of this old farm would be mine. The high pasture lots afford entrancing views of the grand Sound, its rugged, wooded shores and islands. The rays of the red westering sun reached far out from under a long, island-like stretch of dark gray cloud, and revealed the blue outline of Long Island, twenty miles to the south, and Hammonasset Point, twelve miles to the east. For over twenty miles to the west stretched the dark blue shore line of Connecticut, only to fade from view in the dim distance. To the southeast and southwest lay an unbroken expanse of scintillating waters, and white-winged, close-reefed schooners plowed the green, white-crested waves. A cloud of gulls circled over Goose Island, to the west of Falkner. Off Vineyard Point a large raft of ducks were feeding, and two or three flocks could be seen in the vicinity of Pipe Bay.

In one of the lots is a large spring. It is 12 feet in diameter, with a depth of 10 feet. It seems remarkable that so large a spring of fresh water should exist on high land within 100 yards of salt water.

Right at the water's edge, on the western shore of Pipe Bay, stands a small, neat shanty. There is a bit of land with the place, and the property belongs to an unconscious follower of the philosophy of Thoreau. While the owner has never heard of "Walden," yet he argues much the same as the book. "I lived and worked in this city nearly all my life," said he, "and was in the same rut at the end as the beginning. I became tired, sick and disgusted with it all. One day I threw up my job, leased this bit of land and built my house. And here I have lived better than I ever did before. I raise vegetables enough for my own need, and dig a few clams when I am clam hungry. Fish are at my door, and fresher than in the market! I catch lobsters in their season, and the money from their sale and a few odd jobs at carpentering now and then keeps me in clothes as good as I ever cared to wear. There is no whistle to blow me in and out, whether I care to work or not. I have my dog gun, decoys and boat, and I am free!"

The man looked neat and clean. His English settee appeared as well fed as any dog I ever saw. I think his argument sound, especially as he is a single man.

Reminiscences round the fire over cigars was the order, after supper. George had known Major Mathe, through meeting him at the Sportsmen's Show, when George was with the Remington concern. (By the way, George has recently accepted the superintendency of the Remington Arms Company, and is with them in the capacity at the present time.) This led to an exchange of pleasant remembrances of the genial Major between George and me. Then there were stories of hunting and camping in all sections of the country. Barker told a story connected with duck shooting at Sachem's Head. It follows:

"It was in early winter, and the weather was extremely cold. Ducks were more plentiful here then than they are now. My brother and I had been shooting all day on Hump Rock. We bagged a number of broadbills and as it was getting late in the day I left my brother to get our things together there, and rowed out to take up decoys. In standing up in the boat to overcome some difficulty, I stepped on a decoy. It turned under my foot, and before I could recover my balance a lurch of the boat pitched me overboard. Somehow in going over I managed to grasp the side of the boat. I tried to climb in, but a heavy overcoat, mittens and hip rubber boot were too much of a handicap. The water was so cold that I soon became thoroughly chilled and exhausted. To make matters worse the tide was rapidly carrying the boat out into the Sound. On the rocks my brother was frantically rushing back and forth, but he could do nothing. I was on the point of letting go the boat and ending the agony, when my feet touched something hard and solid, and before I could realize my good fortune, I was standing on a submerged rock. The water was up to my breast, and after a breathing spell, I managed to scramble into the boat. When I reached the rock where my brother was, I drank nearly a quart of whisky, and never felt it more than so much water. We left the decoys, and when I reached home, my clothes were frozen as stiff as a board."

The Bridgeport contingent unanimously voted Barker's story true in every particular, especially the part about drinking a quart of whisky and not being affected.

Monday dawned without a cloud, but so awfully cold. The wind howled out of the northwest and flattened the sea under the lee of the land; but there was a substantial jump on out in the sound. A few three-masted schooners were making their way through the water under close reefed mizen and foresails, mainsails being furled, and single jibs. Under the conditions came thoughts of four unfortunate duck shooters who had already been blown off shore this season, a few miles to the west of us, miserably perishing and leaving destitute families behind. But most of us had been on the water enough to know that setting decoys in such an off-shore gale was desperately dangerous and entirely out of the question.

After breakfast all but Barker donned heavy clothing shouldered guns and started off in the direction of Pipe Bay. We followed the shore, thinking perhaps we might run across a stray duck or so up among the rocks.

Whew! how the wind did blow! The zero air worked through our clothing as through a sieve! We found out

Vineyard Point the same raft of ducks we had observed the day before, but they kept well out of range. A straggler flew near the shore and George dropped him, but he drifted away before the wind. This was the only duck to fall to a gun on the trip. But outside a summer cottage a pile of bottles was found, and they afforded us some excellent practice, and when the last was broken honors were easy.

Perhaps just a word about our guns would not be out of place. Mr. Cantelow shot a fine double 10-gauge English-made gun—a good one for ducks, I should judge. Mr. Delaney's gun was a 12-gauge, high-grade Fox. George shot a gun of his own design, and manufactured by the Remington concern to-day. It was a beautiful little 12-gauge hammerless and weighed about 6 pounds—the sweetest and most delicately balanced double gun I ever had hold of. It is the apple of George's eye, and justly so. I used my old reliable 12-gauge Winchester lever action, a gun you would have to use a sledge hammer on in order to put it out of business.

It is fortunate for me that I became acquainted with Barker. His snug little cottage, beautifully situated among a clump of cedars at the shore, in touch with sailing, shooting and fishing, affords me abundant opportunity to invite him and my friends down for an outing now and then. I would miss much fun if I didn't. At 2 o'clock we sat down to a steaming banquet. It seemed as though our table held everything eatable—but ducks! I occupied the place where genial Mather used to sit, and I found myself wishing again and again that he and cordial Dean were with us, and that we could laugh once more at the witty Major's joke and hearty song. Who is there would have enjoyed our jolly merriment more than these?

As our time was nearly up, the remainder of the afternoon was passed indoors. At length the time drew near for our departure. There was no game, but a change from hum-drum life and real recreation. The stage came all too soon, and the little cottage faded in the darkness of its nest among the trees as we were rumbled three miles over the rough road to the train.

WILLIAM H. AVIS.

HIGHWOOD, Conn., March 7.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Snipe Shooting in the Mississippi Valley.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 21.—The man who believes there are "just as many jacksnipe as there ever were" is having his innings this week. For some mysterious reason, which for the sake of harmony we will admit has been rightly discovered by our friend who thinks there are just as many birds as there ever were, we have had this season an unusually good flight of wildfowl, and are having, or have had, a flight of jacksnipe of somewhat similar extent. It is without doubt true that there are more snipe in on the Mississippi Valley about the 42d parallel than have been known in a similar spring season in many years.

In regard to the jacksnipe proposition, however, we must speak for the time in the past tense, or of a past whose extent is not more than half a dozen days. The first flight of jacksnipe came in on the beginning of the moonlight nights, and they have "followed the moon," as the saying goes, on to the north, the first and perhaps the heaviest flight having without question left this immediate vicinity. This first big rush of the north-bound longbills came in about a week ago to-day, and the snipe shooters all last week were in high feather. I know of one shooter here who on last Sunday killed thirty-eight jacksnipe on the Illinois River near Morris. Yet others made extraordinary good bags further down the Illinois River. Mr. C. H. Lester on Tuesday and Wednesday, near Henry, Ill., found a very heavy body of jacksnipe on the cornfields, and during one day fired more than 100 shots. These birds were feeding on the drying grounds of the cornfields, and were, of course, very wild. Mr. Oswald Von Lengerke, a very enthusiastic snipe shooter, was out on Thursday over grounds where he found very much better shooting earlier. On his latest trip he got only nineteen birds, and reported that most of the local men believe that the early flight of the birds had gone on northward, although no one believes that the bulk of the birds have gone beyond this latitude. Usually the best snipe shooting for this locality comes along the close of April, and the closing date of April 25 is just about the time when the snipe appear in greatest number and in the best condition to work by the sportsman.

Mr. F. H. Bissell, a member of Calumet Heights and Lake George clubs, left to-day for a trip to Water Valley, Ind., in which place the grounds are reported to be in excellent condition and the birds in very good numbers. Mr. Bissell, of course, has taken out his little \$25 license, but whether he needed it or not to hunt jacksnipe is one of the questions which remain unsolved in the labyrinthine obscurities of the Indiana game laws, which might well offer thought to Philadelphia lawyers and others of curious and investigating turn of mind.

A shooter who went out in the middle of the week on the Northwestern road to a suburb just at the western edge of Chicago, killed twenty-two jacksnipe on the prairie sloughs. Here; there and everywhere come in stories of similar small bags reported over a very wide stretch of country, so that it seems quite sure that the snipe have worked well northward at this writing. Of course we do not hear so much from the big marshes of Indiana, and it is equally of course that good shooting there is being utilized or is going to waste, as the case may be.

While coming in from the north of Chicago late this week and crossing the beautiful prairie country north of the Desplaines Valley, I saw considerable numbers of grass snipe working over the prairie sloughs which run up into the farm lands in that region. The ground looked warm and good for snipe, and probably one could find good shooting by moving around over a considerable stretch of country in that region.

Wheaton, Arlington Heights and a lot of suburbs located on the western side of Chicago might turn out a few snipe to the persistent gunner, and the big Skokie

marsh on the northern limits of the city will be visited by a considerable number of ardent ones, no doubt with very good success.

Ducks.

As to the ducks, at last—and one may say it with some relief—the shooting seems to be about over. There have been a great many ducks killed by Chicago shooters this spring. It is no use deploring this fact, and indeed the most that one can say in regard to spring shooting is that it is a matter which must be determined by every fellow for himself when the law does not make the solution for him. Some do not believe in spring shooting, while others do; and yet others, and these rather the largest class, do not believe in it, but yet practice it. This latter may at first glance seem a puzzling statement, but it is not in the least puzzling to any one who will stop to have a close look at good old human nature.

Iowa Without Protection.

We have a beautiful way with us here in the West in the matter of our game and fish laws. As has been mentioned previously, we left off protection for quail and woodcock in Illinois, we left off protection for jacksnipe in Indiana, not to mention earlier tricks which were turned and which have to do with previous sessions of the assemblages of Solons in this part of the world. Now comes yet another game law mix up for the Mississippi Valley. Iowa, one of the most respectable and progressive commonwealths of the entire West, springs into the line of misdeeds by entirely omitting all provisions for the protection of fish and game for the coming two years. It is true that the State Game and Fish Warden, Mr. Geo. A. Lincoln, of Cedar Rapids, will continue to draw his princely salary of \$100 a month, but this will be the extent of his labors. The Legislature of Iowa has in effect tied Mr. Lincoln's hands, released him of all responsibility for his labor, and, indeed, made it impossible for him to labor in any form whatever for the interests which he is supposed to serve. In brief, the State of Iowa, which has in the past customarily appropriated \$15,000 per year for the executive work of the State Fish and Game Commission, at the present session of the Legislature entirely left out this appropriation for the Commission. The result is obvious. There is a law with no executive clause, an executive head with no ability to execute, a warden who is ward of nothing.

Just how the mix up in the Iowa Legislature occurred is difficult to discover, just as it is difficult to find out how the error regarding Illinois quail and woodcock could have possibly occurred. Mr. Lincoln this week was advised that something had gone wrong, and hence started for the State capital at Des Moines to discover what had happened to him, and just how it happened. He may have a merry time, but will hardly make himself happy by digging among the doings of the Legislature. The journals show that the Hilsinger bill, which carried the appropriation, passed the House and was carried to the Senate duly, in which latter body the appropriations committee reported the bill for passage on the same day. The Senate bill introduced by Senator Lambert was at that time indefinitely postponed. This is the end of the trail. Nobody knows what became of the appropriation bill after that. Senator Lambert was supposed to have backed the appropriation for the Commission. The sittings committee reported that the appropriation bill had not and could not ever have properly come before it. The chairman of the committee on appropriations, Senator Garst, might perhaps have known something about the matter, but if he knows what action had been taken in regard to the appropriation he at least maintains a discreet silence.

The Iowa appropriation bill carried \$5,000 to cover the fisheries at Sabula, \$8,000 for protection and distribution of fish, and \$2,000 for protection of game, the latter, of course, an absurdly inadequate sum. All of the expenses of the State Warden and his deputies were to be paid out of the appropriation, there being no provision in the Iowa law for the expenses of the fish and game warden.

There is now no possible way, except a private one, for the wardens to meet their necessary expenses, and it would seem that the salary of \$100 a month would not induce a warden to become especially gay in the matter of traveling, investigation and prosecution. The waters of Iowa must go without restocking for a couple of years, and the fish ponds located for the furtherance of the work at Sabula must now be allowed to fall into ruin. This is a very delightful state of affairs, and it shows how much the people of the Mississippi Valley care for their fish and game. Did they actually care, they would certainly visit a swift punishment upon some one who ought to be and could be discovered as the author of such mistakes as those which have marred the records of the States of Iowa, of Illinois and of Indiana.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

West Virginia Fish and Game.

ROMNEY, W. Va., April 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Since my last letter to your very much appreciated paper, I have spent three months of the time in the western part of this State in the counties of Lewis, Braxton and Upshur. In Braxton county I noticed any amount of quail, pheasants and some squirrels. We have had a very hard winter this winter, ending up in a twenty-inch snowstorm on April 8, which no doubt killed lots of birds, but left some over. A good many deer were killed last winter by being run into the river by hounds and drowned under the ice. This practice will be broken up. It is a very hard thing, though, to enforce game laws in a county where the people do not help or sustain the officers, but brighter days are coming for my county, as a party of thorough sportsmen are building an \$8,500 club house about five miles south of Romney, and have purchased a trout stream, together with four or five thousand acres of wood land. Their house is only a quarter of a mile from the South Branch of the Potomac, and they have a fine sulphur spring within a few yards of the club house. With the advent of these sportsmen I look for the river to be restocked with the gamy black bass and their help in abating other nuisances.

J. B. BRADY.

Some Hunting Experiences.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There are so many good articles in *FOREST AND STREAM* that it would be useless for me to try and select the best. I have been very much interested in those on the calibers of rifles; and let me say to the boys, that so long as there are so many men of different temperaments and dispositions, so long will there be a need for different caliber rifles.

I am certain that if I was out with a man for a week in a game country I could tell him what kind of a rifle he would need, or whether he would need any at all.

In my experience, which dates from 1856, I have used from caliber .22 with 5 grains of powder and 40 grains lead to .50, with 168 grains Curtis & Harvey Diamond grain powder, with 210 grains lead. The latter rifles were two English Express. I resighted both of these rifles, and I killed a deer with each. I must say that for kicking and mangling they were ahead of anything I had ever tried, and after they had been fired a few shots, it was a hard job to get them clean. I have killed deer, elk, buffalo, sheep, bears, wolves, coyotes and all the different varieties of small game with the old Colt's Navy revolver, .36 caliber, and the best of it is there has always been some one with me to enjoy the sport.

One Sunday evening Stillwell and I went up the gulch that led to the lick. We were after grouse, which had begun to come down from the mountains. I insisted on going as far up as the lick, though at first he remonstrated, but I kept coaxing, and finally he consented, and when we got to the little knoll and peeped over, there were two elk in the lick—an old cow and yearling. I raised my revolver and fired at the yearling, and I killed it dead. The old cow ran out near us, and Stillwell shot at her, and I was telling him not to shoot, but luckily he missed. We dressed the yearling, went home and got a horse and carried it in.

Another good shot I made with the same pistol was at a very large panther. The dog treed it and the boys wanted to go to the house and get the rifle. I told them no, I would kill it with my revolver. I walked up to within about twenty yards and shot it in the eye, and it rolled out dead. I could go on and numerate many good shots with the navy revolver, but these are enough.

One of the most successful rifles I ever owned was a carbine .44 caliber, 24 grains powder and 200 grains lead. With that rifle I killed 72 deer, 32 elk, 8 mountain sheep, 4 bears, 4 wolves, 20 coyotes and a great many grouse.

One day Roll Brown and I went up to the same lick in which I killed the elk. About sundown an elk came out on to a ridge and stopped and acted as though very suspicious. Roll had on a white straw hat, and I think the elk must have seen Roll move. I knew by the elk's actions that it was not coming on in to the lick, so I handed Roll the carbine and told him to hold about half-way up the elk's body and just back of the foreleg. He did as I told him, and at the crack of the rifle the elk staggered forward, and run not over 50 yards and rolled over and slipped down into the ravine dead.

Mr. Barrington and I were after sheep in Big Sheep Cañon, and I was traveling ahead. Soon I located some not over seventy yards distant and squatted down. Mr. B. stepped up and fired both barrels of his Express and missed. The sheep had not seen us. They ran down around and stopped, not over 100 yards away. I told him to try my carbine. He took it and shot at a small ram and killed it dead. The sheep then ran round up the river. I never saw any one more disgusted than was Mr. B. to think that he had shot twice with his \$150 rifle and missed, and had taken what was then about a \$15 carbine and killed with the first shot.

The next day I had the satisfaction of showing them elk, and they got one, and they were the best pleased men I ever saw.

They were disgusted with the sights that came on their rifles, and had me sight them like mine. Then they did much better shooting.

Should I ever hunt any more big game I should use a .30-30 or .32-40 carbine, Lyman rear sight and thin front sight made out of a dime and filed so thin that when I drew a bead on a deer's neck at 100 yards it would not look bigger than a quarter of a dollar, and I would practice so that I knew just where my rifle shot before I started for the game.

I will now tell of a hunt that five of us took up on Mount Bonaparte about five years ago. I at that time had two rifles—a .38-55 and a .22, that shot the .22 long rifle cartridge. I gave the .38 to Mr. Moll, and told the boys that I would take the .22 and go along and kill grouse. It was in September, and the birds were fine. I had my old dog Frank, and I was breaking a couple of pups, and had them so they would mind very well. When we got in to the timber about three miles above the mill, the dogs struck some hot grouse scent, and soon they flushed a nice flock, and I shot six times and got six birds, all shot through the head. That was all we could locate, so we went on about a mile further and separated. Three of the boys went across Mill Creek, and the rest of us went on up the mountain.

I kept near the creek, and soon I left my horse, and when I got up into the burn I noticed quite a number of fresh deer tracks. I kept on, and Mr. Snyder was up to my left. I came out into an open place, and had gone but a few steps when I missed the dogs. I went back a few steps and there they were. Frank was on a deer point, and the pups were watching him. I looked up, and there stood two fawns. They had shed their fawn coats and were in the short blue. I guessed they were 125 yards, and I raised the Lyman up three points and shot at one's neck, and I saw the dust fly over, but very close. I then drew down as much as I thought I shot over and fired, and down went one and I threw in another cartridge and shot and killed the other. I went up and dressed and hung them up. Along in an hour or so I heard some of the boys that had crossed the creek shooting. I counted eleven shots, and I thought they were getting lots of game, as one of the boys had been a soldier and thought he could kill more game than I could.

A little before I returned to the mill Mr. Snyder and I got together, and I told him what I had killed. He was much pleased. I asked him if he heard the boys shooting. He said yes, he heard the same shots I had heard. The other boys did not get in till near sun-

down, and they had two Franklin grouse (fool hens), Mrs. Snyder had a good laugh at the boys for letting the .22 get all the game.

That Thanksgiving Mr. Strahl came up to the mill after some lumber, and I went down to the schoolhouse with him. On the way we saw a coyote standing on a knoll about 175 yards away. I had the .22, and I told Strahl to drive on and when we got opposite to it I would get off, and it would not run if he kept going. I raised the sight for 200 yards and fired, and at the crack of the rifle the coyote jumped up several feet and disappeared over the knoll. I told Frank to go after it. Strahl said I undershot it; I thought I had hit it. Soon Frank came back. I told Strahl that if he would go over the knoll he would find his coyote. He said no, but he went, and there was the coyote shot through the heart. Strahl then went and stepped the distance, and he made it 175 yards, and said that it was the best shot he ever saw made with a .22.

When we got down into Antoine Valley a jackrabbit run off on to the hill, and Strahl shot at it and broke one of its legs, and Frank caught it.

This winter while out at the lake I shot at a lynx up in a tree about 100 feet, and killed it dead with my .22. And last but not least, at the Christmas turkey shoot I shot for the first three turkeys put up, and I got all of them and quit—just what I will do now, before your many readers get as disgusted as did the boys whom I shot against.

LEW. WILMOT.

KELLER, Wash.

"A Canada Special."

TORONTO, Ont.—The editorial and supplement with the above title in your issue of April 5 has tempted me to write a few lines to FOREST AND STREAM about the bluebill, the name by which this duck is altogether known in the vicinity of Toronto. Some years ago it was a rare thing to see a bluebill after the fall migration until the following spring, but of late years we have had a large number with us all winter. Last January and February there must have been two or three thousand in Humber Bay (just west of Toronto Harbor), and when the bay was frozen over they were so hard pressed for food that they actually came into the holes in the ice at the foot of one of the principal streets, where a sewer empties into the bay and keeps a small part of it from freezing over during the severest weather.

There is another feature about the bluebill that is peculiar. Quite a number stay about Toronto Bay all summer and do not go north with the main flight to the breeding grounds. In years gone by when spring shooting was indulged in, it was generally supposed that the birds that did not go north had been wounded, but of late years, since spring shooting has been stopped, the number of bluebills that stay with us during the summer has increased. On July 1 of last year I counted seventy-two bluebills (mostly males) on Toronto Bay in one flock. The fact is, there are only about two months in the year when it would be hard to find a bluebill about Toronto. They disappear in August and September, possibly to moult. In October the fall flight begins to arrive, and we have more or less bluebills with us until the following August.

JNO. TOWNSON.

[The bluebill undoubtedly breeds in the neighborhood of Toronto, and the birds seen there during the summer are no doubt the males, whose mates have nests not far away. The species is known to breed within the United States, where the spring shooters permit it to live.]

Real Robinson Crusoe.

HONOLULU, April 8.—By the steamship China comes a story of a real Japanese Robinson Crusoe, who lived for seventeen years on a deserted island near Gensan, off Korea.

The Japanese Government sent a torpedo boat in search of the man on the island. He was found and brought back to Nagasaki.

The man had been so long without companionship that he was reduced almost to imbecility. His hair and beard were long and unkempt, and he had almost lost the power of speech. He had been cast away on the island seventeen years ago and had subsisted since that time on seaweed and fish, living in a cave. The lone islander was entirely without implements of iron or any means of utilizing the scanty materials of nature which the island furnished.—Baltimore Sun.

Laying up Treasure for Old Age.

DETROIT, March 20.—Forest and Stream Publishing Co.: As I am away from New York about four-fifths of the time, I don't get much chance to read your very interesting paper, but as I have been a subscriber to your paper since January, 1886, and have always kept a complete file of your papers, I, therefore, very much like to continue my subscription, even if I do not get any leisure time to read your papers now, perhaps later on when I get to be an old man and have lots of leisure time I will simply give myself the pleasure of reading over all of your interesting papers. They certainly have afforded me many a pleasant hour in by-gone years, when I had more time than I have nowadays.

A. F. P.

In the Senate Friday President Frye sat in his chair and gazed at the ceiling. Senator Proctor tore the back off an envelope and wrote on it:

"Dear Frye: How can you sit there when the ice is out of the lake?"

"PROCTOR."

He sent the note to Senator Frye, who read it and made a gesture of despair that caused a dozen Senators to wonder if the presiding officer had heard bad news.

Proctor and Frye are famous fishermen. For thirty years Senator Proctor has been in Vermont on the last night of April with fishing tackle ready, and for thirty years at sun-up on the 1st of May he has begun casting for speckled trout. He will be there this year.—New York World.

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Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Angling Anticipations.

WHEN the big snowbanks have dwindled away until naught remains save an occasional remnant in the darkest woodland ravine, and the lakes and streams have shaken off their icy fetters; when the grass on the lawns and in the fields begins to look fresh and green, and the leaf buds on the deciduous trees are bursting; when the farmers are plowing and planting, and bonfires are blazing in the back yards; when Mother Earth is taking a bath in the warm April showers which are the forerunners of May flowers, and the sweet notes of the robin and bluebird are heard in the land, anglers who love to tempt the brook trout know that their opportunity is near at hand. This is the period of anticipation, and it is a time of keen enjoyment to the true disciples of Izaak Walton. Angling is fittingly termed the gentle art, and it is a noteworthy fact that the majority of those who angle purely from love of the sport are good-natured, companionable, gentle men. With trout fishermen, especially, the period of anticipation, which ordinarily antedates by several weeks the opening of the fishing season and continues up to the time the sport actually begins, is fraught with pleasure, as it not only brings inspiring memories of happy hours spent on favorite lakes and streams in days gone by, but awakens hope and fancy, thereby occasioning visions of equally or if possible more enjoyable times soon to come. So if the true angler is proverbially good-natured, he is pretty certain to be in a particularly happy mood in the days immediately preceding the opening of the trout season. His thoughts frequently stray to the woods and fields, and when by chance he meets a friend who has similar tastes, the conversation is sure to turn on the subject of fishing. "Well, have you got your fishing tackle ready?" is a very common form of salutation among fishermen, and the question or the cordial greeting, for such it really is, as it possesses far more significance than a mere idle query, promptly receives a cheery response. When he accosts a brother angler in the manner referred to, the person sneaking is not necessarily anxious to know the exact condition of his friend's rod, line and artificial flies, but he does desire to signify his appreciation of the fact that they are mutually interested in the subject of fishing, to express his friendly feeling for him, to bring to mind the proximity of the open season for trout, and the possibilities of pleasant outings in the country. It is true that in fishing, as well as in other pastimes, and in practically all the occupations and pleasures of this life, as much, if not more, enjoyment is derived from anticipation as from realization. In fact, Goldsmith tells us that "the hours we pass with happy prospects in view are more pleasant than those crowned with fruition. In the first case we cook the dish to our own appetite; in the last it is cooked for us." Rochefoucauld says, "Our desires always disappoint us, for though we meet with something that gives us satisfaction, yet it never thoroughly answers our expectation," and as George Eliot tersely puts it, "Nothing is so good as it seems beforehand."

In thinking over this matter of anticipation and realization from the standpoint of the angler, it seems to me that perhaps the most substantial and satisfactory enjoyment is found in the past rather than in the present or future. That it is the memory of happy yesterdays or certain hours which some years ago constituted first a to-morrow, then a to-day, and at length a yesterday, rather than in what actual pleasure the day now with us affords, or that which we anticipate the morrow will bring forth.

While much enjoyment is derived from anticipation, our pleasure is pretty sure to be marred or gratified to some extent by reason of uncertainties or misgivings, for no man can count absolutely on what the future has in store for him. No one appreciates this fact more thoroughly than does the angler. While he may feel that he can spare the time to take a fishing trip, and is confident from past experience that such an outing will be enjoyable, there are always uncomfortable thoughts which obtrude themselves, for he knows that at the last moment business matters or home duties may prevent his going, or if he is fortunate enough to get started, that he is liable to be called back at any time. Then, too, there is the thought that possibly the weather conditions may not be right during his trip, and that the fish may not bite. At best there is always uncertainty in anticipation.

It is but natural that the mind should be better satisfied with a pleasing retrospect than a mere prospect, for the former is real and ours to keep and cherish, while the latter is necessarily shrouded in more or less doubt. Remembered joys are priceless treasures, and as has aptly been said, "It is to live twice when we can enjoy the recollections of our former life."

Anticipation would be robbed of its greatest charm if divorced from pleasant memories. In fact it is upon the recollection of pleasures enjoyed in the past that the experienced angler bases his expectations of enjoyment on future fishing excursions.

As to the present, I have sometimes wondered and doubted if there were any person living who could truthfully say in any one hour that he or she was perfectly happy every one of the sixty minutes. Is there not certain to be some shadow in the past or some misgiving as to the future which prevents the possibility of a person's being unqualifiedly happy for a whole hour? The angler, for example, may have a momentary feeling that he is superlatively happy while engaged in hauling in the speckled beauties as fast as he is able to remove them from his hook, but it is probable that several things are lacking to complete his happiness. Perhaps the mosquitoes or black flies are pestering him, he may have lost the biggest trout of all, or he may have seen it and been unable to induce it to rise to his lure, or perhaps he would rather have his feet dry and warm than in

the condition they are. In fact, he is to be sincerely congratulated if there are not a great many more things wanting to round out his happiness. It would indeed be a sad state of affairs if no happiness were to be found in the present, but there are so many degrees and shades of it that it is difficult to say when it is wholly unalloyed. Absolute contentment would seem to be essential to true happiness, and that implies a resting or satisfaction of mind, without disquiet. How then can a person enjoy either unless there is an utter absence of regret, annoyance, misgivings or unfulfilled desire.

In contemplating the joys of the past it is easy to forget or overlook the minor troubles and annoyances which at the time of their occurrence, perhaps many years ago, served to mar the pleasure of the moment, hour or day. This is one of the notable advantages which retrospection possesses.

In view of what seems to be the actual state of affairs it is not good reasoning to argue that the experienced angler who has a satisfactory record to look upon, can derive more enjoyment from retrospection than from anticipation and consequently more than from realization? The amateur fisherman, of course, will necessarily obtain the maximum amount of enjoyment from anticipation until such a time as he has laid by an abundant store of pleasant memories born of experience on lake and stream. When that time arrives, he will not only be in a position to appreciate the beauties and delights of remembered joys, but he will find the pleasures of anticipation and realization immeasurably enhanced.

It may be fitting to add that the person, be he an angler or not, who is made happy, whether by the expectation of good times to come, the realization of fondest hopes or the remembrance of former joys, is fortunate indeed so long as that happiness endures. Happiness is more difficult to capture than the brook trout, and if we pursue her openly, no matter how energetically and persistently, she will surely elude us, but if we go about our business, unobtrusively but earnestly, zealously striving to do our whole duty to God and man, she will seek us out and abide with us.

The period of anticipation in New York State so far as trout fishing is concerned, has been superseded by that of realization in the case of many anglers, for the open season began April 16. Judging from the reports which have come from various parts of central and northern New York, there is likely to be excellent trout fishing this spring and summer, and, in fact, some fine catches have already been made. Although the weather conditions and the state of vegetation seem to warrant the statement that spring has come somewhat earlier than it did last year, we have had so many cool days recently that it is probable the angler will be able to obtain better results in May than during the first fortnight of the trout season.

In the smaller lakes of the Adirondack region the fishing is commonly supposed to be at its best just as soon as the ice goes out, but the angler who seeks to be on hand thus early is compelled to put up with many discomforts which can be avoided by waiting awhile. The ice disappeared from some of the little lakes and ponds in the wilderness two or three weeks ago, and has been out of most of the large lakes for several weeks, but it is believed that next week or the week after will be soon enough for the angler who is anxious to get into the woods for the early fishing, to sally forth. It is said that on April 15 the ice remained intact on Big Moose Lake and was solid enough to hold three men who walked across it. Although in many parts of New York State during the past winter there was far more than the average amount of snow, it is a somewhat remarkable fact that in the Adirondacks it was not nearly so deep as in the winter preceding, and consequently it melted much earlier than usual. So far as can be learned, the trout wintered nicely in all Adirondack waters.

W. E. WOLCOTT.

UTICA, N. Y., April 18.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

MEDAL contests, series 1902, Saturday, contest No. 5, held at Stow Lake April 12. Wind, west; weather, fair.

	Event No. 1.	Event No. 2.	Event No. 3.			Event No. 4.
	Distance, Feet.	Accuracy, Per cent.	Acc. %	Del. %	Net %	Lure Casting %
C. G. Young.....	..	91.4	85	77.6	81.3	..
H. Battu.....	86	93	89.4	81.8	85.6	80.5
C. F. Grant.....	115	81.4	83.4	82.6	82.11	..
W. E. Brooks....	92	89	82	75	78.6	..
T. C. Kierulff....	82	88.4	85.4	74.2	79.9	..
T. Brotherton....	108	94.4	90.4	78.4	84.4	94.3
G. C. Edwards....	92	83.4	84	80.10	82.5	72.8
H. F. Muller....	98	94	82.4	81.8	82	..
E. Everett.....	96	94.4	89.4	76.8	83	..
H. E. Skinner....	..	94.4	89.4	81.8	85.6	..
P. J. Tormey....	75	84.8
W. Mansfield....	..	92	94.4	84.2	89.3	96.1
F. H. Reed.....	92	92	95.8	82.6	89.1	..

Judges, Everett and Muller; referee, Brooks; clerk, Wilson.

Sunday, contest No. 5, held at Stow Lake, April 13. Wind, light west; weather, fair:

Haight.....	73	83.4	75	74.2	74.7
Battu.....	91	91.8	84.4	75	79.8
Turner.....	87	82.4	93	75.10	84.5
Daverkosen....	97	89	94	80.10	87.5
Blade.....	81	82.4	82	63.4	72.8
Brooks.....	96	94	82.8	65.10	74.3
T. C. Kierulff....	76	87.4	90.4	67.6	78.11
T. Brotherton....	102	90.4	93	73.4	83.2
Tormey.....	72	73.4	93.4	90.10	82.1
Mansfield.....	95	95.4	91.8	75	83.4
C. R. Kenniff....	100	89.8	87.4	60.10	74.1
K. Charles.....	77	85.8	83	70	76.6
Huyck.....	90	90	79	65	72
Grant.....	111	83.4	92.4	76.8	84.6
Reed.....	85	93	85.8	74.2	79.11
J. B. Kenniff....	109	91.8	91.8	80	85.10
Young.....	92	92.8	93.8	79.2	86.5
Golcher.....	124	88.8	92	75	83.6
Everett.....	105	90.4	92	75	83.6

Judges, Daverkosen and Turner; referee, Kierulff; clerk, Wilson.

Hints for Salt-Water Anglers.

Months when the Various Kinds of Fish May be Caught, what Sizes of Hooks to Use, also the Best Baits to Use, with High Water for Angling.

Fishing Grounds Near New York.

The local fishing grounds are many in number and fruitful of fish. Boats can be had at all of them, and usually bait—the latter, however, had better be provided before starting out. The charge for boats ranges from 50 cents up to \$1 per day, and sufficient bait for a day's fishing can be had for 50 cents, excluding, however, shedder crabs, which vary in price with the supply. The following usual baits, shedder crabs, blood worms, sand worms, fiddlers, shrimp and clams, can almost always be had at the tackle stores, but skimmers, killies, spearing, clams and fiddlers can be had at all fishing stations. Motor and sail boats can be hired at all fishing stations (at least a week's notice should be given). Boats and captain can usually be hired from \$10 up per day at the following

places: Seaside, Rockaway Park, Holland's, Hammel's, Broad Channel, Raunt, Goose Creek, Canarsie. All these places are situated on Jamaica Bay, L. I. Other places are Wreck Lead, L. I.; Long Beach, L. I.; Sheephead Bay, Gravesend Bay, Fort Hamilton, Sea Bright, South Beach, etc, for outside deep-sea fishing. There are also the Fishing Banks, boats for which see daily papers for advertisements.

Fishing Grounds Within Easy Reach.

STATEN ISLAND WATERS.

Reached via Staten Island Rapid Transit Company, foot of Whitehall Street.

Fishing for weakfish, bluefish, striped bass, kingfish and flounders, etc. Baits and boats obtained at following places: Annadale, Eltingville, Gifford's, Huguenot, New Dorp, Pleasant Plains, Princes Bay, Richmond Valley, Rossville and South Beach.

LONG ISLAND WATERS.

Reached via Long Island Railroad from Long Island City, East New York, Bushwick and Flatbush Avenues, Brooklyn.

Fishing for bluefish, striped bass, weakfish, kingfish, fluke, sheephead, porgies, blackfish, snappers, flounders, etc. Boats and baits at all places: Barren Island (Jamaica

Bay), Broad Channel (Jamaica Bay), Canarsie (Jamaica Bay), Coney Island piers, Ft. Hamilton, Flushing, Glenwood Bay, Goose Creek (Jamaica Bay), Gravesend Bay, Hammel's, Holland's (both in Jamaica Bay), Long Beach, Raunt, Rockaway Beach Pier, Rockville Centre, Seaside (Jamaica Bay), Sheephead Bay, Whitestone and Woodsburgh.

NEARBY WATERS IN NEW JERSEY.

Reached via Central Railroad of New Jersey, foot of Liberty Street, New York; Lehigh Valley Railroad, Lake Erie & Western Railway, and steamboats.

Fishing for bluefish, striped bass, weakfish, fluke, kingfish, flounders, etc. Baits and boats obtained at these places: Barnegat, Bayonne, Elizabethport, Highland Beach, Long Branch Pier, Monmouth Beach, Newark Bay, Oceanic, Sandy Hook, Seabright, Sewaren and South Amboy.

UPPER NEW YORK WATERS.

Reached via New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad; New York Central at Grand Central Depot; New York & Putnam Railway at One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street, and steamboats.

Flounders, blackfish and tomcods principally at City Island, Pelham Bay. Striped bass fishing is good at Execution Rock. Between Sands Point and New Rochelle striped bass ranging from a half to a pound are principally caught, with occasionally a large one, a few weakfish, tomcods, perch, catfish, eels, flounders, etc. Boats and bait can be had at most all places: Manhattanville or 125th street, N. R. Old Split Rock, off 126th street, N. R. Kerrigan's Rock, off 118th street, N. R. One Hundred and Fifty-second street, N. R. Fort Washington, N. R. Hudson River, 96th street up to Riverdale. Hell Gate, E. R. Kingsbridge, Harlem River. Malloy's Rock, off 108th street, N. R. Point of Rocks, just above Fort Washington. Rye, on the Sound; Spuyten Duyvil, Tarrytown and Ossining, Hudson River.

NEW YORK BAY AND FISHING BANKS.

Reached via Fishing Banks steamers, steamboats from Barge Office Dock. Motor, sailboats and rowboats can also be had from the various seaside stations, as heretofore named.

Fishing for the usual run of salt-water fish. Bedloe's Island or Liberty Island, Cholera Banks (eleven miles off Long Beach, L. I.), Farm Banks (twelve miles off New Jersey Highlands), Middle Ground (short distance northwest off Cholera Banks), Monument (or Stone Beacon), reached by row or sail boat from the different points; Robin's Reef, between Liberty Island and St. George, S. I. (row or sail boat); Sandy Hook, via steamboat to railroad landing; Southwest Cholera Banks (two miles southwest from Cholera Banks).

SURF FISHING.

New Jersey coast, on the Atlantic ocean from Sandy Hook to Barnegat; Coney Island, on the Atlantic Ocean; Rockaway Beach, on the Atlantic Ocean, and all of Long Island coast is fine for all salt-water game fish.

Now about the rigs used. Every angler has his own method as to rigging. Those who do not know, I would recommend to watch others who are successful, and learn from them. I do not rig the same way twice, and therefore solicit instructions as to the different methods used for the various kinds of fish.

T. BIEDINGER.

Note.—It may be well to note that while fishes are decreasing, fishers are increasing, so do not slaughter them.

T. B.

FISH SEASONS, HOOKS AND BAITS.

Months.	Fish.	Hooks.	Baits.
February.....	Flounders.	Sproat, Nos. 7 to 9.	{ Sandworms. Clam.
March.....		Chestertown, Nos. 9 to 12.	
April.....		Carlisle, Nos. 6 to 8.	
May.....			
October.....			
November.....			
December.....			
April.....	Blackfish,	Blackfish hooks, Nos. 2 to 5.	{ Clam. Fiddler.
May.....			
June.....			
July.....	Striped Bass.	Sproat, Nos. 3-0 to 6-0.	{ Bloodworm. Shedder Crab. Small Eels.
August.....			
September.....			
October.....			
November.....			
June.....	Fluke,	Long Shank, Nos. 2 and 3.	Killiefish.
July.....	Weakfish,	Carlisle, Nos. 5-0 to 7-0, or Pearl Squid.	Bloodworm, Shedder Crab, Shrimp.
August.....	Kingfish,	Sproat, Nos. 4-0 to 6-0.	Shedder Crab, Bloodworm.
September.....	Sea Bass.	Limerick or Sproat, Nos. 3-0 to 6-0.	Sandworm, Skimmers.
October.....			
July.....	Bluefish,	Trolling Squid.	Menhaden for Chum.
August.....			
September.....			
October.....	Porgies.	Chestertown, Nos. 6 to 10.	Clam, Sandworm.
August.....	Snapper.	Long Shank. Block Tin Squid, Nos. 2 to 4.	Spearing. Killies.
September.....			
October.....			

N. B.—This table applies to all tidewaters of Greater New York and vicinity.

METHODS USED IN CATCHING THE VARIOUS KINDS OF FISH.

Flounders, Sea Bass, Tomcods, Porgies and Blackfish—Still (anchored), bottom fishing.
Striped Bass—Trolling, still (anchored) and casting.
Fluke—Still (anchored), drifting (bottom fishing) is best.

Weakfish—Still (anchored), no sinker, line drifting with tide.
Kingfish—Still (anchored), casting, etc.
Bluefish and Snapper—Trolling and still (anchored) fishing.

HIGH TIDE TABLES, FOR GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, NEW YORK HARBOR.

Specially prepared from the Tide Tables of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey.

1902.	April.		May.		June.		July.		August.		September.		October.		November.		December.	
Day of Month.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
1	1 12	1 40	1 19	2 8	2 45	3 42	3 29	4 24	5 37	6 6	7 14	7 34	7 40	8 0	8 38	8 59	8 47	9 11
2	2 8	2 50	2 21	3 13	3 54	4 43	4 45	5 24	6 37	7 0	8 2	8 22	8 23	8 43	9 16	9 35	9 22	9 44
3	3 10	3 56	3 27	4 16	5 2	5 40	5 49	6 20	7 31	7 5	8 48	9 6	9 5	9 25	9 52	10 11	9 54	10 15
4	4 13	4 54	4 31	5 12	6 4	6 33	6 49	7 15	8 22	8 41	9 33	9 50	9 46	10 3	10 26	10 46	10 24	10 49
5	5 8	5 44	5 29	6 2	7 2	7 25	7 45	8 6	9 11	9 29	10 17	10 32	10 25	10 41	10 59	11 20	11 59	11 30
6	6 0	6 30	6 24	6 52	7 58	8 19	8 39	8 58	10 0	10 15	11 0	11 14	11 4	11 18	11 36	11 41
7	6 49	7 16	7 17	7 42	8 52	9 10	9 32	9 49	10 47	11 1	11 45	11 56	11 43	11 57	12 3	12 9	12 20	12 30
8	7 38	8 3	8 9	8 32	9 45	10 3	10 23	10 39	11 35	11 47	12 31	12 24	12 57	1 10	1 16	1 28
9	8 25	8 50	9 0	9 24	10 41	10 56	11 15	11 29	12 25	12 41	1 19	12 43	1 10	1 56	2 9	2 17	2 24
10	9 12	9 39	9 55	10 17	11 38	11 51	12 9	12 35	1 16	1 32	2 11	1 39	2 6	2 59	3 12	3 19	3 29
11	10 2	10 31	10 51	11 12	12 35	12 21	1 3	1 26	2 9	2 33	3 5	2 44	3 4	3 58	4 13	4 19	4 35
12	10 57	11 26	11 53	12 48	1 35	1 15	1 59	2 22	3 4	3 35	3 59	3 44	4 2	4 51	5 10	5 15	5 36
13	11 59	12 12	12 58	1 48	2 34	2 11	2 53	3 24	3 56	4 32	4 49	4 38	4 55	5 42	6 4	6 9	6 35
14	12 29	1 10	1 14	2 2	2 48	3 29	3 8	3 46	4 21	4 45	5 20	5 37	5 26	5 46	6 32	6 56	7 2	7 30
15	1 36	2 22	2 19	3 5	3 48	4 23	4 6	4 36	5 13	5 31	6 4	6 22	6 13	6 34	7 21	7 46	7 54	8 24
16	2 44	3 30	3 23	4 4	4 44	5 13	5 1	5 24	5 59	6 14	6 46	7 5	6 59	7 20	8 11	8 38	8 46	9 18
17	3 49	4 30	4 22	4 55	5 36	5 57	5 49	6 6	6 40	6 54	7 28	7 46	7 40	8 6	9 1	9 30	9 38	10 13
18	4 49	5 22	5 16	5 43	6 24	6 39	6 33	6 48	7 19	7 34	8 9	8 28	8 29	8 52	9 52	10 24	10 31	11 9
19	5 42	6 10	6 4	6 27	7 6	7 15	7 12	7 24	7 57	8 13	8 50	9 9	9 16	9 41	10 45	11 22	11 25
20	6 30	6 55	6 50	7 11	7 45	7 50	7 49	8 0	8 34	8 51	9 34	9 53	10 5	10 42	11 42	12 6	12 22
21	7 14	7 35	7 30	7 45	8 19	8 22	8 25	8 36	9 13	9 29	10 22	10 40	10 59	11 29	12 25	12 44	1 5	1 21
22	7 54	8 14	8 8	8 20	8 48	8 52	8 59	9 12	9 54	10 10	11 13	11 32	11 56	1 29	1 46	2 4	2 21
23	8 31	8 51	8 43	8 50	9 18	9 23	9 35	9 49	10 39	10 54	12 10	12 34	1 1	2 33	2 51	3 4	3 21
24	9 8	9 23	9 12	9 21	9 51	9 58	10 15	10 28	11 29	11 42	12 34	1 14	1 45	2 9	3 33	3 53	3 59	4 20
25	9 40	9 54	9 41	9 50	10 30	10 37	11 0	11 10	12 26	1 48	2 24	2 54	3 13	4 29	4 50	4 51	5 15
26	10 8	10 26	10 15	10 23	11 14	11 21	11 50	11 58	12 38	1 31	3 5	3 34	3 57	4 18	5 19	5 43	5 39	6 6
27	10 41	10 57	10 54	11 1	12 5	12 46	1 49	2 40	4 14	4 37	4 54	5 15	6 6	6 31	6 24	6 52
28	11 21	11 35	11 39	11 47	12 10	1 3	12 54	1 50	3 8	3 49	5 14	5 35	5 45	6 6	6 50	7 15	7 5	7 32
29	12 8	12 34	1 6	2 6	2 0	2 58	4 23	4 53	6 6	6 27	6 31	6 54	7 32	7 56	7 44	8 11
30	12 22	1 4	12 42	1 34	2 14	3 14	3 17	4 4	5 27	5 51	6 54	7 15	7 15	7 38	8 11	8 35	8 20	8 45
31	1 40	2 38	4 31	5 8	6 23	6 44	7 57	8 19	8 54	9 18

The local time of high water at the following places may be found approximately for each day by adding to or subtracting from the time of high water at Governor's Island, N. Y., the hours and minutes annexed.

	H. M.		H. M.		H. M.
Canarsie (Jamaica Bay).....	add .. 50	Fort Washington	add .. 35	Sandy Hook	sub. .. 30
City Island	add 1 05	Gravesend Bay	sub. .. 35	Seaside (Jamaica Bay).....	add .. 30
Coney Island	sub. .. 10	Hell Gate	add 1 55	Spuyten Duyvil	add .. 40
Elizabethport	add .. 25	Long Beach	sub. .. 05	Whitestone	add 1 10
Flushing	add 1 40	Newark Bay	add .. 40	Willet's Point	add 1 05
Fort Hamilton	sub. .. 25	Princes Bay	sub. .. 05		

Spring Fishing at Santa Catalina.

SANTA CATALINA ISLAND, Cal., April 20.—Fishing seasons, like climate, change year after year, and the present season just opening in southern California proposes to break all records. In a word, it has opened up nearly two months ahead of time, and the crowds of tourists who have filled the land have reveled in the finest kind of sport for the past two months. First, yellowtail came in, thirty and forty pounders, and then a school of tunas sailed into Avalon Bay in March. They were not due until June 15, and naturally created no little excitement. The tunas are migratory fish; they are supposed to appear in June and to leave in July or August, but the fact is that they are around the west side of the island all winter in limited numbers, and several times have been hooked in February. But this year several large, hungry schools came around the point and entered Avalon Bay in March and amused themselves at the expense of the tourists. One was caught by Col. Stevens, of Los Angeles, but the rest merely amused themselves with the anglers from almost every State. Every day strikes were had, and the tunas took lines, gaff, tips and smashed reels galore, completely "doing up" one angler, who, according to his own account, was black and blue all over and "red hot" inside. How big these fish were that defied the anglers no one knows, but it is evident that they were away ahead of the average fish that gets away. At the present time the "Isle of Tunas," as it is called by enamored anglers, is a thing of beauty, covered with the tender greens of the California winter. The wild lilac, shumac, wild cherry, manzanita and many more shrubs and trees, are in bloom on the mesas; the mariposa lily covers the slopes with its rich lavender tints; and the island is an emerald in a setting of azure. The water is a deep splendid blue—deep to the very shores, which rise in rocky cliffs scores of feet in height, against which the flying fish dash before the rapacious tuna. The air is as soft as velvet, and when the angler rises in the Bay of Avalon and faces the snow peaks of the Sierras, fifty miles away, standing out in a background of vermilion, he cares little whether the fish bite or not; he can take it out in scenery. But the fish are biting, and as we shove off thousands of sardines are being chased into the kelp beds by the sea bass, and before the boat is one hundred yards from the shore, zip, z-e-e-e, z-e-e-e goes the reel, and the sport is on. My compadre is new at it, and is soon in a condition described by the boatman as "all balled up." He is a famous black bass angler; his name is in books and on them, but he has lost his nerve before this furious rush, and finally the line takes a turn around the reel handle and away goes the fish. The owner is held, now towing the boat so rapidly that she has a bone in her teeth, two or three for that matter, and now plunging to the bottom, now rising to lash it with foam, this splendid fish makes a grand battle for its life with everything in its favor, and slowly comes to gaff, circling the boat, showing its charming proportions in the sunlight, and finally coming to gaff, a blaze of glory, and tipping the scales at fifty-two pounds.

The white sea bass is not due at Santa Catalina until May 1, but this remarkable season saw them caught in March. The fish is very fickle, and a really good season is rare; but when an angler can land four such fishes, all over fifty pounds, in a forenoon, if he is a true angler, is satisfied for a while. The bass fishing here is unique at times. Not one hundred feet from the shore lies a school of sardines so thick and dense that they form an almost solid mass. Into this the unbaited hook is tossed—a silver Van Vleck. Down it goes, the fishes paying no attention to it. A slight jerk and a living sardine is impaled, and as it sinks, struggling below the school, it is at once seized by the big bass lurking there for just such an emergency. In this way the writer has picked up five or six bass ranging from fifty to fifty-seven pounds in a single forenoon. Every California angler has his fancy; mine is for this beautiful creature, so rarely caught that perhaps fifty fish constitutes the annual rod catch at Avalon Bay. Others prefer the yellowtail, which is for its size the gamest fish that swims. The yellowtail never knows when it is worsted; never gives up. The writer has seen one leap out of a flour barrel and overboard after having been caught fifteen minutes, and I doubt if the salmon rod or tackle exists that can kill a twenty-five-pound yellowtail in less than an hour a pound. At least it would be a long and tiresome process. The fishes that may be caught here from now on are tuna, yellowtail, sheepshead, white sea bass, black sea bass, whitefish, rock bass (several kinds), albicore, bonita, skip jack, sea trout, and various kinds of groupers and halibut.

Probably nowhere in the world is there a town like Avalon, the single settlement of Santa Catalina, as it is devoted almost entirely to anglers and angling, and depends upon the sport to a large extent, and nowhere will the angler find so much preparation for his comfort. The town abounds in hotels, boarding houses and cottages of all grades and classes, the large hotel occupying the best location on the beach, and extending from this around the gracefully curved bay are shops, where one may buy the latest rods, tackle and lines from the best makers of the East. The south half of the beach is given over to the boatmen, whose gaily painted stands are packed in side by side. The bay is fitted with craft, dozens, even hundreds of rowboats and scores of fine launches equipped for the sport. Each has two comfortable chairs astern, where the anglers fish, a rod on either side, while the boatman and gaffer stand behind them, working the four or five horse-power engine. The boats are engaged at the stands, which are canopied seats for the patrons. Over them you read: "Mexican Joe," "Chris Ringsen," "Jim Gardner," "Hugo," "Chappie," "Harry Elmes" and many more well known to the angling fraternity. Here are their rods, reels and tackle, the line driers and scales for weighing the big fish, and not far away is the photographer, who stands ready for a stipulated sum to prove the catch with the camera. The prices charged by these men for power launches are from eight to ten dollars a day, depending upon the size of the launch. A man in a rowboat can be had for much less, and in July no boatman is needed, as yellowtail are often caught off the entrance of the bay, where forty or fifty rowboats will be anchored in a bunch. Every time a yellowtail is hooked the entire population of the floating angling city gives

forth a roar which can be heard a mile away. One of the best signs of the times is the fact that the sport here is being protected. Canning factories threatened to ruin it by insisting upon hauling ten or twenty tons of sardines in Avalon Bay during the spawning season. The case was recently brought to trial before the Los Angeles county supervisors. Judge McKinley representing the angling interest, and to quote a local paper: "Chas. F. Holder appeared as witness and made so effective a showing that the supervisors decided to pass laws protecting the sardines," and now no seining or net hauling of any kind is allowed in Avalon Bay, or within 200 feet of docks or wharves along the coast of Los Angeles county. The angling on the Pacific coast has been developed from slaughter to skilled rod fishing within six or seven years, and to-day all the fishing of this island is with rods and the finest and most sportsmanlike equipment.

TUNERO.

Something About Catfish.

CATFISH stories are not like fish stories in general, in one particular at least. You can get a more respectful audience for one thing when you are talking about size, weight and other details concerning catfish. They are a large fish any way, and most people who have ever caught them have generally caught good-sized ones. So it is not so difficult to interest your hearers. There is none of that wagging of heads and sarcastic smiling, and winking the left eye surreptitiously or openly expressed incredulity which is so soul-harrowing when black bass, muscalonge, trout and other fish are the subject of conversation.

This is an important factor in the fish question, and came up recently for general consideration among certain members of a well-known club of maritime and piscatorial proclivities, on which occasion some exceedingly rare and artistic tales were unfolded concerning this fish and the narrator's experiences therewith.

"While the instance of questionable taste and discretion which I am about to relate," said Judge Matthews, "is not especially identified with the gentle art as our patron saint, Walton, found it, it serves to illustrate the point that it is the unexpected that happens in fishing and what a catfish is capable of doing when out of a job." The judge now relighted his cigar for the fourteenth consecutive time, and resumed: "I was down near the mouth of the River Raisin a while ago, fishing for bass and pickerel, with two gentlemen from Detroit. We anchored our boat in a favorable spot, where we could get a glimpse of Lake Erie, although candor compels me to say that we did not get glimpses of many fish. It didn't seem to be a first-class day for pickerel, and the black bass were apparently off on a vacation; perch were somewhat more in evidence, and the Detroit friends enjoyed the scenery, the lotus beds and—the lunch. All at once my line was nearly snatched from my grasp by several vicious tugs at it by some unseen object in the water twenty feet away. There was the deuce to pay and commotion enough for a school of whales. I will not prolong the painful tension of your anxiety. I will come to the truth at once. It was a catfish. Subsequent investigations and test with the Fairbanks' scales, which, I am credibly informed, are entirely trustworthy in dealing with the fish question, which is probably the most trying place that they are ever produced in, proved that this catfish weighed 19 pounds and 14 ounces. This weighing occurred in Joe Swop's or Gus Steere's grocery store, and can be verified by Sancomb Durocher, Charlie Kibber, Capt. Swop and a number of others. It was declared to be a whopper, and nearly everybody had something good to say of the catfish as an article of diet. Speaking for myself, I am not extravagantly stuck on catfish as a table luxury. I seldom spend much time searching for them in the markets when whitefish or trout or black bass or even yellow perch are to be had.

"I had never caught a catfish prior to this, and this proved a notable capture. I heard so much about the edible qualities of catfish at this time that I concluded to have him on the hot platter Good Friday, dished up after the most approved method that I could learn of. I even determined to oversee the dressing of him, and right there was where I made no mistake. I bossed the job from the start. I have read of many curious things that have been discovered in the stomachs of fish and animals; I have also discovered some myself. I had at one time a cow which in the course of time grew very tired of simply giving milk and having offspring—disgusted, in fact, with the daily grind of life, and suddenly shuffled off the coil and kicked over the milk stool, milk maid and other adjacent objects, and without more preparation than that, died. She yielded up from her stomach at the post-mortem a large and varied assortment of kitchen tin ware, and utensils, old rubbers, brass buckles, my long missing pocket compass, spoons, etc., etc. This belated restitution of property came too late to be of any special value to the owner, and was by no means to be considered an offset to the cost of another cow. However, I was about to say that probably the most unique treasure trove even known from a fish's anatomy came from my catfish. Again I will not keep you in suspense. It was nothing less than a fine gold full-jeweled Jurgensen chronometer, with a rich seal and fob attached. (This was not a pelagic seal that you read of in connection with seal fisheries, but a gold one.) It was certainly a most gentlemanly gift. I was watching (excuse the apparent attempt to jar your feelings) the process of cleaning the fish, and when the darky who was performing the autopsy caught sight of the time piece as it came into view, he nearly fell down the cellar stairs, having situated the sloping doors outside for his operation, his eyes bulging out of his head with an evident expression of regret that he was not alone with the fish at this critical moment.

"There was an immense sensation in that neighborhood for the ensuing four hours. I encouraged a general inspection of the fish and its contents by the lookers-on, in order to corroborate any future statement that I might make in regard to the same. The reporters for the three town papers came over with kodaks and pencils and pads; the local photographic artist came, and the whole thing was duly recorded, pictures of the fish and

its captor, with the family history of each, were of course the pièce de résistance in the ensuing issues of the respective papers, together with interviews with the fisherman, the gentlemen who were with him, the man who owned the boat, the nigger who cut open the fish, and the remarks of the small boy who concluded, that 'if catfish was that kind of folks, he was goin' to quit school and fish for catfish the whole rest of his life.' The publicity of the thing, which had its disadvantages, reached up into the next town of Dundee, whose citizens had eagerly grasped the startling intelligence. The fifth day after the occurrence, who should walk into my office but Lawyer Rose. His usual equanimity was disturbed; indeed, he was much excited, and it was not long before I was aware what it was about.

"Say, Judge, what's all this about that catfish you ketched down to the mouth of the Raisin a-Monday. They're talkin' about a big gold watch and chain that was took out of the critter's stomach!"

"That's a fact, Rose, as sure as you're alive; and what's more I've got the watch all right."

"Sho? Wall, that there beats Jonah! In purty good condition, was it—the watch?"

"Ferris says she's practically just as good as the day she was made. The catfish took mighty good care of the watch."

"Wall, that most suttingly caps all kinds o' climaxes. Say, Judge, you hain't no sort of idee, have ye, that that could be the watch that Colonel Wetherbee lost when he was here fishin' with some folks o' his'n a spell ago along with Cap. Jones and them Toledo fellers down to the lake?"

"Why, that was three years ago, Rose, that Wetherbee was here. You don't suppose that catfish would wait three years before handing that watch over to me, do you? What's the matter with you, anyway?"

"Mebby he hain't had it three years. Mebby he's just recently acquired it. Anyhow, I've just had my boy Jim write to the Colonel about the find, and he'll be here to look her up right sudden, an' don't ye forget it."

"Well, if truth ain't stranger than fiction, I don't want any of it. The Colonel came on and proved beyond a peradventure that the watch was his, and that he had lost it overboard in the marsh three years previous. He was awfully sorry not to have met the catfish personally in order to express his grateful appreciation, but he secured pictures of the fish and of everybody and everything connected with the tragedy from me down, and what's more, he took the watch."

Other reports from reliable persons, concerning the personal habits, customs and general conduct of catfish would prove of thrilling interest to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, and it is hoped that they will not be withheld. Statements made under oath, before a notary public, with the notarial seal attached, would of course make them more binding and carry with them an air of genuineness; still, as before intimated, this is not necessary in catfish statistics, and would involve an outlay of from 25 cents to a 5-cent cigar to the notary, and I don't believe in pandering to these grasping officials anyway.

KEUKA.

In New England Waters.

BOSTON, April 19.—To-day is a legal holiday in Massachusetts, and the lovers of the rod and reel have sought the trout brooks in good numbers. All the week the question has been, Where is there a good trout brook within reasonable distance of Boston? Some have gone down on the Cape. Others have sought the brooks in Essex county. One good sportsman says that he will tell me a good story Monday, whether he catches any trout or not, since the others all do. Prospects for brook fishing are said to be excellent in Maine, since the snow has all gone very early, and the trout will have had ample time to get settled in the pools, with no snow water to bother. In the New Hampshire streams something is to be done later. The waters of western Massachusetts are now open legally—the three western counties being closed till April 15. Good catches will doubtless be made to-day.

Fishing for lakere in Winnipisaukee has been uncertain so far this season. The ice left remarkably early, followed by cold and rainy weather. But some good catches are now being made. A. G. Ackerman, of Boston, has just returned from that lake, with remarkably good success to his credit. The first day out was rather cold and windy, and he got only two trout. The next day was warm and bright, and fishing was good. Mr. Ackerman got eight trout, making him a string of ten that weighed 45 pounds. One trout weighed almost six pounds, and there were two or three that tipped the scales to about five pounds. Some of Mr. Ackerman's friends were happy Friday morning with fine trout for breakfast. Sebago fishing is not yet up to expectations. Two or three Boston fishermen have returned disappointed. One salmon to three rods is all that they can report, and that for three days' fishing. Salmon are being taken around the upper end of Long Lake, near Harrison, Me. Long Lake is connected with Sebago by the Songo River, a sluggish stream that the salmon can easily go through. At this writing the ice has not left Moosehead, though it may go any day. The Rangeleys are still closed, and late reports speak of hard freezes for two nights this week; conditions not favorable to the clearing of the ice.

BOSTON, April 21.—One or two warm days have deluged the trout fishermen along the South Shore and down on the Cape. Nat. Arnold, of Abington, has made a record of twenty-eight trout in one day. Rev. J. J. McMillan, one of the best-known anglers at Marshpee, has just made a record of thirty-five trout in one day. David J. White, clerk of the Rhode Island Senate, has landed a trout weighing three pounds from Marshpee Lake. Sampson's Narrows and Marshpee River have had an excellent run of trout from the salt water this spring. L. C. Morse, of Boston, got some large "salts" last week, the largest weighing 2¾ pounds. Commodore Boggs, of Cambridge, has taken some good strings from the Cape streams. At Sampson's Narrows fifty and up to seventy-five trout a day have been taken by the more expert anglers. Augustus Flagg, of Boston, returned from that location last week with a good record.

The fishing season in the Kennebec Valley, Me., is most remarkably early. Hon. C. F. Johnson, of Waterville, has landed a squaretail from Great Pond, Belgrade, of $1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. Right off the wharves at this pond some large trout were taken last week. One weighed 4 pounds 1 ounce, and another 3 pounds 8 ounces. The lucky captors were Dr. E. L. Jones and C. C. Gay. At Lake Cobosseecotee the ice went out most remarkably early, and some good fishing days have been experienced, though cold winds have prevailed a good deal of the time. Commissioner H. O. Stanley has been the guest of Commissioner Carleton at the home of the latter, not far from the lake. Commissioner Stanley hooked a trout that proved to weigh $4\frac{1}{4}$ pounds. When he had the fish well hooked he remembered that his landing net had been left behind. He had to play the fish till he could be landed by hand, a job requiring considerable time. Mr. Carleton also caught a large trout. Other fishermen have had fair sport there. The new trolley line from Augusta to the lake promises to be completed early in the summer; then this lake may be reached easily any day. Great preparations are being made for the fishing in the waters of Franklin and Oxford counties, where fishing is not legal till May 1. At Varnum and Clearwater lakes, not far from Farmington, everything is ready, and May 1 will see these waters covered with boats. From Sebago there are no very satisfactory reports of catches since the first few days after the ice went out. Henry Alexander, of Portland, made a record there last week along the east shore. He caught three salmon, the largest weighing 12 pounds. C. Walker caught five salmon in three days' fishing, the string weighing 25 pounds. F. Haines, of Biddeford, has taken three salmon in one day there this spring. It is a curious fact that about a salmon a day is considered good sport at Sebago; more than that, excellent. This would not do for most other waters in Maine.

At Newfound Lake, N. H., boats are out every day when the weather permits. Last week a Mr. Wood caught two salmon, the total weight of which was 10 pounds, and a trout weighing $5\frac{3}{4}$ pounds. Mr. Robinson caught a salmon of $3\frac{1}{2}$ pounds and a trout that tipped the scales at $9\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. Mr. Lambert has caught a salmon of $6\frac{1}{2}$ pounds and a trout of $4\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. Local fishermen have taken their share of the trophies. Patrick H. Adams has caught eleven salmon since the season opened, total weight 41 pounds. He has also taken a trout of $6\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. Harry S. Morgan has a trout of $6\frac{1}{2}$ pounds to his credit; George Nelson, trout of 7 pounds; Oral Nelson, trout of 7 pounds; C. C. Martin, trout of $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds; A. F. Cate, six salmon, total weight, 32 pounds; Frank W. Calley, two salmon, 8 pounds; A. Burpee and C. H. Turkey, one salmon each, 4 pounds. At Winnipisaukee, Frank N. Bates, of Wollaston; J. E. Dutton, of Melrose, and A. W. Millett, of Salem, Mass., had great luck from Mr. Bates' camp at Lock's Island. They landed in one day nine fish, the string weighing $47\frac{1}{2}$ pounds.

Fishing has been a failure at the big salmon pool at Bangor, Me., so far this season. Very few fish have been taken. The second fish weighed 18 pounds, taken a week ago Saturday. The record will have to pick up or the Bangor Pool will be a thing of the past. Still, the weirs are permitted in the river below at different points, and how can the pool be good for angling? At the Verona weirs three large salmon were taken last week—17, $19\frac{1}{2}$ and 21 pounds. No good catches are yet reported from Grand Lake, though the ice went out very early. Boston anglers are not enthusiastic about trying those waters in April. At Canton, Me., a few salmon are being taken from Lake Annasaguncook. A. Hayford has caught one weighing $4\frac{3}{4}$ pounds. There are no reports of fish taken at the Winthrop, Me., lakes, although the ice went out very early.

The ice is nearly out of Moosehead Lake, at the writing, and any hour the telegraph may announce that it is entirely clear, though ice has frozen for at least three nights during the past six days.

SPECIAL.

Massachusetts Trout.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Representative Karl M. Ebert, who is a member of the Fish and Game Committee, has recently had a trout fishing experience in southeastern Massachusetts which was a great delight to him. It has also had the effect of giving him a better idea, perhaps, than he had before of the capacity of the Old Bay State brooks to produce fine specimens of the speckled beauties, even in the face of the existing thickly settled conditions. Mr. Ebert is from Lowell, and feels that his visit down Bristol county way is an event that deserves a red-letter assignment in his calendar.

With two companions he spent part of three days in whipping the streams. They were actually engaged in fishing about a total of two hours, since only a short time each day was spent with the rod and reel. As a matter of fact, it was not necessary to spend much time on the streams to get all the fish they wanted. This will be evident when it is stated, on the authority of Mr. Ebert, that, in addition to the fish eaten, the party took home sixty fine squaretails, of a size and beauty that would do credit to the finest streams in Maine. It is not perhaps surprising that Mr. Ebert is very enthusiastic and feels that the trout fisherman still has something to live for without going to Maine or Canada. Another enthusiast, who has whipped the streams of the northern tier of States, and who is now at my elbow, says: "Great Scott! there are better trout to-day in Massachusetts brooks than can be found in any of the small brooks of Maine or New Hampshire." That seems to be a fact, as well as patriotic.

BAY STATE.

THE Springfield Republican reports of the opening of the Massachusetts season: No more perfect day for the opening of the trout season could be desired. It was bright and warm, and only a gentle breeze. The brooks are just the right height, and the fish hard and gamy. From the four points of the compass come the usual first-day fish stories, but the results of the fishing done in the North and South branches, the king and queen of the local trout streams, are taken for standard. The strings

from the South Branch were larger in number and size perhaps, but there were not as many on the brook. Most of the members report strings numbering between twenty and twenty-five, with some fish weighing as much as half a pound. On the North Branch the strings were smaller, but the fish more uniform in size, and large at that. The average was about twelve.

From the north come reports of catches weighing six pounds, and others of forty-five fish, while Connecticut seemed to be neglected entirely yesterday. The brooks in Hampden were fished by their owners with good results, and from all sides come reports of larger fish than last year. Some anglers tried to use flies, but the trout would not rise well, as it is still too early in the season for fly-fishing. The fish are mostly in the swift water at the heads of the holes, and yesterday morning they seemed very greedy, taking the bait at once if at all. Yesterday was so successful in every respect that many fishermen will probably try it again to-day, if the weather holds good. Saturday will be an awful day for the trout, however, especially if it is bright and warm. It is Patriots' Day, and about every one will have a holiday and take to the woods or brooks.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Better Luck at Cedar Lake.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 20.—The work of rejuvenation, renovation and general reformation of Cedar Lake, Ind., still progresses, and this week the officials in charge can report progress. The warm days of spring seem to have brought the fish in within reach of the 500-foot seine. On Thursday the big net took in about 1,000 pounds of cropies, 400 black bass, some hundreds of bullheads, a few buffalo fish, dogfish, carp, suckers, etc. The game fish were all returned to the water and the less noble varieties were distributed among the populace. It is thought that the work of seining at Cedar Lake will continue for several days yet, and perhaps the net results, so to speak, will work to the betterment of that locally famous water.

Bass not yet Biting.

Bass are still reticent withal, and although the season would seem to be fairly well advanced for the date of the month, no great numbers of bass have yet appeared, so that our fishermen who have been out thus far report very indifferent success. A party of three anglers will go to the Fox Lake district of Illinois to-night, but the reports which have come in during the week have been so discouraging that most of the fishermen have concluded to hold their trips back for another week. A week from to-day there will be a general exodus to the northward and southward, and then the bait-fishermen will do business with the big-mouths. There ought to be some bass fishing in the Kankakee River during the coming week, but Indiana and the waters thereof seem to have fallen into oblivion for the current two years; hence we do not hear so much of that mystic region as we did formerly.

The Trout Season in Wisconsin.

The trout season has begun fairly well in the State of Wisconsin, more especially for such lower waters as the White River, Wautoma Creek, etc., which are among the early fishing localities north of us. On one or two preserved streams the trout have been reported rising fairly well, but to the northward as far as the Prairie River the weather for the first few opening days of the season was not especially propitious, so that the trout did not come to the fly with any great eagerness. The early reports obtainable from Wisconsin at this date would indicate that the trout supply was better this year than it was five years ago; that it has decreased in one or two streams, but on the whole promises very well for the future. Of course the upper peninsula of Michigan is closed for a couple of weeks yet, as well as the lower peninsula, so that we cannot tell what will be the reports from the Wolverine State. It is generally believed that Michigan is doing more in planting trout than any Western State, and meeting with better success. I talked with an official of the Flint & Pere Marquette Railroad a couple of weeks ago, and he said that the officials of his line plant millions of trout every year, and intend to keep up this policy, which they believe to be a winning one for their railroad property. The State officials of Michigan are to be congratulated upon the character of their work for thoroughness and efficiency.

In Wisconsin there have been several hundred thousand trout fry planted this spring. I met a few days ago Mr. Brooks, of Tomahawk, Wis., who is just back from a trip up the Prairie River, where he acted as special commissioner of Mr. James C. Nevin, superintendent of the trout hatchery at Madison, Wis. Mr. Brooks is simply a friend of the trout, not an employee of the State Commission, and has for some years assisted the State Commission in distributing fish over the upper part of Wisconsin. He had with him eight cans of trout fry, two or three hundred thousand in all, which were planted in the Prairie River near Dudley's place, below the upper dalles of the Prairie. He also planted some trout in a branch of the Pine, not far from the Prairie, as well as yet another consignment in the north branch of the Prairie. He will soon plant several hundred thousand wall-eyed pike in the waters of Wisconsin, including some lakes near Tomahawk. Mr. Brooks tells me that last year, in connection with Mr. W. H. Bradley, of Tomahawk, he undertook a little proposition of his own, looking toward the introduction of lake trout into the waters of the Wisconsin River. With the permission of the State Commission and with the backing of Mr. Bradley, he took nets and men and went to Trout Lake, Wis., where he succeeded in capturing sixty-five good specimens, some of which weighed 12 to 15 pounds. He planted these in the upper reaches of the Wisconsin River, a sort of lake or bay, and is now patiently awaiting results. This is the first attempt I have ever known of introducing the lake trout into the rivers of Wisconsin. It is quite likely that these fish will quietly vanish and leave no record of their going. It is, of course, well known to all Chicago and Western anglers that Trout Lake, Wis., has long prided itself upon the possession of these landlocked salmon trout which have had, at one

time or other, quite fabulous stories attached to them. It was long stated that the "landlocked salmon," or ouananiche, was found in Trout Lake, and there came also the same stories regarding the lakes near Ely, on the west coast of Lake Superior, as well as from similar lakes in Minnesota. The fish is the same as the trout of the Great Lakes, with the exception of certain changes of coloration and contour due to the changed environment of the smaller lakes. It is reported to be a good table fish, and is much valued by certain sportsmen who fish for it in the early spring and late fall, which are the only times it can be taken in anything like sportsmanlike manner, since at that time it comes out into the shallow water. There are some fishermen who take a secret joy in "chugging" for this fish in 100 feet of water during the summer months. This sport is pursued the same as chugging for bass in the Johnson Channel on the St. Clair Flats and other places. A pound weight is allowed to drop down to the bottom and comes bumping along as the boat is pulled along. A few feet above this sinker is attached a wabbling spoon and not a revolving spoon. A minnow is also sometimes used, but the slowly moving spoon is said to be the best bait for the so-called "landlocked salmon" of Wisconsin.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The Restricted Inland Range of Shad

And its Effect on Natural Reproduction.

THERE is no species of fish more important to residents of the Atlantic seaboard than the shad, and none whose preservation immediately concerns a larger portion of the population. The total number of persons actively engaged in this fishery numbers about 25,000, and the catch approximates 15,000,000 fish annually. However, there are few species whose geographical range and local abundance are more easily affected by agencies of man or which require greater attention for their maintenance.

Ascent to the spawning grounds in the headwaters of rivers is necessary for shad to reproduce. For this purpose they ascend the St. John in Florida a distance approximating 375 miles; the Altamaha a distance of 300 miles; the Edisto, 281 miles; the Santee, 272 miles; the Neuse, 300 miles, and the Delaware River a distance of 240 miles from the sea. However, these distances do not equal the extreme range in the early part of the nineteenth century. Then shad ascended the Savannah to Tallulah Falls, a distance of 384 miles, instead of 209 miles, as at present. They ran up the Pee Dee to Wilkesbarre, a distance of 451 miles, whereas the present limit on that river is Grassy Island, 242 miles from the sea. On the James River the former run was 350 miles in length, while the present limit is Bosher's dam, 120 miles. The greatest decrease exists in the Susquehanna River, in which shad formerly ascended to Binghamton, 318 miles from the mouth and 513 miles by water-course from the sea, whereas at present they do not appear to pass beyond Clark's Ferry, 84 miles from the mouth of the river.

An examination of twenty-three of the principal Atlantic coast rivers, aggregating 8,113 miles in length, show that shad formerly existed throughout 6,052 miles, or 74 per cent. of the length, whereas at present they are to be found in only 4,107 miles, a decrease of nearly 2,000 miles. This summary comprises only the principal rivers, and if minor streams and tributaries were included, the total length from which shad have been excluded would doubtless appear more than twice as great. In much of that length shad were quite numerous, the catch in many instances exceeding the yield in the portion to which the fisheries are now confined. In the James River, according to the late Col. McDonald, the annual catch of shad in the 230 miles from which they are now excluded "was at one time far in excess of the now (1880) catch on the entire river." The present excluded length of the Susquehanna formerly yielded several hundred thousand annually. It was estimated that at the beginning of the nineteenth century the annual shad yield in the Merrimac River ranged from 500,000 to 1,000,000 in number, whereas none ascend that river at present.

This decrease in the range of shad in the rivers is the result of several agencies, the most important of which are (1) artificial dams, (2) pollution of water, (3) agricultural operations, and (4) extensive fisheries.

Most of the Atlantic coast streams having their sources above the coastal plane have been made impassable for shad at a short distance above the escarpment line by means of artificial dams built for developing water power or for navigation improvements. In this class are the Savannah, the Santee, the Cape Fear, the James, the Susquehanna, the Housatonic, the Connecticut, the Merrimac, the Kennebec and the Penobscot. Numerous attempts have been made by the erection of fishways to enable shad to pass above these obstructions; among the costly contrivances being those in the Savannah at Augusta, the Potomac at Great Falls, the Susquehanna at Clark's Ferry, the Housatonic at Birmingham, the Connecticut at Holyoke, the Merrimac at Lawrence, and the Kennebec at Augusta. And although these are modern constructions, designed by engineers of ability, familiar with the principles of hydraulics and the habits of fish, none of them appear to be successful for shad, this fish being so timid that it will not enter fishways readily used by salmon, alewives and other species. True, a few individuals may pass through some of the fishways, but the number is not sufficiently large to be of any practical value, and in a majority of instances where shad are reported above a dam, they have swam over the crest during freshets, or have passed through breaks in the obstruction.

The utility of the spawning areas below the dams has also been impaired by chemicals, sawdust, and other refuse from mills and towns on the river banks. In a number of small streams these have almost completely destroyed the spawning and feeding areas. But regulations against this practice now exist in most States.

The most important factor in reducing the inland range is the extensive fisheries near the coast. In the first half of the present century shad were caught all along

the river course, every point yielding its quota for local use, and the limited demand not warranting the prosecution of the fisheries so vigorously as to cut off the "run" at points above. But the profits derived from shipping shad to populous centers resulted in a concentration of the fisheries at points near the mouths of the rivers where most convenient shipping facilities exist, resulting in certain narrow streams in practically excluding shad from the middle and upper sections where the spawning grounds are located. The effect is not so apparent as in the case of impassable dams, for the latter form absolute barriers, whereas extensive fisheries merely limit the number of fish ascending to the extreme range of the river and not the length of that range; but in many cases they affect the future abundance of the species even as much as the dams. This is particularly noticeable in those narrow streams whose fluvial characteristics extend nearly or quite to the sea, as in most of the rivers between the St. Johns and the Neuse, and to some extent in the Susquehanna, the Hudson, the Connecticut, etc. In the Ogeechee, Savannah, Edisto, Pee Dee and Cape Fear, the great bulk of the catch is obtained in the extreme lower end within thirty or forty miles of the sea, and comparatively few shad ascend as far as the spawning grounds. In the Connecticut nearly all the shad are caught within twenty miles of the mouth.

In the broad estuaries tributary to the sound of North Carolina and to Chesapeake and Delaware Bays, the effect of netting is not so apparent, yet even in these waters only a small percentage of the shad ever reach the spawning grounds. Formerly the great bulk of the yield was obtained from the middle and upper sections of those rivers; at present nearly all the catch is obtained in the lower section and in the salt water of the estuaries. The extension of the fisheries into the estuaries is of recent origin, dating only from the middle of the nineteenth century, and their development has been principally during the last twenty years. It requires large and costly apparatus to prosecute the fisheries there, and forms suitable have come into use only recently. At present about 47 per cent. of the total shad yield on the Atlantic seaboard is obtained in salt water regions, which half a century ago yielded none whatever; this in some measure compensating for the 4,000 miles of river course from which shad are now wholly excluded and the lengths from which the exclusion is partial.

It thus appears that the principal change in the shad fisheries during the last fifty years has been one of location rather than extent of the total yield, the great increase in the estuaries compensating for the decrease in the headwaters. This change in the fishing grounds results in a large portion of the fish being taken before they reach the spawning areas in fresh water, thereby preventing them from adding their quota to future supply almost as effectually as though they were excluded therefrom by means of dams or otherwise.

Access to suitable spawning grounds in sufficient numbers to compensate for loss by capture and natural causes is a physiological necessity for the maintenance of the fisheries if dependence is placed on natural reproduction. But from the foregoing it appears that the construction of dams has excluded shad from a large portion of the spawning grounds, notwithstanding the erection of fishways in those obstructions; sawdust, chemicals and other refuse and agricultural operations have greatly impaired the utility of the spawning areas even now available, and the extensive fisheries have very largely decreased the number of shad reaching those areas. These adverse agencies have reduced natural reproduction to almost an insignificant factor in the maintenance of the present fisheries and have rendered artificial propagation essential to their prosperity. During the seventies the returns of the fisheries reached a minimum; then the results of artificial propagation appeared, not only restoring the former abundance, but even increasing the catch.

The total shad yield on the Atlantic seaboard in 1880 numbered 5,162,315; in 1888 it was increased to 10,181,605; in 1896 it was further increased to 13,067,469, and in 1901 it approximated 15,000,000, 48 per cent. greater than in 1888, and nearly three times as great as in 1880. While this increased yield was preceded by an increase in the quantity of apparatus used, yet it was made possible by the greater abundance of shad due to artificial propagation. Comparing 1880 with 1901 it appears that the increase in the yield numbered 9,800,000. At twenty cents each, which is the average price paid by consumers, this represents an increase of \$1,960,000 in the value, over fifty times the expenditure for shad propagation, a result probably unsurpassed in any other line of fishculture. The large number of persons employed in this fishery and the present inability of natural reproduction to maintain the supply, make it essential that no decrease be made in this important branch of fishculture.

The support of profitable shad fisheries is not the only object to be gained in maintaining the supply of shad on the coast. The relation between the different species of fish in the economy of nature is not very well understood, but sufficient is known to indicate that the valuable shore fisheries are intimately associated with the run of shad and similar species. Seventy years ago, when the run of fish up the rivers of New England, for instance, was very much greater than at present, the young later in the year descended to the sea in enormous schools, attracting the cod, haddock, and other offshore species, which were caught in abundance within a short distance of the coast. But with the depletion of shad, alewives, salmon, etc., came a corresponding diminution in the number of other fish near the coast. And it appears that any measure tending to restore the anadromous fishes to their former abundance will also improve the coast fisheries.

CHARLES H. STEVENSON.

Fishculture Notes.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 19.—The shad-hatching season is very backward. The North Carolina station has had a very light season so far. If the weather grows warmer the Potomac and Delaware River stations will have a short, though probably very full, season.

A remarkably large number of eggs of pike-perch are being taken at the Put-in-Bay station, Lake Erie. The total so far for the season being 260,000,000. B. A. B.

Some Don'ts for Fishermen.

Don't use stale bait nor be stingy with fresh bait.
Don't keep all good spots to yourself.
Don't take undersized fish and then brag of your luck.
Don't anchor above another who may already be fishing.
Don't cast your anchor as though you were pitching a game of quoits.
Don't be noisy; noise frightens fish and disgusts your neighbors.
Don't make a practice of saying the biggest got away.
Don't imagine you know it all. Ideas of a novice are sometimes followed with success.
Don't go about in wet shoes and clothes.
Don't carry loose hooks in your pockets.
Don't blame your tackle dealer always, if your rod or reel breaks.
Don't let the wind and rain get at your bait.
Don't keep worms in cigar or cedarwood boxes.
Don't attempt to cast over your companion's head.
Don't become discouraged if you fail to catch fish.
Don't forget to send one dollar with your name and address to the office of the Protective League of Salt Water Fishermen, and receive a membership card at once (which includes one year's dues in advance).
The objects of the League are to obtain legislation looking to the enactment of beneficial laws for the protection of salt-water fish, the co-operation of fishermen at large in conforming to and enforcing the same, and, generally, in furthering and aiding all lawful methods looking to prompt action in all violations of the law.
Office and headquarters, Wall's Hotel, 106 W. Thirty-first street, New York city.

Netters and Anglers.

There has been a great deal of misunderstanding in regard to the dispute between the net men and the line men. The Protective League of Salt Water Fishermen is not the creation of fools who would interfere with the reasonable rights of the netters. Everybody knows that nets must be used to supply the markets; but few people believe that only a fourth of the choice game fish caught in nets should go to the market, and the rest allowed to spoil, to be tossed overboard, or converted into material for manuring potato patches.

It is against this shameful waste of good fishes that the anglers are now leagued. Of course the spoiling of their sport has much to do with the position they have taken. This they admit frankly, like honest men, and it is not at all improbable that a compromise may be made between them and the netters, by which the latter might endeavor to limit their operations to the necessary market supply.

For instance, they might stop netting to some extent, at least during the spawning season, and raise their pounds and stop working the purses for one or two days every week during the summer months. That might benefit themselves in the long run and satisfy the anglers, the hotel keepers and the shore railroad companies.

The theory that the food supply of the sea can never be affected by any device of man is perfectly sound in regard to outside deep-sea fishing; but the notion that the inshore run of game fish cannot be turned back or affected by miles of pound nets stretching out in echelons along the coast is simply absurd.

T. BIEDINGER.

Neighborhood Angling.

Early Trout Fishing.

THE lack of spring weather has retarded the early trout fishing in most sections of New York and Pennsylvania. The season opened in New York on the 16th of the month, and in Pennsylvania on the 15th. Reports from the streams are to the effect that they are still swollen and muddy, and that the fishing on the opening days was poor. The mild weather of the past few days, however, should have its effect and produce better fishing. Dealers in fishing tackle report a very satisfactory outfitting season.

Sullivan County Trout.

A New York city angler, who has just returned from several days' fishing in Sullivan county, says that the streams in this section are in excellent condition, although this is not generally the case throughout the State. On Saturday of last week he caught thirty-five trout, measuring from seven to ten inches. They were all caught on the fly. A number of parties from New York have gone to Sullivan county to try the fishing, but it is yet too early to have heard from them.

Long Island Trout.

Mr. Fred Sauter, Jr., of New York, spent several days last week in the vicinity of Hauppauge, Long Island, where there are several good trout streams. He did no fishing, but says that the streams are clear and in good condition. On Monday of last week a Brooklyn angler caught twenty trout in one of the streams near Hauppauge, and on Tuesday he got eight more. This man has visited these streams for several years past, and although he has fished through central New York, he prefers this locality. This is an evidence of the sport which may be had here.

Mr. George C. Pennell, of New York, is having mounted a fine brook trout weighing 2½ pounds, which he caught at Carman's River. Mr. Pennell is a member of the Carman's River Club, and has had several days of fishing on the club's stream.

The Coming of the Shad.

The first shad is well known to be due in the waters of the Hudson River on the day consecrated to the blessed St. Patrick. But while this day always comes round on time, the shad are too often late. Of course much depends on the weather conditions, and often the waters of the stream are too cold on March 17 for the shad to enter them. This year, however, the fish could have had no such excuse for tardiness. Spring is early, the weather warm and the river's temperature probably high. Never-

theless the shad are extremely late, and it is only within a week or two that they have been caught and they are still scarce. A gill netter who was floating recently off 158th street took only eight fish on a tide, where last year in the same time he would have taken 120.

A little later we may hear of the shad being taken on the fly in small numbers at Verplank's Point, in the Hudson River, and still later a few may be taken below the dam at Holyoke, in the Connecticut River. Fishing for shad with the fly was formerly a regular practice with quite a number of anglers, but of late years we hear much less of it. The shad's extremely tender mouth requires very delicate handling, and perhaps a greater stock of deliberation and of patience than most anglers have on hand. Nevertheless, as we can testify from experience, it is a stirring sight to get an eight-pound shad up to the side of your boat, and to see his head slip into the landing net and his silver body pass over the gunwale to safety.

The Bonefish.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 18.—Editor Forest and Stream: In your issue of April 19, just received, on page 311, under the heading "Florida Bonefish Record," Henry Guy Carleton says: "In my last I spoke incorrectly of this fish as the *Albula vulpes*, having authority of a member of the Fish Commission for my error. Having read better authorities, I am convinced that the bonefish is the *Elops saurus*, first cousin of the tarpon, while the bony fish, or lady fish, is the *Albula vulpes*." Without further evidence, it might appear from the above that Mr. Carleton had nailed the Fish Commission man, but his picture of three *Albula vulpes*, labeled "Mr. Hunter's Record Bonefish," gives the poor Fish Commission man the last laugh.

The name ten-pounder is usually applied to the *Elops saurus* in Florida, on both coasts and especially at Key West. B. A. BEAN.

Yachting.

Designing Competition for the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

To be Known as the Seawanhaka 15-Footers.

THE competition is open both to amateur and professional designers. Three prizes will be awarded for the best designs of a yacht conforming to the following conditions:

I. A keel sloop to measure 15ft. racing length under the club's new rule.

II. Sails: Mainsail, jib and spinnaker. The area of the mainsail and jib shall not exceed 350 sq. ft., not over 80 per cent. of which shall be in the mainsail.

III. Planking shall not be less than ½ in. in thickness.

IV. Spars shall be solid, and the mast shall be of sufficient strength to be used without runners or preventer backstays.

V. Cockpit shall be open, and bulkheads or air tanks are to be provided sufficient to insure the boats being non-sinkable.

VI. The boats shall be capable of carrying full sail in ordinary summer breezes on Long Island Sound.

VII. Construction shall be strong and durable.

VIII. All competitors must furnish a drawing of the lines, which will also show the position of the lead keel, and a table of calculated weights, which will give displacement, weight of lead, weight of hull, weight of rig, center of buoyancy and center of lateral resistance, center of effort and center of gravity of the lead keel; also a sail plan, on which the diameters of spars and sizes of rigging shall be marked; also a deck plan and amidship section, which will show height of cockpit seats and floor, and height of coaming. The midship section must also show the construction.

The boats are to be measured with a crew of two men aboard, their weight to be taken at 300lbs.

The actual sail area will be measured.

The following prizes will be awarded: First prize, \$100; second prize, \$50; third prize, \$25.

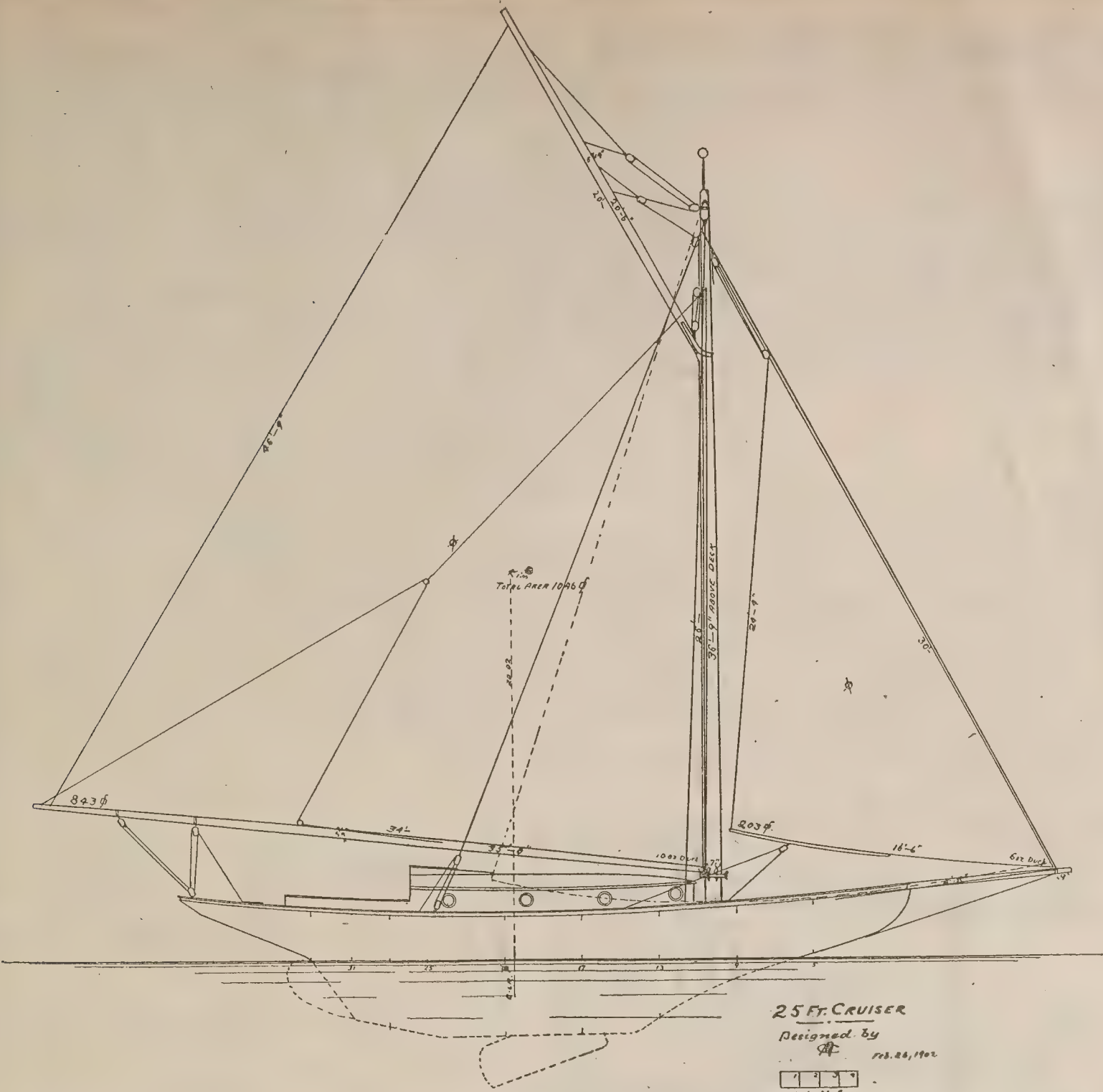
In the event of one of the prize designs being selected by the club and yachts being constructed therefrom, the winner, in lieu of the cash prize, may furnish the necessary additional plans and specifications and supervise the construction and receive \$25 for each yacht built. In awarding the prizes, speed will be the first consideration, but appearance, construction, simplicity of rig and convenient arrangement will also carry weight.

Sail plan, ½ in. scale. All other plans, 1 in. scale.

The designs must be received at the office of FOREST AND STREAM, 346 Broadway, New York city, not later than May 15, 1902, and should bear a nom-de-plume only. A sealed envelope containing the designer's nom-de-plume, together with his own name and address should accompany the designs. The right is reserved to publish any or all of the designs. Those desiring the return of their drawings should inclose the necessary postage.

The designs will be judged by a committee consisting of Messrs. John Hyslop, A. Cary Smith, J. Rogers Maxwell, Jr., and Clinton H. Crane, and the result of the competition will be announced through these columns in the issue of May 24.

The club's new rule referred to in Paragraph I. is as follows: Yachts shall be rated for classification and time allowance by racing measurement, which shall be de-



FOREST AND STREAM DESIGNING COMPETITION—HONORABLE MENTION DESIGN—SAIL PLAN.
Submitted by "A. B. C." (A. B. Cassidy, Quincy, Mass.)

terminated by adding to half the load waterline length, half the square root of sail area, and a quantity expressed as L, and by dividing the sum of these quantities by I.I.

$$\frac{\frac{1}{2} \text{LWL} + \frac{1}{2} \sqrt{\text{SA}} + \text{L}}{\text{I.I}} = \text{RL}$$

The quantity L is to be obtained in the following way:
B is breadth of load waterline plane at $\frac{1}{8}$ of its length from forward end.
B' is breadth of load waterline plane at $\frac{1}{8}$ of its length from after end.
B'' is breadth (greatest) of LW plane.
C is any excess of (B+B') over B''.
D is draft at MS+2-5 of any greater draft aft, and all of any greater draft forward.
E is any excess of (B''+D) over 3 I-3 $\sqrt{\text{MS}}$ submerged.
C+E=L.

Designing Competition.

In this issue we publish the two remaining designs that received honorable mention in our designing competition. The plans were submitted under the nom-de-plumes A. B. C. and Ktaadn.

A. B. C.

The design A. B. C. was the work of Mr. Arthur B. Cassidy, Quincy, Mass. The design shows a wide boat of heavy displacement; in fact, the greatest of any we received. The appearance of the boat would be greatly improved by changing the sheer. As shown on the plans, the freeboard is almost as high aft as it is forward, and in consequence gives an ungainly appearance. There is considerable room below decks, and there is 5ft. 8in. headroom under the cabin carlins. In the main saloon are four berths with transoms in front. The floor is wide, there being 4ft. 6in. between the face of the transoms. The galley and toilet room are too small for comfort, and seem to have been skimmed in order to get a large main saloon. In the forecabin there is a pipe berth for a man. The dimensions are as follows:

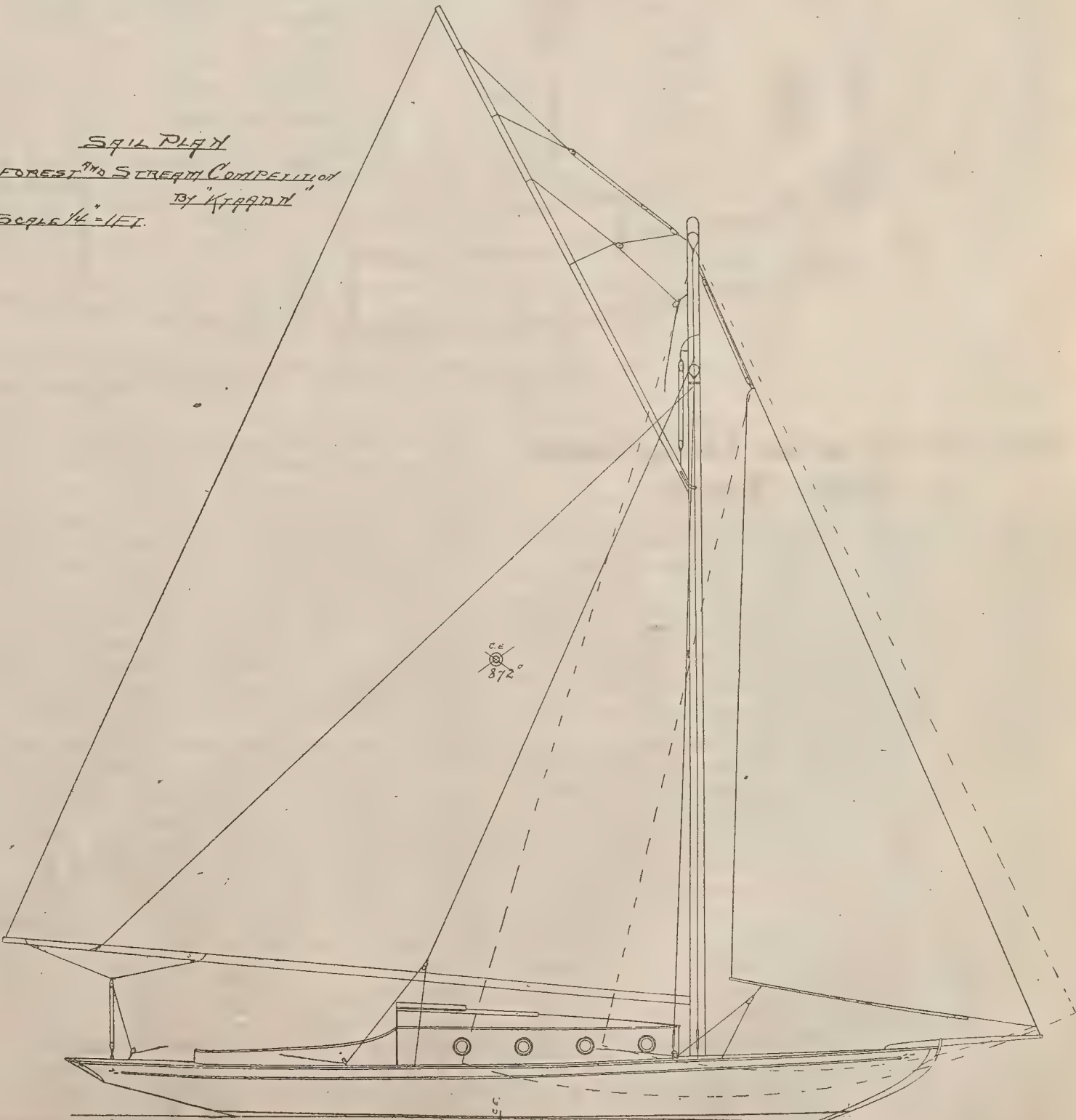
Length—	
Over all	38ft. 9 in.
L.W.L.	25ft. 0 in.
Overhang—	
Forward	6ft. 6 in.
Aft	7ft. 3 in.
Breadth—	
Extreme	11ft. 0 in.
L.W.L.	10ft. 6 in.
Draft—	
Extreme	4ft. 0 in.
To rabbet	2ft. 5 in.
Board down	6ft. 8 in.
Freeboard—	
Forward	3ft. 8 in.
Aft	3ft. 4 in.
Least	2ft. 3½ in.
Displacement	16,125lbs.
Lead keel	5,400lbs.
C.B. from fore end of L.W.L.	14ft. 3 in.
C.E. from fore end of L.W.L.	13ft. 7½ in.
C.L.R. from fore end of L.W.L.	14ft. 7½ in.

Sail Area—	
Mainsail	843 sq. ft.
Jib	203 sq. ft.
Total	1,046 sq. ft.

Ktaadn.

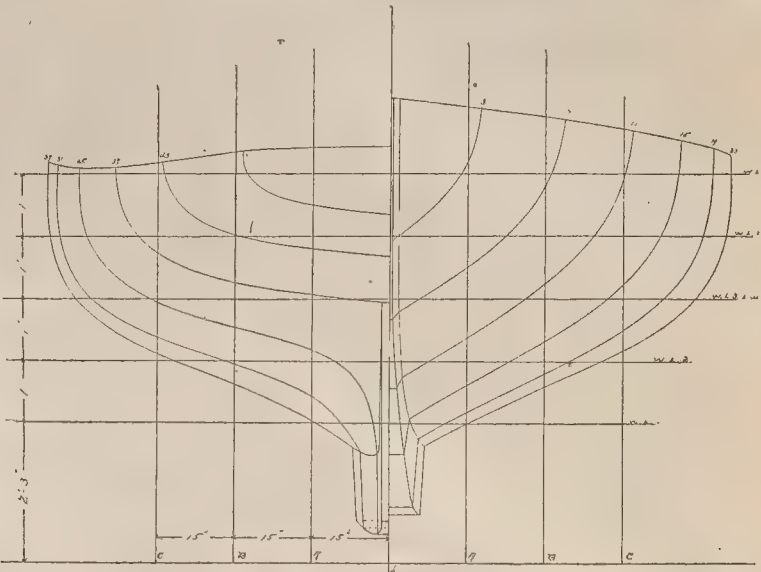
Mr. Edson B. Schock, New York city, was the designer

SAIL PLAN
FOREST AND STREAM COMPETITION
BY "KTAADN"
SCALE 1/4"=1 FT.



FOREST AND STREAM DESIGNING COMPETITION—HONORABLE MENTION DESIGN—SAIL PLAN.
Submitted by "Ktaadn" (Edson B. Schock, New York City.)

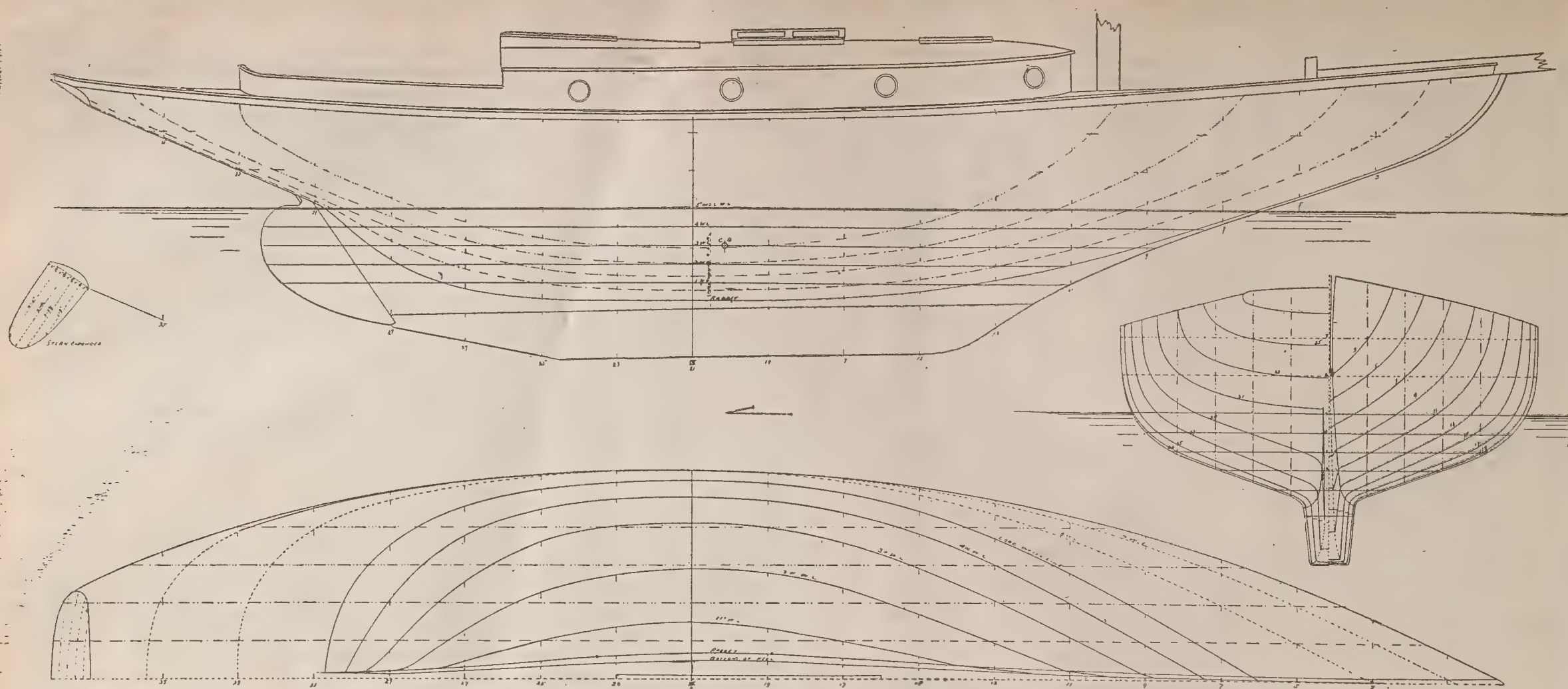
of Ktaadn. The plans show a very good boat devoid of any abnormal features. The high cabin house rather spoils the looks of the boat. There is nothing new in the cabin arrangement, the layout being very much the same as is used in general practice. There is practically no headroom in the galley, a rather bad feature according to our ideas. There is hardly sufficient locker room for



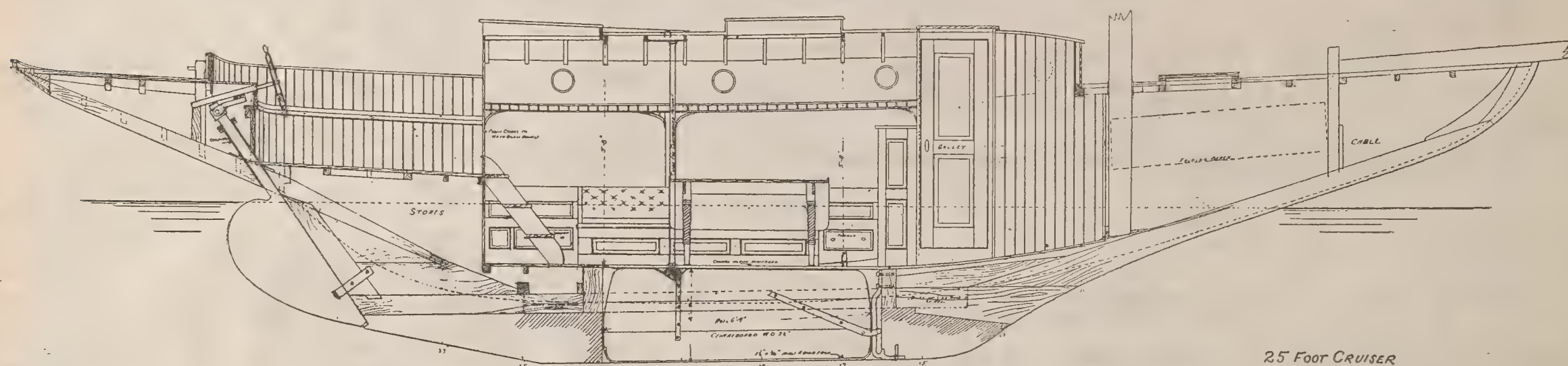
a cruising boat in which luggage, clothes and oilers might be stowed. However, these are not vital points, and could be easily remedied. The design is a good one, and the boat would make a very comfortable craft. The dimensions are as follows:

Length—	
Over all	37ft. 1 in.
L.W.L.	25ft. 0 in.
Overhang—	
Forward	5ft. 0 in.
Aft	7ft. 1 in.
Breadth—	
Extreme	11ft. 1 in.
L.W.L.	10ft. 2 in.
Draft—	
Extreme	4ft. 0 in.
To rabbet	2ft. 6 in.
Freeboard—	
Forward	3ft. 3 in.
Aft	2ft. 4½ in.
Least	2ft. 1 in.
Displacement	13,743lbs.
Lead keel	3,750lbs.
C.B. from fore end of L.W.L.	13.628ft.
C.E. from fore end of L.W.L.	13.62 ft.
C.L.R. from fore end of L.W.L.	13.75 ft.
Sail Area—	
Mainsail	700 sq. ft.
Jib	172 sq. ft.
Total	872 sq. ft.

Mr. George H. Bell, of Chicago, has purchased the M. Y. R. A. 18-footer Bacchante. She was designed and built by Mr. C. C. Hanley last year.

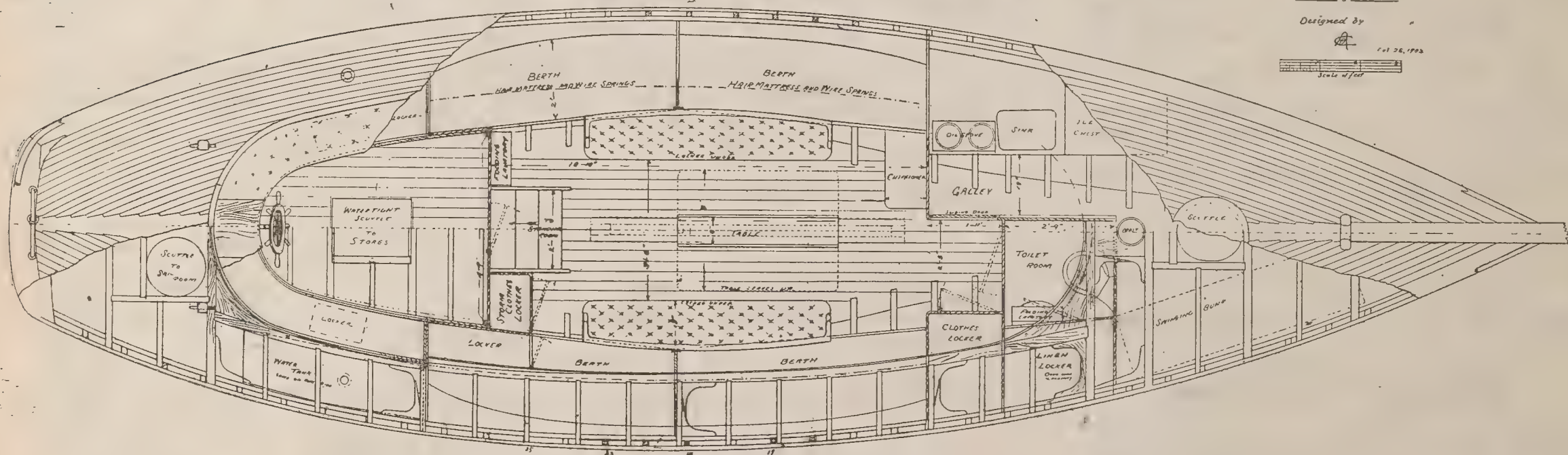


FOREST AND STREAM DESIGNING COMPETITION—HONORABLE MENTION DESIGN.
Submitted by "A. B. C." (A. B. Cassidy), Quincy, Mass.



25 FOOT CRUISER

Designed by
A. B. C.
Feb. 25, 1902
Scale 1/4" = 1'



FOREST AND STREAM DESIGNING COMPETITION—HONORABLE MENTION DESIGN—CABIN PLAN.
Submitted by "A. B. C." (A. B. Cassidy), Quincy, Mass.

Yacht Racing in the Open Classes in British Waters.

BRITISH yacht racing to "ye dogges" is quickly passing. The big class is almost defunct, and is only electrified into spasmodic vitality by such an exceptional event as the Glasgow exhibition of 1901; or by the presence of emperors or kings on the Solent for a brief period of society excitement, as will occur this summer. Even then the boats are not raced for the sake of the racing, but to adorn the society meetings, like vases of flowers on a dining table. If racing were the real object, the large boats would go the round of the regattas, which we know only too well is not done.

The clubs are not to blame. They offer prizes, arrange dates for their programmes, collect victuals and drinks at their houses, hoist flags, charter steamers and fire guns. But the races are a failure, a racing yacht having, like the "black swan," become "*rara in terris*," *et in mare*.

What will the large class be this year in British waters? Meteor II. has gone, never in all probability to return. Meteor III. is a large cruising schooner and can scarcely be regarded as a racing yacht, except for a handicap. Britannia is now antique, and not likely to race against more modern craft, except in a handicap. Sybarita appears to be no longer tuned up to that pitch of excellence necessary for winning in open class races, thus leaving Kariad to win the first class prizes this year round the British coasts, as she has recently on the Mediterranean. Shamrock I. is a Cup challenger, built to fit the American rule, and is consequently quite unsuited to compete here under the Y. R. A. rule. Indeed, her great draft alone would be too severe a handicap on many of the inside courses. Bona is converting to a yawl, with a view to racing in the handicap class.

The big class may therefore be regarded as practically extinct—a nice prospect for clubs which, with some difficulty, collect funds and offer fifty to a hundred guinea prizes for racing in this class.

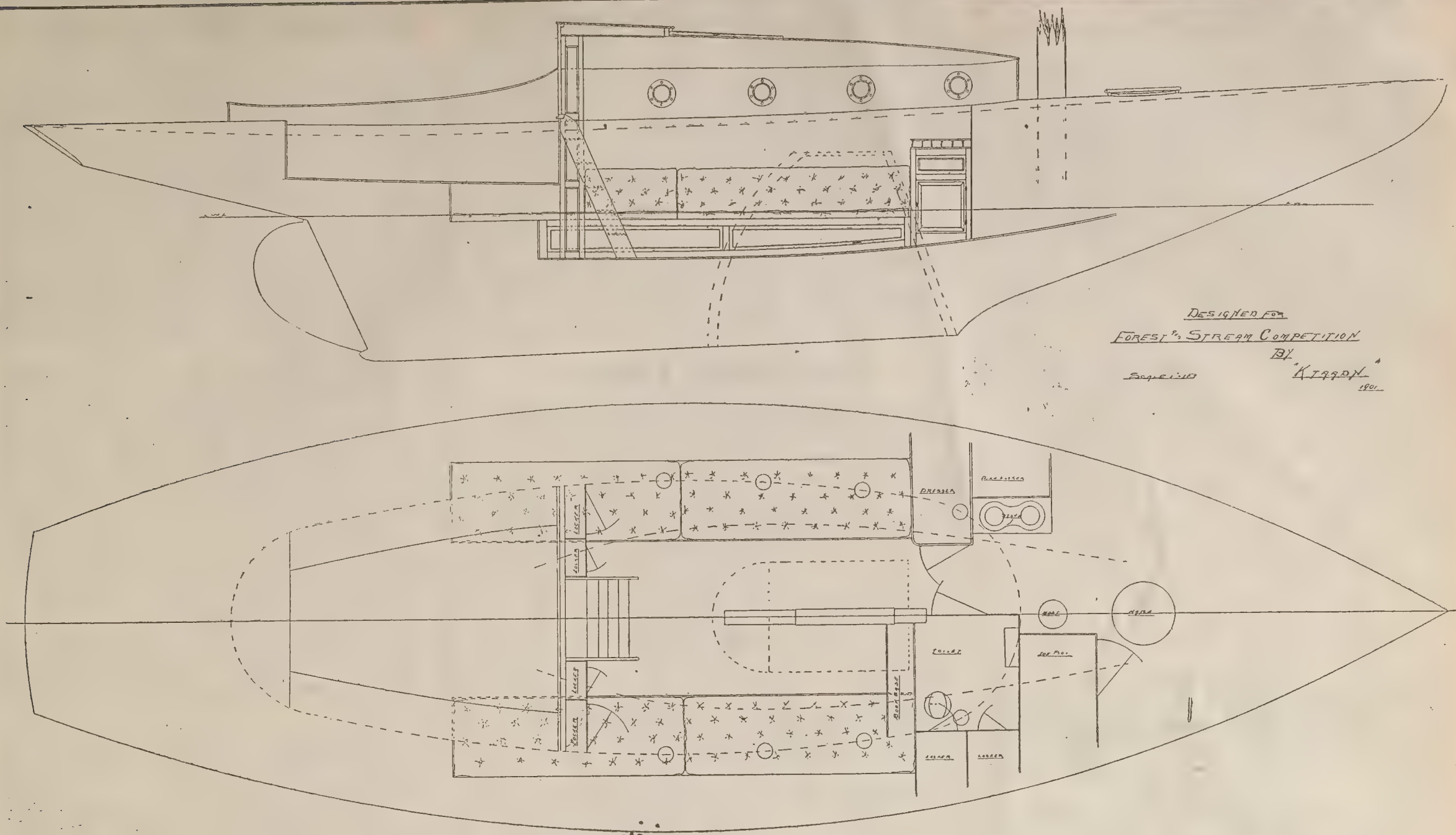
The 65 linear rating class, the best class we have seen of late years, has gone, too, and for other reasons. Owners appeared to tire of the sport, and many of them sold their boats in 1900 principally to our American cousins, and the boats are now on the western side of the Atlantic. Last year two boats only (Tutty and Nevada) competed in this class. A duet is not an opera, and a pair of badly balanced boats cannot be regarded as a class. This particular match racing was one-sided, according to the weather. Nevada is now for sale, and for 1902 the class is dead.

The 52-linear-raters made a good class for some time, but the boats have been sold for handicap racing on the east coast, and many of them will now be nicely fitted and perhaps strengthened for cruising. But the open class, as in 1901, will be limited to the match racing of two competitors. As for the smaller classes, it is only too well known that open class racing has for many years been confined to the Solent. There must be some very real reasons for this decay in open class racing. No doubt the war has a certain curbing effect on sport in general, but other forms of sport are not suffering like yacht racing, therefore the war cannot be the reason. Perhaps the principal reason for the fall of the large class is the increased facility of locomotion obtained by steam. The maximum of comfort remains with the sailing yacht, as exemplified in Meteor III. and other of the large cruising schooners and yawls, where all the interior space is available for the accommodation and comfort of those living on board. In the steam yacht, on the contrary, a large portion of the cubical content is required for her engines, boilers and coal bunkers. The yacht must perform be

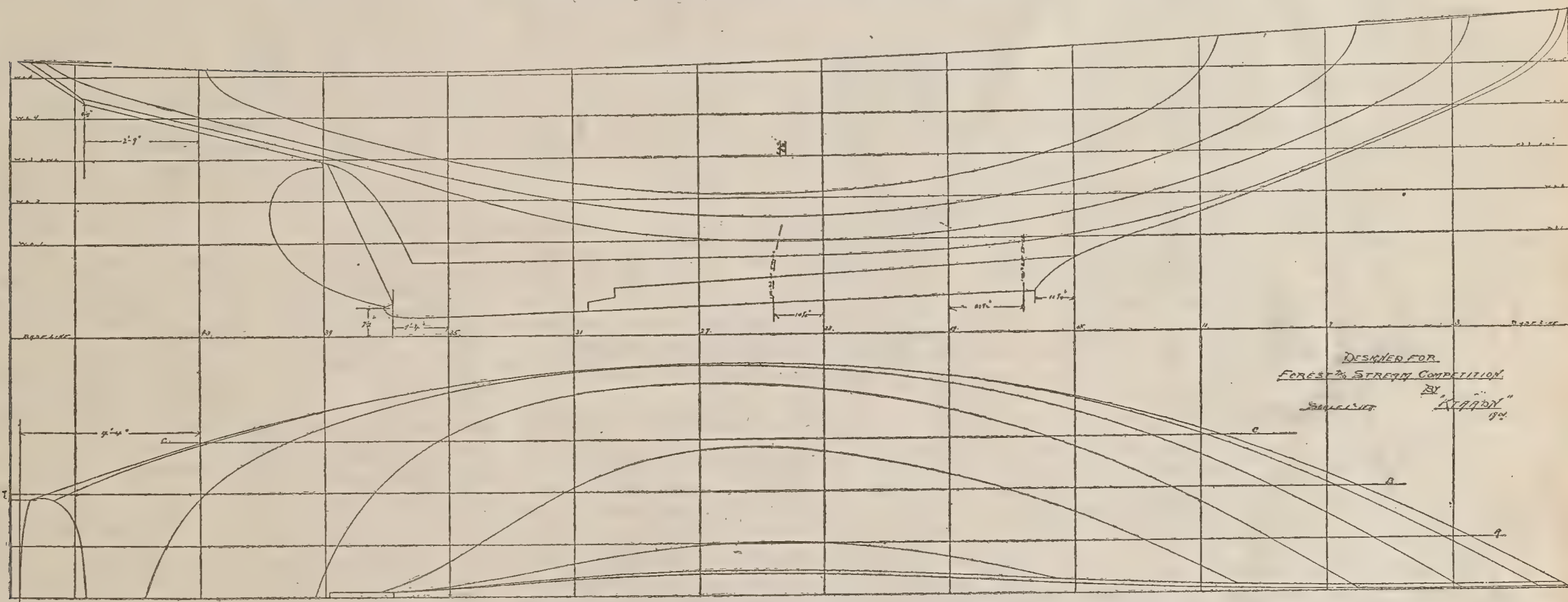
periodically coaled, at which times everything and everybody on board become smothered with coal dust, and at all times a certain amount of cinder dust falls on the decks from the funnel tops. Moreover, the throb of the engines and the vibration of the hull, especially when going at speed, form a constant source of discomfort. Last, but not least, the cost of a steam yacht's maintenance is enormous. Yet, with all these drawbacks, the steamer has practically replaced the sailing vessel for yachting purposes, partly because business men must often limit their recreation to the hour, and a sailing yacht in a calm scarcely conforms with this requirement, and partly because it is the fashion, and when that is so no more need be said.

The modern man, woman or child must get about in a hurry. He cannot wait for the next train, and he certainly cannot permit himself to get hung up in a calm. Possibly the oil motor as an auxiliary on the sailing cruiser may bring about a change in fashion; but at present the sailing cruiser is at a discount, and outclassed racers are consequently most difficult to sell at prices but little higher than their breaking-up value. Were it otherwise, some of the racing boats would, after a few alterations and strengthening at no great cost, be converted into cruisers and command a market. Above a certain tonnage the shallow section is no detriment. If 6ft. 6in. of clear headroom be obtained, what more do you want? The deep keel can generally be reduced concurrently with the sail area, and the ex-racer becomes a fast, comfortable and seaworthy cruiser. Moreover, the shallow section gives more accommodation per ton, owing to the yacht's large beam. But this is only true at and above the size which gives the requisite headroom.

In the smaller classes the same remarks do not apply. There the ex-racer should be a comfortable day boat with very little alteration at all, except a reduction in sail.



FOREST AND STREAM DESIGNING COMPETITION—HONORABLE MENTION DESIGN—CABIN PLAN.
Submitted by "Katahdn" (Edson B. Schock), New York City.



FOREST AND STREAM DESIGNING COMPETITION—HONORABLE MENTION DESIGN.
Submitted by "Katahdn" (Edson B. Schock), New York City.

But the same broad result is observable. There seems to be no market in England for ex-racers, whatever the size of the boat may be, and owners who enter upon the sport of yacht racing in the open classes must perforce take this fact into consideration when they estimate the cost of the sport before embarking upon it. This question of cost is probably at the root of the decadence in yacht and the respectful behavior of the recipients following have become alive to the fact that skill and knowledge on the part of the owner are of small avail, unless backed by a long purse. The intelligence, knowledge and skill which formerly brought success to the owner who possessed them have been shifted of recent years to the designer, the sail maker and the professional skipper. All the owner has to do is to pay the bills and agree to every request of his paid hands, however unreasonable. Men of moderate means, however, expert as yachtsmen, therefore find themselves ousted from their favorite sport. They see boats built with double skins of mahogany or other costly wood, with the lightest possible framing consistent with strength, and the whole structure a triumph of art and dollars. They see silk introduced into the manufacture of sails, and Japanese enamels for the surfacing of hulls. Above all, they note the pay and perquisites of the hands mounting yearly by leaps and bounds, and the respectful behavior of the recipients following an inverse ratio. The pay is now so high that it ought to include everything, but this is far from the case. When a little yacht leaves her moorings (usually planted in front of the skipper's cottage) and remains away for the night, her skipper expects "lodging money." When she is racing, he either wants a square feed or asks for "grub money." If he has already received a good kit at the commencement of the season, including clothes that he never wears on board, seldom on shore and usually sells, he asks for "oilers." If you give him blue jerseys, he asks for a white on the first hot day, and if you give him white jerseys, he asks for blue. If he travel by rail to save his legs, he demands the fare. He borrows moor-

ings for a money consideration to save anchoring the yacht, and leaves the dinghy under a man's charge during a race for a similar reason, and the man ties several together and lets them scratch acquaintance for hours, this being the "care taking" for which the owner has to pay. The men are not to be blamed. The real culprits are the wealthy fools who seem to take a pride in wasting their money and spoiling the sport for others. But they cut their own throats in the process, there being no fun in racing unless you have a reasonable number of competitors, and these are precisely non-attainable by means of the almighty dollar. Then what is required?

Firstly—Owners should meet and talk the matter over amicably and come to some mutual agreement concerning crews' wages and perquisites, and fix limits.

Secondly—A limit should be placed on the cost of each boat, when new and complete, for each class.

Thirdly—Owners in any single class should agree not to haul up more frequently than say once a month, tidal beaching, however, for a scrub by the crew, but by no others, being permitted at any time.

Fourthly—Owners should agree to oppose oppressive and unreasonable fees, either for entrance to races or for the lodging of protests.

Under the first heading some limit could be placed on the clothes and kit given at the commencement of the season, and all extras prohibited beyond the weekly wages, which could be limited in its amount. Under the second heading, such a costly and unnecessary item as a double skin could be forbidden, and so on. In short, the conference of owners could very rapidly pass a few rules which would at one stroke of the pen place the sport of yacht racing on a far less costly basis than at present, in which event I for one feel fairly confident that the number of owners of full-fledged racers would increase considerably, and this is the main thing required.

The rating rule is, of course, an important matter, any rule which favors or helps a less costly type or design being beneficial. Consequently a rule which places a

premium on displacement, whether directly or indirectly (as in the present French tonnage rule for yacht racing), cannot fail in the long run to improve the sport.

These remarks on the decay of yacht racing would scarcely be complete if competition in sports were not mentioned. Our grandfathers were devotees to cock fighting and pugilism in addition to cricket, coursing and the turf. The two first have died their death, more or less, but have been replaced by golf, cycling, motoring and tennis, without mentioning the new winter games which do not compete with yachting. Evidently out-of-door summer pastimes have become keen competitors, and yacht racing must have lost many an owner in consequence; not by desertion, but by failure to join the colors.

All the more necessary, therefore, is it to make yacht racing as popular as possible by reducing costs to a minimum, and thereby bringing the number of owners and of their paid hands to a maximum.

THALASSA.

APRIL, 1902.

The German Emperor's schooner Meteor anchored off Hythe, Southampton Water, on April 17. Her time to Prawle Point was fifteen days twelve hours and forty-seven minutes. Bad weather was encountered almost all the way. The boatswain and carpenter had their legs broken. On April 12, when being towed by the convoy Scotia, the bobstay parted and the bowsprit was soon carried away. The spar was finally gotten on deck and secured. The officers and crew speak highly of the boat's seagoing qualities, and seem to think she is fast when sailing with a lifted sheet, but are doubtful regarding her windward qualities. The day after her arrival Meteor was docked at Southampton, where her stern that was damaged on her trial trip will be repaired and her interior fittings will be put in place. The work will be done with all possible dispatch, so that she will be ready in ample time for the regattas at Kiel.

Our Boston Letter.

BOSTON, April 21.—In the trial races at Bridgeport to select a challenger for the Seawanhaka cup, Boston will be well represented. There are three boats now under way, and one has been finished. The advent of Mr. Frank B. Crowninshield to the Seawanhaka field should be hailed with delight by the other yachtsmen who will compete, for he is an exceptionally clever amateur helmsman, and should make things interesting for the bunch. Burgess has the lines for Mr. Crowninshield's boat nearly finished, and it is expected that the work of construction will begin at once. The challenger which Mr. B. B. Crowninshield designed for a syndicate headed by Com. T. H. McDonald has been finished and rigged, and, what is better still, has had a trial trip. As far as can be learned everything worked satisfactorily, but as she did not have any opportunity to go up against anything of her own type, there is not much that can be said yet about her speed. Everybody knows that her designer is clever, not only at drawing lines, but also at handling. It is also known that her builder is away up on light construction. Good handling in the trial races will have to be combined with these two advantages and, of course, nothing can really be ascertained about the boat's merits as a whole until she tackles the crowd. The Burgess-designed boat for Mr. Morris Burgess and Mr. T. K. Lothrop, Jr., is all planked and her deck is being laid. She will be in the water about May 1. The boat which Fred Lawley has designed, for whom nobody knows, or is thought to know at present, is also planked, and her deck is being put on. This boat should be ready about the time that the Burgess boat comes out. The boat for Mr. Frank Crowninshield will necessarily be a little behind the others, but it is expected that she will be out in time for tuning.

The races for the Quincy cup do not seem to be stirring up quite the interest that they should, except among those who are directly interested in the challenge or the defense. Perhaps this is because the boats are not further along. None of the boats has been started yet, but it is likely that two will be set up this week, the Faxon boat at Smith's, and the Burgess boat at Fenton's. Nothing definite has been said about starting the boat for the second syndicate which was formed to defend the cup. It is understood that there are some few details yet to be arranged before this syndicate will build, and it was learned last week that one of the foremost members of the syndicate has been stricken with measles. If he is as youthful in the races as he is in the choice of his maladies, the other crew of the other boat will have to watch him closely. From the looks of the boats that are to be built to compete in these races, it seems to be deplorable that the proposed limit of 900 sq. ft. was not put on sail area. At this time nothing can be said about dimensions or general appearance, but it can be said that the boats that will compete for the Quincy cup this year will be no ornaments to the fleet of yachts in Massachusetts Bay, nor will they be calculated to elevate the science of naval architecture or the art of yacht racing.

When the restricted Y. R. A. 21-footers come out this season it will be seen that many of them are extreme in many ways, and it strikes me that this will be used as an argument by some yachtsmen who have been opposed to the Association. One of these boats, designed by Burgess for Mr. Reginald Boardman, shows in her dimensions to what extremes yachts can be carried under the rules. The principal dimensions of this boat are as follows: Length waterline, 21ft.; over all, 38ft. 1in.; waterline beam, 8ft.; extreme beam, 8ft. 3in.; extreme draft, 5ft. 1½in. The draft to the rabbet is 1ft. 4½in., and to the centerline, 1ft. 5in. Her overhang forward is 8ft. 1¼in., and aft, 8ft. 11½in. She will carry 746 sq. ft. of sail, of which 597ft. are in the mainsail and 149ft. in the jib. She has a lead shoe weighing 2,500lbs., and her displacement is 7,113.2lbs. Everything has been figured for lightness while still complying with the restrictions. There will be no transoms or fittings of any kind in her cabin. It has simply been given the required inclosed space and nothing more.

It does not seem that a boat whose length over all is very nearly double her waterline length is carrying out the principles which the Y. R. A. sought to establish under its restrictions, and if such features are objectionable they should be remedied in some way by rules. I do not at this time wish to infer that the attitude I have maintained toward the Association is in any way changed. I am still as strong a supporter of it as ever; but features like this are sure to come up in the development of reliable restricted classes and cannot be overlooked by one side any more than by the other. While it was never intended to bar flat-floored boats under the rules, it does not seem that it was intended that extremes should be indulged in on overhangs. It may be that these scow boats, with their long ends, will prove all right, and that they will not suffer from pounding in a seaway, but it does not look that way. It may be reasonably argued that the prevailing winds in Massachusetts Bay are light, and in this case there would not seem to be so much objection to long-ended boats. Again, it may be that these boats will stand up. When spoon bows with more or less overhang were introduced, there was a great cry against them, and it was said that the boats would pound themselves to pieces, but instead of doing this, they made the boats more seaworthy, and are now considered the proper thing.

This, of course, refers to boats with moderate overhangs. They have grown so much in favor that they are now being used on our coast fishermen, which have to stand the hardest kind of weather, and are hove to through many a storm. If the extreme overhangs can stand the racket, no change can be called for, but the three new 90-footers of last year gave a very good example of what the pounding of a long, flat, forward overhang will do to a yacht's construction. The officers of the Association have taken notice of the possibilities in the new boats, and that was the reason it was voted to watch the restricted classes closely during the coming season. If it should be found that any changes are necessary, there is little doubt that there will be a howl from the enemies of the Association, who do not seem at times to realize that the sport of yachting was not developed in a few years, and that it is impossible to get at perfect classes unless boats are built and raced under those which exist.

The Duxbury Y. C. has arranged the following list of fixtures for the season:

June 21, Saturday—Club race.
June 28, Saturday—18ft. knockabouts.
July 4, Friday—Club race.
July 5, Saturday—Ladies' day.
July 12, Saturday—18ft. knockabouts.
July 19, Saturday—Club race.
July 26, Saturday—18ft. knockabouts.
Aug. 2, Saturday—18ft. knockabouts.
Aug. 9, Saturday—Club race.
Aug. 16, Saturday—18ft. knockabouts.
Aug. 23, Saturday—Y. R. A. open.
Aug. 30, Saturday—18ft. knockabouts.
Sept. 1, Labor Day—Ladies' day.

Mr. Harry W. Bates, of Boston, has chartered through the agency of Frank N. Tandy, the steam yacht Neckan, owned by Mr. H. C. Baxter, of Brunswick, Me.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Our English Letter.

THE King has announced his intention of presenting cups—value £100—to the Royal Munster Y. C. and the Royal Northern Y. C. Cork is to be the scene of an international exhibition this year, and both the Royal Munster and Royal Cork clubs are making great efforts to secure a good regatta. As perhaps most of your readers know, the Royal Cork is the oldest yacht club in the world. It originally had the right of flying the white ensign, but this was transferred to the Royal Yacht Squadron when it became fashionable. Of late years Queenstown (the waters of the Royal Cork) regatta has fallen off in the attendance of the racing fleet, for, like Liverpool, where the Royal Mersey Y. C. is situated, it is out of the track in doing the round of the regattas. Fixtures have become so numerous that yachts have continual racing, and little enough time wherein to make their passages. Starting on the Thames they race for three days, then race to Harwich, further north, where two days' racing takes place. Then they come back to the Thames and race to Dover for the regatta there. Thence they make for the Clyde via the south coast and Irish Sea. On the Clyde there is a fortnight of continuous racing. Then comes Belfast Lough on the east coast of Ireland, and, further south, Dublin Bay. After that Queenstown used to come, but of late it has been the custom to rush to the Solent for a scrub and preparation for the three weeks' racing beginning with Cowes week. When that is over the racing boats sometimes go to the regattas along the southwest coast, but it is the lag end of the season and everyone is heartily tired, so that very often the last week of August sees many of the racing fleet dismantling.

Kariad still continues to give Sybarita little or no chance in the Mediterranean. If this should prove to be a light-weather season, Mr. Clark will find it but dull work racing the big yawl. She is a good light-weather vessel, but her rig is evidently all against her. Kariad heels much more easily, and of course she gets along better in faint airs.

Mr. C. F. Herreshoff sails on Saturday, 12th inst., for New York, with his bride, and will not return to settle in this country. The loss is distinctly ours, and many who have had the pleasure of his acquaintance here will be sorry that he has so decided. When Capt. Nat. lays his board aside there will certainly be a good successor to carry on the Cup-defending business. But long before that happens you will have lost the Cup. Sir Thomas Lipton means to have it next time, and "the third time is the charm."

Considerable interest was taken in the last designing competition over here, and the designs published are capital. The English competitors may perhaps be more at home in the next trial, for there they have a rule to guide them. It will be interesting to see what the competitors make out of it; some will probably get softening of the brain before deciding on the leading features of the boat. That is the tendency of all modern rules. Ostensibly they are made to produce a good kind of boat, but their real function is to injure the intellect. Your rule looks quite innocent as compared with ours, but that L is a most lovely trap. The man who invented that must be devoid of all sympathy for his fellow creatures.

The marine motor boom is still in full swing here. All the makers and agents have been very busy, indeed, in several cases stock has run out. When yachtsmen become more familiar with the engines, as they will this season, the demand cannot fail to increase still more. Many are holding back in order to benefit from the experience of others. The chief demand is for auxiliary power, but even on the placid waters of the upper Thames a great number of new motor launches are to be seen already this year. Yet for the Thames the ideal launch is electric, for charging stations are now numerous. Some of these river launches are superbly finished and fitted. Expense is absolutely unspared on them, and the finest materials are used. The time for a trip up the Thames to Oxford—a most delightful voyage—is in the early autumn.

An unfortunate canoeing accident happened on March 29 on Loch Lomond, Scotland, whereby Mr. Jackson, a prominent member of the Clyde Canoe Club was drowned. He and two companions had camped at Inchmoin, and next morning they sailed, Mr. Jackson taking a different course from the others, to the rendezvous. Later on his canoe was picked up, but he was missing. A strong wind was blowing, and he was last seen standing out into open water. Two other fatalities are reported during Easter—one on the Mersey, where three yachting men were drowned through the capsizing of an open centerplate boat, and the other at Bembridge, Isle of Wight, where two men were drowned through a dinghy upsetting as they were trying to get up the anchor of a small yacht.

Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan was waited upon, on the arrival of his ship at Queenstown, by the Lord Mayor of Cork and representatives of the Royal Munster Y. C., who asked him to bring over Columbia for the regatta. He replied that he would consider the matter and communicate later. No doubt Sir Thomas Lipton will also urge him to consent, and if he does there will be no lack of special races for him.

E. H. HAMILTON.

A Month's Cruise—Maine.

BY F. L. ENO.

THERE can be no better incentive for a summer cruise than a few days of good hot weather. With the first warm rays of the April sun you begin to plan your vacation; in an underhanded sneaking sort of a way, however; you don't care that anyone should know you are looking so far ahead; but as the days grow longer and warmer, nature seems to send notice that she is at work again at the same old stand, and as memories of the last summer's joys come to you, you yearn to revisit the region which you associate with so much pleasure, and begin to figure accordingly. Your early sails are, in a way, preparatory for the cruise; and as the time draws near (how the days drag, the days that will fly so quickly when you are once away), you have the details of your departure down fine, and you begin to reckon on the weather a week before you start.

The heated city becomes more and more distasteful; your office is a prison; you peer up at the sky with its fleecy clouds driving across and curse the four walls that hold you; air, sun, light, wind and sea are waiting for you just outside your den, and you are sick of the pent-up, stuffy life of the town. The warm wind that draws in through your window, laden with the mingled odors of court and street, is at once a suggestion and a mockery of the breeze that is sweeping at that very moment over laughing waters and pine-clad shores a hundred miles away, and you can stand it no longer. It is only a matter of time. At last come three blistering days in August and you give it up. Maine is calling in tones that ring in your ears night and day: "Come to me. I have forests of fragrant pines, thousands of miles of coast, islands, bays, rivers, beaches, cooling waters and salt, glorious air, without end and without price. Come, take what you want, and I will give you beside the color of an Indian, the appetite of a wolf, the strength of a bull, and the heart of a boy, and make a man out of this thing from the city."

And you go. Let the poor devils who have to stay, or think they have to stay in town, wallow in their misery; you are out of it all and have earned a holiday which will pay for this broiling and baking.

I had fixed upon Saturday of the second week of August, 1900, as the day of days, and had planned something like this: I can take an early train and we can leave Marblehead about four o'clock, perhaps get as far as Gloucester, then if we can get away early the next morning and if the wind comes fair, we ought to be well down Portland way by night.

I had often done it before; in fact, you can count on southwest winds six days in the week in summertime on the Maine coast, and then from Portland we would have a month of savage freedom among the islands.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday were record-breakers, and Saturday seemed the culmination of all that was diabolical in temperature. With what joyous anticipations, then, did I leave the quivering atmosphere of Boston's streets and feel that I was started, at any rate, but (and here the ifs and buts come in), several hours later than I had planned.

"No Gloucester for us to-night," I said to my wife, who had been patiently waiting, "but we shall not lose much, for we can start early in the morning." So we stocked up with ice, milk, and the usual provisions, and hung to our moorings in Marblehead.

I will not take the space for a full description of our little ship; see FOREST AND STREAM a few years back under the title, "A Few Days Single-handed."

Suffice it to say, the Sea Witch is a stout little cutter 22ft. waterline, 7ft. 3in. beam, 5ft. draft, and a good cruising boat for us two who formed the ship's company.

I doubt if I ever passed a hotter night on the water. The fore hatch was raised to send the faint breeze through the cabin, but with that it was stifling; the air from the land seemed tired and played out; but let her sizzle now. It can't be too hot for us; there is always the cool water alongside; and with visions of green islands and sun-lit coasts we were soon lost to all longshore cares—and awoke shivering!

Our luck had turned with the wind, and a cold north-east driving in upset our plans for a speedy run, but we would make Gloucester, at any rate, so we started along, and a cold, wet sail we had on the wind all the way, but arrived about noon, and, snugly anchored in my favorite berth in Smith's cove, felt that we were fairly away, and forgot that there were such things as heat and dust and prison walls.

The afternoon was spent in putting things to rights, for in a cabin 8ft. by 7ft. and a galley 6ft. by 6ft. there is no room to spare, and if any article is once lost in that restricted area you might as well give it up until the time for hauling out in the fall, when it may come to light. It seems as though the chance of forever parting with any particular article increases as the size of your boat diminishes. If I were cruising in a 10ft. tender I should expect to lose both oars the moment I laid them down.

Monday opened with a drizzle, so I put the yacht in the dock, skated around up to my knees in the cold mud, and attacked the bottom with broom and scraper, and at midnight hove out into the cove again and hoped that the morning would give us a show.

But the morrow told the same story of fog and mist and doleful whistles from outside, so we towed up to an anchorage off Five Pound Island for a change of scene.

That evening at twilight, while we were sitting on deck waiting for the potatoes to bake, and watching the busy traffic about us, a building on the East Gloucester side burst into flames as if by magic; the whole thing was enveloped within a minute, as it seemed, and then the harbor was a curious sight. Every yacht in the place, and there were a score or more, as though at a given signal, sent away a boat, all hands pulling like mad for the landing. The revenue cutter sent a boat's crew, and it was quite exciting.

An old vacant ice house, which was a heap of cinders before we arrived, was the harmless source of what promised to be a great fire; in the dim twilight it looked as though the whole of East Gloucester was doomed.

The bluejackets from the cutter, passing buckets on the

roof of a neighboring building, lent a touch of romance to the scene, and the good-natured crowd geyed everybody and everything.

"Here come the swells," remarked a little tow-headed fellow, whom we afterward saw in Portland harbor cruising around in a crazy catboat, and I heard the soft swish of silk skirts as a crowd of girls from the hotels passed by.

Wednesday morning, with a light south wind, we started around the cape, and were again disappointed, for off Thatcher's it began to rain, and looked so threatening that I dared not keep on across the bay, but ran around into Lanesville.

Cape Ann is curious ground, and though I have been here for years, I never tire of the tremendous rocks and wild stretch of coast; you can stand right in to the rocks here and have ten or twelve fathoms, but anchoring is impossible with ordinary cables. The long point called Halibut Point juts out to meet the seas that roll in from 3,000 miles of ocean, and in a northeast gale the sight is grand.

We shot into Lanesville about noon and tied up at the dock. I say "shot," for the place is an artificial harbor, with enormous blocks of granite built to form an entrance about forty feet in width, through which you must luff or sail with your boom amidships, and then stand by with a line to snub her before she goes into the opposite dock.

The place looks snug enough, but the undertow is strong, and, as we found the next day, it is a poor refuge in an easterly.

The dock at the eastward of the entrance was full of vessels and boats, so I hauled in alongside the west pier and got out lines and made all snug, set the awning, as much to keep out prying eyes as the rain, for at low water we lay 15ft. below the level of the wharf, and then we started "uptown" to look around and buy provisions.

A man came down the dock. "I'll have to charge you wharfage, I suppose," in a tone of apology.

"How much?" I asked, with visions of \$5 a day and a possible week of fog ahead of us.

"Oh, a quarter, I guess."

I flipped him the coin with the air of a captain of industry, and asked him to report us "five days from Marblehead."

The next day it rained. I don't mean every-day rain; it came in chunks, and made the water boil in the little harbor. We staid below all day. I was cook and had my hands full. C. usually ran that end of the outfit, but this day I got both meals, and it took about all day to prepare them and clean up afterward. We read the rest of the time, and about 5 P. M., when it let up a bit, took a turn along the rocks toward Annisquam.

To a stranger the approach to Lanesville is most puzzling. He would not know what was inside, and with any wind it appears very risky to stand in on those tremendous walls, whose sharp corners would soon smash a craft to matchwood; and 40ft. is a mighty small hole to hit, where a miss would be fatal. With a fair wind you can down mainsail and go in all right or with a head wind luff, but you need plenty of lines ready, for you cannot anchor; the bottom is smooth rock.

A small fishing schooner outside, where the fog threatened to roll in again, wore ship and stood for the opening, and we hurried back to see her "shoot the chutes." It had breezed up very strong, was rough outside, and she came plowing along with a bone in her teeth until just opposite the entrance, when jibs and mainsail came down on the run, and under foresail she slipped in as neat as could be done and hove a line. A big stone sloop followed later and another schooner.

Now, on the height of the tide, in the strong wind and sea coming in through the cut, our berth was rather rough, and C. began to feel a little sick below, so I ran a line to a schooner and put our yacht at the head of the south dock, where we would be aground at low water, and be assured of a quiet night.

The business here is "paving." Thousands of the small rectangular blocks which you see being laid in the street are here piled in long rows on the docks, and vessels are loading with them and with the immense granite blocks, a few of which make a cargo for the big sloops.

We went aboard one of the stone sloops that run granite to Boston. The timbers of the hull and the deck beams were of great size, for the largest blocks are carried on deck, handled by the little "donkey" forward, and if you have ever seen these sloops off in the bay, loaded, you have noticed that the yawl boat is not at the davits; it is towing astern—for obvious reasons.

I was struck with the cleanliness of this little harbor. The great depth of water outside insures pure water in the harbor, and the extended heaps of granite blocks afford small chance for dirt. Perhaps the rain had washed away all but the rocks, but there seemed to be no place for dust, even at the driest times. There is so much rock that earth is at a premium.

The sunset over the Ipswich downs gave promise of a fair day on the morrow, and glad enough were we to see it; five days now we had been more or less wet and sunless, and for a starter it was a little dampening, and instead of being in the Penobscot, as I had hoped to be by this time, we were scarcely five hours' sail from home; so when daylight streamed into the cabin we put away a hurried breakfast and I towed her outside.

It was a morning of rare beauty. The sea, without a ripple, was gently heaving from the old swell, and the warm rays of the sun felt doubly acceptable after his long absence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

YACHT CLUB NOTES.

Mr. Johnston de Forest, chairman of the Race Committee of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., has sent out the following announcement: The Race Committee hereby again calls attention to the fact that in all yacht races held under the auspices of the club during the coming season of 1902, yachts will be measured for time allowance under the new rule of measurement. No yachts will be entitled to receive prizes unless they have been measured prior to their starting in a race. Some of the measurements can be obtained only while the yachts are out of water. Mr. John Hyslop, the measurer of the club, is now

ready to measure any yachts, and earnestly requests that owners notify him at the earliest possible moment of their desire for measurement. Mr. Hyslop's address is No. 4 Riverview Terrace, New York city. Attention is further called to the fact that the rule of measurement referred to has been adopted by all clubs holding races on Long Island Sound.

The Yapewi Aquatic Club, of Bordentown-on-the-Delaware, has elected the following officers to serve for 1902: Pres., Ira C. Leedom; Vice-Pres., Cornelius E. Force; Sec'y, J. Bert Reynolds; Purser, Charles E. Burr; Capt., Louis W. Wiese; Mate, William M. Kester; Board of Directors, Harry C. Ford, Frederic W. Taylor, Horace G. Reeder, Howard L. Newell and Paul Traub.

Com. Arthur Curtiss James, of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., has appointed Mr. Franklin A. Plummer Fleet Captain.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Sec'y George A. Cormack, of the New York Y. C., announces that the club book is already in the hands of the printer, and will be delivered to members of the club by June 15.

Dr. John B. Palmer is to have a yacht built from Mr. Henry J. Gielow's designs, and it is possible that she will be raced on the Sound and in the M. Y. R. A. 21ft. restricted class. The boat is 35ft. 9in. over all, 21ft. waterline, 8ft. 6in. breadth and 5ft. 6in. draft.

The Regatta Committee of the American Y. C. states that the first race will be held on Decoration Day, when the club will go into commission. The club now has three one-design classes, and the names of the different owners are as follows:

Fifteen-foot Class—A. J. Cumnock, Simeon Ford, R. Curtis, R. T. Wainwright, Arthur Sherman, Herbert A. Sherman, William H. Parsons, Jr., W. W. Caswell, William H. Browning, Stuyvesant Wainwright, Mulford Martin.

Eighteen-foot Class—George Powers, John I. Downey, Herbert A. Sherman, Edwin Gould, Simeon Ford, J. Howard Wainwright.

Twenty-one-foot Class—Trenor L. Park, Oliver Harri-man, Jr., William H. Browning, Howard Willets, Samuel C. Hopkins, Slocum Howland, Stuyvesant Wainwright.

Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane have sold the schooner yacht Marguerite for the estate of Prescott Hall Butler to Mr. Thomas Stillman, of New York city. This firm has chartered the steam yacht Zara, owned by Mr. Harrison B. Moore, to Mr. Harry J. Luce. They have also chartered the steam house-boat Pioneer, owned by Mr. George E. Chisholm, to Mr. Archibald Rogers.

The Ocean Y. C., of Staten Island, is to have a one-design class. Five boats are being built at Mariner's Harbor for members. The boats are rapidly nearing completion, and will be finished before the end of this month.

Messrs. Huntington & Seaman have sold for Mr. Horace F. Smith, of Philadelphia, Pa., the auxiliary yawl Rosalind. This firm has also sold the schooner yacht Winona for Messrs. T. S. and C. McK. Leoser.

In order to correct a false impression that may have been made by an article that appeared in these columns in our issue of April 12, regarding the steam yacht designed for Mr. Henry Clay Pierce by Messrs. Gardner & Cox, we wish to make the following statement: The yacht was originally designed for Mr. Henry Clay Pierce, but owing to his severe illness it was impossible for him to take the trip around the world which he had contemplated, and the vessel was put on the market. Mr. A. C. Burrage, of Boston, being desirous of securing a boat of the seagoing type, found Aztec (for such is the yacht's name) the only one available for his purpose. The designers have entire charge of the work for Mr. Burrage, and expect to have her out by the latter part of June or the first of July. The yacht was never lengthened from the time the contract for her construction was formally awarded, and she stands to-day exactly as originally laid down at Lewis Nixon's ship yard, Elizabethport, N. J.

The following is a complete list of sales made by Messrs. Gardner & Cox this spring: The auxiliary ketch Aneomone, for Mr. A. B. Tughill, England, to Hon. John Murray Mitchell. She is 102.2ft between perpendiculars, 91ft. waterline, 19.5ft. breadth and 11.6ft. draft. Aneomone was designed by Mr. A. H. Brown and built in 1899 at Gosport, England, by Messrs. Camper & Nicholson. The steam yacht Parthenia for Mr. C. G. Conn, of Elkhart, Ind., to Mr. W. Lanman Bell, of New York; she is 142ft. over all, 115ft. waterline, 18ft. breadth and 8ft. draft. Parthenia was designed by Messrs. Gardner & Cox, and built by the Delaware River Iron Shipbuilding and Engine Works, Chester, Pa., in 1896. The auxiliary steam yacht Wild Duck for Gen. Francis V. Greene to Mr. S. M. Prevost, of Philadelphia; she is 146ft. over all, 129.8ft. waterline, 27ft. breadth and 9ft. draft. Wild duck was designed by the late Edward Burgess and built at the Atlantic Works, East Boston, Mass., in 1891. The twin screw steam yacht Alvina for Mr. Charles Fletcher, of Providence, R. I., to Mr. Clement A. Griscom, of Philadelphia; she is 215ft. over all, 179ft. waterline, 26.8ft. breadth and 12.4ft. draft. Alvina was designed by Mr. A. S. Cheesborough, and built by the Harlan & Hollingsworth Co., Wilmington, Del., in 1901. The racing sloop Virginia II, formerly Oiseau, for Mr. Gordon L. Pirie, to Mr. Isaac Stern, both of New York. She is 43ft. over all, 25ft. waterline, 10ft. beam and 6.5ft. draft. Virginia II was designed and built by the Herreshoff Mfg. Co. in 1899. The knockabout Mab II, for Mr. Clifford V. Brokaw, of New York, to Mr. E. H. Litchfield, of New York; she is 42ft. over all, 25ft. waterline, 10ft. breadth and 3.6ft. draft. Mab II was designed by Mr. B. B. Crowninshield and built in 1900. The steam yacht Wachu-

sett for Mr. Edward Weston to Mr. W. A. Jamison; she is 108ft. over all, 85.6ft. waterline, 15ft. breadth and 5ft. draft. Wachusett was designed and built by the Gas Engine and Power Co., Morris Heights, in 1896. The sloop Flirt for Mr. F. W. Fabyan, of Boston, to Mr. Frank E. Bond, of Philadelphia; she is 39.6ft. over all, 24.10ft. waterline, 9ft. breadth and 6.6ft. draft. Flirt was designed by Mr. B. B. Crowninshield and built by David Fenton at Manchester, Mass., in 1900. The schooner Quissetta for Mr. Henry F. Lippitt, of Providence, R. I., to Mr. Samuel C. Davis, of St. Louis, Mo.; she is 96ft. over all, 66.6ft. waterline, 18ft. breadth and 10.9ft. draft. Quissetta was designed by Messrs. Gardner & Cox and built by T. S. Marvel & Co., Newburg, in 1896. The steam yacht Juanita for Mr. David Lamar to Mr. Frank B. McQuestion; she is 135ft. over all, 112.6ft. waterline, 16ft. breadth and 7ft. draft. Juanita was designed and built by the Chas. L. Seabury Co. in 1896. The schooner Saxton for Mr. John I. Waterbury, of New York, to Mr. Edgar Harding, of Boston; she is 101ft. over all, 92ft. waterline, 23ft. breadth, 10.8ft. draft. Saxton was designed by Mr. William Rogers and was built at Northport, L. I., by Jesse Carr in 1885.

Messrs. William Gardner, B. B. Crowninshield and Clinton H. Crane, the naval architects, who have consented to look into the question of a measurement rule for the Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound, met at Sherry's, New York city, on Thursday evening, April 17. The result of the conference was not made public, but it is understood that these gentlemen agreed on the main points and that they would reach some definite conclusions before making their formal report to the Association in the fall.

Mr. Clement A. Griscom, of Philadelphia, has sold his schooner yacht Alert to Mr. Henry S. Parmelee, of New Haven, Conn.

Mr. Stephen S. Palmer, of New York city, has chartered through the agency of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane the English-built steam yacht Christabel. The yacht is now in British water and will arrive here about June 1.

We have received from the Spalding St. Lawrence Boat Co. their 1902 spar booklet, which has but recently been issued. This little publication gives much interesting information regarding the Fraser hollow spar, and as to the construction and comparative weights, etc., of same. Mr. Fraser, the manager of the Spalding St. Lawrence Boat Co., has made these spars famous throughout the yachting world, they being almost as well known in Europe as in the United States. We are informed that nearly all the sailing yachts designed and built by Messrs. Wm. Fife & Son during the past two years, and in fact most of the best known racing yachts of Great Britain are carrying these hollow wood spars as made at Ogdensburg, N. Y.

The Spalding St. Lawrence Boat Co., of Ogdensburg, N. Y., have just shipped to Germany three davit boats for the Emperor's schooner yacht Meteor, viz., a 26ft. owner's gig, a 19ft. cutter and a 16ft. dinghy. These boats are of the highest possible grade, the planking and general finish being mahogany.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Rifle at Shell Mound.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 13.—A beautiful day greeted the marksmen at Shell Mound range yesterday. Mr. Gorman as usual showed wonderful skill with the pistol, making 97, 97 at 50yds. on the Standard American target. Scores: Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club, monthly medal shoot: Rifle handicap—M. F. Blasse, 224; 215, 202, 200; W. F. Blasse, 196; Frank E. Mason, 228. Gold medal—William Ehrenpfort, 168, 183, 171, 175, 171; J. F. Bridges, 205; H. Hinkel, 214, 216. Silver medal—O. Bremer, 212; A. C. Thode, 193. Glindemann trophy—M. F. Blasse, 209; W. F. Blasse, 187; F. E. Mason 222. Pistol handicap—W. F. Blasse, 87, 84, 83, 87, 86; E. L. Riemenschneider, 59, 58; C. L. Wheeler, 64; J. E. Gorman, 97, 97; J. Kullmann, 81, 82, 90, 84, 81; M. F. Blasse, 85. Revolver handicap—H. Hinke, 83, 71; J. W. Tompkins, 67, 81, 83, 81, 72, 69, 76, 78, 80; J. Trego, 87; P. A. Becker, 91; C. O. Wheeler, 64; J. Kullmann, 84; J. E. Gorman, 93. Gold medal—L. C. Hinkel, 89, 82, 85, 85. Gold medal, pistol—G. Tammeyer, 95; L. C. Hinkel, 85. Silver medal, revolver—L. C. Hinkel, 85, 75, 67, 75, 91. Silver medal, pistol—G. Tammeyer, 84; L. C. Hinkel, 74. Germania Club competition shoot: A. Pape 72, F. E. Mason 72, D. B. Faktor 70, F. P. Schuster 70, A. Jungblut 68, J. D. Heise 68, Herman Huber 68, D. Salfeld 67. Trophy shoot: F. E. Mason 226, A. Pape 224, D. B. Faktor 222, H. Huber 214, F. P. Schuster 209, D. Salfeld 202. Germania Schuetzen Club, monthly medal shoot: First champion class, A. Gehret, 224; second champion class, O. Bremer 219; first class, J. D. Heise 208; second class, W. Goetze, 218; third class, J. Beuttler, 177; best first shot, R. Stettin, 24; best last shot, F. P. Schuster, 25. ROEEL.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

April 23-24.—Farmer City, Ill.—Farmer City Gun Club's tournament. April 26.—Ossining, N. Y.—Cup shoot of the Ossining Gun Club. C. G. Blandford, Capt. April 29-30.—Greenville, O.—Annual tournament of the Greenville Gun Club. H. A. McCaughey, Sec'y. April 30.—Wellington, Mass.—Third annual team shoot of the Boston Gun Club. Horace C. Kirkwood, Sec'y. May 1-2.—Glen Rock, Pa.—Spring Target shoot of the Glen Rock Gun Club. Open to all. Allen M. Seitz, Sec'y. May 1-2.—Central City, Ia.—Wapee Gun Club target tournament; \$40 for high average. A. P. Ward, Mgr. May 3.—Ashland, Va.—Shoot of the Ashland Gun Club. Thos. H. Fox, Sec'y-Treas. May 6-9.—Interstate Park, L. I.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap at Targets. Edward Banks, Sec'y; Elmer E. Shaner, Manager. May 6-7.—Natchez, Miss.—Tournament of the Mississippi and Louisiana Trapshooters' League. C. W. Walton, Sec'y. May 7-8.—Luverne, Minn.—Luverne Gun Club's fourth annual tournament. May 7-8.—Crawfordsville, Ind.—Target tournament of the Crawfordsville Gun Club; \$400 guaranteed. Mac. Stillwell, Sec'y.

May 8-9.—Milton, Pa.—Milton Rod and Gun Club's tournament. G. Dal Fox, Pres.

May 9.—Sistersville, W. Va.—All-day tournament of the Sistersville Gun Club. Ed. O. Bower, Sec'y.

May 10.—Jersey City.—All-day shoot of the Hudson Gun Club. Main event, target handicap, \$10 added. J. L. Hughes, Sec'y.

May 13-14.—Enid, Oklahoma Territory.—Oklahoma Territorial Sportsmen's Association tournament.

May 13-16.—Oil City, Pa.—Annual meeting of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. F. S. Bates, Cor. Sec'y.

May 14-16.—Charleston, S. C.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Charleston-Palmetto Gun Club. W. G. Jeffords, Jr., Sec'y.

May 15.—Sherbrooke, P. Q.—Sherbrooke Gun Club's inanimate target tournament. C. H. Foss, Sec'y.

May 17.—Newark, N. J.—Richmond Gun Club's shoot, on Smith Brothers' grounds, Newark. Also three-cornered match between Messrs. Hawes, Bechtel and Schoverling, for a \$20 purse. A. A. Schoverling, Sec'y.

May 19-22.—San Antonio, Tex.—Texas State Sportsmen's Association's tournament; \$500 added. Col. O. C. Guessaz, Sec'y.

May 20-22.—Ottumwa, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's tournament.

May 20-22.—Elwood, Ind.—Annual tournament of the Zoo Rod and Gun Club, of Elwood, Ind.

May 20-22.—Wheeling, W. Va.—Fifth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association; added money and prizes. John B. Garden, Sec'y, Wheeling, W. Va.

May 20-23.—Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Ill.—Twenty-eighth annual tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. E. Bingham, Sec'y.

May 21-22.—Springfield, S. D.—Fifteenth annual tournament of the South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association. E. E. Aney, Sec'y.

May 21-22.—Baltimore, Md.—Maryland county shoot for amateurs.

May 21-23.—Springfield, S. D.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association tournament.

May 22-26.—Frechold, N. J.—New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association.

May 26-31.—Lincoln, Neb.—Grand Interstate tournament; three days shooting; three days golf; three days tennis. H. C. Young, Manager.

May 27-29.—Bowling Green, N. Y.—Bowling Green Gun Club's target and live-bird tournament. G. A. Hobson, Sec'y.

May 28-29.—Williamsport, Pa.—West Branch Rod and Gun Club's target tournament. H. A. Dimick, Sec'y.

May 28-29.—Anamosa, Ia.—The Prison City Gun Club's two days' tournament at targets; \$100 for high averages. H. Been, Sec'y.

May 28-30.—Flint, Mich.—Annual tournament of the Michigan State Trapshooters' League. C. Caleb, Sec'y.

May 30.—Norristown, Pa.—Tournament of the Penn Gun Club. J. R. Yost, Sec'y.

May 30.—Newport, R. I.—Memorial Day shoot of the Aquidneck Gun Club. J. S. Coggeshall, Sec'y.

May 30.—Schenectady, N. Y.—Spring tournament of the Schenectady Gun Club. E. L. Aiken, Sec'y.

May 30.—Ossining, N. Y.—Holiday shoot of the Westchester County Trapshooters' League. J. Curry Barlow, Sec'y.

May 30.—Auburn, Me.—Annual tournament of the Auburn Gun Club. L. A. Barker, Sec'y.

May 30-31.—Altoona, Pa.—Altoona Rod and Gun Club's tenth annual tournament. George G. Zeth, Sec'y, Altoona, Pa.

May 30-31.—Union City, Ind.—Spring tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club. O. E. Fouts, Sec'y.

June 3-5.—Cleveland, O.—Tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League, under the auspices of the Cleveland Gun Co.

June 4-5.—Huntington, Ind.—Eric Gun Club's annual tournament.

June 10-12.—Memphis, Tenn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Memphis Gun Club.

July 8-10.—Pine Bluff, Ark.—Twelfth annual meeting and tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association. Targets. Added money \$300. Rose system. Paul R. Litzke, Sec'y.

June 9-13.—Rochester, N. Y.—Forty-fourth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game.

June 10-11.—Sioux City, Ia.—Eighth annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.

June 10-11.—Muncie, Ind.—Indiana Trapshooters' League's annual tournament.

June 12-15.—Denver, Colo.—Grand Western Bluecock Handicap tournament. Frank H. Mayer, Tournament Manager.

June 17-18.—Shreveport, La.—Tournament of the Mississippi and Louisiana Trapshooters' League, under auspices of the Caddo Gun Club. V. T. Fulton, Sec'y.

June 17-20.—Warm Springs, Ga.—Annual Interstate tournament.

June 18.—New London, Ia.—Annual Midsummer tournament of the New London Gun Club. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y.

June 18-19.—Bellefontaine, O.—Silver Lake Gun Club's annual tournament. Geo. E. Malone, Sec'y.

June 19-22.—Denver, Colo.—Colorado State tournament.

June 25-26.—W. Alexandria, O.—Twin Valley Shotgun Club's first annual shoot.

June 26-26.—Raleigh, N. C.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Raleigh Gun Club. Jas. I. Johnson, Sec'y.

June 26-28.—Portland, Ore.—Eighteenth annual tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest.

June 29.—San Francisco, Cal.—Live-bird shoot of the Union Gun Club.

July 4.—Mt. Kisco, N. Y.—Third tournament of the Westchester County Trapshooting Association. J. C. Barlow, Sec'y.

July 16-18.—Titusville, Pa.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Titusville Gun Club. T. L. Andrews, Sec'y.

July 22-23.—Greenville, Miss.—Mississippi and Louisiana Trapshooters' League target tournament. C. W. Walton, Sec'y, Natchez, Miss.

Aug. 6-7.—Marietta, O.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Columbian Gun Club. Chas. Bailey, Sec'y.

Aug. 12-13.—Birmingham, Ala.—Third annual Alabama State target tournament, under the auspices of the Birmingham Gun Club. R. H. Baugh, Sec'y.

Aug. 13-14.—Brunswick, Me.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Brunswick Gun Club. L. C. Whitmore, Sec'y.

Aug. 14-16.—Hamilton, Can.—Dominion Trapshooting and Game Protective Association's tournament.

Aug. 19-20.—Vicksburg, Miss.—Mississippi and Louisiana Trapshooters' League target tournament. C. W. Walton, Sec'y, Natchez, Miss.

Aug. 27-28.—Haverhill, Mass.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Haverhill Gun Club. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.

Sept. 3-4.—Nappanee, Ind.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Nappanee Gun Club. B. B. Maust, Sec'y.

Sept. 23-25.—Cincinnati, O.—Second annual handicap target tournament of the Cincinnati Gun Club. Charles F. Dreihls, Sec'y.

Sept. 29-30.—Lewistown, Ill.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Lewistown Gun Club. H. H. McCumber, Sec'y.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot, every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifth-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

First Saturday of each month for a year, Burnside.—Contest for the Troisdorf live-bird and target medals; 10 live birds; 25 targets; open to all. First contest, March 1.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The next annual meeting of the Missouri State Amateur Shooting Association will be held in the same city in which it was held this year, namely, St. Joseph, Mo.

The programme of the Interstate trapshooting tournament, given for the Charleston Palmetto Gun Club, at Charleston, S. C., May 14, 15 and 16, has been issued, and may be obtained of the club secretary, Mr. W. G. Jeffords, Jr., Box 368, Charleston; or the Interstate Association manager, Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, Pittsburg, Pa. The programme is alike for each day, ten events, alternately 15 and 20 targets, \$1.50 and \$2 entrance. The tournament will be held on the grounds of the South Carolina Interstate Exposition. An admission fee of 50 cents will entitle any one to visit the whole exposition. Rose system will govern the division of the moneys, ratios 5, 4, 3 and 2. Guns and ammunition forwarded to the B. H. Worthen Arms Company will be delivered on the shooting grounds free of charge. Shells for sale on the grounds. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock each day. Take King street and Rutledge avenue lines of cars. Lunch will be served on the grounds. The programme further presents the following information: "Contestants are requested to make entries for the entire programme each day. Money will be refunded in all uncontested events, and the contestant has but to notify the cashier of his intention to withdraw. One hundred and fifty dollars in merchandise prizes for contestants barred from the money, and shooting through the entire programme. Handicaps 14 to 22yds. High guns. The handicap committee will be selected from the contestants present. Event No. 4 the second day will be known as the Concessionaires' Handicap, in which the Concessionaires will contest among themselves for a special prize. This will not interfere in any way with the regular programme. Railroad rates will be exceptionally low."

The programme of the Greenville, O., Gun Club's strictly amateur shoot, April 29 and 30, can be obtained of Mr. H. A. McCaughey, the secretary. All known 90 per cent. shooters are barred from prize competition. This is rather a mistaken view of what constitutes an amateur, as the degree of skill is not at all pertinent to the definition of one. There are twelve similar events on the programme of each day, eight at 15 and four at 20 targets, \$1.50 and \$2 entrance. Shoot, rain or shine. Lunch served on the grounds. Targets two cents. Moneys in 15-target events divided 50, 30 and 20; in 20-target events 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Average money, \$25 for three high guns; \$5 for lowest gun. Mr. Z. T. Dorman is the president; Mr. H. A. McCaughey, the secretary.

The secretary-treasurer of the club, Mr. J. S. Coggeshall, of Newport, R. I., writes us as follows: "The Aquidneck Gun Club, Newport, R. I., will hold an open sweepstake tournament on Memorial Day, May 30. The programme carries a total of 150 targets, divided into nine events, as follows: Four 15s, 90 cents entrance; four 20s, \$1.20 entrance, and one at 5 pairs, 60 cents entrance. Targets, 1 cent, included in entrance. Three traps, Sergeant system, electric pulls. Money divided Rose system. Sweeps optional. Lunch served on grounds. Take Broadway cars to One Mile corner."

Under date of April 19, Mr. R. T. Gowan, secretary-treasurer of the Raleigh, N. C., Gun Club, writes us as follows: "The Raleigh Gun Club elected the following officers at annual meeting, Thursday night: President, James J. Johnson; Vice-President, J. F. Ferrell; Secretary and Treasurer, R. T. Gowan; Captain, Geo. N. Walters. We had the pleasure of having Mr. H. P. Collins and Benj. Eick, representatives of the Dupont Powder Company, with us at our last shoot. Both made good scores, and we hope to have them with us again soon."

Col. O. C. Guessaz, known as a tireless, energetic and popular promoter of wholesome sport, informs us that the tournament of the Texas State Sportsmen's Association will be held on May 19 to 22, and that \$500 will be added. San Antonio, in the annals of trapshooting, is famous for its great and successful tournaments, so that the one forthcoming will undoubtedly be a grand rally of shooters from all points of the compass, as in the past.

Mr. A. A. Schoverling, secretary of the R. G. C., writes us as follows: "The next live-bird shoot of the Richmond Gun Club will take place on Smith Brothers' grounds, Newark, N. J., on May 17, at 1 P. M. There will be a three-cornered match on that day between Messrs. A. Hawes, 28yds.; Geo. Bechtel, 28yds., and A. A. Schoverling, 30yds; 20 birds, \$20; winner take all and pay for birds."

The Milton, Pa., Rod and Gun Club announces its tournament May 8 and 9. In this connection, its preliminary announcement advises: "Make your plans to be with the boys on these dates, for the birds will be a fast lot, the magatrap well oiled, buildings dressed in new spring clothes, refreshments on the spot, and tempting prizes for the lucky ones." Mr. G. Dal Fox is the president.

The last of the season shoot of the Oceanic Rod and Gun Club (the Cuckoos) will be held at Rockaway Park, L. I., on April 27. Trains leave East Thirty-fourth street and Flatbush station about 9 and 11 o'clock A. M. Targets \$1.50 per hundred. Mr. J. H. W. Fleming (Johnnie Jones) is the secretary.

The next shoot for the J. R. Campbell trophy will take place on May 3, at Oil City, Pa., between Messrs. Eaton, holder, and Mr. F. S. Bates. Mr. Eaton successfully defended his title to it on April 19 against Mr. J. R. Campbell by a score of 76 to 74 out of a possible 100, at targets.

The Carteret Gun Club, Garden City, J. I., famous in the history of shooting events, has been seeking quarters in New Jersey since the New York anti-trapshooting of pigeons was passed, and it is rumored that that club has at length secured satisfactory grounds in that State.

The Breeder and Sportsman of April 12 reports the safe return of Messrs. Harvey McMurchy and Phil Beckett to San Francisco from Kansas City. The visit of Mr. McMurchy was a happy coincidence with the success of the Smith gun in the Grand American Handicap.

The rules governing the 1902 trophy shoot of the Consolidated Sportsmen's Association, of Grand Rapids, Mich., with score card for keeping individual scores, may be obtained of Messrs. T. S. Hudson, Jos. Rosmer or Otis A. Felger, Grand Rapids.

In the competition for high average at the Missouri State shoot last week, the standing of the contestants was as follows: First, Fred Gilbert; second, W. R. Crosby; third, E. D. Fulford; fourth, Garrett, fifth, Spencer; sixth, Burnside and Badger.

The New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association held a meeting in Newark on Wednesday, of last week, at which it was decided that the next tournament of the Association would be held on May 22 to 26, at Frechold, N. J.

The Jackson Gun Club, of Paterson, N. J., has made much progress in repairing the damage done to its grounds by the recent disastrous floods, and will resume its regular club competition in the near future.

We are informed that on May 14 a match has been arranged to take place between Messrs. Dick Mohrmann and Chas. Plate, of the Erie Gun Club, 100 live birds, \$100 a side, at Outwater's, near Carlstadt, N. J.

An eight-man team contest took place between members of the Schenectady and Ossining gun clubs at Ossining, N. Y., on April 19. The Ossining team won; score, 314 to 305, each man shooting at 50 targets.

The Hudson Gun Club, of Jersey City, announces an all-day target shoot for May 10, commencing at 9 o'clock. The main event will be at 100 targets, optional sweepstake, \$10 added, handicaps 1 to 19yds.

The Sistersville, W. Va., Gun Club will hold its all-day target tournament on May 9. Programmes can be obtained of the secretary, Mr. Ed. O. Bower, Sistersville.

BERNARD WATERS.

Oil City Gun Club.

OIL CITY, Pa., April 19.—Wm. Eaton won the J. R. Campbell trophy Saturday afternoon in a very close contest, with a score of 76 out of 100. The next shoot for the trophy will take place on Saturday, May 3, at which time Eaton will be called on to defend against F. S. Bates in a 100-bird race. The attendance was large in the other events, and some good scores were made.

Conditions were very favorable for good scores. Dark, and high wind made very erratic targets.

Saturday afternoon, April 26, is the next regular medal day, at which time both the 20yd. and handicap medal will be contested for. The scores:

J. R. Campbell trophy:	
C. H. Lay, Jr.	1101011101101100111111—19
Wm. Eaton	11111111110111011000—20
	1100001110001111011100—15
	011111111011011101011—20
	11111111111100011111—22
	1011011101111001011001—17
	00101111101101101101—18
	10110111011011011111—19

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Smedley	14	10	11	10	12	11		
Bates	12	8	11	11	13		7	
Lay, Jr.	14							
R. C. Lay	13	13					6	
Eaton	14	14					9	
Loomis	10	9	11	10	9	8	9	
Kimber	6	6	4					5
Crozier	8	10	10					
Ash	5	5	7					
Faskett	11	11	13					
Graham	13	13	10	11				
G. W. Kern	7	10	10				6	
McLouth	6	7	10					3
Cooper	8	9	12					3
Davis	3	6	9					3
Logan	8	6						

Nos 1 to 6 were at 15 singles each; Nos. 7 and 8 were at 5 pairs.

Two-man team race: Smedley and Bates 19, Lay, Jr., and R. C. Lay 19, Eaton and Loomis 19, Kimber and Crozier 16.

F. S. BATES.

Clearview Gun Club.

DARBY, Pa., April 19.—The trophy shoot of the Clearview Gun Club was shot half way through, at 50 targets instead of 100, as originally arranged. It was a distance handicap contest. The clubs of this section were well represented in the competition. Owing to the trap getting out of order the contest was unfinished. Following are the scores of the first 50 shot at, the remaining 50 to be shot at some later date:

	1st round.	2d round.	Handicap.	Total.
Ridge	25	23	19	64
Brennan	23	23	18	64
Roser	20	21	17	58
J. Edwards	19	22	18	59
W. R. Park	21	25	16	62
Mrs. Park	22	18	16	56
Apken	25	24	19	68
Mink	24	25	19	68
Fisher	24	23	18	65
Felix	20	25	17	62
Downs	23	21	16	60
W. J. Davis	20	21	16	57
Torpey	19	23	16	58
George	18	21	16	55
Oliver	20	20	16	56
Lefever	22	21	14	60
R. Muller	19	21	13	53
Gill	15	18	13	46
Cotling	25	21	12	58
Kilpatrick	15	15	14	44
Myers	19	22	16	57
Lubin	22	23	15	60
F. Muller	24	23	15	62
Barr	16	18	14	48
Gilbert	18	18	13	49
A. Edwards	22	25	14	61

Sweepstake, 10 targets: Ridge 10, Apken 10, Edwards 8, Cloud 6, Husland 4, Fisher 9.

Sweepstake, 15 targets: Ridge 14, Fisher 13, Cloud 11, Rosie 12, Davis 13, Apken 13, Downs 12, Gilbert 10, Husland 9, Mink 15, Edwards 15, Brennan 13, Darlington 9, Cotling 12.

Wollaston Trap Club.

WOLLASTON, MASS., April 19.—A perfect day for trapshooting was enjoyed by the shooters at the grounds of the Wollaston Trap Club to-day. The Sergeant system was used for the first time, and seems to be an improvement over the old system. The shooting was fair, only one straight score being made. All events were at 10 targets. Sergeant system, except events 5 and 8, which were at 5 pairs. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Whitmarsh	8	6	7	9	9	8	5	1
Barry	7	9	8	6	9	8	9	1
Baker	6	7	7	7	4			
Rache	3	4	5	8	6	6		
Futle	5	6	9	9	7	6	5	1
Muldown	6	6	6	5		5		
Doell	3	5	3	3		4	3	
Kelley	7	8	8	6	6	8	6	
Thomas	10	8	8	7				
J. Whiton	5	6	7	3	5			
R. Whiton	3	7	7	7	3			
Lee	2	6	5	4	4	6	3	
Bixby	4	6	6	6	6			
Barlow	6	9	7	4				
Paulucci	6	6	7	6				
Keating			1	3				
Lupton			3	1				
Nowles			7	7				

Ashland Gun Club.

ASHLAND, Va., April 19.—The Ashland Gun Club will hold its initial weekly shoot May 3. Our membership will be materially increased over last season because of large addition to the summer colony, incident to the opening of the handsome new Henry Clay Inn.

The second annual tournament will be held on June 10, at which a large attendance of trapshooters from Richmond and other Virginia cities is looked for, and in addition there will be fully seventy-five novices to enter in the "Farmer's Race" for prizes and gold medal. This feature was very interesting last year, but will be more so this, because adjoining counties will be allowed to compete.

While professionals and representatives of manufacturers will not be allowed to compete for prizes, they are cordially invited to be present, shoot and meet our friends. Thos. H. Fox, Sec'y.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Field shooters and target shooters who have used the Winters pneumatic recoil pad speak of it in the highest terms, and men who have suffered from gun headache know what a boon anything is which will certainly relieve them of this malady. This, it is declared, the Winters pad will do.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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The Forest and Stream Platform Plank.

No. 2.

Take a day off and go fishing.

DIRECTION AND TIME.

A CHICAGO correspondent wrote the other day asking for the formula to determine the point of the compass by means of the dial of a watch in connection with the sun.

The inquiry suggests another one, which may be addressed to the world at large, asking why any one who has the sun for a guide—as the man must have who uses his watch dial to ascertain the points of the compass—should ask for further information as to the cardinal points. Why bring the watch into an elaborate calculation when a glance at the sun will give him the points of the compass nearly enough for all practical purposes. It is not necessary, we suppose, to announce that the sun rises in the east, that it sets in the west, or that at noon, when its shadow is shortest, it is in the south. For practically all the region of the United States—we may leave out the poles and the equator—the sun when visible tells the points of the compass and the time of day. The man who is traveling toward his camp does not need to know the cardinal points exactly. A deviation of a few points from the true direction will not inconvenience him greatly.

The time when men wish to know the points of the compass is when the sun is hidden by clouds. In clear weather the sun by day and the stars by night give his direction to the traveler. It is when dense clouds of mist cover the mountain side and obscure all the landscape, when rain falls in sheets so as to cut off the view of distant landmarks, when whirling, changing winds send the powdery snow now in one direction and now in another among the close-standing trees, each of which looks precisely like its fellows, that the hunter and woodsman would be very glad to know where north lies. But at such a time the watch dial will do him no good, and the only thing that can help him will be the compass. Even this is useless, unless he knows with some definiteness the direction that he took when he left camp in the morning.

Years and years ago, long before settlements were found along each stream on the plains, and even before range cattle had been brought into the northern country, men journeying over the treeless prairies of the West—"pilgrims," who knew nothing of the lore of the plains—used to set off in the morning and travel through the day far away from the marching command, hunting, exploring, geologizing or what not. As the sun fell toward the west they would turn their faces in what they supposed the general direction of camp, and riding along hour after hour, surmounting swell after swell of the rolling prairie, would at last come in sight of the dark green winding line of some tiny stream, where they felt sure that camp must be. Often such men had literally no idea of where they were likely to come out, but they knew the direction that the wagon train would follow, they knew in a general way the direction they had taken, and so without landmark or guide they would come at night to camp. Undoubtedly practice has much to do with this matter of finding one's way over the unmarked prairies—unmarked only in seeming, for he who has traveled enough over them understands well that actually they are as plainly marked with recognizable points as is the city street corner with its signs which point the way.

In a mountainous country the traveler who has gone up a hill does not require a great stock of woods lore to know enough to go down it again. He understands, because he has observed, that he has passed toward the head, or down the course, of some streamlet, and he governs his return to camp accordingly.

Far different and most difficult of all is traveling in the thick timber in rainy or snowy weather. Here, unless the water courses are well marked, it is extremely easy to go astray, and we have known woodsmen of twenty or twenty-five years' experience, who, journeying through

thick green timber in a howling snowstorm, have absolutely lost all sense of direction and have had not the slightest notion either of the points of the compass or of the direction to camp. In one such case, a member of the party as morning approached found a little opening in the woods, and climbing as high as he could, watched the horizon for the first light in the sky, which should tell him where the east was. He located the point, but it was then raining hard, and before the lost travelers had gone 100 yards, they had again lost all sense of direction and were as utterly astray as ever.

Every one who expects to be much out of doors ought to teach himself to know by the sun the points of the compass, and the hour of the day. While some learn things of this kind very much more easily than others, the acquiring of such knowledge by any one is purely a matter of practice and observation, and is something that can very easily be done. We know an old mountaineer, now seventy years or more of age, whom we have never known to vary more than fifteen minutes in telling the hour of the day by sun.

CONCERNING TAFFY.

SOME years ago there lived a man of an intellect so vast that it caused him to say many wise things, many of which were so exceedingly good or so exceedingly obscure that they have been cherished through the centuries. Being a man he undoubtedly had his moody moments, and presumably in one of them he summed up life as follows: "Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher; all is vanity." From a modern viewpoint, one might fairly hazard the conjecture that the aforementioned wise man confounded his apathetic condition of mind with the condition of the world; and further, that his mind had got deeply into a tired and worn condition wherein it was entirely unresponsive to the pleasing warmth of friendly flattery, delicately administered with a due admixture of just praise, colloquially termed "taffy."

The constant output of "taffy" indicates that there is a ready demand for it. Indeed, if no taffy is offered them, many people are not averse to being self-supporting in this respect, manufacturing and consuming their own products. A case in point is when a city sportsman in the country by word and acts assumes a superiority over his country brethren. Thus he tells himself of it while imposing it as a command on his fellows. On the other hand, the country gentleman oftentimes shows an unconcealed bucolic contempt for the dandified visitor from the ignorant city, who, he is convinced, doesn't know that cows never furnish buttermilk direct. The "taffy" thus arrogated is generally of an offensive grade. But there is the true kind, spontaneous, subtle, permeatingly insidious, which chimes with one's beliefs and one's hobbies, acceptable at sight, having the same gratefully beneficent effect on the mind that a glorious June morning of sunshine and roses has upon the spirit. The pleased recipient may have some trifling doubts as to the good faith of the purveyor of taffy, but there is no tangible ground on which to base a protest, and after all, the world at large may believe the "taffy" even if one does not quite accept it one's self. In any case, a small flavoring of fact is ordinarily quite sufficient as a substantial vehicle on which to carry quite a load of taffy. This trait of human nature, this amiable disposition to appear as of eminent worth in the eyes of one's fellows, has been recognized from time immemorial, and as a vanity does much to stimulate effort to reach the ideals set by taffy standards.

The more imaginative a class of men may be, the more readily is taffy absorbed. Sir Walter Scott frankly confessed as follows:

"Ne'er
Was flattery lost on Poet's ear;
A simple race! they waste their toil
For the vain tribute of a smile."

Dean Swift, even more frank than Scott, gives the theme a greater universal application, for he wrote:

"'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That flattery's the food of fools;
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit."

Yet, in a way, this giving and this taking of "taffy" is an amiable trait of manhood. It shows a disposition to please and to be pleased. It contributes to the idealizing

of both toil and pleasure. It is most useful, however, in our sports. The angler, the devotee of dog and gun, feel a pride and personal sense of responsibility in their choice of diversion, and are not averse to having it commended in proper blending of the true and the imaginary, the components of true "taffy." Flattery, raw and gross, is distasteful to all men of delicate perception. Praise is commendation deserved, but it is limited to matters of fact, and therefore to too narrow a field. Praise furnishes the fact, flattery the fancy, and both, mixed in just quantities, afford the "taffy" of friendly and successful commerce.

When one's love for one's self and one's fellows become ashes, then "all is vanity"—to that one, and not to the world at large. But to the man who loves to angle, who loves to shoot, who loves to gaze upon and to delight in nature's offerings, there never comes a day when "all is vanity." He takes boundless pleasure in actual experience and in the telling of it. He imagines to the limit of his imagination, and if some fellow comes along who can imagine still more, he is prompt to furnish the belief and to offer the "taffy" of adoration; for to believe, or to affect to believe, well-delivered "taffy" is a kind of "taffy" in itself.

POST CHECK CURRENCY.

THERE is now before Congress a measure providing for a post check system of currency, the purpose of which is to simplify and thus facilitate the transmission of money through the mails. The way in which this will be accomplished will be this: All \$1, \$2 and \$5 Treasury notes will be reprinted, and the new bills will have on the face a blank space for a name and address. The bills will be used for ordinary currency precisely as they are now, but in addition may be convertible into personal checks by filling in the blanks provided for that purpose. Thus, when an Iowa correspondent wishes to send a dollar to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, he takes an ordinary dollar bill, writes on its face the name of the firm, affixes a two-cent stamp, writing on it his initials and the date, and then signs his own name on the back of the bill. The dollar bill, which has up to this time been currency, circulating from hand to hand, is now the Iowa correspondent's personal check on the United States Government, in favor of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company at New York, and can be collected only by the company and at the New York Post Office, where it is cashed just as a money order. In addition to the notes designated, it is proposed to provide fractional currency in 10, 25 and 50 cent denominations, and having the same post check character.

It goes without saying that such a system of post check currency would be of immense value, and there appears to be no good reason why Congress should not make provision for putting the system into immediate operation. When the public shall fully understand the character of the system and appreciate its great advantage and relief, the popular demand for the post check will be universal.

That is an interesting and suggestive declaration of principles which Mr. Rightmire sends us as adopted by the business men who are the sportsmen of Chase county, Kansas. The several planks of the platform are most excellent, and constitute a sufficient code of game and fish protection to insure the permanent conservation of the stock. They are all the more worthy of commendation and imitation because of their direct and limited application to the immediate territory of Chase county. Game protection begins at home. The real strength of the cause is in the local club or association which adopts rules strictly for its own government, and sets out not to reform the whole earth, but to clean up its own house. If the Chase county sportsmen shall thus make good in their own fields and on their own streams their declaration of April, 1902, they will have done something substantial for Chase county and for Kansas, and by example for the country at large.

The Senate Committee on Forest Reservations and the Protection of Game have favorably reported House Bill 11535 for the protection of game in Alaska, and it is believed that the measure will be adopted.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Three Girls in the Woods.

We had talked about it for so long it seemed as if it would never come true, but a date was fixed at last which suited everybody, and our preparations commenced.

Such joy as it was; cleaning our guns, looking over our fishing tackle and arranging the outfit, bought with much care and thought. We tried the new tent, a beautiful white thing, an appropriate shelter in a virgin forest!

Somebody said, "It was not only dangerous, but positively indecent for us to go alone," and this opened my eyes to the fact that it never occurs to the majority of women to go to the woods alone because they probably exaggerate the discomforts, know nothing about guides, and never think of such a trip as possible without a husband or a brother.

If this is the case, perhaps a short story of some joyous days spent in the wilderness will induce others to follow our example, and learn, as we did, some of the things the heart and soul of the forest have to teach.

We each took a .30-30 Winchester rifle; one must have a gun in the woods, though we did not expect to use them, as it was early in July, and all the "forest folk" were bringing up their babies and teaching them the ways of the world, so full of dangers; safe, however, for the present from any true sportsman's gun. But the fish were at our mercy, and we had tackle enough to catch them all; fortunately for them it takes more than a split bamboo rod and the finest silk line with invisible leaders and cunning flies, to land them successfully.

Our tent, which was a good size, rolled up and went into a rubber bag, and our six blankets did the same. We had another rubber bag for odds and ends, and a carry-all, which last we found much more convenient for clothes, as it opened out flat. Three pouches of pantosote were very useful in the canoes in wet weather.

The great thing is to take as little luggage as possible. Two pairs of heavy boots, very big and as waterproof as they can be made, always kept well greased; thick woolen stockings, and a pair of moccasins to wear round the camp is quite enough foot-gear. I had a pair of rubber boots, but only wore them once; they are too hot to walk in, and only fit for wading.

A waterproof short coat and a sweater or a heavy jacket, rather than a long coat or a cape of any kind.

The rest of the equipment—canoes and cooking utensils—the guides furnish, and they bring their own tent and blankets.

It was in the hot days of July that we went in from Moosehead Lake, over the northwest carry, with three guides, in three canoes, loaded with our "stuff," we paddled up the Penobscot River and camped on Big Island. It was not an ideal camping ground, as the woods were thick and the river just there was rather narrow; we chose it on account of a fine spring of clear, cold water, a most important thing in a camp.

The guides' tent was behind ours, a little to one side, with the kitchen fire in front of it; we had the big camp-fire in front of us, and around this we would all sit every evening after a delicious supper of trout just out of some sweet-smelling rapids, and the firm, yellowish-pink flakes melted in our hungry mouths. We had flapjacks with maple syrup and hot biscuits. Andrew was a good cook. Coffee with evaporated cream, a great improvement on condensed milk. All this was served by the guides in the dining room, which was a fly stretched near our tent. There were a few drawbacks in the shape of crawling things and buzzing, stinging things, but never enough to spoil our appetites. We built "smudges" and smeared our hands and faces with a beautiful brown mixture that made us look like Indians and protected us from the vicious little black fly.

The talks around the campfire at night were always glowing accounts, by the guides, of their own brave deeds; I will never forget them or the picture they made.

The white flames from the blazing birch logs, lighting up the eager, keen faces of the three trusty backwoodsmen telling thrilling tales, made graphic by gestures, of forest life, lumbering and hunting big game, sometimes pausing in the middle of a sentence to turn a searching look into the blackness of the woods, hearing a dry stick break, perhaps, under some creature's foot.

Always alert, quick to hear and see, simple-minded, but quite able to drive a bargain, with an unconscious feeling of equality with all men. They were rough but chivalrous characters, and we three girls were perfectly safe alone with them in the wilderness.

I had always imagined fishing to be a most tiresome performance—the dropping of a line into the water and the hauling it out when a stupid fish happened to take a fancy to the other end.

Not so with the gamy little trout, caught with skill and a bright fly when the sky is overcast, and a dull fly when the sun is making everything sparkle.

A little stream ran into the river, so covered with alder bushes that you could hardly see it. "Cast yer flies up under them alders, right t' th' mouth o' thet brook," said Andrew. So I did as I was bid and managed to drop the flies where he said, then whisk them out again without catching the bushes.

Pretty soon—splash! A big beauty jumped half out of the water, grabbed the Parmachene-belle and darted off with it in what seemed to be every direction at once.

"Play him!" shouted Andrew, quite as excited as I was, and he stood up with the landing net ready.

I played him to the best of my ability; I really believe he enjoyed it. He would go to the bottom of the river, my rod would double up, a dash for the sky and jump out; then off to one side and apparently die. We would edge the canoe up, reel him in gently, Andrew all ready to plunge the net under him, when he would revive suddenly and be off in the opposite direction.

My arms were beginning to ache. Ah, now he was coming! He looked played out; closer and closer I reeled him in; Andrew was leaning over as far as he dared. I believe the brute did the whole thing on purpose. He let me get him within a foot of the net, when

he took a flying leap in the air, spit the hook out of his mouth and departed.

It was too awful—the idea of his escaping after once being hooked had never entered my head. I sat down, utterly disconsolate, and very nearly cried.

Andrew said: "There's more like him in the pool; I knew we'd find 'em lyin' in the cold water at th' mouth o' thet brook." So I picked up my rod once more, and with a heavy heart cast under the alders again. Hardly had the white-miller touched the water when it was swallowed whole by another big one. This time we landed him safely in the canoe. He was very beautiful—every color of the rainbow shining on him, and his little red and green spots gave him such a style.

We took four more in quick succession after that, all a fair size, but of course none as big as the one we lost. I was getting great confidence in my powers, and thought I would try a longer line. I threw out a lot more and my pride had its fall. Andrew shouted, "Look out fer yer back cast!" Too late; the extra long line caught in a tree behind me, and with a jerk of my arm I snapped the rod in two; that ended my fishing for the day.

We landed to look at some fresh moose tracks in the wet mud; they were very sharp and clear, leading up the bank at a place evidently much used as a highway to the water by many different beasts.

"If you're a mind to, we could foller him," said Andrew, looking up eagerly, hoping I would have a "mind to," and of course I had.

The tracks took us into an alder swamp. Andrew went ahead and tried to break a way for me, but he went so much faster than I did that he was not much help. I just had to crash along behind as best I could. My hat was torn off and most of my hair went with it; I was slapped and scratched and tripped up at every step, but there were those moose tracks, and a sight of the creature would have made up for everything.

Suddenly down I went, up to my knees in water; I had stepped into the brook which curled round through the swamp and was entirely hidden by thick bushes. I clambered out and called to Andrew to wait for me; his voice sounded miles away, but he was not far, only out of the swamp on the other side.

When I finally fell out of the last alder bush, I found him studying the ground and peering about. We were in the depths of the forest—dark, still, damp and sweet-smelling; the brook trickled along under fallen trees; we crossed it on one of these and followed the tracks. The going was different now; climbing over rocks, trunks of trees and through gardens of ferns. We came to a wet piece of ground, all trampled down, in the midst of big trees; for some distance up one of them the bark had been scraped off, and the roots about it were scraped in the same way.

"Thet's a deer lick," said Andrew. "Critters must have salt, same as people, and natur' fixes it so's some trees have salt stickin' to 'em. I dunno how it's done, 'taint no partickler kind of tree; but the critters find it out and come and lick it off, and this here is a deer lick."

I could only wonder in silence; it was just one of the thousand little facts of nature one learns in the woods.

We tramped on after our moose; the woods got thicker and darker; presently we lost all trace of him and came out on a "tote road," where we started a family of partridges—a fine pair of old birds and nine little ones just beginning to fly. The cock flew past us, straight down the road; the others seemed to melt away, but they were all about us, only obeying their laws and becoming rigid at the approach of an enemy. We looked round for them and saw two of the babies, one crouched on a branch of a spruce tree, close to the trunk, looking like some growth on the tree; another half buried in some dead leaves on the ground. The hen was perched just over our heads, trying hard to look unconscious.

"Some critter's just got up from lyin' here," said Andrew, pointing to the middle of the road, where the grass had been pressed down by the form of some big animal; each blade was slowly lifting itself up again. "The old bird told him and all the others we was comin' when he flew down the road; we won't see any of 'em, but they're all lookin' at us—big 'uns and little 'uns—they're watchin' every step we take. Some of 'em behind trees, some of 'em up trees, some of 'em under logs; all keepin' still—just watchin' us."

It was wonderful—almost uncanny—to think of the many different pairs of eyes following our every movement. We walked for a mile or more and came to where we had left the canoe.

I think I would always choose the bank of a river for a camping ground rather than the shores of a lake—there is so much more variety.

A long stretch of "still water" branched off from the river into the woods, about a quarter of a mile from the camp; this looked so mysterious and wild that we decided to explore it. The sun had gone down and left a red glow over everything; a little soft, white mist rose and floated just over the water. Every leaf and twig, every moss-covered fallen tree seemed to breathe forth the most delicious odors; the whole air was filled with pungent wood-smells. Suddenly a crashing of branches and dead brush, accompanied by three whistling snorts, told us that we had started a deer; as we crept round a bend we sighted a big buck followed by two does bounding off into the woods.

A mile up the river there were some falls; these we went up one day on a voyage of discovery. I had never been poled up rapids before, and I found it quite exciting. I could just hear Andrew's voice above the noise of the water, shouting to me to sit perfectly still. Everything seemed to be rushing by us and we were apparently not moving. But no! Suddenly we shot ahead, then stopped, while Andrew, as quick as lightning, shifted his pole to the other side to steady us. Then we made another dash forward and grounded, balancing on the edge of a hidden rock. "Lean a mite to the right," shouted Andrew, and we slid off. I clutched the sides of the canoe as we came to a rushing bit of brown water that looked like polished bronze. Andrew held us still with the pole and rested before attempting that smooth, brown slide, with an angry lot of clear yellow foam at the foot of it. I felt him give a strong shove; we shot into the yellow foam, all jumping and splashing about us, hang there for a moment undecided, the bow of the canoe bobbing up and down as if it was trying to make up its mind for a leap;

when slowly, then quickly it swung round, we were almost broadside; over came the pole to head us up stream again just in time to save the canoe from capsizing, and we floated back to where we had started, to commence all over again. The second attempt was a repetition of the first, with the addition of a pail full of water in my lap, but the third time we accomplished it and got safely up into comparatively smooth water.

"A mite more'n we'd been over. Wonder how Frank'll do it?" said Andrew, in a tone which implied that Frank would probably upset.

I looked about me, now that we were once more on an even keel, and saw the two other canoes. Frank had done it much better than we had and was close behind us; Tom had found an easier place off to one side.

There is a great deal of rivalry and petty jealousy among the guides. To be the first to see game and the best man in a canoe is what each thinks he does better than the other.

We kept our canoes abreast and paddled along, watching for game; round every turn in the river we would come on one or two deer, nearly all does. There was one beautiful buck, standing up to his middle in the water, taking his morning bath. He would go a few steps further in, put his head under, horns and all, then back out. He did this several times before he saw us. He stood gazing with his great brown eyes and his ears pricked forward, trying to decide whether the green things floating toward him were friends or foes. We kept quite still and gazed back; the wind was from him to us or he would have been off long ago; but just then he must have got a whiff, because he turned, made two bounds, splashing the water in all directions, reached the bank and went crashing through the bushes, giving some whistling snorts for "good-bye."

We heard a great commotion as we came around another bend; a black duck with her brood of ducklings went—half flying, half running—over the water; suddenly the ducklings disappeared and the old bird flew back and flopped along ahead of us.

"She's playin' she's wounded to fool us 'n lead us away from the young 'uns," said Andrew. She circled round and went back again, when she thought she had led us off far enough; we heard a loud, commanding "quack" behind, and all the little ones came scuttling across the water from under some bushes where they had been hiding, and the family was reunited.

There is always something to see and hear in the woods—they are so alive, yet so overpoweringly still. A bit of river, looking like glass, with every tree and bush sharply reflected, not a ripple to be seen, until suddenly a trout jumps out, making great rings in the water; you jump, too, you are so surprised.

You float on and a kingfisher darts out from a shady little cove, flies diagonally across the river in a very straight line, sounding his queer notes; he alights on the extreme end of an old dead tree fallen into the water.

And so it all goes on. There is no such thing as time in the woods; you never know the day of the week or month; if you stayed long enough you would probably forget the year.

For a tired mind the peaceful, wonderful stillness of it all is the most delicious rest; for a tired body there is nothing like a deep, springy bed of fresh balsam boughs. You are made over, and become as free from care as the kingfisher, the trout and the deer.

JULIA BEVERLEY HIGGENS.

Across Iowa in a Prairie Schooner.

MUCH has been written of hunting and fishing in most of the central Western States, but I have failed to find many articles that in any way touched on these subjects with reference to Iowa. Why this should be so is rather difficult to determine. The sportsmen of the Hawkeye State are as enthusiastic as any I have ever met, and some of the best plainsmen and crack shots, old forty-niners, claim Iowa as their home.

Possibly it is due to the fact that all their brag is used in other directions, and a sort of second-wind modesty holds them in restraint concerning sporting matters.

Be that as it may, the fact remains that there is first-class hunting and fishing to be found there, and it was my good fortune to be numbered in a party of six that took a long drive of nearly 400 miles through the State, hunting and fishing on the way.

We were all rather green at the sort of business we were undertaking, excepting Mr. Morgan, an old Englishman, whom we had with difficulty persuaded to accompany us. He was a mine boss by trade, but had spent much of his vacation time in jaunts to the Rockies, Black Hills and the Yellowstone country.

"Arry, me boy, h'I don't much like the h'ide' of takin' this bloody, bloomin' trip. H'I'm gettin' too h'old," he had said to me. But I had assured him that he looked as young as any of us, and events proved that he could withstand more hardship than all of us put together.

We made our start from Boone, on a beautiful September morning, with every one in good spirits and confident of having a fine time. As we swung down the street and out into the country, I am sure we must have presented a rather grotesque appearance. Our traveling outfit consisted of an Indian pony for saddle use and two orthodox prairie schooners, with white canvas covering and all, one of which was drawn by a pair of heavy draft horses, and the other by a span of mules. Did you ever attempt to drive a mule?

If not, you have missed something rare. All that has ever been said of the obstinacy and exasperating influence of these brutes cannot more than half express it. They are the fiercest proposition that a Christian man ever went up against. The only language they can understand is the profanest of all profane, and I am satisfied that should I be compelled to drive a team of them for a year, my chances for a golden crown and a harp wouldn't be one, two, six. If they happen to be in the lead of the procession they will poke along at a three-mile-an-hour gait, and any amount of physical persuasion does not affect the even tenor of their way. But permit them to get behind another team and there is a different story.

They will let the leaders get about a quarter of a mile away without the slightest show of interest. Suddenly

the off mule pricks up his ears and takes a look. "He-haw, he-haw, he-haw," he says, and "he-haw, he-haw," answers his mate at his side, cocking an inquiring eye to the windward.

This is the premonitory signal for full steam ahead. With a plunge they are off and you might as well attempt to stop a freight car as to try to check this mad stampede.

On a dead run they go until they are about ten feet from the rear of the front wagon. With a jolt that jars every bone in your body they stop and proceed to move quietly along as though nothing had happened, until the correct distance is gained by the leaders, then the performance is repeated.

I was driving the mules when the first wild rush of the trip occurred. We were going down a slight hill at the time, and the speed we attained was something frightful. Cold sweat started from every pore in my body. I strained and tugged at the reins all to no purpose. I thought of every evil thing I had ever done in my life during that wild ride.

"If the good Lord lets me out of this alive I'll start for Ohio by the first train," was my inward vow. When the jolt came I was braced for the shock of contact with the front wagon, else I would have been hurled to the ground. I was as limp as a rag when it was all over, and my hands were cut and bruised until they bled from tugging on the lines. When I turned to see what had become of the other members of my load, I found them rolling over each other in the back of the wagon laughing enough to kill. It had been a put-up job. I was Mr. Easy Mark receiving my initiation. After that I knew enough to give a loose rein, hang on tight to the seat and let the beggars run. On the return trip we were sixty miles from Boone on Saturday morning. We took an early start, determined to make the entire distance in one day. We covered thirty-five miles up to noon, and with a short rest pushed on to complete the journey. During the last ten miles the mules showed alarming signs of giving out. They fairly staggered in their efforts to keep the road.

When we stopped in front of the house at home, they both fell down in their tracks. We unhitched them and put them in the barn yard, not knowing whether they would live until morning. Fifteen minutes later they had jumped a five-foot fence and were eating a neighbor's cabbages.

Of such is the kingdom of mules. But I am getting ahead of my story.

Our objective point in our jaunt across the country was Spirit and Okiboji lakes, on the southern boundary of Minnesota, a distance of about 200 miles from our starting place.

We took the journey for the most part by easy stages, making an average of twenty-five miles a day, stopping to hunt whenever the territory warranted it. We had a military A tent for sleeping purposes, in which we could just lay six single excelsior mattresses. It was but the work of a few moments to put this tent up after a suitable stopping place had been selected, and we were soon ready for supper and a good night's rest. Our cooking paraphernalia consisted of a gasoline stove and a sheet-iron camp stove, together with other necessary utensils. Our cook had been chef for a regular army mess, and never in my life have I eaten things that tasted so good as did the meals he prepared for us on that trip. I suppose the outdoor life and the exercise served as an appetizer, but I ate so much every time I had an opportunity that I was positively ashamed of myself.

We depended on the farmers along out-way for milk, butter and eggs, but carried with us a good stock of groceries, canned meats and bacon—"saw-belly," the boys called this last.

Campers in general cannot do better than to lay in a good stock of bacon for their trips. It is superior to butter or lard for frying purposes, and it lends a flavor to game that is simply fine.

At 9 o'clock the cook beat "taps" on the dishpan and we retired to rest. "To rest, did I say; nay, I did but jest." We were no more than comfortably settled on our respective mattresses before "zing, zing" went a mosquito in my ear. Crack! I nailed him on my cheek. A moment more and "zing, zing," again came that plaintive wail. The most maddening sound to the would-be sleeper that an all-merciful Creator ever invented.

By this time the others had awakened to the fact of the serenade. "Blankety, blank the blankety blank mosquitoes," said Morgan. "Say that same thing over again for me," said another. "Ditto twice," I murmured, sotto voce. "We might as well get up and get them out of here first as last," said a fourth, "we won't sleep a wink till we do." Out we piled and started a smudge in a tin pail. This was placed in the tent and the smoke soon drove our winged visitors out into the cold, cold night.

Carefully closing every loophole in the tent, we again wooed Morpheus, but in vain. The mattresses on which we lay had been used by one of the companies of the State militia, and they had developed a very healthy and energetic colony of that rara avis, *Cimex lectularius*.

Again we were forced to arise, this time to fire our beds into outer darkness.

Poets may sing to you of the delights of sleeping on the ground with nothing between yourself and Mother Earth, but a thin blanket and some scroggy brown grass, but I tell you it is an ingenious fabrication made to entrap the unwary. Before morning I had located every one of the 208 bones in my body, and had lain on each one separately until it seemed as though they must prick through the flesh. It was with considerable difficulty that our little procession got on the move in the morning. However, a good stiff drink of the stuff that cheers and a warm breakfast did much toward reviving waning interest in life, and by the time the sun had shown his ruddy face over the eastern plains we were ready to proceed on our way.

Iowa is the natural home of the prairie chicken. This second cousin of the Eastern pheasant is a beautiful bird with gray and brown mottled plumage, looking a little like our tame Plymouth Rocks.

Soon after starting on our second morning out, the dogs, of which we had two, a Gordon and an Irish setter, were loosed and sent out over the fields on each side of the road. They were rapid workers, and the black fellow soon came to a stand. Out came the guns, and Morgan and I started after the dogs. The Gordon kept his stand

and slowly we came up behind him. With a whir and a rush the birds broke cover in a bunch. Crack! Bang! went our guns almost together, and three of the covey dropped to the ground. The rest settled about 100 rods away, spreading considerably as they alighted. We scored eight out of the bunch, with two clean misses for my own gun.

The prairie chicken flies like the quail, with a wonderfully rapid movement of the wings at the beginning of the flight, but after momentum is gained the wings are spread and the bird sails gracefully to its selected alighting place. They are natural born skulkers, and often times you can walk within two feet of them without starting them from cover. In flying, if the sun is shining, they wheel quickly between it and the hunter, so you must shoot as they rise or shortly after, else the aim is affected by the sun's rays. After alighting they run rapidly, and are often 300 yards distant when you approach the spot at which they disappeared.

During the day it was insufferably hot, and the dust of the road seemed to hang about us in a cloud. Every farmhouse we passed was besieged for water for man and beast. At one place the well and pump were located in an inclosure surrounded by a high board fence, with a great locked gate shutting them off from the road. Taking a pail, I made a careful reconnaissance through the bars, and seeing nothing disquieting, climbed laboriously over and started toward the pump. About the same time the ugliest looking bulldog that I ever saw appeared mysteriously from some place and started for me. At a glance I counted some 300 teeth set in a bloodthirsty mouth, and concluding discretion the better part of valor, I rapidly gave ground. I took that fence with a flying leap that would have done credit to a world's champion. It was unanimously voted that we were not thirsty, so the cavalcade moved on.

The highways in Iowa are most convenient because so perfectly laid out. Each square mile is bounded by a road, so that it is almost impossible to lose your way. There were no fences, and we were able to cut across them, saving many miles, but for the most part the farms are carefully fenced and cultivated. The surface is a rolling prairie, cut here and there by large and beautiful rivers. To stand in the center of a huge circle, of which the horizon is the boundary, and gaze at fields of grain stretching in a beautiful yellow sea for miles and miles about you, the wind swaying the stocks and nodding heads into an almost correct simulation of waves is a sight never to be forgotten. Iowa abounds in such pictures.

The third night out we slept in a little schoolhouse. It was well we did so, for a thunderstorm came up after midnight that was fearful. We had renovated our mattresses by this time, and notwithstanding the thunder and lightning, enjoyed a delightful night's rest. The next morning we were awakened by the cook with the pleasant information that the mules had pulled their tether pins and were nowhere in sight. Were you ever out in a camping party that you didn't have one in the crowd that had that "take Hood's Sarsaparilla feeling" all the time? One who was so blasted lazy that he had not energy enough to seek shelter from the rain? We had such an one with us. He would move around in a sort of a trance doing something he had been told to do, in such a slipshod and listless manner that some one usually had to go and do it all over again.

He had tethered the mules the night before and had only driven the pins about six inches into the ground. Such a cussing as he got. The old Englishman swore at him in seven different languages. Fortunately for us, the mules had discovered a farmhouse about half a mile up the road, and had stopped to investigate. They were captured there and brought back with but little loss of time.

Quail in Iowa are so common that the native sportsmen rarely hunt them. They sit on fence posts and whistle at you as you drive by. A mother and her brood will scurry into the grass, but a few feet in front of your horses, and sit there as unconcernedly as you please, while you stop and look at them. To me this was wonderful, for I had been accustomed to hunt hard for a half-dozen of these fellows. I frequently made little side trips by myself for the sake of shooting a few of the brown beauties.

In many of the marshy places that we passed we found plover, curlew and what Iowans call snipe or yellowlegs. These latter looked to me more like rail, although I was unable to find out exactly what they were. They would rise from the edge of a pond in a dense flock and it was a poor marksman that could not get a half-dozen at one shot. Morgan killed twenty-three one day with both barrels. They were exceedingly plump and of fine flavor.

Rabbits were so common that we scarcely looked at them. Occasionally some one would knock a youngster over for a supper if he had not secured any other game.

The boys had been taking turns riding the broncho. It looked so easy and seemed so exhilarating to skim on in advance of the rest and look up stopping places, etc., that I concluded I would try it myself. The pony was a beautiful saddler, with an easy, springing lope that seemed almost like being in a rocking chair. I was an entire novice at horseback riding, but the first two miles I enjoyed immensely. It was early morning, and a light rain had laid the dust and made the atmosphere fresh and clear. I drank in great draughts of the pure air as I skimmed along, and made up my mind that the broncho would get me for the rest of the journey.

The third mile wasn't quite so pleasant. The sun had begun to get in its work; and my trousers would persist in trying to edge up around my neck. The fourth mile was worse. I had begun to perspire. My clothes chafed my legs and my backbone ached terribly.

At the end of the fifth mile I gave up in disgust and crawled into the wagon, willingly resigning my "soft snap" to another. Since that time my horseback exercise has been taken in a buggy.

We arrived at Pomeroy, famous for its destruction by cyclone, about noon of the day they were to hold their annual county trap and bird shooting contests. We watched the various events with considerable interest, some very good shooting being done. One man in particular, Dr. Stuart, I think his name was, put up a first-class exhibition. I remarked to one of the members of the club that we had a pretty good shot in our party, and that if they felt so disposed he would shoot the doctor a friendly contest. He replied that it could be easily ar-

ranged, and that a little side bet would be acceptable.

This struck me favorably, and we soon got together \$25 in our party, which was covered by the doctor's friends.

Morgan was our representative. The event was to be twenty live birds, each man to shoot his targets in succession. We won the toss, and chose last place for our man at his request. It was a pretty contest. The Doctor killed eighteen straight, but missed the nineteenth, and the twentieth fell dead out of bounds.

Morgan took his place after this fine exhibition without the quiver of a muscle. The old man was nerve to the backbone. One after another the birds fell before his unerring aim. Twenty straight was the record he made.

The \$25 kept us in "necessaries" for the rest of the trip.

We arrived at Lake Okiboji without further mishap, and there spent two weeks very pleasantly.

Perch, bass and muscalonge were plentiful, and what with yachting and flirting with the pretty girls spending their summer at the resorts about, we had a most delightful vacation.

I had no particularly unpleasant experiences while at the lakes, excepting possibly the one of standing in my shirt tail in the midst of a pouring rain clinging desperately to a guy rope of a big tent to keep it from blowing over while a companion hunted for an ax to redrive the stakes that the wind had loosened. But happily for most of us the pleasant things of this life are strongest in our memory. The unpleasant ones seem trivial as time lessens their force.

So as a whole I remember my sojourn in Iowa as a most delightful one, and I trust that I may be able to revisit that same ground on some future occasion.

R. H. PATCHIN.

Floating on the Missouri.—X.

FIVE miles below Elk Island is Devils, or Rattlesnake Creek. It cuts through a flat thirty feet or more above the river, and its slopes are covered with massive, irregular blocks of the soft bad-land soil which the water has undermined. In among these blocks are many crevices and miniature caves, no doubt much frequented by snakes. The cottontail rabbits also make their homes in such places, and as they are nowhere especially numerous along the river, I believe that their numbers are kept down by the rattlers.

Two miles further down we came to the mouth of the Fourchette, a running stream which heads forty or fifty miles away to the north, near the Little Rockies. It enters the Missouri through a wide, sloping valley, and has a fringe of cottonwoods and willows along its course. This point was always a favorite camping place with the Indians in other days, as the buffalo and elk seemed to frequent the vicinity the year around. In the winter of 1862-3 Major George Stull managed a small post here for the American Fur Company, and did a large trade with the Gros Ventres and Assinaboines. That was the winter Nelse Keyser found his placer mine, and the Major says that he came to the post several times during the season for supplies. He never told exactly where he was located, but pointing away to the southwest would say: "There is my country. There's where I am going to make a big stake."

One time during that winter a large party of Crows came into the post, ostensibly to trade some robes and furs. The trade room was a long, low cabin, and across it ran a counter nearly five feet high, behind which the goods were piled on shelves. The room was packed full of the Indians, and while the Major was trading with one of them, the others began to climb up on the counter and reach over for one thing and another. "When he gets mad," he heard one of them say, "every one shoot and then we'll clean the place out quick."

The next instant they saw two six-shooters pointed at them, and the Major said: "I'll kill the first man who starts to raise his gun or bow. Get out of this room at once, every one of you. Hurry, for these guns are going to begin talking very soon."

The Crows stood for a little in astonishment, and then a panic seized them and they rushed for the door, pulling, pushing and trampling on each other in their hurry, dropping and leaving their bundles of robes and skins. About that time the cook and a couple of half-breed employes came over from the other cabin, and then the Major went to the door and faced the crowd, who were now protesting that they meant no harm, and begging for their property. He told them that five of their number could come in and trade at a time, and they did so. But the first in traded some robes belonging to others, and afterward there was a big row, in which three men were killed.

Passing around Trover Point, long and narrow, we came to the mouth of Killed Woman Creek, a "dry" stream also coming in from the north. Years ago a camp of Assinaboines were attacked here by a war party of Teton and Ogallalla Sioux, and one woman was killed, hence the name of the stream. It is not generally known, I believe, that these branches of the great Sioux nation warred upon each other, but such was the case. The Assinaboine Sioux separated from the others nearly two hundred years ago, after a quarrel over some women, and came west. They never increased, as their numbers were kept down by the new enemies they found, principally the Blackfeet.

Opposite the mouth of the little creek we saw a skiff tied to a stake, and going ashore beside it, I climbed the trail leading to the top of the high bank. Just as I reached the top I nearly ran into a man coming after a bucket of water, and was not a little surprised to recognize my old friend Ed. Herman. "Well, well," he exclaimed, almost yanking me off my feet. "What on earth are you doing down here?"

"Oh," I replied, "just drifting along and revisiting our old stamping grounds with Sah-né-to. And you?"

"Why, I'm building here and am going to buy a few cattle. There's my shack over there; just bring up your bedding and things and make yourselves comfortable until next spring at least."

The first news that Ed. had to tell was that no white-tail deer has died below the mouth of the Fourchette of the disease which had so decimated their numbers further up the river. "I'm thinking of going into the sheep busi-

ness also," he continued. "Just come out here a minute."

I went with him to a ridge a couple of hundred yards back of the cabin, which extended from the breaks down across the bottom to the river. Along its crest was a well-worn trail. "Just look at those tracks in the dust and tell me what made them," he said.

"Why, bighorn," I exclaimed. "There have been a lot of them along here recently, and from the looks of the tracks some of them were big rams."

"Exactly. They come down here for water every night, but I have never seen them on their way to or from the river. They are too wise to make the trip in the daytime. Whenever I go up in the breaks, however, I always see one or more bunches of them."

The country back of Herman's ranch is an ideal place for sheep, as it is a tangled network of deep coulees and high ridges, of rocky buttes and rough cliffs. Some of these deep coulees extend southward toward the Yellowstone for twenty miles. The bighorn in these bad lands rut in October, and bring forth their young in March, two months earlier in each case than the bighorn of the Rockies, only two to three hundred miles away. The difference in the altitude is the reason for this. The trees along the Missouri are in leaf before the snow disappears from the mountain slopes. Herman said that he saw rams with the ewes the latter part of September. On a recent ramble back in the breaks he had found the remains of a yearling ram killed by a mountain lion, and said that he frequently saw tracks of the big cats along the river bars.

We stopped with Ed. oer night, and were early afloat. At the lower end of his flat the river enters a narrow cañon, and the strips of bottom land are barren except for the ever-present growth of sage. Here and there a few cottonwoods and willows grow near the water's edge, but there is not enough timber to shelter the brush-loving whitetail deer for a distance of thirty miles, where, at the Round Butte, the valley widens out again and the bottoms support large groves of cottonwoods. Yet this thirty-mile stretch is one of the most picturesque parts of the river. From Herman's ranch to the mouth of Seven Blackfeet Creek, the southern rim of the valley is one continuous cliff of sandstone, pierced by walled coulees, capped with a lovely fringe of green timber. And on the slopes, below the frowning walls, stretches the heaviest growth of pines and firs of any we had seen. An ideal mule deer country, I thought, and the numerous tracks of the animals along the bars proved that I was right. At the mouth of the Seven Blackfeet we found a small clump of cottonwoods, enough to shelter a tent and furnish a little fuel, and after scraping over a wide, shallow bar, we managed to make a landing within a few yards of them. We put up the tent on a bit of grass land under the trees and got everything in shape for the night, as I had determined to spend the day prowling around in the breaks.

On the State map this little stream is marked Quarrel Creek, but its right name is as I have given it. Years ago a party of seven of the Piegan branch of the Blackfeet were crossing the flat here one day, on their way to raid the camp of the Yanktonais, further down the river. As luck would have it, a very large party of the Sioux, traveling up the river, saw them, and waiting until they were on the barren flat, charged down out of the breaks and hemmed them in. There was nothing behind which the besieged party could shelter themselves; they had no time to dig pits with their knives. They realized, no doubt, that their time had come, but they met the end bravely, shooting at the enemy with careful aim, singing the war song with spirit, falling one by one on the barren plain until all were dead, when the Sioux rushed in and took their scalps, their weapons and war finery. Five of the Sioux also fell during the brief battle, and three more were wounded.

The Seven Blackfeet is not much of a stream, although it is nearly forty miles in length, rising far to the south in the rough country toward the Yellowstone. The bottom through which it flows into the Missouri is nearly four miles long, but less than a mile wide, and is covered with a dense growth of high sagebrush. The previous winter, riding by on the opposite side of the river, Herman and a friend of his had counted a band of sixty-three bighorn on the flat, all grown animals, the kids being invisible in the tall sage. There were many fresh signs of them along the shore where we camped, as well as plenty of mule deer tracks, and when I started out for the breaks after an early lunch, I felt sure that I would see some of them. Crossing the flat I began to climb the sloping point on the right, or west side of the creek. For the most part the soil was barren, and after the last rain it had dried hard on the surface, so that one could almost imagine he was walking on crusted snow, it crunched with a sound exactly like it.

Part way up the ridge a band of mule deer which had been lying in a patch of junipers got wind of me, and disappeared into a deep coulee before I could get a shot. When I next saw them they were a quarter of a mile away on the opposite side of the creek. I kept on up the hill without stopping until I reached the crest, and found myself on a long backbone or ridge running parallel with the river. Deep-timbered coulees, cut cliffs, were the general features upon each side of it, and not far westward of where I stood, rising above the level of the ridge, stood a massive block of sandstone, aptly named from its shape the Cabin Butte. Its sides are nearly rectangular walls, and its top is shaped like an ordinary roof. All around the base of the great rock I found many tracks of bighorn, old and fresh, and their beds, shallowly scooped in the sandy earth. One gets a fine view from here both of the Missouri and the valley of the Seven Blackfeet, walled with sandstone cliffs. Thousands of coulees run into it; away toward its headwaters odd-shaped buttes, some pine-covered, loom up above the general level of the plain. And away to the southwest can be seen the Bull Mountains, as we used to call them, but which are marked Piny Buttes on recent maps.

After resting and enjoying a smoke, I descended the south side of the ridge and kept on through a rough lot of hills and cliffs for a mile or more, scaring up two small bands of bighorn, and one bunch of mule deer. Then I crossed the creek valley and began to work toward camp through the heads of the coulees and the hills on that side. The first thing I ran across here was a bear track several days old, but a sure proof that bruin was somewhere around in the breaks. I had got into an exceed-

ingly rough bit of country, cut walls and nearly perpendicular-sided coulees, when I ran across a bunch of five mule deer, one of them a goodly buck. They rose up out of some stunted pines and stood staring at me, and I raised the rifle, when I suddenly realized that if I killed the buck I would have a difficult task to get him out of the breaks and over the four miles to camp. So I didn't shoot, but slung my hat at them instead and enjoyed seeing them stilt away up the coulee. Mule deer are certainly ungraceful jumpers. From there on to camp I saw nothing of any kind of game except numerous tracks, much to my surprise, and then I regretted not having shot the buck back in the breaks, for we were out of meat. Yet, when I raised the tent flaps I met a savory odor of something roasting in the stove oven, and upon sitting down to the spread of good things which was ready, found that Sah-né-to had been on a little hunt herself; the result, two fat cottontails nicely dressed, broken down flat and roasted with a few crisp slices of breakfast bacon on top of the brown, tender meat. She said that while I was away in the hills three deer had come down to water on the opposite side of the river, and then gone back into the breaks.

After dinner was over it still lacked an hour to sunset, so Sah-né-to and I strolled down along the shore for about a mile, to a small dry island, which has a few scattering trees upon it. The shores and sandbar thereabouts were all cut up with trails and tracks of sheep and deer, and I felt sure we would soon see some game of some kind. We sat down in a patch of short willows and I gave Sah-né-to the rifle, telling her it was her turn to kill a deer. She had fired one shot only once before, and protested that she would be sure to miss. The time referred to, a coyote had come nosing around our house when she happened to be there alone, and she had mistered up courage to take a shot at it, whereupon the animal had run away down the creek at top speed. A week later we found a dead coyote about half a mile from the ranch. "There," she exclaimed, "that must be my coyote; it looks exactly like the one I shot at."

We told her that all coyotes looked alike, but upon examining the carcass found a bullet hole clear, through it, and concluded that she had killed it.

We sat quietly in the willows for half an hour or more, and then a lone doe mule deer appeared on the bank. We could see only her head and brisnet as she looked up and down, and back whence she came. After a little, satisfied that everything was as it should be, she came out of the sagebrush and started down the bank to the water, and then we saw that there were others—nine, in fact, all does and fawns. Sah-né-to was excited. "Which one will I shoot?" she asked, raising and cocking the rifle. "None," I replied. "Don't you see that there is no buck among them?"

"Yes, but also I know there is no meat in camp. I will try to hit that nearest fawn."

It was all I could do to keep her from shooting. The deer went to the river's edge just above the island, drank their fill, nosed around and slowly reclinced the bank, fading away into the sagebrush as stealthily as they had come. Then I read Sah-né-to a short lecture on game preservation. "The does," I said, "should not be killed unless a person absolutely needs the meat. If we were starving, it would be different. There are plenty of deer here along the river, and no doubt we will get a buck this evening or to-morrow."

We saw none, however, although we remained on the island until dusk, and then returned to camp. The night was chilly, and a good fire in the stove made the tent very comfortable. Away down the river we heard the honk, honk of an approaching flock of geese, and then their soft, satisfied guttural murmuring as they lit on the bar not far below. A couple of owls in the nearby trees asked each other "Who? Who?" and then somewhere out on the flat a band of wolves serenaded us. Is there anything more melancholy than their deep and long-drawn cry? One can well imagine that they are mourning for the days that are gone—days of the buffalo and a plenty of all the wild things which were their prey. If so, they are not alone. There are others—white men as well as Indians—who would gladly see the towns and the ranches and the railroads swept from the face of the earth, if they could once more roam these plains, as they were before all such things came to be. No luxuries of modern civilized life can make up for the simple contentment of those other times.

"Listen," said Sah-né-to. "What causes that splashing in the river?"

We went outside, and in the dim moonlight could see a commotion out in the middle of the stream, a splashing and rippling of the water, but not the object which caused it. "Oh," I remarked, "it's probably a beaver, or maybe an otter playing with its young. Let's go back inside; it is cold out here."

Sah-né-to stirred the fire and put a fresh stick in the stove. "Yes," she said, thoughtfully, "it might have been a beaver or an otter, as you say, but it seems to me that there was more splashing and noise in the water than either of those animals could have made. I believe it was a su-yi-tup-pi [literally, under-water person]. This is the time, a moonlight night, when they come to the surface and play around."

"What are they like?" I asked. "Did any of your people ever see one?"

"Indeed they did," she replied. "Long ago the camp was pitched on that stream in the north we call the Elk River. One day a man sitting on the edge of a high cut bank happening to look down in the great clear pool below, saw a strange-looking object moving around in the depths. He could not see it clearly, it was so far beneath the surface, but he thought it must be one of the su-yi-top-pi, and he hastened to call the people. When they arrived, and cautiously peered over the edge of the bank, it had come up quite near the surface, and was resting on its back, its arms crossed behind its head. It was a man, far-taller than any man who walks on the land, and quite slender in proportion to its height. It had a white skin, and its long, light hair, eddying and waving in the water, completely veiled its face, so that no one saw it. For a little time, while the people gazed at it in fear and wonder, it rested nearly motionless, and then slowly making a couple of strokes with its hands, sank down and down, and disappeared in the blue depths."

"There were more of them here in this river than any other one, but after the steamboats began to run they be-

came scarce. The old men say that the great wheels of the boats struck and killed many of them. Once somewhere on this river, I think it was below the Great Roar [Great Falls], a party in search of berries saw a woman sitting on a big rock out in the stream. She also had wonderfully long and thick light colored hair, which fell over and covered her face completely, and through which could be seen only here and there the white gleam of her breasts. Seeing the people coming along the shore, she quickly slid off the rock and sank out of sight."

"The wise men say that the su-yi-top-pi do not eat persons, for the bodies of the unfortunates they drag down to their death are generally found without a bruise or mark of any kind. Otters, fish and hell divers constitute their food; and also the mussels. One time when the people were traveling south to hunt in the Yellow Creek country, they came to the ford on the Missouri right where the wagon bridge at Great Falls now stands. As they approached the bank they saw a number of otters hastening down stream over the ford, and one very large one, which seemed to be the leader, kept throwing himself out of the water and making a queer noise, as if urging the others on. They all seemed to be scared at something. Now, when the chiefs and the medicine men and some of the great warriors, who were in the lead, rode to the shore, their horses instead of walking into the water, stopped and snorted, and backed up, trying to turn and run. Then every one knew that some su-yi-top-pi were out there in the river, and that they had scared the others. So the people went into camp right there, not daring to attempt the ford. The next day, however, the horses showed no fear of the river, and the camp crossed over and went on."

"Well," I asked, after a little, "is that all you have to tell me about them?"

"That is all for to-night. To-morrow I will make them a sacrifice, for we seem to be getting into their country."

APPEKUNNY.

A Walk Down South.—XXVII.

AFTER a few hundred yards up a gully and along a spur back, I reached the timber line in Clinch Mountain and began to climb its steepest sides. The snow made the walking slippery, but, with a buoyancy of heart I had not felt in weeks, I grasped the saplings and hauled myself or scrambled up, sweating in spite of the chill wind. On the summit I looked back at the valley far below, a rolling, knoll-filled sweep of land, where one could only half see the houses. There was a distant glimpse of the little church and a clearly defined memory of the widow sitting among the other sisters, with her hands clasped on her knees, her eyes downcast under the blue sunbonnet, her lips muttering a prayer too low for human ears, the ideal of contrition, though one could not fancy what her sins could have been.

Beyond were the ridges and valleys of a feud land, a purple-brown forest landscape, with snow white fragments of clearing scattered over it—the look of peace and gentleness was upon it. It was hard to know that lurking through those pathed woods were men on whom rewards were standing because they had committed the most cowardly of murders. For forty years an average of two shootings resulting in murder annually had occurred there, and in all that time there had been just one hanging, that of an imbecile who was hired to kill a man for two dollars, it is said, by a woman. Valleys rich with soil, good crops, good orchards, mountains crowned by nature with trees and rocks not likely to be disturbed—it seemed a pity that justice could not find her way into it.

I paused for a little while at the house of the man who had showed me the Cope house from the top of the ridge on my way over; he was playing a violin as I came around to the door of his one-roomed log shack. Down in the valley—Poor Valley—I picked up a flint arrowhead of novel design. It was an inch across and an inch long, only with the point rounded instead of sharpened. It makes a pretty pocketpiece. The red mud was ankle deep.

At Mrs. Mary Collins' I stopped for the night. She greeted me cordially, remembering that on my way over I had taken dinner with her. For supper we had corn-bread and fat pork; for breakfast wheat bread and fat pork. A neighbor sent in to borrow some oil for a lamp. Mrs. Collins had none in the can, and only a little in the lantern; she took a bottle, however, and at another house succeeded in getting half a pint. The need of the lamp was a sick woman who "was being watched."

I reached Rogersville the next morning before noon, and Hotelman Spears greeted me heartily.

"You know," he said, "when I heard of that shooting Saturday I didn't know but what you'd gone over there and began to ask questions and they'd got mad." Mail and letters attended to, I came down the railroad track to the bridge and Mr. Steel's, where I had left my boat.

The way ahead loomed up very heavily—measured by the hundreds of miles—to Knoxville or so; to Chattanooga, 400; to Muscle Shoals, 600; to the Mississippi, 900; but it was attractively uncertain beyond Chattanooga. It might be only a "little ways," and I did not measure the map; had not the courage to do so.

All day Sunday it rained, so I did not start out, but listened to many tales by Steel, who went through the Civil War as a Confederate soldier. He had seen a tree over on Clinch River that slid end on down a mountain cornerwise through a mountain cabin, and had been a prisoner of the Federals.

A bad cold worried me all day, but the way the Holston began to show yellow streaks along the banks, and began to lift and heave down the center uneasily, was cheering. A "tide" was coming, and I'd go booming on my way with it.

A good-by to all, I started at 9:20 o'clock on Monday morning, Jan. 28, somewhat regretfully, for I was in the heart of the fruit country of Tennessee. Mrs. Steel and her two daughters put six kinds of sauce on the table in addition to flaky biscuit, meats and pies.

The river was a yellow, turgid, boiling flood, running, it seemed to me, from four to ten miles an hour. It was flaky, streaked with the yellow mud in it, a thin glassy film over the top that held dark lines of reflections. It was curious water to look at. A glass full was about as

transparent as yellow quartz. When the water settled, the glass was opaque, and the water milky.

Ahead of me by an hour was a raft. It had gone down about 8 o'clock, and was bound for Knoxville, doubtless. I set out to overhaul it, if possible, and so paddled steadily, though not vigorously. The river led past rocky cliffs and corn bottoms. It was very beautiful, especially the strong masses of granite which were screened by tree trunks, with a lacework of rich green mosses and draped with plumes of cedar tree boughs and the gray of beech and oak.

From time to time I saw rafts in course of construction, with men whirling big augers, making pinholes and chopping long saplings for bindings and to make pin groves. Always there was the blue smoke of a fire, either on the bank or on the raft, to make it conspicuous. Once I saw a raft on the head of an island, broke in two, "tore up," with several men hovering over a fire on the land. It was a wrecked raft, and on a new tide the men were going to try again. I took the little sluice between the island and land there (Clouds Shoals) and went dancing through some waves that threw a couple of quarts of water over the side of my boat. A mile below I ate my dinner on a broad, glassy eddy. While I was doing so, far ahead I saw blue smoke behaving in a novel fashion.

The smoke I had seen heretofore had simply reared up conspicuously against the trees in blue rolls, but this smoke swept along the water's surface and then went whirling and writhing up slantwise. The reason was obvious; the fire was in motion, and that must be the raft I was pursuing. I seized the paddle and away I went after the base of that spiraling smoke, sure that men were there, though I could see nothing on the broad, smooth water save the smoke. Dimly, after a little, I saw two spidery figures, and the flash of motion of the men, and gradually the low strand of logs came in view, with the flicker of the great oars or sweeps by which the craft was steered.

After a while, at the head of a little shoal, I overtook the raft. At the bow end was a big, dark-featured, high cheek boned man, with a thin, coarse, black mustache and a tuft of a goatee, whom I likened to a plainsman scout. The other was a reddish-whiskered man of lighter build, whose legs were spindly and body square like a box.

I ran in to the raft when the fast water was passed and received an invitation to "warm," of which I took advantage, a drizzle of rain having rendered the day chilling. After a bit of talk, in which I learned that R. K. Ball was steersman (at the stern), also that he had told me the way through Rogersville dam, was remembered, then said they'd be glad of my company to Knoxville, 160 miles away.

The "strand" of logs was forty-six sticks long—a small raft. It was about 100 feet long. The logs were laid side by side, like one's fingers, and bound by hickory poles along each line of ends. Each log was fast to the binder by a ten-inch pin of wood driven through an inch and a half hole in the binder into an inch hole in the top of the log ten inches from the end. The logs were of unequal lengths—from ten to sixteen feet long. Yet one of the sides was laid to a straight edge for convenience in landing on the left bank—the jutting ends were likely to rip into the trees along shore if they were unequal in length, and then the raft would be "tore up." Nothing quite so well impresses the power of the rivers as the idea of tearing up a raft of two-foot logs lying heavily in the water bound by six-inch hickorys with fence-worming bindings to stiffen it. Half-way down the raft the chinks between four adjoining logs were filled with sticks covered with sand, into a fire pit, by which it was a pleasure to sit.

At each end was a great oar—a handle made from a sapling cedar or poplar twenty-five feet long, with a plank blade ten feet long and eighteen inches wide. The oar lock was a stick laid across the stern or bow on the binders. In the middle, the oar, balanced and held fast by a two-inch by fifteen-inch hickory pin, which squeaked as the oar was pushed one way or the other.

To steer the great heavy mass seemed impossible to me, yet by putting their chests to the oar handles and walking against them, the two men ran the raft away from dangerous proximity to the bank with remarkable ease. The oar, however, was heavy and awkward for me to handle, and as the river was very crooked and constant work was necessary, my offer of help was rejected. It was not until later that I learned to manage the great sweeps.

The raft beat the current. There was nearly always a little swirl on each end of the bow log, showing that the log was going faster than the water, which I am not able to explain unless it was due to the tendency of the log to slide down hill on the down-grade of the water. The oars did not thrust the boat ahead—being set on the ends, they merely worked the bow and stern to port or starboard and kept the strange craft end on and from bowing on the towheads, banks and other obstructions.

Toward night we ate supper. They had cornbread, boiled planked pork, apple butter, pie with a very thick crust, some wheat bread and ginger cake. With my apple butter and biscuit we made a good meal. At dusk the boat was worked in close to the shore and at a well-known eddy called Anderson's, I took the bow oar, while McLane, the "scout," but really a Cherokee Indian, originally from a Carolina reservation, went to the stern oar while Ball took the new inch-and-a-half cable to make fast. As the raft poured past a six-inch sapling Ball took a turn round it, made two half-hitches round the rope to hold it and then stepped clear of the rope, lest the rope take a turn round his legs, as these ropes sometimes do round the tiers. The rope raised up taut, stretched till the water was wrung out of it, while the tree quivered and the raft quavered and then swung in to the shore.

All snug on the raft, we went ashore up a hill to the house of C. S. Anderson, four miles from Morristown, Tenn.—This was one of the regular stopping places of raftsmen. A big log house, with kitchen, bedrooms, a sitting room, with a bed in it, and a great fireplace.

The two girls cooked enough wheat bread to make up my share of the raft mess that night for twenty cents. My bed cost fifteen. In case of many rafts coming in, a place on the floor, carpeted and soft, before the fireplace, costs but ten cents. The raftsmen carried their own food on the raft.

Mr. Anderson was in the bed in the sitting room.

Ball explained about me in a low tone. A stranger from a far land, what did I think about Roosevelt? Did I see the man who shot McKinley? What did I think of the people in the South? What did I think of the political parties? And about Schley? It was not the first time that the national questions of the day had been put to me, nor the last in the mountain and river cabins. Then wouldn't I please play the French harp for them—I'd played some on the raft, and the raftsmen did not fail to mention that. So I played, and they all sat up later than usual. But at last we raft folk went to a room and in two beds soon slept.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

The Cains River Country in New Brunswick.

CAINS RIVER, one of the large branches of the main Southwest Mirimichi, flows through the virgin wilderness of the Province of New Brunswick, heading within twenty-five miles of Fredericton, and flowing easterly some seventy odd miles before it joins the main Southwest.

On Friday afternoon, July 1, Charlie R., of Boston, and the writer jumped off the train at Fredericton, the capital of New Brunswick, and there met the honest, cheery Harry C., who, like the moose and caribou of his native Province, is both big and good, a masterhand at everything pertaining to woodcraft, and a companion with a fund of anecdote hard to beat. Half the time was spent in looking up Arthur Pringle, the noted guide, but when found he could not, unfortunately, go with us, but warned us that some parties were already on the grounds we intended visiting. A change of ground had to be made, and Cains River was selected by a unanimous vote; here we had virgin vountry, a stream only known to have been canoed on by but two or three parties previous to our visit.

Saturday noon saw us off on the express train composed of one first-class passenger car, and freight cars. Several hours sufficed to cover the twenty odd miles to Zionville, where, after much persuasion, we managed by heavy bribes to induce a man to stop loafing and drive our outfit some fourteen miles to our starting place. By dark we had reached the last house—how nice that sounds to a camper in the wilderness—and there put up during the few hours of darkness. Daylight saw us under way again through the brush; by and by the sun shone down and Charlie, who is big, fat and white and fresh from foggy Boston, made exclamations deep and strong against the sun and the flies in a manner most terrible.

Nine o'clock found us quenching our thirst at one of the little springs in the meadow from which Cains River rises. Here we were met by our cook, trusty Jim Paul, of the Melicite tribe and persuasion, who saw terrible things and much great medicine at this year's Boston Sportsmen's Show. Figuring that as we had come fishing we ought to fish, Charlie and I jointed our rods and, casting our flies in the water, which was scarcely deep enough to wet your feet in, or wide enough to cast without catching the grass, caught trout out of every hole. I almost believe we could have caught them out of the damp places in the grass. After catching and cooking a panful, which, mixed with some potatoes and onions, made our dinner, we launched our birch canoes in the stream, which was almost too narrow to let them pass and almost too shallow to float them, and which within a week was gradually to grow as we descended it, until it became a broad, quick river, requiring a steady arm and cool head to run the many quick places. Evening brought us to the mouth of the Bantylorum, and in the pool at the mouth we all hastened to cast our flies. The writer's cast of three flies hit the water first, and were instantly nailed by three lusty trout; a moment's suspense, and back came the line with one fair trout only and minus half a leader and two flies. The boys suffered equally, and a solemn council of war decided to use for the future only one fly, and the most taking one proved to be the Parmachene-belle, with the red-ibis is a good second.

Charlie and the red man occupied one canoe, Harry and I the other, taking turns at the fishing. Shades of night were now falling, and camping was in order. A beautiful spot soon came into view on the right bank, and here we pitched our camp and made an elegant bed of boughs; but the fates were against us, a thunder shower came up and then the mosquitoes—oh, the mosquitoes!—truly we had found their great camping ground, and our tent was a most welcome shelter for them. They only laughed at "smudges," pennyroyal and coal tar were as attractive as honey to bees. At daylight we were fairly driven out, and Charlie thought to refresh himself with a bath in the limpid waters, and forthwith disrobed. Now, fellow fisherman, here was a man fresh from the haunts of man, with feet as tender as those of the unborn babe, and clothed as nature clothed him only, and a stream very shallow and very rocky. Picture to yourself the scene as he waded out to take his bath. The mosquitoes did not do a thing to him—oh, no! A slap here, a clap there, until finally in despair he lay down and rolled in agony, but still in triumph, in water barely deep enough to cover him. The red man laughed; as for Harry and me, enough is said.

Breakfast over, we were again under way, when a movement in the bushes caught my eye, and presently out walked a beautiful doe, and contrary to the opinion of some writers in FOREST AND STREAM, commenced to chew some lily pads growing in a little still water bordering the stream; we floated down within ten yards and got a fine view of her.

The methods of the wild fishers we saw and had an opportunity to study would occupy too much room in this article.

An old eagle took a special fancy to us, and some fish which we were keeping alive in the pool among the rocks made him a fine dinner. Thursday found us well on our way down the river, and while quietly paddling along looking for a site to camp, we saw a moose in the water ahead of us some 300 yards. The cameras again came out, and going ashore I managed to get within fifty feet of the big cow; and even when she saw

me she did not display undue alarm, but went off with a stately walk which showed she knew full well it was close season. A short time afterward, while walking down the bank of the river for exercise, and coming round a projecting point, I almost fell over a big bull, which lost no time in making away. During the trip several more animals were heard, and moose tracks were too numerous to occasion any comment.

Waking up one morning we saw a deer out in the water looking at the camp, and wondering what on earth that white thing was. It faced the music of a shot from the camera, the warwhoop of the Melicite, and the fusillade from four old bits of wood before it would move. Will someone get up in the amen corner and say why they won't do that in open season? This day proved particularly hot, and a camp was dispensed with at night, the crowd rolling themselves in their blankets and lying down with the heavens as their only canopy. Unwise mortals! Morning found us nearly frozen and a quarter inch of ice in the water bucket. Who would have thought it in the middle of July? During our whole trip, I believe, there was not five yards of water out of which we could not have taken a fish. The pools where cold brooks came in were alive with big trout. Time and time again the three rods were playing a two and three and one-half pound trout, all at the same time, and all hooked within two feet of one another. A fly held eight inches above the water would keep the pot boiling, as trout after trout would try to reach it. It was a beautiful sight to see these great fish, as red as red could be, and beautifully spotted, come up and take the fly.

Every fish but those we could eat was returned to the water to gladden the heart of future anglers in this piscatorial paradise.

Saturday morning saw us up at break of day and paddling for Blackville, where we were to catch the train for Fredericton. When some three miles from the station we saw it would be impossible to make our connection, and the brilliant idea of flagging the train struck Harry when he saw the track running along the river bank. The thought was father to the deed, and a few moments later found us and our belongings on the railway side, and in due season the rumble of the approaching train told us all too surely of the actual return again to earth and things earthly. But the train had to be stopped, and we even thought at first of flagging it, but the engineer fortunately had to pass another train there on a switch, and we had a chance to board it. We had some trouble in overcoming the customary red tape of the Canada Eastern, but finally got our canoes on board and reluctantly embarking pulled out for Fredericton, the capital city of the Province of New Brunswick, and thence on to our respective homes.

Thus ended a trip which was an almost ideal outing, with beautiful weather, plenty of fish, grand, good company, magnificent scenery, only moderate cost, within two day's journey of New York, and above all, the grandest of opportunities to study the ways of the wild creatures of the wilderness. How in after years will memory recall the long sandy reaches of shore on the river, where from the silent observatory of the canoe floating quietly down the stream, one can watch family after family of porcupines foraging for their food, the big ones and the little ones; how they remind you of pigs in their every movement; and the foundation is evident for the many weird tales they have been the innocent cause of, in which helpless women and children and those, too, of the stronger sex, have been attacked by bears, which, as a matter of fact, were only the big, fat porcupines seeking to escape from injury, and yet too stupid to get out of the road. Then at evening the sun goes down and throws the slanting light up against the white breast of that big eagle sitting on yonder gnarled branch of the whitened withered ram pike, the sun shining in resplendent glory on his white feathers, while away in the blue ether the eye can just faintly trace the sailing form of his mate. A little nearer at hand there is a brood of young partidges, and the almost distracted mother hen is using all the artifices of a broken wing to draw us away from her chicks. One could not find it in his heart to harm them, and, beyond cornering one in a bush and taking a photo, we let them go. Down at the water's edge we find a brood of young ducks, and again give chase with the camera; here again the wonderful motherly instinct shines forth as the old duck vainly tries to draw us away from her young; how eagerly she tries to get them up river from us, and failing that, how cunningly she hides them on the shore and flies alone, tauntingly, back past us. Then when we try to find the fledgelings, how closely they lie, like a woodcock to a dog, until we are almost on them; then come the splashing and wild confusion as a dozen brown streaks of lightning flash in as many directions, between our legs, in front of us, behind us, everywhere.

And the trout themselves, how well they loved the luxuries; that long, low marshy bank of the river gave the indications of being fishy, and a bad throw of the flies landed them within an inch or so of the bank, to be immediately taken by a glorious trout; and another try gave the same result. Nowhere else would a fish take; unless the flies took the water precisely at the very edge of the bank no response would come; and yet along the bank must have been drawn up a red line of a hundred two-pounders. Investigation showed us it was a spring marsh, and there were the fish actually shoving their noses against the cool ground.

These and many other cases I could keep on telling you; but go and find out, reader, for yourself the charm of such an outing. This my advice is to all lovers of nature, be he or she a fisherman delighting only in catching fish, or a hunter who takes pleasure only in his rifle, or lastly the wealthy nature lover who loves nature and his own ease and comfort.

To any and all of these, I say to go to the unbroken wilderness of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and there seek health and pleasure as I have outlined, and if I can help any of them in the way of information I will most gladly do so.

JAMES TURNBULL.

CANYON CITY, Col., April 21.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Natural History.

The Cornell College Forest.

THE recent criticisms of the methods employed in the management of the small forest area set aside by the State for a demonstration of rational forestry methods have shown that the lay public has still somewhat erroneous ideas as to objects and methods of forestry.

The following brief statements are, therefore, put forward to explain in simple manner the philosophy of these methods as understood by professional foresters:

1. Forestry is the art of utilizing the forest, and at the same time perpetuating it. It is wholly utilitarian; it has nothing (except incidentally) to do with the esthetic aspects of forest growth which concern the landscape gardener. Wood crops is its object, just as food crops is the object of agriculture. The only obligation which forestry imposes in the use or harvest of a forest growth is to systematically replace the harvested crop. In this obligation mainly, if not alone, does forestry differ from lumbering.

2. A limitation of the size of trees to be cut or to be left uncut has not necessarily any bearing on the replacement of the crop. Such a restriction to cut or leave certain sizes is either indicated by financial considerations (it does not pay either at present or in the long run to cut below a certain diameter), or else it is a device to prevent overcutting, wherever no systematic attention to the replacement of the crop can be or will be given.

In the college forest no hardwood trees below 14 inches and softwoods below 12 inches are cut, unless they are defective and not fit to grow into the new crop, or likely to damage the young crop by shade or by being thrown by winds.

3. The many methods of reproducing a new crop ("silvicultural methods") which are practiced, vary mainly in the rapidity with which the old crop is removed, namely:

From immediate absolute clearing, when the new crop must be either artificially planted or is secured by seeds from a neighboring old stand—

Through various degrees of gradual removal, when the old crop is entirely removed in two to twenty years, the crop being secured from trees on the area by seeds, and rapidity of removal of the old crop being gauged by the need for light of the young crop—

To the so-called "selection" forest, in which only single trees, here and there, are removed from time to time, and nature alone is left to reproduce the crop as best it may in the small openings made.

4. No method of reproducing is the only proper one, and in an experimental or demonstration forest which is to teach methods and demonstrate their results all or a number of these methods should be exhibited.

5. The choice of method depends on the species present or to be reproduced, on climate and soil, on the objects to be attained by the management, and on financial considerations.

In a mixed forest of nature the species composing the forest are not all equally useful; in the foresters' forest the most useful ones must be made to preponderate or occupy the ground and the "weed" trees must be subdued.

6. There are three objects to be attained by forest growth, namely, to furnish wood supplies, to furnish protection of soil and water flow, to furnish pleasure and sport. We may accordingly recognize supply forests, protection forests and luxury forests.

7. The first object is to the people at large the most important; the second is of importance only in certain (limited) locations; the third concerns only or mainly certain classes; but the third, as well as the second—pleasure and protection—can be attained without losing sight of the first—wood supplies. All three objects are simultaneously attained in the managed forests of Europe.

8. Where the second and third object—protection and pleasure—are paramount, the methods of harvesting and reproducing the crop are circumscribed by the necessity of keeping a constant cover, hence gradual removal methods are advisable, although by no means always necessary. In a supply forest the choice of method is limited only by financial consideration, including the assurance of silvicultural success, i. e., of a satisfactory new crop.

9. The gradual removal methods entail large initial investments for means of transportation over large territory, in order to harvest enough material annually or periodically, and their silvicultural success, i. e., the character of the new crop, is uncertain, especially in the mixed forest. The immediate removal, followed by artificial replacement, entails money outlay for the latter from year to year, but saves expense in the harvest and reduces the investment for roads. Its silvicultural success can be forced; it is merely a question of pocket.

10. The selection forest system is the poorest, both financially and silviculturally, and to be applied only where absolute necessity for keeping a continuous cover exists or where better methods cannot be practiced on account of market conditions.

Over 80 per cent. of the forests of Germany are managed under a clearing system, "denudation" or rapid removal system, less than 20 per cent. are managed under slow removal systems or coppice, and mostly only on small, limited areas. In Prussian State forests (nearly 7,000,000 acres) only .5 per cent. (equal to 35,000 acres) is managed as selection forest, over 65 per cent. is managed in clearing and artificial replanting, less than 3 per cent. in coppice, the balance (32 per cent.) in rapid removal system. On the clear areas from 2,000 to 4,000 seedlings, more or less, are planted, which, in twenty-five to thirty-five years, reduced to about 1,800 trees growing up like a wheat field, furnish in sixty years on soils not better than the Adirondacks from 30,000 to 40,000 feet, B. M.

11. A combination of natural regeneration with artificial assistance, is the only rational method where, as in our culled forests, the most desirable species have been removed and the less desirable and the decrepit have

been left on the ground. In such cases provision must be made to re-establish the desirable kinds by planting, after removal or reduction of the less desirable.

12. The college forest, according to the reading of the law, was primarily to be managed as a supply forest, "for it is to harvest and reproduce wood crops and earn a revenue therefrom"; only secondarily or by implication is it to be managed as a protection forest, wherever this consideration is essential on steep slopes or hilltops; it is a mixed forest from which the desirable softwoods (pine and spruce) have been culled, the less desirable hardwoods, decrepit and damaged runts, are left; the management has not been furnished with capital to make gradual removal methods practicable in most places, hence concentrated harvest, with artificial replacement of softwoods, assisted as far as possible by natural reproduction of both softwoods and hardwoods, leaving hilltops and steep slopes untouched to furnish soil production and additional seeding, is in most places the only desirable method.

The choice of method was therefore partly forced by financial considerations, partly a result of deliberation on the best silvicultural result.

Under this system there have been cut over, in the two years of operation to date (February, 1902) about 1,000 acres. Of this acreage perhaps 300 acres may be called "denuded," although on these, whatever young timber was in existence, has of course been left; within this acreage also strips of timber and groups of trees have been left untouched along roadsides and on hilltops and tops for seeding, protection and esthetic value. Altogether 255 acres have been planted with 232,000 seedlings and 53 pounds of seed, mainly of pine and spruce, namely, 150 acres of waste lands and 105 acres of the cut area, the rest of the cut area, which could not be got ready for planting in the first season will be planted this spring, there being in the two large nurseries over 1,000,000 seedlings for the purpose.

The official reports annually submitted to the Governor and Legislature have fully foreshadowed and explained the methods which have been pursued.

B. E. FERNOW,
Director N. Y. S. College of Forestry.

Summer Birds of Flathead Lake.

AN interesting list of Rocky Mountain birds is found in the Bulletin of the University of Montana, published in 1901. It treats of the summer birds of Flathead Lake and is based on observations made by Mr. P. M. Silloway, between June 14 and August 30, 1900, and in June and July, 1901. The area covered includes the foot and head of Flathead Lake, Sinyaleamin Lake in the Mission Mountain, McDonald Lake, in the Mission Mountain, and the region between Mt. McDonald and Flathead Lake. Additional observations were made in June and July, 1901.

The region covered lying all on the west side of the range, is one of considerable precipitation and is largely forest clad. The sides of the mountains are often precipitous, and climbing is slow and difficult, while a bird shot may fall to the ground 500 feet below the collector, and can only be recovered by long, hard work. On the other hand, there are some open prairies, and on the lakes and along the streams and the waterholes in the plain, ducks and waders may be found. To the naturalist the region is indeed an attractive one, and it is now so easy of access it may well be wondered why it has not become a more favored ground for collectors.

Mr. Silloway's list includes 128 species. It is a summer list and it is inferred that about one hundred and twenty species breed in the Flathead Lake region, while eight are fall migrants that have crossed the border line from the north where they had spent the summer. Of the one hundred and twenty at least thirty are considered permanent residents of the region. The others are summer birds only.

One of the interesting occurrences noted in this list is that of the evening grosbeak, which was found abundant and feeding its young from the middle of July onward. Specimens were taken in June, and Mr. Silloway expresses the belief that the bird breeds plentifully in the neighborhood, and that it nests later than is generally supposed.

Bob White has been successfully introduced in the locality between Flathead Lake and Kalispel and seems to be doing well. It is hoped that the species will be allowed to adjust itself to its new surroundings and become thoroughly established before it shall be shot.

Richardson's grouse, Franklin's grouse, the gray ruffed grouse and the Columbian sharp-tailed grouse are all found abundant.

There is much that is interesting in his paper.

Prof. Morton J. Elrod, the Director of the Montana Biological Station, did much to assist the author in completing his list of the birds of this interesting region.

Birds Other Than Game.

NEW YORK, April 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Many sportsmen, when on hunting trips, are in the habit of shooting birds that can in no sense be considered game, "simply for practice." It is undoubtedly a fact that large numbers of gulls, terns, swallows, swifts, night-hawks, which in some sections of the country are known as bullbats, and birds of like character, as destroyed every year.

Without considering the æsthetic side of the question, such birds should not be killed, from an economic standpoint; they are of great value to the public, and to wantonly destroy them for "practice" in shooting is a habit that no true sportsman will engage in. Let us hope that it is the result of thoughtlessness.

This appeal is made to the sportsmen of the country, to ask them to consider the great value of the non-game birds, and it is believed that they will not only abstain from killing such birds, but will preach the gospel of protection at all times.

WM. DUTCHER,
Chairman the National Committee
of the Audubon Societies.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in *FOREST AND STREAM*.

Three Seasons in the Moose Country

Part I.

I HAVE read Mr. Ireland's series of articles with much interest, having enjoyed three consecutive hunting trips in the same region.

In September, 1898, Mr. W., usually designated as Harry, and a friend, familiarly called Fess, who is also infected with the hunting fever, left for the forest of New Brunswick, a then comparatively unknown and unsung sportsman's paradise.

They were met at Fredericton by the late Frank H. Risteen, who has published so many interesting sketches of hunting trips, and their guide, William Carson. They camped on Salmon Brook Lake, and although signs were plentiful and several animals were seen, usually out of range across the lake, luck was not with them, and they succeeded in bagging but a cow caribou, curiously enough having small horns. However, the charm of the country lay upon them, and all that winter I heard nothing but "trajectory," "bore" (a most applicable word in the hunting vocabulary, it seemed to me), "elevation," etc. Talk about golf as a hobby, it is a pigmy in comparison. The most peaceful looking men surprise you by recounting blood-curdling adventures in which, as a hero is always needed, each consents to figure strongly in that character.

The fall of 1899 saw the usual fever even higher. In imagination rows of enormous moose were camping round Salmon Brook Lake, just pining for "Sports from the States." This year October was agreed upon, and, in a moment of weakness, I decided to accompany them. But business delayed, and it was really well into November before we finally left New York. One day en route was spent in Montreal, where our stock of firearms and ammunition was duly inspected and appraised by the customs officials. Then eastward by the Canadian Pacific to Fredericton, and northward on the Canada Eastern forty miles or so to Boiestown. This railroad is owned entirely by a Mr. Gibson, who had made a fortune in the lumber business. From Boiestown, a tiny station with a few scattering houses, we drove five miles to Wilson's, and for the last time in some weeks we enjoyed the luxury of a bed. Mr. Wilson is a hale and hearty man of eighty winters—summers are too short in that region to count. People never get really old in New Brunswick. Our guide's mother is a sprightly young thing of ninety, and he, himself, a mere youth of only sixty-five. Mr. Wilson points with pride to a beautiful Jersey cow, sent him by Joseph Jefferson in remembrance of his many fishing trips up the Mirimichi.

In the early gray of the next morning the real hardship commenced. I donned an abbreviated skirt, heavy sweater and water-tight shoe-packs lacing to the knee. These boots were ordered in Fredericton and are, without doubt, the best thing of the kind manufactured. I shall never forget the expression on the faces of our guides when they met us and saw a woman in the party. It was an unprecedented occurrence, except for an English woman who, with her husband, had made the trip on horseback. The guides confessed afterward that the odds were about a hundred to one that I would give out and have to be carried before the first half of the journey was completed. Happily, I disappointed them, although the traveling was execrable.

The cold November wind ceased to cut after we entered the forest. Everything was novel, and after a stop at noon to "bait" the baggage teams and "bile the kettle," we arrived at dusk at our haven, a group of old lumber hovels erected years before, and long since deserted.

Like Jerome's noted travelers, we were "three and a dog"—Sancho, a cocker spaniel, warranted to retrieve anything. Evidently New Brunswick birds were out of his line, for he utterly ignored the first partridge that flew up. Poor Sancho! his feet were sore from the many detours through the brush, his skin tender, and thenceforth he hovered as close to the dilapidated stove as possible. At night he was a target for everything handy to the berths. Then did he retrieve, and so ardently that even our deep slumbers, induced by a weary day and a bed of balsam boughs, were disturbed. My coat, rolled up, was the only pillow I knew. Our berth, constructed for a crew of lumbermen, was in two sections. The guides preferred the lower, the rest of us the upper, but this was so near the sloping roof that rising suddenly entailed many a sharp rap on the head. A phrenologist would have thought ours a remarkable development.

Our arsenal consisted of a .50-100-450, a .40-70-330, and my special lightweight .30-30 Winchester and a couple of shotguns. Stormy days when I stayed in camp alone I went to sleep peacefully, grasping a .44 Smith & Wesson ready for any emergency. Be it known, that to fire upon a few French-Canadian lumbermen who might make themselves obnoxious, is much less grievous in the eyes of New Brunswick than to covet one of their cherished cow moose. Seventeen lumbermen honored our camp one night and slept on the floor in different keys. For real, genuine noise, I would recommend a crew of lumbermen in the arms of Morpheus. They carry a roll of blanketing about as thick as a sheet; one thickness is munificently spread on the floor or ground, the men pack in like sardines, with sacks containing their scanty outfit for the winter under their heads, and another thickness, or rather thinness, covers them. Although the thermometer was close to zero, I never heard them complain. We shivered, rolled up in Klondike blankets, fourteen pounds to the pair.

The event of the first week was the loss of Harry's first moose. We in camp heard the .40-70 speak twice, and waited anxiously for news, but not until dusk did two much-disgusted hunters return. Harry had wounded a moose and trailed him all day by copious blood stains, but probably crowded the animal too closely, for he swam the Little Dungarvon River, and all trace was lost be-

yond. The next spring a lumberman found a skeleton, which may have been the same, in that vicinity. The horns, measuring over 60 inches, were sold in Boiestown. Things began to look gloomy, but bad luck was not always with us. When returning to camp one day, and within a mile of it, a monarch of the forest presented himself broadside, the .40-70 cracked once, this time to some purpose, and Harry at last had that long-coveted "first-moose." Both shoulders were broken; the moose never moved from his tracks, but pitched over a fallen tree, driving one prong into it so deeply that it had to be cut out. Back to camp they came, very jubilant, and we all turned out to watch the skinning process. These horns were almost perfect, and spread 52 inches. The meat, however, was found to be absolutely impossible to average teeth, and we still subsisted on pork and bacon, varied by occasional partridges. Unfortunately at this time, friend Fess wrenched his knee, which kept him in comparative proximity to camp, but luckily, during our last week he contrived to supply us with caribou meat, most of which we shipped home.

During the latter part of the trip we had a very heavy fall of snow, and the lakes could be crossed on the ice. Every fresh snowfall received the imprint of numerous feet. In the forest, Carson is a second Sherlock Holmes—nothing escapes his notice, it is all an open book to him.

A moose stalked up the trail within a hundred feet of our camp one night, and his track, in turn, was crossed by that of an enormous bear. Everywhere, crossed and recrossed, were the tracks of the smaller life of the forest, but so wary are they, that without such evidence, the woods seem deserted by all life, except the ever-present noisy red squirrel and the warning bluejay. Sit down to rest for five minutes and Mr. Squirrel challenges you on one side, while the Canada jay, popularly called moose bird, waits expectantly on the other; you may be going to lunch and leave a few crumbs. This bird is the camp scavenger, but withal a very sleek and pretty bird to look at. I was very much averse to seeing them killed and could not understand our guide's animosity to them until he explained that during the spring trapping, these birds follow and steal the bait, usually springing the traps.

The bluejay seems to be appointed by the forest people to the position of "town crier." He always keeps the hunter in sight and sounds his shrill note of warning; possibly when no foreign element intrudes, he screams in bird language, "All's well."

I succeeded in taming one little squirrel so that he became quite familiar, much to the cook's disgust, for biscuits disappeared off the table if one's back was turned for a moment. Those biscuits speak wonders for a squirrel's digestion.

Our guide, William Carson, has been a woodsman and trapper from his earliest recollections, and is without doubt the most interesting story teller in his way that I have ever met. Give him a pipe and a bright camp-fire, and our Chancey would have to look to his laurels as a raconteur. Some winters ago, he, with Hale, our cook, succeeded in killing a moose in deep snow by lashing their jackknives to long poles and repeatedly prodding him with these tiny but effectual weapons. Another winter, Carson on snowshoes, tried to kill a moose by hamstringing him with his ax, but the moose, being hard pressed, turned and charged him, and Carson tripped and fell. Luckily, in falling, he swung his ax upward, catching the enraged moose fairly across the windpipe. The dying moose fell directly upon him, burying him in the snow, and had to be pried off with poles before our nimrod of the ax could be rescued from suffocation. From him I first heard the tale of the "Dungarvon Whooper," and have since read with much pleasure Maximilian Foster's "In the Forest," in which he ably relates this story. Nearly every lumberman claims to have either seen or heard this strange beast. It is always large and yellow, with a tail which varies in length from three to seven feet, according to the strength of the imagination. Some of these men are timid about going out alone after dark. It is surprising how much superstition still clings to these children of nature. Everywhere one hears tales of the supernatural; no deep questions of astronomy cause a ripple on their minds. Carson, particularly, objects to a spherical world, where part of the time he hangs off head downward into space. A flat earth suits him, round which the sun travels and reappears at the appointed time next morning.

The next October (1900) Harry and I alone composed the party, with Carson as guide, and Hale as cook. For the first week we never stirred from camp, and were lucky to have reached it at all. One of the biggest rains that region ever knew happened along just then, and every tiny brook turned to an angry river. The Canadian Pacific, to say nothing of the little Canada Eastern, was decidedly "out of business," and for several days Fred-erickton could only be reached by boat on the St. Johns River. Finally, when the weather permitted, we moved to a lean-to, about a mile off the trail, and put up a tent for a store room, but when one bitter cold morning I found a blanket of about two inches of snow covering me, I rebelled, and we moved back to our old camp again.

This year fortune favored, and the .40-70 added to its laurels once more. Again only one shot on the ridge south of Salmon Brook Lake, and this time a 56-inch spread of horns was secured. This animal was enormous, moreover, he had seen many battles; one eye was missing; an ear torn to ribbons, and numerous festering wounds told of recent trials of strength.

Soon afterward Carson and Harry started on a cruise northward to locate a site for a new permanent camp for the following year, and were gone three days and three nights. During this time Hale and I visited the lake every evening just at sundown, and I blazed away at the enormous flocks of ducks and geese as they came over, but not always successfully by any means. Carson and Harry selected a spot for a camp near Rocky Brook, and about twenty miles further into the moose country. On their return we immediately packed up and left camp for home. All streams crossing the trail were swollen, and here I had my first experience in tight-rope walking of a sort, when with long pole in hand I succeeded in keeping my balance on a small tree felled across the stream for a bridge. It is needless to say that I breathed a sigh of relief on the home side every time. A dip in a

New Brunswick stream late in the autumn is not to be desired.

This year's moose head, together with '99's, created so much enthusiasm among friends that the Rocky Brook Hunting Club was formed; each of the four members contributed his quota, and a cozy cabin was erected the following summer on the site which Harry and Carson had selected.

MRS. HENRY FERRINE WALKER.

NEW YORK, March 5.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Queer Bags by Sportsmen.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 26.—At Roselawn, Ind., one day this week, Mr. Hess O'Brien, of Chicago, while hunting ducks near the Kankakee River, saw a big bald-headed eagle rise close before him in the timber, and was able to wing-tip it with his first shot. The bird was not killed, nor did it succumb until after the sixth shot from the duck gun loaded with No. 6 shot, the shots fired at short range. It was a very large specimen, in good plumage, though probably a last year's bird. It measured 82 inches from tip to tip of its wings.

Frank Griffin, of Fox Lake, Wis., was lucky enough to get a wild goose this week, alive, and without his firing a shot at it. It was a cripple, and had been shot through the body with a rifle ball. There has been more or less rifle shooting at geese in that part of the country this spring, and D. J. Hotchkiss thinks this might be his goose, because he shot one with his Mauser rifle a day or so before and did not stop it within bounds. Two other shooters of that vicinity got three geese between them last Saturday.

End of Snipe Season.

Our Illinois snipe season ended yesterday, much to the disappointment of the knowing ones. The second flight of snipe is now in big numbers, and the best shooting of the spring would be possible right now. On Thursday I was called down into Indiana on a business trip, and though I did not have any opportunity to hunt, I passed the best of the Kankakee marshes. I have never seen more snipe working there on any one day than I saw in crossing the marsh below Lowell. The air was full of little wisps of jacks, and there was a mile and a half of grass snipe in the air at once, put up by the railway train.

The shooting had at Maksawba by the few members who took out licenses was very good. A report comes that one member killed 67; another 62, on last Monday, and the same chronicler goes on to say that Mel Fancher, a well-known pusher of that locality, brought up to Chicago and sold this week \$48 worth of jack snipe, getting over \$3 a dozen for them. Of course, this was in violation of the Indiana export law, but that does not cut much figure. There is no doubt that both the duck and the snipe flight have been extraordinarily heavy this spring.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

UNITED STATES COMMISSION OF FISH AND FISHERIES, Washington, D. C., April 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just noticed in your issue of last week the communication by Mr. Carleton, of Cocoon Grove, Fla., regarding the bonefish and the lady-fish. Great confusion seems to exist in the minds of many anglers as to the identity of these two fishes, and Mr. Carleton has increased the muddle.

We may assume, in the first place, that the fish which Mr. Hunter caught were what Mr. Carleton knows as the bonefish, for that is what he calls them. In the second place, we may assume that the photograph illustrating Mr. Carleton's article is a photograph of the three fish caught by Mr. Hunter, and which Mr. Carleton says were bonefish. Mr. Carleton will doubtless permit us to say, also, that he knows a bonefish when he sees it, and that the fish he has pictured are the bonefish of Biscayne Bay and elsewhere on the Florida coast.

Now, the only question remaining to be settled is this: What is the bonefish? Evidently it is *Albula vulpes*. Mr. Carleton's photograph shows three examples of *Albula vulpes*. Let Mr. Carleton compare his photograph with the two illustrations on the opposite page of the same issue of FOREST AND STREAM, which are correctly labeled, and he will see that his agree with the one labeled *Albula vulpes*.

In a book on "Where, When and How to Catch Fish on the East Coast of Florida," recently published, the author makes an effort to reduce the confusion in the use of the names "bonefish" and "lady fish," but hardly succeeds. This author (Mr. Wm. H. Gregg) reached the erroneous conclusion that the illustrations of *Albula vulpes* and *Elops saurus* in Jordan and Evermann's "Fishes of North and Middle America" were inadvertently transposed; and in using the same cuts in his book on "East Coast of Florida," he makes the transposition, but explains that he forgot to transpose the descriptions, and asks the reader to do so. Now, the facts are these: These two fishes are correctly labeled in Jordan and Evermann's work, while Mr. Gregg has them worse mixed in his mind than in his book. The only change necessary in his book is a transposition of the scientific names.

My own experience with the vernacular names of these two fishes among fishermen and anglers on the Florida coast shows that some agree with Mr. Carleton in calling *Albula vulpes* the bonefish, while others apply the same name to *Elops saurus*. And the same is true as to the use of lady-fish and bony-fish. Each species has many vernacular names, some of which are applied indiscriminately to both species. It would greatly simplify matters

if the name bonefish were retained for *Albula vulpes* and let *Elops saurus* be called ten-pounder. Or, still better, call one albula and the other elops.

Elops saurus is the "first cousin of the tarpon," as Mr. Carleton very properly says, and not the species he figures.

And speaking of the tarpon, permit me to call attention to another curious misconception under which Mr. Gregg labors. On page 31 of his book on Florida fishes he says that "Jordan and Evermann are the first authorities to report two species of the tarpon," and then gives "*Tarpon atlanticus*" and "*Grand ecaille*" as their scientific names. Mr. Gregg simply mistook our "Grande écaille" (the common French name of the tarpon) for a scientific name. A very ludicrous and scarcely excusable mistake. Mr. Gregg's book shows evidence of hurried and careless preparation.

BARTON W. EVERMANN,
Ichthyologist of the U. S. Fish Commission.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Twenty years ago I called the attention of Northern anglers to the lady fish and bonefish, or ten-pounder, of Florida, as game fishes of high degree. I used the term "animated silver shuttle" to describe their antics when hooked, and accorded equal praise to both species as to gameness. I have never been able to convince myself as to which is entitled to the palm; but they are both good enough, and comparisons are odious.

I am glad to see, from the communications of Mr. Henry Guy Carleton, that the bonefish, or ten-pounder, is now coming to the front as a game fish in Florida. But there seems to be some confusion of identification as between the bonefish and the lady fish. This is easily accounted for, inasmuch as that they are usually of about the same size, and have very much the same general appearance in form and bright silvery coloration; and moreover, there is a confusion attending their vernacular names, as the lady fish is also known as bony fish. If the figures of the two species, as given in your issue of April 19, are carefully studied, there need be no difficulty in the proper identification of the two fishes.

It will be observed that the lady fish (*Albula vulpes*) has an overhanging, pig-like snout, and larger scales, while in the bonefish (*Elops saurus*) the scales are smaller, and the mouth is terminal, or the jaws about equal, with a wedge-like sharpness. Moreover, the bonefish, or the ten-pounder, as I prefer to call it, has, like the tarpon, a bony gular plate under the lower jaw, which is absent in the lady fish.

While the two fishes are both allied to the herring tribe, they belong to different families, though the young of both species undergo a metamorphosis, or pass through a larval stage, in which they appear as ribbon-shaped and transparent bodies, totally unlike their parents.

Both the bonefish and the lady fish are cosmopolitan, inhabiting the warm seas of both hemispheres. They have both been known to science for a century and a half, and have been described by many naturalists from different parts of the world. The current specific names were both bestowed by Linnaeus. Catesby, in 1737, called the lady fish of the Bahamas "bonefish," while Captain William Dampier, one of the early explorers, called the bonefish of the Bahamas "ten-pounder," so it will be seen that the confusion of common names goes "way back," and continues to be so "set down" in our own day.

JAMES A. HENSEHALL.

BOZEMAN, Mont.

Rangeley and Other Waters.

BOSTON, April 26.—The ice went out of the Rangeleys Friday, seven days earlier than last year, and five days earlier than the earliest previous record—April 30. The record of the clearing of the Rangeley system for the past twenty-one years, from the files of the FOREST AND STREAM, will be of interest to sportsmen who frequent those waters. In 1881 the ice was all out May 12; 1882, May 12; 1883, May 14; 1884, May 13; 1885, May 15; 1886, May 3; 1887, May 15; 1888, May 21; 1889, April 30; 1890, May 9; 1891, May 10; 1892, May 4; 1893, May 20; 1894, May 2; 1895, May 7; 1896, May 9; 1897, May 12; 1898, May 1; 1899, May 9; 1900, May 12; 1901, May 2; 1902, as above. The gateway to the Rangeley waters is now open, but fishing must not begin till May 1, since the fish laws say that the open season in Oxford and Franklin counties does not begin till that date, though in all the other counties of the State it is legal to fish as soon as the ice is out, with the possible exception of certain streams and waters specially protected. Boston rod and reel sportsmen are some of them ready, although the early opening of the season takes most of them by surprise, or at least not fully prepared. Capt. Fred C. Barker, of Bemis and the Birches, writes that he has several parties of sportsmen booked for April 30, and more for the first days of May.

Salmon and trout fishing is good at New Found Lake, N. H. T. H. McDonald, of Lowell, and Mrs. McDonald, returned yesterday from their annual fishing trip to that lake. They caught six salmon and four trout. Mrs. McDonald was high line, as usual. She caught the biggest salmon—8½ pounds. The fish gave her great play, requiring thirty-five minutes of skillful managing to bring him to the net.

At Winnepesaukee the fishing is very good indeed. At Hobbs-is-Inn, Wolfboro, the catch has been a big one the past week. One angler has taken salmon up to 10 and 11 pounds, while another salmon weighing 14½ pounds has fallen to the lot of a Boston angler. Another angler had taken sixty trout up to Thursday, the string weighing over 200 pounds. A gentleman came into Dame, Stoddard & Co.'s store Tuesday with a lake trout weighing 15 pounds, fresh from Winnepesaukee. He had also taken several smaller fish. In the windows of the same store Mr. Henry C. Litchfield had two trout on exhibition—brook trout from Belgrade Lakes, Me. They weighed 3½ and 4 pounds. It is remarkable that the Belgrade system of lakes is really becoming noted for brook trout. A few years ago, and before restocking these lakes with bass, trout and landlocked salmon, no trout were being taken, though the same waters were well supplied with brook trout originally—natural trout waters, in fact. But pickerel had destroyed them. Under the new system of stocking and protection the trout are coming back. Gen. Davidson has just reported in Boston the taking of a

landlocked salmon at Hartland Lake, Me., weighing 5 pounds. This catch is remarkable when it is noted that that lake was a pickerel pond a few years ago, and that the first salmon were put in there only seven years ago. This demonstrates Commissioner Stanley's theory that landlocked salmon, in favorable weather, should make about a pound a year. Mr. Davidson's salmon was taken on the Wild Goose Club side of the lake, while the members of the Commodore Club, on the other side, are glad that there are so large fish in the lake, but possibly would rather have had this one taken on their side.

Boston, April 28.—At this writing the ice has not left Moosehead, though expected to go at any hour. It is not usual for the ice to hang in Moosehead longer than in the Rangeleys, which lakes were all clear Friday. Fishing is legal in Moosehead as soon as the ice goes out, although not so in the Rangeleys altogether. It is a curious fact that an error has been made in regard to fishing in the waters of Oxford county, Me. In former Maine game law compilations it is stated that the season for fishing in Oxford and Franklin counties begins May 1, but a copy of Carleton's latest Digest or Revision, Edition of 1901—there was no session of the Legislature that year—has this paragraph:

"Section 3. The open time for fishing in all the lakes in Oxford county shall begin as soon as the ice is out of said lakes in the spring, instead of on the first day of May, as now provided by law."

In Franklin county the open season does not begin till the first day of May, according to the same revision. Hence the condition of the Rangeley Lakes is decidedly complicated. Richardson Lake is wholly in Oxford county; and Umbagog, of course, being further west. The Upper Dam is in Oxford county, and the Birches, as well as Pleasant Island, while Haines' Landing, Bemis and the whole of Rangeley Lake are in Franklin county. This makes another instance of the careless drawing of the Maine fish and game laws. The same revision, by Mr. Carleton, says that Mill Brook and Metallic Brook, flowing into Richardson Lake, are in Franklin county, when they are most decidedly in Oxford county.

Massachusetts anglers who cannot get away for long trips do get some pretty good fishing near home. Frank Stewart made a trip last Thursday to some stream in the vicinity of Sudbury or Concord, and brought home a handsome creel of twenty-four trout. His friends say that the string weighed 28 pounds—"by the scales on a perch he caught." At least, they were good ones, and the boys are all crazy to find out where he got them.

Good reports continue to come in concerning the fishing in the New Hampshire lakes. Mr. Sleeper, of Boston, is back from a successful fishing trip to Newfound Lake, with some good salmon to his credit. At Lake Winnisquam, Laconia, some excellent catches of trout and salmon have been made during the first two weeks of the open season, although cold weather and cold winds have prevailed. Up to the present time more salmon have been taken from Winnisquam than for the entire season of 1901. At a meeting of the Belknap County Fish and Game League, held at Laconia last week, it was voted to petition the State Fish and Game Commissioners to close the trolling season on Lake Winnepesaukee and Winnisquam for landlocked salmon and lake trout June 15.

There will be a rush for the Rangeleys this week. Messrs. W. D. Brackett, W. P. Clark, Rufus Brown and S. Henry Emery will be the first to start for the Upper Dam. They would have started the day after the ice went out, in fact, but for the impression that the whole of the Rangeley waters are closed till May 1, as explained to the contrary above. Mr. C. P. Stevens, Mr. F. H. Stevens and Mr. William Lee will be among the earliest at Richardson Lake, at Mr. Stevens' camp, at the Narrows. John Levisur and a friend from Boston will open the season May 1 at the Birches. On the same day Charles E. Harrison, of Providence, with a party of two friends, will be on hand at the same resort. Mr. Prentice Cummings, of Boston, a long-time annual visitor to Bemis, is expected there May 1. E. W. Boyer, of Waterville; W. A. Wade, of New York, and Henry P. Cox, of Portland, are booked for the same day. A large delegation of Lewiston and Auburn, Me., fishermen are to be at Bemis the first days of the season.

April 29.—Moosehead is clear. The Bangor salmon pool is affording better sport this year than last. A dispatch from that city to-day says that over thirty salmon have been taken thus far this season, a number far in excess for any other season. Miss Jennie Sullivan, the first woman to land a salmon at the pool this year, and who secured the first salmon last year, caught a 22-pound fish last week. Green Lake continues to be one of the most popular fishing spots near Bangor, and salmon were taken there every day last week.

SPECIAL.

The American "Ambassador Fly."

At the annual meeting of the Fly Fishers' Club, in London, the other day, the American Ambassador presided, and one of the pleasant incidents of the occasion was the presentation to Mr. Choate of a salmon fly named the "American Ambassador," ingeniously devised by Mr. R. B. Marston, editor of the Fishing Gazette. From the Gazette we take the report of Mr. Choate's very felicitous speech and those of Messrs. Marston and Senior and Gribble. Following toasts to the King and President Roosevelt, the chairman, Ambassador Choate, said:

Gentlemen, it is my privilege now to propose to you the most important toast of the evening—"The Fly Fishers' Club"—(cheers)—or "Your noble selves"—a sentiment nearer and dearer to your hearts than any other can possibly be. In doing so, I must be allowed to preface my remarks with a word of apology. I am afraid that you will have a great grudge against Lord Denbigh, who, unfortunately, is not here to-night, but who is directly responsible for the predicament in which both you and I find ourselves—a body of distinguished experts presided over by one who is no expert at all. (Laughter.) He began fishing for me some months ago, when I was enjoying myself in my native country on the other side of the Atlantic, entirely guiltless of such an indiscretion as this. (Renewed laughter.) He cast about

me on all sides all sorts of alluring and seductive flies—(laughter)—but I refused to rise to any of them. (Continued laughter.) But with that patience and perseverance so characteristic of the craft he kept on fishing. Nothing would satisfy him until he had accomplished the object that seemed to be so near to his heart. He fished with a most wonderful astuteness and skill, because he had not the least idea whether he would find me on the Connecticut, the Hudson, the Potomac, or the James, as I was moving freely to and fro across them all. (Laughter.) At last, in an unwary moment, I yielded to his seductions. I took the fly and swallowed the hook, and after many a struggle he landed me safely. What an unexampled achievement for a fly fisher was that—standing here in London, at the very threshold of your club, with an elongated rod and line, angling for and capturing a strange fish of from thirteen to fourteen stone—(laughter) playing with him through three thousand miles of water—(laughter)—and landing him at last safely on the banks of the Thames for your entertainment. (Continued laughter.) And a very sorry entertainment I am afraid you will find it. ("No.") I have heard the old story of Washington throwing a sovereign across the Atlantic, but I never heard of such a haul as that by any angler, professional or amateur. Speaking as only a fish could speak, as soon as I quite recovered my breath, I protested to him that I did not belong to your tabernacle—(loud laughter)—but I found him as cunning and wily in the management of tabernacles as he was with the rod and line—(laughter)—for he said, "I shall keep the door of this tabernacle open until you come in." (Laughter.) "There is nothing that Americans like so much as the open door." (Laughter.) He went on to say that from his experience in the management of all kinds of tabernacles, if the people on the inside would only hold the door open wide enough and long enough those who still lingered on the outside would be sure to come in sooner or later, and in I came. (Laughter.)

Although not an expert, I cannot disavow the possession of some of the qualities which go to the creation of an expert. I have heard that the true foundation of the angler's art and skill is, first, patience, and, secondly, veracity in telling the story of his achievements. (Laughter.) Well, if a long life spent in the practice of law, with a brief supplement of diplomacy, has not qualified me in both patience and veracity, how could I possibly hope to attain either? (Laughter.) Now, I have this skill, that I can stand and cast my fly and fish all day without catching anything but such rises! such nibbles! such bites! I believe that is regarded as the supreme felicity of the fly fisher. (Laughter.) The fish, if they come, add a little to the pleasure, but, after all, they are merely an incident. (Laughter.) You get, without them, that charming contact with nature, the sun and air, earth, sky, and water, and everything that contributes to the health, appetite and digestion of man, and so, perhaps. I share with some of those who sit before me—I will not say the majority, but with some of them—this faculty of being ready to fish, but not able to reap all the possible rewards. (Laughter.) But those fish that we did not catch are always the best there were. (Laughter.) They beat the record of all the salmon, the trout, the grayling, and the bass that ever have been landed upon dry ground. The fish that we did not catch—there is no limit to their number, their size, their weight, their measure, or their color. (Laughter.) Yes, gentlemen, the fish that we did not catch are like the speeches which after-dinner orators make on their way home in the cab, or even when they have got safely to bed—(laughter)—they are a good deal better than any speeches we really have ever made or heard; so that the author of the old proverb, whoever he was—I hope it was not Solomon—was not so wise after all, when he said that there are as good fish in the sea and the rivers as ever were caught. He made a mistake. He should have accepted an amendment, and said there are always better fish in the sea and the rivers than ever were caught. (Laughter.)

Well, I will tell you briefly the three inducements that Lord Denbigh held out to me when exercising the wiles and charms of his persuasion to induce me to stand here to-night. He said, in the first place, what I have already realized, that I should find myself in the company of the jolliest and healthiest set of men in Great Britain—"hear, hear," and laughter)—assembled once in the year, reposing from their great labors—(laughter)—meeting for the purpose of mutual admiration and mutual glorification, to tell fish stories, to sing and drink toasts till the small hours, and forget all the cares of life, past, present and future. (Laughter.) And when I look down upon this sea of faces, all so ruddy and contented—shall I say self-satisfied?—and when I look over this delightful programme, interspersed with songs, recitals, and stories, with here and there a speech, I know that Lord Denbigh was not mistaken. I know that I have fallen among true disciples of the gentle, divine, and skilled angler who said, in words of which you reflect the spirit here to-night:

Man's life is but vain, for 'tis subject to pain
And sorrow and short as a bubble;
'Tis a hodge-podge of business and money and care,
And care and money and trouble.
But we'll take no care when the weather is fair,
Nor will we vex now though it rain,
We'll banish all sorrow and sing till to-morrow,
And angle and angle again.

This spirit of the angler, happy in the passing hour, is as old as the pastime of fishing. Who can doubt that the Persian poet was a fisherman, and that it was at an anglers' dinner he sang:

Ah! fill the cup! what boots it to repeat,
How time is slipping underneath our feet?
Unborn to-morrow and dead yesterday,
Why fret about them, if to-day be sweet?

The next inducement Lord Denbigh threw out was that it was intended as a compliment, through me, to the fly fishers of America—"a great, growing, and glorious company of sportsmen." (Applause.) Well, this was the first time I had heard that fish or fishing of any kind could be made a bond of union between any two

countries in the world. (Laughter.) Since we became an independent nation the fisheries have been a fish bone of contention between our two nations, and, even before we were born as a nation, between us and the French. The fisheries question never would stay settled. We have had negotiations, protocols, treaties, arbitrations and awards about them, and still they remain open questions. In fact, the diplomatists of the two countries might well think their occupation gone if no fishing question remained to be settled. And now the fly fishers would dispose of them all at once. Lord Denbigh's idea is that in inducing me to come here he can get the fly fishers of the two continents to intertwine their rods and lines across the sea, and so promote the union of the two great peoples. (Applause.)

Let me say a serious word about the fly fishers of America, and, generally, about the sportsmen of America. A stranger has to be in England some years before he can fully realize the influence of sport of all kinds upon the life and welfare of the people, how deeply and powerfully it affects all their domestic and social life, their legislation, their jurisprudence, their industries, and their business of every kind. On our side of the ocean, until recent years, we had but very little sport of any sort. Our Puritan fathers were not quite so bad as Macaulay's Puritan who prohibited bear-baiting, not because of the pain it gave to the bear, but because of the pleasure it gave to the spectators; but they were a sober, a serious, a hard-working, and a self-denying people, and for the first two centuries almost no kind of sport was cultivated among them. Our ancestors took life quite too seriously to mingle work and play in your good old English way. But I am happy to say, and you will be happy to hear, that sports of all kinds in the last fifty years have been advancing by leaps and bounds throughout America—(applause)—and that they are beginning to have, and in a still greater measure are bound to have in the future, an immense effect upon the life, happiness, and welfare of the people. Before long you may find the fly fishers of America not unworthy rivals. I will not, however, claim that our American fish can even rival in astuteness and cunning the inhabitants of your old English waters that have been fished for so many ages. That would, at any rate, take "centuries of civilization" and of that higher education which your fish have received at the hands of yourselves and your fathers.

Lord Denbigh threw out one more inducement. He said that the members of the Fly Fishers' Club, although they think they know everything about fishing, especially fly fishing, are beginning to look across the Atlantic for light and leading on this interesting subject, and, perhaps (he said), I should be able to give some idea of what is going on on our side of the water for the promotion of the fishing industry, including fly fishing and the other branches of the sport, as well as in the direction of the substantial feeding of mankind. Well, gentlemen, it is too late now, at this point of my address, to enter into that. I should have opened with this if I had wanted to give you these statistics. (Laughter.) I am afraid that they would not be very good bait at this part of the voyage. But let me say very briefly that much is being done on our side of the water toward the breeding, hatching, transportation, distribution, and the care of these fish to which you are so devoted. Our republican people do not object so very much to spending public money for so glorious an object—"hear, hear"—and we have in most of the forty-five States a Fishery Commission maintained at the public expense and paid for by general taxation. (Applause.) Above them all, but acting in harmony with them, is the United States Fishery Commission, maintained by the Federal Government at an expense of something like £100,000 a year. ("Hear, hear.") These, acting in harmony, do a vast deal of good work. The United States Fishery Commission alone has established twenty-five stations, scattered all along from the Atlantic to the Pacific, for the hatching, preservation, and distribution of fish, from which they send forth to every part of the United States, to this country, and to other countries which call for them, trout, rainbow, golden, brook, lake, black, spotted, steelhead, Scotch sea, and Loch Leven. The methods of distribution of these fish by almost countless millions are of a unique and almost perfect kind. The Commission owns a considerable number of full sized cars adapted to the purpose, with tanks and every other apparatus necessary for the preservation of the lives of the fish. They are moved by the railroad companies, many of them free of cost, so much are these companies interested in this pursuit—"hear, hear"—and these cars last year traveled 138,000 miles. No doubt you think we are always doing everything on a big scale in America, but it is the fact that in 1899 they distributed through forty-five States and four territories 46,000,000 salmon (eggs and fish), 13,000,000 trout, 4,600,000 grayling, and 385,000,000 perch. Beside the 100,000,000 distributed by cars, 955,000,000 were planted by detached messengers, so that a great deal is being done in the way of restocking old rivers and in other directions. I have read that in the good old Colonial days the rivers of Massachusetts swarmed with salmon to such an extent that it was necessary to pass a law for the protection of apprentices, enacting that they should not be fed on salmon more than three days in the week. (Laughter.) Moreover, fish are now transported into rivers, streams, and lakes which were utterly guiltless of any such varieties before. The interesting experiment is also indulged in of tagging salmon, showing the date and place, when and where they were put in, and when they are taken out—two, three, or five years afterward, their travels and habits in the meantime are partly accounted for. There is such a thing, too, as an accidental planting. Bozeman Creek, in Montana, was found to be full of the finest steelhead trout, resulting from a can of fry having been accidentally upset into the creek a few years before by the jolting of a wagon. I should exhaust your patience if I went into any further details. ("No, no.") These statistics, dull as they are, are all matter of record, and these various commissions are producing a literature for the instruction of fishermen throughout the world, which, I am sure, will be of immense value; and if in the library of the Fly Fishers' Club there should be found some vacant places which some of these books specially adapted to your use could fill, I should be most happy to be made the medium of seeking for them in the various States. (Applause.)

Now, gentlemen, I will take my seat and give way to that torrent of mirth and merriment which I am sure is awaiting you. I thank you very much for the great honor you have conferred upon me. I am sorry that I am so much of a duffer—"No, no"—and I am also very sorry that I have not any fishing stories to tell you, for I should have liked above all things to have outstripped anything that has ever been told at any dinner or meeting of this club. (Cheers.)

MR. R. B. MARSTON, Honorable Treasurer of the club, responded to the toast. He said: On behalf of the whole club, I have to thank the chairman for the honor he has done us in presiding this evening, and for proposing this toast. How admirably he has done so I need not tell you. This occasion will ever be marked with a big red letter in the annals of the club. I am sorry that our late honorable member, Mr. A. Nelson Cheney, who was a first-rate American sportsman, and who did so much to bring American and English fishermen together, has gone to the great majority. He did everything he could in America to help members who went to that country to fish. We have, I am glad to say, still many Americans on our membership roll. We are greatly indebted to our American brethren for the capital fishing stories which have been published for many years in the Field, the Fishing Gazette and Land and Water.

I do not know whether our chairman has heard the definition of an Ambassador which Izaak Walton gave to the world, but I think it is worth quoting. He said "that an Ambassador was a man sent abroad to lie abroad for the benefit of his country." (Laughter.)

The latest fish story I have heard from America is one which may interest the chairman because it refers to a friend of his. Two American anglers were out fishing in a boat all day and had had very bad sport, having caught only one small fish six inches in length. Presently a river keeper came along and saw the fish. He immediately asked the gentlemen to come ashore and give their names. This they did, the first gentleman giving the name of Grover Cleveland. He insisted upon going before a court and being fined, in this way showing the splendid spirit that exists among sportsmen in America. ("Hear, hear," and laughter.) I believe he has that fish stuffed, and that it hangs in his hall over the famous Venezuela telegram.

There is also a good story I should like to tell you of a curate—a member of the Fly Fishers' Club—who had permission for a day's fishing. He went one evening to fish, and had good sport, and next morning went to the water again. The keeper came up and called his attention to the fact that his permit was for one day only. The curate replied: "If you refer to the first chapter of Genesis, fifth verse, you will find that the evening and the morning were the first day." (Laughter.) Yet another story. Two anglers were fly fishing in the Elbe, only one of whom had a permit. After they had been fishing for two hours one of them saw the river keeper coming and immediately bolted. After a wild hunt, lasting twenty minutes, the keeper overtook the angler, and demanded his name and address. "What do you want my name and address for?" said the angler. "For fishing without a permit." "Oh! is that all?" said the angler; "here you are," and he showed his ticket. "Then why did you run off when you saw me coming?" "Well," he replied, "you see, it was my friend who had not got a permit!" (Laughter.) This is the nineteenth time since the founding of the club that I have had the pleasure of responding to this toast, and I think I occupy a rather unique position, inasmuch as my father is a fly fisher and my son is a fly fisher. Moreover, we are all three present on this occasion. (Applause.)

MR. WM. SENIOR proposed the health of "The Guests." He said: It is very kind of your Excellency to intimate that in this Americanization of the world which is going on we fly fishers are to be invaded and to receive light and leading from our brethren across the Atlantic. We have had many American visitors in our time, and as his Excellency spoke this evening he must have reminded many present of Mr. Page, who addressed us some years ago at one of our annual dinners and kept us in similar peals of laughter to those which the chairman's speech to-night occasioned. We cannot emulate the orators from the other side of the Atlantic. Eloquence seems to come natural to them, but I am sure his Excellency will not have learned to-night for the first time that oratory with humor, like virtue, is its own reward. The welcome which his Excellency, as the principal visitor in our midst to-night, has received, has, I can assure him, been quite earnest, and we shall hope to see him here again. (Applause.) To go back for a moment to the question of the great American invasion, about which some people are so alarmed, and as to which there really may be some truth, I would express the hope, if the angling world is to be embraced in this general scheme, that among the trout your Excellency named just now as being bred in the States and distributed, there should be included that variety which is locally called the "cut throat." There is a trout in America known by that name, and if we are to have competition in angling as well as in divinity, poetry, literature, the stage, and everything else, let us have the "cut throat" trout as typical of the competition which must ensue. (Laughter.)

I was hopeful that Mr. Marston would have told the story of Mr. Reuben Wood, an American visitor, who was a great fisherman. Mr. Marston took him down to Hungerford to let him see what our English chalk stream angling is like. The scheme of dry fly fishing is to wait until you see the fish rise. It does not rise sometimes for weeks together, and the fishing is, therefore, apt to be rather slow. (Laughter.) It is because this is so very much a contemplative man's recreation that this club produces so many authors, poets, and artists, who always take their pens, paper, and easels with them and set the keeper to warn them of the rising trout. (Laughter.) When Mr. Reuben Wood and Mr. Marston were in the meadows at Hungerford the trout did not rise, and after an hour or two spent in admiring the buttercups and listening to the songs of the birds, Mr. Reuben Wood turned to Mr. Marston and said: "Well, what about this fishing?" He produced his good strong American tackle and began swishing most mightily, but soon discovered that dry fly fishing in England is not at all like black bass fishing and trout fishing in America.

Speaking of Americans, I cannot refrain from stating how cordially I was received by fishermen in America. Nothing can exceed the almost exuberant hospitality of our brother sportsmen on the other side of the Atlantic. (Applause.) Dry fly fishing is becoming one of the amusements of the American angler, but it is quite in recent times that that has been so. It is all very well to talk about the Americanizing of England and the rest of the world, but I think I can claim that, while we have learned a good deal from our brother anglers in America in the matter of tackle and all kinds of ingenious devices in fishing appliances, they have learned something from us in the methods of fishing. (Loud laughter.) I remember seeing a lovely book produced by a countrywoman of your Excellency's, which was full of splendid colored illustrations of the flies used by every fisherman in America, and many of them were our own patterns, metaphorically dressed up with stars and stripes to be in keeping with the country. (Laughter.)

MR. H. E. GRIBBLE then proposed the last toast of the evening, "The Chairman." He said: It is my duty and privilege to convey formally to you the welcome with which the Fly Fishers desire to greet you. I think Lord Denbigh very accurately expressed our motives in asking you to preside this evening. The custom for many years has been to invite a stranger to take the chair at the annual dinner, and in looking around for a chairman we always endeavor to get a gentleman who is, first of all, likely to give us a happy and humorous evening, and, secondly, is in some degree interested in our pastime. With regard to the first quality, I am sure the memory of your eloquent speech will forever remain with us. (Applause.) I cannot say that it took us by surprise in any way. We knew from your great reputation that we should have an oratorical treat, and I am sure we have not been disappointed. (Cheers.) I had prepared an eloquent speech for this occasion, but what I was going to say has been anticipated by Mr. Marston and other speakers, but I want to confirm that one of our reasons for wishing you to preside to-night was that you are representative of American fly fishers. I understood from you, when I saw you a few days ago, that you were not yourself a fly fisher, that you did not indulge in the art; but from your remarks this evening I am a little doubtful about that. (Laughter.) At all events, I am quite certain of this, that you have in you the power of becoming a first-rate fly fisher—(cheers and laughter)—



FLY PRESENTED TO AMBASSADOR CHOATE AT THE FLY-FISHERS' CLUB DINNER IN LONDON.

and if you have not yet tried the sport may I humbly suggest that you should do so? Just consider what a rest it would be when the Foreign Offices at each side of the Atlantic are having their jangles, for you to steal away for a day's fly fishing. You could then say, with your own poet:

"Oh, where are now ambition's pains,
What matters it who rules or reigns,
If I stand fishing here?"

Joking apart, we desire very much to bring ourselves nearer and more in contact with American fly fishers. We recognize their ingenuity, their resource, and their energy, which have shown themselves in the development of the tools we use. We have a lot to learn from each other. We should be glad to see as many Americans as possible become members of our club. Apropos of that, I should like to mention that we have a rule which allows us to elect honorary members for a period of three months, and, in some cases, for longer. We hope that provision will be made more use of by visitors from America. Sociability reigns supreme at the Thursday evening meetings of the Fly Fishers' Club, when around the fireplaces are gathered men acquainted with every river, every brook, every stream, and, I believe, with every fish in every stream in the country. (Laughter.) You can get from them hints with regard to the fish, the flies, and even the worms, and we should be glad indeed to welcome to those convivial meetings any of our American friends who did us the honor of paying us a visit. We are very much indebted to your Excellency for your kind offer to assist us in procuring the literature of the American State Fish Commissions. It was a kind thought on your part which prompted that offer, which we shall accept in the kindly spirit in which it was made. Being desirous of immortalizing this occasion I am requested by Mr. Marston, whose idea it was, to present to your Excellency, on behalf of the committee, a fly as a souvenir of the occasion, and we hope its colors and general appearance will commend its acceptance to you.

Mr. Gribble then presented the chairman with a fly specially invented for the occasion by Mr. P. D. Malloch, and christened the "American Ambassador," the feathers representing the stars and stripes in a charming manner. The chairman, who was received with loud applause, in replying, said: Gentlemen, at this late hour you will excuse me doing more than express my earnest thanks for the flattering manner in which your president has pro-

posed this toast, and the cordial spirit in which it has been received by you. I desire now, and here, to remove his doubts, and all doubts that any of you may have entertained, for, from this hour onward, after this solemn, earnest, and comical initiation, from this hour till the end of my life I shall profess myself an accomplished fly fisher. (Cheers and laughter.) And, armed with this magnificent fly, which the genius of your president has inspired and the faculty of your artists has produced, symbolical as it is of the flag of my country, I propose to devote all the time that Lord Lansdowne will allow me to a cultivation of this noble sport. (Applause.) Let me thank you once more for the rare pleasure which you have given me in permitting me to be one of your company to-night, and for that cordial, enthusiastic hospitality which you have shown toward me, and which is only typical of that universal spirit of friendship and good will which all England manifests toward all America. (Lord applause.) I shall treasure this gift during the residue of my life, and shall hand it down to my children and my children's children—should there be any—as a token of the affection which you have shown to me. (Cheers.) In conclusion, I can only hope that the members of this club, collectively and individually, will enjoy that health, happiness and long life to which their skill as anglers so justly entitles them. (Applause.)

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Opening of the Season.

As to the splitting of kindling wood, there is really nothing in it. It is very much better to go fishing. A Certain Person and myself, and one friend, concluded this week to go up on the Prairie River in Wisconsin, at Lossie Cone's place below Dudley P. O., to open the season, as I have for so many years now that my memory runneth not to the contrary. We rarely ever have so very much luck so early in the season, but we invariably have so good a time that we vow to go again, and usually more or less keep the vow in spite of kindling wood, et al.

By the way, it should be stated for the benefit of many anglers who like this beautiful little stream, that it is this year more accessible than it has ever been before. Formerly we had to go on the Milwaukee road to Merrill, and thence take a long drive across country some sixteen to eighteen miles. The train reached Merrill at about 10 o'clock in the morning, and it was always the fashion of the local liveryman not to start across country with one until after one had eaten his dinner at the local hotel. When it comes to feeding a dozen or so fishermen, the hotel is just that much more ahead of the game than it would be if the liveryman started out a couple of hours ahead of the dinner hour. Now we have changed all that. That is a certain down-east Yankee, now a multi-millionaire, by the name of W. H. Bradley, who has built a railroad from Tomahawk to Gleason, directly on the banks of the Prairie, apparently with no other purpose in view than to make life more worth living to the trout fishermen of that region. Therefore, you now go up above Merrill on the Milwaukee road, and disembark at Tomahawk, which point you reach at 11:10 in the morning, having left Chicago at 10:30 the night before. The local train of Mr. Bradley's railroad, which is known as the Marinette, Tomahawk & Western, will be seen puffing placidly at a little depot near that of the greater railroad. It is better to get off at the railroad crossing and wait for the Bradley train to come and pick you up there, thus saving you the ride of a few hundred yards between the two depots. Once on Mr. Bradley's railroad you have one of the most delightful and pleasant little trips in the world. It is only by a miracle of executive skill that the little train manages to spend more than two hours in getting over to Gleason. By the time you have reached Gleason you have gone around two sides of a triangle, the other side of which is bounded by the dusty wagon road from Dudley.

Gleason station is located about a mile down the river from Lossie Cone's place. Of course you go to Lossie's and have notified him in advance so that Chester is there with the spanking team of bays to whirl you up to your luncheon, just a little late, but very much better than you would have had at Merrill; not that one has any very great grudge against Merrill or against the astute liveryman who keeps you there for luncheon.

Take you, if you like, your big trout of Canada and your legions of the Snake River and the Rio Grande and the big streams of the Rockies, from the British line to Mexico, take you your black bass, even your salmon if you like, take you all New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and even all New Zealand, but for me give me the Prairie, and no hotel save that of Lossie Cone's, and give us opening day, April 15, rain or shine, snow or sleet or what you like, save only that it be opening day for that creature which is known as the brook trout.

A Certain Person basely intimates that I am growing old and poky, for that I no longer spring aloft in the air, cracking my heels joyfully, and exulting in deeds about to be, as doth the strong man when he runneth a race. There may be truth in this, though it is not fit matter for argument. Certain it is our little party of three—two men and a woman—concerned themselves not at all with the question of whether the trout were going to rise. It was enough to be alive and to have the water in which we might wade and upon which we might cast a fly, even though the fish failed to do their part in the little comedy of the spring. We took the whole family in the two-seated rig, all except Lossie—Lossie was serving on a jury and could not get away to see the season open—and drove up the river a mile or so above Dudley's place, near what is known as Stub Pool. This brought us to the farm of one Johnson, and Mr. Johnson stood leaning on the gate as we drove up. He is always there leaning on the gate on the morning of April 15, always smiling and always glad to see you. For myself, I had a new rod, some new leaders and some new flies. My companion, prompter than myself to gear up, waded into the stream below the bridge and took madame with him, rubber boots and all, while I was tinkering on the banks. At this hour, 10 o'clock in the morning, the sun was shining bright upon the water. My companion showed madame the rudiments of casting the fly, and forsooth she did get out perhaps twenty feet of line. There was a

strike, a splash, a bend of the tip of the rod, and an exclamation of dismay. "Lost him!" said my friend. "Try it again." Another splash, and this time the tip stayed down. There were more splashes, more exclamations, and then the first trout of the season was brought to net, a little fellow not more than eight inches long, but beautiful, very beautiful, and an object of such innocent joy.

"Now try it again," said the instructor. It was done, and once more the accommodating little trout did their part in the play. Trout No. 2 was basketed among many more exclamations.

Certainly matters seemed auspicious. My friend started in behind us, further up the stream, madame and myself wading more or less arm in arm, for she is still somewhat afraid of the water, down the pleasant, rippling, innocent little river.

The wind was a trifle cold at times, and the surface of the pools was unbroken by any rising trout. It was still too cold for the fly to hatch, and on the Prairie at least the first rising of the trout in the spring is purely a business proposition.

Eagerly we looked around for some sign of insect life, but not until 1 o'clock did there come a warm enough burst of sunshine or a long enough cessation of the cool wind to induce the flies to begin their little journeyings. All at once things began to happen. Here and there we saw a dark-bodied fly dropping down apparently from the branches of the pine trees above us. Then all at once we could see little splashes, showing places which had known certain flies for a time, and which now knew them no more forever. Now our sport was beginning. Madame, becoming better skilled in wading and having learned that the Prairie River never harmed any one in all its life, began really to catch trout upon the fly, trout upon flies of her own tying, by the way, which was the deepest joy of all; and trout taken upon a brand new and elegant fly-rod fit for the hand of any one, even of madame herself. Now if this is not pleasure, I wis not what the term implies. It was simply a section of paradise, and who could blame us if Chicago for the time seemed very far away?

Presently the original and unsatisfied hunger came on apace, and we sat down upon a pleasant bank, where we were soon joined by our friend, who had fished the stream back of us. Here we ate lunch in the sunshine, every one of us glad to be alive and on the trout stream on opening day. It was at the head of a noisy little rapids, below which stretched some deep white-topped water. Conceding somewhat to the feminine portion of our contingent we concluded to allow a worm to be passed through this rapid water. Needless to say there was a heavy jerk, a startling rush and a general commotion in the pool. Madame thought the fish would weigh several pounds, so violently did it jiggle away at the little rod in the rapid water. In reality, it weighed perhaps half a pound, and so did the next one, and yet the next, and the one following. The male contingent naturally stuck to the flies. Perhaps in the day the three of us caught fifty some trout, of which we retained thirty-five as being suitable. We fished until evening, although after 3 o'clock the flies disappeared and the trout rose only occasionally. It was as pleasant a day as I ever passed on a trout stream. Never in my life did I care less to catch trout myself or care more to see some one else do so. All of which may signify that there is justice in the stricture above quoted in regard to advancing years, etc.

Mrs. Lossie Cone can cook trout a little better than the Queen of Sheba herself could, the latter lady, I believe, being customarily quoted as excelling in all feminine wisdom. We had trout enough for supper and for breakfast, and then had a few left over—which is to say we had quite an abundance of trout to satisfy our own modest demands. We did not seem to have any ambition about bringing back a lot of trout to show our friends, and, in fact, when the steaming brown bodies of our victims appeared upon the platter, we resolved to eat them forthwith as rapidly as might be, and show them to no one.

The second day was still propitious, although the air of the north was yet a little cool. We went up to the dam below Dudley's and for a time indulged madame in the humor of catching a "big one," albeit upon the deadly worm. Below this dam is a rushing deep pool, wherein may live, no one may know, how many lusty trout. Our companion this time baited madame's hook with a regulation garden hackle and asking her to go with him, tossed the bait into the white water just below the apron of the dam. Even before he could pass her the rod there was a mighty rush and a tremendous bowing down of the little rod. For once in her life madame had the ecstasy of playing a "big one" in fair waters, with no particular favors upon either side. The fight was short but vigorous, the feminine methods of fishing being not given to circumlocution. The good fish's backbone held until the net was passed under him. He weighed perhaps a pound and a quarter, and was worth a hundred dollars of any man's money that ever was. We did it again, and yet again, taking three fish in this base and ignominious fashion. Then we decreed that madame had had enough of this robbery, and that henceforward the day must be devoted to the fly exclusively. Our friend then passed on down the stream ahead, and once more the Certain Person and myself resumed our friendly, if somewhat argumentative, journey down the midstream.

The sun went under a cloud before noon this day and the wind was a little cold, so that nothing appeared in the way of bugs or flies, and for a mile of water we could have sworn there was not a trout then alive or ever had been therein. At length we came to a long, deep, quiet pool, the deepest we had thus far found on the river, so deep that it came within a few inches of the top on one's hip boots. Madame, being shorter, was obliged to take to the bank. Here were some high banks and some pine trees and some alders, and other things which go to make an ideal setting for a trout pool. Moreover, there came fluttering down from the limbs of the big pine trees in some mysterious fashion and from some mysterious source, not one, but several and several score of light-winged flies. Thereupon we saw the placid surface of this long pool, broken by a series of deep and wide and determined splashes. At last the fish were going on the feed.

In the middle of the pool was one big fellow who

came up again and again, and this fellow I was resolved to have, madame excitedly cautioning me and instructing me in the art of fly-fishing. I lengthened the line little by little, and at last got the fly directly over the spot where the trout had last risen. There came the swiftest imaginable commotion, a flash, a tug and a bending of the rod. He was not such a very big trout, not over half or perhaps three-quarters of a pound, but he was a trout fairly outwitted. There was no landing net with us, but we fought him all over the pool and chased him around until finally I got him in my hands.

There was another trout rising at the lower end of the pool, above a log, which projected out from the bank, and we conceived it an excellent thing to take this one also. Not so easily done, for the best I could get was a swift rise, which just missed the fly, after which followed silence in that part of the world. By this time trout were rising again back of me in the pool, and I resolved to get out on the bank and wade down once more. Nothing happened until I got once more within reaching distance of the log where I knew this second trout was lying. Cautiously I worked the fly to him, and once more success crowned our efforts. There was a mighty rush, a surge, a splash, a bitter little fight, and our second trout found its way into the basket.

Our friend brought in six or eight trout, if I remember correctly, but madame and I felt well satisfied with the two for the day, for we shall not count those taken by her upon the worm. Hence, by 2 o'clock we were back at Mrs. Lossie's, to work havoc among the eatables once more.

This, of course, ended the fishing proper of the trip. The next morning my friend and I fished for a little while and caught a half-dozen trout, perhaps. Then came the getting ready for the train, which left at 3:30 from Gleason station on its deliberate way to Tomahawk. Conductor Frank Harper, of Tomahawk, told us not to be uneasy, as he would blow the whistle for us, and would not start until we came. It is not often that the road has passengers, hence it values them for social if not financial reasons. So we said good-by to Mrs. Lossie, to the blue cat and the black cat and the yellow cat, and all the chickens, and to Chester and all the rest, and came back to the disturbed and dirty city. It is much of comfort to know that the sweet green places still exist up there on the Prairie. They will be there next year on opening day.

Bass Biting.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 26.—The bass are beginning to bite, so comes the news, and it needs hardly be said that the waiting anglers are not sorry to hear it, for the advice has been expected for several days. The seining operations at Cedar Lake, Ind., have surely not disturbed the bass in that popular little sheet of water, for definite news comes to-day from N. D. Soper, who has a cottage there, that on Thursday he caught seventeen nice bass in Cedar Lake, the first of the season. The run came with a rush, and the fish took the bait with vigor and determination, which showed that they had cast off the winter torpor and were out for the spring season with no reservations. This is the biggest early catch from Cedar Lake.

At Duck Lake, near Fox Lake, Ill., the bass were reported to be biting very keenly on last Friday. This water is one not commonly patronized by our bait casters, but is worth remembering.

On Friday Ed. Howard, of Fox Lake, sent down a telephone message to the effect that he could give anyone the bass fish of his life if he would only get up there right away.

On Friday Ben Stilling, of Pistakee Bay, also sent in word that the bass were running in numbers, and taking bait well. He advised all Chicago fishers to get up there right away.

At Bass Lake, Ind., the early fishing is now supposed to be well under way. Itha H. Bellows, of the Chicago fly-casting club, leaves to-day for a run down to that pleasant locality.

Trout.

Word just at hand from Charlie Antoine and Charlie Lester, who are on the Prairie River trout fishing, states that they caught forty-five trout on their first day on the river, so that it would seem that the weather is warming up there and the trout beginning to take the fly.

The members of the Kinne Creek Club of Michigan open the season at the club house with a goodly party May 1. The Saginaw party earlier mentioned will make their trip May 5 and a few days following, going further north than Kinne Creek.

Tarpon.

Mr. Fred Roach, of Chicago, this week sent up for mounting a fine specimen of tarpon which he took at the Boca Grande Pass in Florida, the fish weighing 184 pounds. This was the best fish taken this spring at that point. The tarpon were coming in nicely when Mr. Roach wrote, one boat bringing in seven good fish as the result of one day's sport.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Trout and Cyclones.

WISSAHICKON, Pa.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: In the description of Mr. Charles Cristadoro's about "Trout and Cyclones" is mentioned the fact of the "bark being stripped from the trees standing in the path of the storm."

The author attributes the rasping effect of the sand as only cause of this denudation.

The writer thinks that the rotary motion of the wind, twisting the tree in one direction, has much more effect on splitting and peeling off the bark than any other cause.

The moist fibers of the tree possess more adhesiveness, and consequently can withstand more torsion than drag, and not so homogenous bark, which will be twisted and peeled off and subsequently carried by the wind.

The writer suggests this explanation as one more in accordance with the laws of mechanics than natural emery wheel, which can act only as an aid.

A. Z. DROZDOR.

Neighborhood Angling.

Striped Bass.

SALT-WATER fishermen will welcome the news of the arrival of striped bass in the waters around New York. The striped bass is held in highest esteem by salt-water anglers, although there are some who would give the weakfish first place, and the news of their presence in nearby waters is always hailed with joy by local fishermen.

The bass have appeared in considerable numbers in the waters around the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor. This is a point where shad are taken, and the bass have followed the shad into the harbor. Since the appearance of the bass the local anglers have had good sport at this place. The fish are caught by trolling, and weigh from two to six pounds each.

Striped bass have also begun to take the bait at South Beach, Staten Island, where the fish are taken from the surf. Surf casting is the most exciting and satisfactory manner of taking this game fish, and it is no tame sport to land a good-sized bass from the surf.

Shad.

The run of shad in New York Harbor and the Hudson River is increasing. In the harbor they are now plentiful, and the net fishermen are making very satisfactory catches. A net fisherman, who takes shad for the local markets, has been taking from 300 to 500 fish at one haul in Gravesend Bay.

Trout in the Catskills.

The Catskill trout streams, which usually yield poor results, are this season furnishing good sport. The fishing in the Neversink and the Beaverkill, in Ulster county, is now good. A trout fisherman from New York fished these streams last week and took some fine trout. He reports the streams to be clear and in good condition.

G. F. DIEHL.

A Declaration of Principles.

DECLARATION of principles of the Chase County (Kansas) Izaak Walton Fish and Game Protective Association:

Preamble.

WHEREAS, The continually growing scarcity of game fish in our streams, and of game and game birds, in this, Chase county, Kansas, is conclusive evidence that they will be entirely exterminated in a very few years unless an earnest effort is made for their better protection and preservation:

Therefore, for our guidance in this matter we adopt for the platform of principles of our Association the following resolutions, to wit:

1st. That the sale of game and game fish should be prohibited at all times and seasons.

2d. That no black bass should be taken of a size less than ten inches in length, nor crappies less than eight inches in length.

3d. That the catching of all game fish should be prohibited during the spawning season.

4th. That every person should be prohibited from taking more than fifteen black bass or twenty crappies for one day's fishing.

5th. That all spring shooting at game or migratory wildfowl should be prohibited.

6th. That every member of this Association pledges that this platform shall be his guide "in field and on or by stream," and that he will at once notify the warden and county prosecuting attorney of every violation of the laws for the protection of birds, game and fish that may come to his knowledge.

(Signed by twenty-eight business and sportsmen of Cottonwood Falls, Kan.)

Attest:

J. P. KUHLE, President.
W. F. RIGHTMIRE, Secretary.
(SHERIFF) S. W. BEACH, Treasurer.

Newfound Lake.

NEWFOUND LAKE, Bristol, N. H.—The fishing season commenced two weeks earlier this year than usual. Trolling for landlocked salmon and trout are on in earnest; in fact, a few salmon have already been taken in open water near shore. The hatchery on the shore of the lake is in a flourishing condition. It contains in embryo fish 500,000 lake trout, 400,000 brook trout and about 65,000 landlocked salmon. The eggs have had the watchful attention and care of the veteran superintendent, J. Randall Sleeper, whose diligence through the long winter days and nights gives us such a small percentage of lost eggs.

We think the best trolling is after May 1; then we get quieter water and more sunshine.

S. H.

BRISTOL, N. H., April 26.—Fish and Game Commissioner Nathaniel Wentworth, of this State, who is ever alert to investigate violations of the fish and game laws, brought to book two men for having in possession deer meat during the closed season. Silas P. Thompson and son, Luther C., were brought before Justice Fling at Bristol on the above charge, to which they pleaded guilty and were promptly fined \$25 each.

The fishing at Newfound Lake for landlocked salmon and trout is now in full swing, most of the fishermen reporting good catches.

The largest trout taken this season thus far went a strong 17 pounds, caught by James S. Farnham, of Boston, Mass.; to Paul Lang, of Oxford, N. H., three trout, 6½, 10½ and 5 pounds, six salmon, 5, 5, 8, 6½, 3 and 6 pounds respectively. Other anglers from Massachusetts are doing nearly as well.

S. H.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company.

Pennsylvania Trout.

SAYRE, Pa., April 26.—Charles Northrup returned yesterday from Shrader's Creek, which stream he fished for ten hours, taking in that time 150 brook trout.

Shrader's Creek is reached ordinarily via the Barclay Railroad, taking the train at Towanda and going direct to the Foot of the Plain, the terminus of the road. This line was washed out most disastrously during the recent high water, and for the present one can get into this section of country by rail only to Monroeton. From thence it is a stiff walk for several miles, or a ride by stage, to the stream mentioned. Shrader's Creek is described to me as an ideal trout stream. It rolls along through a virgin timberland, and is fed by a succession of magnificent springs which suffice to keep the stream pure and cold. Walking into the section here referred to, the angler would wish to fish Towanda Creek as far as Greenwood, then shift to Shrader's, which flows into Towanda Creek at about this point.

From the Foot of the Plain the angler may follow Shrader's Creek back into the hills as far as Minersville, where, I am told by a native of the locality, many large and gamy trout are annually taken.

I hear encouraging reports from Bowman's Creek, which worms itself defiantly through the country-hard by Tunkhannock, an ambitious village reached via the main line of the Lehigh Valley R. R. Bowman's Creek is a historic trout stream, and in the glory of former days was credited as one of the very best trout waters in the State. To-day it is a likely stream, and will yield a good creel of trout if properly operated.

However, I am inclined to think that Shrader's Creek is just now the most promising stream herabouts from which to abstract the succulent *Salvelinus fontinalis*.

M. CHILL.

Yachting.

Designing Competition for the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

To be Known as the Seawanhaka 15-Footers.

THE competition is open both to amateur and professional designers. Three prizes will be awarded for the best designs of a yacht conforming to the following conditions:

I. A keel sloop to measure 15ft. racing length under the club's new rule.

II. Sails: Mainsail, jib and spinnaker. The area of the mainsail and jib shall not exceed 350 sq. ft., not over 80 per cent. of which shall be in the mainsail.

III. Planking shall not be less than 1/2 in. in thickness.

IV. Spars shall be solid, and the mast shall be of sufficient strength to be used without runners or preventer backstays.

V. Cockpit shall be open, and bulkheads or air tanks are to be provided sufficient to insure the boats being non-sinkable.

VI. The boats shall be capable of carrying full sail in ordinary summer breezes on Long Island Sound.

VII. Construction shall be strong and durable.

VIII. All competitors must furnish a drawing of the lines, which will also show the position of the lead keel, and a table of calculated weights, which will give displacement, weight of lead, weight of hull, weight of rig, center of buoyancy and center of lateral resistance, center of effort and center of gravity of the lead keel; also a sail plan, on which the diameters of spars and sizes of rigging shall be marked; also a deck plan and amidship section, which will show height of cockpit seats and floor, and height of coaming. The midship section must also show the construction.

The boats are to be measured with a crew of two men aboard, their weight to be taken at 300lbs.

The actual sail area will be measured.

The following prizes will be awarded: First prize, \$100; second prize, \$50; third prize, \$25.

In the event of one of the prize designs being selected by the club and yachts being constructed therefrom, the winner, in lieu of the cash prize, may furnish the necessary additional plans and specifications and supervise the construction and receive \$25 for each yacht built. In awarding the prizes, speed will be the first consideration, but appearance, construction, simplicity of rig and convenient arrangement will also carry weight.

Sail plan, 1/2 in. scale. All other plans, 1 in. scale.

The designs must be received at the office of FOREST AND STREAM, 346 Broadway, New York city, not later than May 15, 1902, and should bear a nom-de-plume only. A sealed envelope containing the designer's nom-de-plume, together with his own name and address should accompany the designs. The right is reserved to publish any or all of the designs. Those desiring the return of their drawings should inclose the necessary postage.

The designs will be judged by a committee consisting of Messrs. John Hyslop, A. Cary Smith, J. Rogers Maxwell, Jr., and Clinton H. Crane, and the result of the competition will be announced through these columns in the issue of May 24.

The club's new rule referred to in Paragraph I. is as follows: Yachts shall be rated for classification and time allowance by racing measurement, which shall be determined by adding to half the load waterline length,

half the square root of sail area, and a quantity expressed as L, and by dividing the sum of these quantities by 1.1.

$$\frac{1}{2}LWL + \frac{1}{2}\sqrt{SA} + L = RL$$

The quantity L is to be obtained in the following way: B is breadth of load waterline plane at 1/8 of its length from forward end.

B' is breadth of load waterline plane at 1/8 of its length from after end.

B" is breadth (greatest) of LW plane.

C is any excess of (B+B') over B".

D is draft at MS+2-5 of any greater draft aft, and all of any greater draft forward.

E is any excess of (B'+D) over 3 1-3 VMS submerged. C+E=L.

For Cruising Yachtsmen.

WITH the purpose of stimulating the interest in cruising, and the keeping of a detailed log by cruising yachtsmen during the season of 1902, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer prizes for the best stories of cruises submitted to be published in FOREST AND STREAM. It is believed that these will form not only entertaining records of pleasant summer days spent afloat along our coasts and waterways, but will furnish information of practical value to other yachtsmen making subsequent cruises on the same waters.

Prizes will be awarded to the three best stories as follows:

First prize, \$50.00.

Second prize, \$30.00.

Third prize, \$20.00.

Contributions are invited under the following conditions:

1. The cruise must be made in waters of the United States or Canada in the season of 1902.

2. The cruise must be made in a sailing yacht, power to be used only as an auxiliary, if at all.

3. The story must be prefaced by a description of the boat. Cruises should be treated in as interesting and readable a way as possible, but should be practical and contain all possible information and data that would be of value to men going over the same route. A description of the handling of the ship in all weathers will be regarded very favorably in making awards, and it is suggested to writers that an accurate account be kept of all incidents happening while under way.

4. An outline chart suitable for reproduction, showing the course taken, must accompany each article. When possible, articles should be accompanied by amateur photographs taken on the cruise, including one of the boat. Good photographs will be considered in making the awards.

5. The story should contain about seven thousand words, written on one side of the paper only, and must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York city, on or before Nov. 15, 1902.

Mr. T. C. Zerega has very kindly consented to act as judge and to make the awards.

Our Boston Letter.

BOSTON, April 28.—Many boats are now in the water all along the coast, and are ready for the summer's sport. There are quite a number in Dorchester Harbor, while at the yards there are many more that will probably go overboard this week. Sunday was a busy day at all of the Dorchester yards. It blew a gale from the southwest, but this did not in the least cool the ardor of those who want to get sailing early. Borden's yard is crowded with yachts of all sizes, and it is here on a Sunday that most of the enthusiasm is seen. The amateur sailors and riggers are all over the boats, and the sound of their voices makes the air merry with good cheer. It seems perfectly wonderful how these yachtsmen will work to get their boats in shape. No one who has spent any time in fitting out will say that it is not hard work, but they go about it cheerfully, and appear to take it all in as part of the season's sport. There is a big fleet of yachts at the City Point moorings, but on account of the heavy wind, there were few that ventured out Sunday. It is the same in all of the yachting districts. The boats are beginning to show at Marblehead, and at Gloucester there are quite a number in the water. The 25-footer Oivana, formerly owned by Reginald Boardman, will sail from the East Gloucester Y. C. this year.

Two Y. R. A. 25-footers will represent the East Gloucester Y. C. this season, and they may be looked for to put up some hot racing. One of these is a new one, designed by Archie Fenton, of Gloucester, and now being built by him for Mr. Benjamin A. Smith. She is a keel boat, but will embody some extreme ideas. There has been a feeling that the keel boats that have been turned out up to date have not had quite power enough. Fenton, with this in view, has given his boat what might be called extreme beam. At the same time he has produced less displacement than has been found on some of the narrower keels. The new boat may be said to be extreme in many particulars. She is 43ft. over all, 25ft. waterline, 11ft. beam and 7ft. draft. She carries 4,500lbs. of lead on her keel, and will be allowed 1,188 sq. ft. of sail under the rules. The cabin will have 5ft. of headroom, more than is called for under the rules. The trunk is high with considerable crown. The trunk is 16ft. long, and there are good accommodations under. There are four wide berths, wide transoms and plenty of closet space. There are two more berths in the fore-

castle. The cabin is finished in mahogany and butter-nut. She will be rigged as lightly as possible, while still maintaining the necessary strength. The spars will be hollow and will be furnished by the Spalding St. Lawrence Co., and her sails will be made by Wilson & Silsby. The mast will be 42 1/2 ft. above the deck. The main boom is 43ft. and the gaff 25ft. 6in. The spinnaker pole will be 32ft. and the bowsprit will be 5ft. outboard. While very large in appearance and much more extreme in measurements than Nereid, her displacement is 1,000lbs. less.

Nereid is the other 25-footer which will represent the East Gloucester Y. C. She was also designed and built by Fenton last year for Mr. C. H. Lunt. She showed up well in the Corinthian races, and afterward, although she came out a little too late to be tuned perfectly. This year she will have a new set of hollow spars, and will also have a new set of Wilson & Silsby racing sails. Both of these boats will probably be seen at all of the races in the Massachusetts Bay circuit. Nereid will be sailed by Mr. Fenton, and the new boat by Capt. John G. Mehlman, of Gloucester.

Several additions are expected in the East Gloucester Y. C.'s fleet by the time the season opens, and good sport is expected. The club is to give a series of Y. R. A. open races this year, and as the yachtsmen are always ready to visit this hospitable club, it is expected that the attendance will be very large. The regular Wednesday evening races will be given. The members have more fun out of these contests than they do out of the regular day races.

In stating that the Seawanhaka trial boat, designed by Crowninshield for the syndicate headed by Com. T. H. McDonald, had been given a trial, I unintentionally erred. I had been informed that she was to have a trial, and believed that she had gone out. It seems that she has not had her trial trip yet. Com. McDonald, Mr. Jennings, Mr. E. A. Boardman and Mr. R. D. Boardman went down to Quincy Point Saturday, but as it was raining and there was considerable wind, it was deemed best not to take her out. It was clear Sunday, but there was a gale blowing in the river, so the trip had to be postponed. Her sails were hoisted, however, and were found to set perfectly. They were made by Wilson & Silsby. Com. McDonald was much pleased with the boat, although he felt disappointed at not being able to take a sail on her. It may be possible that there will be no trial of the boat in these waters, as it is desired to get her to Bridgeport as soon as possible.

From all appearances now there will be conflict on July 5, which has been taken for an open race day by the Eastern Y. C. and by the Mosquito Fleet Y. C., although it is hoped that it will be arranged differently before the racing season opens. At a full meeting of the Regatta Committee of the Mosquito Fleet Y. C., held last week, it was voted not to give up the date that the club had originally selected.

The second syndicate of Manchester yachtsmen, headed by Mr. E. A. Boardman and Mr. R. D. Boardman, will go ahead on the building of its boat to compete in the trial races to select a defender of the Quincy cup. She will be designed by Crowninshield, and will probably be built by White, of Manchester.

At a meeting of the Beverly Y. C., held last week at the office of Com. Richards, the matter of a challenge from the Seawanhaka Y. C. for a series of races between 21-footers, was referred to a special committee. The work of rigging the 30-footers which were built at Bristol for members of this club is now going on. It is expected that the whole fleet will start from Bristol for Monument Beach on May 29. There was some talk of having them stop at Newport, but it is now understood that they will go direct to Buzzard's Bay.

Frank N. Tandy, of Boston, and F. Bowne Jones, of New York, have sold the steam yacht Avenel, owned by Mr. William Spaulding, to Mr. Harry Raymond, of New York. Tandy has sold the 35-footer Heron to New York parties, and the big cat Mudjekeewis, owned by Mr. A. L. Baker, to Samuel Bradstreet.

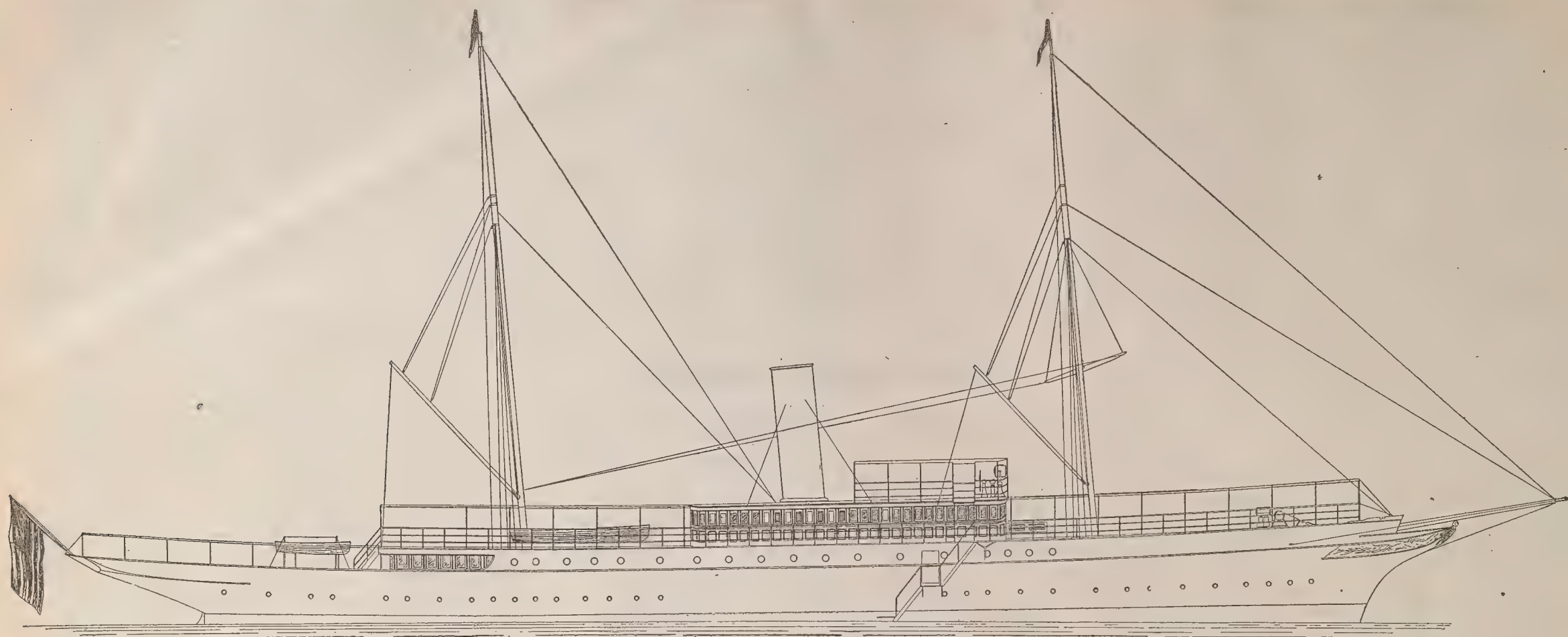
Howard Linnell, of Savin Hill, has started the Y. R. A. 21-footer for Vice-Com. J. E. Robinson, of the Savin Hill Y. C. He is also at work on 18ft. knockabouts for Mr. C. C. Clapp and Mr. L. B. Goodspeed, of the Duxbury Y. C.

Small Bros. have an order for an 18ft. knockabout for Mr. H. B. Bailey, of the South Boston Y. C., and a 21ft. yawl for Mr. A. A. Lincoln, of Hingham. They have turned out a Y. R. A. 21-footer that is expected to accomplish wonders or nothing. She is extreme, but it is avowed that she does not approach in any way an evasion of the rules.

At Lawley's the Y. R. A. 21-footer designed by Crowninshield for Hon. Charles Francis Adams, 2d, has been finished and hauled out of the shop. The Wharton auxiliary 46-footer is planked, and the cabin fittings are being put in. The Foss and Gunnison 30ft. yawl has been finished. The 33ft. yawl for Dr. Paton is planked and decked, and the cabin is being finished. These boats were designed by Arthur Binney. The Gardner & Cox 60-rater for Mr. H. F. Lippitt has been plated. The Crane-designed 46ft. schooner, Cygnet, for Mr. Arnold Lawson, will be launched Tuesday, and the Morss 35-footer of the same design will be taken out of the shop soon. The Strawbridge 104ft. steam yacht, designed by Fred Lawley, has received her boiler and engines, and will soon be ready for launching. Of the others of Lawley design, the 25-footer for Mr. Lawrence Percival is planked and decked, and her house is being finished; the 35-footer for W. S. Fleetman is partly planked; the 18-footer for Mr. Alfred Douglas is planked and decked; the 25ft. auxiliary cat is in frame. The 21ft. cruiser, designed by Mower, is partly planked.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

The auxiliary schooner Tekla was launched from the yard of the builders, the Townsend & Downey Shipbuilding Co., Shooter's Island, on April 23. The yacht was designed by Messrs. Cary Smith & Barby for Mr. Alessandro Fabbri, and will replace a smaller vessel of the same name. Tekla is constructed of steel, and is 77ft. waterline, 108ft. 8in. over all, 21ft. breadth and 10ft. 8in. draft. The auxiliary power consists of a 75 horsepower Globe engine. She is very roomy below decks, and her cabins are well arranged. The yacht is fitted with electric light and all other conveniences that would in any way add to the comfort of those on board.



AZTEC—DESIGNED BY GARDNER & COX FOR A. C. BURRAGE, 1902.

Aztec.

THE steam yacht Aztec, one of the largest pleasure vessels ever built in America, was launched from Mr. Lewis Nixon's Crescent Shipyard at Elizabethport, N. J., on April 22. Aztec was built from designs made by Messrs. Gardner & Cox, and the work has been done under their supervision. The yacht is owned by Mr. A. C. Burrage, of Boston, and when completed will be one of the finest and best equipped steam yachts in the world. The vessel was designed for deep-sea cruising, and everything possible was included in her construction to make her independent of coaling stations, etc. She has a steaming radius of 6,000 miles at a speed of twelve knots without recoaling.

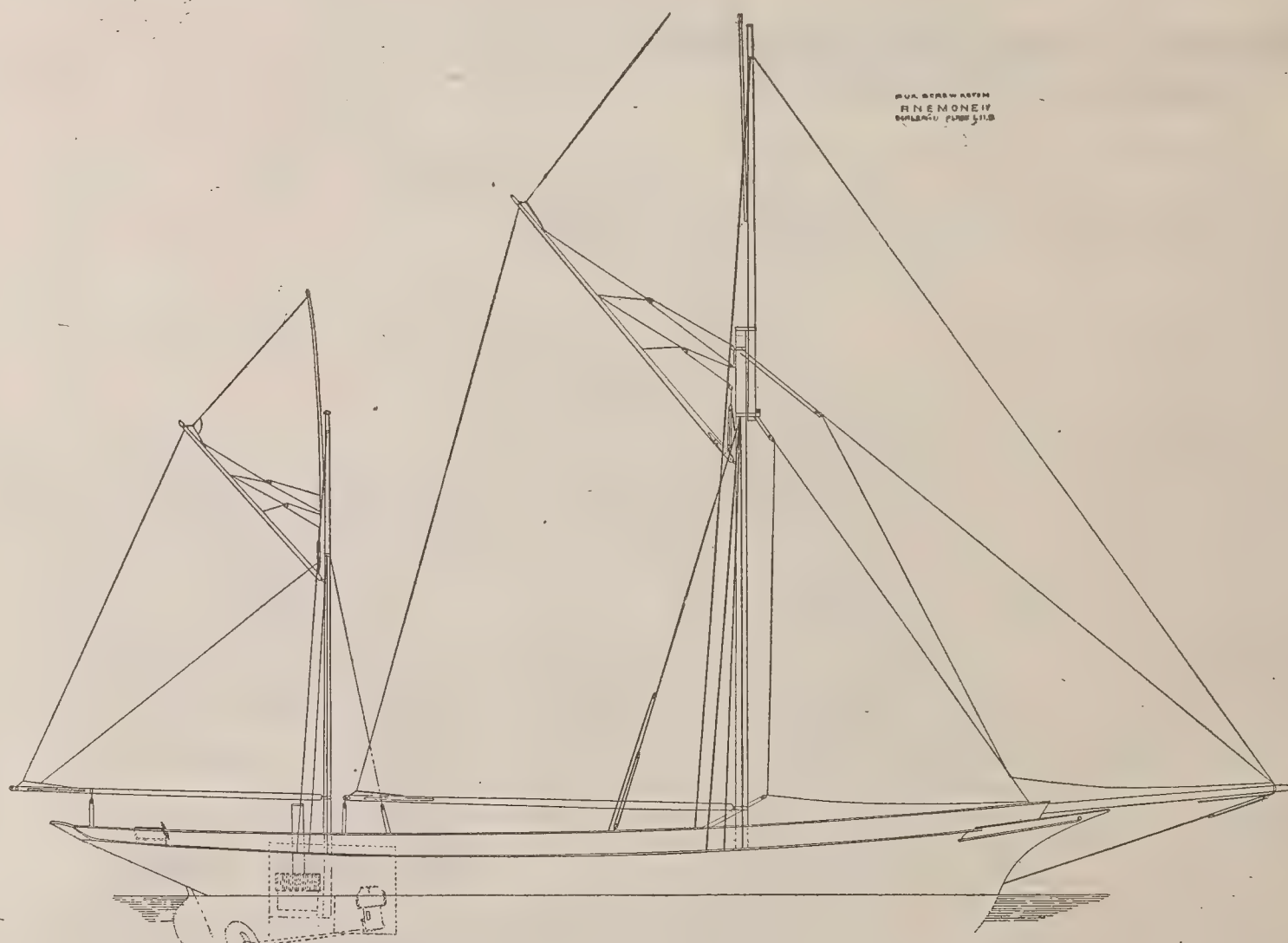
Owing to some novelties in her design, the yacht has unusually large accommodation. In order to have some portion of the living quarters on the upper deck, the topsides have been carried up to the hurricane deck, and in this way a large amount of cabin room is gained, far in excess of that afforded by the usual deck houses.

Although the yacht's freeboard is unusually high, the designers have handled the design so skillfully that it is not especially conspicuous; on the contrary, it gives an appearance of greater seaworthiness and stability. Aztec will compare favorably in good looks with any of the English vessels which for so many years past have been considered the acme of perfection of the naval architect's work. The yacht will be painted white above water and will have a deep red bottom, with a light green copper strake.

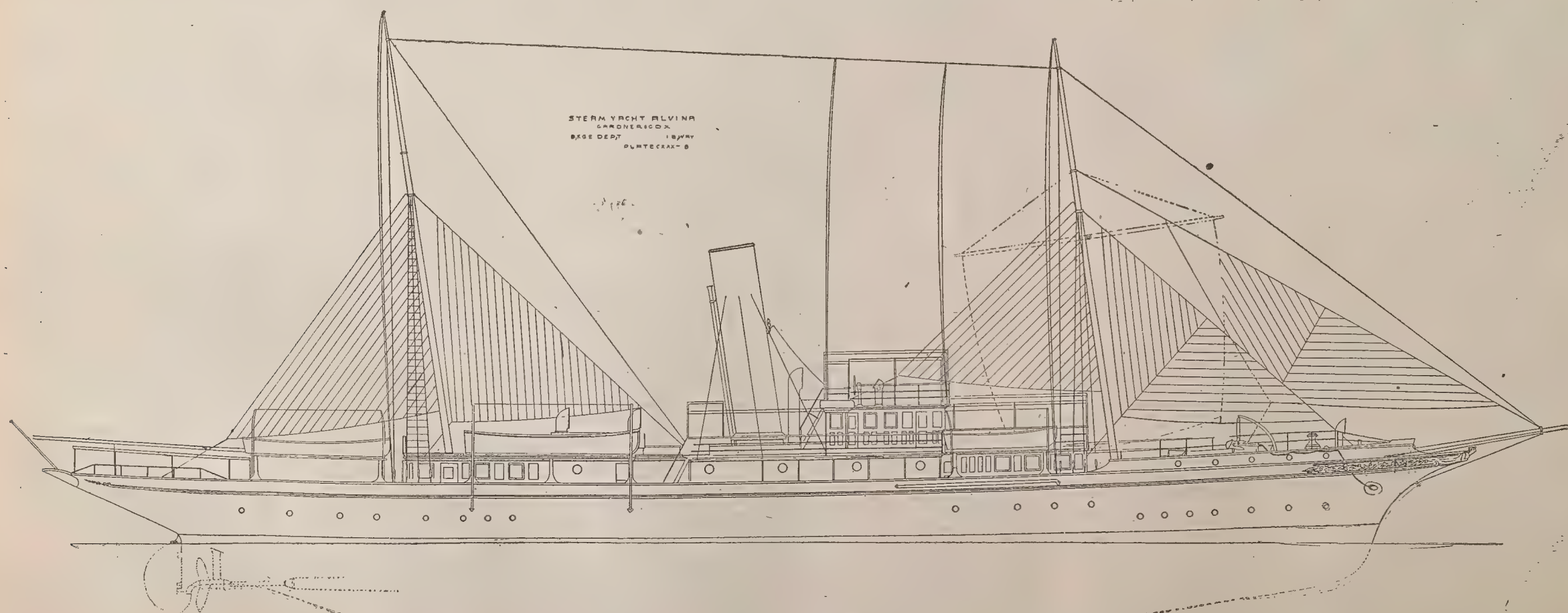
Aztec is 250ft. over all, 215ft. waterline, 30ft. breadth, 13ft. 3in. draft and 22ft. 6in. deep. She is built entirely of steel, and is heavily plated and framed throughout. Aside from the longitudinal and transverse water-tight bulkheads, she has a double bottom capable of holding over 100 tons of water. In this way she is doubly protected against accident, whether it be collision or from going ashore.

The decks are of steel, covered with clear white pine. The deck houses are also of steel, covered with teak. All hatches, companionways, side ladders, waterways, rails, in fact all the deck fittings, are also of teak.

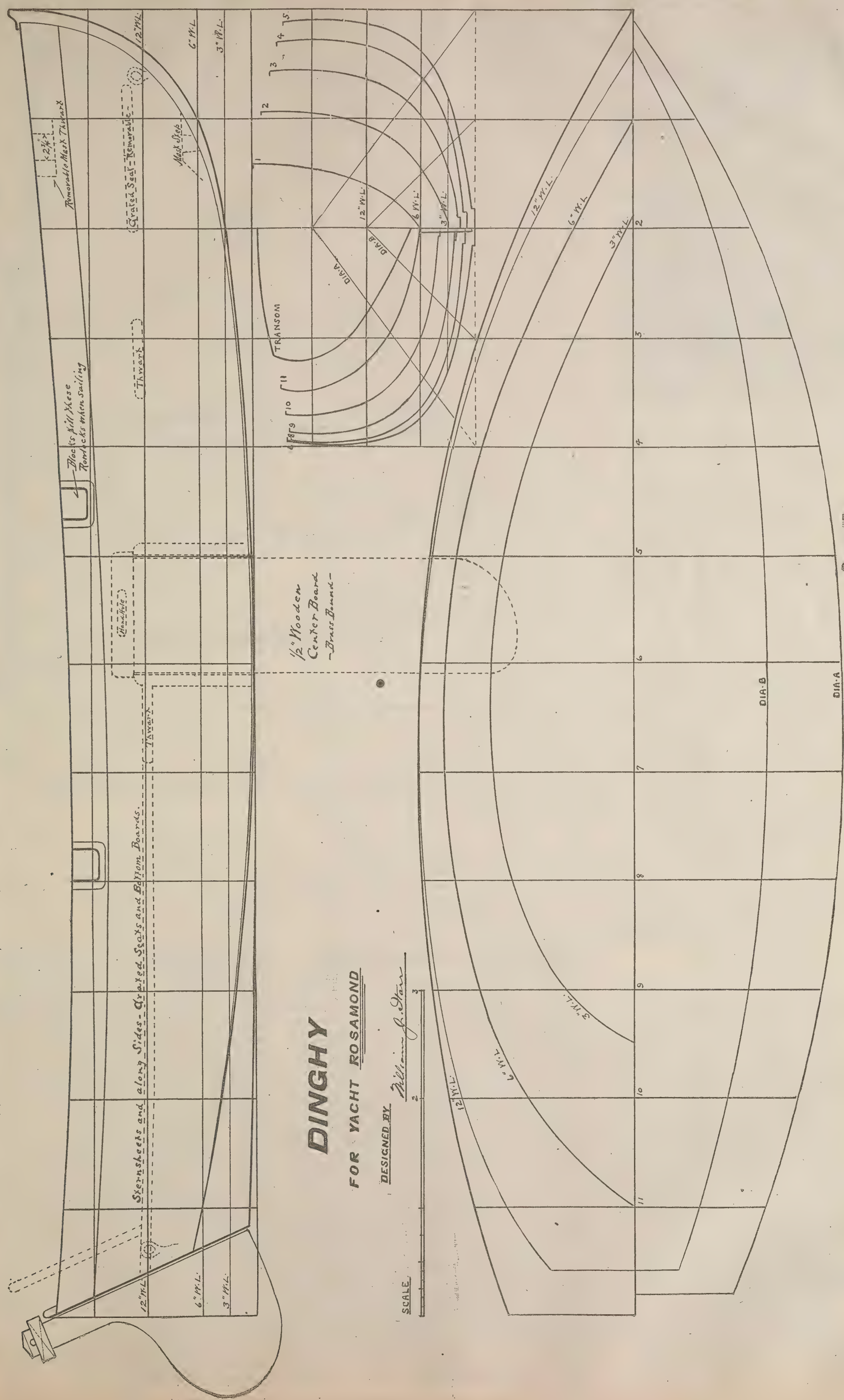
The yacht's accommodations are not only well laid out, but are luxuriously fitted and splendidly lighted and venti-



ANEMONE—OWNED BY J. MURRAY MITCHELL.



ALVINA—DESIGNED BY A. S. CHESEBOROUGH—OWNED BY CLEMENT A. GRISCOM.



DINGHY
FOR YACHT ROSAMOND

DESIGNED BY
William J. Starr
SCALE 1" = 1'

LINES OF SAILING DINGHY—DESIGNED BY WILLIAM J. STARR.

lated. Forward on the main deck is the dining saloon, 25ft. square. It is furnished in teak. This connects with the pantry and owner's galley. Aft of the galley is the engine and boiler space, and the bathing rooms and the laundry, the latter being fitted with modern washing and drying appliances. Next aft is the library, handsomely finished in walnut. Aft of the library and separating it from the large deck saloon, is a lobby, with stairs that lead to the quarters on the deck below.

The guests' apartments are on the lower deck aft. Coming down the stairs one reaches a passage, from which are reached four large staterooms and two bathrooms. Aft of these rooms is a sitting room running the full width of the vessel, and aft of this room are three more staterooms and a bathroom.

The owner's quarters are on this deck, forward of the engine space. They consist of a large double stateroom with a connecting bathroom and a private study or office. Forward are three more staterooms and a bathroom.

The officers' quarters are aft, while the crew's quarters are forward, there being two forecables, one for the engine room gang and one for the deck crew.

The engines are of two four-cylinder triple-expansion type, located amidships, with cylinders 18in., 25in. and (2) 33in. by 34in. stroke, built by Wm. Moore & Sons, and having 2,500 horse-power and 200 revolutions. In the forward hold is a storage battery and two dynamos. She has two Scotch boilers built by the Cleveland Shipbuilding Company, having 200lbs. working pressure. One hundred and fifty tons of coal can be carried in the bunkers. Aztec will have a speed of fourteen knots under natural and sixteen knots under forced draught. She is fitted with a telephone system, an electric light plant, an evaporator and distiller and a refrigerating plant. Water tanks have a capacity of 27 tons.

On the davits are carried seven boats—one naphtha launch, one steam launch, two gigs, two cutters and one dinghy.

Aztec carries a crew of forty-seven men.

She will be finished in the latter part of June or early in July.

Alvina.

THE steel twin screw steam yacht Alvina was designed by Mr. A. S. Cheseborough for Mr. Charles Fletcher, and was built by the Harlan & Hollingsworth Co., of Wilmington, Del., in 1900. Alvina was recently purchased by Mr. Clement A. Griscom, through the agency of Messrs. Gardner & Cox.

Alvina is 215ft. over all, 178ft. waterline, 26.8ft. beam, 11.6ft. draft, 17ft. deep and is rated 100 A1 at Lloyds. This yacht has seven water-tight bulkheads. She has two laid decks. Above the main deck forward is a forecable deck, under which have been placed the windlass, crew's mess, firemen's and oilers' quarters; also a large galley for officers and crew.

She has a long continuous deck house, having in the forward end a dining room, aft of which is a hallway on the starboard side, connecting with a covered passageway leading aft. The owner's pantry and galley are on the port side of the deck house; boiler inclosure, a large laundry and engine room casing, then a library, a deck stateroom and a hallway complete the accommodations in the deck house. Above the deck house are a chart house and a captain's room.

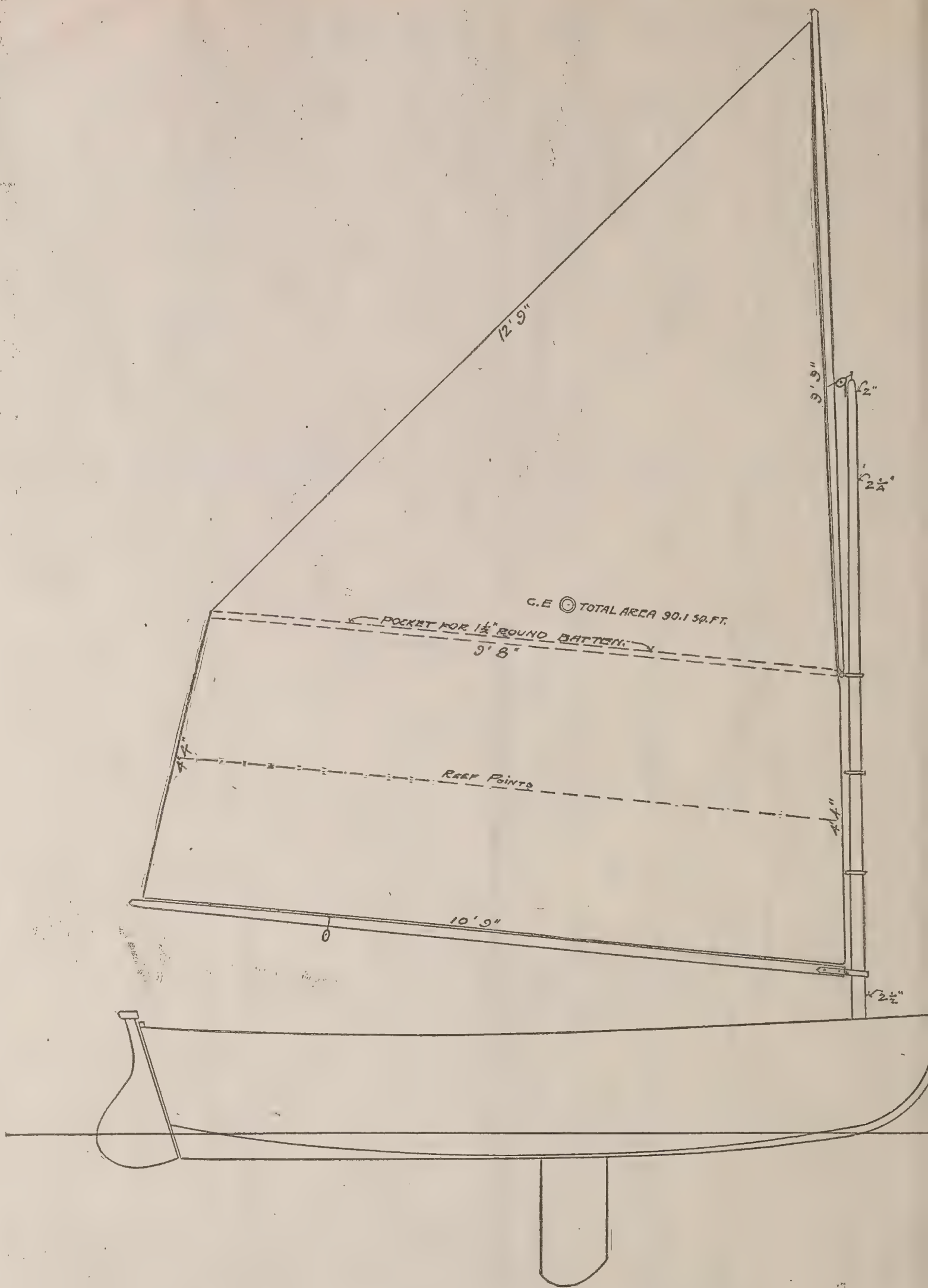
The yacht will be steered from a flying bridge above this house. The accommodations below are very roomy. Beginning forward are the seamen's quarters, then officers' quarters and next aft three large staterooms, and a bathroom for owner, coal bunkers and machinery follow. Aft of machinery are five staterooms, three of which are unusually large, also two bathrooms and a large cabin. The finish of the yacht will be most elaborate, and she has been built in the most thorough manner, with the greatest care. She is fitted with two large water ballast tanks, one forward and the other aft of the machinery space.

Regarding the machinery, the vessel will be propelled by two sets of triple expansion engines, together developing 1,300 horse-power natural draft. Steam will be supplied by two Scotch boilers, and there will also be a donkey boiler. The usual auxiliary machinery, consisting of air and feed pumps, two electric light plants, evaporator, distiller and ice-making machinery will be installed, and each the best of its kind. The coal bunker capacity is 170 tons.

Anemone.

THE British-built auxiliary ketch Anemone that was recently purchased through Messrs. Gardner & Cox by Mr. J. Murray Mitchell, will be seen in these waters during the coming summer. She is an interesting vessel in many ways, and has the reputation of being a very fine cruiser.

Anemone is 102.2ft. between perpendiculars, 91ft. waterline, 19.5ft. breadth, 11.6ft. draft and 12.5ft. deep. She was designed by Mr. A. H. Brown and built by Messrs. Camper & Nicholson at Gosport, England, in 1899. She is a centerboard vessel built of wood, and is classed at Lloyds 18 A1. She has 15 tons of lead ballast on the keel, and 10 tons inside. The boat is very roomy below decks. Forward of the engine and boiler space is the owner's cabin, which extends the full width of the boat, and contains sofa, two wash rooms, wash basin, toilet table, etc., and bed with drawers under. On the port side forward is a door opening into the bathroom. Just to starboard of this door is entered the passage which leads to the main saloon. On the starboard side of the passage is a stateroom. Aft of the saloon on the starboard side is a stateroom, and on the port side a bed cabin; forward is a stateroom to starboard and the pantry to port. There is 6ft. 10in. headroom under beams in the cabins. In the forecable there is ample accommodations for the crew. Her motive power consists of a quadruple expansion surface condensing engine with cylinders, 6in., 8in., 10½in. and 14in. by 8½in. stroke, built by Simpson, Strickland & Co.; is placed aft, and has 70 indicated horse-power, one vertical tubular boiler (Kingdon's patent), built in 1899 by Simpson, Strickland & Co., having 175lbs. working pressure, tested up to 350lbs. Has donkey engine. Bunkers hold ten tons. She consumes 18 cwt. per 24 hours. Her average speed is about 6½ knots. Sails made by Ratsey & Lapthorn in 1899. Water tanks hold eight tons. Carries a cutter, gig and dinghy.



SIL PLAN OF SAILING DINGHY—DESIGNED BY WILLIAM J. STARR.

Design for a Sailing Dinghy.

ONE of the most necessary and essential accessories to a cruising yacht, either large or small, is a good dinghy. In boats of small and moderate size, where it is impossible to carry the tender on the davits, it is not only important that the boat should tow easily in smooth water, but also that she should behave herself when there is a bad sea running. Then again, as the boat is to be used for all purposes, she must be steady, have good carrying capacity and be easily rowed, both when light and loaded.

There are really few good tenders in use—in fact, it is the exception when one sees one, and for that reason we are very glad of the opportunity of being able to publish the plans of a really very satisfactory dinghy. The boat was designed by Mr. William J. Starr, of Eau Claire, Wis., to be used as a tender to his fine cruising yawl Rosamond (the plans of which boat appeared in *FOREST AND STREAM* in the issues of April 14 and 21, 1900). The boat has proven herself a thorough little ship in every particular.

The following is quoted from one of Mr. Starr's letters, and gives a very fair idea of the boat's many good points:

"She is rather different from most yacht tenders in having full round 'sailing lines' and fair diagonals. I have found her the best boat of her inches I ever handled.

"She tows beautifully, no matter how heavy the sea, never shipping water or running on a tangent down the side of a quartering wave. She rows easily and is an excellent little sea boat, being high, full and round. She is a famous weight carrier, nine adults having landed in her. She sails well, balancing and handling like a larger craft, the long 'dagger board' holding her up to windward and being easily lifted out of the boat when under oars or on the davits. She carries that lofty sail in quite a blow with two men aboard, and could carry 100 sq. ft. The boat has been several times duplicated by her admirers, one having added about 2in. at the bow, which,

of course, makes her dryer when rowed into a head sea, but creates more windage and hurts her for stowing on deck of the yacht.

"For another man I made a drawing, using the same sections, but lengthened the boat to about 15ft., keeping the same beam of 4ft., adding 2in. depth forward and 1in. along sides, putting in a wider centerboard (of same lift-out type, however), air tanks and a much larger sail. My friend who had this boat built uses her on the Madison lakes, mostly for sailing, and tells me she is called 'the ship' there, and thinks her the safest and handiest boat afloat, and says she is 'fast.' I also made another on the same general lines for myself, but longer, being 13ft. 7in. over all and a trifle deeper—a regular little lifeboat. This latter I also carry on Rosamond's davits—the 12ft. dinghy to starboard and the 'lifeboat' to port.

"These later copies and adaptations are all carvel built, but the original dinghy is of diagonal construction. Two thicknesses of 3-16in. mahogany were used, with canvas laid in thick varnish between, and the two skins riveted through with small copper rivets over burrs. No frames (ribs) were used, only a few hackmatack natural crook 'floors,' with hackmatack knees at bow, transom and thwarts, also hackmatack stem piece. Keel is of white oak. This is an expensive construction, but is light in weight, very strong, always tight and looks well."

Her dimensions are as follows:

Length—Over all	12ft. 0 in.
Breadth—Extreme	4ft. 0 in.
Depth—	
Bow	2ft. 1½ in.
Amidships	1ft. 8½ in.
Stern	1ft. 10 in.
Area of sail	90.09 sq. ft.

The steam yacht Corsair, owned by ex-Com. J. Pierpont Morgan, that sailed from New York on April 14, arrived at Gibraltar on Saturday, April 26.

Seeress

SEERESS, as the Canadian cup trial boat owned by Messrs. Mower and Hunt, has been named, was launched on Saturday, April 26, and towed to New Rochelle, where she will be rigged and given the finishing touches in Huntington's yard. The trip from Bayonne to New Rochelle, a tow of about thirty miles through some very nasty pieces of water, gave the boat's construction a very severe testing, but apart from loosening up some of the bracing, which was found to have been improperly fastened, the hull showed no weakness, and stood a much worse pounding than it can ever be subjected to when under sail, without straining or losing shape in any way. The boat will probably be ready for her first trial spin on Saturday, May 3, and if the Huntington boat is ready, it is very probable that there will be a bit of an informal "scrap."

The design of Seeress was very carefully worked out after a close study of the Duggan boats on Lake St. Louis, and the inland lake scows turned out by the Western builders, the aim of the designer being to produce a fast boat for all weathers, and at the same time one adapted for the peculiar conditions of Lake St. Louis, so that in event of her being selected she would be at no disadvantage in the Canadian waters. The design also embodies many features of the successful boats which Mr. Mower built in the Boston open classes, and is in some respects a development of the champion 21-footer Heiress.

The lines show an easy midship section with a very slack bilge and a flaring topside, giving a narrow waterline beam and a very wide deck. The deck plan shows considerable sweep to the side line, instead of the very straight side found in the Western scows, and narrows in to a width of about 5ft. at bow and stern. The design was drawn with the boat listed to her sailing angle, and when heeled to her rail she will have as symmetrical an immersed body as is possible to get on a single-hull boat.

The construction is rather interesting, as a system of bracing has been adopted which will take care of all strains, and hold the boat perfectly in shape. The backbone is formed by a truss extending from bow to stern, made up of the centerboard trunk amidships and in the overhangs by light upper and lower members connected by uprights and diagonals of light bracing. In each bilge is another truss designed to act as a vertical keel when the boat is sailing on her side. At the mast and centerboard trunk are diagonal braces athwart ship. The deck is also put on in a way which stiffens the whole boat, it being of two thicknesses of 3-16in. spruce laid diagonally and securely riveted together, then covered with canvas. The deck beams are of spruce 1 1/4 by 1/2 in., spaced 6in. on centers, and have a straight pitch to the center line. The ridge, however, is rounded off sufficiently to allow laying the deck diagonally. The planking is single, of cedar, copper fastened to elm frames 1/2 by 3/4 in., spaced 3in. on centers. The stern transom and the finish of the rails and around the cockpit is of mahogany, giving the boat an excellent appearance. The boat is to be painted with black topsides and a bronze bottom.

She will have hollow spars, made by the Spalding St. Lawrence Co., and Wilson & Silsby sails.

She will be entered in every event where a class is given, and it is probable that she will be tuned up by racing with the Huntington boat. The crew will be made up as follows: C. D. Mower, helmsman; E. M. MacLellan, mainsheet; Charles Fairchild, amidship, and A. B. Hunt, forward. She will sail in the trial races under the colors of the Manhasset Bay Y. C., and will be kept at Port Washington as soon as she is in shape for her tuning-up spins.

A Month's Cruise—Maine.

BY F. L. ENO.

Ah, those early mornings, when you get away at the first streak of day and find yourselves outside as the sun comes out of the sea to greet you! The pink flush in the eastern heavens, the wide expanse of ocean, sleeping yet, and unweary by any breath of air; the deck glistening in dew, radiant with the slanting sunbeams; the cool salt air that fans out of the sails as she lazily rolls; the tonic in sea and air and light that intoxicates the physical and enraptures the mental man. How priceless are those moments when you can almost believe yourself the first voyager over that sea, the first to behold that magic change from night to day, and can enjoy without envy, malice or greed that which is yours for the asking, free to rich or poor, the only passport to which is a love for the beautiful and a nature content with the truest riches—those of ocean, sky, field and forest, and which are as far removed from the appreciation of the average town dweller as would be the "Angel Trio" by a hurdy-gurdy man.

Have we ever lived in the city? No, a thousand times. Were we shut up within four walls a week ago? Impossible! Human beings can't live shut up in confinement. Do you mean to tell me that people—real, live people—actually live and think they enjoy life away from this paradise of coast and ocean, and spend the years of their lives a thousand miles inland? Why, man, how can you breathe so far from the ocean? You would be suffocated in dust. And you say there are rows of houses for miles, full of people, and some buildings with 3,000 people in them, and cities with two million? Oh, get out! They would die like sheep. Why, here there isn't a thing in sight for ten miles except that little fisherman ahead of us. Keep her up or we will get too near him. Keep her northeast for the Isles of Shoals.

All day a very faint south wind wafted us slowly on. At times it would fall calm, and at about four o'clock died out entirely and left us becalmed two miles south of White Island Light, where I started to tow. That almost always brings wind. I have tried it lots of times. Get your line ready, haul up the tender and get out ahead, and if you don't raise wind after five minutes' towing, something is wrong. But if you wait for it you will lie for hours.

It worked in our case; a light easterly let us work in and anchor off Smuttynose at about five o'clock. Here we landed for milk, and a fisherman on the wharf kindly offered us the use of a mooring close in against the

rocks, which I was very glad to use, as the anchorage here is exposed and the holding-ground poor.

I envied that fisherman the possession of a pair of arms that it was a pleasure to behold. Brown, muscular, perfect in form, every sinew showing as he moved, they spoke of long, hard pulls at oars and pots and ropes. Many a city man would give his all to claim the rugged health they betokened; and a sorry figure the average city man would cut beside this son of the sea standing there with his arms folded across his massive chest.

"Square-built, sturdy and strong, with an odor of ocean about him."

His wealth could probably be measured in hundreds or less—measured in dollars—but in strength, endurance, muscle of iron—ah, what stooping, narrow-chested, sal-low-faced man of millions could buy his physical beauty and power born of Maine's sun and air; and the honest, unflinching gaze from that bronzed face bespoke a nature as open and free as the ocean that nourished it. And this was but a type. They are found all along the coast.

I like seafaring men. I never yet ran afoul of one who would not grant a favor or lend a hand on the instant without thought of reward. There seems to be something in the sea which cultivates a spirit of comrade feeling, that acts first and questions later, and the roughest, most unpromising appearing fisherman squinting at you in apparent disgust as you sail by him, hauling his traps or sprawling at the wheel of his vessel, may save your worthless life an hour later at the risk of his own. City ideas don't go down east, and a ragged shirt often half conceals a gentleman, as a dress suit, further west, often adorns his opposite.

I could not help contrasting this hero of mine and his free surroundings with the city clerk and his stuffy desk and—bah! away with it! We are in Maine now and headed east.

We lay that night at the mooring, close in against the land, our stern swinging within a few feet of the rocks. And very fascinating it seemed to drop to sleep with the sounding sea making music, sweeter to our ears than that of man, as it played around the rocks, and to feel that sense of nearness to the real world which can never be in a crowd.

Morning dawned fair and warm, and as C. had never before seen the shoals, we devoted the forenoon to exploring Star Island and the famous church, Appledon and its pool for the children, and its immense hotel. We generally saw more or less distant acquaintances at the hotels, but usually when we looked our very worst, and for their sakes refrained from making ourselves known. You can't wear white skirts and tan shoes and all that sort of gear while living in a 22ft. sloop—at least I can't.

Glorious air, rocks, sea, islands—the Isles of Shoals fills that longing for outdoors which exists in the breast of every rational being. You are at sea and yet ashore; abroad and almost at home.

We hated to leave. In fact, wherever we went in Maine, we hated to leave, only there was always more and better ahead.

After a long bath in a sheltered cove in the warm water, and the essential sunning on the rocks that follows, we started about noon, the light southerly which followed us for a couple of miles giving way to a brisk westerly; and we tore along rail-to, close up in under the land, in smooth water, as far as Cape Porpoise. That is the cream of sailing: plenty of wind, bright, warm sun, smooth water, and let her go down till your shear-pole is out of sight in the foam.

Cape Porpoise, or more correctly, Goat Island, is no longer the creek it used to be. There is a depth of 15ft. now at low tide right up to the pier, built out to meet the channel; and instead of lying in the mud, as of yore, when so unfortunate as to miss the narrow channel, your decks at low water are actually below the old flats on which you used to wait over a tide on your beams-end and say things.

The diggers were still at work, and their long hawsers ran all over the place, so we gave them a wide berth in pulling ashore, for a sudden tautening of the line, as the dredger felt the weight of a scoopful of mud, might have lifted us, tender and all, out of the water.

Sunday showed a brisk northerly, and we were early away, but after passing Wood Island it became so rough and breezed up so fast that I decided to run back, and we raced along under jib and mainsail with all the wind we wanted through the sluiceway into Biddeford Pool.

This is a fine haven, after you get in; but the approaches are rather ticklish, as attested by a fisherman astern of us, who brought up all standing on the end of the spit; and the current in the narrow passage between the piers runs very strong.

As it was only eleven o'clock, we took the little steamer for Camp Ellis, walked the four miles of beach to Old Orchard, with its masses of frightful architecture, and were glad enough to return at night, disgusted with the whole place. Cheap crowds, cheap shows, cheap buildings—cheap is written all over it.

"Where every prospect pleases and only man (and his handiwork) is vile." This isn't Maine. It is a miniature Coney Island transplanted.

Morning found us outside the pool with a light north-east wind and smooth sea; and a long, long beat we had. Off Cape Elizabeth we were becalmed for some time, but finally dropped anchor off the Portland wharves at midnight, fifteen hours from the Pool and nine days from Marblehead. Two years before, in the Sea Witch, I had made the run from Thatcher's Island lights to Portland Head in eleven hours, swinging the spinnaker all the way. Such are the delightful uncertainties of cruising.

The average reader may not be interested in the chronicle of events of a cruise like this, but for the cruising yachtsman to write of his voyages, long or short, is to live over again the days of happy freedom and careless roving when the world was made up of sea and sky, and when the weightiest question of the hour was, "Will the wind hold, do you think? or, 'Is that fog out there to the east?' or 'Have we milk enough for morning?'"

What more independent and satisfactory method for doing the coast could be devised? No grumbling at hotel fare, no endless waiting for trains that failed to connect; no hunting after lost baggage; no shattered ex-

pectations of the unsuspecting guest, lured by enticing circulars; no crowding, and no long bill of items at the end of the week. Our carriage waits at all hours, and we hoist our sails and go when and where we please at our own sweet will.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

West Wind—Hunting Launch.

WE publish in this issue a half-tone picture of the hunting launch West Wind. The boat was built by Mr. P. H. Studer, of Detroit, and is equipped with a 12 horse-power Superior engine, built by the Lake Shore Engine Works, Marquette, Mich. West Wind is 36ft. over all, 9ft. breadth and 2ft. 8in. draft. The entire frame, garboard strake, sheer strake, stern post and stem are of white oak, and the planking is of white pine. The frames are 2in. at the butts and 1 1/2 in. at the tips. The cabin



WEST WIND—HUNTING LAUNCH.

house is 12ft. long and the cockpit is 11ft. long. The gasoline tank has a capacity of 60gals. West Wind made rather a remarkable run on her maiden trip. She went from Detroit to Buffalo, a distance of 351 miles, in thirty-five hours and fifty minutes. After being exhibited at Buffalo, she was turned over to Lieut. C. H. McLellan, of the Life Saving Service, who took her through the Erie Canal, Hudson River, etc., at Tom's River, N. J., stopping only for locks and low bridges. The gasoline used on this trip varied from 68 to 76 per cent., whatever they happened to be able to secure. The boat has given perfect satisfaction in every way, and no trouble has been experienced with the engine, which has been used almost continuously since the boat was built.

New Rule Governing Centerboards.

SOME time ago the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound appointed a special committee to confer with the Executive Committee in regard to some restriction to cover the matter of centerboards under the new rule recently adopted by the Association. The special committee and the Executive Committee, acting together, now have completed the work, and the new section, which is to be numbered as Section 4, Rule II., in the Association rules, reads as follows:

"4. Centerboards, when housed, must not extend below the keels. Metal centerboards of thickness no greater than is specified in the table of scantlings hereto appended, may be used in the 36ft. classes and all classes smaller. Centerboards of any construction other than of metal must not exceed in weight one and one-half times the weight of the water displaced by them, except that any centerboard in use prior to Jan. 1, 1902, shall be considered as within the limit of weight.

"Any centerboard which does not conform to the above requirements shall be measured, when dropped to its lowest point, as a fixed keel.

"The certificate of the designer or builder shall be accepted as proof, subject to verification upon protest, that a centerboard conforms to the above requirements."

The table of scantlings referred to in this rule places these limits on the thickness of metal centerboards: In the 36ft. class, 9-16in.; 30ft. class, 7/8 in.; 25ft. class, 7-16in.; 21ft. class, 3/4 in. 18ft. class, 5-16in.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

There was launched on April 22 from the yard of the builders, the Gas Engine and Power Co. and Charles L. Seabury Co., the high-speed steam yacht Vixen for Mr. John D. Archbold, who will use her mostly for the run between his home in Tarrytown and his business in New York city. Vixen is 100ft. over all, 96ft. waterline, 12ft. breadth and 4ft. draft. The boat's frame is of wood, and she is double planked. The sheer strake, deck stringers and floors are of steel, as are the bulkheads. The guaranteed speed is twenty miles, but it is expected that she will develop twenty-two knots. The boat was built for speed, and has only a fair amount of accommodation under the low steel trunk cabin, which runs for about two-thirds her length. Forward there is a pilot house, which will be used as a dining saloon. Aft there is a good-sized saloon, a double stateroom with a connecting bathroom. Forward of the engine and boiler space is the galley, which connects with the dining saloon, and forward of this is the forecabin, with ample accommodations for the crew.

We have received the following announcement from Messrs. Cary Smith & Barbey: "On or about the 1st of May we intend to move our offices from the German-American Building to 90 Wall street. In addition to our business of naval architecture, we have of late years given special attention to developing our brokerage department, which is in charge of Mr. Ernest E. Lorillard. Having London agents, we believe we have on our books all the most desirable yachts which are for sale or charter, not only in this country, but abroad." There has been sold through this firm by the estate of Leonard Lewisohn, the steam yacht Irene, to a Chicago yachtsman. This firm

has also sold the steam yacht Squib to Mr. B. S. Guinness, and the 35ft. auxiliary yawl to Mr. Henry K. Sheldon. In addition to these sales, they have chartered the schooner Sea Fox for Mr. Anson Phelps Stokes to Mr. Dallas B. Pratt.

Mr. John H. Hanan has chartered his steam yacht Taurus through Manning's Yacht Agency to Mr. Joseph Leiter.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 20.—At Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club's bi-monthly shoot the conditions were not good—bad light, some rain and wind. Mr. D. W. King, of Denver delegation, who remained here since the Bund shoot, was present and tried 50 shots, but complained of bad changes in light and wind; still he shot a fine score, making 294. A. H. Pape went for a 100-shot record with rifle and got it. His first and last 50 shots to count for 50-shot record also. In his 100 shots he made 450, or a 4½ in. ring average, with 95 of them in the 8 in. ring, or Creedmoor bullseye, and all in the 12 in. bullseye. He had a hang-fire on a perfect hold, and got a low 12, the other four shots of the 8-ring being two 9s and two 10s. His last 50 shots counted 223, or 4.46 in. ring average, which beats Young's last 50 shots in the 3-shot club match three years ago by 3 points, and his own record at last club shoot by 9 points. All his 50 shots but one, a 10, were in the 8-ring. His shooting stands unprecedented in the rifle world. I have been an active shooter for twenty years, and attended the festivals East and West, kept posted on the records, but never have I seen such an exhibition of rifle shooting. To further substantiate this, I give comparisons of his score on the other targets in use, since this custom is now being practiced in the East: His 100 shots count absolutely 2,265 on the German ring target, and he has 33 doubtful shots, the 2s, 5s and 8s, a majority of which will count in, giving him probably 2,285 or better. On the German point target it counts 221. On the Standard it counts absolutely 901, and he has 33 doubtful shots, the 4s and 6s, a majority of which will count in, giving him probably 920 or better. Pape entered twenty-six times in our two April shoots. Of these he finished twenty-two scores. Two of his withdrawals were due to accidents, one being a defective primer, and the other a discharge from closing the lever, which is scored against the shooter on the Pacific Coast. In the above twenty-two scores he made a 47 average, and the ten best scores of the twenty-two for the club's highest bar (on 42 average) count as follows: 33, 37, 38, 38, 38, 41, 42, 42, 43—394, or averaging on the 3.94 in. ring. It is most extraordinary shooting, and was not thought possible when the Columbia target was first made.

Pape shoots a rifle with Winchester action. He loads with King's semi-smokeless, and primes with King's smokeless powder, with U. M. C. 7½ primers.

Here is Pape's score in detail; each shot gives the diameter or size of ring hit in inches, Columbia target, off-hand shooting: Rifle, 200 yds.:

A H Pape.....	2	2	4	3	5	2	4	10	2	3	37
	6	3	6	4	8	9	9	5	6	2	58
	4	5	4	7	5	3	3	4	3	3	41
	6	6	2	4	6	3	12	5	4	5	53
	5	5	4	3	4	2	8	3	2	2	38—227
	4	3	6	6	6	5	3	6	1	3	43
	5	1	3	2	4	1	6	5	8	3	38
	1	10	2	8	2	4	4	2	1	8	42
	6	6	4	3	5	4	5	7	8	5	53
	7	5	5	2	2	8	4	4	6	4	47—223

D. W. King, 48, 62, 61, 56, 67—294, in 50 shots; F. O. Young, 56, 69; A. J. Brannagan, 70, 74, 86; G. Dohlender, 81, 82, 130, 131; G. M. Barley, 84; E. A. Allen, repeater, 151.

Repeater, 50 yds.: A. J. Brannagan, 40, 47, 42, 54, 46, 51, 46, 52, 40; Dr. Twist, 85, 87, 97.

Pistol: F. O. Young, 40, 40, 46, 49, 50, 50; R. Schneider, 66, 68, 70; D. W. King, 76.

.22 and .25 rifle, 50 yds.: Gimmel, 45, 50.

Military and repeating rifles: Ed Hovey, 46, 46, 45, 45; E. A. Allen, 44, 42, 42, 41.

FRED. O. YOUNG, Sec'y.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

May 1-2.—Glen Rock, Pa.—Spring Target shoot of the Glen Rock Gun Club. Open to all. Allen M. Seitz, Sec'y.

May 1-2.—Central City, Ia.—Wapese Gun Club target tournament; \$40 for high average. A. P. Ward, Mgr.

May 3.—Ashland, Va.—Shoot of the Ashland Gun Club. Thos. H. Fox, Sec'y-Treas.

May 6-9.—Interstate Park, L. I.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap at Targets. Edward Banks, Sec'y; Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.

May 6-7.—Natchez, Miss.—Tournament of the Mississippi and Louisiana Trapshooters' League. C. W. Walton, Sec'y.

May 7-8.—Luverne, Minn.—Luverne Gun Club's fourth annual tournament.

May 7-8.—Crawfordsville, Ind.—Target tournament of the Crawfordsville Gun Club; \$400 guaranteed. Mac. Stillwell, Sec'y.

May 8-9.—Milton, Pa.—Milton Rod and Gun Club's tournament. G. Dal Fox, Pres.

May 9.—Sistersville, W. Va.—All-day tournament of the Sistersville Gun Club. Ed. O. Bower, Sec'y.

May 10.—Omaha, Neb.—Contest for the Hazard live-bird championship challenge trophy between Messrs. C. W. Budd, holder, and C. W. Phellis, challenger.

May 10.—Holmesburg Junction, Pa.—Handicap live-bird tourney of the Keystone Shooting League.

May 10.—Jersey City.—All-day shoot of the Hudson Gun Club. Main event, target handicap, \$10 added. J. L. Hughes, Sec'y.

May 13-14.—Enid, Oklahoma Territory.—Oklahoma Territorial Sportsmen's Association tournament.

May 13-15.—Ottumwa, Ia.—Twenty-fifth annual meeting of the Iowa Sportsmen's Association. L. T. Crisman, Sec'y.

May 13-16.—Oil City, Pa.—Annual meeting of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. F. S. Bates, Cor. Sec'y.

May 14-15.—Auburn, N. Y.—Target tournament under auspices of Messrs. J. H. Knapp and H. Knox.

May 14-16.—Charleston, S. C.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Charleston-Palmetto Gun Club. W. G. Jeffords, Jr., Sec'y.

May 15.—Sherbrooke, P. Q.—Sherbrooke Gun Club's inanimate target tournament. C. H. Foss, Sec'y.

May 17.—Rutherford, N. J.—Target shoot of the Boiling Springs Fishing and Gun Club. C. B. Axford, Sec'y.

May 17.—Newark, N. J.—Richmond Gun Club's shoot, on Smith Brothers' grounds, Newark. Also three-cornered match between Messrs. Hawes, Bechtel and Schoverling, for a \$20 purse.

A. A. Schoverling, Sec'y.

May 19-22.—San Antonio, Tex.—Texas State Sportsmen's Association's tournament; \$500 added. Col. O. C. Guessaz, Sec'y.

May 20-22.—Ottumwa, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's tournament.

May 20-22.—Elwood, Ind.—Annual tournament of the Zoo Rod and Gun Club, of Elwood, Ind.

May 20-22.—Wheeling, W. Va.—Fifth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association; added money and prizes. John B. Garden, Sec'y, Wheeling, W. Va.

May 20-23.—Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Ill.—Twenty-eighth annual tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. E. Bingham, Sec'y.

May 21-22.—Springfield, S. D.—Fifteenth annual tournament of the South Dakota Sportsmen's Association. E. E. Aney, Sec'y.

May 21-22.—Baltimore, Md.—Maryland county shoot for amateurs.

May 21-23.—Springfield, S. D.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association tournament.

May 22-26.—Freehold, N. J.—New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association.

May 26-31.—Lincoln, Neb.—Grand Interstate tournament; three days shooting; three days golf; three days tennis. H. C. Young, Manager.

May 27-29.—Bowling Green, N. Y.—Bowling Green Gun Club's target and live-bird tournament. G. A. Hobson, Sec'y.

May 28-29.—Williamsport, Pa.—West Branch Rod and Gun Club's target tournament. H. A. Dimick, Sec'y.

May 28-29.—Anamosa, Ia.—The Prison City Gun Club's two days' tournament at targets; \$100 for high averages. H. Been, Sec'y.

May 28-30.—Flint, Mich.—Annual tournament of the Michigan State Trapshooters' League. C. Caleb, Sec'y.

May 30.—Norristown, Pa.—Tournament of the Penn Gun Club. J. R. Yost, Sec'y.

May 30.—Newport, R. I.—Memorial Day shoot of the Aquidneck Gun Club. J. S. Coggeshall, Sec'y.

May 30.—Schenectady, N. Y.—Spring tournament of the Schenectady Gun Club. E. L. Aiken, Sec'y.

May 30.—Ossining, N. Y.—Holiday shoot of the Westchester County Trapshooters' League. J. Curry Barlow, Sec'y.

May 30.—Auburn, Me.—Annual tournament of the Auburn Gun Club. L. A. Barker, Sec'y.

May 30-31.—Altoona, Pa.—Altoona Rod and Gun Club's tenth annual tournament. George G. Zeth, Sec'y, Altoona, Pa.

May 30-31.—Union City, Ind.—Spring tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club. O. E. Fouts, Sec'y.

June 3-5.—Cleveland, O.—Tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League, under the auspices of the Cleveland Gun Club.

June 4-5.—Huntington, Ind.—Erie Gun Club's annual tournament.

June 10-12.—Memphis, Tenn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Memphis Gun Club.

July 8-10.—Pine Bluff, Ark.—Twelfth annual meeting and tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association. Targets. Added money \$300. Rose system. Paul R. Litzke, Sec'y.

June 9-13.—Rochester, N. Y.—Forty-fourth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game.

June 10-11.—Sioux City, Ia.—Eighth annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.

June 10-11.—Muncie, Ind.—Indiana Trapshooters' League's annual tournament.

June 12-15.—Denver, Colo.—Grand Western Bluecock Handicap tournament. Frank H. Mayer, Tournament Manager.

June 17-18.—Shreveport, La.—Tournament of the Mississippi and Louisiana Trapshooters' League, under auspices of the Caddo Gun Club. V. T. Fulton, Sec'y.

June 17-20.—Warm Springs, Ga.—Annual Interstate tournament.

June 18.—New London, Ia.—Annual Midsummer tournament of the New London Gun Club. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y.

June 18-19.—Belleville, O.—Silver Lake Gun Club's annual tournament. Geo. E. Maisom, Sec'y.

June 19-22.—Denver, Colo.—Colorado State tournament.

June 25-26.—W. Alexandria, O.—Twin Valley Shotgun Club's first annual shoot.

June 25-26.—Raleigh, N. C.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Raleigh Gun Club. Jas. I. Johnson, Sec'y.

June 26-28.—Portland, Ore.—Eighteenth annual tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest.

June 29.—San Francisco, Cal.—Live-bird shoot of the Union Gun Club.

July 4.—Mt. Kisco, N. Y.—Third tournament of the Westchester County Trapshooting Association. J. C. Barlow, Sec'y.

July 16-18.—Titusville, Pa.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Titusville Gun Club. T. L. Andrews, Sec'y.

July 22-23.—Greenville, Miss.—Mississippi and Louisiana Trapshooters' League target tournament. C. W. Walton, Sec'y, Natchez, Miss.

Aug. 6-7.—Marietta, O.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Columbian Gun Club. Chas. Bailey, Sec'y.

Aug. 12-13.—Birmingham, Ala.—Third annual Alabama State target tournament, under the auspices of the Birmingham Gun Club. R. H. Baugh, Sec'y.

Aug. 13-14.—Brunswick, Me.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Brunswick Gun Club. L. C. Whitmore, Sec'y.

Aug. 14-16.—Hamilton, Can.—Dominion Trapshooting and Game Protective Association's tournament.

Aug. 19-20.—Vicksburg, Miss.—Mississippi and Louisiana Trapshooters' League target tournament. C. W. Walton, Sec'y, Natchez, Miss.

Aug. 27-28.—Haverhill, Mass.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Haverhill Gun Club. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.

Sept. 3-4.—Nappanee, Ind.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Nappanee Gun Club. B. B. Maust, Sec'y.

Sept. 9-12.—Battle Creek, Mich.—Tournament of the Indians; open to the world.

Sept. 23-25.—Cincinnati, O.—Second annual handicap target tournament of the Cincinnati Gun Club. Charles F. Dreih, Sec'y.

Sept. 29-30.—Lewistown, Ill.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Lewistown Gun Club. H. H. McCumber, Sec'y.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot, every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

First Saturday of each month for a year, Burnside.—Contest for the Troisdorf live-bird and target medals; 10 live birds; 25 targets; open to all. First contest, March 1.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The programme of the twenty-fifth annual meeting of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association, to be held at Ottumwa, Ia., can be obtained on application to the secretary, Mr. L. T. Crisman, of Ottumwa. Guns and ammunition sent to him will be delivered on the grounds free of charge. Shooting will commence at 9 o'clock each day. All ties divided. The programme is alike on each of the first two days, namely, twelve events, of which eight are at 15 targets, four at 20 targets, entrance \$1.50 and \$2. Average money each day, \$25, which is not for professionals. On the third day there are three live-bird events on the programme, as follows: No. 1, 7 live birds, \$5 entrance; No. 2, State trophy, two-man team contest; two members of any gun club constitute a team. Twenty live birds per team. Team entrance \$4, birds extra. No. 3, Ottumwa diamond badge, value \$125, 10 live birds, \$6.50 entrance, handicaps 26 to 32 yds.; ties miss-and-out.

The Grand American Handicap at targets is the next great competition in the East, though it is Eastern solely in the matter of sectional location. It is for such part of the world as cares to enter. This great event takes place next week, May 6 to 9, at Interstate Park, L. I. On May 7, 8 and 9 there is a 100-target handicap event each day, in addition to the other regular events. There is much information pertaining to entries and their closing, etc., which the contestants should learn forthwith, and which is set forth in the programme.

The programme of the State Sportsmen's Association's tournament, May 13-15, can be obtained of Mr. F. S. Bates, secretary, Oil City, Pa. Three magautraps, in charge of Mr. Chas. North, will throw the targets. The Oil City Gun Club adds \$300. Handicap committee, John Parker (who also is manager), W. K. Park and J. J. Hollowell. The annual meeting will be held at 8 P. M., May 14. The tournament will be held at Hasson Park. Cars will

leave the corner of Center and Seneca streets every ten minutes, from 8 to 10 A. M., each day. At other hours, take Pearl avenue cars from same corner. Meals will be served on the grounds. The grounds will be open May 12 for practice. Loaded shells can be obtained on the grounds. Targets, 2 cents. Live birds, 30 cents. Guns, etc., sent in care of A. B. Knapp will be delivered on the grounds. State events.—On the first day, beside the seven 15-target events, \$150 entrance, there are two prize events, the two-man team race for the Milt Lindsley team trophy, 25 singles and 5 pairs, \$4 per team, and the L. C. Smith gun handicap, first prize an \$80 Smith gun, and the eight next high guns receive an Ideal cleaner, donated by the Lefever Arms Company. Also there are seven open events, six at 20, one handicap at 25 targets, entrance based on 10 cents per target. On the second day, the State and open events are similar to those of the first day, excepting Nos. 3, 5 and 7 in the State events. No. 3, at 50 bluerocks, is for the Wolstencroft trophy, \$1 entrance; No. 5, 25 bluerocks, \$1 entrance, is the Parker gun handicap; No. 7, 25 bluerocks, \$6 entrance, is for the Harrisburg three-man team trophy. The main events on the third day are: No. 3, at 25 bluerocks, a handicap for a Winchester repeating shotgun; No. 7, the Reading four-man team trophy. There also are eight regular 15-target events. In the open events, four in all, the fourth is a handicap at 100 bluerocks, \$25 added. On the fourth day, there are four State events at live birds. No. 1, 15 birds, \$5; No. 2, Denny-Wilson cup, 15 birds, \$7.50 entrance; No. 3, Williamsport diamond badge, 15 birds, \$10; No. 4, L. C. Smith team trophy, three-man teams, \$25 entrance per team. The conditions governing each trophy are fully set forth in the programme. In regular State events, \$7.50 is added to each. In the regular open events \$7 is added to each. In the State events the moneys are divided by the Rose system, and the ratios vary according to the number of entries. The programme is an attractive and liberal one, and should meet the approval of all shooters.

A correspondent writes us as follows: "Successful contestants in the recent annual tournament of the Olean Gun Club, at Olean, N. Y., April 22, fairly won the honors that fell to their share. A high wind, coupled with liberal handicaps, upset the calculations of many an experienced shooter, of which there was a representative gathering from Rochester, Titusville, Oil City, Buffalo and other points, including a strong contingent of Olean experts. Mr. Harry D. Kirkover, shooting from scratch, 20 yds., won first average, with which went a challenge trophy, emblematic of the championship of western New York and western Pennsylvania. Messrs. Nobles, of Olean; Byer and Stewart, of Rochester, took second, third and fourth averages in the order named. Mr. Kirkover used 26grs. of Infalible smokeless and 1¼ oz. No. 7½ chilled shot as his load."

Messrs. J. N. Knapp and H. Knox, Auburn, N. Y., have issued the programme of the tournament given under their auspices May 14 and 15. There are seven events on the programme of the first day, two 10, four 15 and one 20 target events; total entrance \$7. On the second day, ten events at 10, 15 and 20 targets; total entrance \$10.50. No. 7 is a merchandise handicap event, 14 to 17 yds.; first prize a Smith gun. Magautrap; bluerocks 1 cent. Moneys divided 40, 30, 20 and 10. Those who wish may shoot for targets only. Shooting on the first day commences at 1:30; on the second day at 9 o'clock.

The Hazard Powder Company, of 44-48 Cedar street, New York, have prepared a sheet for the patterning of guns which possesses distinct advantages over the ordinary sheet with its 30 in. circle. It is subdivided by concentric circles and diameters into a number of spaces which aid the eye in determining the evenness of the pattern and aid materially in the convenience of counting the pellets. It is of standard size.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association, arrived in New York on Monday of this week to take up the preliminary arrangements for the great G. A. H. at targets, to be held at Interstate Park, next week. He was not in the best of health. He had a left-over cold from the Kansas City shoot, but he was full of energy and purpose in respect to the forthcoming event aforementioned.

"I may, however, point out that measuring difference of potential in ergs is about as logical a proceeding as measuring difference of (gravitational) level in foot-pounds. Some eccentric people might not doubt be found to uphold this latter proceeding. But a falsehood does not become a truth merely because a number of people give their unreasoning assent to it."—Nature.

Mr. H. H. Stevens, of Rahway, N. J., and Mr. Edward Banks shot a match at 100 targets on Tuesday of last week at Interstate Park. The scores were: Stevens 90, Banks 89. Afterward Messrs. J. T. Skelly and E. Banks shot a race at 100 targets. Each scored 91. The tie was shot off at 25, Banks scoring 24 to Skelly's 22.

On April 23 a match took place at Princeton between five-man teams of the Princeton Gun Club and the Delancey School, of Philadelphia. The Princeton team won by a score of 121 to 95. Each man shot at 30 targets. The weather conditions made difficult shooting, a high wind causing the targets to take erratic flights.

Mr. C. W. Budd, holder of the Hazard live-bird championship challenge trophy, has accepted the challenge of Mr. C. W. Phellis to contest for it, and has named the Omaha, Neb., Gun Club's grounds as the place, and May 10 as the date, in respect to the matter.

In the challenge trophy event of the Keystone Shooting League, held at Holmesburg Junction, Pa., on Saturday of last week, Mr. F. W. Van Loon successfully defended his possession of it by a straight score. He was the only one of the contestants to kill 10.

The contest for the Cast Iron medal between Messrs. J. A. R. Elliott, holder, and W. R. Crosby, challenger, shot at Omaha, Neb., on Friday of last week, was won by Mr. Elliott. Each shot at 100 live birds. The scores were: Elliott 97. Crosby 91.

On May 17 the Boiling Springs Fishing and Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., will hold a target shoot, commencing at 1 o'clock. The main event will be at 50 targets, \$3 entrance. Mr. C. B. Axford is the secretary.

At the Nebraska State shoot, Mr. Fred Gilbert won high average in a warm competition, scoring 648 for the four days out of a possible 680. An unusually large number shot through the entire target programme.

In a five-man team match between the Birch Brook Gun Club, of Lynn, Mass., and the Harvard Gun Club, 50 targets per man, Harvard won by a score of 162 to 137. The contest took place at Harvard.

The Jackson Park Gun Club, Paterson, N. J., held a shoot on Saturday of last week, the first since the disastrous flood of some weeks ago, which did great damage to Paterson and vicinity.

The trapshooting situation in Chicago, in respect to its legal aspect, seems to offset the effete East. It is fully described by Mr. Hough in "Western Traps" this week.

The Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association, at its annual meeting, held last week, fixed upon Lincoln, Neb., as the place for its tournament of 1903.

The State championship trophy, contested at the Nebraska State shoot was won by D. T. Morrill, of South Omaha, Neb., by 48 out of 50.

The Carteret Gun Club, whose shooting grounds were at Garden City, L. I., has secured grounds at Ridgewood, N. J.

BERNARD WATERS.

Boston Shooting Association Tournament.

Boston, Mass.—Our all-day tournament brought out twenty-five shooters to Wellington on April 26. Griffith, Barstow, Getchell, Campbell and Cake came up from Rhode Island. From Worcester came Bucklin, Stanley, Russell, Shay, Rundlett, Snell and Coffin. Sawin came down from Gardner, and Chapin from Brookfield. Lowell furnished two shooters, Climax and Rule.

The weather was bad, and when the first squad lined up at 10 A. M., a northeast rainstorm blew directly into the faces of the shooters, and in half an hour every one was well soaked—externally. Shooting was kept up, however, with an occasional delay to escape extra hard showers. At lunch time the rain ceased, a strong southwest wind sprang up and made the shooting very difficult during the team match. The main event of the day was a contest between five-man teams of the Boston Shooting Association and the Worcester Sportsmen's Club for the Shooting and Fishing trophy. Each man on the respective teams shot at 30 singles, expert rules, and 10 pairs. Worcester sent down two teams to try for the trophy, but Boston won by 7 birds over their first team. The scores in the team event are as follows:

Boston Shooting Association.			
	30 expert.	10 pairs.	Total.
Herbert	25	14	39
Climax	26	11	37
Leroy	26	15	41
Rule	20	14	34
Dickey	26	15	41—192
Worcester Sportsmen's Club No. 1.			
Bucklin	26	11	37
Russell	23	12	35
Chapin	23	14	37
Snell	26	10	36
Sawin	23	17	40—185
Worcester Sportsmen's Club No. 2.			
Stanley	16	4	20
Shay	22	11	33
Doten	22	8	30
Coffin	25	9	34
Walls	18	9	27—144

On the regular programme, Herbert was high, Chapin second and Griffith third. The scores and averages follow, the shooters being given the benefit of fractions of per cent.:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	at.	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	10	15	10	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
Melvin	8	12	8	12	14	10	14	13	12	9	140	112	80	
Barstow	4	12	5	10	11	12	14	11	13	11	140	102	73	
Herbert	10	15	10	14	14	14	13	14	14	13	140	131	94	
Leroy	10	13	8	12	13	15	13	14	13	10	140	121	87	
Griffith	9	14	8	14	13	13	13	15	12	12	140	123	88	
Bucklin	7	13	10	12	14	12	10	95	78	82	
Getchell	8	12	7	12	15	9	11	95	74	78	
Campbell	5	11	7	12	13	11	13	95	72	75	
Sawin	9	12	8	12	12	14	11	14	13	14	140	119	85	
Chapin	9	15	6	13	15	14	14	14	14	12	140	126	90	
Cake	8	12	9	10	11	12	13	15	15	11	140	116	84	
Walls	5	13	3	12	14	5	80	52	65	
Stanley	7	6	7	8	10	7	10	95	55	59	
Russell	6	13	7	..	15	50	41	82	
Shay	7	..	6	..	12	13	..	12	80	56	70	
Dickey	13	13	12	15	10	13	90	76	85	
Frank	10	13	10	10	60	43	72	
Rundlett	7	11	10	45	28	63	
Snell	11	13	12	..	7	12	90	55	62	
Climax	12	14	15	12	10	75	63	84	
Rule	8	14	12	13	13	75	60	80	
Dude	4	..	5	30	9	30	
Weld	14	14	10	45	38	85	
Allison	13	15	15	13	84	
Doten	12	15	12	15	12	80	

Events 1, 2, 5, and 8, known angles; events 3, 4, 6, 7, 9 and 10, unknown.

HERBERT.

IN NEW JERSEY.

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Carlstadt, N. J., April 26.—The weekly live-bird shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club was held at Outwater's grounds, Hackensack River Bridge, to-day. The birds were a fair lot. A strong wind blew from 3 o'clock; that is, from right to left across the traps. No. 1, a prize event, was won by Mr. F. D. Fessenden. Nos. 2 and 3, prize events, were won by Mr. F. D. Creamer. No. 3 was won by Mr. G. E. Greiff. The scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
G. E. Greiff, 28.....	.2121011—6	1110w	.02211w
F. D. Creamer, 28.....	.010*211—4	1111122—7	1111622—6
H. P. Fessenden, 29.....	.2221222—7	12222*1—6
Miss-and-out:			
Greiff, 31.....	.212112111—9	Creamer, 29.....	111112210—8

Jackson Park Gun Club.

Paterson, N. J., April 26.—The opening live-bird shoot of the Jackson Park Gun Club was held at the club grounds this afternoon, and a large crowd of spectators was present and enjoyed the event. The sport was very exciting at times, as the wind was strong, blowing across the traps from right to left, and once it got hold of the birds it required quick work on the part of the shooters to get them inside of the boundaries.

The birds were a good lot, many of them extra fast; in fact, they were yards away before the shooters could get after them. Mr. Frank Butler paid us a visit and took part, but had to leave early to fill an engagement at home. The shooters did not show up very strong. We had the assurance of quite a number of shooters, but they failed to put in an appearance. The club had provided amply in the way of refreshments and birds, and had everything in readiness to entertain a large number of shooters. I arrived at the grounds at 1:15 and everything was going along smoothly, and then we got them going quite lively, and at quitting time we had shot at nearly 500 birds. Everybody was quite well satisfied. But had there been more birds at hand instead of in the loft we might have shot one or two more sweeps before dark. Several of the shooters did excellent work during the afternoon. All events \$5 entrance:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	5	10	10	5	10	10	10
T. C. Wright, 30.....	8	4	10	10	4	8	6	10
C. Lenone, 28.....	9	5	7	7	2	6	5	6
Ed Morgan, 29.....	5	9	8	4	6	7	6	6
F. Butler, 28.....	..	9	8	3
G. Hopper, 26.....	..	7	6	3	7	6	4	10
A. Doty, 29.....	..	6	2	9	9	9	9	9
Powers, 28.....	..	2	8	9	9	9	9	9
Statter, 28.....	..	4	..	7	8
Van Houten, 26.....	..	4	8	..	7
Bunn	9

Miss-and-out: Wright 2, Powers 1, Doty 1, Morgan 0, Lenone 1, Bunn 2, Hopper 1.

In shoot-off miss-and-out, No. 2 event, Lenone won.

Westwood Gun Club.

Westwood, N. J., April 28.—On April 26 the North River Gun Club and the Westwood Gun Club participated in a match shoot at targets on the Westwood grounds, which resulted in a victory for the Westwood team. Before the match every one present enjoyed himself by shooting sweepstakes, etc. But the most exciting affair was a miss-and-out event, in which there were a large number of entries. All the contestants had missed and dropped out except Eickoff and Speth, who had succeeded in making 23 straight hits, when Eickoff missed his 24th bird. Speth also missed his 24th. Eickoff led off and shot straight up to the 29th, which he missed. Speth did the same thing, missing his 29th. The contest was getting quite exciting just then, when Eickoff again led off, scoring straight up to his 35th target, which he missed. Speth did identically the same thing, missing his 35th target. It was getting late then, and as the match had to be shot off between the two clubs before dark, they agreed to divide the purse. Immediately after this the clubs shot off the match, which resulted in the following score:

Westwood Club—Hasbrouck 22, Gruman 20, Van Buskirk 16, Bahr 20, Speth 15, Huck 22, Post 21, Ackerman 16, Hall 21, Krebs 22; total 195.

North River Club—Annett 19, Eickoff 11, Cathart 13, Truax 9, Richter 19, Monahan 17, C. Truax 20, Merrill 14, Allison 11, Morrison 13; total 151.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., April 26.—There was quite a good gathering of shooters at the weekly meeting of the Brooklyn Gun Club. There was a stiff wind blowing, which added to the difficulties of smashing the bluerocks. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	15	5p	25	25	25	25	10	25	5p	10
Welles	7	11	8	20	23	23	20	8	24	8	..
Lee	6	13	6	19	15	..	18	6	18
Snyder	4	9	8	15	15	..	14
Woolley	8	8	7	14	16	20	14
Martin	6	12	..	21	20	21	19
Ryder	6	10	4	17	16	..	15	..	5
Wright	8	..	2	13	12	..	15	6	4
Lane	8	..	18	14	..	16
Sharp	4	17	10	4	..	5	8
Hitchcock	9
Creedethers	12	11	8	..	3	..
Brooks	8	5	7

Oceanic Rod and Gun Club.

Rockaway Park, L. I., April 28.—A clear day and a high wind were the conditions of weather prevailing at the final shoot of the season, given by the Oceanic Rod and Gun Club. There was a good attendance of members and their friends. The scores were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	25	25	25	20	25	25	25	15	25
Bill	9	20	18	18	..	23	21	14	12	14
Bohling	5	10	15	15	15	18	18	10	..	12
Reibert	4	9	10	16	11	8
Ernst	5	18	11	18	..	18	19	17	13	16
Kroger	13	15	19	13	14	18	16	9	..
Riley	5	6	..	6	14
Jones	18	14	17	..	18	14	16	10	15
Duke	18	..	22	17	21	15	..
Hart	8	..	15	11	16	11	11
Voehringer	4	9	..	8	..	13	16	12	12	15
Koegel	14	15	17	..	12
Fischer	17	14	18
Kaiser	11	14	14	6	9
Charles	7	11
Hopkins	11	19
Barber	13	15
Stock	11	8	11	..

Winchester Gun Club.

DETROIT, Mich.—Beside the practice and club events at the regular shoot, April 19, the first of a series of three team races at 25 targets per man, with the Walkerville Gun Club was pulled off, resulting in a victory for the home team by the closest possible margin.

The conditions for high scores were somewhat hard on both sides—rather nasty weather and swift birds—but of course more favorable to Winchester, they being on their own grounds. Although they lost Mr. Thos. Reid to his home club, thus losing a certainty of a good score and at the same time adding one to the opponents, like on other past international occasions, a new member, and a warm one, was at hand—genial, jovial Tolsma, fresh from the Grand American. It would be a pretty mean man that didn't like Alex.

The race was by eight on a side, shot in mixed squads of five. Joe Marks was referee and Ed Husher scored. The contestants and their scores were as follows:

Winchester Gun Club—Brodie 21, Tolsma 20, Shiell 20, Guthard 17, Lewis 14, Stanley 12, Warner 10, Hitchcock 10; total 124.

Walkerville Gun Club—A. Reid 20, T. Reid 19, Clark 18, Wear 16, Webster 15, Allen 13, Swift 12, Mutter 10; total 123.

There were those on both sides who should have done better, but fell down.

The Walkerville men are quite gentlemanly fellows, who will undoubtedly give us a harder tussle at the next race at Walkerville, the 26th inst.

In the club event at 25 targets, Lewis won the Class A medal with 21, Warner Class B with 14, and McAdam and McHath tied for the Class C medal at 13. McMath winning in the shoot-off with 16. Following are the members' scores, the last event being the club event:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10	15	15	25	25	Targets:	10	10	15	15	25	25
Lewis	6	9	9	21	Hitchcock	4	5	..	9	..
Brodie	7	8	8	19	McMath	5	6	16	13
Shiell	9	..	10	19	McAdam	5	..	10	13
Tolsma	7	9	12	19	16	..	Barthel	2	..	1	..	2	..
Stanley	2	6	8	20	Bachmann	4	6
Guthard	9	10	11	..	10	..	Leggett	1	7
Warner	3	..	16	14	Ford	2	10

Harvard—Birch Brook Teams.

LYNN, Mass., April 26.—Our team of five men from the Birch Brook Gun Club journeyed to Cambridge to-day to shoot a return match with a like number from the Harvard Club. The score will show the reason for the faraway look in our eyes after the match as compared with the jaunty air which we carried on our way to the slaughter.

The Harvard men have most beautiful grounds, and a new club house is one of the probabilities of the near future, the location being but a few hundred yards from the famous football grounds on Soldiers' Field. The club has a membership of eighty or thereabouts, and with the attention that it deserves, and which at present is being shown by the college authorities, trapshooting should become one of the regular, as well as popular, college sports.

Regarding their grounds, it is claimed by those shooting over same regularly that they fail to make anything like their usual scores. The shooting stand is much higher than the magautrap, but something more plausible than that as an excuse for our wretched scores should be forthcoming.

They took a very nice method of removing a part of the sting of defeat by an invitation to a dinner at the University Club, which was a very enjoyable affair.

They have our very best wishes for success next Saturday when the spring intercollegiate match occurs at New Haven.

Fifty targets per man, all from the magautrap:

Harvard Gun Club—Hilliard 32, Dupont 39, Bancroft 34, Colson 25, Corbett 32; total 162.

Birch Brook Gun Club—Lambert 26, Frank 37, Straw 24, Rowe 31, Rand 19; total 137.

C. F. LAMBERT.

Aschenbroedel Gun Club.

NEW YORK, April 22.—The following scores were made on the day of the Aschenbroedel Gun Club's second regular shoot, held on the club's grounds, April 22. Our worthy president, and incidentally the oldest member of the club, Mr. S., celebrated the seventy-fourth anniversary of his birth, and "blew" the boys several bottles of wine, and thinking he would swell his average while the other

WESTERN TRAPS.

The Pigeon Crusade in Chicago.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 26.—Whether we shall have a meeting of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association in Chicago this coming month is to-day a matter of very much doubt. If we do, it is entirely likely that it cannot be held, so far as the shooting is concerned, anywhere near Chicago, except upon some one of the three race tracks, Roby, Worth or Harlem, which might afford grounds suitable and accessible enough for a pinch, and which would be outside the city limits of Chicago.

The basis of the action against pigeon shooting here is to be made a city ordinance forbidding the using of firearms inside the city limits. As this would prohibit the use of rifles or pistols in killing cattle at the stock yards, there will be introduced, and in all likelihood passed, at the next council meeting, Monday night, a special ordinance forbidding the shooting of birds within the city limits. This would forbid shooting at the historic ground of Watson's Park. It would also forbid the Sunday duck shooting in the Calumet Lake region, but it is stated that this part of the ordinance will not be enforced. Therefore the pigeon shooters will be stopped of their sport, although the duck shooters will not.

A committee of sportsmen will wait upon Mayor Harrison, and some members of the Council on the morning of next Monday, and try to persuade them that the ordinance is one which ought not to be passed. At present it is in the hands of the Judiciary Committee, and is said to be sure to pass, though that of course cannot be called a fact until it happens.

The Chicago Arrests.

On last Saturday four members of the Audubon Club, Messrs. John H. Amberg, Geo. R. Thorne, J. M. Sellers and N. L. Hoyt, were arrested at Watson's Park during the progress of the regular club shoot. The arrests were made ostensibly by the humane society of the S. P. C. A., but really by a representative of the Chicago American, the latter paper having pushed the war against pigeon shooting here, at Kansas City and at Council Bluffs, where the Elliott-Crosby race was shot yesterday. The warrants here charged a violation of a city ordinance and also cruelty, etc. The preliminary hearing was held this week at Justice Biff Hall's court, the cases being continued till May 1, the gentlemen being released on \$600 bail each. It is quite likely that nothing will come of these suits, for Justice Hall is a good fellow, a sportsman, and with a newspaper man who knows how much there is to newspaper enterprise. He will do about what is right, and the gentlemen thus annoyed will not be further needlessly annoyed.

The actual result of these cases, however, will not be the worst blow which the sport will receive here. It is certain that by means of an appeal to popular ignorance there is going to be a hot campaign pushed against the sport on live-bird shooting in Chicago, under municipal regulations, until such time comes as makes it possible to carry it into the Legislature, where a bill is almost certain to be introduced, whether passed or not, remains to be seen.

Ohio has passed the bill prohibiting live-bird shooting, and it has by this time probably received the Governor's signature. It is said that following the Council Bluffs shoot a hard push will be made to kill the sport in Iowa. Under these circumstances it might be among the possibilities that this State also would stop live-bird shooting. No one knows what a Legislature, or a city council, may do.

Here is a sample of the writing done by representatives of the daily paper chiefly interested in the crusade against live-bird shooting in the West. The story is done by Mr. Opie Read. I know Mr. Read very well, and believe him to be honest, though of very small experience in live-bird shooting. I do not think he goes shooting very much, though sometimes he goes fishing. A good sample of my friend's fine Arkansas style may be seen below:

"Fierce was the north wind, nearly 50 miles an hour, and at the springing of the trap, the birds were shot forth upon the current of a gale that sent them sailing like arrows. One bird, wounded almost unto death, took desperate refuge in a freight car. That natural savage, a boy, climbed in, caught the little thing, and with a shout of conquest pulled off its head.

"Another pigeon, flying from the double roar of a man's artillery, wounded, and with one leg shot away, attempted to alight. Twice it fell almost to the ground, but fluttered back, and on one foot sat there, with a death-dimmed eye turned toward its enemies.

"Not long was it permitted to rest. It was doomed, for the Boston market. Sticks and stones were hurled at it. High into the air the poor thing flew, and dying with this last effort, fell at the feet of a dog.

"It is not enough to say that the pigeons were listed for the market, and that they must have been killed. It is no excuse to assert that it were better to shoot them than brutally to wring their heads off. These declarations do not remove nor soften the fact that they were wounded, bitten by dogs and then killed.

"With justice and a love of mercy, we deplore the vanity of woman who upon her hat wears the wing of a bird. But that vanity of man, boasting of wing shooting skill, is called sport. Baker, the great hunter, was at last smitten with remorse, and in one of his books he says: 'You could not hire me to murder another animal.' We censure the Spaniard for bull fighting, and yet keep proud score on the slaughter of doves. With the Anglo-Saxon the craving of the stomach justifies any act of cruelty to animals. Rural butchers chase a bullock with dogs, round and round, to make the meat tender. A sportsman would call it inhuman, and yet he would stand waiting for a beautiful bird to be hurled out of a trap, would break its wing, and receiving it from the mouth of a dog, would wring its neck.

"The progress of man is embodied in a sentiment. Revolutions react and liberty-loving man, after chopping off the head of a king, finds himself ready to kneel at the feet of Napoleon. But in sentiment there is true progress, and sentiment in a protector of birds, the most beautiful and most gracious of nature's gifts.

"Those 'sportsmen' will be placed on trial. They have not only violated the written law; ruthlessly, they have ignored a law not written, but alive in mercy's heart. They are recognized as educated and refined gentlemen. This adds a deeper color to their offense.

"Of coarseness and ignorance we might have expected such wanton cruelty. In their eagerness to stand as skillful marksmen they have given countenance to barbarity."

Of course there is no answer to this sort of thing. It is no use talking to good people who see or who know only one side of a case, and that their own. If there were any hope of logic or fairness as weapons against this attitude which is taken by the misguided folk above mentioned, it might be well to invite their attention to the chicken lofts of South Water street of this city, where thousands of fowls are killed every day. It is known that a chicken is best to be picked while it is still alive, wherefore the modus adopted is this: A penknife blade is inserted into the mouth of the chicken, passing up to the roof of the mouth and sometimes into the brain, but then only by accident, the intention being to bleed it to death slowly, and not to kill it instantly. While the fowl is dying its feathers yield readily to the hand of the picker. By the time the feathers are removed the fowl is dead or nearly dead. At times fowls escape from the pickers and get out of the door or window. They have been seen running on the floors or in the street, half-picked. The blood dripped also from their mouths, and they suffered, we may believe, quite as much as a pigeon smitten with the sudden and numbing gunshot wound. Here is a subject for Mr. Read's pen quite as worthy as this other which he has undertaken.

The same newspaper may have seen at the stock yards a half-dead hog swim across a tank of boiling water. In short, if it cares to go in for humanity, it can find plenty of serious things with which to busy itself for a long time. We shall not descend to abuse, nor ask why it picks out this particular field for its labors. It is its own judge as to the fitness of all that. What is most certain is that it will find sportsmen as broad and as soft-hearted and as humane men as any it shall discover, search it never so carefully all walks of life.

The sportsman who cuts down a bird in the field goes to it at once and retrieves it if he can. The sportsman at the trap should do as much. The failure to gather the wounded at any place is something which allows too much grounds for a fair charge of cruelty and inhumanity. The spectacle of crippled birds perching about on the buildings or other adjuncts of the shooting grounds is one which ought not to be tolerated, and Mr. Read is right to that extent. But this is an abuse of the sport of pigeon shooting—an abuse which in some sort has deserved the rebuke which it is getting to-day. It has nothing to do with the sport as it is generally and ought always to be conducted. Neither the enterprising newspaper which is making this campaign, nor the able men it is enlisting to carry its banners therein—and we gain nothing by disparaging either the one or the other—can ever set aside the original mandate of dominion given to man over the animals. Neither can stop the war of beast on beast, of man upon man, can efface the principle of life-taking, nor, if we come to that, can hope to eradicate the sporting instinct from the male born. We may hope that it may be a long day before the men

of America cease to be sportsmen, with all the love of the chase in their souls, and not a mere namy-pamby, so-called love of nature which is not all a love of nature, but merely a love of dollars.

The outlook for the continuance of live-bird shooting here is bad. In time the agitation may quiet down, but the immediate consequences are apt to be revolutionary. E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Chicago Gun Club.

Chicago, Ill., April 26.—In the weekly trophy handicap shoot of the Chicago Gun Club, 25 targets, added targets to shoot at, Bowles was first, A. W. Morton was second and Cop was third. The scores were: Horn (8 added to shoot at) 18, O'Brien (28) 14, Bowles (7) 22, Dr. Morton (6) 16, Walters (8) 17, Cop (2) 19, Patrick (10) 15, A. W. Morton (7) 20, Pollard 13, Dunbar (8) 12, Dr. Burckey (14) 17.

Tie on shoot-off, April 5: Dr. Morton (2) 6 out of 12, Waters (3) 7 out of 12.

Weekly trophy, cash prize:

Horn, 4.....	0111110011011000010	—10
Bowles, 4.....	1111111111111111011	—15
Dr. Morton, 3.....	11011011011111101	—13
Walters, 5.....	011100000110111110	—10
Cop, 1.....	11111011101101101	—13
Patrick, 6.....	01100100001000101100	—8
A. W. Morton, 4.....	110101011111111111	—15
*Pollard, 5.....	11011111111111111	—13
Dunbar, 5.....	100010100100100101	—9
Dr. Burckey, 8.....	10110001011111110101	—15
*Guest.....		

Watertown Gun Club.

WATERTOWN, Mass., April 19.—There was a large attendance at the Watertown Gun Club grounds to-day, including a number of ladies. The targets were thrown at top speed, so the showing in the 30-target club shoot was all that could be expected. Fairbanks was high with 23, and Thomas a close second with 22. Scores as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	10	15	15	10	10	20	25	10
Hodsdon.....	5	2	4	9	7	6	3	13	20	..
H. Philbrook.....	6	3	6	10	6	5	3	11	13	7
W. Neill.....	3	5	2	3	7
Page.....	6	5	7	9	9	7	6	14	17	10
Hill.....	8	1	5	8	6	5	9	6
C. Philbrook.....	7	5	8	5	8
Emerson.....	5	2	7	5	6	6	2
Sears.....	3	3
Bullard.....	9	9	7	9	9	7	4	16	18	5
Wilson.....	1	4	3	7	2
H. Atwood.....	5	4	9	10	4
Fairbanks.....	10	6	10	14	9
O'Neil.....	5	6	..	8	10
Perkins.....	4	..	5	7
Evans.....	1	3	5	9
W. Atwood.....	4	7	12	5	8
Fogg.....	6	8	8	8
Thomas.....	5	9	12	10
Cole.....	1	5	3	4
Jones.....	3	7	11	6	3
Shirriff.....	..	9	5	4
Damon.....	8
Williams.....	4	4	5
Vahey.....	3
C. Smith.....	5	3

Nos. 1, 3, 4, 6, 7, 9 and 10, magautrap; Nos. 2, 5 and 8, Sergeant; No. 7, gun at hip, unknown pull.

Prize match, 30 singles—15 magautrap and 15 Sergeant:

Fairbanks.....	1111111111110111001110011100111—23
Thomas.....	111111101100110110011011011—22
Bullard.....	1110011101100100011111110100—18
Page.....	0110010111101001010110011011—18
O'Neil.....	011001011110000110111100000—18
Jones.....	0110101110111101101101001000—17
W. Atwood.....	111010111111101001000001011—17
Fogg.....	0101010111100010101100111000—16
Hodsdon.....	101111000001110100001011001—16
H. Philbrook.....	111110001110001000000011110—16
H. Atwood.....	11111001011010010001000000101—14
Hill.....	0001101010101010101011000000—14
C. Philbrook.....	000100010101010001001010111—13
Emerson.....	0000110100000100010010110001—11
Wilson.....	110010101001000100000000000—9
Cole.....	0010001001000001011000010000—7

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y.—To-day, April 26, the main event was for the bi-monthly cup, 25 clay birds, handicaps misses as breaks. Blandford at scratch tied with Washburn, who had an allowance of 3. On the shoot-off, same conditions, Blandford won with a score of 23 to 19. For a consideration the cup was again put up, and was this time won by Com. Rohr with a score of 23, including his allowance of 10. The wind was blowing strong straightaway, and it was only by shooting in fast time that any sort of average could be made.

During the month of May, probably, there will be considerable shooting for the medals, the entries for which close May 30. I. T. Washburn is first with ten scores of 15 straight; C. Blandford second with 7 straight scores, while E. D. Garnsey is third with 3 straight. The others who have straight scores to their credit are M. Dyckman, D. Brandreth, W. Hall, A. Bedell. This is anybody's race yet, for entries are unlimited, and many of the shooters have made marked improvement, while their handicaps remain the same.

First cup shoot, 25 clays: C. Blandford (0) 22, J. C. Barlow (3) 16, I. Washburn (3) 22, A. Rohr (10) 19, W. Coleman (4) 18, W. Smith (9) 20, E. Garnsey (5) 18, W. Fisher (3) 19, Dr. Sheehan (7) 19. Shoot-off: C. Blandford (0) 23, I. Washburn (3) 19.

Second cup shoot, 25 clays: J. C. Barlow (3) 16, I. Washburn (3) 19, A. Rohr (10) 23, W. Coleman (4) 18, Dr. Sheehan (7) 18, Hans (8) 17, A. Bedell (0) 17, M. Dyckman (4) 17.

Other events:

Targets:	10	10	10	25	25	25	25
E. D. Garnsey.....	5	7	6
A. Bedell.....	7
C. Blandford.....	5	7	7	21	18	17	23
I. Washburn.....	9	7	10	19	17	20	16
W. Reed.....	3
J. C. Barlow.....	7	5	..	13
W. Coleman.....	9	7	4
A. Rohr.....	..	3
Dr. E. F. Sheehan.....	4	5
A. Aitchison.....	..	5
Hans.....	4	6	8	18
M. Dyckman.....	..	7	6
Dr. Snow.....	4	3
W. Fisher.....	5

C. G. B.

Pawtuxet Gun Club.

PAWTUXET, R. I., April 19.—A number of the members of the Pawtuxet Gun Club met on the club grounds for a little practice. The weather was good, as the scores show. The first regular shoot will be held the first Saturday in May, when a series of shoots will begin for club prizes, and also a handsome challenge trophy will be offered, representing the championship of Kent county.

W. H. Sheldon.....	100111111111111111011—22
J. Armstrong.....	110111111111111111011—23
J. R. Sheldon.....	111011111111111111011—21
W. Monteith.....	110101101111111111011—19
H. Ayers.....	11000110001011011100—14
J. R. Sheldon.....	110101101101101000001—15
J. R. Sheldon.....	100110000110111010001—12
J. R. Sheldon.....	1001011101011011010001—15
J. R. Sheldon.....	110101111111101010111—21

W. H. SHELDON, Sec'y.

The programme of the Sistersville, W. Va., Gun Club for its spring tournament on May 9, provides fourteen events, three at 10, ten at 15, and one at 20 targets; entrance \$1, \$1.50 and \$2. All shooting will be from the 16yd. mark. A magautrap will be the medium for throwing the targets. Shooting commences at 9:30. Purses divided, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Messrs. J. McNaught and Ed. O. Bower will manage. Lunch served at noon. Loaded shells can be obtained on the grounds.

The Big Nebraska Meet.

April 22-25.

OMAHA, Neb.—What was probably the best and most successful meeting and tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association has been held at Omaha the past week. The features contributing to this end are primarily good location and management, and incidentally, the newly awakened interest in trapshooting which is sweeping this year like a tidal wave throughout the West.

Omaha has one of the finest shooting parks in the country, of which Mr. H. S. McDonald is the presiding genius, backed up by the entire shooting fraternity of the community, with an accord delightful to behold. The park is on the Iowa side of the Missouri River, five minutes' ride from hotels, and lacks no item of equipment and convenience.

The programme called for 170 targets for each of the four days, beside the State event, comprising six 15 and four 20 target races. To each of these the Association added \$12.50, making a total of \$500 for the week. Division of purses was under the percentage plan, four moneys in 15 and five in 20-target events. Targets were thrown Sergeant system from two sets of fast expert traps.

Preliminaries.

The twenty men comprising the advance guard spent Saturday and Monday afternoons at the park, and participated in on impromptu 100-target programme. Saturday Burnside scored high with 98 and a run of 82 straight. Gilbert and Spencer were second and Crosby third. Monday Crosby was high with 97, Townsend second with 93, and Gilbert, Badger and Hirschy each scored 91. The scores are here given in detail:

Saturday.							Monday.						
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Broke.	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Broke.
Garrett	20	17	16	19	18	90	Crosby	20	20	19	19	19	97
Crosby	19	19	19	19	19	95	Gilbert	18	20	17	19	17	91
Gilbert	20	19	19	20	19	97	Burnside	17	17	17	18	20	89
Burnside	20	20	20	20	18	98	Badger	19	15	20	19	18	91
Riehl	12	16	15	19	18	80	Hirschy	17	20	18	18	20	91
Spencer	19	18	20	20	20	97	Dominie	18
Morrill	15	19	17	18	18	83	Spencer	14	18	20	18	16	86
Wetleaf	19	19	19	20	Heer	18	18	20
Young	13	Wetleaf	19	19	18
Rogers	16	19	16	16	18	85	Bray	20	18	19
Rucker	17	Miller	17	15
Goodrich	16	17	13	13	15	74	Townsend	17	19	18	20	19	93
Fogg	13	18	17	16	Illian	18	19	18
McDonald	15	17	..	19	Riehl	13	18	18	17	18	84
Townsend	17	17	19	17	17	87	Simpson	17	..	15	11	16	..
Badger	..	19	Garrett	14	20	16	18	20	88
Kimball	..	18	15	19	18	..	Shemwell	9	14	13	13
Hopkins	..	13	7	Lewis	7	15
Lewis	..	18							
Loomis	15	14							

Opening Day, April 22.

To have to sit down on the ground while at the score to avoid being carried off your

Wetleaf	14	12	18	14	20	15	13	20	13	20	159
Hinshaw	14	14	16	13	19	13	14	18	12	17	150
Klein	13	11	18	14	14	15	11	12	14	18	140
Duncan	12	11	16	12	13	13	13	14	11	14	129
Garrett	13	15	17	14	17	13	13	18	13	19	154
Shemwell	15	14	17	12	17	14	14	17	15	16	149
Budd	14	14	16	12	18	14	15	19	15	20	157
Hirschy	16	13	18	13	17	14	15	19	14	20	158
Badger	13	14	19	14	18	14	14	19	15	20	160
Crosby	14	14	19	15	19	13	15	20	13	20	162
Elliott	12	13	18	15	18	13	15	20	14	19	157
Fanning	15	15	17	13	16	16	13	19	14	16	153
Burmeister	15	11	12	13	17	15	11	15	11	17	137
McDowell	13	14	19	10	16	14	13	13	12	17	139
Simpson	11	12	12	12	14	15	12	17	11	15	131
Saunders	10	12	16	14	17	12	13	17	15	19	145
Burke	10	10	18	13	17	12	10	17	14	17	138
Roberts	13	8	15	13	19	13	9	13	11	15	129
M T Miller	10	13	14	13	17	10	14	15	13	18	137
Gray	10	11	16	11	13	12	11	16	9	15	124
Arno	12	14	17	13	15	14
Carter	11	11	16	13	13	12	14	19	14	17	140
Simpkins	11	9	17	11	15	14	13	19	12	17	138
Forney	10	11	18	15	16	14	15	14	7	10	130
Tanne	11	9	16	11	12	15	11	14	14	16	129
Lard	10	12	16	14	15	11	13	16	14	18	139
Copsey	14	13	17	12	15	12	10	16	11	14	134
Edwards	13	12	12	14	16	14	15	19	12	18	147
Taylor	10	12	10	12	16	12	10	17	10	17	128
Seviars	12	12	15	14	16	14	12	18	11	14	139
F Miller	9	12	14	13	16	13	14	18	12	19	140
Moore	12	12	15	15	19	12	12	17	12	16	142
Wiggins	14	13	14	14	16	13	12	16	13	16	141
Taggart	10	12	18	9	14	13	11	12	10	17	126
Morrill	8	12	13	15	15	14	11	18	11	19	136
Matson	9	6	7	5	16	6	10	10
Sandy	10	15	20	14	19	12	12	19	9	16	146
Hofer	10	11	18	12	18	9	11
Baldwin	13	12	13	13	14	11	12	18	8	14	128
Gilbert	12	9	16	14	11	11	13	14	9	14	123
Moloney	13	11	16	13	18	13	8
Dwork	12	13	19	13	14	14	15	17	13	18	148
Starkey	12	13	18	10	12	6
Ragan	12	9	13	11
Brewer	14	12	13	15	16	14	12	19	14	19	148
Linderman	15	12	19	15	16	14	14	18	13	17	153
Fox	8	...	12
Adams	11	15	11	12	19	11	16
Fogg	16	12	18	13	17
Norton	19	12	10	16	14	16
Nicholson	10	9	18	15	16
Lewis	18
Lynch	16	13	18

Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association was held at the Paxton Hotel, April 23, at 8 P. M., President Geo. W. Loomis presiding, and Secretary H. S. McDonald at the desk. A good representation of gun clubs was present at roll call. After routine business and payment of dues, selection of location of the next annual meeting was considered and Lincoln was chosen. Election of officers resulted in the choice of Geo. B. Simpkins as President; John Burke, of Elgin, Vice-President, and Fred Mackett, Secretary-Treasurer.

The sum of \$25 was voted for the purchase of an annual championship trophy for next year's competition.

The question of game protective legislation was taken up and considered at length. Mr. Simpkins, as chief deputy game warden making an interesting talk on what has been accomplished under the new law. It was voted to authorize the officers to do such work with the Legislature in behalf of the Association as may on occasion seem expedient.

Thursday, April 24.

Very satisfactory weather conditions prevailed again to-day. A stiff wind blew most of the time, but the boys were settled down to steady work, and proceeded to pound out some excellent scores. A prompt start was made, and with sixty odd entries the programme was carried through by 4 o'clock. Gilbert won the day's average with 165, Crosby second with 163, Spencer and White third with 162 each, Burnside fourth with 160, Riehl, Sandy and Carter fifth with 159. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	Broke.
Loomis	13	14	16	12	16	12	16	12	16	12	139
Riehl	14	14	19	12	16	12	16	12	16	12	159
Gilbert	14	15	20	15	20	15	14	18	15	19	165
Burnside	15	14	20	15	14	15	12	20	15	20	160
Grant	11	14	17	12	17	14	11	16	12	18	142
Dominie	13	14	17	14	16	12	12	16	12	18	144
Bray	13	13	18	14	19	13	12	19	14	20	155
Spencer	15	14	20	14	20	13	14	19	13	20	162
Heer	12	13	19	14	17	9	13	18	13	16	144
Illion	14	12	18	14	13	14	11	20	13	17	151
Cunningham	13	13	18	14	19	12	13	17	14	19	152
Capt Money	12	11	13	9	15	13	11	15	11	11	121
H Money	14	14	20	15	16	15	14	19	10	18	155
Slob	15	13	17	14	16	13	14	18	13	17	150
Townsend	12	15	17	15	17	14	12	14	11	16	143
White	14	15	18	13	20	14	15	20	14	19	162
Wettleaf	14	13	20	15	17	15	13	19	13	19	158
Hinshaw	11	14	17	12	16	12	13	18	15	18	142
Klein	11	13	20	14	20	15	11	18	14	17	153
Duncan	10	14	20	14	15	12	14	16	13	16	144
Garrett	11	13	17	14	14	15	15	18	13	19	149
Shemwell	10	12	18	15	19	12	13	18	15	17	149
Budd	13	15	19	10	13	13	12	20	15	18	148
Hirschy	14	15	19	14	13	14	14	18	15	17	158
Badger	13	15	17	14	17	15	11	18	15	20	155
Crosby	14	15	20	15	13	13	15	20	15	18	163
Elliott	15	13	20	13	18	14	14	19	14	18	158
Fanning	13	14	19	15	17	14	12	17	15	18	154
Burmeister	10	14	16	12	11	10	10	15	12	17	127
McDowell	11	12	18	10	17	13	11	13	12	17	134
Simpson	11	14	16	11
Saunders	13	15	17	14	20	13	12	17	14	18	153
Burke	13	11	20	14	16	13	9	18	14	19	147
Roberts	12	15	16	12	14	12	11	15	12	16	135
M T Miller	13	7	16	14	15	12	13	14	12	19	145
Kimball	14	15	19	13	16	13	14	18	14	16	152
Sandy	13	15	16	15	19	15	13	19	14	20	159
Moore	10	13	16	15	12	9	11	14	9	16	125
Seviars	14	15	1	15	17	15	14	20	10	18	155
Thurston	14	10	16	8	18	12	10
Simpkins	12	13	14	9	10	11	10	18	13	17	127
Carter	14	14	19	13	20	15	15	16	14	19	159
Forney	11	12	15	14	17	15	10	16	13	15	138
Copsey	12	11	11	13	13	13	11	15	12	15	133
Wiggins	12	13	19	15	16	12	13	17	12	17	146
Morrill	14	15	18	14	16	15	11	20	13	18	154
Lard	13	13	16	12	16	12	13	16	12	15	139
Miller	13	15	17	13	17	11	13	13	17	17	148
Gray	12	13	17	14	17	14	10	13	13	20	145
Warren	5	12	13	14	17	14	16	13	20	138	
Starkey	12	8	15	13	14	14	...	17
Taylor	14	13	15	11	17	17
Linderman	12	15	18	15	16	13	14	17	13	19	152
Brewer	15	15	16	12	18	11	12	20	11	19	152
Rogers	13	11	15	11	18	13	12	13	13	16	143
Otis	7	9	10
Reed	15	15	15	14	18	14	18	...
Hulsizer	10	13	13	11
Hofer	9	13	13	9
Terry	...	16	10	11	9	12	16	13	14
Weatherhead	...	11	10	10
Hungate	...	9	12	10	7	17
B-27	...	9	17	13	10	17	15	16
Fogg	...	15	12	11	18	13	17
Lewis	...	11	15
Chaney	...	9	12

Individual Championship.

The contest at 25 single targets for trophy signifying the individual championship of the State of Nebraska, followed the programme and proved a pretty race. There were twenty-four starters, and five finished with 24. In the shoot-off of ties at 25 targets, D. T. Morrill, of South Omaha, proved the winner. Scores:

Simpkins	01111000010001011010111-14
Brewer	1011110111110101111111-21
Lynch	1111111111101101101011-22
B-27	1111111111111010111111-21
Moore	1011110110011110111111-20

Saunders	11011111101111111111-23
Burke	11111111101101111111-23
Kimball	11111101111111111111-22
Grant	11111111111011111111-22
McDonald	11111111111110011111-23
Roberts	11101011111111111111-23
Lewis	011111110111111101011-19
Illion	11111111111111111111-24
Dominie	11111111111111111111-24
Terry	1111001111010111010110-18
Townsend	11110111111111111111-23
Fogg	1111010111111101111110-20
Bray	11111111111111111111-24
Miller	11111111111111111111-23
Morrill	11011111111111111111-24
Simpson	1111111111011011011001-20
Carter	11111111111111111111-22
Rogers	11111111111111111111-24
Linderman	11111111100111111111-22
Shoot-off of ties:	
Illion	11111111001111111111-22
Dominie	11111111001011111111-21
Bray	11111111011111111111-23
Morrill	11111111111111111111-24
Rogers	10101111111111111111-22

April 25, Fourth Day.

The last day was in a measure a repetition of the entire week, in that it presented all kinds of weather. Beginning fair as one could wish, the programme was concluded amid a driving wind and sand storm, against which it was almost impossible to stand. Nevertheless scores for the day were quite creditable, and some remarkably good. Gilbert, Crosby, Garrett, Wetleaf and Hirschy led in the programme, both Hirschy and Garrett making a run of 80 straight. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
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The Sergeant System.

In these days the yachting interest is not confined to this continent and its wide distribution as indicated by the advertisement of Mr. C. N. Boyn, yacht broker, of Paris, who offers himself as a medium for the sale or the hire of yachts to Americans who are going abroad.—*Adv.*

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SPORTSMEN IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

FOREMOST among the Presidents, Mr. Roosevelt has brought to affairs of state the knowledge which he won when following with keen zest the sports of stream and forest. With what wisdom the President has drawn upon the store of the hunter's information is apparent to any one who may have read in his message to the Congress the recommendations concerning forest reserves and the preservation of the big game, once so abundant in this land. Mr. Roosevelt, too, is the only one of the Presidents who has added to permanent literature the memorials of his experiences afield.

There have been others in the White House who are yet remembered for their practice of the woodland arts, and there are Presidents who are remembered for far less innocent occupations.

The great white light that beats upon the throne is a mere candle in comparison with the journalistic calciums which are trained upon the Presidents. When the Washington correspondents can only make the charge stick against any President that he fishes or shoots, the most will be made of it. It is a most inscrutable decree of Providence that the average newspaper man cannot seem to get into appreciative touch with the pleasures of rod and gun. Lack of veracity in stating the results is but the first and the lightest of the charges which arise in the secular press against the sportsman. It is strange that it should be so, for the very first mention of the sportsman in all history couples with the glorious name of Nimrod the reverential assertion that he was a mighty hunter "before the Lord." But with human perversity the sportsman has become game himself, and no better game has been brought to the journalistic bag than a fishing or shooting President. It may safely be said, however, that no President who is remembered for his sportsman diversions is remembered for that alone. There are not so many of them that it taxes the memory to recall these hunting and fishing Presidents. It is not every politician who is entirely worthy of enrollment in the livery of woodcraft, the devious ways of the one pursuit do not comport in all natures with the simple directness of the other.

We may begin with Washington, though this is beyond White House days. There was a degree of formality about the first President that rarely permitted him to relax from the attitude of dress parade, but like a Virginia gentleman, he rode to hounds, kept a pack of his own on the Mount Vernon estate until Martha made up her mind to draw the line somewhere, and drew it at dog. His diary is full of hard-riding fox hunts; once even the hunt swept on for no less than seven hours after a bobtail fox of which the Father of his Country makes due entry in the diary that they "caught" it. That he was thoroughly sound, however, appears from the directions which he gave to young Custis when about to kill a deer: "Recollect, sir, that you are to fire with ball, to use no hounds, and on no account to kill any but an old buck." Nor was the General content with the mere instructions, he examined the carcass to see that his injunctions had been complied with. There is a letter of Washington's, written while he was President for the first term, in which he details his success in fishing for bass off Governor's Island, the national capital being then in New York. That Governor's Island Reef was a famous bass ground until long after Washington's time. The first day he fished brought little luck, for the moon was against him and the tides were too high and too low and the wind was in the east, and not even a President can go up against that combination, particularly the moon. But later on he killed fish in weight from one-half to four pounds, "though the latter are quite rare." It will be recalled that on an historic occasion he made a remark to his father that has become legendary.

After the first President there is a long gap in which we hear nothing of the sports of chief executives. Jackson was bred in the land of the squirrel rifle, but he seems to have spent all his time in gunning for Nick Biddle and the United States Bank, game that was purely political. There were traditions in what used to be called the "old army," now doubly removed by two wars, that General Taylor was a consummate plainsman. It was no easy thing for a man to acquire such a reputation in those days. There was so much game on the prairies that a mere meat hunter did not count, it was skill that brought a man fame. However that may be, President

Taylor seems not to have alleviated his term by the sports of which he was such a master.

The first of the group of woodfolk Presidents who have looked from White House windows over the red Virginia hills to the pleasures of field and stream was General Arthur. There was not a secret in Long Island to which he did not hold the clue if it led to scale. He it was who first acknowledged himself a sportsman in the eyes of all the world, even though President, for his Yellowstone expedition with General Phil Sheridan was indeed the first public pronouncement of the now familiar fact that the President of the United States is entitled to a summer vacation as much as any department clerk, and that he has the right to spend it as he pleases.

Mr. Cleveland, through a unique circumstance in politics, occupies two places in this group, bracketing General Harrison. It is a poor memory that needs to be reminded of the branch of sport which Mr. Cleveland most enjoys. The true piscatorial modesty and the angler's recognition of untoward chances are quite apparent in the following extract from a personal letter written during Mr. Cleveland's second term. Mr. Cleveland was referring to some savage hooks in his collection of fishing gear, namely the halibut hook of the Haidatsa Indians of the north Pacific coast and the pearl-shell hook which is the universal lure for bonito in the South Sea Islands. He wrote:

"I have always been a little skeptical on the question of actually hooking and saving a fish with that sort of rig, but your statement that you have really done it disposes of my doubts, and I fall back upon the theory that the fish must have been plenty and uneducated, and the man at the other end of the line very skillful and active.

"A bad fisherman in the midst of fish is apt to account for his non-success by cursing his tackle. This Samoan troll will be extremely useful in repressing such flattering self-assurance on my part and on the part of other bad fishermen with whom I associate."

General Harrison, in connection with a temperament which to merely casual observers seemed glacial, had the sure eye, the steady hand, the experience of dealing with bolters, above all the instinct of shooting at a point in space where another object is going to be—simultaneously, which is the essence of the whole proposition. These, in fact, are the qualities which alone entitle a man, even if President, to set himself up in a campaign against the gentleman from Maryland whose diet is the celery of the Chesapeake and whose canvas jacket comes by nature. President Harrison did not often go afield during his term of office, but when he could find the time for relaxation it was as a hunter of the canvasback.

President Roosevelt is a hunter of big game. That is a matter of temperament. Some people think that fishing is a lazy sort of a loafing job. That, however, is not the verdict of those who have hauled in off George's Shoal a cod weighing 500 pounds at the far end of a line no less than two miles long, these dimensions being an accurate measure of the feelings and not of such paltry things as scales and yardsticks. No more is it the verdict of those whose delight it is to wade the Northern streams with the water pouring in over the tops of waders at a temperature of precisely zero, it being a known physical fact that trout water is the only known fresh water which does not freeze at any temperature—that is to say, that does not freeze itself, it's sure to freeze other people. It is possible that there are those who think that to sit in a blind in the gray dawn is to be classed as one of the sedentary pursuits. That is a matter of opinion. But the big-game hunter is never in a doubtful position. He may be the butt of caricature, but even mocking caricature must represent him as at least doing something. The mountain lion is only a cat in the last analysis, but it is not every one who would care to say "Poor pussy!" to this cat. The grizzly stands for a reserve stock of energy which it is not every one who would choose to set in motion. When one goes in for big game there is apt to be something doing pretty nearly every minute—it is one of those chapters in the strenuous life of which reviewers would write that there was not a dull page in it; it is the sport that fits this last Presidential sportsman.

THE AMERICAN FUR TRADE.

PERHAPS no events of the history of America are invested with more romance and more strangeness than those which cover the expansion westward of the United States in the first half of the last century. From the close of the War of the Revolution to the beginning of the Civil War, no event had greater significance or a more important influence on our national development than the purchase of Louisiana from the French Government and the expedition of Lewis and Clark across the continent which immediately followed the acquisition of territory.

Their journey opened up to the dwellers of what was then the western portion of the United States, the possibilities of the great unknown region which lay toward the setting sun, and swiftly in the wake of the explorers followed the men who hoped to make money out of the country that had just been discovered. Yet for forty years after the purchase of Louisiana the people of the United States at large knew little or nothing of their new possessions. The settlements were moving slowly toward the west, and the Mississippi River was still the boundary line of knowledge of their continent for practically all Americans. But between 1830 and 1840 books began to be written about the country vaguely known as the far West. It was known that this vast region was crossed by great ranges of mountains; was drained by mighty rivers; was occupied by Indians, and abounded in wild animals; but all this knowledge was so vague that it had but little meaning to the average citizen.

Yet to one class of the Western population the new country soon became very real. It was crossed by the trapper, who penetrated its inhospitable wilds, traced its streams to their sources, traversed its mountain passes and scaled its peaks. At first he went alone, but later in companies, which gradually increased in number. "The far West became a field of romantic adventure, and developed a class of men who loved the wandering career of the native inhabitant rather than the toilsome lot of the industrious colonist." These trappers, and the traders who followed them, became typical of a life that lasted but little more than a generation, but which while it lasted was crowded with incidents so picturesque and heroic that its annals inspire an interest akin to that of the age of knight-errantry.

The fur trade has constantly been alluded to by writers of earlier and later times, and its incidents have furnished the theme for many a graphic pen picture; yet until the present time it has never been systematically taken up.

In "The American Fur Trade of the Far West" Capt. Hiram Martin Chittenden, of the Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., has just made a most notable contribution to our knowledge of the early history of the West, which is interest, in excitement, in comprehensiveness and in value, as historical material, is second to no work of modern times. It stands on the same plane with the works edited by the late Dr. Elliott Coues, and has been produced by the same publisher who brought out Dr. Coues' works, Mr. Francis P. Harper, of New York. Capt. Chittenden's equipment for the work that he has done is of the best. He has spent a dozen years in the country west of the Mississippi, visiting nearly every section once frequented by the American fur trader; and for a number of years was stationed in St. Louis, well known to be a storehouse of original documents which pertain to the early period of the Western United States. Fascinated by a subject which could hardly fail to be of the deepest interest to any one familiar with the old West, Capt. Chittenden dived deeper and deeper into his subject as he continued to study it, and the result is a work in three volumes, of absorbing interest to all students of America and American history, but above all, interesting to those familiar with the West of earlier days.

As was to have been expected, the author has availed himself of all printed material bearing on the subject, but beside this he has had access to a vast amount of original manuscript never yet printed. Among these are many papers now in the possession of Mr. Pierre Chouteau, the early correspondence of the fur trader, Andrew Drips, and correspondence of Ashley Sublette, Campbell & Smith. He has unearthed much valuable manuscript in the way of journals, essays, log books and letter books of the American Fur Company, and beside has had the oral testimony of the late Capt. Joseph La Barge, a noted pilot of the Missouri River from 1832. Captain Chitten-

den's work, then, is that of a man naturally well equipped for his task, and having success to a fund of original material greater than has ever yet been studied, and which, in fact, includes most, or all, that exists.

The work is divided into five parts, with an appendix. These are: Part I.—The Fur Trade; II.—Historical; III.—Contemporary Events Connected With the Fur Trade; IV.—Notable Incidents and Characters in the History of the Fur Trade; V.—The Country and Its Inhabitants. The Appendix includes a number of hitherto unpublished documents. The work is illustrated by reproductions of ten contemporary prints, and a large folding map of the country west of the Mississippi as it was in 1843. This map is of very great interest, for it shows the location of Indian tribes, the early trading posts, and the routes of travel through a country so changed now that most of its early landmarks have disappeared.

All this is very general and can convey but little actual information concerning this splendid work, and we may profitably descend to particulars, and endeavor to give some fragmentary sketch of the life of this heroic era. The expression is not too strong, for indeed the free trapper of the far West was a hero, as much so as the knight of the Round Table, and yet this free trapper, the man who laid the foundations of an empire, has absolutely passed away. Here and there, scattered over the great territory now crossed in a thousand directions by lines of railroad, dotted by small farms, or, if still unfenced, ranged over by the domestic cattle and horses and sheep of the modern farmer and ranchman, there still remain a few survivors of this romantic period; but a very few years must see the death of the last of these, who once with the rifle and trap and scalping knife roamed over that then unknown territory. Capt. Chittenden truly says that "The free hunter of the far West was, in his rough way, a good deal of a knight-errant. Caparisoned in the wild attire of the Indian, and armed cap-a-pie for instant combat, he roamed far and wide over deserts and mountains, gathering the scattered wealth of those regions, slaying ferocious beasts and savage men, and leading a life in which every footstep was beset with enemies, and every moment pregnant of peril. The great proportion of these intrepid spirits who laid down their lives in that far country is impressive proof of the jeopardy of their existence. All in all, the period of this adventurous business may justly be considered the romantic era of the history of the West." And again, "It was the trader and trapper who first explored and established the routes of travel which are now, and always will be, the avenues of commerce in that region. They were the 'pathfinders' of the West, and not those later official explorers whom posterity so recognizes. No feature of Western geography was ever discovered by Government explorers after 1840. Everything was already known, and had been for fully a decade. It is true that many features, like the Yellowstone wonderland, with which these restless rovers were familiar, were afterward forgotten and were rediscovered in later years; but there has never been a time until very recently when the geography of the West was so thoroughly understood as it was by the trader and trapper from 1830 to 1840."

The influence of the fur trade upon the Indian was profound and far-reaching. True, the trader brought to the Indian corrupting vices and desolating disease, but he also brought to him his first lessons in the life that he was yet to lead. "They mingled with his people, learned his language and customs, understood his character, and, when not impelled by business rivalry, treated him as a man and as a brother. The extensive intermarriage of the two races during a period of more than a century under the fur trade regime has probably done more than any other one thing toward the ultimate civilization of an almost untamable race."

The influence of those resolute pioneers, who, single-handed and alone, stood their ground against their British rivals between the Great Lakes and the Rocky Mountains, must not be under-estimated. Their valiant bearing prevented in a large degree those international complications which so often threatened the peace of the two countries along other portions of the frontier.

The early portion of the first part of Capt. Chittenden's work deals with the character of the fur trade; the traders' relation with the Indians; the evil effects of competition; the liquor traffic; trading posts, and the trapping fraternity. This last includes the different vocations of the wandering population of the west country in its early days, and who for many years were its sole white occupants. These white men were made up of three separate nationalities—the Americans, the French and the Spaniards—but whatever his nationality, the individual was likely to occupy one of the rôles given below. First there was the bourgeois, or partisan; he was usually a partner in the fur trading company—often a man of a high order of ability; such a man, for example, as Kenneth McKenzie, William Laidlaw, Alexander Culbertson or William Bent. These were men fit to command armies, or in our time to manage great railroads, or fill any other high calling. They had charge of the trading posts, the bourgeois usually remaining at headquarters,

while the partisan led expeditions. The bourgeois possessed absolute authority, and his position with regard to the employes of the post was that of a feudal chief. He was treated with the greatest respect, and conducted his business with an almost military discipline.

Next in importance to the bourgeois was the clerk, who in time might become a bourgeois; his social rank was equal, and in the bourgeois' absence he took command. Often he was sent out on expeditions, especially to trade with the Indians. Often the clerk was a stockholder or a partner in the company, though usually he was only a salaried employe.

The hunters and trappers were men who did much of the work of gathering the fur. In the further west, among the mountains, they were often called mountaineers or mountain men. They were the ones who led the expeditions, whose skill was depended on to avoid Indians, or whose courage, if necessary, to fight them. They killed the meat and trapped the beaver; but also they were ready to do any work that might present itself. When a section of country had been reached that it was desired to trap through, these men went often in small groups by themselves, and worked up particulars streams, later joining the main company.

The camp keepers constituted another class, whose duty was to remain in camp and care for the furs that the trappers might collect. They skinned the beavers and dried and prepared the skins for shipment.

The free trappers were a class not bound by contract to any company. Sometimes several might be partners; sometimes they worked singly; or, if in companies, each might work for himself. The free trapper sometimes hired men to work for him, and he thus became a fur trader in a small way. These men, as their name implies, were free and independent; and they were highly respected and envied by others of the profession. Usually they married Indian wives, and often had considerable families. They were on good terms with the Indians, and often traded with them. But like almost all the inhabitants of the plains of that day, they were improvident, and drank and gambled away the proceeds of their labors.

The voyageur was usually a Frenchman, either of Canada or of Louisiana. He was a gay spirit, cheerful and happy, always singing at his work, and laughing and joking with his companions. He was willing to labor, and cheerfully endured all sorts of discomforts. He it was who cordelled the keel boat up the long course of the Missouri, and who propelled the laden canoe over other waters. The old writers constantly dilate on the cheery temperament of the Frenchman of the fur trade, but also on his lack of courage, and his inefficiency when danger from Indians threatened.

At the chief posts of the fur trade there were artisans, boat builders, blacksmiths, carpenters and other mechanics who found constant employment in the making of repairs and in the manufacture of new articles required by the service. The raw hands, greenhorns, often known as *engagés*, were mostly recruited from Canada, and were wholly without experience. They were sent out as apprentices, bound by rigorous rules, and under such small pay that it was inevitable that when they arrived at the end of their term of service they should be in the company's debt. From the fact that on their way out to service they were fed largely on pork, they were contemptuously called *mangeurs de lard*.

Except for the bourgeois, and the clerks, in part, all those employed by the companies were thriftless and improvident. The universal testimony is that the men spent their wages faster than they would earn them, and spent them for goods or food, which cost immensely; "about five hundred per cent. on the original cost."

Concerning the characteristics of the hunter, Capt. Chittenden says: "The hard life which he was compelled to follow left a deep impression upon his physical appearance. He was ordinarily gaunt and spare, browned with exposure, his hair long and unkempt, while his general make-up, with the queer dress which he wore, made it often difficult to distinguish him from an Indian. The constant peril of his life and the necessity of unremitting vigilance gave him a kind of piercing look, his head slightly bent forward, and his deep eyes peering from under a slouch hat, or whatever headgear he might possess, if studying the face of the stranger to learn whether friend or foe. On the whole, he impressed one as taciturn and gloomy, and his life did to some extent suppress gaiety and tenderness. He became accustomed to scenes of violence and death, and the problem of self-preservation was of such paramount importance that he had but little time to waste upon ineffectual reflections. His conversation with his companions, where interspersed with lighter touches, was still of a dry wit order, not much abounding in hearty laugh or relaxed countenance. Such evidences of affection or love for his fellows as he did display were generally couched in language of an opposite character through which his companions would divine his intended meaning. In spite, however, of his apparently unsocial disposition, he was 'generous, even to a fault.' So few were his numbers that friendships became deeply rooted. His 'possibles'

were always at the disposal of his companions, and their word or promise was all the security he wanted."

"While wandering about on his hunting expeditions, the mountaineer ordinarily had no shelter but the sky, and lay down to sleep in the open air. His bed consisted generally of a single buffalo robe, occasionally with leaves or boughs underneath. His saddle often did service as a pillow, while one or two blankets were his sole protection from the cold. In the winter season, or at other times when his business required a considerable sojourn in one place, he erected a rude hut for his better protection in either hot or cold weather. It was located near some stream where both grass and wood were plenty, and was formed of skins spread over an arched framework of saplings bent to a semi-circle with their extremities inserted in the ground. His fire was built in front, and nearby was a pole laden with the various meats which were his main reliance for food. The 'graining blocks' and stretching frame, used in cleaning and curing the skins, stood conveniently at hand. The traps hung on some neighboring tree, and perhaps a brace of elk antlers did service as a rack on which to hang his articles of clothing when not in use. The various equipments for his horse were carefully bestowed in some convenient place, and the steed himself was probably grazing near by, or eating the bark of cottonwood trees felled for the purpose."

The wages paid in the fur trade were very small; extremely so when the difficulty and danger of the work is considered. The pay of a clerk was about five hundred dollars a year. In addition they usually received their food, though oftentimes they were required to subsist on the country—that is to say, to depend on such food as could be killed. When not otherwise employed, they might be required to hunt, to gather berries, to work in the garden, or to perform almost any other service. As a large proportion of the employes were constantly in the company's debt, desertions were frequent.

The fascination that the wild, free life of the frontier and beyond had for men who had experienced it, is well understood. The love of adventure, the freedom from control, the excitement of the chase, the possibility of meeting Indians, or at least of having new adventures from day to day, had wonderful attractions, and exercised an influence on men accustomed to the life which unfitted them for a return to civilization. Of course, many of those engaged in the fur trade were outlaws, who had fled beyond the region of the law to escape punishment for their crimes. Such, in brief, is Capt. Chittenden's account of the characteristic features of the fur trade.

The history of the early fur trade is indeed the history of the discovery of the interior of America, and the author traces these interior explorations down to the year 1804, when Lewis and Clark set out on their memorable expedition.

The St. Lawrence Valley was the first, and remained the principal field of this trade, and Montreal was its chief emporium. After the exploratory work done by the early Jesuits and Frenchmen, came the fur trade of Canada, early set on foot by the Frenchmen, Groseilliers and Radisson, who were in the service of the French Company of the Hundred Associates. These men, who were indeed the founders of the fur trade, failed on account of the interference of the French Government, and later succeeded in forming the famous monopoly known as the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England, trading into Hudson's Bay, known ever since that time as the Hudson's Bay Company. Nearly one hundred years later a formidable rival arose—The Northwest Company of Montreal. At first it had a hard time, and its existence was seriously threatened, but from 1787 it was very successful for more than a dozen years. Then a new rival arose, which was absorbed into the greater company, and finally, in 1821, the Hudson's Bay Company absorbed the Northwest Company. Meantime, however, in 1811, a grant had been made to the Earl of Selkirk of a large tract of land in the Red River Valley and here more or less active fighting took place, in which the servants of both fur companies suffered, but the settlers brought out by Lord Selkirk suffered most of all. It is impossible here to trace the history of these early days. While the Hudson's Bay Company controlled all the fur trade of the North, not a few Americans had pushed around the Horn, and were trading with the Indians on the northwest coast; and since 1750 the Russians had been trapping and trading on the coast still further to the north.

Within what is now the United States, St. Louis was the center of the fur trade, and indeed it remained that center so long as a fur trade existed. The town was founded about 1763 by Pierre Laclède Liguist, who was in the employ of Maxent, Laclède & Company, of New Orleans, a firm that had been granted the exclusive trade of the Missouri River, as far as to the mouth of the River St. Peters. Among the company who landed and marked out the sites for the trading post which was to be St. Louis, was Auguste Chouteau, then only thirteen years old, whose descendants still inhabit the town, and whose name is almost synonymous with the fur trade of

the Western United States. The sovereignty over St. Louis, changing almost more frequently than that of any city in America, became permanent March 9, 1804, when by the Louisiana purchase it was transferred to the United States. In the year 1800 its population was only 925, while ten years later it had 1,400, and in 1820, 2,000 inhabitants. It was not long before this time that the first steamboat arrived at St. Louis, an important event, which was the beginning of the steamboat navigation of the great river, which made St. Louis a trade center for the whole West, and of all her trade the fur trade was then the most important.

For many years after its founding, and indeed for some time after the cession to the United States, St. Louis remained a simple village of less than a thousand inhabitants, where, to be sure, there was more trade than in the neighboring small settlements, but even so, very little. Nevertheless, so little was agriculture practiced by the more energetic inhabitants of St. Louis that her neighbors called her contemptuously, *pain court* (short of bread), while, on the other hand, the dwellers of the neighboring settlements were called by their more pretentious neighbors, *Vide Poche* (empty pocket) and *Misere* (wretchedness).

The fur trade of St. Louis began with the year 1806, and practically the first of its expeditions was under Manuel Lisa, who was backed by the merchant, William Morrison, of Kaskaskia, Ill., and by Pierre Menard. This Manuel Lisa was one of the best known of the early explorers of the Western country. He was born of Spanish parents in New Orleans in 1772, though Hunter in his captivity speaks of him as half Spanish and half Indian. He it was who in the year 1807 built the first trading post on the Yellowstone, above the mouth of the Big Horn. He was appointed sub-agent for all the Missouri River tribes above the Kansas, and resided on the Missouri River, at a post above the present site of Omaha, Neb., until 1815. He was an important man in the Missouri Fur Company, and died in 1820 at St. Louis. He was a man of the very greatest influence among the Indians, for he thoroughly understood their character, and how to handle them. Many interesting tales are told of his varied career.

One of the earliest expeditions to the head of the Missouri was made by Pierre Menard and Andrew Henry in the year 1819, their object being to open a trade with the Blackfeet. It was not successful, for the party were twice attacked by Blackfeet, and lost men, some of whom were important. Menard returned to St. Louis, while Henry remained at the Three Forks. The Indians, however, were so troublesome that Henry finally left the place, crossed the Continental Divide, and established himself on that branch of the Snake River which has since been known as Henry's Fork.

It is impossible to follow all the different expeditions which during the next few years went out from St. Louis to trade on the upper river. The records of those days in that country are a continuous story of trapping and trading, with almost equally continuous accounts of fighting, chiefly with the Blackfeet, but also with the Gros Ventres of the Prairie and with the Arikaras.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Floating on the Missouri.—XI.

We were awakened by a grinding and rasping along the shore, and looking out saw that the river was covered with great cakes of congealed mush ice—more ice than there was open water. There was half an inch of snow on the ground; the wind was still in the north, but the fog had disappeared and the dark gray clouds were scudding along high above the rim of the valley. It was an ideal day for still-hunting, but there was no thought of that now. Here we were, seventy-five miles or more south of the Great Northern Railway, on the south side of the river, and we knew not how many miles from a ranch and a team to take us north to the railroad. We had a hurried breakfast, loaded the boat, and pushed out into the stream. Here and there among the great floating cakes of ice there was an open lane of water on which I could make good time, and then for a long time we would be inclosed and surrounded, and there was nothing to do but drift until another piece of water opened a way. Geese were unusually numerous; likely they thought it too cold to continue their flight to the south, and they looked rather forlorn as they sat huddled up on the bars. Nevertheless they always flew before we came within range of them, generally lighting a short distance down stream, only to rise and fly on again at our approach, and ere long there were hundreds of them keeping ahead of us, our vanguard as it were. Our friends the sharp-tail grouse were also in evidence, perched by dozens in the brush and scattering trees along the shores, their necks drawn in, their feathers distended. A couple of miles below our island camp we passed over McGonnigal's Bar, a bit of river full of sandbars and sand islands; the channel was easily followed, however, as the more rapidly moving ice in it pointed out the way, and we went through without once touching bottom. The bar was named after R. L. McGonnigal, an old friend of ours, who had a woodyard here in the early '70's, and whose remains now lie in the cemetery at Fort Benton. He was born, I believe, in Georgia, lived in Alabama for a time, was an officer in the Confederate army and came to Montana at the close of

the war. A kind, genial, whole-souled fellow was Mac. Peace to his shades.

At the foot of the bar we came in sight of the Round Butte, one of the well-known and peculiar landmarks along the river. It stands on a sloping ridge, about a mile south of the stream, and is perfectly cone shaped, its sharp summit surmounted by a few stunted pines. The Blackfeet have two names for it—Heart Butte, the Black Butte. In other days it was a favorite resort of war parties, for from its summit a fine view of the valley may be seen for many miles, both above and below it. And now we began to see the end of the long and all but treeless cañon we had been passing through. Below the butte the valley widens out, and there are large groves of cottonwood on every bottom. We slipped along past the butte, sometimes rowing, but more often drifting with the ice. By this time Sah-né-to was getting thoroughly chilled, although she had on numerous heavy wraps, and I began looking for a camp ground. We passed a long stretch of timber on the north side, but there was a shallow bar in front of it, and found a place at last on the south side, four miles below the butte. It was 2 o'clock, and we had come only twelve or thirteen miles since early morning, but I was about worn out with my struggle to row faster than the ice was running. All along Sah-né-to had been "making medicine," addressing most earnest supplications to a certain ancient coyote who was supposed to have great influence over the storms and winds. Shortly after we had set up the tent, lo, the clouds broke away, the sun shone warmly and a still warmer Chinook wind began to blow from the west. In half an hour the snow had all disappeared. "See, now, you unbeliever," said Sah-né-to, "the result of my prayers; the gods took pity on us and have brought the warm wind to our aid."

I was up before daylight the next morning. There was still some mush ice in the river, but I had no difficulty in rowing across to the other side. Here was a broad sandbar under a very high cut bank, all cut up by the footprints of deer. Above was the long grove of cottonwoods we had passed the day before, and half a mile below a still larger, wider grove. I bent my steps toward the latter, in hopes of finding something worth shooting at. I traversed the foot of the cut bank a quarter of a mile or more, and then at the mouth of a coulee found a place where I could climb it, up a path several feet in depth, worn by the sharp hoofs of the deer. The moon was shining, and although the sky was beginning to redden in the east, there was not yet sufficient light to enable me to see a deer, so I sat down on the edge of the cut bank and waited fifteen or twenty minutes. Down stream a ways the river bore in sharply against the bank, and as I sat there a large cottonwood which had been undermined toppled in with a reverberating splash, another warning to keep away from the treacherous banks. I arose and moved on toward the grove a few steps at a time, following the trail which was as plain and hard beaten as any game path I ever saw. Arrived at a clump of trees standing several hundred yards out from the main growth, I stood with my back to one, and as it got lighter I saw seven deer feeding among the sagebrush out at the edge of the bottom. Just beyond them there was a long steep bank, then a bench several hundred yards wide, and then began the steep slope of the hills. By making a detour down through the timber to where it bordered the steep bank, and then circling up along the flat, I thought I might get within range of them. But I had not gone more than two hundred yards when the willows and rosebrush bordering the wood seemed to be alive with fleeing deer, their white waving tails showing plainly in every direction for a second or two as they leaped into the shelter of the grove. There were bucks and does and fawns, twenty-five or thirty of them, and one old buck must needs lope along an opening, running toward the river. A bullet from my .30-30 caught him in the stern, he stopped, wobbled and fell, and a moment later I had the knife into him. He was a very large, fat old fellow, the prime kind of meat. I looked to see what had become of the seven I had first discovered, and saw them alternately trotting and walking up the long slope into the hills, evidently not very much alarmed.

Of course I hurried back to camp and we had some fried liver and brains for breakfast. After the dishes were washed and everything put in shape about the camp, I determined to pass the day exploring around a bit. The sun was shining brightly, the Chinook wind continued, and there was no more sign of approaching winter save the still passing but lessening flow of ice. Sah-né-to said she felt like having a good long tramp, too, so we crossed the river and set forth. All along the edge of the timber below where my buck lay, the rose and buck brush was criss-crossed by numberless game trails. A fresh mound of leaves, brush, fallen branches and loose earth attracted our attention, and we found that the uneaten part of a freshly killed deer had been carried up by a grizzly. There were its tracks, made during the night, and they were as large as any footprints of bear I ever saw. At first I feared that the old fellow had been alarmed by my shot in the early morning, but we found his trail going up toward the breaks, and made sure that he had walked along in the game path in the usual slow and deliberate manner of his kind. As we approached the hills, trail after trail branched off from the main one, and that too soon came to an end, and before us was the hard, grassy slope where not even the sharp hoofs of a deer could leave a mark, and there we lost the tracks of the bear. We kept on, ascending after a little a long, narrow ridge between two deep coulees, and there the grass and other vegetation ended. The top of the backbone was bare, black baked bad land. Again we found numberless tracks of deer, and the trails of several bears, old and recent, but not the trail of the deer killer. The coulee down to our right was broad and grassy, and from it lesser ones branched off up into the ridge. In each one of these, and especially on the northeast slopes were small groves of pine, thickets of plum trees. An ideal place for mule deer, I thought, and I was not a little surprised to see a couple of white-tail bucks bound out of the first one we approached. They were within easy range, and likely I could have killed one or both of them, but we had already plenty of meat, and I forebore to shoot, although I longed to do so.

I don't know how long that coulee is; we kept on the ridge above it, even ascending, for four or five miles, but never came to the end of it. At last the divide began to rise in benches, with cliffs of hard sandstone, beneath

them belts of fir. Sah-né-to was getting tired, so we concluded to go no further.

It seemed to be a day of big tracks, for at the foot of one of the cliffs we saw the largest bighorn footprints I ever ran across. At first I thought they must have been made by an elk, but after following them a ways I was convinced that they really were those of a ram. I would have given much to have seen that animal. A pair of nineteen-inch horns were once found in this country, and I doubt not this particular old ram had a monstrously large pair. On our way up we had seen five bucks, all white-tail, but no mule deer, nor was there much sign of the latter. Now, the white-tail deer are generally supposed to live almost entirely in the thick timber and willows of the river bottoms, and so do the does and fawns, but my own experience is that the bucks generally take to the hills and pine groves at daylight, returning to the vicinity of the river at dusk, or a little later. At least this is the case along the Missouri. Of course the bucks do remain in the timber of the bottoms to some extent during the daytime, but the majority take to the hills. If by so doing they imagine they are safer, then their instinct is wrong. The country is so broken that the hunter can generally surprise them in their beds, and obtain a fair running shot at them before they can get over the nearest knoll. And he who cannot take the fall out of one at a hundred yards or so, deserves to live on bacon straight.

We went down into the wide coulee, crossed it, and gradually gaining the top of the next point followed it toward the river. Again on the east side of the ridge we found scattering pine groves, and started two more bucks out of them, but still there was no further sign of the old grizzly. A smaller one had recently crossed the ridge, and there were the deep indentations of another one, made when there had been a heavy rain. I imagine it would be severe work for a bear to wade through this clayey soil in the wet season, sinking into the mud six or eight inches at every step, and carrying sticky masses of it on his paws.

Keeping on top of the ridge, we followed it to the end, then down into the bottom, striking the lower end of the timber in which I had killed the buck. It was useless to hunt for the bear in there, as the fallen leaves were very noisy underfoot. The deer trails through the bordering rose and buck brush afforded a good and silent path, and we followed them slowly, scanning every bit of the woodland we could see. Poking along this, we saw something looming up in the brush ahead of us and found that it was a Red River cart, one of those massive, high, two-wheeled affairs used by the Cree half-breeds. It had evidently been in good order when left by its owners, but was now checked and warped by the weather. The wrappings, or rather tires of the wheels, were of buffalo rawhide, to which the hair still clung, faded to a brownish white color, but still curly and kinky. Near the cart there were the charred ends of some sticks, an old brass kettle such as the Hudson's Bay Company used to handle, and some buffalo bones. Why the cart should have been abandoned here was a conundrum, for the breeds valued the creaking affairs as highly as a rancher does his wagon. Perhaps its owners were here beset by a war party of Blackfeet, or other Indians, and killed or driven away, and if such was the case, we give the Indians credit for having done one good deed. Riel himself rode in one of these carts. "Do you know," he said to me one day, "Do you know that I compare myself to the David of the Bible? Yes, like him, I am the leader of a persecuted people. Riding in my cart over the plains I am in the habit of composing verses, something like the Psalms. Let me repeat a few of them to you. I would like to get your opinion of the metre."

"Excuse me," I replied, "I am very busy just now mixing some alcohol for your people," and for many a day I avoided him.

We sat down by the cart and eat our lunch. The sight of it brought up many memories of old times and of those queer people, the Cree half-breeds, or more properly, French half-breeds. I can see them yet trailing over the prairie after the buffalo, a string of horses and carts a mile or two long, each one driven by a black-dressed woman or girl, who invariably wore a black silk handkerchief tied over her head. We sold great numbers of them at the rate of a head and tail robe per handkerchief. That was the one article of adornment affected by the women. The men wore gaudy sashes. How they hated us Americans and the English, calling us heretical dogs, and worse, when they thought we did not understand their bastard French. I was on several buffalo runs with the men. Always, when a herd was sighted, they dismounted, knelt on the plain, and prayed for a successful and safe run, crossing themselves and bowing repeatedly. And the next moment they were up and away, cursing horribly as they urged their horses on. And after they had strewn the plain with the dark brown carcasses of the buffalo, they tried to steal the animals from each other, and there was more cursing, and even fights. And yet, withal, they were arrant cowards, not nearly so brave and determined as the full-blooded Indians.

It was past 3 o'clock when we came to our buck, having seen nothing of the bear. I cut the deer in two, hung up the forequarters, and carried the balance to the boat, and then to camp. I wanted that bear. After dinner I crossed the river again, and taking a position near its cache, sat and watched and hoped for a sight of the old fellow. As dusk came on some deer appeared here and there along the edge of the timber, some of them gradually feeding out toward the hills, but bruin came not. I waited until it was too dark to see the sights of the rifle plainly, and then sneaked back to the boat and rowed across to camp.

"Have you noticed," Sah-né-to asked, "the broad gashes on the trees here and over where we were to-day?"

Indeed I had. Forty feet above the summer level of the river the cottonwoods had been scarred by ice during a jam, owing to the sudden breaking up of the river. The months of December and January in the winter of 1879-'80 were bitterly cold, and the river froze to the depth of three feet. The snow was also deep, especially up at the foot of the Rockies. It was, I believe, the 18th of February that an exceedingly warm and furious Chinook wind set in, and soon every coulee on the plains and in the foothills was a running river. A day or two later a great volume of water swelled the Missouri and tore up the ice, ripping its way along with a tremendous crashing and grinding. Every little way the ice would jam and pile

up, twenty, thirty, forty and more feet in height, and the water would back up and spread out over the bottoms seeking new channels, carrying with it the jagged ice which tore up the ground and underbrush, and in places cut in two or carried away large trees. And then with a deafening roar the jam would break and let out the awful flood of water, ice, and debris, only to stop and pile up again a short distance further down the stream. It jammed just below our post, which was thirty feet above the river, and in five minutes the water was four feet deep in the buildings, and but that it soon broke the place must have been swept away. We had just time to run to the hills, and there we stood, shivering, expecting to see everything carried down the stream. In the warehouse nearly two thousand robes were wet and had to be retanned. Of a pile of sugar, nothing was left but the sacks, and many other goods were ruined. Cottontail rabbits and prairie dogs in the bottoms were well nigh exterminated; deer were killed by hundreds, and many buffalo were caught by the freshet. Even the beaver were drowned out, and in many cases crushed by the ice.

Few people knew that here in the bad lands lying south of the Round Butte and between it and the Musselshell, a small herd of buffalo ranged until three years ago. They were the very last of the great northern herds, some thirty-five head, and the country they roamed so wild, so difficult of access, that the men who knew they were there hoped that they would thrive and increase. These were the great cattle owners of the far-away Judith Basin, whose herds roamed the range for several hundred miles in every direction. Each spring they sent their cowboys into this rough country to drive out the cattle to their branding corrals, and when the buffalo were discovered the word was given that no employe was to kill or molest them under pain of something much worse than the loss of a job. When first found, there were only eighteen head of the buffalo, and part of them were bulls. But year by year the little herd increased, until there were thirty-five, counting calves. And then? Why those worthless, sneaking scavengers of the plains, the French half-breeds, in some way learned of their existence. Perhaps some cowboy in his cups made known the fact. The word spread. Down came the tattered lodges of the camp at Lewistown, away up in the Judith country, and a slow-moving column of creaking carts, drawn by skinny cayuses, started out for the slaughter. And it was complete. Riding the high ridges, scanning the broken country from the tops of the tall buttes, the scouts finally found the little herd. There was to be no chasing, no old-time run, because by that method some few might escape. Signals were waved back to the on-coming column, the hunters, Baptiste and Bogard, Bonaparte, Seviere, and all the rest came hurrying up on their scrawny ponies, cautiously made the surround, closed in, and slaughtered every one of the animals. Alas! Alas! Of little use are our game laws so long as these Canadian breeds are allowed to remain in the State. There is talk of rounding them up and driving them back across the international line. Let us all do what we can to forward that much-desired end.

When the night settled down over the valley, several bands of wolves began their evening chorus, and the owls in the trees about joined in. Sah-ne-to does not like owls; they are not birds, according to her philosophy, but the reincarnation of deceased "medicine men," and prone to do serious mischief to us poor mortals.

APPEKUNNY.

A Walk Down South.—XXVIII.

AT 4:45 o'clock on the morning Mr. Anderson's son came and routed us out by the light of a lantern. It was bright moonlight, but no faint ray of the dawn was yet to be seen. We sat around the blazing fire, the bright light shining on our faces, with curious shadows—the Indian, the mountaineer, the white-haired veteran of the lost cause—talking away the time till daylight. At last the sky quickened, and with that we took our duffle and bread boxes to start for the raft across a wet cornfield. We waded to our shins in the soft clay.

On the raft, a great black rectangle, all was still. I put together the sticks of a fire and they two untied the cable and thrust the raft steadily into the current by long sweeps of the oars. The two walk logs on which the oarsmen stood, were twelve feet long, a board snugly fitted between them to give something to hold the feet. With one foot against the hickory binder, the oarsman drew the handle of the oar to his breast at the throat, and with both hands on it walked to the other binding, where he turned clear of the end of the oar and walked back, holding the handle low, on the log toward the first binding, where the stroke was begun again. The handle swept through three and a half of my steps, say ten feet. In less than five minutes of the work I began to have an understanding sympathy for the galley slave.

But I built the fire that morning, and soon had hot coffee boiling, and in a broad eddy or still water, a short distance below Anderson's eddy, we sat down to eat, while the raft thrust ahead, always with that little swirl round each end of the bow, and the tumble of disturbed sediment in the water close to the logs.

It was coming sunrise, a saffron glow, followed rapidly by a streaking of red, then a silver white, after which the sun lost its glow in the leaden murk that covered the rest of the sky. It was delightful to eat there with these strange Americans while the day came on. A frontier meal of pork, corn pone and bread, while a forest and cornfields went by, just enough chill to make the fire seem generous. Red horse gnats came flying aboard. They were like northern sap bugs, only larger, a curious insect that gathers in great clouds and swarms on the branches of trees in summer nights, so thick that they are like the clumps of drift clinging to the twigs.

While I played the French harp—"Step Light, Ladies," "The Irishman's Shanty," etc.—they manned the sweeps, dancing to the music—a long-limbed, perpendicular backbone dance at the stern, a crouching hop, clawing dance at the bow, where the Indian was, a sort of gyrating, Adirondack breakdown by the fire where I was.

Leaning against the door of a log cabin several hundred yards down stream, was a man, his head bowed, his knees bent, his shoulders stooped. He heard us. His head straightened up, then his knees, then his back, till he was all erect, with his head twisted to catch the

sounds, and eyes shaded to see the sights coming down the river. A baby came to the door, then a grown girl, then some more babies and some more girls, by and by a boy or two, and then at last a big bulk of a youth plowed through the obstructed door and stood out before them all; there they were while the sawbuck tenor aft roared:

"Old Satan chased me
Round the stump,
I thought he'd catch me
Every jump.
Little David play on yer harp!"

Dancing against the sweep while two big gray patches flared on his otherwise black suit of clothes. The audience grew enthusiastic; so did the show.

When we were round the bend Ball at the stern wiped the sweat off his forehead and out of his hat with his elbow.

"Say, Abe," he yelled forward, "I told you we was going to have a good time this trip."

"Yep; I just knowed it," Abe replied with a grin. Then Abe sang a fragment of the corn dance in Indian and danced.

Here and there were banks of the stream that had begun to cave off. "Carp digging and rooting in the mud done it," said Indian Abe. He said that the carp are so plenty that they wear into the mud and have caused a good deal of damage in this way.

The scenery was beautiful. The Seven Furnaces, for instance, were seven great columns of rock jutting from a cliff, like monster bay windows, decorated with the natural curtains of moss and twig lacery. There were banks of trees, too, and a general look of nature even in the cornfields, which had been washed over by the stream in the last tide.

On the hills in the elms were many Baltimore orioles calling. The Indian said they cried "White sucker, white sucker, white sucker," and called them summer birds.

In the cliffs of rocks there were caves in which raftsmen sometimes take refuge from the weather at night. Strange and thrilling these caves are to look at. The dense black entrances, with the mystery of the unknown hanging over them, and the idea, not so very dim, that in these places the frontiersmen and Indians played the original game of hide and seek, have a look that is thrilling.

"I make you a little joke," Abe said to me at one place. "When I was hunting one time I find some bad Indians in a cave—there! I pick those stones up there and throw them in the entrance—so! Hah!"

The rocks were as large as a hall bedroom and did seem to cover the entrance of a cave—so I was face to face with an old tradition. Just above Tampico, a riverside village, was Buffalo Ford, named so in the days when the buffalo trails were to be seen in that country, "so wide that three wagons could be driven abreast in one of them." We saw some ducks and buzzards, where the spirits of the wasted herds may have remarked the change in firearms from their day to this.

There was about a seven-foot tide in the river—tow heads were overflowed and trees along the bank surrounded by water. A few rolls in the water—waves caused by a shoal—gave the raft an undulating motion, so snake-like that I shuddered.

At intervals during the day a misty rain fell, but with a hot fire its evil effects were averted. Sometimes in eddies both the raftsmen came to the fire to warm. Then Abe would draw the red stockings which served as his mittens from his hands and thrust his brawny, wrinkled fists into the blaze and turn them over, just as he had been doing at raft fires for forty years.

"I love to drop over to yon bank," he would say; "it saves fighting down below." Then they would go to the sweeps and make the oars creak on the dry, wearing pegs.

A little before dusk we made another landing. Under my boat the less valuable stuff was piled out of the rain, and then we went bed-hunting in a rainstorm. The river landings were known to them. They had been to this one many times, but they climbed the hill instead of going round it, and for nearly an hour, it seemed to me, we wandered along wood paths to a road, and round to a house, which we found by a light; thence on again, back down across a dark, wide, muddy cornfield through the dark, till, at last, on a knoll, we came to a house for which we were hunting. We dried and warmed before the fire, and then all went to bed in the room where there were four beds and a couple of cots. It was a comfortable sleep. In the morning it was colder and still wet. We started for the river, and once more roamed over an extra mile before we got to the raft, but once there we started away at once, and as usual I built a fire and soon had hot coffee. I took the pail off the fire with my bare hand, and the bail burned across three fingers in a way that was painful for hours. We had wheat bread, cold chicken, apple butter pie, pear jelly and cookies for breakfast, beside corn bread and pork.

When it was broad daylight I started out after firewood in the raft's canoe. It was a sixteen-foot long, eight-inch side affair, modeled after the old style dugout, a long slope up at each end, and only 20 inches or 22 inches wide. I ran very easy. I paddled ahead of the raft a hundred rods and found a pile of drift, from which I began to fill my canoe—fence rails, boards, dead limbs and other dry stuff. The raft came slipping by sooner than I expected, and might have got out of sight had not the men yelled at me.

I paddled after the raft soon and with my load at the fire pit, I started out for a little ride. I ran along the bank to a brook, up which I tied the canoe and looked for arrowheads, finding a few in spite of the deposit of sediment. After a while I started leisurely after the raft. I got to a long still water, and it was nowhere in sight, whereupon I started in pursuit. The raft was nearly an hour ahead of me by my paddling, but after a while I saw the distant blue smoke far away over the smooth yellow surface, and then "raised" the raft and soon was once more on board. We passed Strawberry Plains, where Longstreet stopped a Federal cavalry raid, before long.

We were nearing the Tennessee River by this time. The raftsmen grew expectant; they talked less and looked at the bank with sweeping glances, and down the Holston with a searching gaze.

A wide bottom, a few trees and houses growing plentiful gave signs of something important happening in the geography thereabouts. A top of some stone derricks on the other side of a ridge—a big marble quarry—was on the French Broad River. Then Abe, looking across the lower end of the ridge, said:

"Yes, sir, we've got French Broad eddied. We're a foot higher at least." There was a touch of pride in the tone.

The next moment the raft went gliding out of the mouth of the Holston—I glanced back at that river, glanced up the French Broad, and then, with a flutter of the heart, turned and looked down the Tennessee toward which I had been traveling since Oct. 4, 1901. It was now 2:10 P. M. o'clock on Jan. 30, 1902. For nearly four months I had been coming—the thought made me so weak that I sat down.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

Natural History.

In a Cup of Mud.*

BY EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

ON reaching the house we found that Mrs. Murray's son, Ralph, who had obtained a short vacation at the academy at which he was studying, had arrived during our absence, and was standing at the door to welcome us.

We returned his greetings warmly, for he had proved himself to be not only an intelligent guide, but also a most estimable young man—one who was destined to make his mark in the world.

"This is a pleasant surprise, indeed," said the Doctor as he grasped his hand.

"Yes," replied the young man, "and it is almost as much a surprise to me as it is to you, for I had no thought of coming until yesterday, when I received Phoebe's letter announcing that you were here, and then I made up my mind to drop my studies at Annapolis for a short time and come home."

Ralph was struggling for an education, and to obtain it was obliged to work very hard and make many sacrifices. In the winter he taught school or worked with the lumbermen, and in the summer and autumn he worked on the farm, and when opportunity offered he added to his modest income by "guiding" and assisting surveyors to "run out lines" through the long stretches of forest which lay around the settlement.

"We are very glad that you have come," said I, as we passed into the house, "for you can relieve John for a few days, if you wish, and that will permit him to do a little farm work that seems to be pressing just now."

"I shall be very glad to," answered Ralph, "and I hope we may continue to have as good success as you have had since your arrival."

On entering the house we emptied the contents of the birch cup that we had collected into a bowl and set it aside for further examination.

"You returned just in time," said Mrs. Murray. "I have cooked some of your birds for dinner and the large trout, and it would have been a pity to have them spoiled by waiting."

"Yes," replied the Doctor, "we have returned in good season, and with good appetites, too; your glorious September air would make a dyspeptic hungry."

The dinner was admirably cooked, and it was discussed with a keen relish.

The afternoon passed quietly, and when supper had been partaken of; we assembled, as usual, in the cozy little sitting room.

"Well," said the Doctor, when the lamps were lighted and the curtains were drawn, "I suppose you would like to examine through the microscope some of the creatures in my bowl of mud. I will get it in a few minutes and we will begin our investigations."

"Yes," I replied, "and I know we shall find something that will prove very interesting."

At this juncture a knock was heard at the door, which was followed by the entrance of Uncle Bob and his wife.

After the greetings and introductions had been made the visitors laid aside their wraps and joined our little group for a social chat. "I heerd ye firing down in the swamp after ye left me," said the farmer, "and I expect ye got one or two woodcock."

"Yes," replied the Doctor, "we had very good success; there were not many birds, but the coming frosty nights will send along some from the north."

"Our woodcock shooting used to bring several American sportsmen to this settlement every season," said Mrs. Coalton, "but in late years they have not been here. I suppose the birds are growing more scarce."

"Possibly," replied the Doctor, "but perhaps your stringent, and I must say unfair, game laws keep them away."

"No doubt," said Mr. Coalton, "we keep out of the Province many thousands of dollars that would come here every year, just to please a few Halifax gentry and officers who had the laws made for their own benefit. Ye see the game society wants to keep Americans away, and mighty cute they are in getting the laws made to do it. Now, I believe if one foreigner is to have no show here unless he pays for it, another shouldn't; but the English officers have fixed things so that they have all the shootin' and huntin' they want just as if they belong here and pay taxes. Ye see, accordin' to the law no person whose domicile is not within Nova Scotia shall hunt any of our game birds or animals without first obtaining a license, which is \$30 for moose and caribou, \$10 for birds and \$5 or \$10 for fishing for trout, etc., accordin' to the time it is wanted. Now the English officers are not domiciled here, and they don't pay any taxes, but see how sharp they fix things, for the law provides that if those officers are members of the game society they don't have to pay any license fee whatever, and if they ain't members, all they have to pay is \$5, and while Americans have to pay duties on their guns and fishing rods, the officers don't have to pay any. Now, I say 'tain't right to give the English

*This is Chapter XI. of "An Outing in Acadia."

†Duties are refunded if the guns, etc., are returned to the U. S.

officers all they want here and shut out Americans. It's as bad as the tariff laws the Americans make to keep out Nova Scotia products. We ought to have reciprocity like we had years ago; then we had a market for our poultry and eggs and butter and wool and what not, and as there's no market now, farmin' don't pay."

"Speaking of farming," said the Doctor, heading off the old man from a further expression of his views concern-



Rotifers (Furcularia.)

ing the tariff, "I have been thinking about what you said in relation to your cold, clay soil, and I want to offer you a little advice. Haul upon your land about fifteen or twenty loads of good sand to the acre and plow it under and see what the effect will be."

"Sand!" exclaimed Uncle Bob, doubtfully. "Sand ain't manure; there isn't a bit of manure in a cord of sand."

"That's very true," was the reply; "it is not a fertilizer that your land so much needs as something that will make it light and porous, so that the rays of the sun will penetrate it; the sand will do this, as it will act mechanically on the soil and make it warm and friable. You try it on an acre this fall, and next spring put on another top dressing of sand and plow it under. You will find that the effect will be magical."

"By gum!" replied the old man, "I've been a farmer all my days and so was my father before me, and I've farmed just as he did; I never took kindly to new-fangled notions—"

"Hold on, Robert," exclaimed his wife. "You used to say you'd have no mowing machines on your farm; that the scythe would cut all the grass you could grow, and it was better for the sward than the machine would be, but when the neighbors got to using machines you bought one mighty quick, and I've heard you say you wouldn't go back to the scythe again for anything. You also bought a revolving harrow and a horse rake—"

"Hold on," exclaimed the farmer; "don't talk so blamed fast, and don't call me down so; the mowing machine is all right, just the same as the horse rake and your sewing machine and new-pattern churn and patent wringer and what not, but that's nothing to do with tilling the sile. However, squire," he added, turning to the Doctor, "I'm going to try an acre with a top dressing of sand, blamed if I ain't. I never expected, by gum, to take a lesson in farmin' from a city man, but we are none of us too old to larn something."

"And after you have got your soil in good mellow condition, warm and porous, you can use any kind of fertilizer you wish, according to the crop you desire to grow."

"Perhaps, Uncle Bob," said Ralph, "you can then use your meadow muck or river mud that you used to think so much of."

"Yes," said the Doctor, "you can then use it to good advantage, provided you have ripened it up in the sun and air a year or so."

"Speaking of river mud, Doctor," said I, "you must not forget to examine some of it with your microscope this evening."

"No, I have not forgotten my promise," he replied, "and perhaps our friends here will find something in it to interest them, also."

"I'm sure we shall be delighted," exclaimed Mrs. Murray.

The microscope was soon adjusted, and the bowl containing the mud placed beside it. The Coaltons regarded the instrument with interest, but as they were ignorant of the Doctor's intentions, they made no comment.

"I can see something moving in the mud, Doctor, that we can examine without your microscope," said Ralph.

"Yes," he replied, "I have no doubt there are many creatures in it that can be seen without the glass, or at any rate by one of very low power. This is a bowlful of your river mud," he added, turning to Uncle Bob, "and I will show you with the aid of my microscope some of the living things it contains, and organisms which would, if applied to your soil, prove an excellent fertilizer."

"Yes," replied the old man, "I suppose there must be something alive in it."

"Yes, indeed; there is, I have no doubt, such a variety of living things scattered through it," said the Doctor, "that years of study might be expended on them before they could all be systematically examined, and their habits and peculiarities of life and of structure noted. In fact, in this small collection there is an inexhaustible field for the scientist to explore, for it abounds with an infinite variety of living forms, many of which are so small that thousands of them may be contained in a single drop of water."

"Yes, I have often read of the little creatures," said Mrs. Coalton, "but I never had an opportunity of seeing them with a microscope."

"Now, of course," continued the Doctor, "I cannot show a great variety this evening, for the reason that all of us will want to examine them, and, as they will require different sized objectives according to their size, it will need considerable time to see but a few specimens, but we shall have other opportunities to study them, and I shall be very glad to contribute to your entertainment at any time you wish."

He now placed on the platform of his microscope a strip of clear, clean glass, on which was a shallow cavity for holding liquids, and then with a small glass tube,

which he called a "pippette," he conveyed to it a drop or two of the clouded water that floated on the mud. He then adjusted the focus of the instrument, and for a few moments gazed through the eyepiece upon the objects that were presented to view.

"Now, Mrs. Murray," said he at length, "you can see some of the smaller denizens of your river."

Mrs. Murray gazed through the instrument for a few moments, and then exclaimed, "Mercy on us, what a host of queer-looking creatures, and how some of them dart about and others crawl somewhat like caterpillars, but I cannot see any feet on them."

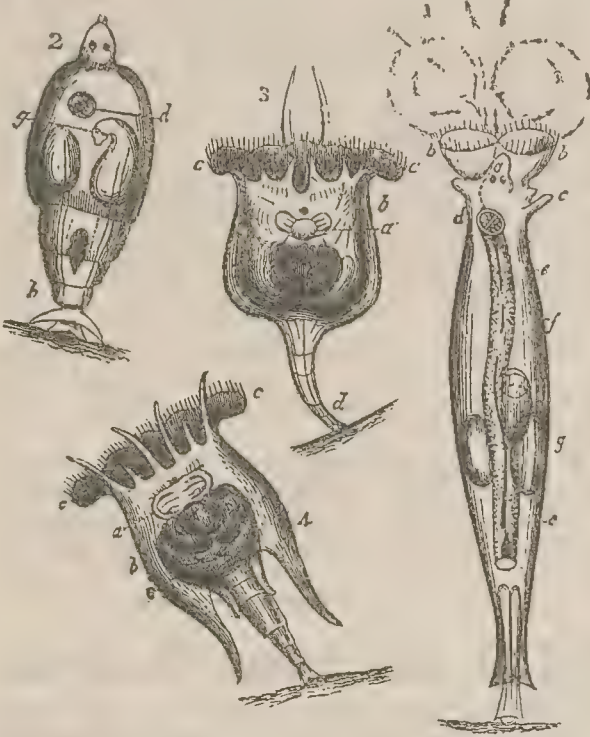
"They are called rotifers or wheel animalcules," he replied; "they are more or less abundant in all ponds and streams, and some species are also found in salt water."

"But why are they called wheel animalcules?" asked Mrs. Coalton, who had taken her place at the microscope.

"They receive the name from the fact that they have two disks or sets of fringes called cilia in front of their heads, which, when they are in motion, resemble wheels. If you watch one of the largest specimens carefully as he remains in the field of the microscope you will see him set the wheels in motion, and perhaps will notice the delicate fringes as they vibrate."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Coalton, who had followed his wife at the instrument, "is it possible that all those strange-looking creatures are swimming around in a drop of water. By gum! I can see the wheels, and as they whirl around, how they make the dirty water fly; they go for all the world like the wheel of a propeller, and the settlements in the water seems to fly into the mouth of the what you call 'ems.'"

"Yes," said the Doctor, "the rapid vibrations of the wheels cause a current of water to pass into the animal-



1. The common Wheel-Animalcule, *Rotifer vulgaris*, with its cilia or rotators *b*, protruded; *c*, its horn; *d*, oesophagus; *e*, gut; *f*, outer case; *g*, eggs. 2. The same in a contracted state, and at rest; at *g* is seen the development of the young. 3. Pitcher-shaped *Brachionus*: *a*, its jaws; *b*, shell; *c*, cilia, or rotators; *d*, tail. 4. Baker's *Brachionus*: *a*, the jaws and teeth; *b*, the shell; *c*, the rotators; *e*, the stomach.

cule bearing the food on which it subsists. You will notice that it does not crawl like a caterpillar exactly, but its elastic body is contracted and extended, the tail being brought forward and then the head is pushed along; the vibrations of the cilia also help in their progress through the water."

The other members of the group followed Mr. Coalton in turn at the microscope, and a half-hour was consumed in thus examining the rotifers.

The wheel animalculæ are among the most interesting of microscopic subjects, and the literature relating to them is quite voluminous.

Moquin Tandon in his elegant work, "The World of the Sea"—"*Le Monde de la Mer*"—gives the following interesting account of them:

"Originally they were classed among the infusoria, but upon the discovery of their higher organization they were promoted from one class into another, until they

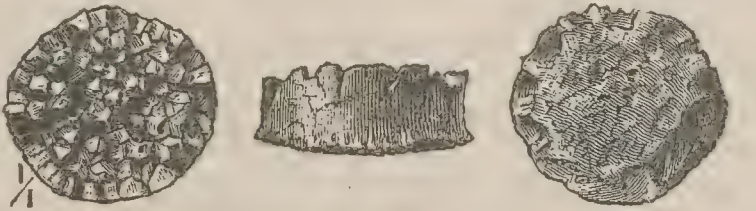


Fig. 1. Showing condition of obstruction after firing. Full sizes.

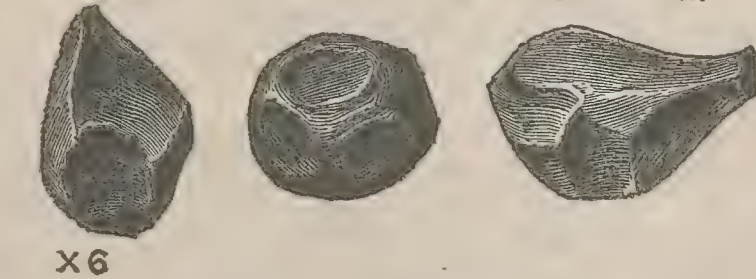
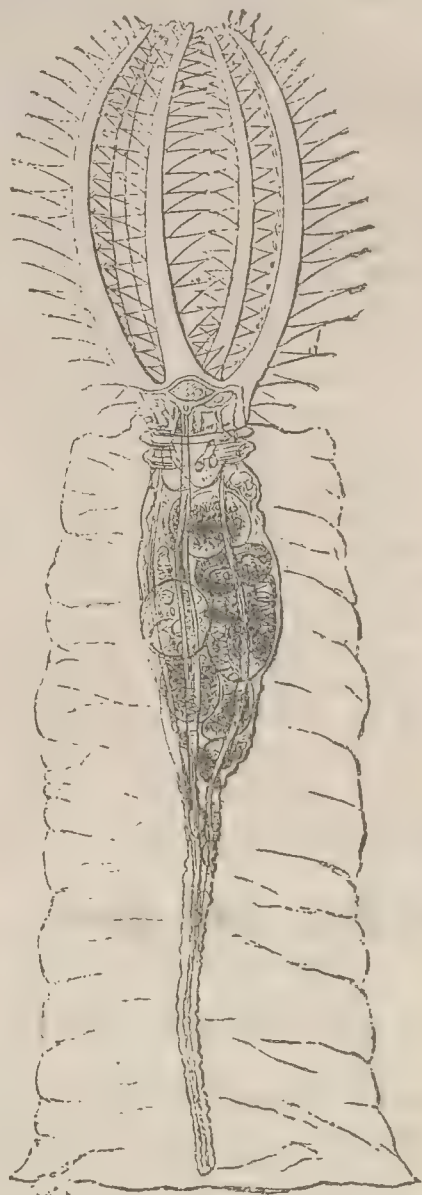


Fig. 2. Showing the deformation of the pellets of shot of the propelled charge as a result of impact with an obstruction. Greatly enlarged.

now occupy a place at the entrance of the class crustacea. * * * The peculiar organ which has given to the race their appellation is fixed to the anterior part of the body, and consists of a lobed disc, which is usually furnished with vibratory cils. This organ is the fin or swimming apparatus, and when in motion presents the appearance of one or two wheels rotating in opposite directions. * * * This really violent movement for so small an animal often causes the rotifer to twist rapidly round on its own axis, as well as glide through the water, propelled much after the fashion of a screw steamer" (backing).

"The vibratory cils are faithful to the function we have so often found them performing, inducing currents of

water to enter the system of the animal, bearing the food and air necessary for its existence. This is economy, indeed, to make one organ perform several distinct offices. The same member which urges the animalcule through the drop of water, likewise causes it to eat and breathe. * * * The mouth, which is very large, has the shape of a bell. It is provided with two lateral mandibles, which are horny tubes, furnished near the extremity with one or



The Crown Animalcule (*Stephanoceros Eichornii*).

more teeth. The digestive apparatus is by no means simple; the stomach is long, and has on each side lateral appendages, terminating in a great intestine. The heart of the rotifer is in constant action, and its pulsations are quite discernible. * * * The wheel-bearing animalculæ have generally a single eye fixed in the cyclopean position, and, like all the eyes of the minute creation, it is red. Some of them have more than one; even rotifers with four eyes are known. The eye is sometimes placed upon the neck or on the back, so that the animal can only see about it and behind it, but not below it or in advance. We do not know the exact reason of this position, but the animal is so lively that it can matter little where the eye is situated. And, moreover, the rotifers have a peculiar power of retreating, not into their shells, for they have none, but into their skins, and in this form they appear like a ball. The eye may be placed with regard to this position, so that the retired creature may keep a sharp lookout."

Ehrenberg declares that he finds indications of the existence of a nervous system. It requires a stretch of imagination to follow the celebrated naturalist, even to conceive a network of nerves in an animal which a grain of sand could effectually bury. Like most of the crustaceans, the rotifers are oviparous, carrying their eggs suspended at the root of their tails.

Spallanzani has proved they are endowed with a wonderful power of life. He found that they could be dried and folded between the leaves of a book, and kept in this unnatural condition for even two years. They seem to be in a state of lethargy, and in apparent death; but when again immersed in water they revive, and seem none the worse for the intermission of their vitality.

The writer has succeeded in raising a colony of these interesting little creatures, and has found them a never-ending source of entertainment and study. My first stock was obtained from the moss-covered sides of a damp flower pot in which an ivy plant was growing. These animalculæ seem to prefer wet or damp moss for an abiding place to anything else, and I have no doubt that my readers can obtain all the specimens they desire from such a source as I have named, or from the damp moss on an old building.

I found that they preserved their vitality after being dried in the manner described by Spallanzani, but I did not keep them desiccated as long as he did.

A good-sized colony may be kept with some wet moss in a watch crystal, from which individuals may be lifted with a drop tube and examined under the microscope at leisure.

Carpenter in his work on the microscope in treating of the rotifers, does not agree with Prof. Ehrenberg in the matter of these animalculæ bearing eggs, stating "that there is strong reason for the belief that what are commonly called 'eggs' are really internal gemmæ," and later he says: "In rotifer and several other genera, the development of the embryo takes place while the egg is yet retained within the body of the parent, and the young are extruded alive; while in some other instances the eggs, after their extrusion, remain attached to the posterior extremity of the body until the young are set free. In general, it would seem that whether the rupture of the egg membrane takes place before or after the egg has left the body, the germinal mass within it is developed at once into the form of the young animal, which usually resembles that of its parent, no preliminary metamorphoses being gone through."

Among the most interesting of the rotifers is the beau-

tiful crown animalcule, *Stephanoceros eichornii*. The five arms which constitute the crown are long, slender and curved inward, their surface being clad with whorls of elongated setae. Beneath the crown is a kind of broad head, attached by a neck or collar to the irregular, cylindrical body. The lower portion of the body is attenuated into a slender foot, by means of which the little creature is generally attached to the stem of some aquatic plant. A gelatinous envelope incloses the body, as in a transparent case, which reaches upward to the neck and downward to the extremity of the foot, around which it is also attached to the support of the animal.

Mr. Gosse, the naturalist, who carefully studied this species, says that the expanded arms of the crown with their setae form a kind of cup of network, contracted at the mouth.

He says that both arms and setae are commonly held motionless, yet there is a manifest vortex in the inclosed area; for small infusoria approaching are quickly drawn in and are driven about in the space. They can enter readily at all parts between the arms, but cannot get out; for if one approaches the arms from within, it is seen instantly to be shot back toward the center. He, after much patient watching, discovered that the motion was caused by the setae; a minute, tremulous, and, as it were, spasmodic wave being seen to run along the nearest pencils at the instant. From this he deduces that the setae serve as a living net, which admit the prey to enter without resistance, but if touched from within vibrate in such a way as to jerk the touching body with considerable force toward the center of the contained area. When once the prey passes down below the area into the mouth funnel, which is formed by very contractile walls, a slight constriction takes place in the neck, which has the effect of forcing the monad down to the mouth of a capacious crop, which lies across the upper part of the body. Here a sort of swallowing motion is seen, and the prey passes with a gulp down into the cavity.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Game Bag and Gun.

Big Bores vs. Small Bores.

THIS discussion of big bores vs. small bores is about, as the dandy said, "worn to a frazzle," but it seems to me that the "Hunting Experiences" detailed by Lew Wilmot in *FOREST AND STREAM* for April 26, call for a few comments, which I will endeavor to supply. Mr. Wilmot is undoubtedly an experienced hunter and a crack shot, and his article gives a lot of interesting data which shows what can be accomplished with small-bore arms under the most favorable conditions. It presents a fascinating picture of skill which many others will no doubt attempt to emulate.

And herein lies the danger, for there are two sides to this picture, the reverse side of which is anything but fascinating to any true sportsman who deprecates the rapidity with which our game animals are vanishing off the face of the earth.

Mr. Wilmot tells us of the clean kills he has made with his Colt's revolver, and his little .22-caliber rifle, and it would be interesting to know what ratio these kills bear to the number of animals he has wounded with these weapons. The facts might not be very bad in his case, for he is by his own showing an excellent hunter and a crack shot. But how is it in the case of others who are not so skillful, who are led by such fascinating pictures of skill to use small bores and light charges? Well, we have heard something about how it worked up in New Brunswick. It is not often that we get the chance to look on this side of the picture. When a deer is killed with a .22-caliber rifle, or a moose with a .30-30, we hear all about it promptly, but we do not hear much about the dozens which are wounded and escape to die and rot in seclusion.

There is a wise provision in most game laws which limits the number of animals which a hunter may kill. But how often is the intent of this law violated by the use of rifles of insufficient power? I imagine if the truth could be known the awful aggregate would be appalling and sickening. If the hunter could be made to stop when he had wounded or killed the number the law permits, it would be all right, as in that case the wounded animals would be his loss. But no, he is allowed to go right on maiming and crippling until he is lucky enough to kill his full quota.

In this discussion the small-bore men have had much to say about lack of skill being responsible for the maiming and wounding of the small bore, and no doubt this is true in many cases. But the big-bore men do not seek to convict the small bore because of the shortcomings of the man behind it. They have better evidence.

When it is shown that a bullet from a .30-40 stopped against the neck bone of a moose without even knocking the animal down, it shows that there is a fault in the gun, and not in the man behind it. When a .30-caliber bullet stopped against the shoulder blade of a moose and only caused a pus cavity, it shows that the rifle from which it came lacked the power necessary in a moose gun.

This discussion reminds me of a murder trial I once read about, in which the prosecution produced two credible witnesses who saw the prisoner commit the crime. The defense produced ten credible witnesses who did not see him commit the crime, and claimed that he should be adjudged innocent because of the preponderance of evidence in his favor.

Now, what are the requisites in the ideal big-game rifle? Manifestly these: It should be a repeater of sufficient power to kill surely and quickly every time it is held right. A rifle is held right when it is aimed at a vital point in the animal shot at. If tough hide and thick muscles intervene, they should be cut through, and if massive bones are in the way they should be smashed.

I think big-game hunters should unite in asking our manufacturers of rifles to put the ideal big-game rifle upon the market, and thus eliminate as far as possible the wounding and waste of our big game, which is attributable to the use of rifles of lesser power. If rifle shots of the Wilmot type could be made to order like rifles, I should be in favor of having this done also.

As this seems to be an impossibility just at present, I am unable to suggest a remedy for the wounding and waste for which poor shooting is responsible.

JOS. W. SHURTER.

GANSEVOORT, N. Y., April 28.

The Anti-Sale Bill.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The writer, with many others throughout this State, was, and are, much interested in the protection of our game birds—grouse, woodcock and quail—and necessarily took an active and greatly interested part in getting the Marson Bill No. 410 through the Assembly and Senate. And when it was learned that it was likely the Marson bill would not receive the Governor's approval, for the reason that it would be objectionable under the rule laid down by the Court of Appeals, in the case of *People vs. Buffalo Fish Co.*, 164 N. Y., then the friends of protection dropped that bill and asked the Assembly and Senate to pass the Williams Bill 598, prohibiting the marketing of grouse killed in New York State. After no small amount of work by the friends of this measure, and little resistance, if any, from the lobbyist and cold storage forces, we all felt and to some extent were assured that the Governor would approve it, as we had been led to believe the lobby had no influence with the Governor, and that in one instance the Governor had rebuked the Albany gang. More than this, the Governor had his attention repeatedly called to these bills, and had repeatedly promised consideration to many, yet he saw fit without consultation with the friends of this bill to disapprove it.

It is believed by the writer and others that the cold storage people, their attorneys, agents and servants and their interests were the only interests looked after by the Governor. The disapproval of the Williams bill is in the same category with his recommendation in his message to the Legislature, relative to permitting the pulp combine to cut all pulp timber under ten inches in the Forest Preserve, and to allow game dealers a license never to be enforced, a most mischievous piece of game legislation. In keeping with all this is his approval of the act amending the navigation law, which, as I understand, permits lumbermen to flood the lands of any person and our Forest Preserve lands without liability, except for gross negligence.

The dearest thing to the sportsman after his business, and nearest to his heart, is his recreation, and indeed many of us believe it is a great aid to our business, if not a necessity.

Yes, the lobby and cold storage interest, their attorneys, agents and servants, had no occasion to worry about the Assembly and Senate, they knew the Governor, and his message and his acts seem to fully sustain this conclusion.

F.

Control of the Forest Reserves.

THE proposition to make game preserves of such of the forest reserves as may be adapted to the purpose has prompted an inquiry into the nature of the control which may be exercised by the Federal Government over the public lands. We give herewith the opinion given to Hon. John F. Lacey by Attorney-General Knox. From this it may be deduced that there is reasonable ground for the view that the Government may exercise sufficient authority to secure the protection of the game.

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE, Washington, D. C., Jan. 3, 1902.—Hon. John F. Lacey, House of Representatives.—Sir: Complying with the request therefor, contained in your note of Dec. 5, 1901, I here transmit to you some of my views upon the questions there suggested. These questions are as to the power of Congress to enact laws for the protection and control of, or relating to our national forest reserves, when within the limits of a State; and specifically to make such reserves, to some extent, refuges for the preservation of the remnant of the game on those localities. They necessarily involve also substantially the same questions as applicable to the general public domain; for, so far as concerns the question of Federal legislative power, no difference in principle is perceived.

I quite agree with you that, as to those reserves situated within a Territory of the United States, this Federal legislative power is ample; and the questions are those arising when such reserves are within the limits of a State.

This, so manifestly the correct doctrine, would seem to cover and to settle the whole question, and to authorize the proposition that, as to public lands within a State, the Government has all the rights of an individual proprietor, supplemented with the power to make and enforce its own laws for the assertion of those rights and for the disposal and full and complete management, control and protection of its lands.

Among these undoubted rights is the right of absolute or partial exclusion, either at all or at special times, and for any or for special purposes.

While Congress certainly may by law prohibit and punish the entry upon or use of any part of these forest reserves for the purpose of the killing, capture or pursuit of game, this would not be sufficient. There are many persons now on those reserves by authority of law, and people are expressly authorized to go there, and it would be necessary to go further and to prohibit the killing, capture or pursuit of game, even though the entry upon the reserve is not for that purpose. But, the right to forbid intrusion for the purpose of killing, per se, and without reference to any trespass on the property, is another. The first may be forbidden as a trespass and for the protection of the property; but when a person is lawfully there and not a trespasser or intruder, the question is different.

But I am decidedly of opinion that Congress may forbid and punish the killing of game on these reserves, no matter that the slayer is lawfully there and is not a trespasser. If Congress may prohibit the use of these reserves for any purpose, it may for another; and while Congress permits persons to be there upon and use them for various purposes, it may fix limits to such use and occupation, and prescribe the purpose and objects for which they shall not be used, as for the killing, capture or pursuit of specified kinds of game. Generally, any private owner may forbid, upon his own land, any act that he chooses, although the act may be lawful in itself; and certainly Congress, invested also with legislative power, may do the same thing, just as it may prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors, though such sale is otherwise lawful.

After considerable attention to the whole subject, I have no hesitation in expressing my opinion that Congress has ample power to forbid and punish any and all kinds of trespass, upon or injury to, the forest reserves, including the trespass of entering upon or using them for the killing, capture or pursuit of game.

The exercise of these powers would not conflict with any State authority. Most of the States have laws forbidding the killing, capture or pursuit of different kinds of game during specified portions of the year. This makes such killing, etc., lawful at other times, but only lawful because not made unlawful. And it is lawful only when the State has power to make it lawful, by either implication or direct enactment. But, except in those cases already referred to, such as eminent domain, service of process, etc., no State has power to authorize or make lawful a trespass upon private property. So that, though Congress should prohibit such killing, etc., upon its own lands, at all seasons of the year, this would not conflict with any State authority or control. That the preservation of game is part of the public policy of those States

and for the benefit of their own people in shown by their own legislation, and they cannot complain if Congress—upon its own lands goes even further in that direction than the State, so long as the open season of the State law is not interfered with in any place where such law is paramount.

It has always been the policy of the Government to invite and induce the purchase and settlement of its public lands; and as the existence of game thereon and in their localities adds to the desirability of the lands, and is a well-known inducement to their purchase, and it may well be considered whether, for this purpose alone, and without reference to the protection of the lands from trespass, Congress may not, on its own lands, prohibit the killing of such game.

Your other questions relate to the method of enforcing these Federal powers, if they exist—to the nature and kind of laws therefor. While such questions are peculiarly for Congress, yet, as you request it, I will suggest what occurs to me.

You very properly suggest the power of Congress over interstate commerce, as tending indirectly to this end, by prohibiting interstate transportation of game, living or dead, or of the skins or any part thereof. There is some legislation upon that subject. I do not take the pains to examine this to see how sufficient it is; but, if not already done, something to the end desired may be accomplished in this way; but, as a remedy, this would fall far short of what is required.

You allude to the aid and co-operation of forest rangers and those in charge, for the enforcement of State laws. This would be well, and especially so in the way of securing good feeling and harmonious action between Federal and State authorities. There is a provision for that in the act of March 3, 1899 (2 Sup. Rev. Stat., 993), but it simply imposes a very general duty, and should be more specific as to what acts are required to be done.

In this connection, and with reference also to the general protection of these reserves and the other public lands from fires, cutting timber, killing game and other depredations, I would suggest, in view of the existing law as to arrest without a warrant, whether it would be well to give marshals and their deputies, and the superintendents, supervisors, rangers and other persons charged with the protection of these reserves, power, on the public lands, in certain cases approaching "hot pursuit," to arrest without warrant. Complaints come to this Department that very often the place of illegal acts is so far from the office of any magistrate, and the means of communication such that before formal complaint can be made and an officer with a warrant sent there, the offenders are beyond successful pursuit. I commend this to your consideration. No matter what laws we may have for the protection of these reserves, the public lands generally or the game, they should be in a very great many cases wholly inefficient, owing to the impossibility, under the present law as to arrests, of their enforcement.

There are already many statutes against setting fires and trespassing upon the public lands. Perhaps these are sufficient, so far as laws go. I do not examine this, but as to the protection of game on forest reserves, drastic laws for that purpose, together with better means, as above suggested, for their enforcement, are required.

I would suggest the making it an offense to enter or be upon or use any portion of a forest reserve for the purpose or with the intent to kill, capture or pursue (certain specified kinds of) game; or to kill, capture or pursue, with intent to kill or capture, such game, on any portion of such reserve, and I would do this for the whole year as to some kinds of game, at least, and make such killing, capture or pursuit the evidence of such purpose or intent. The latter clause, as you will see, proceeds against the act itself, irrespective of any trespass upon the lands, if, indeed such act does not necessarily involve a technical legal trespass. But this may be questionable in case, for example, when one who is properly there, kills game. I would insert it, at any rate, and it will, with the other, operate as a preventive. Respectfully,

(Signed)

P. C. KNOX,
Attorney-General.

Sea and River Fishing.

Newfound Lake Fishing.

LIKE other New England waters, Newfound cleared unusually early. On the morning of April 18 I started on my annual trip to Roger's, at the Hebron end of the lake. I have seen and been on most of the lakes of this State, and I think as far as scenery, none are equal to Newfound. The drive of some nine miles from Bristol to Hebron along the western shore is always interesting. In many places one can sit in the wagon and with some ten feet of line cast into quite deep water. At one place solid rock rises almost perpendicularly hundreds of feet, while on the other just over the rail is very deep water. Here the road for a short space is chained to the mountain. It is said that "faith will remove a mountain and cast it into the sea." There was not faith enough in the whole Newfound region to fill up that place. A heavy iron cable was stretched across well under water and a foundation started. This was done, I am told, early in the sixties. To-day that part of the road is apparently as firm as the surrounding mountains. Whether or not it will stay, should the cable give way, is an open question.

Last year we were all sorry to leave Hebron. The genial General was there, and said he was sorry to have us go. On the 18th when we drove into Roger's yard, there sat the General, smiling as ever. It looked as though he had been there since last year. It is somewhat irritating to some of us to see how time leaves no traces on some people. The graceful lines of the General's figure appear as permanent as the hills, and his perpetual smile is as "childlike and bland" as ever.

The bright young member of Roger's family was as smiling as ever, and also the schoolmarm. The General said they were acting worse than last year as to distracting the attention of the young members of the party from the fishing.

Practically the same party as a year ago were present. Dr. Fowler, of Bristol, was an addition, as the trout and salmon found out to their cost. One afternoon he rowed up from the lower end of the lake—that is, his man rowed. Fowler never touches an oar, and I think should find himself alone in his boat in the middle of the lake he would stay there all night rather than pull ashore, but when it comes to catching trout and salmon and big ones, he is there first and last and all the time. What a story those two rods of his could tell!

As to the fishing at Roger's, from April 14 to morning of 25th, forty-four fish were taken—27 salmon and 17 trout; 13 of the salmon weighed from 5 to 9 pounds each, 16 of the trout from 5 to 10½ pounds.

My companion claims the championship of Newfound as an expert in hooking all manner of things other than fish. For some days he ran a silver-phantom, and there was not a floating bunch of weeds or half-sunken stick that he did not get. He caught one day in quite deep water two very lively clams.

All were sorry when the time came to leave. We were about the last of the party; when we drove out of Roger's yard we left the Doctor sitting alone like the lone fisherman in "Evangeline." He said: "Good-by; take care of yourselves. Good men are scarce."

C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N. H., April 29.

Random Notes of an Angler.

Concerning Trout.

Yes, ten or a dozen good trout in a day's fishing and killed in a sportsmanlike manner ought to be enough to satisfy anyone. We should remember that the great army of anglers is rapidly increasing, and the newcomers are entitled to a fair share.

It gives me that tired feeling to hear a fisherman as he puts up his rod for the night exclaim: "By Jove! I killed thirty brace of elegant fish to-day," or, "My big creel was full to overflowing," or, "We killed four dozen in addition to those we returned to the water." Our rapidly depleting waters cannot stand such onslaughts. Of course, in the fifty years in which I have handled the rod, I have many times exceeded the limit I have named, but it was long ago, and I am very sorry for it; but although I have thus been a transgressor I will say that never have I wasted a pound of fish or meat in all my outings; every ounce has been used and in a proper manner.

Good Days and Blank Days.

Now, though, ten or a dozen good fish make a very satisfactory catch—and by good fish I do not mean the little six inch beauties that one takes in the mountain brooks nor the Rangeley giants, but nice, half or three-quarter pound trout, in my opinion the ideal size for these gamy fish. Now, we have all of us many a time returned to camp after a hard day's work with not half so many; in fact, have we not had days which were absolutely blank? and why? The fish were undoubtedly there; we used flies which had hitherto been successful, but the trout would have none of them; not a fin moved.

Steve Morse, my old Rangeley guide, many years ago used to say that "trout are mighty notional critters; more notional than a woman ever was; you can never count on 'em; when they will, they will, and, contrariwise, when they won't they won't, and that's all there is to it."

Dozens of times have I tried to ascertain the cause of their "backwardness to come forward" that they have manifested, but I have never solved the problem satisfactorily. Steve used to say, "It's no use to bother with them if they are not rising; they won't come to your flies no matter what you throw to them, and if they're not feeding it's no use to try them with bait."

After close observation I am convinced that while all fishes are quite susceptible to barometrical changes, the Salmonidæ are peculiarly so.

Trout are Good Barometers.

Time and again have I noticed that when the mercury indicated a "change" in the weather, the fish were more active and came to the fly with greater avidity than at any other time. That when it stood at "Fair" they took the fly and bait impartially, and with perhaps normal eagerness, if such an expression may be used, and when it registered "Stormy," even though the skies were almost clear, they refused to come to the fly, or only rose to it in a sort of perfunctory way, but they took the bait most greedily. But, and there seems to be a qualification for every statement, I have found that if the wind at the time of an approaching storm blew from the east, both flies and bait were taken very sparingly.

Trout Have their Fast Days.

That trout should abstain from feeding absolutely and for a number of days at a time no matter what the conditions of the weather may be, is a curious trait that I have never been able to understand.

Many years ago, when the Rangeley stream was open to the public, it was a favorite piece of water to me, and many a nice catch of the beautiful silvery trout that it contains have I taken from it.

Like the trout of other waters, they had their moods and caprices, and sometimes there were very blank days. On one occasion I failed to move a trout for forty-eight hours. Although I tried every fly that I thought would prove an attractive lure, failure was my only reward.

At last my guide, Billy Soule, who was then but a well grown stripling, made, under my direction, a couple of long birchbark cones and, placing the small ends over my eyes and immersing the large ends beneath the surface of the water—this was in the Big Eddy over which our boat had been allowed to slowly swing from a killick which had been dropped in the stream above—I examined the water, the whole of which, even to the bottom of the pool, was as clear to the vision as is the air.

How to Study Trout in their Native Element.

A few moments' inspection of the bottom disclosed to view a very large number of trout varying in size from six inches to twelve or fifteen in length.

Motionless they lay almost at the bottom and close together, an occasional flitting of a tail or the gleam of a silvery side alone indicating that they were living fish.

Swimming above and among them were great numbers of minnows and small shiners upon which the trout largely subsist, particularly in the spring and early summer, and for a long time I watched them, expecting that the trout would capture some of them, but none of the minnows were taken and they continued to swim about with perfect abandon; they seemed to know, perhaps instinctively, that they were safe from molestation.

"I've found out why we cannot rise the fish," I at length exclaimed to my guide, "They are simply glutted with food, the pool is full of minnows."

"Maybe so," he replied; "they must be crammed, or the minnows would fight shy of them."

"I wish we had a bait hook and a few angle worms," said I. "Perhaps a change of food might tempt them. I'd like to get two or three to ascertain if they are over-fed."

"Here they are," was his reply. "I always calklate to have them along; they often come in handy."

In a few moments the hook was baited and dropped to the bottom among the fish.

Under my direction the guide moved it about, but notice was taken of it, though the worms were squirming in a way that ought to tempt any well-disposed trout.

At length it hung close to the mouth of one of the

largest of the fish, and although it was done listlessly and without apparent effort, the bait was sucked in and swallowed.

"You've got one, Billy," I exclaimed; "haul him up." With a quick strike and a few energetic pulls the trout was landed flopping most lustily in the boat. The hook, again baited, was dropped among the fish and another large one was lifted, and, later, two more.

Trout with Empty Stomachs.

Watching them through my cones as the bait moved among them, I saw that, as in the first instance, the lure was not seized but was lazily drawn in just as it would pass into the mouth of a sucker. Lifting the killick we moved the boat to the shore, where the trout were dressed and their stomachs examined. Greatly to my surprise, they were empty, nothing but a small quantity of a yellowish fluid similar to that which is found in the stomach of a salmon which has been long run from the sea, being present.

"Well, that beats me," exclaimed the guide, "instead of being glutted, they ain't feeding at all; now, why do you suppose they are fasting at this time of the year, and with plenty of food all around them?"

The question was a poser, and I have never been able to answer it satisfactorily to myself.

A number of similar instances have passed under my observation, enough certainly to establish the fact that at certain periods trout have a fasting spell, sometimes several days in length. The Rangeley occurrence is particularly difficult to account for; the season was not far advanced and the water was cold and the weather settled, but on some other occasions when the water was warm at the bottom I ascribed the abstinence from feeding to that fact.

During the latter part of August, 1901, I fished some large pools on the Maitland River (N. S.), having for my guide the well-known moose hunter, Robert Rowter, but my success, although I worked diligently, was more than indifferent. The trout were there in considerable numbers, but the fly had no attractions for them, and bait which we tried several times failed to tempt them.

Now, that water was warm at the surface, but it was quite cold in the deep holes where springs evidently existed.

I succeeded in picking out a very few fish daily, although, judging by the numbers that constantly came to the surface, leaping apparently in pursuit of small insects and spiders, I ought to have killed a good catch. The stomachs of those we captured were carefully examined, but although I had expected to find them filled with insect food, they were empty, the yellow, bile-like fluid only being present.

I have no theory to advance to account for these facts; that such a condition exists I have no doubt whatever, and I hope that future anglers who have a taste for scientific investigation will give the matter their attention; perhaps by keeping careful thermometric and barometric records a reasonable deduction may be made, and we may know why and when "trout are off their feed," and consequently know when blank days are to occur.

Concerning Flies.

Yes, Steve Morse was right. "Trout are mighty notional critters," and notional in a great many ways. Among their whims and caprices is their treatment of the feathered lures which are cast to them.

Who can say why a certain fly fails to tempt them on one day, and is on the next risen to with avidity. All of us have, time and again, changed our flies until at last the right one was found.

I suppose that the question, "Which fly do you consider to be the most killing one in all waters and in all conditions of water?" has been asked me scores of times. My reply has always been, "The silver-doctor." My range of experience has been rather wide, and there are few varieties of flies that I have not at some time offered to the dainty beauties, and it is from that experience I have formed the opinion I have expressed.

To what its attraction is attributable I do not know; it certainly does not resemble any insect that inhabits the waters or the air above them, but, used either as a surface fly or a sunken one, it is for an "all round fly" unrivalled.

I have repeatedly used it with good success as a sunken fly in the very beginning of the season, as soon as the "ice went out," and when other anglers were contenting themselves with minnows and other bait.

Of course, other flies proved moderately acceptable if they were kept well down in the water, notably a fly that my lamented father used to tie, one with red and yellow chenille and mohair body, a red hackle and a pair of feathers from a wood duck's ruff for wings.

This was a good fly for very early fishing, but as a red lure in the spring almost always attracts attention, it was possibly not much more killing than would be a good red-bib fly.

No, nothing compared with the silver-doctor in general effectiveness, and I have sometimes thought that if I were to be restricted in my book to two kinds of flies they would be the doctor in all sizes from that suitable for salmon fishing down to the smaller ones for the little six inch darlings, and to these I would add hackles of the different colors, such as black, white, red, gray and brown.

Now, there are silver-doctors of various grades of quality, both of material and workmanship, but my advice always is, "Get the best." Though they cost a little more they are cheaper in the end. Have natural feathers only in them, for dyed feathers soon lose their color and brilliancy, and nothing but the best silver winding of the body will retain its brightness. For its feathers nothing can compare with those from the crest of the golden pheasant; they always retain their sheen and springiness, no matter how long they may be used.

Any Old Fly Sometimes Gets the Fish.

Well, though you had a good supply and variety of the best flies and the best tackle, have you ever been beaten by a twelve-year-old country lad? I have, and greatly to my chagrin.

It came to pass in this way: I was fishing the great "Falls Pool," in the Maitland (N. S.) River, with very

good success, rising and killing my fair share of good fish daily.

One morning I saw out in the middle of the pool a large fish come to the surface, and as it turned with a big swirl, it displayed a tail certainly five inches in width. It was a noble fish for those waters, and of course I was anxious to capture it.

Well, for two days I worked hard, but although he condescended to display his tail occasionally, he treated my flies with absolute indifference. I suppose, first and last, I tried fifty varieties and of all sizes, but in vain.

The most expensive and beautiful salmon flies had no more attractiveness for him than the most plebian appearing in my book; he absolutely declined to notice my efforts to please.

On the morning of the third day he met his fate at the hands of the lad I have named, and by means of a fly that any half-way decent pickerel would regard with derision. It was simply a bunch of scraggly feathers picked up in the barnyard and tied on a hook that was, I am ready to make affidavit, big enough for a cod.

Well, this is only one of many experiences which go to show that trout are mighty notional.

That to the element of uncertainty which constantly attends the angler's efforts with the fly is attributable in a great degree the fascination which the gentle art has for him is proven by the fact that when there is such an abundance that at every cast he may hook and land one or more fish, the sport soon palls on him.

I believe that no sportsman lover of the rod will gainsay me in this, for all must know that a certain catch is not an attractive one. A trout battue is not to the angler's taste.

A case in point:

I once visited the trout ponds of a fishculturist and was permitted by the proprietor to cast the fly in a pool where great numbers of large trout were plainly to be seen.

At the first cast dozens of fish sprung for it simultaneously. I had but to hook a fish, play it until it was exhausted, and then the trout was killed. This was simply butchery, and I laid the rod aside when the third fish was taken; it was not sport in even the most remote sense.

EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

The Story they Tell on Charlie.

A GOOD story is told of Charlie —, a local angler. He is an enthusiastic bass fisherman, and although trying his luck on every available occasion had not, up to the time of this story, caught one this year. He was fairly successful last year, particularly in the fall, when the discovery was made generally public that the bass were being freely taken on the new Wilson spoon in the Raccoon Straits.

Charlie was just aching for a bass, and told his wife that he wanted to go over with his fishing partner "Pop" on the following Saturday afternoon, but for some personal reason she demurred. Now, Charlie is an indulgent husband. He puts in most of the business hours at his office and all the week-day evenings at home, and has a mutual understanding with his wife that his Sundays should be devoted to his all absorbing sport, and she had never before raised the slightest objection, but on the contrary had encouraged him with nice lunches and kind words to go off and enjoy himself and get the benefit of the fresh outdoor air, being better pleased if, upon returning with a good catch, he would clean them himself. Now, here she was, registering a very determined opposition; but the recent reports from these waters had been of so encouraging a nature that Charlie could not resist the opportunity of accompanying his friend; so, using all his wiles, and with sundry promises of what might be expected from him, he succeeded in gaining her reluctant consent, and taking the 1:35 boat they reached Tiburon in time for a good afternoon's fish, with a fair prospect of beating the boys who could not get over until Sunday morning. They started out in a direct line for a four hours' troll to Angel Island. They made a half dozen turns without success and then decided to pull over to California City on the opposite shore. While crossing, "Pop" had a strike in the deep water, and after considerable difficulty in a choppy sea landed an eleven pounder. This only served to raise Charlie's enthusiasm, "For now," says he, "we know they're here, and I guess the wife won't be disappointed this time."

By the time they reached California City and had taken a few turns it was five o'clock, and to troll gently back, against a still rising tide, so that the spoon would have a chance to get in its deadly work, would occupy at least an hour. They headed their boat for Tiburon, and, sure enough, just as they rounded Shark Point, Charlie hooked a fish, and when brought to gaff it was found to weigh just nine pounds.

It was about 6:30 when they landed, but Charlie was so elated and so anxious to communicate the tidings to his better half, that they walked up to the telegraph station and sent the following dispatch:

"SONOMA HOUSE, Tiburon, 6:45 P. M. I've got one; weighs nine pounds; it's a beaut."

They then went in to dinner, and a little later sat down to a game of "draw" with a few of the later arrivals who had come over to get an early morning start. The game had progressed harmoniously, almost hilariously, in view of the afternoon's luck, for about an hour, when a messenger appeared and handed an envelope to Joe, the bar-keeper, who in turn walked over and gave it to Charlie, who opened it and turned a little white around the gills. "Boys," said he, "I must go to town at once." "Pop" looked at his watch and said: "You can't do it, the last boat's gone." "Can't help it," says Charlie, "I must reach town to-night if I have to charter a tug." "What's up?" cried the crowd in chorus; at which Charlie threw down the telegram, which read as follows: "I've got one also; beats yours by a pound; can't say he is a beauty, exactly, but he is very like you."

JAMES A. PARISER.

ALAMEDA, Cal

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

"A Catfish Run."

I HAVE often thought of writing for the FOREST AND STREAM the following account of a bass fishing trip, where no bass were caught, but catfish galore; but the possibility that some of your readers would say, "What kind of sportsmen were those who went out for bass and contented themselves with catfish?" has always acted as a check until I read the "Catfish" items in the last April number, and from that I received the courage to give you a catfish experience.

Having no standard classification of the different kinds of catfish in the Cottonwood River, I will give the local names here, as the blue cat, the flathead cat, the yellow cat, the channel cat, and the spotted swallowtail cat; and in all my experience I have never found any kind of fish that would put up a longer or harder fight than a six to ten pound catfish of the last named kind in swift water; and what with his shapely body, dark back, light colored sides, spotted with dark spots on the lighter ground work of the sides, and a mackerel or swallowtail, were it not for his ugly head and horns, no fish could show up to better advantage than one of this kind will as he nobly fights for his liberty, darting across the current, and making every ounce of his weight seem about ten pounds in the strain on the rod, reel and line. Even after he is safely landed, he is not subdued, but sends forth his protests in low sounds, best described as a mixture of barks and grunts.

In the month of August, 1892, Geo. Walker, the United States Marshal of Kansas, his brother Ed, my son Robert, and myself, left Topeka for the Cottonwood River on a fishing trip to catch black bass, after waiting many days to get just the right kind of weather when the "bass would bite." Proceeding forty miles on the way, we were laid out by the cheering news of a bad wreck of a freight train ahead of us—not only figuratively, but literally laid out, for our train was sidetracked at Osage City for two hours, and then we were ordered west by the Lyndon cut-off, which took us thirty miles in a southeast direction to get upon the track of the Emporium cut-off, and then we again went west, arriving at Elmdale in time for a late supper. Then we were able to bargain with a liveryman who took us one and a half miles to the river at Shipman's Mill, and on our arrival there, just at dusk, we found that our selected time for Topeka was a poor time for the Cottonwood River, for a local shower on some of the tributaries of the river or near its headwaters had caused an eighteen-inch rise in the river and discolored the water.

While we were canvassing the outlook and deciding if we would give up the attempt to fish or not, our driver decided for us by returning to town.

Thereupon we rigged up our light bamboo rods; and first with all the noted bass flies, then phantom minnows, and then spoon hooks, fished all about, above and below the mill dam without a rise or a strike, until, tired out, we sought a place to sleep, only to find that the occupants of all the few houses near the mill had long since retired and we were shut out. Then we tried to enter the mill, but found it securely closed, and then my son entered a shed, where, lighting a match, he made the discovery that the shed was partly filled with corn cobs, and then he called us with glad tones in his voice, "Here's a good place to sleep with a good bed for each of us."

Entering the shed by the light of several matches, we partially leveled the surface of the pile of cobs, and each selecting his own location, we lay down for repose, to find that we had no beds of down, nor even elastic felt; for after smoothing down the surface, as each thought he had, for his own private bed, when he stretched himself out instead of finding repose he would find that some one particular cob was in a perpendicular position, with the upper end bearing upon some particularly tender spot that necessitated the digging out of the pile that particular cob and smoothing down the pile; or, as we laughingly termed it, when the other fellow was hunting "that one cob," "making up his bed to shake out the feathers."

But when the beds were finally fixed, and we became quiet, then we learned that our "going to bed" had been an invasion of the camping place of myriads of mice, which, as soon as we would be quiet, would hold high carnival in the depths of the pile of cobs, as indicated by the squeaking; and then, as it seemed, some of the most daring, just for the fun of the thing, and for the sake of hearing the choice language their feats would call forth, would take a run, hop, skip and a jump across someone's face, to wake him up, and to hear the others laugh as the startled one gave his opinion of mice in general. But worn out as we were by unaccustomed exercise, we dropped off one by one into the embrace of Morpheus, who held each safely until the first beams of morning light dawned under the eastern side of the shed.

We were all awakened by Ed's calling out, "George, how in heaven's name do you and the Judge expect Bob and me will get any sleep, when you snore so loud that you drown the noise of the fall of water over the mill dam?" This was the clarion call that started all of us down to the river's edge for a morning bath, and there after a half-hour's work with flies, spoons and phantoms it was found that no one had found a sign of a bass or crappie, but each one had caught about a two-pound catfish. A fire was soon blazing, a gallon of black coffee was made, the catfish broiled, and with the other supplies from our provision hamper, we sat down to eat. Such a breakfast! Its memory still lingers with me, for I must honestly confess that taken fresh out of the water and well broiled, I do not know of any gentleman that wears fins and swims for a living, who will make your acquaintance in a more satisfactory manner than Mr. Swallow-Tail Cat.

After breakfast we moved down upon the shoals and the Marshal and the Judge took the minnow seine and caught a goodly lot of red-finned shiner minnows. As they made their first haul of the minnow seine, Ed Walker placed a large minnow on his hook and walked out upon a small drift log that was about four feet above the water at the upper end of a pool and dropped the minnow down. At once Ed was in trouble, needing the utmost care to keep his feet upon the log, he had urgent business at the end of his line, for something had hold of it, trying to pull it away from him; and how he begged for some one to wade in and take his rod, and how we made the hills echo with our shouts as the swallowtail made an extra

twist upon the line and Ed plumped down into about thirty inches of water and threw his rod over his shoulder and marched out upon a gravel bar dragging after him a ten-pounder forked-tail, spotted-sided catfish. Then the fun began. Standing on the gravel bar, it was only necessary to throw a good minnow out into the swift water at the head of the pool, to have it at once taken; and we soon found that with our light rods we could do nothing with the concentrated compound of energy that would fasten at the other end, and we all adopted what we termed "Ed's style of playing his catch," to bring the rod and line over the shoulder and march out upon the gravel bar and drag the fish after us, or have him break loose in the drag.

How many we could have caught it is not possible to say, for after sending five good ones, each of eight or ten pounds weight, by a friendly farmer to the depot for the conductor and other trainmen on their morning return trip, and giving to each of the families living near the mill a good-sized fish (and we caught none of less than seven or eight pounds in weight, and none of over twelve pounds), we found when we stopped for dinner, and counted up the different strings we had, that we had forty-two left. After dinner George Walker and I put all of the fish upon one large strong line, and dropped them up in shoal water where they could be seen from the wagon bridge over the river, and then we took seats with a prominent neighborhood stockman under a shady tree and smoked, visited and talked politics, to while away the time until the liveryman should come to take us to the train for home.

Somewhere near 3 o'clock we were called from the snooze we had each dropped into on the departure of the stockman by the call of Robert, wanting to know what had become of the string of fish. Going to the place where we had tied them to the root of a tree, we found no trace of them, but Ed and Rob each said that "while he had put eight or ten good fish on the string, he had each time tied it securely before he left it." Which one was at fault will never be known, for to this day they never meet and get to talking about fish but each blames the other with failing to properly fasten the line, and losing the entire lot. George and I stopped laughing long enough to tell them to "stop quarreling, as we had intended to turn the most of them loose when we got ready to go home, and that we would help them catch enough to furnish them all they could carry." We all went down upon the gravel bar, and by the time the team came after us had ten of the largest sized ones we had caught during the day.

Arriving at Elmdale, we took supper at the hotel, made presents of four to friends of mine there, and took six large ones home with us to Topeka, where each of us made certain friends glad by the gift of a goodly fish.

What caused the big run on that day none of us has ever been able to demonstrate or give a satisfactory reason for, and having been a frequenter of the banks of the Cottonwood River for fourteen years, and of other catfish streams before coming to Kansas, I have never known of a run to compare with it, and never knew of any other run at that season of the year.

While we came down from Topeka to fish for bass, and did not get a bite, yet the incidents of that particular trip fill up one of the brightest pages on memory's tablets, to which we all love to recall each one whenever we meet, and such will probably be the case until, for us, the catfish have made their last run. W. F. RIGHTMIRE.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, Kas., April 26.

The Ways of Anglers.

It is singular, but true, that in almost every instance the angler who finds himself so situated that he can take a fishing trip just as well as not, is by no means as anxious to go as the one who is compelled by the stress of circumstances to remain at home. They may be and we will concede that they are equally enthusiastic on the subject of fishing, but the former remembers that he can, if he wishes, start out at any time, and as there are some things which he might just as well do first, he postpones going indefinitely, in order to do them, while the other, restless and worried by reason of the conditions which keep him at home, feels that if he only had the opportunity of going he would grasp it at once without incurring the risk of an hour's delay. It seems to be the old story of longing after the unattainable.

There are in these days many expert and enthusiastic anglers, and may their numbers increase, who maintain that the artificial fly is the only lure that should be used in fishing for speckled trout. Most of them claim that they can make as good catches at all times and under almost any conditions as the bait-fisherman can, and that frequently trout will take a fly when all other lures are ignored. Not a few of the enthusiasts go so far as to say that if they cannot catch trout with a fly, they will not catch them at all. Beyond a doubt fly-fishing is the neatest and most sportsmanlike method of taking trout, and it has fittingly been termed the poetry of angling.

Although fly-fishing is one of the most fascinating of outdoor pastimes, there is a large class of proficient anglers who do not believe in restricting their resources to this mode of luring the speckled beauties. They are skillful in handling the fly and disposed to give it the preference when they think nothing will be lost by so doing, but they do not hesitate to resort to the use of bait when conditions appear to warrant such a course. Such anglers may very appropriately be styled eclectic fishermen. They admit that better results can often be obtained with artificial flies than with anything else, but they also know that sometimes the trout will refuse to come to the surface of the water after them, and perhaps sinking the flies may prove equally ineffectual. At such times the eclectic angler will not disdain to try some other means of tempting *S. fontinalis*, preferring to sacrifice sentiment so far as artificial flies are concerned, rather than return home with an empty creel.

It is in fishing for big speckled trout, if we believe what the eclectic angler tells us, that the bait most frequently accomplishes what the artificial fly has failed to do. That large trout are sometimes taken with a fly cannot be denied, but many fishermen who profess to know what

they are talking about, declare that as a rule bait is preferable. In other words, they say that the big trout which rises to a fly will almost invariably take a bait equally as well, if a tempting morsel is properly presented, and they claim to have learned by practical experience that good fish can sometimes be taken by using a small minnow, a chub's tail or even angleworms where fly-fishing in the same spot has proved ineffectual.

It is rarely essential to make extremely long casts while trout fishing in Adirondack waters. It is better for the angler to approach as near as caution will permit to the place where he has seen a trout rise or where he believes one to be lying, before making his cast. To possess the skill to drop one's flies gently in the precise spot where it is desirable to have them fall, is of far more practical value in every-day fishing than the ability to break the long-distance casting record. Most experienced fly-fishermen will probably agree that it is just and equitable that in fly-casting tournaments the test of skill should hinge upon the dexterity of a competitor in accurately placing his flies at a given distance, say from 40 to 75 feet, rather than the ability, perhaps in a measure because of the construction of rod or line, to hurl them a little further than any one else. For ordinary fishing on the rifts of Adirondack streams, 40 feet of line is ample, and more often a less amount is required. Occasionally on a bright day, while fly-casting on a shallow lake or over a cold bed or spring hole, it may be desirable to use more than 40 feet, but even then great care should be exercised not to let out more than is absolutely necessary. The angler who attempts to swing more line than he can readily handle will invariably find himself seriously handicapped in fishing, not only because of the extra risk which he takes of having his flies entangled in the shrubbery or the branches of overhanging trees, but on account of his inability to drop his flies in the exact place where he wishes to, and the additional fact that any undue slackness in the line will render the hooking of a trout difficult.

One of the most important lessons to be learned by the beginner in angling for brook trout is how to hook the fish when he rises to the lure. The trout must be fastened promptly, especially in fly-fishing. This does not mean yank him out of the water, but simply set the hook firmly into his jaw. Do not wait until the trout has time to discover that a fraud has been perpetrated and the hook will be instantly ejected. It is a pretty safe rule to strike the trout as soon as you realize he has struck your fly. To properly fasten a trout the so-called "wrist-knack," which all successful fly-fishermen must acquire, is very important. Proficient anglers, men of acknowledged literary ability, have essayed to impart to the world at large the real secret of the wrist-knack, but while their descriptions appear graphic to the initiated, the tyro often finds it extremely hard to put what they say into practical operation. It is equally difficult for the expert angler to show the beginner just how the act is performed and illustrate it and explain it so clearly that he can not go amiss. Experience is the only teacher from whom the trick can be learned, and oftentimes the pupil will be a good while in getting his lesson so thoroughly as to render success more probable than failure. Even after he thinks he knows all there is about it, repeated losses of good fish may demonstrate the fact that he has yet much to learn. There is something about the wrist knock which seems to baffle an absolutely lucid description, and, as in the case with wing-shooting, the batting of a curved ball or learning to ride a bicycle, only practice will bring an understanding. A short, quick movement of the wrist, very little force being exercised, is usually all that is necessary to hook a trout. Circumstances must regulate the action, however, for if one is using a long line or large hooks, or if the trout is a big one, somewhat more force is desirable than when the line is short, the hooks small and the fish under half a pound in weight. It is a good idea to make it a rule never to strike hard enough to lift a fish from the water even though it proves to be under the six-inch limit. The importance of quickness cannot be too strongly emphasized. When once acquired, the exercise of the wrist knock calls for neither conscious thought or effort, the act being as involuntary as that of walking or breathing. W. E. WOLCOTT.

UTICA, N. Y., April 18.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Season in Michigan.

CHICAGO, May 1.—One of the most important expeditions now pending among our local anglers is the trip of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club on May 15, plans for which are now well under way. As usual, the men of Grand Rapids are to be hosts of the Chicago contingent, and the arrangements already completed show that nothing is to be overlooked or left undone to make the occasion a successful one. The Grand Rapids Club will hold open house on the 15th, offering a little friendly casting tournament for the visitors, and following this there will be general exodus for the trout streams north of the enterprising little city of Grand Rapids—which latter in all likelihood contains more anglers of high grade than any other of its size in the United States. The F. & P. M. and the D. G. R. & I. railways will carry the visitors free of charge from Grand Rapids to the fishing grounds, an act which ought to reopen the old decision that corporations have no souls.

The schedule is for the Chicago members of the party to leave here May 14, reach Grand Rapids May 15, and to start north from there the evening of the 15th or the following morning. This will enable the members to fish on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, if they like, as well as Monday, and bring them back to Chicago Tuesday morning. This ought to be enough time out of doors to take the edge off that spring trout appetite. The hosts of the tournament will be companions on the stream, and they know where the trout are to be found. The Baldwin neighborhood will, of course, be popular, but the party will be widely scattered over the lower peninsula.

Regarding the best streams this year for trout in the Michigan lower peninsula, Mr. W. B. Mershon, of Saginaw, writes as below to a daily paper, in answer to requests for information, and his advice is worth follow-

ing, or at least keeping in mind for that trip which you are going to take after a while.

"In the early days Saginaw anglers used to frequent the streams around Farwell," says he. "There the first trout were planted in Michigan over thirty years ago. Now, probably more go to Baldwin than anywhere else. Baldwin Creek and the numerous branches of the Pere Marquette River are attractive spots for the trout fisherman. Brook trout as well as that gamy fighter, the rainbow trout, are to be found in the Pere Marquette. North of Baldwin many streams are reached by the old West Michigan division of the Pere Marquette. One of the nearest and best is the Little Manistee, formerly a grand grayling stream; now, not a grayling is to be found in it. Three miles west of Baldwin is the famous Pere Marquette Club, many members of which are residents of Saginaw. The Kinne Creek Club, as it is more familiarly known, is second to none in the United States, and is almost as well known as the famous Ristigouche Club of salmon anglers in eastern Quebec.

"There are also numerous fine trout streams reached by the D. & M. in the Alpena and Tawas districts; probably the grandest stream in Michigan, the Au Sable, lies in the pathway of the M. C. R. R. One can leave here on the sleeper at night and be on that stream at daylight next morning. It was formerly a grayling stream; now a grayling is rarely found in its waters, but instead is the grand fontinalis and magnificent rainbow, both planted fish and not native to the stream. The rainbow trout is not much of a fighter when taken away from its native haunts of the Pacific coast, in the majority of streams, but in two of Michigan's streams, the Pere Marquette and the Au Sable, it seems to show the full vigor of its native environment, and often attains a weight of seven or eight pounds.

"The Michigan Central crosses the Au Sable at Grayling. West of Grayling the headwaters of the Manistee river are reached. This stream is a poor trout stream, not naturally gifted to ever be a good trout stream, but it is an ideal grayling stream, and a few of these magnificent fish are still to be found; very few, just enough, if they were left alone, to, in the course of a few years, probably restock it. It is to be regretted that the effort made at the last session of the Legislature to have the upper waters of the Manistee set apart as an unfished stream for a period of three years for the purpose of protecting the grayling, failed of passage. It probably is too late now to save this grand fish from total extinction, but it is to be hoped that the next session of the Legislature will try and remedy the mistake made by its predecessors, and not let the grayling go the way of the buffalo, the wild pigeon and the wild turkey.

"The Fontinalis Club, numbering among its members some of Saginaw's residents, is on a magnificent fishing stream, reached from Vanderbilt; the club house is of the log cabin type. A fish hatchery is maintained on the club preserve.

"The Sturgeon, Black, Pine and Pigeon are all good trout streams of this northern Michigan district."

Among the Saginaw gentlemen to start to-day or yesterday for the trout streams are the following: B. W. McCausland and Alfred Norris left Wednesday for the Au Sable; Thomas Whittier and R. S. Campbell will go to the same stream. A party comprising Judge E. L. Beach, J. P. Sheridan, V. Kindler and J. N. Dietz will go in a few days to some place to be decided on later. Ed. Robinson, A. F. Cook and Al. Burwitz go to the south branch of the Au Sable. R. J. Birney and Andrew Scott are booked for the main Au Sable River.

Among the other trout anglers who will make an early start are Major Farnham Lyon, George B. Morley, Thomas A. Harvey, W. B. Mershon, C. H. Davis, J. B. Peter, R. Crofoot, George Grant, E. P. Stone, W. R. Morse, Ralph Loveland, Thomas Kerr, V. Goddard, Ira Bowers, G. M. Stark, Edward McCarty. Postmaster W. C. Linton, Prosecuting Attorney John F. O'Keefe, Thomas L. Kerr, Emil F. Achard and Edward M. Dennis are also northbound. The latter party of five go to Valentine Station, thence take wagon across to a camp on the head of the Black River. Of all the spots which I see mentioned as the objectives of these Michigan or Chicago parties, I should rather have a look at this Black River. I got a quiet tip a couple of years ago that if a fellow wanted a grayling real bad, so bad that he had to have him, he might do worse than get over into this very same Black River country.

The First Trout.

Valentine reminds one of the Indian River and Mullet Lake country of the upper end of the peninsula. While at a canoe camp on the latter body of water some years ago, I made a special trip to a small and horribly brushy stream called locally Nigger Creek, which I remember as being everything that a trout stream ought to be, and simply the most impossible place that ever tantalized the soul of a man who wanted to cast a fly or even to plunk a comfortable worm. There is a tradition that Nigger Creek was one of the first streams planted with trout by the State Commission many years ago. There are trout in it to-day, for the very good reason that it is so overgrown with brush and so utterly and unredeemably lost in big cedar swamps that the trout can not by any means be gotten out of it.

It was somewhat to my surprise, while talking with Mayor Harrison, of Chicago, this week—himself known to be a skillful and widely traveled fly-fisherman—to hear him say that the first brook trout he ever caught in all his life was taken some twenty years or so ago in this same dirty, crooked, overgrown little Nigger Creek. He was a young man then, and was stopping at some resort near by, where he got his direction perhaps much as I did later to Nigger Creek. He saw some good trout in the creek, just as I did, and he tried, just as I did many years later, to get his hook down between the logs and brush to where it could touch water. He felt a tug, gave a jerk, and landed a trout. His first one, up in the top of a cedar tree. Thence it fell to earth, dropping far down below a cedar windfall, and rolling itself into a black cinder in the ashes which underlay the windfall. Thence it was dug out, washed and gloated over by its captor. "I was alone," said Mayor Harrison, smiling happily at the thought of his first trout, "all alone there in the woods, but I gave a yell that you might have heard clear to Mullet Lake. I thought that trout was the pret-

tiest thing that ever grew on earth."

That was in the grayling days, and the beginner in Nigger Creek was to know very many happy days on the well-stocked streams of Michigan, where he had years of sport with grayling and their successors, the brook trout. I suppose every man remembers his first trout as vividly as does Chicago's Mayor. My own was caught far down in New Mexico, upon an Apache reservation where I certainly had no right to be at that time, though the sport of taking trout made us forget all about Apaches and everything else. I know I yelled when I caught my first one. I reckon everybody does.

La Crosse.

Don't overlook La Crosse, Wis., this summer in your plans. This pleasant little city, as I have often mentioned, is a very convenient point to touch when one is after some of that splendid bass fishing on the Mississippi River, as well as perhaps some of the best woodcock shooting to be had in the West. Neither should one forget the La Crosse River, especially in its course near to the town of Sparta. Some eight or ten miles northeast of the latter point are the falls of the La Crosse, prettily named the Trout Falls, where rumor hath it a goodly fish may now and again be taken. The run is said to be on now, and the trout may be seen leaping at the falls.

For Wisconsin.

For Wisconsin remember the Prairie for May, the Ontonagon near Watersmeet for June, the upper Brule for July, and above all the Peshtigo for August. The latter stream, if rightly worked, will yield some of the best rainbow fishing to be had in the West. It is not so good early in the summer.

The returns from the Prairie this week are not of the best. Charlie Antoine reports that the low, bright stage of water still prevails, the fish not showing much activity in fly taking as yet, though he took some good ones lower down the river than the place of catching forty-five reported one day last week. I sent Mr. Brazelle, of the Board of Education, up there yesterday, and to-day sent Mr. W. T. Davis, Chicago representative of the Kansas City Star, to the same place. The latter says he is "all played out," and "just must get out into the woods." We've all been that way. The Prairie will fix him up.

Bass Season Beginning.

May 3.—Some returns are in from fishermen who have been out trying for the bass in different waters adjacent to Chicago, and the general opinion is that the late warm rain and the present spell of bright, warm weather will start the bass moving pretty soon, though as yet nothing much is doing. A few fish have been taken at Cedar Lake, Ind., and the report is that the bass are nearly done spawning in that water, though this seems hardly possible. At Bass Lake, further south in Indiana, some fair fish were taken this week. Mr. Bellows, mentioned as having tried that water, fished in a gale of wind, yet managed to land four fine bass, each over three pounds, one of 4¼, and one of 4½ pounds; certainly a very good average.

To the north here, in the Fox Lake chain, better luck is expected for this coming week than has been had yet by anybody. Mr. C. S. Lawrence, of this city, went up there, to the much-fished Lake Villa region, and tried Cedar Lake, the pond-like sheet of water right up against the railway track there, and was lucky enough to kill a nine pound pickerel. He had a strike from the mate of the fish, also, but it broke away. He thought it quite as good a fish as the one he landed.

W. H. English is going fishing himself this week, but at this date has not decided just where to go. Among others who will leave to-morrow for a trip to some one or other of our bass waters are C. S. Lawrence, Fred Peet, Frank Smith, John Nasher and Tom Watters.

Stick.

Mr. E. R. Letterman, so long secretary of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, is sick in bed with inflammatory rheumatism, certainly a bad thing for a fly-fisherman to have, especially at this season of the year, when the streams are so inviting to the wader.

The Evergreen.

Charlie Antoine is going to retire from business next week and go fishing for the rest of the spring. His last plan is to go to Parish, Wis., next week, then to drop down to Antigo, and go inland, thence thirty-two miles to the headwaters of the Evergreen, which he thinks ought to be good this spring. It may be remembered that mention was made of this stream last year in these columns as one offering very good trout fishing; which is to say, trout fishing with the fly.

How to Disjoint a Rod.

If upon the trout stream or elsewhere the ferrules of your brand new rod, the rod dearer to you than the apple of your eye, the rod for which you paid \$30 coin of the realm, become stuck solid together, then let not your heart be troubled. There are all ways of doing things. For instance, my own new rod became thus fastened in the first and second joints, upon the Prairie River. We tried to pull it apart, each and every one of us, using an amount of strength which would have torn a more poorly-built fabric quite to pieces. Do our best, we could not start the ferrules. I do not know what caused the joints to stick in this way. The rod went together with smoothness and precision, then we took it out to practice in the evening. It might have been the dampness of the air, it might have been some caked oil upon the ferrule, but whatever the reason was we could not get these two joints apart. The rod stood thus for two days, and I thought I should have on my hands the problem of how in the world to get it home. It is only in such cases as this that we realize how limited are the spaces in civilized life. Take a rod disjointed and in three pieces, and you can carry it anywhere. Add one of those pieces to another and there is no place that you can take it whatever. It will not go into a sleeping car, you cannot get it into a carriage, you cannot send it by express, and, in fact, you have to sit up all night with it and mourn over it all day. Nonetheless do not despair. My friend is somewhat curious in tackle learning, and counseled me to take heart in regard to the situation, "We'll get it apart somehow."

said he. Mrs. Cone suggested kerosene, and although this seemed unwise, we grasped at it as the last chance. A little of this universal liquid was carefully placed in around the top of the recalcitrant lower ferrule. Then we set the rod up in the corner of the room to dry out over night. In the morning of the next day, when we had to go home, the rod was apparently tight as ever, yet with one good straight, determined pull, pop! it came apart, and all was saved. If you meet with similar accident, take your time, do not twist the rod, and if you cannot get it apart by heating the lower ferrule, as we did, or by a strong pull, then try kerosene and a night in the dry air, and then a straight, strong pull in the morning.

As to Tying Flies.

The height of bliss attained by the man who can build his own fly-rod is vouchsafed to very few of this earth. The man who can build both a fly-rod and the fly to go upon it is one of a still smaller circle. Yet one imagines that there be many anglers who can learn to build flies, even if they cannot build fly-rods. A Certain Person has conceived the notion that she can learn to tie flies, and I rather fancy that I could learn to do as much myself in the course of a dozen years or so. Be all that as it may, we did tie flies at Lossie's place on the Prairie, and tied flies which proved equal to killing trout. Nothing in our books quite covered the bill for these dark-bodied and light-winged flies which we saw the trout were taking. Whereupon madame executed upon a No. 10 hook a peacock body, a hackle cut from a squirrel's tail and wings made from the shoulder feathers of a widgeon. Perhaps the squirrel tail did it, for this sort of hackle moves most beautifully in the water. At any rate we found this fly to be about as good a killer as we had. Cow-dung and grizzly-king also did a turn. For myself, I joyed very much in a would-be Cahill fly, with a body made of fuzzy wool, with curious hackles and with wings which are not writ down in the canons of the handicraft. If one have ambitions in the fly-tying line, let him cherish them, for they are of all ambitions most easily capable of gratification. Moreover, there is no pleasure quite so keen as that of killing a trout upon a fly which you have made with your own fair hands.

Small Hooks.

We discovered with unmistakable benefit on the Prairie that small flies are the ones which do the killing. In fact, the small hooks have come to stay in this part of the world. On a wild stream the No. 6 hook is all right, and it may be dressed bright and gaudy. Fish such a stream a dozen years and you will do better to drop down to a No. 8. Fish it another dozen years and you will do better to drop down to a No. 12 or 14. Hooks Nos. 12 or 14 are the most popular ones now in the southern peninsula in the more fished streams, and I think our tackle dealers would do well to lay in larger stocks of these sizes in preference to the 6's and 8's which constitute the bulk of their stock in trade.

If one will examine his flies not only in the show case, but also in the water, he may learn several things. In the first place he will find that nearly all the trout flies are hackled too heavily and are built with wings containing too much feather. A fly which in the hand looks pretty and concise will, when placed in the water, take on the fashion of a dried apple, and increase to mayhap twice its original size. The hackles will expand, the wings will fluff out, and the whole thing will take on the ways of a door mat rather than of a bug. You will do well to carry with you a pair of scissors, wherewith to trim off wings and hackles. You will perhaps do better if you insist upon having smaller flies, or failing to obtain these, learn to tie them yourself.

Mr. E. G. Taylor, a trout fisherman of experience, states that he has found the squirrel hackle, over green or dark body, no wings at all being used excepting the squirrel tail, to be a killing form of fly for trout. Such a fly is very "live" in the water, and when handled properly by the rod, creeps and crawls about in most fascinating manner.

A friend of mine, bringing up the question of small flies and modest ties, says that he has found that trout which have been planted in a stream are always more notional regarding the flies than are the native trout in a wild stream which has not been stocked. I think the experience of others will bear him out in this assertion. In the Thunder Bay streams of Michigan we found flies like the jungle-cock, grasshopper, Parmachene-belle, etc., to be good killers. On the Prairie one would fish a long time before he would kill a trout on any one of these, and probably this is the experience of a great many streams which have been steadily planted and also steadily fished. The little Pine River, Messrs. Miller and McLeod's preserved stream in Wisconsin, which I have so often mentioned, is, I think, something of an anomaly. The small and dark flies do not seem to work there, and the No. 6 hook with such flies as silver-doctor, grizzly-king, etc., seems to be most desirable there. It is only fair to say, however, that the smaller flies, such as 12 and 14, have not been tried out there so thoroughly.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

E. HOUGH.

The Pennsylvania Trout Limit.

CLEARFIELD, Pa., May 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in this week's issue of FOREST AND STREAM a communication signed by M. Chill, in which he gives an account of Charles Northrup having caught on April 29 150 trout in ten hours on Shrader's Creek, Pa. Mr. Northrup might do well to look at the act of Assembly passed by the Pennsylvania Legislature and approved May 29, 1901, which prohibits any one person from catching in any one day more than fifty trout, and which must not be less than six inches in length. The penalty for violation of this law is ten dollars for each fish captured over and above fifty. If this statement of Mr. Chill be correct, Mr. Northrup is indebted to the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, or the Fish Commissioners, rather, in the neat sum of \$1,000, and I desire to call the attention of the Fish Commissioners to this letter. I like to fish for trout myself, have had something to do with fish and game protection in Pennsylvania, but I believe in obeying the law. It is up to Mr. Northrup to explain something about this great catch.

FRANK G. HARRIS.

Fish and Fishing.

Catching Lake Trout With a Fly.

A SEVENTEEN-POUND lake trout (*Salvelinus namaycush*) was captured in Lake St. Charles, near this city, a few days ago by an angler using a rod and short line with a minnow for bait. While it is not, of course, at all unusual for the lake trout to take the minnow, it is very seldom that it is taken so near the surface of the water as upon this occasion. Except in the earliest days of spring and in far northern waters, *namaycush* is a resident of very deep water, and as most anglers very well know, is usually to be had only by deep-water trolling. Yet there are instances on record where it has taken the angler's flies. One of these occurred a few years ago in the same Lake St. Charles to which reference has already been made. Mr. Lacon Walsh, of this city, noticed that swarms of minnows were leaping out of the water together at some distance from where he was fishing, and rightly assuming that they were fleeing from some powerful foe, he cast his flies over the surrounding water and was fortunate enough to hook a rising fish of large dimensions. It was saved after a struggle lasting nearly fifty minutes, and was found to be a lake trout of sixteen pounds. On this occasion, as upon that mentioned above, the catch was made almost immediately upon the breaking up of the ice, and it is rather surprising that more anglers do not cultivate the sport in question, though, of course, it can only be had for a few days each year, and even then, in only comparatively high latitudes. The late James W. Milner found that in Lake Michigan the "lakers" remain in the deepest part of the lake all the year round, except in the spawning season, which is usually about the end of October, so that fly-fishing for them thereabouts would be absolutely useless.

There are a very few instances on record where the lake trout has been taken on the fly in the earliest days of spring in both Grand and Moosehead lakes in Maine, but it is freely admitted that even in that latitude they are rarely taken with a surface lure more than three or four pounds in weight. In the always-cold water of the Nepigon, we have it upon the authority of Mr. W. H. Vail, of Cincinnati, writing in "Fishing With the Fly," that *Salvelinus namaycush* will occasionally rise to the fly, and take it with much the same kind of a swirl as the speckled brook trout does.

The voracity of these fish is most remarkable. Not even the monster predatory pike of northern waters has more sins laid to his charge. The whitefish make for it a delicious morsel, but it devours almost all other species of fish of suitable size, not even refusing the burbot or lake lawyer. The stomach of a large specimen is often a perfect omnium gatherum. The statement has been repeated upon no less an authority than that of Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, that among the singular articles which have been found in the stomach of this trout are "an open jackknife (seven inches long, which had been lost by a fisherman a year before at a locality thirty miles distant), tin cans, raw potatoes, chicken and ham bones, salt pork, corn cobs, spoons, silver dollars, a watch and chain, and in one instance a piece of tar rope two feet long. In the spring of the year wild pigeons have been found in their stomachs. These birds are supposed to have become bewildered in their flight over the lakes and have become the prey of the trout."

Food Supply for Fish.

Experiments of special interest to all students of fish life were recorded in a paper read at the last meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, by Dr. Henry B. Ward, professor of zoology in the University of Nebraska. The stocking of Lake Erie for so many years past with millions of fish caused the question to be raised as to whether there might not be more fish in the lake some of these days than there would be food for. It was Dr. Ward's novel and rather difficult problem to measure approximately the amount of fish fodder there was in Lake Erie. He was assisted in this rather unpromising task by Professor Reighard, and the result of their investigations has convinced them that there is evenly distributed through the waters of Lake Erie enough fish food to warrant the Fish Commission in going on stocking the lake with fish by the millions for years to come. The two scientists had to invent their own appliances. The process consists in raising a net, which has been lowered from a boat, through a straight upward lift of ten meters. A fine gauze net strains the water, the residue of animal life collecting in a tiny trap in the bottom of the net. In the mouth of the net is a water meter, registering the quantity of water tested through an electrical recorder on the deck of the boat, while an electrical registering scale records the weight of the food matter caught in the trap.

Deep Water Fishes.

The tremendous depth at which some of the lesser-known salt-water fishes have been found would almost furnish a theme for Jules Verne. One rather ceases, however, to wonder at these discoveries upon reading of Dr. Hjort's experiments in the North Sea, where he has found that cod and haddock are plentiful many thousands of feet below the surface of the ocean. It has been well observed that this discovery may solve the mystery as to where the cod abides when he withdraws from the coast. Already, the Newfoundland fishermen, who were taking it in shallow water near the shore less than a month ago, with lines not more than thirty to forty feet long, have to go much further out to sea for it now, as it recedes from the land with the progress of the seasons. May it not be, too, that the great difficulty of tracing the life history of the salmon in salt water is due to the extreme depth of its ocean habitat?

A Handsome Report.

Those who have seen the last annual report of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association will not be surprised to learn that there is quite a scramble for copies. In addition to the record of proceedings of the Association at its recent meeting at Burlington, Vt., there are reports of the two papers read upon the pike-perch and the Canadian red trout, with illustrations of both fishes, portraits, and a report of the discussion

of the papers read. As the increase of membership permits of it, it is likely that there will be constant improvement in the annual publications of the Association. All members of the Association who may not have received a copy may have one on application to the Secretary-Treasurer, and new members joining the Association will be entitled to a copy each, as long as the edition, which is a limited one, holds out.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

New England Waters.

BOSTON, May 2.—Fishing parties are getting to be numerous, and there is considerable enthusiasm, considering that the season is so very early. A party of six representative trout and salmon fishermen left Boston Tuesday evening for Farmington, Me. Thence they went by teams five miles to Clearwater Lake. They are the proprietors of Runaway Camp, which they completed last winter, and they go down this time to dedicate it, also to open the trout and salmon season at those waters. They started a day early in order to have everything ready for catching the first salmon on the morning of May 1. In the party are Messrs. F. E. Whiting, of the Boston Herald; W. S. Hinman, Bert Hanson, Jack Loud, George Bradford and George S. Parry. The ice has been out long enough for the smelts to have done running, a condition most favorable to good fishing. The owners of Camp Runaway have made an artificial trout pond at the inlet of Clearwater, which pond is in process of being stocked, and which is to afford the owners good fishing at all times in the season.

But the big party for Clearwater started Wednesday evening. The exodus was by private car attached to the St. John express. From Portland the party went by special train to Farmington, where it arrived at 6 o'clock A. M., May 1, the opening day of the trout and salmon season in Franklin county, Me. From thence the party was taken by teams, five miles, to Allen's Mills, on the shore of Clearwater, opposite Camp Runaway, noted above. Ed. Gay's boats and steam launch were in readiness for the party. Five camps had been pre-empted, and to the Boston boys the fun was equal to the novelty of the situation. Four days the sport lasted before the train had to be taken for home. The party was under the management of Dr. Heber Bishop, a gentleman well-known to land and water sportsmen. He has twenty-nine moose to the credit of his rifle, and this year he has opened the season at Clearwater with a party of twenty-seven anglers, all business and professional men. No less than six doctors and no undertakers were in the party. The names are as follows: Dr. Heber Bishop, Sidney Conrad, Dr. Lewis T. Foss, George J. Raymond, Charles H. Sprague, M. A. Spear, I. G. Sternberger, Fred E. Hall, William E. Schrafft, George F. Schrafft, A. J. McIntire, C. H. Elwell, Dr. S. R. Raymond, Henry E. Genond, C. W. Hutchins, Boston; Dr. Frank A. Darling, Dr. M. A. Cummings, East Weymouth; W. G. Bean, George A. Fernald, Winchester; Charles K. Foss, Haverhill; E. Sterne Wheeler, Saugatuck, Conn.; Dr. G. W. H. Williams, North Grosvenor, Dale, Conn.; Frank N. Ganong, S. H. Talbot, Cambridge; Merrill K. Green, Jamaica Plain. The salmon and trout in Clearwater Lake run from four to fifteen pounds. Largest salmon taken last season weighed 14¼ pounds.

BEMIS, Me., May 3.—There are thirty or forty sportsmen here, and fishing is beginning to be pretty good. But it will be a good deal better in a day or two. Supt. Lovejoy, of the Portland and Rumford Falls railway, opened the season Thursday, May 1, by catching a salmon of three pounds right off the wharf here. That evening's train brought fifteen or twenty sportsmen; Friday morning the steamer's landing was lined up with fishermen, and sixteen trout were taken before breakfast. The largest, 4½ pounds, was taken by J. P. Noyes, of Mechanic Falls, Me.; he also took three others before 10 o'clock. C. E. Gould and D. E. Adams, of Boston, both have made good catches, one trout of six pounds; J. F. Chute and Mrs. Chute, of Portland, are getting trout and salmon. Dr. H. P. Merrill, of Portland, who has had charge of most of the smallpox of that city, after Boston got through with it, is here. He was high line yesterday, catching two trout and six salmon, a beautiful string weighing about twelve pounds. C. E. Tower and Fred Boynton, of Portland, made a handsome catch Friday, one trout and three salmon, the largest salmon and largest trout weighing three pounds. Frank Stanley, of Kingfield, and John Reed, with R. W. Trask, of Roxbury, Me., arrived on the train Friday evening at 6 o'clock. Enthusiastic sportsmen, they were out trolling and had two or three good trout before dark. Mrs. W. K. Moody, of Boston, landed a three pound trout Friday. The thirty or forty sportsmen here are largely State of Maine people, with more expected next week. At the Birches, Mr. Leveseur, of Boston, and a friend opened the season Friday night; there were more arrivals, with a number to-day.

HAIN'S Landing, Maine, May 3.—The season is open here several days earlier than ever. Landlord Page, of the Senate Café, Washington, D. C., came on here with all his help Thursday evening, almost a car full. Fishing has started in well, with several good trout and salmon already taken on the Shark grounds, Stony Batter, and other points. Fish and Game Commissioner Henry O. Stanley, of Dixfield, came Thursday night and has been having his usual good luck. He deserves it, if any man in the world; all the credit of stocking the waters of the State with landlocked salmon belongs to him.

MIDDLE Dam, May 3.—The season has opened here most remarkably early. Richardson Lake opened several days before Mooselucmagantic, but since the travel is nearly all via Bemis, sportsmen did not begin to get here till early this week. There are several here, and they are doing well at the Dam, the Pool and other points. Several have gone to B-Pond, where the fly-fishing begins about as soon as the ice is out. Boats are running regularly to the Upper Dam.

PLEASANT Island Camps, Cupsuptic Lake, Me., May 3.—The season here has been a surprise to us all. But sportsmen are already arriving. Landlord Billy Soule is putting things to rights. Twenty-five or thirty guests are expected early.

SPECIAL.

New Jersey Salt Water Fishing.

NEWARK, N. J., May 3.—True to its traditions, Manasquan Inlet has developed the first bass fishing on the New Jersey coast. Thirteen so far have been taken, of which I have knowledge. More may have been taken which have not been made public, as some men on those as well as other grounds, take delight in hiding their light under a bushel of their own peculiar construction. Why it is that the Manasquan is always in the lead must be left to conjecture, or to some future Walton to develop the mystery. The only theory so far advanced is that the Manasquan is in fact a river draining a large territory, while the majority of the inlets are merely arms of the ocean and empty out but small portions of fresh water, and do not offer the attractions.

Weakfish have been taken in the pound-nets quite freely the past week. This is unusually early for them, as we ordinarily consider May 20 quite early enough to expect them. I have not learned of any place being taken yet, and they ordinarily precede the weakfish. I saw a monster mackerel in Wakinger's tackle store yesterday; it weighed a trifle over four pounds. This, to me, was a phenomenally large fish; they may grow larger, but I never saw one.

Asbury Park and Avon anglers are busy now in quest of the bass, but so far I have heard of no catches, which I would have done had anyone been successful, as I am on the ground every day. Weather permitting, I will make my first cast of the season to-morrow, but expect to be forestalled, as my enthusiastic friend, Judge Wm. B. Guild, has gone to the Avon grounds to-day, and if there is anything at all doing, ye bass is mighty apt to get into trouble at the business end of his line.

LEONARD HULIT.

Iowa Fish and Game.

DES MOINES, Ia.—By changes in our game and fish laws, enacted by the Legislature just adjourned, the pickerel and the festive catfish are placed among game fishes. I suppose this is intended to mean the blue or "channel cat," as no decent body out here eats the yellow or "mud cat." A sight of him is enough to turn a fellow's stomach. So now we can eat "channel cats," and count them among the piscatorial aristocracy. After all, a blue cat is not bad eating, fried nicely; at least, I've been thinking so for the last fifty years. Now that he is legally protected, he will be liked all the better.

Another provision limits the daily catch of game fish to forty of any and all kinds to one person.

Any party wishing to take from our waters, at any time and in any quantity, buffalo, carp, quillbacks, red horse, suckers and gar, can do so under the supervision of a deputy warden with a permit.

In the way of birds, rail, plover, sandpiper and marsh or beach birds are added to the protected list.

An effort was made to stop spring shooting of ducks and geese, but this failed to go through.

The open season on squirrels was changed to begin Sept. 1 instead of June 1. A sensible change.

SENEX.

100 Sportsmen's Finds.

Some of the Queer Discoveries Made by Those Who Are Looking for Game or Fish.

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A press dispatch from Kalamazoo, Mich., relates that Herman Hauslein, a hermit fisherman who lives on the banks of Wintergreen Lake, near here, came to Kalamazoo with a queer exhibit. While fishing, his line became entangled in what he took to be an ordinary snag. In trying to loosen it with a spear he brought to the surface the skull and antlers of an elk in which were seven teeth in a fair state of preservation. In the skull was buried a crude iron tomahawk, minus the handle, which had evidently rotted away. On previous occasions elk's antlers have been found in Wintergreen Lake, but never before a skull or teeth of an elk. Hauslein was offered \$50 for his find, but refused it.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Oct. 7-9.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society's show. John W. Bacon, Treas.
Oct. 21-24.—New York.—Ladies' Kennel Association of America's show. Miss M. K. Bird, Westbury, L. I., Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 26-29.—Philadelphia.—Philadelphia Dog Show Association's show. M. A. Vitti, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Aug. 19.—Emmetsburg, Ia.—Iowa Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fifth annual trials. Louis Stuehmer, Sec'y, Emmetsburg, Ia.
Aug. 26.—Salem, S. D.—South Dakota Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) third annual trials. E. H. Gregory, Sioux Falls, S. D.
Aug. —.—O'Neill, Neb.—Nebraska Field Trial Association's inaugural chicken trials. M. H. McCarthy, Sec'y.
Oct. 27.—Paris, Mo.—Missouri Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club), sixth annual trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y, Sedalia, Mo.
Oct. 27.——, Pa.—Monongahela Field Trial Club's field trials. A. C. Paterson, Sec'y.
Nov. 3.—Robinson, Ill.—Illinois Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fourth annual trials. W. R. Green, Sec'y, Marshall, Ill.
Nov. 3.——, Mich.—Michigan Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fifth annual trials. C. D. Stuart, Sec'y, Benton Harbor, Mich.
Nov. 10.—Bicknell, Ind.—Independent Field Trial Club's (member of the American Championship Club) fourth annual trials. H. S. Humphrey, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Nov. 10.—Ruthven, Ont.—North American Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fourth annual trials. Richard Bangham, Sec'y, Windsor, Ont.
Nov. 11.—St. Joachim, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's fourteenth annual trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 17.—Elizabethtown, Ky.—Kentucky Field Trial Club's (member of the American Championship Club) third annual trials. F. W. Samuel, Sec'y, Louisville, Ky.
Nov. 20.—Manor, L. I.—Pointer Club of America's (member of the American Championship Club) second annual trials. R. E. Westlake, Sec'y, Scranton, Pa.
Nov. 24.—Washington C. H., Ohio.—Ohio Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fifth annual trials. C. E. Baughn, Sec'y.

Dec. 1.—Washington C. H., Ohio.—American Championship Field Trial Club's second annual trials. Chas. B. Cooke, Sec'y, St. Louis, Mo.

Dec. 1.—Interstate Championship Field Trial Association's second annual trials. C. D. Cooke, Sec'y.

Dec. 15.—Huntsville, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's (member of the American Championship Club) third annual trials. John F. Fletcher, Sec'y, Birmingham, Ala.

—Western Field Trial Association's second annual trials. C. W. Buttle, Sec'y.

Hybrid Wolf Dog.

I HAVE much pleasure in calling attention to the annexed photo of a wild-bred hybrid which I have received from India from Major Manners-Smith, of Bikaner, who informs me that the hybrid, which is in his possession, is a first cross between a wolf bitch and a domestic dog, and is now just three years old.

Major Manners-Smith obtained her at Gilgit when a small puppy in April or May, 1899. She was caught in the hills above the village of Minawar, where the mother and the rest of the litter were seen, but the others all escaped capture. At first it was regarded as a specimen of one of the allied animals belonging to the genus *Cyon*, which is distinguished by having only two true molars in the lower jaw, twelve or fourteen in place of ten incisors, and long hair between the footpads, but she answers the description of *Canis* rather than of *Cyon*. Local inquiries at Minawar elicited the information that a wolf bitch in season had been seen consorting in the hills with their village dogs, and that the pups were probably the result of this visitation.

My correspondent personally saw three other specimens like this animal on various occasions near Gilgit. They all lived wild like the wolves, and killed village



HYBRID WOLF DOG.

sheep, as well as the wild Oorial *Ovis vignei*. One of these, if not more, in 1899-1900 and in 1900-1901, gave birth to litters in the jungle, having been apparently visited on both occasions by the village dogs of Minawar. Major M. Smith received a report of the 1899-1900 litter, but failed to get a specimen, as they were all killed by the shepherd boys, and he heard of their discovery too late. In 1900-1901 the mother was caught and killed by the villagers, with her litter. The skin and skull of this specimen and two of the puppies were sent to the Indian Museum in Calcutta. The same year he tried to breed from his specimen with a retriever dog, but failed. This year the bitch allied herself with a crossbred Indian dog, and had a litter of seven pups. These all took much more after the sire than the mother. Major Manners-Smith informs me that the beast is fairly tame, and is fond of him, but cannot be trusted without a muzzle, as she chases sheep and goats, whenever possible. I may add that he has kindly offered to present her to the Zoological Society if desirable.

The existence of this hybrid is of much interest as bearing on the question of the origin of the domestic dog, which has always been the subject of much controversy. Some naturalists believe the dog to be a distinct species, the original animal no longer existing in a wild state; others, to use the words of the late Sir William Flower, have sought to find its progenitors in some one or other of the wild races, such as dogs, wolves, or jackals; while a third set believe it is derived from the mingling of two or even more wild species, which is undoubtedly the most probable theory, and one which receives considerable support from the present example, for which I have to express my indebtedness to Major Manners-Smith.—W. B. Tegetmeier in London Field.

American Kennel Club Stud Book.

WITH each recurring year the American Kennel Club Stud Book appears with greater thickness from cover to cover. Vol. 18, 1901, comes to hand with "59,209 to 65,643" stamped in gold on the back thereof, which indicates the number of registrations contained in that volume of the official stud book. Beside the registrations, it contains a list of the active members of the A. K. C.; the names and addresses of the associate members; kennel names, prefixes and affixes; a list of the champions of record; a list of foxhound and beagle trials and the winners thereof; a list of the bench shows and their judges, 1901; a list of bench show winners, 1901, and also much other valuable information. It can be obtained of Mr. A. P. Vredenburg, Secretary A. K. C., 55 Liberty street, New York.

Points and Flushes.

The report of the annual meeting of the Fox Terrier Club, of which Mr. H. H. Hunnewell, Jr., is Secretary-Treasurer, shows an active participation in competitive matters and a generous disbursement in relation thereto.

Yachting.

For Cruising Yachtsmen

WITH the purpose of stimulating the interest in cruising, and the keeping of a detailed log by cruising yachtsmen during the season of 1902, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer prizes for the best stories of cruises submitted to be published in FOREST AND STREAM. It is believed that these will form not only entertaining records of pleasant summer days spent afloat along our coasts and waterways, but will furnish information of practical value to other yachtsmen making subsequent cruises on the same waters.

Prizes will be awarded to the three best stories as follows:

First prize, \$50.00.

Second prize, \$30.00.

Third prize, \$20.00.

Contributions are invited under the following conditions:

1. The cruise must be made in waters of the United States or Canada in the season of 1902.

2. The cruise must be made in a sailing yacht, power to be used only as an auxiliary, if at all.

3. The story must be prefaced by a description of the boat. Cruises should be treated in as interesting and readable a way as possible, but should be practical and contain all possible information and data that would be of value to men going over the same route. A description of the handling of the ship in all weathers will be regarded very favorably in making awards, and it is suggested to writers that an accurate account be kept of all incidents happening while under way.

4. An outline chart suitable for reproduction, showing the course taken, must accompany each article. When possible, articles should be accompanied by amateur photographs taken on the cruise, including one of the boat. Good photographs will be considered in making the awards.

5. The story should contain about seven thousand words, written on one side of the paper only, and must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York city, on or before Nov. 15, 1902.

Mr. T. C. Zerega has very kindly consented to act as judge and to make the awards.

Designing Competition for the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

To be Known as the Seawanhaka 15-Footers.

THE competition is open both to amateur and professional designers. Three prizes will be awarded for the best designs of a yacht conforming to the following conditions:

I. A keel sloop to measure 15ft. racing length under the club's new rule.

II. Sails: Mainsail, jib and spinnaker. The area of the mainsail and jib shall not exceed 350 sq. ft., not over 80 per cent. of which shall be in the mainsail.

III. Planking shall not be less than 1/2 in. in thickness.

IV. Spars shall be solid, and the mast shall be of sufficient strength to be used without runners or preventer backstays.

V. Cockpit shall be open, and bulkheads or air tanks are to be provided sufficient to insure the boats being non-sinkable.

VI. The boats shall be capable of carrying full sail in ordinary summer breezes on Long Island Sound.

VII. Construction shall be strong and durable.

VIII. All competitors must furnish a drawing of the lines, which will also show the position of the lead keel, and a table of calculated weights, which will give displacement, weight of lead, weight of hull, weight of rig, center of buoyancy and center of lateral resistance, center of effort and center of gravity of the lead keel; also a sail plan, on which the diameters of spars and sizes of rigging shall be marked; also a deck plan and amidship section, which will show height of cockpit seats and floor, and height of coaming. The midship section must also show the construction.

The boats are to be measured with a crew of two men aboard, their weight to be taken at 300lbs.

The actual sail area will be measured.

The following prizes will be awarded: First prize, \$100; second prize, \$50; third prize, \$25.

In the event of one of the prize designs being selected by the club and yachts being constructed therefrom, the winner, in lieu of the cash prize, may furnish the necessary additional plans and specifications and supervise the construction and receive \$25 for each yacht built. In awarding the prizes, speed will be the first consideration, but appearance, construction, simplicity of rig and convenient arrangement will also carry weight.

Sail plan, 1/2 in. scale. All other plans, 1 in. scale.

The designs must be received at the office of FOREST AND

STREAM, 346 Broadway, New York city, not later than May 15, 1902, and should bear a nom-de-plume only. A sealed envelope containing the designer's nom-de-plume, together with his own name and address should accompany the designs. The right is reserved to publish any or all of the designs. Those desiring the return of their drawings should inclose the necessary postage.

The designs will be judged by a committee consisting of Messrs. John Hyslop, A. Cary Smith, J. Rogers Maxwell, Jr., and Clinton H. Crane, and the result of the competition will be announced through these columns in the issue of May 24.

The club's new rule referred to in Paragraph I. is as follows: Yachts shall be rated for classification and time allowance by racing measurement, which shall be determined by adding to half the load waterline length, half the square root of sail area, and a quantity expressed as L, and by dividing the sum of these quantities by 1.1.

$$\frac{\frac{1}{2} \text{ LWL} + \frac{1}{2} \sqrt{\text{SA}} + \text{L}}{1.1} = \text{RL}$$

The quantity L is to be obtained in the following way: B is breadth of load waterline plane at 1/8 of its length from forward end.

B' is breadth of load waterline plane at 1/8 of its length from after end.

B" is breadth (greatest) of LW plane.

C is any excess of (B+B') over B".

D is draft at MS+2-5 of any greater draft aft, and all of any greater draft forward.

E is any excess of (B"+D) over 3 1-3 $\sqrt{\text{MS}}$ submerged. C+E=L.

How to Build a Launch from a Set of Plans.

BY C. G. DAVIS.

THE rapid development of the gas engine during the past few years has put so many launches on the market that hundreds of people now enjoy boating who were not interested in it before the advent of these handy and serviceable little machines.

Nearly every town has its own make of gas engines, and boating is indulged in where sailing was out of the question. Then, too, so many people, especially the women, who are too timid to trust themselves on a sailboat, can now enjoy the water in a launch.

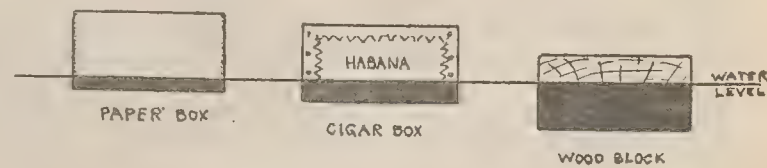
Its cheapness has put it within the reach of hundreds who could not afford a steam yacht or steam launch with a licensed engineer to run it. With a gas engine all expense and consumption of fuel ceases the moment the motor stops.

A boat designed for use on Seneca Lake, would be of no use whatever to use in going in and out of Rockaway Inlet. That is where the inexperienced man sometimes makes a mistake. A boat is a boat to him—nothing more. But to those who study boats one is as a tender lap-poodle compared to a hardy fighting bulldog. One is to glide about on moonlight nights when the world sleeps, and with a lake like a mirror beneath and silvery moon above, to slip quietly along lulled by the music of a guitar into forgetfulness of this world's trials. But when the wind gets up and blows about five miles an hour, such a butterfly runs into a boat house and ties up for security. Her sides are frail—she is long, narrow, and low, and a wave a foot high would swamp her. Of what use would such a boat be to a party of bluefishers who want to buck the tide and seas that run 3ft. high in Rockaway Inlet. And the boat drops off the crest of one sea into the hollow of the next with a shock that would break every frame in the lake craft's hull.

Fortunately, boats seldom migrate enough to bring about the dangers I have just outlined. But occasionally this scene has been enacted, and I can distinctly remember the old boatmen on the Hudson River remark, when a party put off into rough water in a boat built up State and intended for use on a small lake, "There goes another suicide party."

But to come down to some of the principles that govern boats. The subject of floatation is naturally of first importance. Suppose you had a cigar box made of cedar, as most of them are; a paper box exactly the same size, and a solid block of wood also the same size. If all three are put into a pan of water, they will float as shown in Fig. 1, each sinking according to its weight. What is

FIG 1.



true of these square blocks is just as true of a launch and furthermore, each block or launch sinks until the water that the hulls take up or displaces is equal to the weight of the launch, men, engines and everything in it. To prove this, take a pan with a drain pipe fitted at one end and fill it so it overflows, then when it has drained so the water is just up to the drain, set your cigar box into it and catch what water runs out in a cup. You will find by weighing them that the box and the water in the cup are both the same weight. The water the solid block displaces will likewise weigh just what the block weighs.

But you can't weigh a launch very easily, nor can you measure the water the launch displaces. But by setting the launch in water and marking a line around her to show how deep she set in it, we can calculate the size in square feet of the launch below the surface of the water from her plans, if we have them, and as each square foot of salt water weighs 64lbs., we can find how many pounds of water she displaced by multiplying the number of

square feet by 64. This is the total weight or displacement, as it is called, of the launch and everything in her, when the line was marked, showing how deep she sets in the water.

For all general purposes this can be determined before a boat is built or even designed, if a man wants to know about how much weight she will float, by multiplying the length on the waterline by half the width on the water, and this product by half the depth; this product will represent the cubic feet contained in the launch. This will be, as I said, approximately, the displacement or weight the boat will carry and float at the waterline as marked, and when multiplied by 64 will give the total displacement in pounds.

Length $\times \frac{1}{2}$ breadth $\times \frac{1}{2}$ depth $\times 64$ = displacement in pounds.

Because in whittling out the shape of the launch from a square block, just one-half of both width and depth is cut away in nine cases out of ten.

Take the launch that we have described how to build for an example. Her length on the water is 17.75 ft., $\frac{1}{2}$ her beam 4.75 = 2.375 ft. and half her draft 1 ft. = .5, therefore $17.75 \times 2.375 \times .5 = 21 \times 64 = 1,344$ lbs.

She will float a total weight of 1,344 lbs. There is one item difficult to determine, and that is how much of this weight the hull represents. Suppose we say the hull will weigh 700 lbs., the whole can be figured up as follows:

Hull	700	Displacement	1,344
Two people at 150....	300		
Engine	250		
Oil, fuel	80		

	1,330	
Miscellaneous	14	
	1,344	1,344

The difference between a man who can draw a plan and figure displacement and build a boat from them, and the man who builds his launch from a model whittled out of wood, is this: The latter may build just as good a looking launch, but he doesn't know when he puts her into the water how deep she is going to set into it, and how much of it he will have left above water; whereas, the man with a plan can figure out just the number of cubic feet contained in the boat below the waterline, long before she is built. This tells him just how many pounds the boat will float and come to her designed waterline. He knows by computing the weight of his engines, coal, water, tanks, anchors, chains and everything going into her just how many pounds he has to float, and if the weight of water his plans shows him his boat is going to displace does not equal these figures, he increases the size of the boat below water until he has enough buoyancy to float the required weight; or if he has more boat than he needs he can cut down the bulk below the water, so when she is launched she will float just to her required waterline.

Having shown how you can assure yourself the launch will float at the proper depth, the question now comes up, "Will the launch set even on the water when her engine is in?" In this we will start again with the assumption that in most launches the center of buoyancy is in the middle of her length.

Looking sideways at the block of wood which represents our model, Fig. 2, if it were square its whole length



it would float even and a weight placed exactly in the middle would cause it to sink as much at one end as at the other. In other words, to be technical, we would say its center of buoyancy is in the middle of its length. If the launch is cut away as much forward as aft the bulk of wood will remain equal at each end and the center of buoyancy remain in the middle. This we have assumed to be the case in our launch, and so if the engine, tanks and people were all put in the center, she would go down equally at each end. But as this is not practical on account of the engine being placed aft, something else must be put forward to balance it. If not, the launch would be tipped down at the stern end.

Any one can figure out this problem. The grocer does it every day when he weighs out to you a pound of butter. He knows just how far out on the scales to put a small weight to balance the pound. This is all you have to do. If the engine (Fig. 3) weighs 300 lbs. and is 2 ft.



aft of the center of buoyancy, to balance it you must have some weight that multiplied by its distance forward of the center will equal $(300 \times 2 =) 600$. A tank holding 25 gals. of naphtha 4 ft. forward would balance this as at 6 lbs. per gallon 25 gals. would weigh 150 lbs. $\times 4$ ft. = 600 foot pounds, as it is called. So the weight forward and aft are equal so far as any tendency to tip the boat goes. The naphtha, like the small weight of the grocer's scales, equals the larger weight of the engine by being at the end of a longer lever, Fig. 4.



There is another point worth consideration before we leave this subject, and that is the stability or power of the launch to resist being upset.

This can best be illustrated by a ball and a square box. Suppose both were setting on the table. You could turn the ball over with a slight touch, but the box resists being turned over, and the wider and flatter the box the harder it will be for you to turn it over. This resistance to upsetting is what we call "stability" in boats. And, as the ball and box have illustrated, stability is greater in the flat boat than it is in the round one.

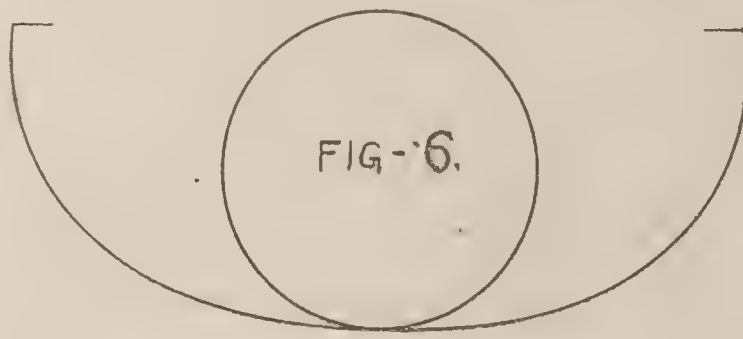
Put the two in a pan of water and you will find that a fly, if he should alight on the ball, would cause it to roll

over, while the square block would hardly be affected by his weight. Fig. 5.

FIG-5.



This is "initial" or "natural stability." We now have what is called "artificial" stability." That is, if we should take the ball and tack a piece of lead to it we would sink the ball deeper and the lead would always be acting as a lever to hold the ball upright. Several flies could then alight on it and not roll it over, but if enough of them could land on it to more than equal the weight of the lead the ball would again roll over. Its tendency would be to always have the greatest weight hanging underneath. If the flies, to prevent getting wet as the ball rolled over, should fly off, the lead would again become the heavier and bring the ball back to its upright position again. I bring this subject up mainly as a warning to the inexperienced not to get the motor and other heavy parts too high up in their launch. Launches are not made perfectly round like a ball, but are flattened out to more the shape of an oval, Fig. 6.



If they were circular, the point upon which they would turn or rotate would be just where the axle is in a wheel—in the center. Yacht designers call this by the technical name of meta-center.

Perhaps a clearer explanation of this principle is afforded us in the old-fashioned baby cradle or a rocking chair, Fig. 7.



Two lines, A and B, squared up from the ends of the rocker, meet at a point C, which is the axle of what would be a wheel if the rocker were carried on around. This is the meta-center, and so long as the weight of a man's body is below this point, the rocker will not upset.

The lower the man's weight is below C the safer he is from a capsize, and the nearer he gets to C the easier it is for the rocker to tip over.

This is just the same in a launch, and it is good policy to keep the weight of engine, etc., as low as possible.

The narrower the launch the lower her meta-center is, and therefore the lower must be her weights of machinery, etc. A man can upset a canoe by standing up in her, but he can stand up with safety in a flat-bottomed skiff the same length.

As the propelling power has so much to do with the engine, it is not worth while going too deeply into the subject. The propeller has been found the most efficient means of turning the rotary motion of the engine into forward push. The power exerted by the engine is not all realized in push. Some is lost in friction, turning the shaft in its bearings, and some at the propeller. If it were some solid substance instead of thin water the propeller were turning in, the propeller would turn ahead whatever its pitch or angle of the blades were. If the pitch was 12 in., the propeller for every revolution would cut its way ahead 12 in. But water gives away so easily when a pressure is put upon it that there is quite a lot of energy or power used in driving a current of water against the surrounding water. The faster the boat goes ahead the quicker the screw cuts into clear water and less power is wasted in driving a current of water astern. The difference between the distance the propeller should move ahead according to its pitch and the distance it actually does drive the boat ahead, is called the slip.

Boat building, as any one who has ever tried it has soon found out, is a trade distinct in itself. It is unlike house building, wagon building or any of those trades principally in the fact that every square foot of the boat

is of a different shape from the part next to it. It is nothing but a variety of bevels from one end to the other. But, like house building, wood-working tools are used, and, like the blacksmith or wagon maker who has special contrivances for bending the tires for the wheels, boat builders have special wooden moulds or forms over which to bend the frames for the boats.

A man, having a knowledge of wood-working tools and how to use them, has a big advantage over one who must learn all that in building his first boat. It is quite enough to learn the art of boat building after the carpenter trade has been mastered without trying to learn the two at once. But as the individuality of the man has so much to do with this, we will suppose the novice to be a "handy" man with tools, and simply give a list at the end of this article of what tools are necessary for boat building, and not attempt to explain all that is to be learned in carpentry. Court plaster is the best reminder of lessons learned by practice.

It would be almost an impossibility to try and explain to the novice at boat building the hundred and one various ways different builders go about the building of a launch by what is called the "rule of thumb" method. The method by which they build a boat without plans, "just," as they tell you, "framing her by eye." But the more exact method of building from a plan admits of a very complete explanation, because the boat, instead of being an imaginary form in the brain of her builder, is drawn out to an exact scale from which measurements can be taken and work laid out before any timber is cut.

There is no such thing as guesswork in building from a plan; the designer does all that when he drafts out the plan. It is your place to follow them. It's a very nice piece of work to take a set of plans, drawn on a sheet of paper, which merely represent the curves the designer wants the outside of the completed hull to assume, and lay them out full size in such a way that you can tell the exact shape and bevel of every piece of wood. Yet when you understand it, like everything else in this world, it is simple enough. I will not go so deep into this subject as to change the nature of this work into the theory of design rather than an explanation of how to build a launch. A certain amount of insight into the subject of plans, etc., is necessary, in order to understand and follow the work as I explain it.

The hardest part of such a work as this is for me to realize that many of my readers are not just as conversant with buttock lines, waterlines, etc., as myself, but I will try and go back to the days when such names were Greek to me and explain in such a simple manner that any novice may follow my explanation of how to build a launch.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Prisca.

PRISCA was designed by Mr. C. O. Liljegren and built by the Gothenburg Mechanical Works in 1900, for Mr. Henric Pripp, a Swedish yachtsman who has had considerable experience in yacht sailing and racing. He wanted a racing boat that would not leak after every race, no matter how hard she might be driven, as wooden boats of light construction often do, although well built, and for that reason steel was chosen as the material for Prisca.

Prisca is probably the smallest steel sailing yacht that has ever been seen in the pages of FOREST AND STREAM, but we live in an age of steel, and every year will see more and more yachts built of this material. For cruising yachts this material cannot be beaten, and with ordinary care there is little or no danger from deterioration, as has been borne out by actual facts. Her dimensions are as follows:

Length—	
Over all	48 ft. 9 in.
L.W.L.	30 ft. 0 in.
Breadth—	
Breadth—Extreme	10 ft. 0 in.
Draft—Extreme	6 ft. 9 in.
Displacement	11,700 lbs.
Ballast on keel	4,200 lbs.
Sail Area—	
Mainsail	1,000 sq. ft.
Jib	350 sq. ft.
Total	1,350 sq. ft.

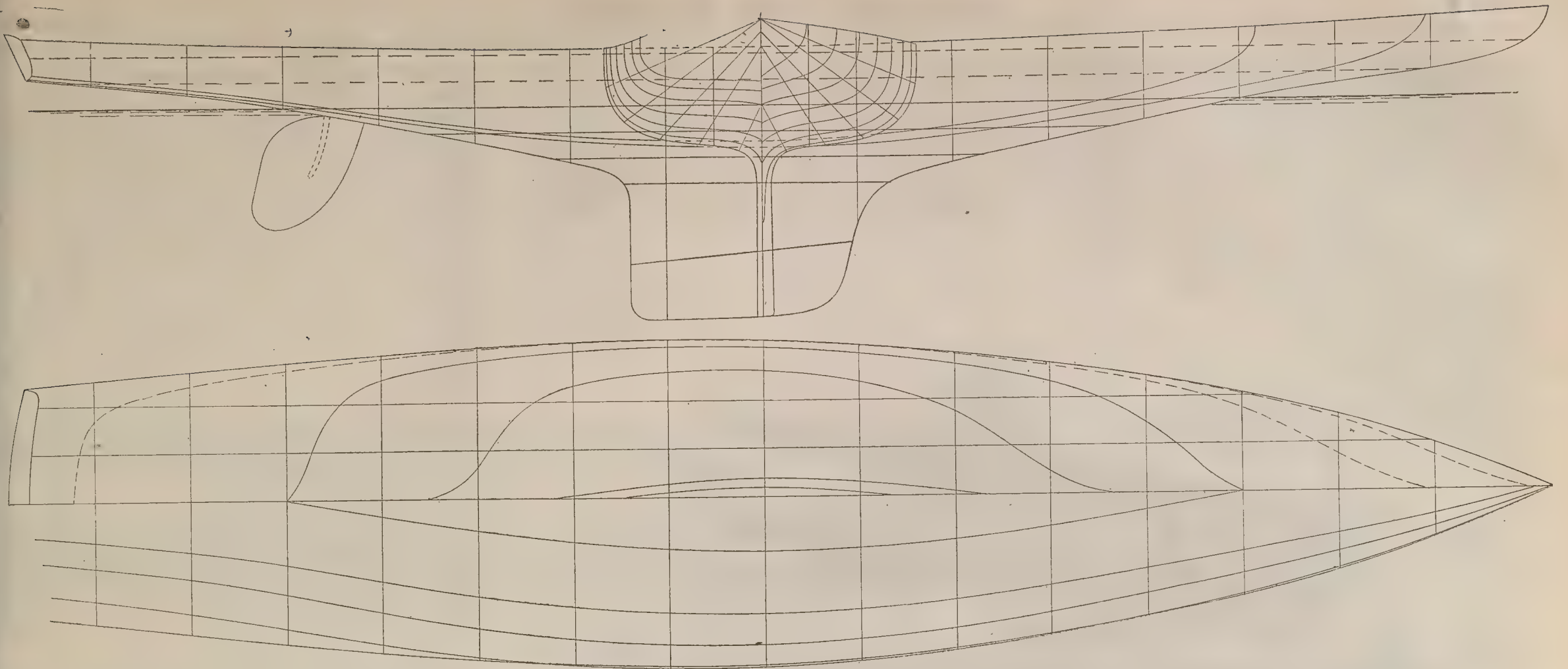
As has been stated, the hull is built of mild steel, except deck, beams and cabin trunk, which are of wood. Frames are $1\frac{1}{4} \times 1\frac{1}{2} \times 3$ -16 in., plates 3-16 in. in keel, 1-10 in. in bilge and sides. Deck of 1 in. white pine, and cabin trunk entirely of mahogany, $\frac{3}{4}$ in. thick. The hull is specially strengthened under the mast by heavier plates and angles, in addition to mast stool and stringers.

For a small yacht, a hull of steel is, of course, heavier than one of wood built for racing only, but it is certainly not heavier than a wooden hull strong enough to stand rough weather without leaking. But in spite of her heavy hull, Prisca has shown herself very fast during two seasons of racing, especially in her windward work, having repeatedly beaten larger yachts sailing against heavy sea and wind.

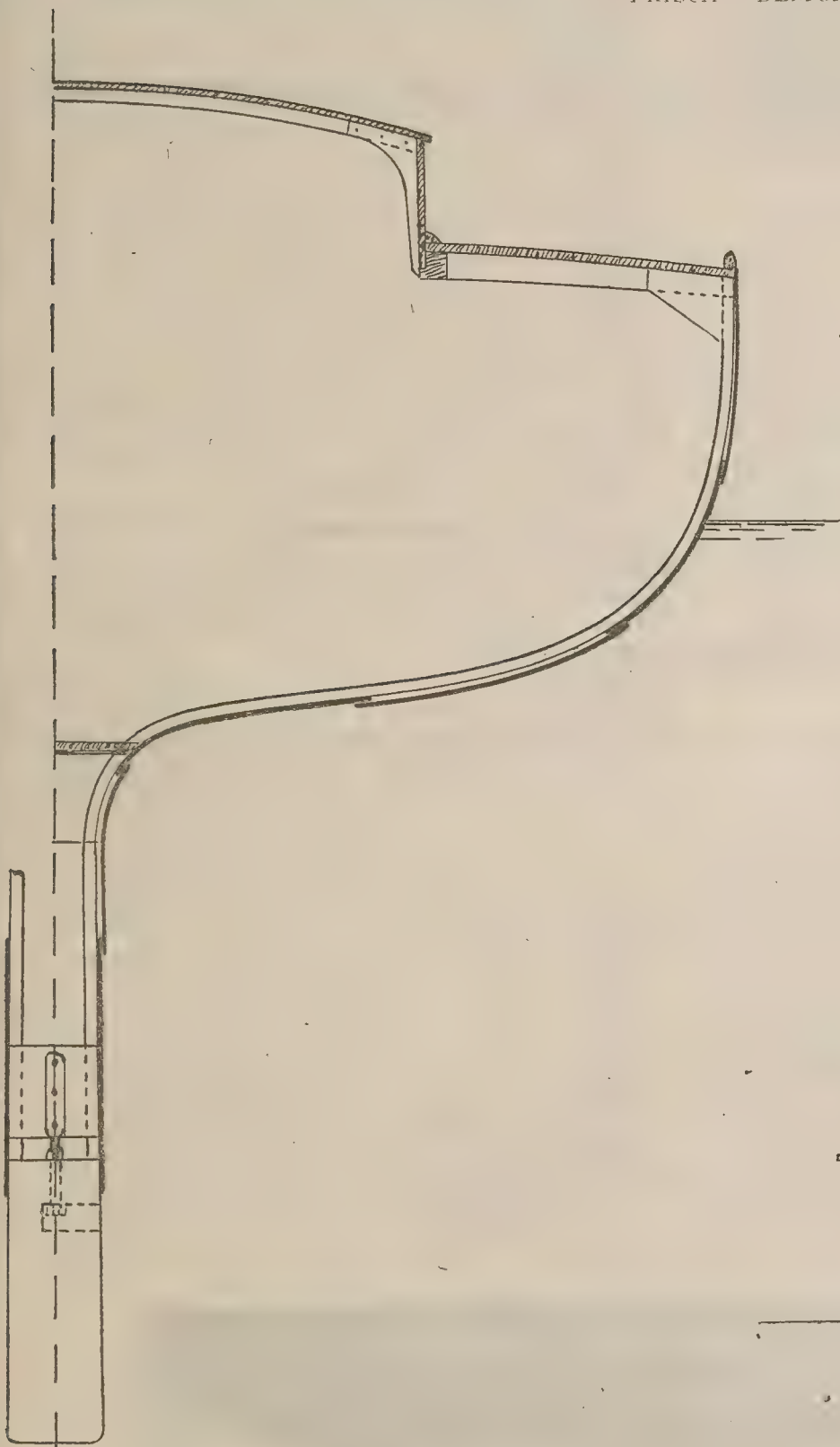
The accompanying photo shows her racing in her first race. Her sails were made by an American firm, but in justice to the sailmakers, it must be said that the sails were not properly stretched, as time did not permit; later they have given entire satisfaction.

Although designed for racing, Prisca has very good accommodation under the cabin house, with four berths in cabin, a toilet room and two berths in forecabin. Aft there is a large self-bailing cockpit, with seats on deck.

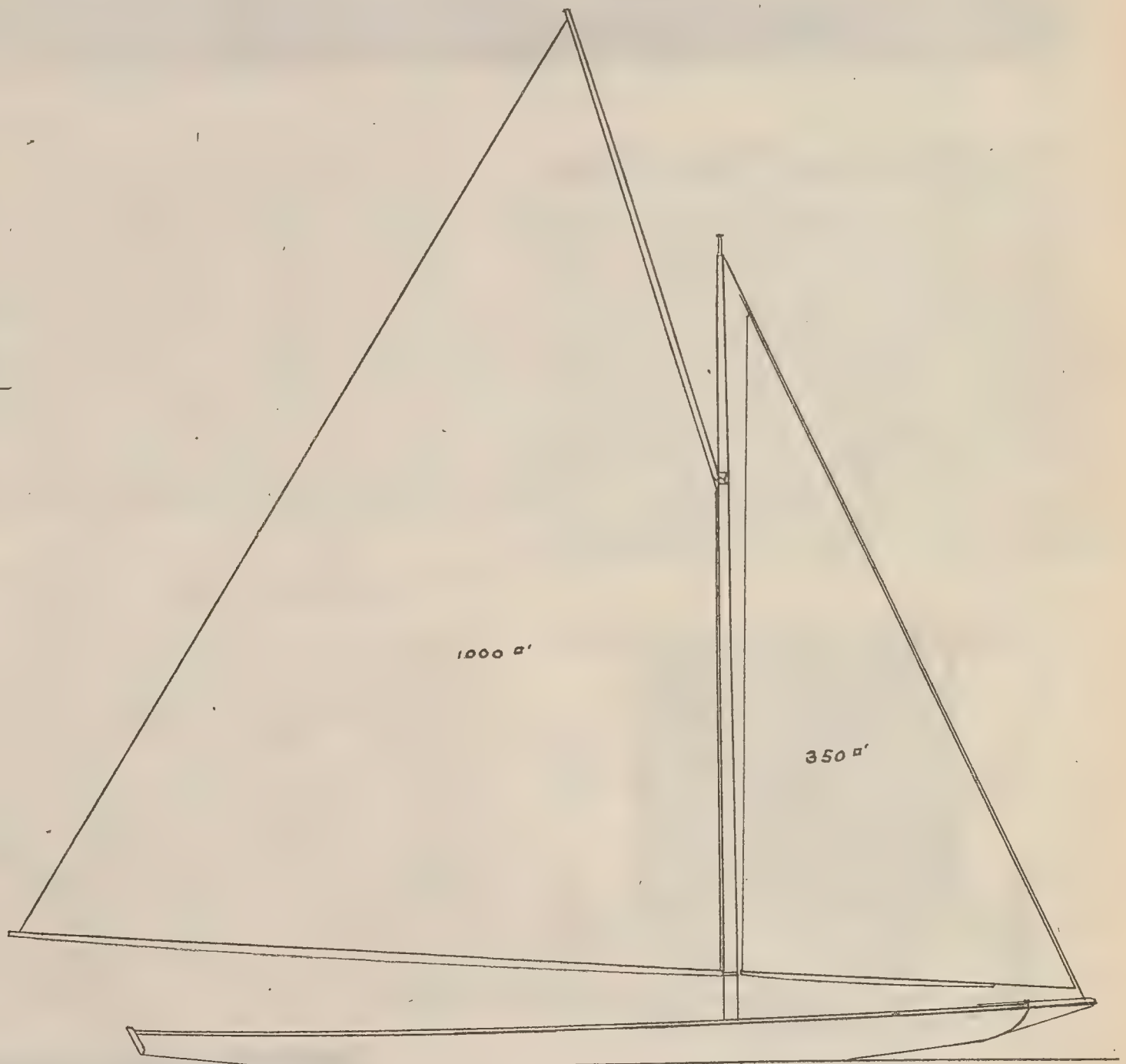
Mr. Liljegren was born in Gothenburg, Sweden, and was the son of a well-known ship owner. He was graduated from the Royal Technical College at Stockholm as a naval architect. He afterward spent several years studying in the largest shipyards in England, France and Germany. Mr. Liljegren has been in this country for over five years, and during that time has been employed by the Herreshoff Mfg. Co., Bristol, R. I.; the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Co., the New York Shipbuilding Co., Camden, N. J., and is now president and general manager of the Standard Shipbuilding Co., Perth Amboy, N. J. He is a regular member of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers.



PRISCA—DESIGNED BY C. O. LILJEGREN FOR HENRIC PRIFF.



PRISCA—MIDSHIP SECTION.



PRISCA—SAIL PLAN.

Western Yachts.

Winnebago Boats.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 1.—The season of 1902 will be a busy one in the State of Wisconsin, nowhere busier than on the big water of Lake Winnebago; but developments show that the sport of yachting in that vicinity is to take the form not so much of devising more freaks to add to the already considerable freak list from Oshkosh, as to a steady trying out of the types already in use. The 1902 boats are going to be scows of the ultra shovel-nose type, the same upon which the Winnebago fleet relied last year, though the scows promise to be a bit stronger and stiffer, more seaworthy and more durable with their heavier scantling. There may be a revival of the building boom next year, but at present owners are lying back for a bigger effort then. Jones & Laborde are credited with a Seawanhaka entry now in course of construction which, with two from White Bear, are to represent the West at Bridgeport one of these fine days. This firm built the well-known Milwaukee, which cut such a figure at Chicago last summer, as well as the older boats Argo, Aderyn, Anita, Emanon, and the split-tail Caroline. The latter named boat, by the way, is to be put in commission, overhauled and tuned for a try for the Gunter cup of Pistakee Y. C., Anita being also slated for a rub with the boat from farther south.

Oshkosh Y. C. is in good shape, with 160 members and nearly as many more likely before the close of the season, and a new \$5,000 club house assured at the new

harbor, which has been determined upon recently as a necessity for next year. This club was organized in 1871, and is therefore one of the oldest as well as one of the most important of the western clubs. We may look for something new and representative from Oshkosh every year. The regatta of the Inland Lake Association may be said fairly to belong there.

At the meeting of the Oshkosh Y. C., Phil Sawyer was chosen commodore; L. Frank Gates, vice-commodore; Jimmy Jones, fleet captain; Chester Cleveland, secretary, with Oscar F. Crary, treasurer. Fred Luhm is elected official measurer for the club. All the foregoing are men long and prominently identified with the sport on Winnebago waters, and the interests of Western yachting are safe in their hands. The annual regatta will be held in August, at a date not yet decided. The club will be represented at Pewaukee by Caroline. The return of the inland regatta to Winnebago next summer will be the signal for a special effort in designing and building which will make one more step forward in the swift progress of yachting in the West.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Dr. J. G. Ayer, of New York city, has recently purchased the 25ft. cruising yacht Iroquois through the office of Frank N. Tandy. This boat was owned by Mr. R. K. Thorndike, who used her for sailing at Bar Harbor. Dr. Ayer will use the Iroquois for cruising on Long Island Sound.

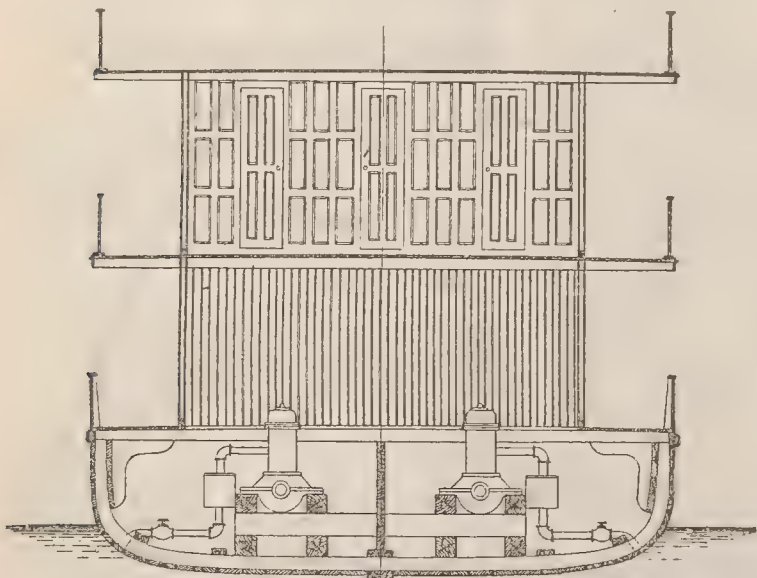




HOUSE-BOAT WHIM WHAM.

The House-Boat Whim Wham.

THE conditions surrounding the navigation of the Florida coast line, and particularly the inland lagoons and rivers, are so different from our Northern waters, that in 1897 Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., had a craft especially designed to fulfill these requirements. The principal features are light draft, so as to be able to navigate the shallow rivers and lagoons; twin screws to give great maneuvering power in the narrow and tortuous channels; a light hull, with numerous watertight compartments, so that striking a snag or knocking a hole in her bottom means nothing more serious than partially filling a few compartments with water and increasing the draft somewhat; sufficient strength of hull, so that outside runs of from fifty to sixty miles may be made with safety; large and high staterooms with ample ventilation; wide passage all around with covered deck and side curtains to protect the living quarters from the direct sun,



WHIM WHAM—MIDSHIP SECTION.

and fine copper wire netting or screens for all windows, doors and openings to keep out mosquitoes and insects generally, so common to tropical climates.

The principal dimensions of the Whim Wham, for such is the boat's name, are: Length over all, 91ft.; length on load waterline, 84ft. 6in.; breadth extreme, 23ft. 6in., and draft in cruising trim, with all equipments and supplies on board, just under 30in. The hull is constructed of oak and cypress and divided into twelve watertight compartments, which are each connected separately with a powerful bilge ejector to free them from water. The hull contains the tanks, machinery, stores and all heavy supplies. For a distance of 24ft. from the stem the main deck is unobstructed, after which comes a dining room 14ft. by 16ft.; next a pantry, 6ft. by 16ft., and abaft of this a galley 7ft. by 16ft., all connected by swinging doors. Abaft of the galley is the engine room, 10ft. by 16ft., and after this there are four staterooms for the crew, each room being 8ft. by 9ft., with ample closets, wardrobes and a toilet room.

From the forward main deck to the saloon deck there is a wide stairway, with hand rails and newel posts. The saloon deck forward is 24ft. in length; then comes a saloon, or parlor, 16ft. by 19ft., with piano, book cases and all the comforts of a summer home. The owner's stateroom is 11ft. by 16ft., with large closets, wardrobe, private bath and toilet. Then comes another toilet room, and another room for guns, fishing tackle, etc. Abaft of the latter are four staterooms, each 8ft. by 10ft., the forward two connecting. All staterooms have stationary wash basins with running water. With the exception of a pilot house, with chart room, and two skylights, the upper deck is unobstructed; it is surrounded by a substantial

railing with steamboat netting, and the owner often enjoys a spin on his wheel on this deck.

The motive power of this craft consists of two White & Middleton 30 horse-power single-cylinder gasoline engines, which give a speed of eight miles an hour in smooth water. The naphtha tanks are ample and will carry a thirty days' supply. Provisions were made for stowing double the quantity in barrels, but during four seasons' use no occasion has arisen for doing this. The fresh-water tanks are very large, with leaders to upper deck for carrying the rain water, which has been found sufficient for all purposes. The boat is lighted by electricity and has a large storage battery, which can be charged while the boat is under way, or by disconnecting one of the main engines and running it when at anchor.

The Whim Wham was designed by Henry J. Gielow, of New York city, and to avoid the long coastwise trip was built at Jacksonville, Fla.

Our Boston Letter.

Boston, May 5.—The 46ft. schooner Cygnet, which was designed by Mr. Clinton H. Crane for Mr. Arnold Lawson, was launched at Lawley's this morning, or rather she was partly launched, for she stuck on the ways when about half of her underbody had been immersed. She was christened by Mr. Thomas W. Lawson's youngest son, Douglas, and the little chap was accompanied by the youngest daughter of the copper king, Miss Jean Lawson. Mr. Lawson was present when the blocks were knocked away from the cradle, but he departed soon after, leaving the children to the care of their governess. While Cygnet has been building in the shop there has been a great deal of comment upon her appearance and construction generally. It is quite probable that she is the most expensive sailing yacht of her inches that has ever been built entirely of wood. Much care was taken by the workmen employed upon her, and this boat and the 60-rater, Weetamoo, are easily the pride of the shops. She is double

planked with mahogany, and her hatches and skylights are of teak.

Cygnet is 46ft. on the waterline, 73ft. over all, 15ft. beam and 10ft. draft. She will carry about 2,500ft. of sail, about the same amount carried by Mr. John Richmond's Indra, of the same class. The hull is painted black above the waterline and green below, while between the two there is the white stripe, which is much affected nowadays. The yacht is very well proportioned. She has considerable deadrise, and is of a type known as fast cruiser. Her ends are well drawn and give her a graceful appearance. She will be even better looking when she is floating and rigged than she was in the shop. Below decks she is well laid out. There is the usual double stateroom abaft of the main companionway, while in the companionway space there is a toilet room on the starboard side and a large chart locker on the port side. Then comes the main saloon, taking up the full beam of the boat, with sofas, shelves, book cases and luxurious fittings generally. Forward of the main saloon is the captain's room on the starboard side, while on the port side are the ice chest, dish lockers and stove. In the forecabin there are four folding pipe berths, and there is plenty of room beside for stowage.

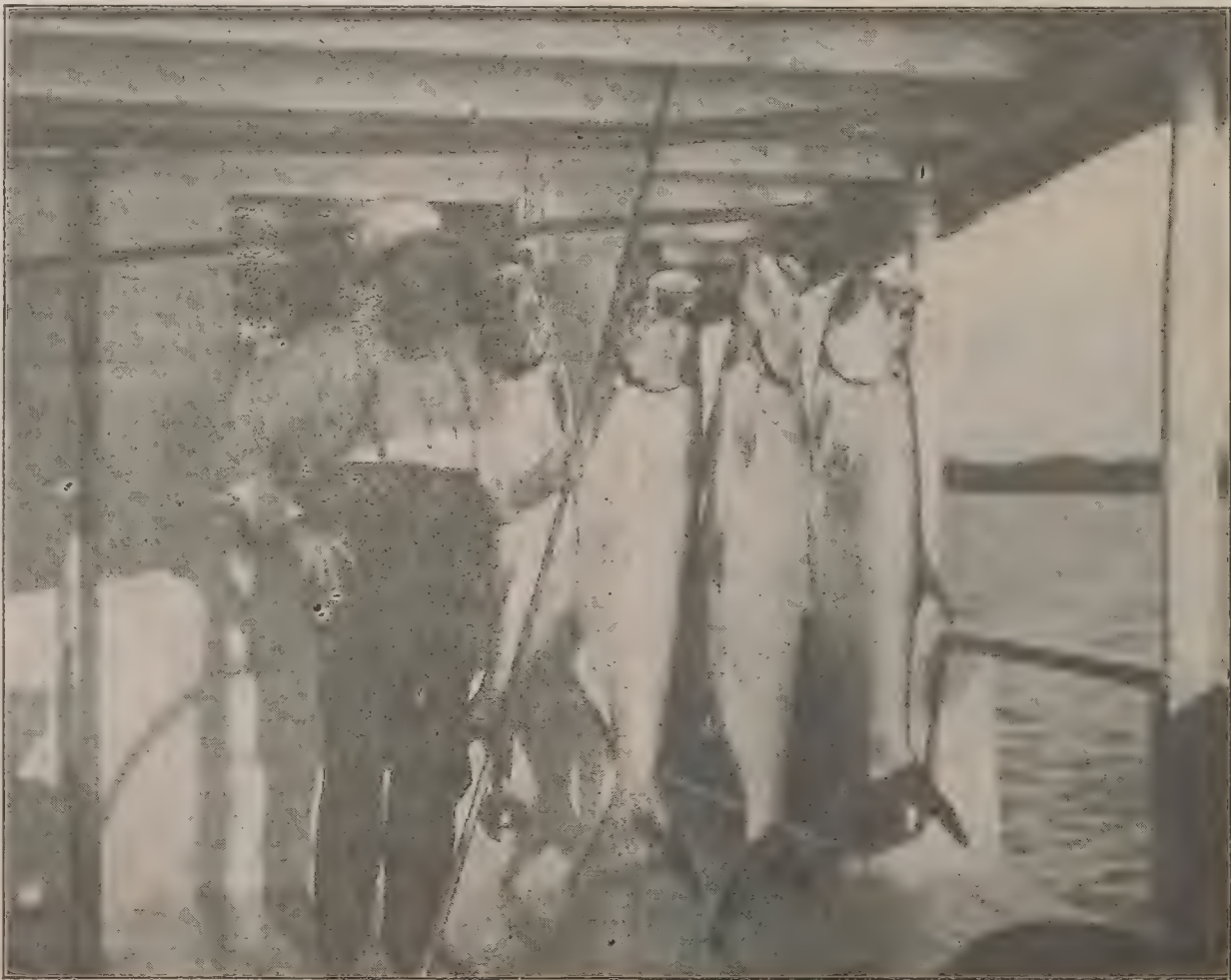
She will be commanded by Capt. Olaf Cronstadt, who has been master of Mr. Arnold Lawson's 25-footer Sagamore since she was built. Capt. Cronstadt has seen service on Puritan, Mayflower, Volunteer, Helen, Shark, Pilgrim, Jubilee and Independence. He is a clever racing skipper, and will be a most excellent tutor for young Mr. Lawson. Cygnet will be enrolled in the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C.

It is expected that by this time Massasoit, the boat designed by Crowninshield, for the Bridgeport syndicate, headed by Com. T. H. McDonald, is on her way to Bridgeport. It was understood that she was ready to go on board the car last Friday, but no word had been received of her departure up to the time of writing. There was no opportunity of trying her out in these waters, but she will no doubt get plenty of tuning up off her home port. Those who have seen the boat have predicted that she will be a flyer. The number of Seawanhaka boats building in Boston must be reduced to three, as it appears that Fred Lawley's scow is not for this purpose after all. Last Friday a cabin trunk was seen going on her, and this at once put all notion of Seawanhaka cup trials aside. Although Fred Lawley would give no information except to state that the boat would be a knockout and would be sailed in Buzzard's Bay, it was learned from other sources that the boat is for Mr. W. E. C. Eustis, of the Beverly Y. C. The Burgess boat for Mr. Hollis Burgess and Mr. T. K. Lothrop, Jr., is planked and her deck is partly laid. The Burgess boat for Mr. F. B. Crowninshield is to be built by Graves, of Marblehead.

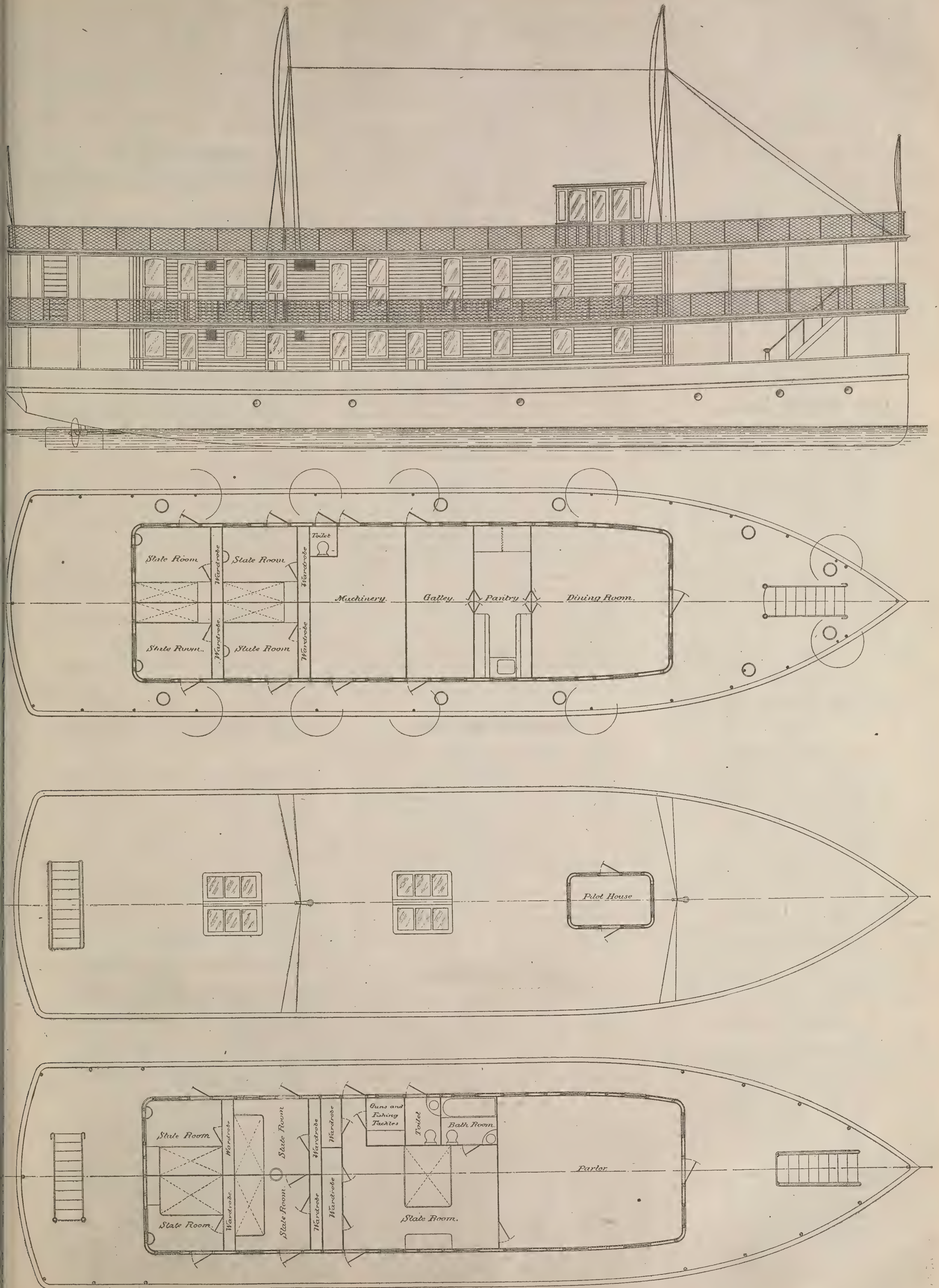
Nothing more has been heard about the Quincy cup, except that the syndicate headed by Messrs. E. A. and R. D. Boardman is going ahead. The boat is being designed by Crowninshield and will be built by White, of Manchester, Smith, of Quincy, will soon have the challenger for Mr. Henry M. Faxon under way. No new challengers have been heard from.

Marblehead is commencing to show signs of activity. Several yachts are now in the harbor, and new ones are making their appearances every day. Mr. D. C. Percival's 46ft. schooner Rondina is out, as is the big schooner Adrienne, owned by Mr. Harry P. Smith. The cutter Shona is another of the new ones. Mr. H. Tweed's Runaway Girl and Rob Roy are fitting out. Crowninshield has sold the 46ft. schooner Barbara, owned by Mr. C. F. Lyman, to Mr. Robert Treat Paine, 2d. At Frazier's yard Mr. W. O. Gay's raceabout Jilt is fitting out, as is also J. W. Gilbert's Hera.

At last the new yacht racing association has come out with a proposed race to be held on Memorial Day. The list of judges is given, but as there is said to be considerable doubt as to whether these gentlemen were consulted with reference to the matter, it might be an injustice to print their names. The main idea of measurement of this association has also been stated. The boats will be classified by their waterline measurement, plus one-third of the overhang, and there will be no limit to sail area. This is simply taking or trying to take yachting back seven years. It is now stated that the Massachusetts Y. R. A. should take no notice of the new association, that the new one is not formed to antagonize the one already in existence. I



ON BOARD HOUSEBOAT WHIM WHAM—A GOOD CATCH.



OUTBOARD PROFILE, DECK AND CABIN PLANS OF THE HOUSE-BOAT WHIM WHAM—DESIGNED BY HENRY J. GIELOW FOR R. V. PIERCE.

think it would be indeed unwise for the Massachusetts Y. R. A. to take any notice of such an organization, and as to the disposition of the new association toward the old one, I have a pretty good idea on that point, and I know that the prime movers in this new affair have not bent their efforts through any love of the present association. In spite of the fact that this body is to give an open race on Memorial Day, the South Boston Y. C. will give the opening race of the season, a regular Y. R. A. race, as scheduled, and it is hoped that, in the interest of the sport, every Y. R. A. boat that can possibly be gotten into condition to race will put in an appearance. There is no need of an extra association to take care of the old boats or to install classes that have unlimited sail area, for there are classes for this purpose in the M. Y. R. A. at present.

At Lawley's west shop the Wharton 46ft. schooner, designed by Arthur Binney, is ready for her priming coat. The 33ft. yawl, by the same designer for Dr. Paton, will soon be ready for the water. The Fleetman 35-footer by Fred Lawley is all planked, and the Percival Y. R. A. 25-footer, Sally VI., by the same designer, is nearly ready for the water. The 60-rater, Weetamoc, is nearly all riveted, and the planksheer is being put on. In the east shop the Crane-designed 35-footer for H. A. Morss, is ready for the water. The Douglas 18-footer is finished. The deck is being laid on the Mower-designed 21-footer. The 25ft. auxiliary cat is planked. The 104ft. steam yacht for J. C. Strawbridge will soon go into the water. In the space just made vacant by the launch of the Lawson 46ft. schooner, Cygnet, a 65ft. speed launch will be set up. The Binney-designed 30ft. yawl for Messrs. Foss and Gunnison is being rigged in the basin, as is the auxiliary 30ft. yawl designed by Fred Lawley for Mr. Bancroft C. Davis. Nearly all of the yachts in the basin are fitting out. Mr. Henry T. Sloane's auxiliary 85ft. schooner, Idler, will be hauled out on the railway this week.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Our English Letter.

A NEW steam yacht of 1,000 tons was launched on the 11th inst. by Messrs. Beardmore, of Govan, Clyde, for Sir Donald Currie. This is the largest yacht built this year on the Clyde, and she is reported to be a very perfect vessel, as might be expected from the identity of her owner. Her engines are triple expansion, and will develop 1,500 indicated horse-power. She is designed and fitted in accordance with Sir Donald's own ideas of comfort and sea-going qualities. The new yacht was christened Iolaire, the Gaelic for eagle. She left Greenwich on the 18th of April for Southampton.

Capt. Willis, who took out the "Pirate" ship Ban Righ to Colombian waters, has only now received his papers back from the Board of Trade. He had a most exciting time in his voyage and ran some nasty risks—not from the enemy, but from his employers, who had an unpleasant way of persuading the gallant captain to accede to their requests by putting revolvers to his head. Knowing how careless they are in such matters, the captain sometimes feared the weapons might go off. In this way he was induced to capture several vessels, but as soon as he could get an opportunity, he cleared out of the ship. This was a very difficult matter, for he was closely watched, but, thanks to one of your countrymen, he escaped at last. When he came home he was met with orders to send in his papers to the Board of Trade, and now after some delay he is at liberty to take command again.

So far there is no news of any arrangement having been made by Mr. Morgan in reference to racing Columbia here this summer. The opportunity is a good one if he wishes for good sport, but the idea prevails that his mind is occupied with other and more important matters. No doubt Sir Thomas Lipton will seize the opportunity of his presence in this country to attempt to arrange a visit, but this is not likely to be communicated to the press unless it is successful. There would be no difficulty in getting the owners of the first-class boats to waive the Y. R. A. time allowance in one of the King's cup races, and if Mr. Morgan won this it would be a fine chance to establish an international cup for schooners, or for yachts of a much smaller size than the present Cup boats. Notwithstanding the perpetual statements to that effect, the America's Cup was not originally given by Queen Victoria. This fable and that about the designer of the Herreshoff boats being blind, crop up in our daily papers every time the Cup races are discussed.

Kariad still pursues the even tenor of her victories in the Mediterranean, and the prospects of Sybarita this season look anything but rosy. Among the other boats, the most sensational achievements are those of Demonio, a new Italian 3-tonner designed by Harley Mead, of Cowes. She wins with great monotony, and should do much to enhance her young designer's reputation in foreign waters. Mr. Mead made a great success among the small classes under the last rule, being the first to introduce the scow type, in which he was quickly followed by others, to the undoing of the rule.

It would be interesting if some of your rowing readers would cast light on the methods adopted by your boat builders in shaping their first-class rowing eights. Over here there is much vexation of mind among rowing men, because Dr. Warre, the head master of Eton, designed the Oxford boat last year 7ft. shorter than the Cambridge craft. Now there is much scientific talk about shape in these boats, and as the custom here has always been to vary the shape to suit the weights of the crews—thereby treating design as of little importance—it would be useful to know whether this is also the practice on your side of the water.

A new steam-yacht of 300 tons was launched last week by the Messrs. Connell, ship builders on the Clyde. She was built by them for themselves, and will be called Calista. She is a high-sided vessel, the topsides being carried up without a break to give ample room for cabin accommodation on the main deck. Messrs. Connell are well-known Clyde yachtmen, and have owned quite a fleet of yachts, both racing and cruising. They are the owners of the celebrated 65-footer Tutty, which escaped the recent attack of American owners on our once good 65ft. class. Tutty is a very handsome craft, and as good as she is pretty.

Meteor arrived at Cowes last Thursday after a very rough passage of sixteen days and two hours. She was in tow

of the S.S. Scotia for the last three days. All through the passage she had easterly winds, and when about two-thirds of the way across, she broke her bowsprit short off in a steep sea. There was considerable difficulty in getting the wreckage clear, and the spar was threatening to burst a hole in the side. However, things were at last got right, though three of the men were injured. The crew speak well of the vessel, though they had far from a pleasant time in her on her maiden voyage. She will be refitted at Southampton, and in addition to the furnishing of the cabins, she is to have a new mainmast. It is feared that she will not be ready for the Kiel week, but as this would be a disappointment to the Emperor, an effort will doubtless be made to meet the fixture.

The King has announced his intention of presenting another cup this year. It is for the Royal Western Y. C., of Plymouth. Apart from the usual R. Y. S. cup, this makes a King's cup for each of the three countries this year.

Mr. W. A. Donaldson, of Duntocher, Dumbartonshire, is having a new steam yacht built by Messrs. John Brown & Co., Clydebank. She will be 635 tons, Thames measurement, the dimensions being: Length, b. p., 191ft.; beam, 27ft.; depth, 14½ft. She has a raised forecabin and a long promenade deck extending the full breadth of the ship. She will be called Sheelah.

E. H. HAMILTON.

The Speed of Boats.

Editor Forest and Stream:

G. G. A. asks in the number for April 5, "Why does the larger boat outsail the smaller if both are built on the same lines and have in proportion to their length the same displacement, wetted surface, sail area, etc., or why does speed vary as \sqrt{L} ?"

For a satisfactory answer to his question G. G. A. must resort to books on naval architecture, and to the studies of Froude on the resistance of vessels. Dixon Kemp's "Yacht Architecture" is usually to be found in public and in yacht club libraries, and in it will be found a discussion of this matter. Only a hint of the desired explanation can be given here.

In the first place, yachts of different size built on the same lines, would not "have in proportion to their length the same displacement, wetted surface, sail, etc.," as the question assumes. For example, if the scale of the design were doubled, the length would be doubled, but the sail area, displacement and wetted surface would not be increased in the same proportion. Broadly, the size of the sail would be increased fourfold, and the wetted surface and displacement in other ratios.

Secondly, the resistances, consisting of skin friction and wave making, do not increase in any uniform rate with size of hull and sail plan. The resistance due to wave making varies with every change of speed. The relations of form, resistance and speed are extremely complicated, so much so that they cannot be formulated.

Another factor is the matter of inertia. Heavy boats are not so much impeded by waves (due to wind) as lighter boats.

To the question, "Why does speed vary as \sqrt{L} ?" a more complete answer can be given, viz.: it does not. Long yachts sail faster than short yachts because they carry more sail. The effect on resistance, and thus indirectly on speed, of fineness of form due to large L and small B and D is too complex a question to be discussed here.

SEXTANT.

Seawanhaka Cup Notes.

Seeress, the Seawanhaka cup trial boat, owned by Messrs. Mower and Hunt, was given her first spin under sail on Sunday, May 4. The day was dry and clear, and the breeze varied from a light easterly in the morning to a fresh southerly in the afternoon, making ideal conditions in which to try the boat. She handled exceedingly well, and balanced perfectly, carrying her tiller almost amidship, so that no change will be made in any way to the rig or sails. Seeress now has a mahogany centerboard, but she will be tried with a metal one in order to satisfy the owners as to which is the most desirable of the two. The sails, which were made by Messrs. Wilson & Silsby, set remarkably well, and gave promise of becoming a very perfect suit.

Nutmeg, the boat designed and built by Larry Huntington for Messrs. Seeley and Marshall, is completed, with the exception of setting up the rig and putting on the fin. Nutmeg and Seeress will meet in their first race at the Huguenot Y. C. on May 17, and possibly some of the boats owned in Bridgeport may also be on hand.

YACHT CLUB NOTES.

Com. Stephen W. Roach, of the Manhasset Bay Y. C., has made the following appointments: G. Searing Wilson, Fleet Capt.; Dr. R. Percy Crandall, U. S. N., Fleet Surgeon; Rev. Charles L. Newbold, Fleet Chaplain.

The Kill von Kull Y. C. has elected the following officers to serve during the coming year: Com., John Croak; Vice-Com., T. Irving Simonson; Treas., George Treadwell, and Sec'y, G. W. Hubbard.

The second annual meeting and election of officers of the Southern Gulf Coast Yachting Association was held at Mobile, Ala., April 27, there being present the officers and three delegates each from the six clubs on the Louisiana and Mississippi coast of the Gulf of Mexico that form the organization. The Association was formed one year ago in the city of New Orleans, La., and in this short time much good to the sport was accomplished. Uniform racing rules and classification for all the clubs were adopted and dates are fixed each year for a racing circuit of regatta dates from one end of the coast to the other. The first president was Com. A. Baldwin, of the Southern Y. C., and Sec'y L. D. Sampson, of the same club, was the first secretary-treasurer of the Association, and these two, with the assistance of ex-Com. E. J. O'Brien, chairman of the Regatta Committee of the S. Y. C., were instrumental in getting up the Association. The six clubs enrolled are the Southern Y. C., New Orleans, La.; the Bay-Waveland Y. C., Bay St. Louis,

Miss.; Pass Christian (Miss.) Y. C., Biloxi (Miss.) Y. C., Pascagoula (Miss.) Y. C., and Mobile (Ala.) Y. C. The officers elected for the season of 1902-3 were: President, Com. J. C. Bush, Jr.; Secretary-Treasurer, Sec'y L. C. Dorgan, of the same club, and the following Vice-Presidents, one from each club, E. J. O'Brien, T. L. Cooke, E. J. Bowers, G. B. Penrose, R. R. Keebbs and Dr. D. A. Nash. The following dates for regattas were assigned: Mobile Y. C., July 4 and 5; Pascagoula Y. C., July 12 and 13; Biloxi Y. C., July 18 and 19; Pass Christian Y. C., July 25 and 26; Bay-Waveland Y. C., Aug. 2 and 3, and Southern Y. C., Aug. 8 and 9. The next annual meeting of the Association takes place at Biloxi, Miss., April 29, 1903.

Yachting Fixtures, 1902.

Secretaries and members of race committees will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list and also changes which may be made in the future.

MAY.

10. Manhasset Bay, club raceabouts, Port Washington, L. I. Sound.
17. Huguenot, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
24. New Rochelle, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
24. Manhasset Bay, club raceabouts, Port Washington, L. I. Sound.
30. Harlem, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, City Island, L. I. Sound.
30. Manhasset Bay, club raceabouts, Port Washington, L. I. Sound.
30. Columbia, club regatta, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
30. South Boston, M. Y. R. A., open and tender race, City Point, Boston Harbor.
30. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club races, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
30. Atlantic, club, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
31. Seawanhaka Corinthian, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open races, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
31. Wollaston, club race, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
31. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.

JUNE.

7. Boston, Cheney cups, City Point, Boston Harbor.
7. Atlantic, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, N. Y. Bay.
7. Knickerbocker, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, College Point, Long Island Sound.
7. Manhasset Bay, club raceabouts, Port Washington, L. I. Sound.
7. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
14. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
14. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club race for Centre Island Cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
14. New Rochelle, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
14. Beverly, club, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
14. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
14. Columbia, race to Michigan City, Lake Michigan.
14. Boston, cruise, racing run, Boston to Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
- 14-17. Boston, cruise, City Point, Marblehead, Gloucester and Hull.
15. Boston, cruise, racing run, Marblehead to Gloucester, Massachusetts Bay.
16. Boston, cruise, racing run, Gloucester to Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
17. Atlantic, annual, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
17. Boston, cruise, racing run, Marblehead to Hull, Mass. Bay.
17. Hull-Massachusetts, Y. R. A., open, Point Allerton, Boston Harbor.
17. Beverly, open, sweepstake, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
17. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
21. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
21. Norwalk, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, South Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
21. Larchmont, spring regatta, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
21. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club race for Centre Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
21. Brooklyn, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, N. Y. Bay.
22. Wollaston, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
23. Eastern, open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
- 26-28. Seawanhaka Corinthian, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
28. Beverly, club, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
28. New York C. C., Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
28. Boston, Y. R. A., open, City Point, Boston Harbor.
28. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
28. Wollaston, Y. R. A., open, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
28. South Boston, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
30. Bridgeport, Trial races for selection of representative for Seawanhaka cup contest, Bridgeport, Long Island Sound.

JULY.

- 1-3. Bridgeport, trial races for selection of representative for Seawanhaka cup contest, Bridgeport, Long Island Sound.
4. City of Boston, M. Y. R., open, City Point, Boston Harbor.
4. Beverly, open sweepstakes, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
4. Larchmont, annual, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
4. Hartford, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Saybrook, L. I. Sound.
4. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
4. Corinthian, open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
4. Columbia, annual open regatta, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
4. Milwaukee, club regatta, Milwaukee, Lake Michigan.
- 4-5. Eastern, open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
5. Mosquito Fleet, M. Y. R. A., open, City Point, Boston Harbor.
5. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club race for Centre Island Cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
5. Beverly, first Corinthian, Mon. Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
5. Riverside, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Riverside, L. I. Sound.
5. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
- 5-14. Atlantic, annual cruise, rendezvous Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
- 10-12. Indian Harbor, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
12. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
12. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
12. Beverly, second Corinthian, Mon. Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
12. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
12. Marine and Field, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
12. Squantum, M. Y. R. A., open, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
12. South Boston, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
19. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club race for Centre Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
19. South Boston, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
19. Stamford Corinthian, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Stamford, Long Island Sound.
19. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
19. Beverly, club, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
19. Manhasset Bay, club, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
- 19-26. Larchmont, race week, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
- 21-26. Interlake Y. A., an. regatta, Put-in-Bay, Toledo, Lake Erie.
- 24-26. Hull-Massachusetts, midsummer series, Y. R. A., open, Hull, Boston Harbor.
26. Beverly, third Cor., Mon. Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
26. Manhasset Bay, club, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
26. Beverly, third Corinthian, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
26. Mosquito Fleet, club, City Point, Boston Harbor.
26. Atlantic, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
26. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
26. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club race for Centre Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
26. Norwalk, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, So. Norwalk, L. I. Sound.
26. Hartford, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Saybrook, L. I. Sound.
28. Wollaston, M. Y. R. A., open, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
- 28-29. Boston Y. R. A., open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
- 30-31. Corinthian, Midsummer Invitation series, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.

AUGUST.

1. Manhasset Bay, race for 18ft. one-design classes, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
1. Corinthian, Midsummer Invitation series, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
2. Corinthian, annual, open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
2. Columbia, race to Macatawa Bay, Lake Michigan.
2. Manhasset, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
2. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
2. Brooklyn, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, N. Y. Bay.
- 4-6. Manchester, M. Y. R. A., open, West Manchester, Mass. Bay.
7. East Gloucester, M. Y. R. A., open, Gloucester, Mass. Bay.

- 7-9. Seawanhaka cup races, Dorval, Lake St. Louis, Canada, between representatives of Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. and Bridgeport Y. C.
- 7-9. Macatawa Bay, Lake Michigan, Y. A. open races.
- 8-9. Annisquam, M. Y. R. A., open, Annisquam, Mass. Bay.
9. Beverly-Van Rensselaer cup race, Marvin, Buzzard's Bay.
9. Hempstead, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Glen Cove, L. I. Sound.
9. Northport, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Northport, L. I. Sound.
9. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club race for Centre Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
9. South Boston, sailing tender race, City Point, Boston Harbor.
9. Wollaston, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
- 11-12. Misery Island, M. Y. R. A., open, Salem Bay, Mass. Bay.
16. Horseshoe Harbor, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
16. Huntington, Y.R.A. of L. I. S., open, Huntington, L. I. Sound.
16. Hartford, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Saybrook, L. I. Sound.
16. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
16. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, race for Centre Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
16. Beverly, fourth Corinthian, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
16. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
21. Plymouth, M. Y. R. A., open, Plymouth, Massachusetts Bay.
21. Kingston, M. Y. R. A., open, Kingston, Mass. Bay.
21. Bridgeport, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Bridgeport, L. I. Sound.
23. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
23. Huguenot, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
23. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
23. Beverly, fifth Corinthian, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
23. Wollaston, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
23. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
23. South Boston, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
23. Duxbury, M. Y. R. A., open, Duxbury, Mass. Bay.
23. Marine and Field, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
24. Mosquito Fleet, club, City Point, Boston Harbor.
- 25-26. Wellfleet, M. Y. R. A., open, Wellfleet, Massachusetts Bay.
- 27-29. Cape Cod, M. Y. R. A., open, Provincetown, Mass. Bay.
30. Beverly, sixth Corinthian, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
30. Columbia, race to Waukegan, Lake Michigan.
30. Manhasset Bay, club, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
30. Larchmont, club, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
30. Atlantic, club, Fire Island and return, New York Bay.
30. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
30. Indian Harbor, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
30. Hartford, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Saybrook, L. I. Sound.
- 30-31. Corinthian, annual cruise, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.

SEPTEMBER.

1. Corinthian, annual cruise, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
1. Larchmont, fall regatta, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
1. Sachem's Head, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Guilford, L. I. Sound.
1. Norwalk, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, So. Norwalk, L. I. Sound.
1. Lynn, M. Y. R. A., open, Nahant, Massachusetts Bay.
1. Beverly, open, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
- 4-6. Seawanhaka Corinthian, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
- 5-6. Eastern, open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
6. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
6. Boston, club, City Point, Boston Harbor.
6. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
6. Beverly, open, Mattapoisett, Buzzard's Bay.
6. Wollaston, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
6. Quincy, M. Y. R. A., open, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
6. South Boston, sailing tender race, City Point, Boston Harbor.
6. New York C. C., Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
8. Eastern, open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
13. Beverly, seventh Corinthian, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
13. Atlantic, fall regatta, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
13. Larchmont, club, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
20. Manhasset, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
20. New York C. C., Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
- Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
27. Riverside, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Riverside, L. I. Sound.
27. Manhasset Bay, club raceabouts, Port Washington, L. I. Sound.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Messrs. Huntington & Seaman have made the following sales: The steam yacht *Tranquilo* for Mr. H. H. Hogins, of New York; the auxiliary schooner *Diana* for Mr. Myron R. Durham, of New Haven, Conn.; the sloop *Alys* for Mr. Daniel Bacon to Mr. J. J. O'Donohue, and the sloop *Jessica* for Mr. Geo. E. Reynolds, of Kansas City, Mo.

Messrs. Gardner & Cox have chartered the steam yacht *Ardea*, owned by Mr. Clarkson Cowl, to Mr. William C. Whitney, for the month of May; the steam yacht *Calypso*, owned by Mr. R. C. Veit, to Mr. Roswell Eldridge, for the entire season, and the steam yacht *Taurus* to Mr. George J. Gould.

Messrs. Wallin & Gorman have recently built a cruising yawl for Capt. Rayner. She is 38ft. over all, 29ft. 3in. waterline, 12ft. 6in. breadth and 3ft. draft. She will be known as *Stranger*. This firm has also built a cruising yawl for Mr. E. K. Ackerman. She is 35ft. over all, 27ft. 6in. waterline, 12ft. breadth and 4ft. draft. The boat is equipped with a gasoline engine. Aft she has a good-sized saloon, with two staterooms, toilet room and galley forward.

The sloop *Bonnie Kate* has been purchased by Mr. C. P. Rogers.

Nayahoe, which was recently purchased by Mr. George W. Watjen, of the Kaiserlicher Y. C., from Mr. Royal Phelps Carroll, sailed from Newport for Bremen on Thursday, May 1, at 2:15 P. M. The yacht is in charge of Capt. Lem Miller, and a crew of twenty men.

The State Oyster Commission of New Jersey have purchased Mr. William H. Crane's steam yacht *Senator*. She will be used to patrol the oyster beds of the Delaware Bay and Maurice River Cove.

Mr. Fred S. Nock, of West Mystic, Conn., has sold the following boats: Knockabout *Arbeeka*, Chas. M. Shove, Fall River, Mass.; to Archibald McNeil, Bridgeport, Conn.; launch *Star*, George Gray Westerly to W. W. Arnold, Pawtucket, R. I.; knockabout *Madge*, F. A. Ward, New Haven, Conn., to John G. Connolly, New York city; launch *Comus*, Arthur Dodge, New York city, to Felix A. Choie, Jersey City, N. J.; knockabout *Sachem* to Frederick B. Thurber, of Providence, R. I.; knockabout *Lorna*, F. E. Field, Providence, R. I., to S. L. Hotchkiss, of New Haven, Conn. The following boats are being built from Mr. Nock's designs: For W. E. Gage, of Memphis, Tenn., 28ft. speed launch fitted with a 14 horse-power motor, being built by Wilkinson & Anderson, of New London. For a Canadian yachtsman, a 28ft. speed launch equipped with a 12 horse-power motor. This boat is being built by McCreery & Lane, of Mystic, Conn. For Geo. M. Long, of Wilmington, Del., a 40ft. launch; for Frank A. Ward, of New Haven, Conn., a

centerboard yawl, 20ft. waterline, 31ft. over all, 9ft. beam, 3ft. 6in. draft, with the board up, the cabintrunk is 10ft. 6in. long and the headroom in the cabin is 4ft. 7in. She will be built by Wilkinson & Anderson, of New London. McCreery & Lane, of Mystic, have just finished from Mr. Nock's designs a 35ft. hunting cabin launch for James Torrance, of Derby, Conn.

Mr. Frank Bowne Jones has sold through his agency the English-built steam yacht *Speedy II*. to Mr. C. G. Conn, of New York. *Speedy II*. was designed by Baron Barreto and built by Messrs. Ramage & Ferguson, Ltd., in 1896. She is a twin screw boat and is built of steel. She is 115ft. between perpendiculars, 20.65ft. breadth and 10.6ft. depth. Her engines are of the triple expansion type, with six cylinders, and steam is furnished by two water tube boilers. She has four watertight bulkheads, is lighted with electricity. She will be brought to this side as soon as she can be prepared for the trip. Mr. Jones has also sold for the estate of the late Edward Kelly the steam yacht *Barracouta* to Mr. James A. Garland. In the future she will be known as *Koh-i-noor*.

Messrs. Colven & Bickmann have sold for Dr. H. A. Mandeville the steam yacht *Märjenchta* to Mr. L. C. Nash.

The Herreshoff Mfg. Co. has recently completed for Mr. Edgar T. Scott, of Philadelphia, a 28ft. waterline racing sloop. Mr. Scott has sold his former yacht *Rip* to Mr. A. J. Cassatt. The Herreshoffs have also built a raceabout for Mr. Harold Vanderbilt.

A Month's Cruise—Maine.

BY F. L. ENO.

The next morning at Portland we laid in a fresh supply of provisions, straightened things out a bit, dried cushions, blankets, etc., and about noon, with a gentle southwest wind, stood down among the islands of Casco Bay.

Here the fun begins. You have a harbor all the way, you might say as far as Mt. Desert, and every mile is a new delight.

The numerous islands of all sizes, jutting headlands and peaceful farms, running to the water's edge, the many passing craft make a scene of constant interest.

I cannot say enough about Casco Bay; many a poet has tried his hand, far more facile and less tarry than mine, and has failed to do justice to its beauties, and I will not lapse into poetry. If I could not write poetry in Casco Bay, however, I should certainly never expect to be able to anywhere else. Some of the sunsets and cloud effects and the lights and shade on the wooded islands make me feel as though I must get up and yell. It is as refreshing as a cooling draught to drink in the calm beauty of these green islands and pine-clad shores, and sparkling bays and overhanging cliffs; and one lungful of that air—yea, one cubic inch of that fragrant, delicious, living air is worth a week of existing in a smoky city; and after breathing the mixture of stuff that blows about Boston's streets one can appreciate an atmosphere that seems born of the morning and saturated with the spice of tropic isles. My metaphor may be somewhat tangled, but you catch my meaning.

The days slip by now as they dragged before, and are all too short. We anchored at Crow Island, went in swimming, took our sun bath on the hot rocks, then lunch, then sailed along by Cow Island, Basket, Cousins, Littlejohn's, Great Mosher's, Busting's, Bibber's, Upper Goose, Birch, Scrag, and dropped anchor off another Crow Island at the head of Middle Bay.

Don't those names speak? The very words Birch Island, Whaleboat, Upper Flag, Haskell's, Ram, Eagle, if I heard them in Arizona, would blot out the immediate scene and show me beautiful wooded islands bathed alternately in sunshine and shadow, set like jewels in the sparkling bay and the everlasting sea beyond. How those names satisfy! Why change Hog to Diamond, Bangs to Cushing? Alas! Maine is changing. Electrics and dudës and hotels and arc lights are doing their work, and the natural charm and unconventionality are disappearing before so much of the modern. You have to go further each year to escape the glare of electric lights and the clang of cars, and the new generation is awake to the value of ancestral acres. But keep the names! Don't change Herring Gut (smell the fish?) and Isle au Haut (see the mountains?) to some easy to take hybrid which means nothing.

Our anchorage this night was a peaceful, quiet bay, fifteen miles from the open sea. The one white farmhouse, which proved to be a small hotel, gave an appearance of solid comfort and plenty which suggested milk; accordingly we paddled ashore, but finding none at the hotel, followed directions to the next house, an half mile distant. A knock at the side door (we never ventured to intrude upon the untrodden, almost sacred approach via the front hall and parlor), brought the woman of the house, wiping her hands on her apron.

"No, we hain't got any milk. The hotel folks take it all. But Capen G., just over the hill, most allers has some to spare."

We proceed to Capt. G's. Same woman, wiping same hands on same apron.

"Sorry, but we can't let you have any. The hotel folks take it all; but Widder S., jest up the road a piece, she has a cow, and she may have some."

Another call at the side door. Woman, hands, apron. The Widow G. hadn't got any, either.

Would you believe it, in that land flowing with milk and honey, as you would judge from the rich pastures sloping to the sea, and the cattle wandering over a thousand hills; we walked miles to find a half pint of milk, and the owner of that wouldn't sell it—he gave it to us.

Finally, Mr. S., on the point, after the usual formalities of side door, w, h, a, took pity on our general appearance of starvation and despair, and gave us enough for morning coffee.

"The hotel folks—" he began. "I know," I said. "Don't finish it. I know. The hotel folks must be tanks. We have walked miles for

this half pint. You are very kind. We had better get back with it before it evaporates."

But the beauty of the scene made us pause. After a year of city, paving and crowded street, these green fields and orchards and the capacious barns with that clean, glorious odor of cattle and hay, and the song of birds, and the hastening twilight over all made a pastoral-marine that seemed to bind us there. It rested the eye to look around, and we leaned against the fence while Farmer S. whittled and talked.

"Some New York fellers was down here last spring and offered \$10,000 apiece for them farms on the point, perviding they could git the whole of it. They wanted to make a club or suthin' out of it. But some wouldn't sell. Land is on the rise round here. There is only one drawback: that water," with a wave of his knife toward the bay, "all runs out pretty much twice a day, but a good many think it is healthy; think it changes the air. You won't find many places like this so handy to Portland."

I took a look around at the neat lawn, well-kept buildings and grand view, and advised him to hang on to his cinch. The Maine farmers have their eyes open at last, and are alive to the fact, too late, some of them, that the rocky headland that "hain't good for nothing" in a farmer's eyes, is worth now, when a western capitalist sees it, more than the whole farm.

Familiarity with coast and inlet, beach and point, serves to dull any appreciation of its value to a millionaire from the arid West, to whom the ocean and shore are like another world, and who can gratify his hunger for land and sea by a price ridiculously low to him and abnormally high to the farmer. I remembered my cruises along here in '84 and '85, when land was worth about \$5 an acre, and sighed. I might have bought 100,000 acres as well as not.

We lay that night in the snug harbor, motionless, "nec usus anchoræ," or whatever it is, and the next day beat slowly down the bay in the light air and brought up in Mackerel Cove.

You lose track of the days after a week or so among the islands. We went ashore one day to make some purchases, and were surprised to find the one store of which the village boasted, closed, and were still more surprised upon hunting up the proprietor, who lived hard by, to hear him say that he would open to oblige, but generally didn't on Sunday. The days go so fast that a week is nothing. Time passes very rapidly with us these days, and many a time when lying becalmed and doing absolutely nothing but lounging at the helm, looking at the mainmast or at the sea or at nothing at all, I am surprised to find that my guesses at the time are hours out of the way—always short.

Mackerel Cove is an ideal spot; a perfect harbor, reminding one a good deal of Marblehead turned square about facing southwest instead of northeast, with plenty of water. A high, barren neck of land on the northwest runs parallel with a beautiful heavily wooded shore on the southeast, which for a mile or more stretches to the open sea.

We spent most of the afternoon on the outside of this southern shore, under the shade of the fragrant pines, gazing out upon the sea, and breathing air that would be worth a dollar a bottle in New York.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Rifle at Shell Mound.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., April 28.—Yesterday was a very windy day at Shell Mound; hence the rifle scores are very modest. The pistol score of Mr. Gorman, 98, Standard target, at 50yds., is an unusual one, even for an expert like him. Scores:

Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club, monthly medal shoot, rifle handicap: W. F. Blasse, 202, 205; M. F. Blasse, 209, 209, 213, 207. Gold medal: H. Hinkel, 230, 215, 215, 205, 214, 200, 199. Silver medal: F. J. Klatzel, 154, 149, 142; O. Bremer, 225. Glindemann trophy: W. F. Blasse, 214; Martin Blasse, 223. Pistol scores—Silver medal: O. Feudner, 88, 82, 83, 81, 85. Handicap: G. Tammeier, 77; J. E. Gorman, 98, 90, 91, 93, 94; O. Feudner, 83, 88, 86, 90, 95. Revolver score—Silver medal: J. W. Tompkins, 82, 75, 77, 73, 81, 84. Gold medal: L. C. Hinkel, 86, 80, 83, 91, 84, 81; J. R. Trego, 89. Handicap: P. A. Becker, 90, 84, 85, 88, 78; J. W. Tompkins, 75; J. Kullmann, 74; W. F. Blasse, 78.

San Francisco Schuetzen Verein, monthly bullseye shoot: F. Rust 188, Herman Huber 210, F. P. Schuster 280, F. Goss 326, F. Pape 397, A. Bertelsen 438, D. B. Faktor 556, N. Ahrens 578, H. Zecher 608, S. Heine 689, John Utschig 724, August Jungblut 790, R. Stettin 829, John De Wit 860, George H. Bahrs 869, D. Dunker 1038, F. Brandt 1039, K. Wertheimer 1071, William F. Garms 1082, A. Pape 1230.

Germania Schuetzen Club, monthly bullseye shoot: John Utschig 474, W. Goetze 498, O. Bremer 512, N. Ahrens 642, August Jungblut 711, George Bahrs 742, Frank E. Mason 762, John Beutler 850, William Doell 920.

Germania Schuetzen Club, competition shoot: F. E. Mason 72, D. B. Faktor 70, F. Brandt 68, N. Ahrens 67.

Ten-shot competition for trophies: F. E. Mason 221, F. P. Schuster 214, D. B. Faktor 212, Herman Huber 210.

ROSEL.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, at Four-Mile House, Reading Road, April 27. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand at the German ring target. Hasenzahl was declared champion for the day with the good score of 29. Weather, clear; thermometer, 70; wind, 3 to 8 o'clock, variable.

		Medal scores.	
Hasenzahl229 223 219 213 212	21 19 22—62	24 21 23—68
Speth227 215 209 199 195	19 21 25—65	19 22 25—66
Payne224 223 202 218 218	23 20 22—65	25 21 23—69
Nestler224 220 212 208 208	21 24 19—64	20 22 21—63
Roberts220 215 210 204 202	15 13 22—50	23 20 19—62
Strickmeier219 212 212 203 2 4	17 23 15—54	20 15 23—58
Gindele219 211 211 2 6 2 4	23 22 23—68	22 21 23—66
Odell214 213 209 201 200	15 13 21—49	17 21 24—62
Drube211 206 198 197 187	23 19 22—64	23 19 19—64
Hoffman205 201 193 1 6 1 95	21 16 19—56	21 16 19—56
Uckotter205 184 183 175 171	24 24 16—64	13 24 19—66
Trounstine204 192 180	13 20 12—45	20 24 16—60
Lux201 191 193 192 190	16 23 14—53	18 24 20—62
Hoyer196 189 182 181 176	23 15 19—57	16 19 17—52
Jonscher193 186 185 184 176	17 19 21—57	22 9 10—41
Weinheimer190 179 173 173 172	19 15 20—54	19 23 22—64

Weinheimer won the Strickmeier medal during the last quarter with 48 points to his credit. Topf followed a close second with 47.

The daily press of New York, May 2, recounts the details of a serious accident to Mr. James Conlin, of rifle gallery fame. He had vacated his gallery at 513 Sixth avenue, which he had occupied for several years past, and was ascending the steps of it for the last time, when he slipped and fell, striking on his head and fracturing his skull. He was taken to the New York Hospital.

The Savage Arms Co., of Utica, N. Y., have applied the magazine principle to broader uses than a valuable part of their firearms. It is now applied to the Savage magazine tack hammer, the in-

E. F. WAGNER, Sec'y.



The Grand American Handicap.

The April number of the Texas Field and Sportsman, among many other things of sterling worth therein, contains much wise comment on matters pertaining to the recent Grand American Handicap held at Kansas City, and also wise suggestions pertaining to the conduct of that great event as it relates to the competitions of the future—this from the fertile pen of one of its illustrious editors, Col. Oscar C. Guessaz, who as a sportsman is universally esteemed, and who as an editor very rarely presents any matter with unsound parts. However, concerning a few of the comments aforementioned, they in a friendly way join issue with some comments made in FOREST AND STREAM as to the future policy of the Grand American Handicap, and for that reason it is desirable to support our comments with the reasons therefor.

En passant, concerning one or two of Col. Guessaz's criticisms on the great tournament in question, I am constrained to suggest that had he given them deeper consideration he would have written differently or perchance not at all in respect to them. Nevertheless, on some points, he voices the beliefs and the wishes of many shooters throughout the land, which is an additional reason for giving the matter special consideration.

The remark may be ventured that the viewpoint of the trapshooters may be both of the sound and the unsound; the former in respect to their own interests, the latter in respect to the interest of others.

To grasp the matter fully, it is desirable at the outset to consider all the viewpoints which dominate the Grand American Handicap. I think that they number three.

First of all is the viewpoint of the Interstate Association, whose membership is made up of gun, shot, powder and ammunition manufacturers. The Grand American Handicap is their creature. Its value to them is in stimulating trapshooting throughout the land, and in the advertising which is derived from it. Withal, it is generously conducted. The Interstate Association pays all expenses of it out of its own funds.

The Interstate Association's eminent responsibility is an assistance that all its contracts will be fulfilled; that all its obligations will be met; that its management will be perfect, and that all its tournaments are held under the highest prestige of the land.

Inasmuch as the Grand American Handicap is the creature of the Interstate Association, and as it runs it for certain benefits conferred and received, I think that all will concede its right to conduct its business in its own way. In any event, it has done so. If one were to judge by results, the success from the first handicap to the last is a sufficient testimonial to the wisdom of the Interstate Association.

It would seem sometimes, however, that a contestant or contestants assume that a right to compete gives them also a right to manage, notwithstanding that a contestant's rights are by contract sharply defined and limited. An analogous case would be if one were to buy a railroad ticket and thereby assume an authority to manage the road as well as a right to travel on it. In any case, it may not be a discourtesy to concede that at least the Interstate Association has some voice in its own affairs.

The viewpoint of the trapshooters is next in importance. They are the party of the second part. Each contestant's interest, in its official relation to the G. A. H. is distinctly personal. His obligations are solely those of a contestant. All moneys which the contestants pay in for entries revert to them again. There is nothing taken out for expenses. The last G. A. H. cost the Interstate Association nearly \$1,600, so that among many words of advice in respect to diverse ways in which it could do better in future, a few tiny words of praise, not to say of thanks, might now and then be bestowed for benefits conferred in the past.

The trapshooter is prone to believe that the more trapshooters there are in the competition, the greater is its importance. That is true from the trapshooter's viewpoint. The more entries, the larger are the purses. But the quality of a competition—not its size—is what appeals to public attention and public interest.

Comparison with other forms of sport which have older, more fixed and more universal standards, and therefore standards better known and understood by the general public, will serve to make clearer our meaning in this connection. Competition presupposes that a contestant possesses a degree of competitive skill and knowledge which qualify him to contest according to certain recognized standards. Thus, an untrained cart horse against a trained racer would not be considered a contestant even if entered in a race in a regular manner. Much less, then, would all the horses in the country, draft, roadsters and racers, even if under liberal handicaps, make a race which would entrance the public or the beholders. No handicaps could compensate for incapacity. The late International race between the Columbia and the Shamrock II, would not have been a race which engaged the attention of the world had there been in it a collection of cruising yachts, house-boats, lumber carriers, etc. A matter of mere size, though ever so great, may not therefore be great as to worthy competition and public valuation.

The third point of view is that of the public. That it is not by any means a negligible quantity the recent acts of the New York and Ohio Legislatures and the contemplated acts of several others afford proof positive.

Large gatherings, at tournaments where live birds are shot, engage the attention of different classes of people, who in turn inflame public sentiment against such tournaments. We may realize that their sentiments and actions are derived from false premises, but the opposition engendered is nevertheless a fact.

In holding a large tournament, it is necessary to locate it on ground near a large city for the sake of convenience to hotel accommodations, transportation facilities to and from the grounds, etc. This brings the tournament in propinquity with the city public, and also within the immediate purview of the clergymen, the humanitarian, the sensationalist, who are numerous in large cities, and all of whom may be working from a stern moral conviction that the sport is cruel.

Experience, however, has shown that this propinquity to large cities is disastrous to live-bird shooting.

If the conditions are changed so that the competition is harder and so that therefore there will be fewer entries, several advantages will be gained, namely, the tournament can be held in a small town where it will not offend academic humanity; it will signify more to the world at large as a contest of great skill and value rather than of one of great size and little skill; and it will cost the Association much less money to give it.

At all events, one or two more handicaps similar to the last one in respect to size, and there will not be any need to discuss its future at all. It will cease to exist, and with it will cease all live-bird competition at the traps.

The different viewpoints, from which diverge so many contrary interests, suggest the need of compromises to a degree where there is an equitable give and take concerning them.

In the FOREST AND STREAM's report of the Grand American Handicap at Kansas City, the following paragraph, embodying much of the foregoing, was a part: "The time has arrived for a rearrangement by making a higher entry fee, more birds to shoot at, and longer distances; that is to say, cut out all the marks under 29 or 30yds. With 50 to 75 shooters, such a race would have more public significance, and therefore more value to its promoters than has the present G. A. H., which is alluring to every owner of a gun, whether he can use it skillfully or not."

To the foregoing paragraph Col. Guessaz objects as follows: "Why should not every owner of a gun be allured? It surely cannot be that such a powerful and representative journal desires to cater only to the professional shooter. It cannot be that it is the desire to reduce the sport to the wolves. It never has been the desire of the writer to decry the merits of the man who shoots for a living, and he has always stood for open tournaments, but decidedly he desires to go on record as being opposed to cutting down the Grand American Handicap to the 75 professional shooters spoken of. In that case the word 'American' had better be taken out and a string of dollar marks substituted."

Taking up the foregoing paragraph seriatim, every owner of a gun should not be allured unless he possesses a reasonable degree of competitive ability. Every owner of a gun has not the skill, knowledge of trapshooting conditions and requirements, and surplus money to justify him in entering the G. A. H. competition. The entrance fee, while not large, is not unimportant. The pot is large. The moneys seem to be many. It is alluring. The race—25 birds—is so short that it appeals to the average shooter who can kill 25 once in ten trials under ordinary conditions, but such conditions are not G. A. H. conditions. While the moneys are governed by high guns, there are so many of them that there seems to be a chance for the 23s, and perchance for the 22s. That is alluring. If the ordinary contestant cannot scratch out 25 he reasons that there surely is a chance to score 22 or 23 and be in the money—he seldom figures how many he needs to kill to be in the division of the sport. The shortness of the race is alluring, yet it is so short that it practically is a miss-and-out. Instead of reasoning that there are so many moneys and the race so short that the weaker shooters have a show in the moneys (and in the sport also, we must not forget that), the true line of reasoning is that there are so many shooters that many of them will kill straight. A miss, or two at the most, cuts the contestant out of the money, if not out of the sport. If the race were one of 50 or 100 birds, the commonplace shooter would then know that the element of luck,

combined with short distance, on which he based his hopes in the 25-bird race, was an irrelevant quantity in respect to the longer race.

The suggested change to a longer race would not deprive any one of sport, for there is plenty of it in all parts of the country. "American" and a "string of dollar marks" are not antagonistic quantities. That is a matter of common knowledge. In fact, they are quite a distinctive feature and primarily essential at all tournaments, and other institutions of society. Nor are they at all displeasing; yet it may be observed that at a tournament a fellow who is industriously shooting to add a string of dollar marks to his own belongings puts sport in the realm of theory while the dollars are in the realm of practice.

The change to a longer race with a greater entrance thereto, as suggested by FOREST AND STREAM, would in no wise cater to the professional element. It would benefit all contestants alike. It would raise the standard of the competition so much that the G. A. H. would be a matter of greater public interest, and a matter of more value in trapshooting records. It also would avoid, or at least minimize, public hostility to live-bird shooting.

But Col. Guessaz by implication conveys the idea that the Grand American Handicap, as conducted at present, is not specially professional. It could hardly be more professional under any other conditions. It is a professional event. It is open to all. At Kansas City, probably 80 per cent. of the contestants were professionals under even the liberal classification promulgated by the Interstate Association, and probably 100 per cent. were professionals under the construction of what constitutes professionalism which obtains in other sports. Thus the point concerning professionalism, as raised in this connection by Col. Guessaz, cannot be considered as well taken. An event which already is professional would not be made more so by a mere change of its conditions.

Professionalism, as it concerns the trapshooting world, has much of sophistry in its definitions. There are very, very few trapshooters who are not professionals.

The only difference in trapshooting professionalism is one of degree; that is to say, some receive more remuneration than others; and some are professionals part of the time, while others are professionals all the time. The mere fact of shooting in the Grand American Handicap at all, under the common acceptance of what constitutes a professional, makes the participants professionals.

Col. Guessaz further objects as follows: "Again, how could a shoot participated in by 50 or 75 shooters have more of a public significance than one participated in by 493 men from every corner of the country? We think the latter much more 'American' in character, and the delightful democracy of such a meeting much more in keeping with the institutions of this country than the proposed centralization of FOREST AND STREAM."

It would have more significance because it would be a higher class of competition, for greater stakes. A race between Borahia and The Abbot for a purse of \$20,000 excites the interest of the world. A race between 400 horses, of which about 50 were real racers, for a purse of a few dollars, \$1 entrance, would have neither dignity nor interest.

Contestants of known skill are more interesting in a competition than are unknown contestants. Indeed, in some forms of so-called sport, an aspirant is frankly told to go out and get a reputation before he will even be considered. The reputation is essential to a public recognition. A mixed contest of several hundred participants is so cumbersome, so broken in its continuity, so slow in its action, that no one can know the relative details of it, and no one could keep such a mass of detail in mind even if it were possible to know it.

There is a certain sophistry in the use of the term "democracy" and "American" as set forth above in respect to the subject, for the reasons that, as has already been shown, the Grand American Handicap is a business appendage of the Interstate Association, and in its democratic relations to the people it holds the same relations to them that any other business enterprise holds. Moreover, while it may be true "that all men are created equal," that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," it certainly is not true that all men are equal in matters of competition, whether the same be in matters of trapshooting or in matters of business. Furthermore, the highest standards of performance are American. Incapacity and democracy are not synonymous. High standards in a way have a tendency to centralize, but it is the separation of the superior from the inferior which comes with excellence, and the latter is not attained by offering premiums on incompetency.

For a fairer equity in the competition, Col. Guessaz presents the following:

"To a close observer it could plainly be seen that many of the contestants were first class shots, but without a knowledge of the stage part of pigeon shooting with a short boundary, and this brings on more discussion. Why should everything be done, and every rule adopted which will give the pigeon club shooter the advantage over a man who, in a general way, is his equal in the field or anywhere else but at a pigeon tournament? For instance, it will be noticed by a close analysis of the scores that by reason of the shortness of the boundary several of the contestants scored but 23 or 24 birds out of the 25, losing one or two dead 'just over the line,' while there is a vast number of those who finished with 24 and a clean miss to their credit. Is not a man who kills his 25 birds, all of whom fall inside an 80yd. boundary, a better shot than one who kills 24 inside a 20yd. boundary and misses one clean? Decidedly he is. But the remedy: Conduct the shoot as it is—40yds. boundary—then establish an outer boundary 40yds. outside of the first, and give the contestant a whole bird if it is gathered inside the first boundary and half a bird if gathered inside of the other. By this it will readily be seen that quite an element of luck will be eliminated and that the better shot will secure more recognition. In other words, it will be decided, by this method, that the man who kills 24 and allows one to escape without being touched, will not get as much as the man who scores 24 inside the 40yd. boundary and one inside the 80yds. This rule will give him 24½, which he should have by reason of superior marksmanship."

In the foregoing, Col. Guessaz seems to overlook the fact that the slower field shot is already provided for by virtue of the advantage he derives from his handicap. Competition implies an ability to compete on the part of those who engage in it. The 25yd. mark is the boundary line between trapshooters and non-trapshooters.

I cannot quite understand how quick and accurate shooting at the traps is "stagnant," but if it is so, it also is a feature of the highest degree of the art. Being successful in its way, it is a good form for the slow shot to imitate.

But there being differences in ability, such differences are recognized and provided for by the handicap marks from 25 to 33yds. A man who cannot shoot from the 25yd. mark is not considered as of value in the competition. There are many ways in which a bad score might be patched up into a perfect one, but that would, if carried to the proper reductio ad absurdum, make winners of every contestant. To make the competition interesting there must be some losers, and generally the latter are the ones who lose some birds dead or live out of bounds.

In a well-meant, but mistaken, rebuke Col. Guessaz presented the following also:

"Of course, to successfully carry on such a mammoth tournament it is necessary to have ample room, and right here we beg to invite the attention of the Interstate Association to gross inconsistency. When some of the shooters proposed a change in the division of the moneys, a change which would have brought joy to the 23s, they were told that no change would be made, as the Association had practically entered into a contract with every shooter that entered, and that no deviation would be made. Now, we are told that because there was no real estate enough near Kansas City, the boundary, which, according to the rules, should be 50yds., was reduced to 40 on account of the inability of the local management to supply a sufficient amount of dirt. Did not the Interstate Association enter into a solemn contract with the shooters that the boundary would be 50yds?"

It is true that the arrangement between the Interstate Association and those who entered in the Grand American Handicap was a contract in so far as it related to the moneys, but not at all as it related to the rules.

There was a petition for a change in the division of the moneys, but it was not signed by all the contestants. The Interstate Association, in respect to the petition, was dealing with the matter of fact as it was presented. The contestants might sign, or would sign, or what not, but the fact was that all did not sign it. If the shooters craved a change, one would imagine that they would hasten to officially make their wants known. Even if they had all signed the petition, those who forfeited could demand the return of their forfeits, some \$370, on the ground that the contract, as they had entered into it, was violated. The Interstate Association recognized this principle in 1901, and established a precedent concerning it. Rainy weather then caused the Association to postpone the tournament one day, and thereby it conceded that it had violated the conditions set forth in its programme and which formed a part of the agreement. Here was a violation caused by the act of Providence, and justly defensible on that ground, yet the Association returned all the forfeits to those who had for-

feited. So much for the matter of the refusal to change the conditions governing the division of the moneys. Let us now consider the alleged violation of the rules.

The boundaries, etc., are a part of the rules, it is true, but in the revised Interstate Association trapshooting rules, live birds, Rule 22, headed "Changes and Amendments," the Association specifically reserves the right to alter or amend the rules "when-ever it deems it for the best interests of all concerned to do so." Thus the Association was warranted in changing the boundary or anything else in the rules, but not in changing any conditions outside of the rules.

BERNARD WATERS.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Illinois Pigeon Shooting.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 1.—The sportsmen of Chicago have reached the "We-do-earnestly-resolve" stage in regard to the anti-pigeon shooting agitation which has been going on in this city for the past few weeks. A meeting was held, as mentioned last week, with the intention of influencing the City Council against passing the proposed ordinance forbidding the shooting of pigeons within the city limits. The council did not take action upon the matter at the last Monday evening session. The artless thought arises to mind that in dealing with so practical and august a body as the City Council of Chicago we ought to be able to do something better than "solemnly resolve"; but it is difficult to see just how we are going to do anything much stronger than "resolve." The prevailing impression is that we are up against it, as they say in the City Council. It looks like inanimates, for a while at least, in this vicinity.

Then again, we might throw up old tin cans and shoot at them. That is not inhumane. It surely does look as if this world is getting so good lately that the only thing we can shoot is going to be the tin can, unless we want to be arrested for cruelty, or written about in the magazines as barbarians. Vive le tin can!

As to the pigeon cases, the trial of the same has again been continued, and the last date set for trial is next Tuesday, May 6. Interest is failing in this matter, and the impression is that dismissals will be the result.

The matter of the city ordinance will probably come up at the Council session of May 12. This is getting dangerously close to the date set for the Illinois State Sportsmen's meet, and will leave a small margin to alter plans, in case the Council shuts the door for trapshooters. Altogether the feeling over the shooting situation here is one of depression, though not yet of apathy.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Chicago Gun Club.

Chicago, Ill., May 3.—The weather was pleasant. There was a good attendance. In the main event, O'Brien won after shooting out W. D. Stannard. Dr. C. W. Carson was second. Dr. Miller won third after shooting out Cop, A. W. Morton and President Bowles.

The trophy event at 20 targets, handicaps added, had scores as follows:

Shellenburger, 3.....	10011001101011610000000111010111	-16
*Pumphrey.....	1111100111101011110010	-17
Bowles, 6.....	111010001111101010101010111111	-22
Horn, 8.....	011000101110001111010101010101	-17
Dr. Miller, 4.....	1111111111100001111100110	-22
Cop, 3.....	1111011111111101010101101	-22
*Patrick.....	010010111111000111110111	-18
Boroff, 8.....	00110111111010101000111000110	-19
Wear, 11.....	0101010001111101011000100000010110	-16
W D Stannard, 2.....	1111111111101010111111110	-24
O'Brien, 2.....	111111111100011111111011	-23
Dr. Morton, 6.....	11110000100010000001101010110	-14
Mrs. Howard, 8.....	11010110000001010110101000111	-17
Dr. Carson, 2.....	110110100111111101111110	-23
Mrs. Carson, 7.....	11100111011111110111100010010	-22
Dr. Burcky, 12.....	1000010011010100110100010010101010	-18
*Parker.....	000110000100000000100101	-7
Arnold, 11.....	000010001111110100011111111001000	-13
Myrick, 5.....	01110110101101000001111111101	-20
A W Morton, 8.....	0010110111111111001011111001	-22

Ties for first:

Stannard, 1.....	1111111111	-10	1111001110	-8
O'Brien, 2.....	11111101011	-10	1011111011	-9

Ties for third:

Dr. Miller, 2.....	11111101011	-10	0111111110	-11
Cop, 1.....	1111011111	-10	1111101001	-8
A W Morton, 3.....	11000100111	-8		
Bowles, 2.....	1001010100	-6		

Fifteenth handicap sweepstake trophy, cash added by club:

Dr. Shellenburger, 5.....	01010010000011000000	-6
*Pumphrey, 4.....	11111111100100011	-14
Bowles, 4.....	101010111110001010	-13
Horn, 5.....	001111100011111010	-13
Dr. Miller, 4.....	11001111101111000	-13
Cop, 2.....	1111011111011011	-14
*Patrick, 7.....	10000000000011110100	-7
Boroff, 5.....	000010110000101010	-9
W D Stannard, 2.....	11111111101111	-15
O'Brien, 4.....	10001001111111100	-12
Dr. Morton, 4.....	010111111101010010	-12
Mrs. Howard, 6.....	000010000100010101	-6
Dr. Carson, 2.....	0111101111111111	-14
Mrs. Carson, 4.....	01010001011101010	-10
Dr. Burcky, 7.....	10101011110101000001	-11
*Parker.....	00001000010010010111	-9
Dr. Arnold, 6.....	1111000010110000111	-12
Myrick.....	100100111111110101	-13
A W Morton, 5.....	01001011111111110	-14
Levie, 5.....	0110001011111001011	-12

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, May 3.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the first trophy shoot of the first series. Pollard and Hellman tied for Class A trophy on 23. Dr. Huff captured the jewelry in Class B on 18. A. Marshall did the trick in Class C by making 20.

The day was a fine one for target shooting, only a little windy. The attendance was fair, as nineteen shooters lined up for the fray. The attendance will be larger a little later when Saturday afternoon closing becomes general:

First trophy shoot:

A McGowan.....	01001111010111100010011	-15
P McGowan.....	0000011111000110010011	-12
Dr. Meek.....	1111101111111111101011	-22
C H Keal.....	110010111100000001001	-22
A E Midgley.....	101111110111000111111	-20
Dr. J. A. Huff.....	0111001111111001110011	-18
L Wolf.....	001010100100101101000101	-11
W A Jones.....	1000000010000001001010	-7
J D Pollard.....	11111111110111111111	-23
J C Kissack.....	1011101011110000111110	-15
G W Drinkwater.....	0110001110111111011010	-17
A Marshall.....	011010101011111110111	-20
A D Dorman.....	10101111111111111111	-22
J Mc Donald.....	1110101101010111000010	-15
Hellman.....	10101111111111111111	-23
Leete.....	0001000011000100111110	-10
C Wolf.....	0000101000110001001011	-13

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	15	10	15	15	10	10	Targets:	10	15	10	15	15	10	10
P McGowan.....	8	..	9	14	8	8		Dorman.....	6	11	8	..	9	10	
A McGowan.....	4	..	13	8	7	7		McDonald.....	3	7	8	..	5	8	
Keal.....	5	..	2	10	4	3		Price.....	3	3	
Huff.....	8	5	6		Hellman.....	6	13	
Monaghan.....	3	3	6	..	2	5		Dr. Meek.....	11	14	8	7	
Pollard.....	7	15	10		Midgley.....	12	..	10	7	
Kissack.....	5	8	3	..	3	5		Jones.....	
Drinkwater.....	4	4	4	..	5	7		A Marshall.....	6	..	
No. 1, 5 pairs.															

Dr. J. W. MECK.

Gallatin Gun Club.

GALLATIN, Tenn., May 2.—The following scores were made at 25 targets in each of the following events to-day. The weather was fair and warm:

Seay.....	17	21	W G Harris.....	19	22
Hall.....	10	22	W L Anderson.....	10	11
Murphree.....	20	19	Brown.....	10	11
B Harris.....	20	20	S M Anderson.....	10	11

Pulaski Gun Club Tournament.

PULASKI, Pa.—Forty shooters met at Pulaski, Pa., on Tuesday, May 1, to participate in the opening shoot of the Pulaski Gun Club. The weather was ideal, being clear and warm, and scarcely enough wind to affect the flight of the targets.

Shooters were present from Pittsburgh, New Castle, Greenville, Oil City, Sharon, Mercer, Youngstown and other surrounding towns, and all were well pleased with the pleasant day spent at Pulaski. Much credit is due L. R. Davidson, James Phillips and Howard Sergeant, who worked hard to make the shoot a success. Fifteen men shot the programme through, and of these Fleming, of Pittsburgh, was high with 173 out of 190, an average of 91 per cent.; Watson, of Pittsburgh, was second with 171 broken, and C. H. Lay, of Oil City, was third with 170. A purse of \$5 was given to each of the three high guns shooting through the programme, and Agnew, of New Castle, was victorious in securing the purse of \$5 awarded to the lowest gun.

A feature of the shoot was the contest for the bronze medal, emblematic of the target championship of western Pennsylvania, between L. B. Fleming, of Pittsburgh, holder, and H. P. Shaner, of New Castle, challenger. The match was close and exciting from start to finish, and was witnessed by several hundred spectators. Shaner led at the 50 mark with 48 to 47 to Fleming, but in the last half Fleming slowly forged ahead and won by four targets, the score at the finish being 93 to 89.

The night before the shoot, while several of the boys were down at the Mineral Springs drinking the famous Pulaski water, which, by the way, is one of the finest waters in the country for those affected with stomach or kidney trouble, a snipe hunt was suggested by one of the shooters, which readily met with the approval of all, and especially Harry Watson, who had never participated in an old-fashioned snipe hunt. Harry agreed to hold the bag, while the others rounded up the snipe with the search-lights, but after standing for nearly two hours in the wet grass and seeing no sign of either snipe or hunters, Harry concluded that he had enough of the game and went back to the hotel, where he found all the boys waiting to give him the laugh, which was accepted in the best of humor. Harry says he will have another snipe hunt, but will see that some one else holds the sack.

All those participating in the tournament are anxious to return to Pulaski for another shoot, which will be given some time during the summer or early fall.

The trade was represented by C. C. Gerow and Howard Sergeant, of the Lafin & Rand Powder Company, who did good work for their firm.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Total
Targets:	10	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	146
Farmer	9	11	10	14	11	14	14	13	18	9	11	14	166
Shaner	8	13	13	19	14	17	12	12	17	12	14	14	170
Chlay	10	12	13	19	12	12	19	14	14	18	15	12	136
Agnew	5	9	11	16	10	8	18	10	11	16	13	9	169
Atkinson	9	15	9	19	13	13	19	13	18	15	13	13	148
Nye	7	12	11	14	12	15	14	10	10	17	13	13	162
Alexander	9	11	10	12	11	10	18	13	12	20	14	12	171
Watson	9	12	13	18	14	15	19	14	13	18	14	13	173
Fleming	10	13	13	17	15	15	19	13	14	18	13	13	156
Bates	5	13	9	16	13	12	15	13	13	15	14	15	166
Beecher	9	14	10	15	14	12	19	13	13	18	14	15	168
Thompson	9	11	12	17	11	14	19	14	14	18	14	15	155
Hickey	9	12	10	17	13	15	14	14	14	15	14	9	168
Lutz	10	12	10	17	13	13	20	13	14	19	13	14	169
J. I. C.	9	13	13	19	11	12	18	13	15	17	14	15	135
Parker	8	12	14	16	15	15	13	13	16	14	15	12	12
Tully	4	8	10	15	10	7	11	11	11	11	11	11	60
H. Manning	6	12	10	15	10	7	11	11	11	11	11	11	74
C. C. Gerow	7	12	13	16	13	13	11	11	11	11	11	11	14
Gruver	8	6	10	15	10	7	11	11	11	11	11	11	32
N. Castle	8	5	10	15	10	7	11	11	11	11	11	11	43
Hoover	5	9	11	16	10	8	18	10	11	16	13	9	27
J. Davidson	3	8	10	15	10	7	11	11	11	11	11	11	25
L. Davidson	7	9	11	16	10	8	18	10	11	16	13	9	14
Patterson	6	8	10	15	10	7	11	11	11	11	11	11	27
Crooks	6	10	12	17	11	10	18	10	11	16	13	9	14
Wilson	5	3	10	15	10	7	11	11	11	11	11	11	12
Green	14	15	20	14	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	74
Zahinzer	3	9	4	8	14	12	11	11	11	11	11	11	50
Staff	5	9	14	12	14	14	15	12	14	11	11	11	109
Luton	5	8	7	7	5	2	8	11	11	11	11	11	42
McGomery	7	10	15	10	7	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	15
Dawson	5	10	15	10	7	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	5
McEwen	8	10	15	10	7	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	15
Sankey	10	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	21
Mears	10	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	7
Smith	10	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	12
Jones	10	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	10
Pitzer	10	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	6
Mills	9	10	14	16	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	49

Olean Gun Club.

OLEAN, N. Y.—Following are the scores made at the shoot of the Olean Gun Club on April 22. The targets were difficult to hit owing to a high wind. Messrs. H. D. Kirkover and B. D. Nobles respectively won first and second high averages:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Total
Targets:	10	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	131
Lay, Jr.	6	13	10	12	11	10	6	11	11	16	13	12	136
Stewart	9	12	10	16	13	13	6	12	11	11	11	12	134
Beyer	5	9	10	13	10	11	10	12	11	18	13	12	144
Kirkover	8	12	9	14	14	13	6	13	12	17	13	13	124
Crandall	5	8	9	14	11	12	9	12	12	11	12	9	117
Kelsey	7	9	6	14	12	8	7	10	8	17	7	12	117
Vaughan	4	11	7	13	7	12	6	12	10	14	10	11	117
Nobles	9	12	11	16	15	11	7	12	13	16	11	7	140
Mason	6	8	8	13	14	12	7	9	9	15	12	12	119
Oakleaf	7	6	11	12	9	12	5	8	8	13	11	10	112
Daniels	5	11	8	10	9	9	6	12	11	16	15	8	120
Smedley	6	8	7	7	10	6	5	7	7	10	6	5	100
Zimmerman	6	5	11	7	10	7	4	7	6	10	7	8	100
Miles	6	10	7	10	10	7	2	9	8	10	10	11	100
Kellogg	5	11	13	13	10	8	6	11	9	11	9	11	100
Rounds	7	12	10	15	9	6	10	11	11	11	11	11	100
Miller	6	10	6	11	11	7	7	12	12	14	11	11	100
Page	7	11	15	6	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	100
Dougherty	5	5	7	8	8	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	100
Nealy	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	100
Wertman	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	100
Moore	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	100
Patton	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	100
Ross	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	100
Hall	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	100
Fields	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	100
Miller	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
Streeter	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	100

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y.—Though the weather was threatening, the sandbys came out in force at the Saturday afternoon shoot of the Ossining Gun Club, May 3. Hall did the best shooting. The targets were thrown 55 yds., which caused goose-eggs in profusion. Miss Hyland, of North Tarrytown, made some good scores shooting in quick time.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Total
Targets:	10	10	10	15	15	15	25	25	10	10	10	10
Hall	8	10	10	11	12	12	22	22	10	8	9	9
Hanschen	4	5	4	10	11	14	14	14	7	6	6	6
O'Connor	8	3	7	7	8	11	11	11	8	8	8	8
Bedell	6	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7
Coleman	6	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7
Washburn	8	9	8	11	7	17	17	17	7	7	8	8
Fisher	5	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7
Blandford	6	10	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
Peters	6	10	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
Miss Hyland	14	18	18	18	18	18	18	18	18	18	18	18

Intercollegiate Shoot.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., May 3.—The Harvard team won the Intercollegiate shoot at Schuetzen Park to-day by a wide margin. The scores follow:

Harvard team—Hilliard 43, Bancroft 46, Phelps 33, Dupont 45, Corbett 39; total 211.
Yale team—Dupuy 41, Kineon 41, Franchot 40, Brown 36, Eastman 37; total 195.
Princeton team—Archer 40, McGreary 32, Spear 41, McKing 27, Frick 38; total 178.
University of Pennsylvania team—Vaughan 28, Tatem 27, Weaver 35, Farrell 28, Lawdon 34; total 152.

Glen Rock Gun Club Tournament.

GLEN ROCK, Pa., May 5.—Herewith are the scores made at the spring target-shoot held on May 1 and 2. The shoot was a very successful one, and the scores made were good. The opening event on May 1 was a contest for the live-bird championship trophy of York county between Allen M. Seitz, of the Glen Rock Gun Club, holder, and D. G. Deardorff, of the York City Gun Club, challenger. Seitz won, killing 24 out of 25 to Deardorff's 18.

The opening event on Friday was a contest for the target championship trophy of York county between Allen M. Seitz, holder, and Harry Washers, challenger. Washers won, making 87 out of 100 to Seitz's 69.

Thursday, May 1.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	10	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15
Krueger	8	15	18	14	18	13	15	11	19	15	16	12	21	15
Burnham	9	14	18	12	13	15	16	13	18	11	15	12	20	11
Trego	9	15	17	14	17	14	16	11	18	14	19	14	11	11
Will	10	15	15	16	13	18	12	14	13	19	10	24	13	11
Deardorff	9	12	14	13	19	13	10	10	14	12	16	12	19	11
Hawkins	10	13	20	15	18	15	15	15	20	13	20	13	24	15
Seitz	10	12	15	13	14	15	16	12	18	13	16	13	22	12
Eyster	6	13	17	11	16	14	13	12	12	9	14	7	18	11
Thomas	6	13	14	11	17	13	12	13	20	15	16	12	11	11
German	8	12	18	13	19	13	18	13	19	13	20	13	23	13
R E Parker	9	14	16	13	20	14	14	13	19	13	17	14	23	11
J M	7	12	14	12	13	14	14	13	19	10	15	14	11	11
D R Parker	9	14	12	13	15	10	12	17	13	15	10	11	11	11
D R Bortner	8	13	14	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Jackson	10	13	16	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Grove	10	13	11	16	14	13	12	19	12	11	11	15	9	9
Miller	10	13	11	16	14	13	8	10	7	11	11	15	7	7
Wiley	10	13	11	16	14	13	12	19	12	11	11	15	9	9
Kauffman	10	13	11	16	14	13	12	19	12	11	11	15	9	9
B White	10	13	11	16	14	13	12	19	12	11	11	15	9	9
Hawkins was high average, No. 7 was at 10 pairs.														

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TO POPULARIZE NATURAL HISTORY.

A MEETING recently held in this city for the purpose of discussing the formation of a New York Naturalists' Club seems worthy of more than a mere passing mention. Rapid as the growth of interest in scientific matters has been within the past twenty-five years, it is still true that a majority of the public knows little and cares less about these topics. The reason for this is sufficiently obvious. Most scientific work is too technical and ordinarily is clad in a terminology which places it beyond the comprehension of people who have not made some study of scientific matters.

There is probably no man, woman or child of ordinary intelligence who would not admire and be interested in almost any natural object, if it were shown and its history, characteristics and uses pointed out in plain and simple language, readily to be comprehended. Yet a flower, a stone, a bone, or a bird, marked merely by an identification label giving its Latin name, has no meaning to the ordinary observer, and excites only a passing interest.

What the average person is interested in is partly the specimen itself, but still more its relations to other objects in the world in which we live. It is not difficult to imagine that a naturalists' club, formed for the purpose of giving people at large information which they can readily understand and which has for them a living interest, might become great power for good in any city, and might be the forerunner of a thousand other naturalists' clubs in cities and towns and villages all over the country. The possibilities for good of such clubs are hardly to be estimated. Setting aside the vast amount of direct pleasure that they would give to their members, there is their tremendously broadening effect on the minds of young people, and the furnishing to them subjects of direct and vivid interest, which will occupy their minds with profitable subjects for wholesome, pleasing thought, and in this way protect them from all sorts of temptation to evil thinking and doing. There is no more wholesome interest for boy or girl than one which has to do with the objects of nature, found in the woods and fields, among the mountains and by the sea shore. How greatly this has come to be appreciated within the past few years is shown by the flood of volumes having to do with subjects of this kind which are constantly pouring from the publishers' presses. Stories of animals and birds and plants are as numerous and as familiar now as were the fairy books of twenty years ago, and as most of these books on natural history subjects contain a considerable measure of truth, they are far better stimulants to the imagination than was the literature of the early childhood of the man or woman of to-day.

There are many scientific societies scattered over the country, but with almost all of them the trouble is that, by their name or by the form in which what they have to say is clothed, they frighten people away, instead of attracting. A naturalists' club conducted on other lines need not do this. Instead, it would attract a constantly increasing number of people, and even if it called together only those who read the natural history books and love to hear about the ways of the wild creatures of wood and swamp and stream, these would be enough to make up a very large membership.

Mr. W. L. Sherwood is setting on foot the project for the New York Naturalists' Club, and he deserves much credit for the attempt in which we hope he may be successful. Such an association, making weekly journeys about New York, under the guidance of proper persons,

would not fail in the course of time to have a large and enthusiastic following.

In the establishing of any new project much enthusiasm, much patience and a certain amount of money are essential, but we believe that a very moderate amount of labor—though, of course, a good deal of time—would be required to set on foot a naturalists' club which should be very successful.

Everything, however, depends on the persons chosen to make known to the members of the club the history of the familiar objects which will be brought before them, and on the capacity to make such explanations interesting the success or failure of the enterprise will depend.

FISHING TOGS.

It has sapiently been said that "It is not all of fishing to fish," a pleasing form of negation which favorably appeals to any one's ready concurrence, since it leaves one free to supply the fanciful-complementary parts in such kind, quantity and manner as best pleases himself. Thus is established the best fishing of the kind after one's own ideal.

"All of fishing," beside the practical part of it, may include the innumerable fads, whims and idiosyncrasies of the individual. It affords a play for such peculiarities in a field whose atmosphere is one of boundless charms.

Pursuit and capture, with an imagination active and untrammelled, have their own beautiful vistas extending from earth to sky. But the conditions must be harmonious.

To secure the best conditions for the enjoyment of "all of fishing," the body must be comfortable and the mind entirely free from care. There must be no subconsciousness of responsibility; no feeling of vague discomfort; no strain of mind importing that at every turn there is something or other concerning which one must have a care. Mind and body must be free and at rest. Calm contentment of the present, forgetfulness of the past and pleasant anticipations of the future, perfectly blended, make the proper conditions.

How can such conditions be secured? Readily. One needs but to dress in one's old clothes and the thing is done.

One is not forced to stand when one wishes to be seated as when wearing one's good clothes.

Good clothes worn when fishing impose a thousand petty responsibilities. When in the panoply of one's old clothes, the rocks, the logs, the banks of streams, etc., all furnish comfortable places whereat to tarry, comfortably seated, and fish, or contemplate nature's wonders. If the old clothes are wet, or muddied, or torn, what matters it? If the old shoes let in water, it but adds so much more to their tenancy, and they are in any event exemplars of ease and comfort.

Slimy fish, muddy logs, swampy ground, rough rocks, etc., are objects of unhappy contemplation to him whose clothes are his painful care, but they disturb not the mind of him who encases himself in the enchanted vesture of the true angler, the old clothes which have reached the age limit of active service in every-day life, but have only begun their true mission in the best service—fishing.

The best fishing togs are those which have grown old and worn and mellowed in shade from long usage on the stream; whose every rent and darn could a tale unfold of mishap and hardship and hazard in the fishing days of the past. An old coat becomes in time a veritable palimpsest in which the wearer's eye, enlightened by memory, may read a record of failures and successes, rewards and disappointments, and all the grateful story of his invasions of trout and bass and salmon haunts.

New Jersey has taken its place once more with the States which require the non-resident shooter to take out a license. The fee is \$10, and the requirement does not apply to the shooting of wild ducks and snipe. New Jersey was among the first to impose such a tax. For many years the West Jersey Game Protective Association, an institution with headquarters actually in Philadelphia and actually made up of Pennsylvania sportsmen, controlled the western counties of the State and rigorously exacted the tax. There was a time when the New Jersey law gave other game associations the right to collect from the unwary visitor, and in some instances scandalous systems of blackmail were put into operation.

THE AMERICAN FUR TRADE.

SECOND PAPER.

IN April, 1808, John Jacob Astor secured from the State of New York a charter creating the American Fur Company. His purpose was to establish trading posts on the northwest coast, to send out an annual ship from New York with supplies for that post, to ship the furs obtained to China, and, selling them there, to reload his ship with goods for the home market. In organizing his company, Mr. Astor displayed his usual shrewdness, for he engaged in his service many men who had long been employed in the Northwest Company, then the most successful of the northern trading companies. For the establishment of this post Mr. Astor sent out two expeditions—one by land, under Mr. W. P. Hunt; the other by sea, in the ship Tonquin, under Captain Thorne. The fate of this vessel is well known, for every man aboard of it was lost, the Indians slaying most of them, and one of the white men, about whose name there is some uncertainty, finally blowing up the magazine and destroying most of the Indians. The land expedition was much more fortunate. Although meeting with many difficulties, it at length reached Astoria in several detachments, but without very serious losses.

Before the arrival of the land party the traders who had been left by the Tonquin at Astoria were visited by a representative of the Northwest Fur Company, David Thompson, who claimed the country as their own, and formally raised the British flag. The Astorians were troubled by this, and learning not long after of the destruction of the Tonquin, and suspecting that the local Indians were conspiring against them, David McDougal, one of the partners in the company, called together the Indian chiefs to give them a lesson. A few years before smallpox had appeared on the coast and decimated the Indians, who still remembered its ravages with terror. When the chiefs had come together, McDougal showed them a bottle, and informed them that it contained the smallpox, which he could let loose among them by drawing the cork. He threatened if they showed any hostility to him or to his people that he would do this, and strike them all with the disease. The Indians, very much alarmed, promised peace and kept their word. In May, 1812, arrived another ship, sent from New York the previous fall. She brought with her a number of clerks and employes, and the party began their work.

The close of Captain Chittenden's history of the Astorian expedition is a glowing tribute to the accuracy of Washington Irving, its first historian, concerning whom he says, "In the essential respects of accuracy and comprehensive treatment, Irving's work stands immeasurably above all others upon the subject." He deprecates strongly the criticism so often made on this great historian, and speaks very scathingly of some of Irving's modern critics, who, by innuendo rather than by correct statement, attempt to cast slurs on his literary honesty.

Next in order after Astoria comes the history of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, presided over at first by William H. Ashley, of St. Louis, with whom later were Smith, Jackson, the two Sublettes, Campbell, James Bridger, Thomas Fitzpatrick, Samuel Tulloch and a number of other well-known men. Ashley was a Virginian who came to St. Louis when only twenty-four years old, and died near there in 1838, at the age of sixty. He has left his name imprinted on many of the features of the West. Most of the other men died long before our time, but Bridger survived until 1881, and Campbell until 1879.

Like most of the early trading expeditions, the one first led by Ashley went up the Missouri River. It had the usual trouble with the Arikaras, of whom Ashley said that they handled their guns with as much expertness as any men he ever saw.

At the close of this battle Ashley sent word to Major O'Fallon, Indian agent, and to the commanding officers at Fort Atkinson, asking them to send a force of troops to chastise the Indians, but feeling doubtful about the result of their message, they left the battle field and dropped down the river. Ashley's subsequent explorations, trapping expeditions and trading are of extreme interest. He partially explored the Green River, which was then thought to empty into the Gulf of Mexico, going down as far as the mouth of what is now Ashley Fork, where his boat was wrecked and the men rescued with difficulty. Here he inscribed his name and a date on a high rock, which forty-four years later was noticed by Major J. W.

Powell, while he was making his exploration of the Grand Cañon, of the Colorado. The date, however, was partially obliterated, and was read 1855, Ashley's exploration being by that time almost wholly forgotten.

After some years of trading and trapping, Ashley gave up the mountains in 1826 or '27, and sold out the business to Smith, Jackson and Sublette, who carried it on under the name Rocky Mountain Fur Company. With these men was young Jim Bridger, then acting as trapper and guide for the northern country. In 1830, Smith, Jackson and Sublette sold out to younger men, Thomas Fitzpatrick, Milton G. Sublette, Henry Fraeb, Jean Baptiste Gervais and James Bridger, and these men bring the fur trade down to the time of people now or very recently alive, since, as has already been said, James Bridger died in 1881. The adventures of these trappers, their fights with the Indians, their struggles with their competitors, their individual sufferings from starvation, are fascinating reading, but for them the volumes must be consulted. It was these men and their parties who now began to meet such men as Bonneville, Drips, Fontenelle and all the other travelers who are mentioned in the many volumes written about the plains of early days.

The company was not successful, for the competition was too sharp. One of the partners sold out in 1834; the others kept together for a little longer, but a year or two later the concern was dissolved.

As has been said, the American Fur Company had been long established. Its lack of success on the northwest coast has already been adverted to; yet Mr. Astor continued the enterprise, and in the year 1822 a west branch of the American Fur Company was established in St. Louis. Shortly after this appears to have begun the first establishment of permanent trading posts upon the upper Missouri. Such names as Kipp, McKenzie, Papin and Berthold began to be known along the great stream, and are established there forever. It was McKenzie who sent a man—probably James Kipp—to build a fort at the mouth of the Yellowstone River, in order to catch the Assiniboiné trade. This post was called Fort Floyd, not Fort Union, while the name Fort Union was first used for the post built a year later, in 1829, about 200 miles above the mouth of the Yellowstone. The name Union was applied to the post at or near the Yellowstone in 1830.

In that same year McKenzie induced an old Hudson's Bay man, named Berger, who was well acquainted with the Blackfoot language, and with the tribe, to head a small party into the Blackfoot country. They traveled up the river for a long distance above the mouth of the Yellowstone, and at length meeting a number of mounted Indians, were charged by them at full speed. The white men halted, and Berger advanced toward the Indians, carrying a flag. They did not understand what this meant, and when they paused undecided, Berger called out his name, when the Indians, recognizing him, advanced in the most friendly manner, and he and his party were received most kindly in the village. Berger induced a party of about forty to go with him to Fort Union, where McKenzie handled them so well that the Blackfeet readily assented to the establishment of the trading post near their village. McKenzie also negotiated a peace between Assiniboines and Blackfeet, which treaty was afterward ratified. James Kipp was sent up the river, and reached the mouth of the Marias, and began to build a fort about Oct. 15, in the year 1831. From the beginning the Piegiens seemed to be attached to the Americans. They were willing and glad to trade with them, but would not permit them to set traps in their country, and insisted on killing the beaver themselves, and bringing them in to trade. This was, of course, more profitable to the traders than if they had gone out to trap themselves. It is said that during the first ten days after the fort—named Fort Piegan—was built, there were traded 2,400 beaver skins, and they expected to increase the number to 4,000 before the winter was over.

Meantime the British, alarmed at the success of the Americans, are said to have incited the Blood Indians to attack the post. They besieged it for some time, but finally withdrew, and more or less friendly relations having been established, Kipp gave them so much liquor that they promptly deserted the English and came over to the Americans, trading all their furs to this post. The following spring it became necessary to take the fur down the river, but Kipp's men declined to be left behind if he went away, so the whole party started down, and the Indians shortly afterward burned the post. The site of it is still locally called Fort Brulé, and the place where it stood, the Brulé Bottom. This, however, is not according to Captain Chittenden, who tells that the Brulé Bottom was six miles above Fort Piegan, and the one in which Fort McKenzie was afterward built.

In April, 1831, the steamboat Yellowstone left St. Louis for the upper river. It went as far up the stream as Fort Tecumseh—Fort Pierre—and then returned to St. Louis with a full cargo of fur. The appearance of this fire boat, which walked on the water, made a profound impression on the Indians, and greatly increased their respect for the Americans who could do such wonderful things.

And now for many years the American Fur Company

carried on its work on the Missouri River, striving constantly against keen competition, but crushing it by paying for furs prices that its rivals could not pay, and therefore ultimately ruining them and obliging them to leave the country that it claimed. The competition was so keen that notwithstanding the law against the importation of liquor into the Indian country, the vessels now commonly took alcohol as a portion of their cargo. However, attempts were made to enforce this law, and great was the complaint by the traders. McKenzie even established a distillery of his own on the river, and declared that he could "produce as fine liquor as need be drunk." Unfortunately for the traders it was not long before the existence of this distillery was reported to General William Clark, Superintendent of Indian Affairs in St. Louis, and he promptly took measures to stop the manufacture. McKenzie, whose idea it was, gave up the fur trade in the summer of 1834, came down the river, and later took up his residence in St. Louis. In 1834 Mr. Astor retired from the American Fur Company, which was then practically divided, the northern department, which retained the name, being sold to a company of which Ramsay Crooks was the chief partner, while the western department passed into the hands of Pratte, Chouteau & Company, of St. Louis. In 1838 this last company became Pierre Chouteau, Jr., & Company, which continued in the business until the year 1864, and is still a familiar name among old-timers on the upper Missouri.

And now as we draw nearer the modern time, the materials for a study of the fur trade becomes more numerous and accessible. Various companies were formed to compete for the Missouri River trade, but none of them were markedly successful, and most of them were gradually absorbed by the Chouteaus. Few chapters of Captain Chittenden's great work are more interesting than that which treats of the methods and men of the American Fur Company. A chapter of very great interest, too, is that concerning Captain Bonneville, and the men who were so intimately connected with him in his trading, his trapping and his Indian fighting. But time fails us to go into any of these matters. It is, of course, well known that Captain Bonneville was dropped from the rolls of the army for desertion during his long absence in the West, but was reinstated by President Jackson as a reward for the contributions to the geographical knowledge of the country. Subsequently Captain Bonneville served in the Seminole and Mexican wars, and was in command of Benton Barracks at St. Louis during most of the Civil War. He died in the year 1878, at Fort Smith, Arkansas. Nathaniel J. Wyeth is another of the Western heroes very properly treated with much fullness by Captain Chittenden. His career in the mountains was a long one, and not altogether successful, yet he undoubtedly contributed much toward the acquiring of Oregon and Washington by the United States.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Over the Mountains on a Race Against Time.

Adventures in Tropical America.—XI.

DURING a long experience advising in regard to tropical enterprises, I have frequently had occasion to wonder at the many irresponsible men who have secured the confidence of people with money to invest, and who have thus entered on a course of reckless extravagance in distant countries unchecked by their principals at home.

I was once employed on such an enterprise; their object was to develop mines in Honduras, and my knowledge of that country secured for me an appointment with them which I considered very advantageous. I soon found, however, that for reckless extravagance and almost idiotic proceedings this outfit was beyond anything I had ever known. One morning responsibility for transactions of which I knew nothing, and for money which I had never seen, were charged up against my department, and I promptly offered my resignation, feeling well assured that I had seen quite enough of those people. Then there was a row, and finally they complained that my course was dishonorable; that they had spent money to bring me to their camp, and that they had thought I was to be depended on. This touched me in a tender spot, and I agreed to be at their service until they were sufficiently compensated for expenses incurred in my behalf, but I refused absolutely to handle any money for them.

One Sunday morning, shortly after our disagreement, the manager and the capitalists who had come out with him, were in a state of excitement; perhaps they were tired of telling each other how great they were, or perhaps they had become angry as to their respective greatness; from where I was I could not tell. Presently one of the servants came hurrying over to me, and asked that I should go immediately to the manager. I went, and was told that he might be able to use me in a little matter that had come up. I made no answer, and presently learned that some important papers had been entirely neglected, and that unless by some means or other these papers could be deposited in the bank at Tagucigalpa, the capital, before sunrise Tuesday morning, serious loss would result, and the proposition was that I should go and deposit the papers on time, a difficult undertaking. I would have to reach Tagucigalpa from the lower Alanco valley before Tuesday morning, over a rough trail of one hundred and twenty miles across two moun-

tain ranges—a trip that usually took from five to seven days. After considering a moment, I said: "If you give me a mule that can do the work I can sit on its back till we arrive; it is only a question of long hours in the saddle, and the endurance of the mule."

I was assured of a good mule, and knowing that there were several high priced animals at camp well able to do the work, I made hurried preparations, anticipating a novel and perhaps pleasant experience. My preparations were soon made; a pair of saddle bags, a change of under-clothing, an ounce of quinine, a two ounce package of condensed soup—that was all.

I hurried over to the officers, where we all waited anxiously for the mule. While waiting I was told that if I succeeded in depositing the papers on time my associates would be amply compensated for having brought me to their camp. About nine o'clock the manager's servant came, bringing a mule—a little animal not half grown, and which had never been ridden before. The men employed about the mines had come to see me start, and when the manager said promptly: "Now, there is as fine an animal as you could want; it will take you easily in two days," the whole crowd began to laugh derisively, which made him furious.

I said to the capitalist: "Mr. Blank, that mule can never take me in two days; you must give me one of the better animals."

The manager protested angrily, and the capitalist, now thoroughly anxious, said: "Oh, go, go on. The manager is an expert and knows his business; he says the animal can take you; don't object so much, but do something for us."

I said: "Mr. Blank, that mule can never cross the first range of mountains, but I will get your papers in the bank on time."

Then I mounted the little animal and had considerable difficulty in getting it to start, but finally it did go, and I was soon out of sight over the hills.

It was a gallant little mule and took me fifteen miles in three hours, and then it broke down, and not another step could I get out of it. I had expected one day's work from it, and the situation was serious.

It looked as though I was stuck, but fortunately some soldiers came along just then, and I made a bargain with them to have my saddle carried on to the next place where I hoped to secure an animal. I left the little mule at a house nearby, and then we started. It was an eighteen mile tramp, but we got in safely about four o'clock.

I went at once to the alcalde, and applied for an animal, but here I was in worse luck, the city was in "fiesta," and all the men who were not drunk were trying to become so as fast as possible: Animals? Was that all I wanted? I could have all Honduras, but to-morrow. This would have been too late. Fortunately I found two men who were not quite so drunk as the others, and I offered to pay them five dollars each if they would walk with me all night and carry my saddle and other things till I could find an animal. They readily agreed, and we started on our hard tramp. Rough work, indeed, but I determined to keep on. About midnight we came to a little tavern, and my men were so tired that they begged me to let them find substitutes, and they would not take any of the money. I told them I had no objections to new men, and said that they might make the best bargain they could and save the difference. They tried from house to house, but it was of no use; none would undertake the journey.

Then I said: "I am sorry, but my necessities require that you carry out your agreement; we must go on." They went obediently, the law and custom of that country compelling them.

At intervals I let them sleep for twenty minutes, mounting guard myself, then we would push on. I was excited, and made the most fearful exertions. Once we lost the trail, and went some miles out of our way, but by sunrise we had crossed the largest range of mountains. We pushed on, and about 11 A. M. Monday morning I reached Talanga, hardly able to stand. I felt sure of success now. I had made seventy-five miles on foot in nineteen hours, and I was within twelve leagues of my journey's end, requiring only an animal that could do an ordinary day's work. But misfortunes were everywhere; not an animal could be had, and I was too exhausted to think of walking further. However, I felt compelled to do the best I could; so I telegraphed to Major Burke, of New Orleans, to whom I was consigned, telling him the condition I was in, and stating that I would come on as far as I could, and when I gave out I would lie down across the road, and if I was not in by midnight to send a courier out to get the papers, as they must be deposited before sunrise Tuesday morning.

Then I prepared to push on. As I was about to start, a man came and said he owned a horse which had never been ridden yet, but if I thought I could ride him I could try.

It was a chance, but I determined to risk it, and with a good peon at my side started on again. The horse was a little troublesome at first, but he took to work naturally, and I made good progress.

About four o'clock we came to a group of great orange trees, loaded down with fruit, and because of my exhaustion I never had anything that tasted so good in my life; the fruit was perfect, and for ten cents I bought more than I could possibly carry.

Everything went well till I came to a little place called Cofradia, four leagues from the capital. I felt that I had almost succeeded when sudden pains shot through my body, followed by a violent chill, and then my legs became paralyzed. I lost all control over myself, and it seemed as though my teeth would rattle out of my head. I managed to get my feet out of the stirrups, and half fell to the ground, then I staggered to a house and sank down by the door.

As soon as I found my voice I asked for some hot water, but was informed that the women had all gone to a dance, and the men did not consider it their business to boil water. I might have died—that was nothing; they would not touch a woman's work.

Then I asked for rum, which fortunately they had, and more fortunate still was the tin of quinine powder in my saddle bags. I drank some rum and then tried to take some quinine, but my hands were shaking so much that I could not measure it, and I shook out a quantity, almost as much as my hand could hold. I looked at it,

and then I thought, well, I am dying anyway, and it may as well be from the quinine as anything; so, without considering, I took it all. It must have been nearly a quarter of an ounce; after that I drank a little more rum, then I waited for a moment, and my strength came back. It seemed to be exactly what I wanted.

It was then about seven o'clock in the evening, and I started on at once, but it was cruel work, and I fell asleep continually on the saddle; and presently the peon began to walk by my side to prevent my falling. This continued for a time, and finally, about 11 o'clock, I reached the capital.

I had succeeded; this kept me awake till I arrived at the hotel and delivered the papers to Major Burke, who was sitting up waiting anxiously for them.

He opened the package, looked at the letters and papers, and then said: "Can you tell me what they mean by this absurdity? I have attended to all these matters." I tried to answer, but could not speak, and the Major got me into bed as soon as possible, two men helping me undress. I was asleep long before they put me in bed, and I am told that the best doctor in the capital was called to see me two or three times, and that he said the only thing was to let me sleep, though my condition was very serious. He didn't know about the quantity of quinine I had taken and while I slept this certainly did me good service, and when I awoke, after sleeping all the next day and the night following, I was as fresh and felt as well as when I started.

I said I was ready to go back to camp at once, but Major Burke told me he proposed that I should rest for a week at least, and said I must amuse myself as I pleased; or, if I liked, I could do some light work for him.

I chose to do the work, of course, and saw a great deal of the Major. He was full of the development of his different mining interests, and spoke eagerly of the day when he would walk in to New Orleans and pay back the money the city officials claimed from him; though they had no right to it; and from day to day he worked enthusiastically on, and I have never known a more considerate employer or a more thorough business man.

At the end of the week I started on my way back to camp, taking five days where I had come in less than two. I expected that now I would find my associates more reasonable; but in this I was mistaken; folly and extravagance were unrestrained, and after a few weeks I went away, very glad that my connection with such an enterprise could be terminated.

FRANCIS C. NICHOLAS.

Old Jack.

BACK in the dim, misty, distant past loom up many incidents that were fraught with more than passing interest, and among them is one boyhood memory that is labeled Old Jack. This incident has to do with a fish. The largest fish I ever saw, as I now remember it, although several of my more matured senses have tried to convince me to the contrary in these latter iconoclastic days.

It occurred in the good old days of long ago, when five cents was a bit of brown paper, size about 2 by 3, and a great deal of money for one boy to spend in a season on fishing tackle; and if such extravagance was permitted, large and substantial returns were required. There was "good in everything" in those days, but the best of it all was fishing.

Willow River constituted the southern boundary of our small farm, and was a never-failing source of delight. The hoe was heavier, clods harder and weeds tougher on the goodly acres abutting the clear, cool, running water; but I loved it even when it only afforded unsatisfied longings.

My interest in the weather when a boy centered in two conditions—wet and dry—for dry weather meant all work, and wet much fishing.

One June morning my stunt was hoeing corn in the bottom field on the river bank. The fishing fever was in my blood, and I felt that there was no other aim, object or ambition in life to compare with that of going fishing right then. Rain had not fallen in sufficient quantity to stop work for more than four weeks. A few clouds had gathered, and slight showers fallen, and one day it showered sharply long enough for me to run to the house and get my fishing tackle and return to the river, but then out came the sun, and away went the clouds, and with them my hope of going fishing, for it was not wet enough to quit work. I know my father, who had taken shelter under a tree until the shower was over, was sorry for my disappointment, though he only laughed at me for tiring myself out with my long run, and bid me "Pitch in and make up the lost time."

But that morning came the clouds again, and after keeping me in dreadful suspense for an hour or two, the rain began in real earnest. Away I ran for my tackle, and in a very short time was back at the river, where I found my father sheltering himself under the heavy foliage of an old elm tree. I knew he would stay and watch me fish, for he enjoyed it, although he pretended to have no patience with such waste of time.

The fact that I had a new patented horsehair line, which had been finished since the last opportunity offered for fishing, and of which I expected great things, made the occasion one of unusual interest. I had made the line myself, and was justly proud of it, for it was as smooth and pretty as silk, and strong enough to bear my weight. Many and many an evening had I bent my tired head over that line, after a hard day's work, and now finished, and absolutely perfect in my judgment, it was my greatest treasure. The river was low and I prepared to fish at a deep hole, with shoals above and below. Pickerel were the largest fish that we caught, and generally ran from one to three pounds, though occasionally one was caught weighing as much as five pounds. The shower of rain had washed many insects into the water, and the fish were feeding, so that in a short time I had several fine ones on my string.

Finally there came an unusually hard tug at my line, and waiting until the fish seemed to have a fast hold, I started back with a long and strong pull, that usually landed my fish high and dry on the bank.

The strong pole bent to a crescent shape, and the tip whipped the water, but no fish appeared, although I was

pulling with all my might and main. I was fast to a big fellow without doubt. For a moment I held my own, and then came a pull, such as I had never felt, actually dragging me into the water's edge.

It looked as though I had hooked a fish that was both able and willing to pull the whole outfit—myself included—into the river, and go off with it, and then I knew I had hooked Old Jack.

Old Jack was a big pickerel, variously estimated at from three to six feet long, that was supposed to exist only in the imagination of the fishermen around our part of the river, but more than one of us had seen him, and on more than one occasion he had actually been hooked, but had gotten away by breaking the line, or tearing out the hook. He was a justly famous fish, and now as I felt his strength it seemed to me that no one had overestimated his size.

A runaway horse was the only thing I could compare him to, as with every muscle braced I tried to pull him out, or at least to keep him from pulling me in. We had a lively time of it for a few moments, with no decided advantage to either side, and then my pole broke off just above my hands, and over I went backward.

Springing to my feet and dashing into the water a few steps, I caught the broken pole before the fish could drag it off, and renewed the fight. By a desperate effort I made two or three steps back to the water's edge.

Father was now close behind, urging me to do my best, but not offering to take a hand, probably realizing that I knew the game better than he did.

I gained a little more, fighting every inch, and then the fish came up with a savage rush, leaping clear of the water. What a monster he was, clearly over three feet in length, and with a head like a feed cutter.

The water splashed in every direction as he struck it again, and was off with a rush. I braced back with all my might to meet the strain, and was checking him up, when snap! went my pole again.

With a quick jump I caught the piece, but as the strain came it broke again, within a few inches of the line, and away it went into the water.

"Oh! too bad, too bad," cried my father.

But I did not wait to hear more, nor was I ready to give up the fight. With one jerk up and down off came my shirt and trousers, and in I went head first where I had seen the end of my pole disappear. I was a good swimmer, and with eyes wide open I swam wildly around under water, grabbing and clutching at every small object I could see, in hopes that it might prove to be my line.

At last, coming to the surface for breath, I saw my father, usually so quiet and dignified, fairly jumping up and down in his excitement, and immediately he shouted, "Under, boy; under!" Down I went again, feeling and looking, catching at straws, sticks, or any small objects I came in contact with.

Again coming to the surface to breathe, only to hear the command, "Under, boy; under!" And so, coming to the surface only when absolutely necessary to breathe, did I continue to dive and search for my lost fish, while my father commanded, and encouraged from the bank, until exhaustion compelled me to give it up; then all but heartbroken, I swam ashore.

Tears of bitter disappointment filled my eyes at the loss of my big fish.

As I dressed father tried to console me by praising the fight I had made, and suggested that I might get another try at the old fellow with better luck next time, but my sorrow over the loss of my treasured line alone was too deep for words.

When I went to get the fish I had caught before the big fellow got away, they had shrunk so small by comparison that they did not seem worth carrying home, though when pulling them out they had seemed quite respectable game.

I caught many more fish that summer, but not one that was really large, for I had Old Jack in my eye for a year or more, but I never saw him again.

LEWIS HOPKINS.

A Walk Down South.—XXIX.

THE mouth of the Tennessee was 687 miles away, and that far I had in mind to go, with some dim idea of the Mississippi and even Texas, but the Tennessee was long enough for the present to think about. Sitting there on a grub box on the raft I looked down the river—a great, placid, glassy surface moving leisurely along, cornfields on both sides, commanded by a little log cabin on the right side. Ahead there were marble quarries looking like snowdrifts after the spring thaw has bared most of the ground. There were rounded knolls covered with dark cedars and wiry oaks. The left bank was caving off, undermined by the current, and great chunks of dirt are tumbling forward on their faces. What the river gave long ago it is now taking again.

One wonders why the trees are cut away along the banks on such a river, yet the answer is easy to guess. Trees cast shade and shade is not good for corn crops. The farmer trusts to luck that the river won't wash his land away, and when it does he is astonished, and, with magnificent amazement, hauls in rocks and brush to take the place of tree roots.

Four miles away was Knoxville, and soon that beautiful city was separated from me only by the yellow murk of the river. It is a city built on hills. The streets all rise steeply from the river bank. It is clean and looks polished—as if there was civil pride thereabouts.

The raft was run into the left bank and tied to some trees a mile above the fine bridge, and then the raftsmen Ball went to get a measurer at the saw mills. Abe and I went down the river in the skiff and canoe, landing just above the bridge at the saw mill hoist, where I awaited the return of Abe, who then followed his mate, Ball. They soon came back with their money, and we crossed to the north bank, where Knoxville comes down to the river edge. Up the creek six rods we tied our boats—mine with a lock—then fifty yards away we went to Mrs. Cate's, who keeps a "boarding house." I was chilled by a cold wind and downcast. The long, steady wear of the trip was telling heavily on me.

The city "life," the rattle and crack of planks dropped in unloading a scow, the distant hum of industry which is felt rather than heard, the creaking as horses strained

to their loads, the rustle—cold and hurried—of the river pouring by, all sounds cheerful if one is in the proper frame of mind, were dismal and heavy in the heart I had.

The two raftsmen were now gone from me in tasks of their own, buying and learning when they could go home by train. They bought hats for children, shoes for wives, trousers and the like during the evening from the stores known to all raftsmen, but apart from those on Jay street, where the leading town folks purchase their necessities. "Come down on a raft?" a storekeeper would say, or "How many logz you bringg thees time, henh?"

My raftsmen met acquaintances, and so I went to bed rather than participate in the pleasures raftsmen find in the city.

Next day I went to see Lewis Hopkins, whose varied experiences afield in Tennessee have often come to the notice of FOREST AND STREAM readers. The young lady at the post office who gave me my mail told me where I would find him, with an expression on her face indicating that she wondered what a chap like me wanted of him. Mr. Hopkins forgave my appearance under the circumstances.

"Do you know, Mr. Spears," he said, "it seems to me that for a man who's taking a walk, you're having more kinds of rides than anybody I ever saw—stages, wagons, cars, canal boats—and now you're in a yawl; and your descriptions of how lame and tired you got—why it actually made me tired to read them."

I answered letters and wrote nearly all day on the 31st inst., and in the evening walked around town. One boy remarking my knickerbockers said to another, "Say, Pete, ayant that the biggest small boy ye ever seen?"

I thought I had seen a negro—a real black one—but it was at Knoxville that I saw the "real article." She was in a street car. She wasn't yellow, she wasn't brown, she wasn't even an ordinary black. Her lips were as red as the two-cent stamp on a Government envelope, and that red was in contrast with a black so dense that where the electric light struck full it looked gray compared to the illuminated shadows. No trace of brown was in the whites of her eyes. I stopped and looked after that car till it was out of sight.

More than two months had elapsed since I had been in a city. The noise, the bright lights, the crowds of people stirring, made a scene curiously moving and interesting to me. Though I was back to Mrs. Cate's at 8:30 P. M., all were abed there. The river people are early risers and must needs go to sleep early in the day.

At dawn the boarding house was astir. It was noted that the river was rising, and there was a rumor of more raftsmen coming. In the afternoon I went again to Mr. Hopkins' office, and thence to his home, through the college grounds. It is a noble site for an institution of learning, on a hill, where there are trees all 'round the great buildings. Rather emblematical, it seemed to me, was the situation—one must follow an uphill path to get an education, but it is a pleasant one to follow—the rougher the trail the more beautiful the scenery is the rule.

Not more than once or twice during the months I was on the trail had I been within the limits of a "refined" home. I'll not try to describe my feelings when I found myself in the residence of Lewis Hopkins, 'way up on a hill at the corner where a fort had stood fire during the war days of the '60's, with the city turmoil far below and the quiet that pervades the localities where the well-bred live all 'round me. I looked back on the scenes I had come through—the trapper's cabin up in Virginia, the hunter's, the Pennsylvania lumbermen, the long drawn trail with its rocks, stones, mud, dust, slush, its sunshines, shadows, glooms and gray murks, the weary miles and the ones nature made easy and joyous ones, the many moods that had flitted by in medleys, pleasures, surprises, discouragement, strung through by endurance from the start to then. It was confusing. Details of the supper may be omitted all but two of them. Beefsteak that was memorable and apple butter. I often wondered why apple butter was so named; now the hostess enlightened me. What I had previously eaten was only a thick apple sauce, boiled for hours till it was all to pieces. That was good and "would do," but the real apple butter was cooked longer, boiled till it thickened and the "pieces" amalgamated into a jelly which would stand alone and slice. Like all good things—the better they are the more one has to work for them—the best apple butter requires constant attention and extreme care in the stirring to prevent burning. The result, as I saw and ate of it—as I see and remember it now—was delicious.

A 16-gauge Parker was the favorite weapon of Mr. Hopkins. At this I had a look, and recalled it many times afterward down in Alabama, where the ducks flew by. Some time or other I started down to Cate's, but I turned into other streets and wandered around the city and across the great white-arched bridge first in an agony of homesickness.

On the following day I went to the Second Presbyterian Church, to which Mr. Hopkins had invited me, with the assurance that my rugged garb was no impediment to the pleasure that would be felt if I came. It was so, and with unmarred pleasure I heard good singing, earnest preaching and saw devout attention on every side. In the evening I came again.

On the Monday morning, Feb. 23, I paddled out of the mouth of the creek at 8:15 o'clock. Some of the boys on the hay barge called "good luck" after me. I saw the man whom I met in the road on my way to Sneedville, and also up the Holston turning over a scow, and had a word or two with him.

A few miles down the river I had an opportunity to examine a dead buzzard. It was shot through the body and fell hissing to the ground. Instead of throwing its head back as hawks and other mortally wounded birds usually do, this bird doubled its head down between its legs and spread its wings up like an eagle. It was a dirty bird, and its back showed that it roosted under other birds.

It was a cold day. Two pairs of woolen stockings did not keep my feet warm. Nevertheless I kept on the river all day long. Toward dark I found R. L. Capps in the woods that came down to the river, and there I was held all Tuesday by a gale of wind that was very cold, with flakes of snow in it. A mile or so above me was a houseboat, thirty feet long, twelve feet wide and seven feet high, in which a man lived alone. He built it at Boyd's

Ferry, two miles above Knoxville. He has been in it five years, trapping and fishing for a living.

I had come forty-five miles. On Wednesday morning my boat was high and dry, the river having fallen several feet. It was frozen fast to the mud moreover. But I pried it loose and shoved off with all my stuff aboard. It leaked three inches in two minutes. It had dried out in the cold wind, so I came ashore and pulled it out, turned it over and caulked it tight with rope yarn. At 9:15 o'clock I started again, rather more disheartened than the mishap called for. But quickly the spell which floating on the river casts on one asserted itself.

My diary says: "Ate frozen cornbread and iced apple butter for dinner. Cold, but windless, the river growing constantly wider." Passed London, of Civil War note, at the upper landing at 1:30 P. M. Seven miles down the river I reached the lower landing, which was only a mile from the upper by land across the neck.

Late in the afternoon the air grew chilly and there was a sharp dryness and sting in it. The kind of an "evening" that settles heavy and lonesome in the heart of a traveler. I saw some raftsmen at work on their craft straight across the river as I came down behind an island. With great difficulty I crossed to them. One was W. E. Roberts, of Greer, Roane county, Tenn. He, his father and some brothers were going to take 200 logs to Chattanooga in a week. A river man, "he knowed what it was trying to find a place to sleep." For supper we had corn bread, eggs, pork, tomato sauce, coffee and sorghum. It was good and satisfying.

There was "meetin'" in Dogwood school house a couple of miles away that night, and we went to it, Roberts and I, while Mrs. Roberts, a comely woman, stopped at his father's. The preaching was energetic, with more said of the torments than of the pleasures in the future existence.

I was twelve miles from Kingston when I started next morning. There I hoped for mail; so I paddled harder than usual. I took the wrong "chute" past an island, but passed a fish trap dam there safely on the high water. I put up several ducks, saw many buzzards and a great flock of blackbirds. The trees had many clumps of mistletoe in them. The miles seemed long, the hours passed very slowly. I took the wrong chute again round a big island, and traveled miles further than need be.

At last I saw far ahead a point. It was the mouth of Clinch River, which I had crossed at Sneedville. When half a mile from it I saw two long rafts, one ahead of the other just coming out of Clinch. They had yellow shacks, or "bunks" on them, and I drove my paddle deep in the water for long strokes at that, reached the ferry at the point, ran up the bank to the ferryman's, and learned that Kingston was a mile up the Clinch. I ran for the post office, reached it, and got my mail, then started back to the boat. The ferryman guessed the rafts were at Hood's Ferry by that time, four miles or so away. I got into my boat and started away in pursuit of the raftsmen. For a long while I had heard that these men were the hard class of people, who went heavily armed, and once they reached their destination, Chattanooga, liquored up and then fought all the way home again on the railroad train to Knoxville, and from there to the Clinch country in their wagons. Naturally I wanted to see that kind, and so I started on the chase to overhaul them.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

Natural History.

The Eel and its Migration.

AMONG undomesticated creatures none is probably more generally known to civilized man, or forms a larger contribution to his dietary, than the humble eel, and yet, despite recent additions to our knowledge, of few can it be said that we know so little. Unique in movement, in habit and in organization, affecting darkness and secrecy in all its doings, this mysterious fish has been the wonderment of the ancient and modern world. Sages of old vainly speculated as to the mode and locality of its reproduction, its untracked goings and comings, and to the ardent naturalist of to-day, the most assiduous and painstaking investigations have afforded but a partial solution of the enigma of ages.

Like many, perhaps most of its fellow denizens of the under depths of the sea, the eel has a continuous dorsal and caudal fin, fringing the greater portion of its upper and lower body, but its progression is mainly effected by the motions of its powerful tail, which is flattened like a paddle. Probably much of the remarkable strength of this propulsive organ is due to its possession of a subsidiary heart, for the eel has really two, the caudal acting as a reinforcing pump, and maintaining an active circulation in a remote portion of the body. Whatever may be the eel's singleness of thought, its two hearts do not beat as one, the caudal pulsating more than twice as fast as the pulmonic heart. Eels' tails are very sensitive, a blow thereupon will paralyze the creature, and this sensitivity, doubtless, contributes to the hand-like action of the member, for, if confined in a pail, it will grasp the edge herewith and lift itself over; so, too, will it search out a weak place in a trap and then wriggle out backward.

In the water eels dart about with consummate grace, turning with the utmost readiness in the shortest possible space, the head being well on its way in a new direction before the tail has deviated from the old. Almost amphibious, their possession of a gill sac enables them, when out of the water, to keep the gill passages moist and to vivify their blood with oxygen. They are thus enabled to make their way into the most unlooked-for places; into isolated ponds, which they must often colonize unassisted by man; into wells, into the water tanks upon the house top, and into the rain water butt below; they will stop the flow of the water tap; indeed, wherever water runs or stands they seem to penetrate. Often at the period of their annual migration eels of considerable size have been detected making their way straight from one piece of water to another, led, in perhaps all these instances, by an unerring perception that enables them to determine

the exact, though hidden, location of masses of their native element.

The eel's widespread diffusion, its frequent attainment of an abode often seemingly inaccessible, is, as a rule, the accomplishment of the elver or young eel, that, in its season, ascends our waterways in countless myriads. Varying according to climate or locality, sometimes in the summer, but usually in the spring, the elvers make their appearance as worm-like creatures three or four inches long, and about as thick as a stout darning needle. Emerging from the depths of the sea, in numbers almost transcending belief, they approach the land, ascending every stream and tributary, every bay, cove and inlet. Curiously reversing the habit of the adult eel, the elvers travel by day and not by night, in the smaller or less contentious streams they may ascend dispersedly, each apparently traveling according to his own sweet will and usually upon the side where the current is slowest. In large rivers they form themselves in a closely compacted shoal, perhaps because of their habit of massing themselves in deep waters, as sheep do for mutual protection. With the elvers this massed formations is a closely compacted column, termed an eel rope, which may extend for miles. The perseverance of these little creatures is extraordinary. They will essay the most formidable obstacles, regardless of the multitudes that may perish. Upon the Thames River in England are large flood gates, sometimes twenty feet high, whose vertical steep the elvers will climb in myriads, the dark green mossy vegetation covering the face of the ascent being almost hidden by the gray-brown mass of the aspiring swarm, from which will occasionally flash out the lighter tint of the under surface of some erratic climber. Sometimes the obstacle may be deficient in moisture, or present other difficulties, and then, as one writer states, "those that die stick to their posts, others getting a little higher meet with the same fate, until at last a sufficient layer is formed to enable the successive swarms to overcome the dangers of the passage." Wherever there is moisture they will go, undue exposure upon dry surfaces involving loss of the bodily fluids and consequently death of the wanderer. Even a jet of water issuing from a crevice in a flood gate they have been observed to spirally ascend upon the outside of the falling column, and, attaining its summit, proceed upon their up-stream journey. This feat is analogous to the trout's zigzag ascent of the face of a vertical waterfall; the eel's spiral and the trout's criss-cross motion being obviously devices to overcome the force of the descending current. Surmounting with indomitable persistence the most varied and difficult obstacles, creeping wherever moisture is, and often where it is not, over grass, timber or stone, it is evident that the tiny elvers should sometimes worm their way into the most surprising places and then develop into eelhood. To some places of mysterious attainment the little creatures are apparently guided by that singular consciousness of the neighborhood of water so often possessed by the higher animals and sometimes by man himself, for, except with such occult endowment, their presence in water tanks, rain butts, etc., is inexplicable.

So translucent are these elvers that the outline of the brain can be traced behind the gill chambers, the principal heart can also be observed as well as the liver and other organs. Under the microscope the structure of the dark red heart becomes visible, together with its regular, uniform beat, the flow of the blood toward the gills, the pulsation of the gill arches, etc., and with the same instrument, the secondary, or caudal, heart stands revealed.

The eel is not found in South America, or the west coast of Africa and North America, its attempted introduction by the U. S. Fish Commission upon the Pacific coast having failed. In Europe it is found as high as 64.30 degrees north latitude; it is absent from the Danube, Volga and other rivers flowing into the Caspian and Black seas, but in nearly all others upon the continent it is abundant. So is it also in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, in Lake Ontario, the lower and middle Mississippi, but beyond these limits its presence is accidental and temporary, for, without ready access to the sea, it cannot propagate its kind. When so debarr'd, it often attains a great size, the vital energy dissipated in the reproductive process being apparently in such cases expended in bodily growth and development. It is very probable that many of the female eels are barren, and though having easy access to the sea, abide in fresh water. Such probably are the eels of extraordinary size and weights here given. One mentioned by Daniel in his "Field Sports," 40 pounds; another in Land and Water of Oct. 28, 1867, 58 inches long, 17¼ inches girth, weight 36 pounds; London Field, July 15, 1882, one weighing 30¼ pounds.

Among the many aberrancies of this mysterious fish is its tenacity of life; cut up into lengths, the dismembered fragments continue to manifest muscular contractions, and it is credibly asserted that such dissociated portions have been known, to the horror of an unwitting cook, to leap from the frying pan into the fire. Inhabiting both polar and tropical waters, and tolerant of a higher temperature than most fish, it perishes at 120 degrees Fahrenheit. A notable peculiarity of the eel is the toxicity of its blood, a discovery of quite recent date. Experiments with eel serum injected into the circulation of animals have shown, almost invariably, fatal results. A fourteen-pound dog succumbed in seven minutes to the inoculation of but half a centimeter, or about an eighth of a dram of the serum, which is asserted to be three times more poisonous than that of the viper. Many of the experiments with the serum were conducted with the hope that it would prove antidotal to snake poisons, or be otherwise of therapeutic value, and some measure of encouragement has been given. Eels seem to be much affected by electricity, atmospheric concussion or disturbance; thus, in a thunderstorm, a well-colonized pond has been described as "fairly boiling with them." Eel fishers sometimes avail themselves of this susceptibility by resorting to imitation thunder—i. e., drum tapping, the resulting commotion in the distracted eel community facilitating individual captures. Another remarkable characteristic of the eel, its repugnance to light and choice of the darkest places, also contributes to its destruction. A trap formed by a common coffee bag stuffed with straw, a few scraps of meat and stones enough to sink it is left a couple of days in the water, and when raised is generally found to be a wriggling mass, the eels probably abiding in the straw because of the darkness afforded. Before immersion, the mouth of the bag should be tied and two or three holes

made in the coarse sacking by pulling it apart without breaking the strands.

The adult eel always frequents the most shadowy places, and is most active at night; but its aversion to light is most marked at the period of its migration in the deep sea, perhaps the most mysterious of the many singular performances of this strangest of fish. The increased aversion to light is, doubtless, the initial development of a sensibility incident to its abode in the rayless caverns of the deep, for with an approach thereto an adaptation to abyssal conditions is necessitated. For their seaward journey they invariably choose the darkest of nights, a moonless sky overhung with clouds, excites a lively exodus, and if it be stormy, it still further favors their silent and shrouded departure. A change of wind, a clap of thunder, a cloudy, becoming a clear, night will occasion a suspension of movement. In some English rivers they have the singular habit of descending in large, solid balls, one to two feet in diameter, heads in and tails out, the momentum of these living spheres being often sufficient to carry away the fishermen's nets. This freak is not unlikely a manifestation of their intolerance of light, for, packed in such manner, the fluvial voyage can be accomplished in the utter and complete darkness that they seem to covet. According to English observation, big and little start on this unknown voyage, and big and little likewise remain behind, the latter bedding themselves in the soft mud, thus escaping the garish light and the wintry cold. Sooner or later, however, all seem to go down to the voiceless depths of the sea, and none that go ever return. It is probable that the exactions of parentage are so exhausting as to involve the death of the fish, that like an annual plant concentrating all its energy upon the development of its seeds, the eel expends all its vitality in the continuance of its species. In her descent to the shadows that close upon her self-sacrificing existence, the mother eel is burdened with the promise of a contribution of nine million to the coming generation, of which fecundity the returning myriads are the obvious result.

There seems to be little reason to doubt that the eel, in its seaward migration, seeks a darkness that, in human view, is utter and complete, not halting until attaining a depth so profound as to exclude every glimmer of descending light. The investigations of Forel show that at a depth of 400 meters, or about 225 fathoms, the intensity of the light is so diminished that it affects but little the most sensitive photographic plate. Eels, however, descend deeper than this, their spawning stratum being at least 500 meters, or about 275 fathoms, below the surface. With its approach to these inky depths the eel not only appears to develop an added repugnance to solar lights, but, perhaps, also, a different ocular sense, its eyes undergoing a marked enlargement. The eye of the camera is so sensitive that it discerns stars otherwise unrevealed by the most powerful telescopes, and yet seems unable to detect solar light in the watery caverns wherein the eel abides. To what purpose then is the enlarged eye? It may not unreasonably be assumed that while the ordinary light rays are absorbed in traversing the watery depths, others of a different character like the X rays may have a greater power of penetration, and that to such does the eel's eye become adapted. However this may be, it seems certain that the character of the light exciting the ocular sense of deep-sea fishes is different from that upon which our vision is dependent.

That eels resort to oceanic abysses with the object of spawning was demonstrated by Grassi, an Italian naturalist, his discovery, announced in 1896, solving a question that had vexed the subtle intellect of an Aristotle and many a master mind before and since. From time immemorial there has been occasionally found upon the surface of the deep and along its coasts singular creatures that, from their extreme transparency have been styled "glass fish." These organisms are flat, very attenuated, and of uniform breadth, like a piece of ribbon, the thickness of which they will but little exceed. Blood and viscera are colorless, head small, teeth large, the eyes are large, prominent and brilliant, like silver discs, forming the only opaque portion of the body. In the water it is almost invisible, being so completely diaphanous that the type upon this printed page could probably be easily read through it, if suitably placed. The dorsal and caudal fins blend into one another, much like those of the parent eel, for these singular formations are the progeny of that equally singular fish. As the eel larva develops into the elver, the large, bristle-like teeth disappear, the flattened body becomes rounder and shorter, and color is assumed, the entire metamorphosis probably requiring a year for its accomplishment.

A. H. GOURAUD.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Thomas W. Fraine.

THOMAS W. FRaine, a well-known taxidermist of this city, died May 5. Mr. Fraine was born in Barnstable, Devonshire, England, in 1846, and thirty-five years ago came to this country and settled in Rochester, where he had resided ever since. Although an Englishman by birth, he had always prided himself upon his American citizenship and took a lively interest in the affairs of the city of his adoption. Early in life he took up the study of taxidermy and became an expert in its application. His fame as a taxidermist was national, and at the Paris Exposition in 1901 his exhibit received the highest award.

Spoils of the chase found their way to him from all parts of the country, and work was habitually intrusted to him by such well-known hunters of big game as Caspar Whitney, Rev. William L. Rainsford, of New York city; E. H. Litchfield, Rutherford Stuyvesant, Austin Corbin and others. For the past eleven consecutive years he was instructor in Prof. Arey's natural science camp at Canandaigua Lake, and his classes did much toward the building up of that popular summer school. He was thoroughly the master of his art, and dead skins became almost lifelike under the touch of his hands. He was a passionate lover of nature, which gave him the inspiration of an artist in mounting specimens. Animals and birds had a personal interest to him, and he knew them as he knew people. Mr. Fraine was an enthusiastic sportsman and his laboratory was a favorite place for hunters and fishermen, who enjoyed seeing him at work, as well as his interesting tales of hunting and fishing.—Rochester (N. Y.) Union and Advertiser.

Baboons in Cape Colony.

THE baboons are a source of great trouble and loss to the farmers in the more mountainous parts of Cape Colony. These pests lay the lands under contribution for their support, and the sheep and goats under contribution for their pleasure. It is a favorite amusement for a group of baboons to surround an unfortunate sheep or goat and literally tear the poor animal to pieces. So the farmer takes his revenge by hunting the animals down, and, for a time, at least, ridding his farm of their presence.

When a baboon hunt is on the tapis all the neighbors lend a hand. These hunts are invariably carried out in the early morning. About midnight on the eve of the appointed day all the neighbors arrive at the rendezvous, each bringing one or two natives with him to act as bearers, and help generally in any way that may be necessary. The hill where the baboons congregate is surrounded, and the natives stationed at different points all round it. As the parties climb slowly and laboriously up the sides of the incline the harsh bark of the sentinel can be heard, and the rest of the quarry, taking warning, hurry to stow themselves away in their accustomed nooks and crannies. Then the hunters wait, with what patience they can muster, until the first streaks of dawn appear in the heavens. As soon as this occurs one or two baboons come out to reconnoiter. "Crack" go the guns, and these have met their doom. The report of the firearms alarms the others, and they rush out to make their escape, but they are hemmed in. From every side the guns speak, and baboon after baboon pays toll to the farmers' vengeance. One or two may escape, but the number of those who do succeed in getting away is very trifling. Then the hunters collect their spoil. The tails are cut off and given to the natives as payment for their help, who take them into the nearest magistracy and receive 3s. apiece for them, the reward offered by the Government. After which the hunters return fully prepared to do justice to a substantial breakfast at their host's farm.

There is a lack of sport about baboon hunting which prevents it appealing to the average Englishman, but the farmers do not look on the matter in this light at all. It is stern necessity that compels them to act in this way. The baboon is very human in some respects. If an animal is wounded it places its "hands" over the wound and tries to staunch the flow of blood. Seen in the early morning, when the mist is just clearing off the mountain, an "old man" baboon looks, at a short distance, exactly like an old man, and their piercing shrieks as the bullets strike them all help to give the hunt the appearance of a human battue. Those that are wounded on these occasions are dispatched by the natives, who bring their assegais with them for the purpose. The only element of danger in one of these hunts is that in their excitement some of the younger members of the party are liable to move from their proper positions. If they do this they stand a great chance of receiving a bullet, and many accidents have occurred from this lack of caution.

Sometimes the baboons become sufficiently bold as to visit the farm in the day time. This occurred on one occasion at a farm where I was staying in the Sneeubergen district. The animal entered into one of the outhouses. One of the boys had noticed the baboon go into the building, and hastened up and made fast the door. Then he informed us of what he had done. The owner of this farm possessed a very fierce mastiff. "We'll have some sport," he said, "we'll put Nero in the house with the 'old man.'" The dog was sent for, and we went to the outhouse and opened the door and let it in. The uproar inside for the next few minutes was something alarming. Then it died away. "Nero's finished him off," said our host, "let's go in." So we opened wide the door and walked in. As the last of us walked in the baboon sprang up from the corner, where it had evidently gone on hearing our approach, and darted through the open door and away. In the opposite corner was poor Nero, stretched out, a mass of bleeding wounds, groaning piteously. It was a revelation to all of us of the fighting qualities of the "old man" baboon. After this it was easy for us to understand how these animals, with a couple of strokes, can literally tear all the flesh away from the breast of a sheep.—London Field.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Forest Reserves as Game Preserves.

The Black Mesa Forest Reserve of Arizona and its Availability as a Game Preserve.

BY E. W. NELSON.

THE Black Mesa Forest Reserve lies in central-eastern Arizona and contains 1,658,880 acres, is about 180 miles long in a northwesterly and southeasterly direction and a direct continuation southeasterly from the San Francisco Mountain Forest Reserve. On the north it contains a part of the Mogollon Mesa, which is covered with a magnificent open forest of Arizona yellow pine (*Pinus ponderosa*), in which there is an abundance of bunch grass and here and there are beautiful grassy parks. To the southeast the reserve covers a large part of the White Mountains, one of the largest areas of generally high elevation in Arizona. The yellow pine forest, similar in character to that on the Mogollon Mesa, is found over a large part of the reserve between 7,000 and 8,500 feet altitude, and its general character is shown in the accompanying view.

The irregularity in outline of the Black Mesa Reserve is shown in detail on the map. There is a large compact area at each end joined by a long narrow strip, very irregular in outline and less than a township broad at various points. It lies along the southern border of the Great Colorado Plateau and covers the southern and western borders of the basin of the Little Colorado River. Taken

as a whole, this reserve includes some of the wildest and most attractive mountain scenery in the West.

Owing to the wide separation of the two main areas of the reserve, and certain differences in physical character, they will be described separately, beginning with the northwestern and middle areas which are similar in character.

The Northwestern Section of the Black Mesa Reserve.

With the exception of an area in the extreme western part, which drains into the Rio Verde, practically all of this portion of the reserve lies along the upper border of the basin of the Little Colorado. It is a continuation of the general easy slope which begins about 5,000 feet on the river and extends back so gradually at first that it is frequently almost imperceptible, but by degrees becomes more rolling and steeper until the summit is reached at an altitude of from 6,000 to 9,000 feet. The reserve occupies the upper portion of this slope which has more the form of a mountainous plateau country, scored by deep and rugged cañons, than of a typical mountain range. From the summit of this elevated divide, with the exception of the district draining into the Rio Verde, the southern and western slope drops away abruptly several thousand feet into Tonto Creek Basin. The top of the huge escarpment thus formed faces south and west, and is known as the rim of Tonto Basin, or, locally, "The Rim." From the summit of this gigantic rocky declivity is obtained an inspiring view of the south, where range after range of mountains lie spread out to the distant horizon.

The rolling plateau country sloping toward the Little Colorado is heavily scored with deep box cañons often hundreds of feet deep and frequently inaccessible for long distances. Most of the permanent surface water is found in these cañons, and the general drainage is through them down to the lower plains bordering the river. The greater part of this portion of the reserve is covered with yellow pine forests below which is a belt varying greatly in width, of pinyons, cedars and junipers, interspersed with a more or less abundant growth of gramma grass. This belt of scrubby conifers contains many open grassy areas, and nearer the river gives way to continuous broad grassy plains. Nowhere in this district, either among the yellow pines or in the lower country, is there much surface water, and a large share of the best watering places are occupied by sheep owners.

The wild and rugged slopes of Tonto Basin, with their southerly exposure, have a more arid character than the area just described. On these slopes yellow pines soon give way to pinyons, cedars and junipers, and many scrubby oaks, and various species of hardy bushes. The watering places are scarce until the bottom of the basin is approached. Tonto Basin and its slopes are also occupied by numerous sheep herds, especially in winter.

There are several small settlements of farmers, sheep and cattle growers within the limits of the narrow strip connecting the larger parts of the reserve, notably Show Low, Pinetop and Linden. The wagon road from Holbrook, on the Santa Fé Pacific Railroad, to the military post at Camp Apache, on the White Mountain Indian Reservation, passes through this strip by way of Show Low. The old trails through Sunset Pass to Camp Verde and across "The Rim" into Tonto Basin traverse the northern part of the reserve, and are used by stockmen and others at short intervals, except in the middle of winter.

The climate of this section of the reserve is rather arid in summer, the rainfall being much more uncertain than in the more elevated areas about the San Francisco Mountains to the northwest and the White Mountains to the southeast. The summers are usually hot and dry, the temperature being modified, however, by the altitude. Rains sometimes occur during July and August, but are more common in the autumn when they are often followed by abundant snowfall. During some seasons snow falls to a depth of three or more feet on a level in the yellow pine forests and remains until spring. During other seasons, however, the snowfall is insignificant and much of the ground remains bare during the winter, especially on southern exposures. As a matter of course the lower slope of the pinyon belt and the grassy plains of the Little Colorado, both of which lie outside of the reserve, have less and less snow, according to the altitude, and it never remains for any very considerable time. On the southerly exposure facing Tonto Basin the snow is still less permanent. The winter in the yellow pine belt extends from November to April.

Large Game in the Northern Part of the Black Mesa Reserve.

Black-tailed deer, antelope, black and silver tipped bears and mountain lions are the large game animals which frequent the yellow pine forests in summer. Wild turkeys are also common.

The black-tailed deer are still common and generally distributed. In winter the heavy snow drives them to a lower range in the pinyon belt toward the Little Colorado and also down the slope of Tonto Basin, both of these areas lying outside the reserve. The Arizona white-tailed deer is resident throughout the year in comparatively small numbers on the brushy slopes of Tonto Basin, and sometimes strays up in summer into the border of the pine forest. Antelope were once plentiful on the plains of the Little Colorado and in summer ranged through the open yellow pine forest now included in the reserve. They still occur, in very limited numbers, in this forest during the summer, and at the first snowfall descend to the lower border of the pinyon belt and adjacent grassy plains. Both species of bears occur throughout the pine forests in summer, often following sheep herds. As winter approaches and the sheep are moved out of the higher ranges, many of the bears go over "The Rim" to the slopes of Tonto Basin, where they find acorns, juniper berries and other food until cold weather causes them to hibernate. The mountain lions are always most numerous on the rugged slopes of Tonto Basin, especially during winter, when sheep and game have left the elevated forest.

From the foregoing notes it is apparent that the northwestern and middle portions of the Black Mesa Reserve are without proper winter range for game within its limits, and that the conditions are otherwise unfavorable for their use as game preserves.

The Southeastern Section of the Black Mesa Reserve.

The southeastern portion of the reserve remains to be considered. The map shows this to be a rectangular area about thirty by fifty miles in extent, lying between the White Mountain Indian Reservation and the western border of New Mexico, and covering the adjacent parts of Apache and Graham counties. It includes the eastern part of the White Mountains, which culminate in Ord and Thomas peaks, rising respectively to 10,266 feet and to 11,496 feet, on the White Mountain Indian Reservation just off the western border of the Forest Reserve. This section of the reserve is strikingly more varied in physical conditions than the northern portion, as will be shown by the following description:

The northwestern part of this section, next to the peaks just mentioned, is an elevated mountainous plateau country forming the watershed between the extreme headwaters of the Little Colorado on the north and the Black and San Francisco rivers, tributaries of the Gila, on the south. The divide between the heads of these streams is so low that in the midst of the undulating country where they rise it is often difficult to determine at first sight to which drainage some of the small tributaries belong. This district is largely of volcanic formation and beds of lava cover large tracts, usually overlaid with soil on which the forest flourishes.

The entire northern side of this section is bordered by the sloping grassy plains of the Little Colorado, which at their upper border have an elevation of 6,500 to 7,500 feet, and are covered here and there with pinyons, cedars and junipers, especially along the sides of the cañons and similar slopes. At the upper border of this belt the general slope becomes abruptly mountainous and rises to 8,000 or 8,500 feet to a broad bench-like summit, from which extends back the elevated plateau country already mentioned. This outer slope of the plateau is covered with a fine belt of yellow pine forests, similar in character to that found in the northern part of the reserve. Owing to the more abrupt character of the northerly slope of this belt, and its greater humidity, the forest is more varied by firs and aspens, especially along the cañons, than is the case further north. Here and there along the upper tributaries of the Little Colorado, small valleys open out which are frequently wooded and contain beautiful mountain parks.

The summit of the elevated plateau country about the headwaters of the Little Colorado and Black rivers (which is known locally as the "Big Mesa"), is an extended area of rolling grassy plain entirely surrounded by forests and varied irregularly by wooded ridges and points of timber. This open plain extends in a long sweep from a point a few miles south of Springerville westward for about fifteen miles along the top of the divide to the bases of Ord and Thomas peaks. These elevated plains are separated from those of the Little Colorado to the north by the belt of forests already described as covering the abrupt northern wall of the plateau. On the other sides of the "Big Mesa" an unbroken forest extends away over the undulating mountainous country as far as the eye can reach. The northerly slopes of the higher elevations in this section are covered with spruce forest.

The most varied and beautiful part of the entire Black Mesa Reserve lies in the country extending southeasterly from Ord and Thomas peaks and immediately south of the "Big Mesa." This is the extreme upper part of the basin of Black River, which is formed by numerous little streams rising from springs and wet meadows at an elevation of from 8,500 to 9,500 feet. The little meadows form attractive grassy openings in the forest covered in summer with a multitude of wild flowers and surrounded by the varied foliage of different trees and shrubs. The little streams flow down gently sloping courses, which gradually deepen to form shallow side cañons leading into the main river. Black River is a clear, sparkling trout stream at the bottom of a deep, rugged box cañon, cut through a lava bed and forming a series of wildly picturesque views. The sides of Black River Cañon and its small tributaries are well forested. On the cool northerly slope the forest is made up of a heavy growth of pines, firs, aspens and alder bushes, which give way on the southerly slope, where the full force of the sun is felt, to a thin growth of pines, grass and a little underbrush.

At the head of Black River, between 8,000 and 9,000 feet, there are many nearly level or gently sloping areas, sometimes of considerable extent. These are covered with open yellow pine forests with many white barked aspens scattered here and there, and an abundance of grasses and low bushes. This was once a favorite summer country for elk, and I have seen there many bushes and small saplings which had been twisted and barked by bull elk while rubbing the velvet from their horns.

Immediately south and east of Black River lies the Prieto Plateau, a well wooded mountain mass rising steeply from Black River Cañon to a broad summit about 9,000 feet in altitude. The northerly slopes of this plateau, facing the river, are heavily forested with pines, firs, aspens and brushy undergrowth, and are good elk country. The summit is cold and damp, with areas of spruce thickets and attractive wet meadows scattered here and there. Beyond the summit of the plateau to the south and east of the country descends abruptly several thousand feet, in a series of rocky declivities and sharp spur-like ridges, to the cañon of Blue River, a tributary of the San Francisco River. This slope, near the summit, is overgrown with firs, aspens and pines, which give way, as the descent is made, to pinyons, cedar and scrubby oak trees and a more or less abundant growth of chaparral. Small streams and springs are found in the larger cañons on this slope, while far below at an altitude of about 5,000 feet lies Blue River.

The country at the extreme head of Blue River forms a great mountain amphitheater, with one side so near the upper course of Black River that one can traverse the distance between the basins of the two streams in a short ride. The descent into the drainage of Blue River is very abrupt and is known locally as the "Breaks" of Blue River. The scenery of these Breaks nearly, if not quite, equals that on "The Rim" of Tonto Basin in its wild magnificence. The vegetation on the "Breaks" shows at a glance the milder character of the climate, as compared with that of the more elevated area about the head

of Black River. In the midst of the shrubby growth on the "Breaks" there is a fine growth of nutritious grasses, which forms excellent winter forage.

The entire southern part of the reserve lying beyond the Prieto Plateau is an excessively broken mountainous country, with abrupt changes in altitude from the hot cañons, where cottonwoods flourish, to the high ridges where pines and firs abound.

The northeastern part of the section of the reserve under consideration is cut off from the rest by the valley of Nutrioso Creek, a tributary of the Little Colorado, and by the headwaters of the San Francisco River. It is a limited district, mainly occupied by Escudilla Mountain, rising to 10,691 feet, and its foothills. Escudilla Mountain slopes abruptly to a long truncated summit and is heavily forested from base to summit by pines, aspens and spruces. On the south the foothills merge into the generally mountainous area. On the north, at an altitude of about 8,000 feet they merge into the plains of the Little Colorado, varied by grassy prairies and irregular belts of pinyon timber.

The upper parts of the Little Colorado and Black rivers, above 7,500 feet, are clear and cold and well stocked with a native species of small brook trout.

Owing to the generally elevated character of the southeastern section of the Black Mesa Reserve, containing three mountain peaks rising above 10,000 feet, the annual precipitation is decidedly greater than elsewhere on the reserve. The summer rains are irregular in character, being abundant in some seasons and very scanty in others, but there is always enough rainfall about the extreme head of Black River to make grass, although there is always much hot, dry weather between May and October. The fall and winter storms are more certain than those of summer, and the parts of the reserve lying above 8,000 feet are usually buried in snow before spring—frequently with several feet of snow on a level. The amount of snow increases steadily with increase of altitude. Some of the winter storms are severe, and on one occasion while living at an altitude of 7,500 feet, I witnessed a storm during which snow fell continuously for nearly two days. The weather was perfectly calm at the time, and after the first day the pine trees became so loaded that an almost continual succession of reports were heard from the breaking of large branches. At the close of the storm there was a measured depth of twenty-six inches of snow on a level at an altitude of 7,500 feet. A thousand feet lower, on the plains of the Little Colorado, a few miles to the north, only a foot of snow fell, while at higher altitudes the amount was much greater than that measured.

The summer temperatures are never excessive in this section and the winters are mild, although at times reaching from 15 to 20 degrees below zero. Above 7,500 feet, except on sheltered south slopes, snow ordinarily remains on the ground from four to five months in sufficient quantity to practically close this area from winter grazing. Cattle, and the antelope which once frequented the "Big Mesa" in considerable numbers, appeared to have premonitions of the coming of the first snow in fall. On one occasion, while stopping at a ranch on the plains of the Little Colorado, just below the border of the Big Mesa country in November, I was surprised to see hundreds of cattle in an almost endless line coming down from the mesa, intermingled with occasional bands of antelope. They were following one of the main trails leading from the mountain out on the plains of the Little Colorado. Although the sun was shining at the time, there was a slight haziness in the atmosphere, and the ranchmen assured me that this movement of the stock always foretold the approach of a snowstorm. The following morning the plains around the ranch where I was stopping, were covered with six inches of snow, while over a foot of snow covered the mountains. Bands of half-wild horses ranging on the Big Mesa show more indifference to snow, as they can dig down to the grass, but the depth of snow sometimes increases so rapidly that the horses become "yarded" and their owners have much difficulty in extricating them.

The southerly slopes leading down from the divide to the lower altitudes along the Black River and the Breaks of the Blue are sheltered from the cold northerly winds of the Little Colorado Valley, while the greater natural warmth of the situation aids in preventing any serious accumulation of snow. As a result this entire portion of the reserve forms an ideal winter game range, with an abundance of grass and edible bushes. The varied character of the country about the head of Black River makes it an equally favorable summer range for game, and that this conjunction of summer and winter ranges is appreciated by the game animals is shown by the fact that this district is probably the best game country in all Arizona.

Large Game in the Southeastern Part of the Black Mesa Reserve.

The large game found in this section of the reserve includes the elk, black-tailed deer, Arizona white-tailed deer, black and silver-tipped bears, mountain lions and wildcats, timber wolves and coyotes.

Elk were formerly found over most of the pine and fir forested parts of this section of the reserve, but were already becoming rather scarce in 1885, and, although they were still found there in 1897, it is now a question whether any survive or not. If they still survive, they are restricted to a limited area about the head of Black River from Ord Peak to the Prieto Plateau. Black-tailed deer are still common and their summer range extends more or less generally over all of the forested part of this section above 7,500 feet. In winter only a few stray individuals remain within the reserve on the Little Colorado side, but a number range out into the pinyon country on the plains of the Little Colorado. The country about the head of Black River is a favorite summer range of this deer, but in winter they gradually retreat before the heavy snowfall to the sheltered cañons along Black River and the Breaks of the Blue. In September and October the old males keep by themselves in parties of from four to ten and range through the glades of the yellow pine forest.

The Arizona white-tailed deer is not found on the part of the reserve drained by the Little Colorado River, but is abundant in the basin of Blue River, and ranges in summer up into the lower part of the yellow pine forest along Black River. They retreat before the early snows to

the Breaks of the Blue, where they are very numerous. During hunting trips into their haunts in October and November, I have several times seen herds of these deer numbering from thirty to forty, both before and after the first snowfall. Antelope formerly ranged up in summer from the plains of the Little Colorado over the grassy Big Mesa country and through the surrounding open pine forest, retreating to the plains in the autumn, but they are now nearly or quite exterminated in that section. Bears of both species wander irregularly over most of the reserve, in summer, but are most numerous on the Breaks of the Blue and about the head of Black River. In autumn, previous to their hibernation, they descend along the cañon of the Black River and among the Breaks of the Blue, where acorns and other food is abundant. Mountain lions also wander over all parts of the reserve, but are common only in the rough country along the Blue. Wildcats are rather common and widely distributed, but are far more numerous on the Black and the Blue rivers. Timber wolves were once rather common, but are now nearly extinct, owing to their persecution by owners of sheep and cattle. Coyotes occur in this district occasionally in summer. Wild turkeys are



OPEN FOREST OF ARIZONA YELLOW PINE.

found more or less generally throughout this section of the reserve, retreating in winter to the warmer country along the Breaks of the Blue and the cañon of Black River, where they sometimes gather in very large flocks.

Notes on Settlements, Roads and Other Matters.

The greater part of this section of the Black Mesa Reserve is unsettled, but the northeastern corner along Nutrioso Creek and the head of San Francisco River is traversed by a wagon road leading to Springerville. Within the limits of the reservation on this road are two small farming villages of Nutrioso and Alpine. The owners of these small farms along the valleys of these streams also raise a limited number of cattle and horses on the surrounding hills. A few claims are also held at scattered points along the extreme northern edge of the reserve, between Springerville and Nutrioso. Between 1883 and 1895 several herds of cattle were grazed on the head of Black River and ranged in winter down on the Breaks of the Blue and the cañons of Black River; but I understand that these ranges have since been abandoned by the cattlemen. For some years the sheep men have grazed their flocks in summer over the Big Mesa country and through the surrounding open forest. In addition to the damage done by the grazing of the sheep, the carelessness of the herders in starting forest fires has resulted in some destruction to the timber. Fortunately, the permanent settlers on this section of the reserve are located in the northeastern corner, which is the least suitable portion of the tract for game. In addition to the wagon road from Springerville to Nutrioso, another road has been made from Springerville south across the Big Mesa to the head of Black River. Trails run from Nutrioso and Springerville to the head of Blue River and down it to the copper mining town of Clifton, but are little used. At various times scattered settlers have located along the Blue and cultivated small garden patches. The first of these settlers were killed by the Apaches, and I am unable to say whether these farms are now occupied or not. In any case, the conditions along the upper Blue are entirely unsuited for successful farming.

Perhaps the most serious menace to the successful preservation of game on this tract is its proximity to the White Mountain Indian Reservation. This reservation not only takes in some of the finest game country immediately bordering the timber reserve, including Ord and Thomas peaks, but is often visited by hunting parties of Indians.

During spring and early summer all of the yellow pine and fir country in this section is subjected to a plague of tabano flies, which are about the size of large horse flies. These flies swarm in great numbers and attack stock and game so viciously that as a consequence the animals are frequently much reduced in flesh. The Apaches take advantage of this plague to set fires to the forest and lie in wait for the game which has taken shelter in the smoke to rid itself from the flies. In this way the Indians kill large numbers of breeding deer, and at the same time destroy considerable areas of forest. While on a visit to this district in the summer of 1899 Mr. Pinchot saw the smoke of five forest fires at different places in the mountains, which had been set by hunting parties of Indians for the purpose. The only method by which not only the game, but the forest along the western side of this reserve can be successfully protected, will be to have the western border of the forest reserve extended to take in a belt eight to twelve miles wide of the Indian reservation. This would include Ord and Thomas peaks and would serve efficiently to protect the country about the headwaters of the rivers from these destructive incursions.

The northern border of this section of the reserve is about one hundred miles by wagon road from the nearest point on the Santa Fé Pacific Railroad. Seven miles from its northern border is the town of Springerville with a few hundred inhabitants in its vicinity engaged in farming, cattle and sheep growing. From Springerville north extends the plains of the Little Colorado to St. Johns, the county seat of Apache county, containing a few hundred people. To the south and east of the reserve there are no towns for some distance, except a few small settlements along the course of the San Francisco River in New Mexico, which are far removed from the part of the reserve which is most suitable for game. The fact that deer continue abundant in the district about the head of Black River, although hunted at all seasons for many years, and the continuance there of elk for so long, under the same conditions, is good evidence of the favorable conditions existing in that section for game.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

New Sporting Clubs.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 10.—The Fox Lake Hunting and Fishing Club, of Wisconsin, has been incorporated, with twenty-two members, among whom are Senator Green, Senator Roehr, Chas. Pfister, Attorney Walker, Judge Neeland and other prominent Milwaukee gentlemen. The grounds will be on Fox Lake, Wis., where a ten-room club house will at once be erected.

Very interesting news is it that the "Saginaw Crowd" of Michigan, including such well-known gentlemen as Messrs. W. B. Mershon, Watts S. Humphreys, Geo. B. Morley, Farnham Lyon, C. H. Davis and several others will establish a very extensive game preserve in the South. The grounds will be located not far from Grenada, Miss., and will comprise some thousands of acres, which will be strictly preserved. A good club house will be erected at an early date on a tract of land which has been secured from a prominent citizen of that section, by the name of Mr. Newberger, I believe. The Saginaw gentlemen will maintain this as a quail preserve, and will spend some time there during the winter months. It is possible that a Christmas party will dedicate the new club house next winter.

There is very interesting news reported to-day also in regard to the formation of another Chicago shooting club, with a membership of perhaps fifty, and grounds located in a well-known locality. As the leases are not signed, it is inadvisable to be more specific, but it is thought the matter is certain to go forward safely.

Killing Things.

Coahoma writes from Clarksdale, Miss.: "I do not envy the feelings of Mr. Hess O'Brien, mentioned in your last to FOREST AND STREAM, after he had murdered the eagle with six duck loads. I once, during my period of thoughtless youth, murdered a raccoon, for which I had no use, in overflow water about knee deep. I shot him through the windpipe and other places with a pistol, then got out of the skiff and beat him to death with an oar amid a tangle of vines. When I completed the job I felt like a pair of handcuffs would make a suitable adornment to signalize my victory."

We've all done such things and all felt that way.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

E. HOUGH.

Three Seasons in the Moose Country

Part II.

IN October, 1901, only two of the club members could go—Harry and a well-known trapshooter of Newark, N. J. (Chris for short). The two other members had given up the trip at the last moment, and as accommodation had been engaged for four, I gathered my belonging together and again undertook the journey. A former Cornell friend of Mr. Jersey joined us at Utica, and our party was complete. We were due at Utica about midnight, so Harry and Chris sat up to welcome the friend whom we will call Smith, because that's his name. They left the train to help him aboard with his traps, then all three entered the smoking car ahead. When tickets were called for they found to their dismay that the train had split in two at Utica, our sleeper, the Lena, being bound for Montreal, and their portion of the train going to Malone only. I had all the baggage, even their hats, but to balance accounts, they had the tickets and all the money. Eventually about 3 in the morning our train was held at a siding till they caught up and go aboard, three very worried looking men, indeed. If the railroad authorities had not been so accommodating we would have been delayed three days, as trains are not allowed to run through the Province of New Brunswick on Sunday. No C. P. R. train leaves Montreal for New Brunswick on Saturday evening, although the conductor told me they used to leave Saturday as well as any other day in the week, stop wherever they happened to be a midnight, wait patiently until midnight Sunday and proceed to their destination. Imagine any passengers in the United States brooking a delay of twenty-four hours in that way. New Brunswick still has her "blue laws." I you are a lumberman, you can come out of the forest on Sunday, but on no account are you allowed to start into the woods on that day.

Some of our provisions we purchased in Montreal an expressed through, among which was a carefully handled and suspicious looking case. Sportsmen are always strong Prohibitionists, you know.

Again we found ourselves in Boiestown with Carso and Hale's familiar faces to greet us. All of Boiestown meet the train as a daily diversion. So crowded was the platform, that Chris in alighting deposited all our new tin ware from Fredericton, carefully on the track, much to the amusement of the onlookers, but time is no object to this train, and with the aid of the conductor and one of the crew, Chris was soon set to rights. Wave your hand at any crossing and they'll take you aboard or carry a bundle for you to the next town.

This year we had no easy twelve-mile tramp from the head of the settlement, but a journey of some thirty-five miles. We got an early start, two teams with our prov

sions and baggage, two guides, the second being Carson's son Arch, and the cook. We made fifteen miles the first day; the last three were the longest I ever traveled. We reached our camp about noon of the third day, much fatigued, but well repaid for weary feet when we sighted our cosy little cabin. We found a soap box in our outfit, and knocking out one side with the words "Happy Home" on it, nailed it over the door. This name was as good as any, and ready made.

"Happy Home" is on a knoll within 100 feet of the shore of a lake about a mile long and half as wide. In that country a lake of this size is not considered of enough importance to give it a name. It is one of a chain of lakes, which go to make up Rocky Brook, and there are twelve others of good size within three miles of our camp. Moored in front of our cabin was a catamaran, to me a novel method of traveling. I never succeeded in making any headway with the thing, as my pole stuck in the mud and pulled me back. It was something like the cat-in-the-well problem to me. I never was able to figure to my satisfaction just how long it would take me to reach the other shore with this "cat," so I generally let some one else do the work.

When the rifles were unpacked, Carson gave a grunt of disgust; every one was small caliber. The .40-70 had been left at home on account of its weight. A Mannlicher, two .30-40's, a .30-30 and a little .22 Winchester completed the outfit. Carson said he would soon throw a handful of peas at a moose; he thought he might better lash them together and fire them all at once.

The very next day we had some encouragement. Chris and Arch went across the lake, and that afternoon we heard a fusillade like a second San Juan Hill. It was our lucky friend from Jersey after his first moose. He found the moose on an open barren, and fired every cartridge he had with him; the moose paid no attention to him, but calmly walked off and fell dead some twenty-five yards away. He was hit seven times in the body, and some one or all of them settled him. His horns were an even spread, measuring close to fifty inches, and Chris could put one notch in his Mannlicher. Mr. Smith had more faith in his .30-40, having used it on deer in the Adirondacks; but after he had hit a moose, seen him tumble over a windfall and reached the spot, only to find nothing there, he commenced to look sober. At less than twenty yards the Mannlicher failed to bring down the next moose, but later, by the judicious use of a large quantity of ammunition, picked off a small caribou. The .30-30 was looked upon with so much contempt by this time, that it was never even fired.

About three miles from our camp is Geordie Lake, named for Geordie Brown, one of the oldest and best-known trappers and hunters in that region. He has a little cabin on the shore and lives there most of the time, varied by occasional visits to the settlement or the different lumber camps, where his presence is a never-failing source of amusement. An old man and almost blind, he is well provided for by every one, and is now unable to follow his old-time occupation.

Geordie was no respecter of the law; beaver or cow moose were to him as fair game as any other animal. Long ago the authorities ceased to meddle with him, principally because he was a movable quantity, and there is quite a bit of room in the New Brunswick forest to play hide and seek. A sheriff traveled many weary miles in search of Geordie, and the story goes that at last he found him on the shore of a lake catching his breakfast. "Well, Geordie," said the sheriff, "I've come for you." "Did anybody t-t-t-see you c-c-come in?" stuttered Geordie. "No," said the sheriff, "I was very careful that they shouldn't." "Then," said Geordie, snatching up his rifle, "I'll t-t-take t-t-t-d—n good care no one sees you go out," and the sheriff had to give up his attempt at arrest, was escorted to the trail by the old man and made his way back to town. Many stories are told of the shrewdness of this same character. Having been overcharged by a grasping woman for some potatoes, Geordie determined to get even, so he ordered from her a tub of butter, "B-but on your life," said he, "p-put no salt in it." This butter was made as ordered, but no Geordie put in an appearance, so of course it spoiled. Some weeks after he called for it, but refused to accept it in that condition, averring that even if he had ordered it without salt he hadn't said anything against "putting pickle on it."

Geordie Lake has quantities of large brook trout, so for that matter have all the lakes in that section. A fly, the tip of a squirrel tail, or a bit of white pork seem to them equally delectable. Our lake has many old beaver "works," otter rolls, and we saw quite a few mink.

Every year we have visited some of Carson's bear traps, but autumn seems to be a very poor time to catch them; food is too abundant. Probably 200 would be a very conservative estimate of the number of skins Carson has taken. He says he never skins one without a shudder; the body looks so much like a human being's. The track in the snow might easily be mistaken for a human footprint. Beechnut trees with the tops all broken and interlaced showed where Mr. Bruin had climbed in search of a meal.

There seem to be three distinct species of partridge in New Brunswick. I succeeded in getting a good specimen of both the "spruce" and the "birch" (ruffed grouse), but did not see the one they call "juniper." The .22, while out of question in New York State for partridge, seems just the thing in New Brunswick. They are as tame as chickens.

Word came to us that a gentleman from St. Louis and his daughter were to stop at one of Henry Braithwaite's near-by Exchange Camps on their way out to the settlement, so I journeyed over to call; another woman was certainly a novelty. Both she and her father had a fine moose head. She was to go out to the settlement on horseback from that point, but I would rather trust to my own feet than a strange horse on that rough trail.

Being nearly fifty miles from a physician, we always carry along a small medicine case, bandages and surgeon's needles. Amateur surgery would be preferable to none. Luckily, none of us have ever needed any attention, but every year I have used nearly my whole stock on passing lumbermen. It is quite usual to meet a sick or "cut" man, made as comfortable as possible on a sled, and bumping over stumps and rocks on his way to the settlement and a doctor. A foot half-cut off by a

slip of the ax is covered with a handful of flour, bound up, and it may be days before it receives proper medical treatment. Only a strong constitution pulls these men through.

We had become quite hardened, so that we made the trip out in two days' time, but seventeen or eighteen miles a day would be quite a walk even over a good road. I would advise no woman to make such a trip unless she has excellent health and can put up with any hardship.

Mr. Irland makes the statement that "Carson's party wounded seven moose." I do not know his source of information, but to my knowledge our list of casualties was one killed and but two wounded. Our party saw seven bull moose, and owing to the general disgust, in that section, with the small bores, on Mr. Irland's arrival no doubt they were all put down as "wounded." However, after the many solemn vows that were registered in Camp Happy Home, it is safe to say that this year on another trip all will carry rifles in proportion to the size of game.

MRS. HENRY PERRINE WALKER.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in *FOREST AND STREAM*.

Random Notes of an Angler.

More About Trout.

As we all have noticed, the trout has a great dislike to the direct rays of the sun, and when they shine upon him he retreats within the shadow of an old piece of submerged driftwood, a boulder or a bunch of aquatic weeds, where he remains motionless until clouds begin to move or a breeze creates a ripple which breaks the rays and throws a shadow to the bottom.

The angler thus finds that on perfectly smooth water his flies fail to evoke the responses that he desires; but if the surface is stirred by the breeze, the trout begin to rise and soon accept his lure with eagerness.

Although the reputation of the trout is that of a nervous, quick-moving fish, it is as a rule quite the contrary. I now refer to those fish which live in deep pools and in the "still water" of rivers.

Of course, it has its periods of activity, but generally it is indolent to a degree. Scores of times have I seen these fish moving about sluggishly, loitering on or near the bottom and apparently without any energy whatever. In fact, the chub and suckers in the same pool display a much greater activity.

This opinion is based on long observation and study of them, for which I have had abundant facilities, and in many waters.

This sluggishness of the trout is exhibited in all degrees of temperature of the water, and is not, therefore, limited to the summer months. Those fish which live in the brooks and rapid streams, however, display much greater activity.

It is chiefly owing to this indolence that trout fall easy victims to their many enemies, among which the otter and mink are most destructive.

The otter catches with perfect ease the largest trout in the deepest water. I have often seen one swim from the shore, dive and reappear to the surface within a few seconds, holding a good-sized trout between its teeth. The mink is even more voracious. On one occasion I saw one capture five nice trout in less than an hour. It destroys more than it can possibly eat, and seems to kill for the sake of killing.

Eels also capture great numbers of trout, and even the great snapping turtle occasionally seizes one and mutilates others that it does not succeed in holding.

Every angler has at times taken trout with large, deep gashes in their bodies which were undoubtedly made by the turtles. Last autumn I caught three which were thus mutilated, and one of them had a large piece of its body torn out sufficiently deep to show the viscera.

Lamprey eels are also deadly enemies of the trout, and in some waters destroy considerable numbers. They attach themselves by their sucking disc to the trout just behind the gills, and the unfortunate victim is soon reduced to a physical wreck.

I once captured a trout, which in good normal condition would weigh three pounds, but which was hardly a pound in weight, it having been an unwilling living feast for a lamprey which was about eight inches in length.

Much has been said about the coloration of the trout being affected by the bottom of the water in which it lives. While it may be stated that the brighter and cleaner the bottom, the brighter will be the fish, there are many exceptions to this as a rule.

In one of my outings I had some excellent fly-fishing in an old abandoned mill pond near Malpeque, P. E. I. This pond was surrounded by a moss-overgrown swamp in which there were here and there scattered clumps of princess pines, stunted firs and hackmatacks.

The water was very weedy and the bottom was composed of disintegrated red sandstone, such as the whole island consists of, over which was a layer of mud and alluvium. This pond was, if I may use such a hackneyed expression, alive with trout; they came dozens at every cast of the fly, and our limit of three dozen was soon reached. They were beautifully colored fish, bright almost as sea trout, although many had the rich coloration that the trout displays during the mating season.

I was greatly surprised to find such brilliant fish in that very unattractive water, and thought that perhaps there was some outlet by which they could have run in from the sea, but was soon convinced to the contrary; it was simply one of the many forest ponds such as are scattered through the Maritime Provinces. Now, though those fish were handsome to look at; yea, perfect pictures of piscine beauty, they were on the table simply atrocious. Their meat was red, it is true, but it tasted of hackmatack, moss, rotten wood and leaves most disgustingly—one mouthful was enough.

One other example to show that environment does not always affect the coloration of trout. Nearly fifty years ago I fished a small brook in Milton, Mass., which ran for three or four miles through swamps and meadows and emptied into the Pine Tree Brook, so called, which found an outlet in the Neponset River. That river had in former years been ascended by shad and alewives, but at the period mentioned the high dams at Milton Lower Falls and at Mattapan, which had no fishways, shut them out. It is more than probable that sea trout and salmon in the long ago also came into the river, but it must have been years before my time, certainly none could have ascended to the brook for years before I fished it; there was no chance for them to.

The little stream was like hundreds of other meadow brooks, occasionally two or three feet in width, but oftener it was barely wide enough to permit my hook to drop into the water.

Its depth varied from eight or nine to twenty or more inches, and the bottom was chiefly alluvium, such as is always present in meadow brooks which have but very little current.

At many points the banks came so close together that there was barely room for me to pull out a fish, but of course the stream widened near the bottom, thus affording beneath the overhanging banks ideal lurking places for the trout. I fished the stream for about a mile of its length, and captured twenty-three most beautiful fish. There were no small ones, the whole number being about of a size, and weighing about one-half pound each. Well, those trout were as silvery bright as fresh-run sea trout, which my old friend, Dr. Samuel Cabot, to whom I presented six brace of the handsomest ones, at first declared them to be, until I assured him that by no possibility could they have ascended to the brook from the ocean. They were delicious fish, and as red-meated as a salmon, and this notwithstanding they had been taken from most unpromising water, both as to quality and temperature.

While it is ordinarily a delicate feeder, the trout is often a gross one in the extreme. I know of no other fresh-water fish that is nearly so gluttonous. Repeatedly have I seen them and even had them come to the fly when they were stuffed to repletion, and often with a good-sized shiner protruding from the mouth, which they were unable to swallow.

I once opened a good-sized trout which I took in the Jacquet River, N. B., and found it contained seven average-sized smelts, and have, times without number, found from four to six smelts, minnows or shiners in them.

This gluttonous habit is well-known to the Maine guides, and it used to be a common practice with them to bait certain favorite localities in the lakes by cutting up a large number of chub and dropping them in the water. The trout attracted by the bloody "chum" come to the feast in considerable numbers, and they haunt the spot several days, gorging themselves with the bait which the guides from time to time renew. This practice used to be considerably in vogue, but whether or not it has been abandoned I do not know.

It was over one of these baited spots that I once assisted in making a somewhat remarkable catch of large trout. My old friend, Senator Randall, of Massachusetts, and I had reached the last day of our outing and we both wanted a few fish to take home. It was early in the season, and trolling with spinning minnows was about the only method by which the large fish could be taken. As I did not care particularly for that sport, I volunteered to row the boat and act as guide generally while he could hold the rod and enjoy himself to his heart's content.

We did not meet with much success in the Welokenne-bacook Lake, and after a while we entered the narrows which connected this lake with the next one in the celebrated Rangeley Chain, where I cruised back and forth, moving up the narrows gradually at every tack.

At length as the boat passed the outlet of a small brook, which later in the season used to be a favorite locality with fly-fishermen, my friend's line received a heavy tug, apparently from a very large fish, and striking quickly he soon was reeling in a "whale," as he excitedly called it. When the fish was brought to the surface I plied the landing net and soon the prize, a six-pounder, was placed in the car which was being towed astern of the boat. Another minnow was affixed to the hook and we moved on again. In no other spot in the narrows, however, was a trout to be found, and as we had been so fortunate at the outlet of the brook I rowed back again over it and as soon as we reached the proper spot another large fish was struck and successfully landed.

"Here's where they seem to live," exclaimed Mr. Randall as the trout, a 3½-pounder, was placed in the car. "Let's try 'em here again."

Well, to make a short story of it, we caught in less than two hours eleven trout, not one of which was less than three pounds in weight.

"We've got enough," said my friend, as he laid his rod down; "let's get back to camp."

As I was about to resume my oars a boat approached containing two fishermen and one of the camp guides. As they passed us I saw that their trolling lines were out. They moved along slowly, and as they passed us the guide shook his fist at me as if he bore me a grudge. I did not take any notice of the gesture at the time, but in the evening as we assembled in the camp I asked him what he had against me. "Oh, nothing much," he replied, "only for three days past I have baited that place where you took all those big trout, expecting to get a good mess for my Lowell party who go home to-morrow; there wasn't a fish left in the neighborhood and you captured the whole shooting match. We found only two or three fish left after you got through. I don't bear any ill will, but if you can spare two or three of your catch my party will not have to go home with empty hands."

"Of course we will," replied Mr. Randall; "it was rather a good joke on you, although it certainly was an unintentional one. We will divide with them share and share alike. Will that be satisfactory?"

"Of course it will," and more, too, and I thank you very much for them."

EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

Looking Over the Fly-Book.

WHERE can there be found in all this broad land of ours an enthusiastic angler who, if he has an ambition to go in quest of brook trout this spring, has not already looked over his fishing tackle? Very likely this act was performed ostensibly for the purpose of ascertaining whether or not any of the necessary articles were lacking, but in reality often times under the influence of another though perhaps unconscious motive. It is highly probable that the angler was well satisfied in his own mind that there was actually nothing of importance wanting to complete his outfit, for the enthusiastic fisherman usually keeps his tackle in readiness for any emergency that may arise, but when once he had begun the examination memory took possession of his mind and held him enthralled. The chief instigator of retrospective thoughts was no doubt the fly-book, for in that were leaders and tattered artificial flies which served to vividly remind him of bygone days on the trout stream.

In my own book, for example, is a string of flies consisting of a scarlet-ibis, white-miller and queen-of-the-water, which were used last year on the closing days of the trout season, and which brought to reel some fine speckled beauties. As I gaze upon them they recall the events of my last fishing trip as plainly as though it were but yesterday, and I live over again in memory the happy hours then enjoyed. A vision is conjured up before me in which I behold an Adirondack river which for many miles pursues a tortuous course through the lowlands, flowing slowly and peacefully through its alder-fringed channel without a piece of swift water of sufficient importance to be called a rift in all that distance. The still water is sufficiently secluded so that it is not fished continuously, and the guides, of whom there are two in the party, relate exciting stories of their experiences with big trout in this stream. Moreover, it is not only a famous place for trout, but for game of various kinds as well, and the person who is not yet out of the kindergarten class, so far as his knowledge of woodcraft goes, cannot overlook this fact. Signs of deer are visible on all sides, and their runways intersect the stream at intervals of every few rods. A mink, muskrat, duck, fishhawk, kingfisher or some other form of wild life is often seen in the water or along the shore, and now and then a ruffed grouse whirs across the stream and plunges into the dark shade of the spruces.

It requires six or eight hours to traverse this still water from head to foot in a rowboat and fish it properly, but every minute of the trip is enjoyable. The alders which border the stream and for the greater part of the way come down to the water's edge, have a natural and picturesque background in the dense forest which rises up behind them on both sides, and sometimes extends away up the mountain slope and crowns the summit with verdure. Interspersed among the alders are other bushes and small trees, including the chokecherry laden with its ripened fruit, the high bush cranberry weighted down under its load of beautiful scarlet spheres, the mountain ash with its bright red berries and two or three varieties of viburnum bearing purple or blue berries. The wild clematis, with its feathery white tufts of seed carriers, is festooned among the branches here and there, forming a most graceful and pretty feature of nature's decorative work.

Wherever there is an opening among the alders and in occasional places where those extremely enterprising bushes have neglected to occupy the entire river bank, bright wild flowers grace the landscape, the cardinal lobelia, purple asters, goldenrod, turtlehead and purple throughout vying with each other in their efforts to lend color and brightness to the scene. Here and there a little spring brook empties its pure water into the river, and at such points on the bank there are little clear places in the wilderness of alders, covered with a luxurious growth of swamp grass and sedges. At each point in the river where one of these creeks comes in there is what is termed a cold bed or spring hole, and it is in these places that trout congregate during the summer in order to obtain water which is some degrees colder than that of the main stream. Some of these are known as the Leaning Pine Spring Hole, Cold Spring Jacob's Well, etc., while others derive their names from the brooks that flow in. It is at and near the mouth of the little creeks that the angler casts his flies late in the season, and there is no use in fishing elsewhere in the river. Judging from the present appearance of the trio of flies referred to above, they must have had quite an active engagement with the speckled beauties, and that this was a fact is borne out by pleasant memories. There was no particular trout taken on this occasion of sufficient magnitude to warrant its passing into history, but one of the stories narrated by the guides will bear repeating.

One of the best half-day's fishing these two woodsmen ever had together was on this identical stream. They began fishing early one morning and by 11 A. M. had taken 18 pounds of speckled trout, which quantity being all they cared for, they ceased angling while the fish were still biting freely. There were four of the trout which weighed 1½ pounds each, and one that was half a pound heavier. When they were approaching the pool at Cold Spring they saw something which they thought was a young bird fall into the water, and it was immediately gobbled up by a big trout. One of the anglers threw his flies over the pool as soon as he came within reaching distance, but had no rise. The second time the flies alighted on the water the trout made a swirl upward to the surface, but escaped without being pricked. The third time, however, the big fellow took the fly for keeps, and went to the bottom of the pool like an arrow. Then he darted across the stream from side to side and made circles and all sorts of geometrical figures possible, but without avail, for he was firmly hooked and the pliant rod and expert hand which wielded it soon tired him out. The trout weighed plump two pounds. When its stomach was opened it was found to contain a mouse, and it was that instead of a bird, which the fishermen saw fall into the pool and so quickly disappear.

Just at this season when anglers are starting out for the early trout fishing or are making preparations to do

so, stories relating to the gentle art are quite in order, and it is a very common thing to see two or more enthusiasts busily engaged in exchanging interesting reminiscences. A prominent Utica physician tells a very entertaining story of an experience which he once had while fishing for trout on Independence River in the Adirondacks. It was a warm sunny day in June when all nature seemed rejoicing in the advent of summer. The distant mountains and even the nearer hills were enveloped in a blue haze which seemed as much a characteristic and essential of the day as did the warm air and bright sunshine. The dinner hour had come and gone, and the shadows along the river were beginning to lengthen noticeably when the Doctor and his guide approached a bend in the stream which to their practical eyes appeared a good place for trout. The guide was not fishing, but the Doctor was, and he meant business. He had a staunch fly-rod fitted with an oiled silk line and 12-foot leader on which four flies were strung. Cautiously nearing the spot he saw where the water ran deep and dark in occasionally swirling eddies over the big rocks, and made a long cast partially around the bend, and as near as possible to the opposite bank. Lightly as falling snowflakes the flies dropped on the water, the leader straightened out, and the deceptive insects slowly made their way toward the most tumultuous portion of the stream. Suddenly there was a swirl near one of the flies, the Doctor made a slight wrist movement and the fun began. A trout apparently of fair size had taken one of the flies and the angler was somewhat disappointed in not fastening a larger fish, was rather carelessly reeling him in when there was a tremendous rush and splash and down to the bottom like a stone went the flies, leader and captive fish. There, thought the Doctor, that is something like it. I have got the big one this time, and judging from the strain on the rod, there was something very substantial on the end of the line. The Doctor believed the second comer to be a mammoth fish, and acted accordingly. Patiently humoring the whims of his captive for some time, but ever keeping his line from becoming slack, he at length felt that further action was necessary. Accordingly he asked his guide if he could wade the stream at that point, and receiving an affirmative reply requested him to take the landing net and see if he could not get it over the trout. The guide waded into the stream some distance below and had no sooner caught sight of one trout than he perceived there were two other captives, and he so informed the Doctor. "Well," said the latter, "save the big one if you can." "Yes, but there are two big ones," replied the guide. After considerable maneuvering the three trout were safely landed by means of the net, one after the other. One of them weighed 1¾ pounds, another 17 ounces and the third about 12 ounces.

W. E. WOLCOTT.

In New England Waters.

BOSTON, May 10.—The fishing at the Rangeleys is proving remarkably good. Mr. J. G. Wright, of this city, has returned from a week's trip to Haines Landing and the Upper Dam. He was the guest of Mr. C. A. Robinson, of South Windham. Heretofore Mr. Robinson has been an enthusiast as to Sebago Lake fishing, where he owns a fine camp. But somehow he has come to build a camp the past season on the Decker Purchase, Mooselucmaguntic Lake. He has had some success at Sebago this spring, but has reserved his prime efforts for the fishing at the Shark Grounds, Mooselucmaguntic, and at other points on that lake. His catch has been a good one. Mr. Wright had good success, though taking no remarkably large trout or salmon. W. D. Brackett, the veteran angler, so many years with Mr. W. P. Clark, has taken a salmon of 8½ pounds from the Pool below the Upper Dam. Mr. Clark has caught his usual big string of trout at Mill Brook. They were joined on Monday by Mr. S. Henry Emery, of Boston, who has fished with them for several years. Commissioner Henry O. Stanley has taken several large trout and salmon at Haines Landing, where the fishing is good. At Bemis some excellent catches have been made. Mr. W. C. Stevens, of Ridgely, Me., with Mrs. Stevens, has had excellent success. He caught late last week a brook trout weighing 6½ pounds. The following day he got another of a little over seven pounds. Their catch also included a good string of smaller trout and salmon. Nearly 100 trout and salmon were caught at Bemis within a couple of days soon after the season opened May 1. Most of the fishing at that point the first of the season was done by State of Maine fishermen. Over Saturday and Sunday about 40 sportsmen were registered at Capt. Barker's Bemis Camps, and out of the whole number there were only four or five from outside of the State. A guide caught a trout of seven pounds, a long and handsome fish, coming down the lake Saturday morning. He took the fish over to the station just before the train started. He desired to sell it, and it was the suggestion of an auctioneer that happened to be among the outgoing passengers to ask for bids on the trout. It went up rather slowly from \$1 to \$3.50, and there stuck. It was knocked off at that price to a gentleman who took it to this city for a friend.

From The Weirs, N. H., come stories of good fishing at Winnepesaukee. Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Tucker and Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Parks, of Boston, have been stopping at the Lakeside House, and they report a catch of twenty-six lake trout, the string weighing over 100 pounds. At the same place Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Longley and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gray have made a catch of fifteen trout, with a total weight of sixty-eight pounds.

The Dr. Heber Bishop party of twenty-seven anglers that went to Clearwater Lake, Farmington, Me., last week, to open the season at that point, caught one landlocked salmon that weighed 16½ pounds, a record-breaker for those waters, and also for any waters north of Sebago. The lucky captor was Dr. John F. Phelps, of Boston, a gentleman who had never fished before, another proof that the beginners always get the big fish. The party only had fair luck otherwise. The Runaway Camp party, on the other side of the lake, had rather poor success, taking only one or two salmon. On the opening day a large number of salmon were taken from Varian Pond, another fishing lake near Clearwater.

L. Dana Chapman, secretary of the Megantic Club, had a letter yesterday from the superintendent stating that the ice is still in Big Island Pond, and that it is

likely to stay till about May 15. This makes the Megantic season pretty late. The pond is located between lofty mountains, and at a very high altitude; hence the lingering of the ice. Another big trout has been forwarded to Boston from Belgrade Lake, Me., and shown in Dame, Stoddard & Co.'s window. The fish was a perfect specimen of *Salmo fontinalis*, and weighed 6½ pounds. J. N. Landers, Joseph Gridley and E. M. Gilmore, Boston business men, with their wives, started yesterday on a ten days' fishing trip to Kemptville, Nova Scotia. They have established a permanent camp there.

BOSTON, May 12.—At Moosehead Lake there has been pretty good fishing since the ice went out. Still, some of the sportsmen who dote on big strings of fish are not satisfied, and are hoping for better fishing with warmer weather and less wind. Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Foster and Mr. J. G. Wildman, of Boston, have just returned from a week's trip to Moosehead. They caught 65 trout, all "square-tails," four togue and one salmon. The brook trout averaged about two pounds; the largest weighing 4½ pounds, closely followed by another of four pounds. Of the one salmon they are not very proud; long enough to have weighed twice its actual weight, it was decidedly a poorly-fed fish. It is the general opinion that the food supply for salmon is limited in Moosehead. The record catch of the week was made by Harry Chapman, of Bangor. He had fourteen trout on his string, the largest weighing 4½ pounds, with several up to the neighborhood of three pounds. Two of these trout were secured on the fly, although it is still too early and too cold for this form of sport. George A. Paine, of Boston, with Fred W. Ward, of Gloversville, N. Y., have returned from Moosehead, having had a fair catch. The Wingersheet Club, of Gloucester, Mass., is represented at Moosehead by John J. Pew, Benjamin A. Smith, Thomas Carroll, and E. P. Wonson.

At Bangor there is still some sport at the salmon pool. The fish are running larger than ever before, nearly every fish weighing well up to twenty pounds, and above. Last Sunday a guest at the Ouananiche Camps killed a togue weighing 14½ pounds, while a few days before he had taken one a little larger. Early last week a Bangor party consisting of C. E. Edmonds, Robert R. Gurney, George W. Sturtevant, Elgin Greenleaf, W. B. Pierce, and John F. Robinson, made a trip to Moosehead, and brought home a fine string of thirty-six trout, the largest about six pounds. Hardwood Island, Pushaw Lake, has been purchased on which to erect a club house for the West End Fishing Club, of Boston.

The last of the week saw some remarkably cold and windy weather at the Rangeleys and other Maine fishing resorts. Friday morning a terrific wind prevailed, and no steamers were run on the lakes for several hours. Both Friday and Saturday mornings the mercury registered way below freezing, and much ice would have been formed but for the wind. Before the cold days some fair catches of trout and salmon were made from the Rangeley waters. Dr. H. G. Hamilton, of Boston, who has been fishing at the Birches, Mooselucmaguntic Lake, brought home a salmon of seven pounds and several smaller fish. E. P. Brown, also of Boston, caught a salmon of 6½ pounds from the same lake; F. A. Nichols, salmon of 3½ pounds; Mrs. Nichols, salmon of 3 pounds; Arthur Currier, salmon of 3¾ pounds; Mr. C. P. Stevens, of Boston, accompanied by E. J. Shattuck, E. J. Shattuck, Jr., F. H. Stevens and son, has gone to open Camp Vivi Vale, Richardson Lake. J. J. Leviser, of Boston, has been making good catches at the Birches. One day's catch included five fish, weighing 12½ pounds. Henry H. Roelofs, of Philadelphia, who is at his camps, near the headwaters of the Oquossoc Angling Association, caught two salmon last week, their united weight being eleven pounds. At the Upper Dam the fishing was fair up to the days of the gale and cold weather. Mr. E. E. Suffren, of New York, an old-timer at the Pool, is present, accompanied by C. R. Young and a newcomer at the Rangeleys, Mr. C. R. Pratt. Mr. Pratt had seen a trout weighing 1½ pounds before he reached the Upper Dam, and his surprise and delight may be imagined at landing a trout of over seven pounds. He has also taken one of five pounds, with a lot of smaller ones. Mr. Suffren is making his usual record by catching a salmon of seven pounds, one of five pounds, and another of 4½ pounds, with a trout of 5¾ pounds. Mr. Young has taken some large trout, as well as losing most of his tackle in the lake. Mr. L. A. Reese, of Philadelphia, has landed a number of trout, the largest weighing 4½ pounds. Mr. M. B. Waterman, of New York, has caught a good showing of trout, including one of four pounds.

At the Middle Dam the fishing had started well, up to the terrible blow and cold of Friday and Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Baxter, of Bath, Me., and W. H. Bingham, Waltham, Mass., arrived April 30, and began fishing the next morning. Saturday the party took eight salmon, weighing from 2½ to 4½ pounds. The largest salmon was taken by Mrs. Baxter, and returned to the water, as the party had all that were needed. Log booming and driving bothers the fishermen a good deal at the Upper Dam, in the Pool below, at the Mouth of the River, in the Narrows, in the Pond in the River, and all along the line. Several booms have already gone down, with more to follow. It will take about two weeks longer to complete the driving. The water is very high.

Good fishing is still reported from Newfound Lake, N. H., when the weather has not been cold and blustering. Herbert E. Taylor and George H. Wood, of Lowell, Mass., caught 23 fish during a short stay last week—eleven salmon and twelve trout. At Winnepesaukee, Charles Hinds, of Franklin, N. H., has landed a laker weighing eighteen pounds.

The Attleboro party of well known rod and reel sportsmen is off for Joe Merry Lake. In the party are Messrs. O. P. Richardson, A. A. McRae; Fred Sturdy, John Luther, W. Engley, C. M. Robins, E. A. Sweeney, R. B. Maganeny and D. H. Smith. They go for stream fishing as well as lake.

SPECIAL.

"On the Pere Marquette."

For the picture "On the Pere Marquette," which was given in our last number, the FOREST AND STREAM was indebted to the courtesy of Mr. H. F. Moeller, General Passenger Agent of the Pere Marquette Route,

Bonefish.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Will you kindly inform Mr. B. A. Bean, whose letter of April 26 I have just seen, that I am willing he should call the bonefish *Albula vulpes* and not *Elops saurus*. I've called it worse names than that, myself. But I do wish the United States Fish Commission would settle once and for all on some form of polysyllabic profanity to distinguish the bonefish from the bony fish, and stick to it. Every Republican Commissioner has called the bonefish *Albula vulpes*, and every Democratic Commissioner has stigmatized it as an *Elops*. Now, to call a poor dumb creature out of his name because of a change of politics, is both wrong and bewildering. And why does Mr. Bean drag in that statement about ten-pounders being so-called in Key West? Bless his heart, does Mr. Bean know what Key West itself is called? And what if Key West does call the "ten-pounder" a bonefish, what does that prove? And what has Key West to do with the *Albula Elops* argument anyhow?

The photograph I sent was of three bonefish—7, 10 and 11½ pounds respectively. Whether *Albulæ* or *Elopidæ*, I neither know nor care, but I do know they were what are known from one end of Biscayne Bay to the other as bonefish—gamest, shyest, strongest fish that wears fins. Every piscatorial authority on Biscayne Bay, from Eddie Pent down to the Richards' kids, will pronounce such fish to be bonefish. Their forebears were bonefish twenty years ago, they are bonefish to-day. And careful inquiry among the local experts, E. Pent at the head, failed to discover a bonefish record in Biscayne Bay history exceeding nine pounds. Therefore I sent you a statement of Mr. Hunter's catch as perhaps establishing a record, for more anglers seek bonefish in Biscayne Bay than in any waters of which I know.

A dispassionate perusal of the bonefish chapter of Mr. W. H. Gregg's admirable book on Florida fishes, page 248, will show that for ten years the U. S. Commissioners have yawned frightfully from *Elops* to *Albula* and back, in naming the bonefish. Maybe the agony is now over, and the vainglorious idiots who adhered to the *Elops* faction have been slaughtered, and their viscera hung as a solemn warning on the incurved horns of the nascent moon. But that is sawdust to me. I have personal reasons for avoiding big words anyhow, and unless I am in a bad humor, I try to call bonefish bonefish. What they are called in fragrant, dainty, delicious and entrancing Key West has nothing to do with the case, as the wily Mr. Bean perfectly knows. If he doesn't, let him write to E. Pent, Coconut Grove, Fla., who is personally acquainted with every fish from Arch Creek to Cape Sable, knows his history and his peccadilloes, the skeletons in his private closet, and the gay ramifications of his family tree. E. Pent will tell him one or two things about bonefish, and perhaps several about Key West.

HENRY GUY CARLETON.

UNITED STATES FISH COMMISSION, Washington, D. C., May 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I have just read with considerable interest Mr. Henry Guy Carleton's letter anent the bonefish of Biscayne Bay, in which he incidentally passes judgment upon the relative value of my opinion and that of the author of a book upon the proper scientific name of the species. I have never posed as an ichthyologist, but with a modesty which Mr. Carleton at least must have recognized, have ever been willing to yield in that field to more voluble competitors. I must confess, however, to a considerable accession of self-respect just at present, in view of the development that my off-hand identification should have been more accurate than the painstaking research of a so clever and versatile person as my friend who at various times or all at once has done many things, and done them well. He now sees other worlds to conquer, and not long since remarked that when he had a leisure week he would become a naturalist. I trust that he will soon find the opportunity.

Messrs. Evermann and Bean have started him in the straight and narrow path, and have inoculated his histrionic understanding with the germs of one of the first principles which the man of science has to master, but should he not find it convenient to become a naturalist at once, I trust that he will permit me to tender a word of advice. Should he soon again feel a yearning for controversy on matters biological, he should destroy his specimens and suppress his photographs. That is not scientific, but it is safe.

I sincerely regret that my absence from home deprived me for so long of the pleasure of reading anything from Mr. Carleton's pen. He has often amused me by his writings, and I hate to miss them.

H. F. MOORE,
Asst., U. S. Fish Commission.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Bass Season.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 10.—A cold rain to-day dampened the ardor of even the most enthusiastic bass fisherman, and as a consequence the out-bound trains carried comparatively few anglers. Our bass season is not very flourishing at best, and no very big catches have been made, perhaps one of the best being that which fell to Mr. Charles Comly and his friend, Mr. Sweeter, of this city, who on last Monday caught forty-two bass in Loon Lake, one of the Fox Lake chain.

The biggest fish story of the week comes in the advertising put out by the passenger office of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. No opportunity is at hand at this writing to verify the matter, which reads as below:

"The Fish Commissioners of Wisconsin have been seining Minocqua and Tomahawk lakes for muscallonge, and Superintendent Nevin of the State fish hatchery is authority for the statement that in one morning 122 muscallonge were taken in the nets, the largest weighing 102 pounds, and a second one 80 pounds—record-breaking weights for fish from inland waters.

"The fish hatchery at Minocqua now has ready for distribution in the Wisconsin lakes 2,000,000 muscallonge fry, 15,000,000 pike fry, and two large ponds full of bass."

These be pretty big figures—80 and 102 pounds for 'lunge.

Fifteen members of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club will leave Chicago Wednesday evening next, by boat, en route to Grand Rapids, Mich., for the tournament and fly-casting trip which follows it. This will be a most enjoyable trip, and the fly-fishing for trout ought to be excellent at that time should the weather prove favorable.

A fishing trip to Lauderdale chain of Wisconsin, on the Milwaukee & St. Paul Road, is planned by members of the fly-casting club for May 29. This little expedition will offer a pleasant way of spending Decoration Day, which has so far lost its original significance here as to become the great annual angling holiday of the city fishing folk.

Fishing is now very good at Fox Lake, Wis., more especially for pickerel. Fred Lorenz, William Hake and F. C. Eschweiler took ninety-seven pickerel on that water last Sunday. Report comes that hundreds of pickerel were taken on the same day, several dozen boats being out engaged in the sport.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Northrup's Trout Catch.

SAYRE, Pa., May 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Relative to the comments of Mr. Frank G. Harris, of Clearfield, Pa., in the current issue of *FOREST AND STREAM* upon my account of the trout taken by Charles Northrup in Shrader's Creek, I desire to say that Mr. Harris has evidently misapprehended the construction of the paragraph alluded. The statement of the catch of 150 trout in ten hours did not credit the distribution of time to April 29, or to any single date, or at least it was not my intention that it should, as I had no information on this point. The story came to me that the trout taken represented ten hours' fishing with no reference to the distribution of the hours to any particular diurnal progression or limit.

In justice to Mr. Northrup, however, I take this opportunity to say that the gentleman who furnished me the item referred to was imposed upon by the consciousness architect of piscatorial fables to the extent that two or three other members of the party to which Mr. Northrup belonged were deprived of a very considerable proportion of credit attached to taking the aforementioned 150 trout. In other words, the party were absent at least three days, and while Mr. Northrup with his little rod and fly is a very adroit angler, he was ably assisted in taking the 150 trout by the amiable and active members of the contingent from Bradford county.

I exceedingly regret the intrusion of an inaccuracy into the communication of April 29, but rejoice to note the existence of so prompt and vigilant a representative of the fish and game law as Mr. Harris appears to be, to whom, and to all lovers of the angle, I trust this explanation may prove sufficiently comprehensive.

M. CHILL.

Sunapee Lake.

BLODGETT'S LANDING, N. H., May 6.—The fishing in Sunapee Lake this season has been very good since the ice went out, the 9th of April, the earliest known in fifty years. Last week C. H. Bradford caught four salmon—7, 4, 6¼ and 8 pounds—and six square-tailed trout, from 1½ to 3½ pounds; A. A. Martin, one salmon, 8½ pounds, and ten trout, from 1 to 3½ pounds; Isaac Rawson, five salmon, 7, 8¼, 9, 11¼ and 11 pounds; Perley Graves, three salmon, 8, 9½ and 11 pounds; S. D. Lewis, one salmon, 13¾ pounds; Dr. A. E. Pratt caught one day seven aureolus or golden trout, from 2½ to 5 pounds; Merrill White, six square-tail trout, 1½, 3½, 2, 4¼, 3 and 2¾ pounds; W. D. Leach, three trout, 1¼, 3 and 2 pounds; F. W. Huntoon, two trout, 1¼ and 3¼ pounds; E. D. French, three trout, 2, 2¼ and 1 pounds.

Other fishermen report equally as good catches around the lake. Steamers connect with all trains.

Sunapee Lake seems to be "in it," having the advantage of being nearer New York and Boston than any other large lake in New Hampshire.

F. W. HUNTOON.

The Juniata River Open to Shad.

THOMPSONTOWN, Pa., April 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: In Mr. W. H. Stevenson's article "Restricted Range of Shad," one or two numbers back, he stops the Susquehanna shad at Clark's Ferry, the mouth of the Juniata is there. This spring the Pennsylvania Railroad Co. destroyed the Millerstown dam, being, I think, the only dam not destroyed by flood on the whole river and main branches, so I can report the catch (gigged) of one seven-pound shad, a mile below this point, and five above Millerstown dam—certainly the first one above the dam since it was built, about seventy-eight years ago. Before that date five dollars per hundred was the price. Practically there is no useful effort to protect fish in either the Susquehanna or Juniata. Fish dams, gigging, out-lines or any devices are used with impunity.

JUNIATA.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

CHICAGO, May 9.—The club members going to Grand Rapids will leave Chicago Wednesday evening, May 14. A fishing trip to Lauderdale is under arrangement. It is proposed to leave Chicago May 29, spending Friday, Saturday and Sunday there, returning Monday morning.

H. G. HASCALL, President.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures, 1902.

Secretaries and members of race committees will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list and also changes which may be made in the future.

MAY.

17. Huguenot, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
24. New Rochelle, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
24. Manhasset Bay, club raceabouts, Port Washington, L. I. Sound.
30. Harlem, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, City Island, L. I. Sound.
30. Manhasset Bay, club raceabouts, Port Washington, L. I. Sound.
30. Columbia, club regatta, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
30. South Boston, M. Y. R. A., open and tender race, City Point, Boston Harbor.
30. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club races, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
30. Atlantic, club, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
31. Seawanhaka Corinthian, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open races, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
31. Wollaston, club race, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
31. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.

JUNE.

7. Boston, Cheney cups, City Point, Boston Harbor.
7. Atlantic, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, N. Y. Bay.
7. Knickerbocker, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, College Point, Long Island Sound.
7. Manhasset Bay, club raceabouts, Port Washington, L. I. Sound.
7. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
14. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
14. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club race for Centre Island Cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
14. New Rochelle, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
14. Beverly, club, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
14. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
14. Columbia, race to Michigan City, Lake Michigan.
14. Boston, cruise, racing run, Boston to Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
- 14-17. Boston, cruise, City Point, Marblehead, Gloucester and Hull.
15. Boston, cruise, racing run, Marblehead to Gloucester, Massachusetts Bay.
16. Boston, cruise, racing run, Gloucester to Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
17. Atlantic, annual, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
17. Boston, cruise, racing run, Marblehead to Hull, Mass. Bay.
17. Hull-Massachusetts, Y. R. A., open, Point Allerton, Boston Harbor.
17. Beverly, open, sweepstake, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
17. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
21. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
21. Norwalk, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, South Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
21. Larchmont, spring regatta, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
21. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club race for Centre Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
21. Brooklyn, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, N. Y. Bay.
22. Wollaston, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
23. Eastern, open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
- 26-28. Seawanhaka Corinthian, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
28. Beverly, club, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
28. New York C. C., Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
28. Boston, Y. R. A., open, City point, Boston Harbor.
28. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
28. Wollaston, Y. R. A., open, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
28. South Boston, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
30. Bridgeport, Trial races for selection of representative for Seawanhaka cup contest, Bridgeport, Long Island Sound.

For Cruising Yachtsmen.

WITH the purpose of stimulating the interest in cruising, and the keeping of a detailed log by cruising yachtsmen during the season of 1902, the publishers of *FOREST AND STREAM* offer prizes for the best stories of cruises submitted to be published in *FOREST AND STREAM*. It is believed that these will form not only entertaining records of pleasant summer days spent afloat along our coasts and waterways, but will furnish information of practical value to other yachtsmen making subsequent cruises on the same waters.

Prizes will be awarded to the three best stories as follows:

- First prize, \$50.00.
- Second prize, \$30.00.
- Third prize, \$20.00.

Contributions are invited under the following conditions:

1. The cruise must be made in waters of the United States or Canada in the season of 1902.
2. The cruise must be made in a sailing yacht, power to be used only as an auxiliary, if at all.
3. The story must be prefaced by a description of the boat. Cruises should be treated in as interesting and readable a way as possible, but should be practical and contain all possible information and data that would be of value to men going over the same route. A description of the handling of the ship in all weathers will be regarded very favorably in making awards, and it is suggested to writers that an accurate account be kept of all incidents happening while under way.
4. An outline chart suitable for reproduction, showing the course taken, must accompany each article. When possible, articles should be accompanied by amateur photographs taken on the cruise, including one of the boat. Good photographs will be considered in making the awards.
5. The story should contain about seven thousand words, written on one side of the paper only, and must be received at the office of the *Forest and Stream* Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York city, on or before Nov. 15, 1902.

Mr. T. C. Zerega has very kindly consented to act as judge and to make the awards.

Mr. W. T. Benson, of Philadelphia, has had built during the spring at Van Sant's yard, at the Inlet, a cruising knockabout. She is 25ft. waterline, 35ft. over all, 13ft. breadth. She will be known as Marjorie.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of *FOREST AND STREAM*. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

Designing Competition for the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

To be Known as the Seawanhaka 15-Footers.

THE competition is open both to amateur and professional designers. Three prizes will be awarded for the best designs of a yacht conforming to the following conditions:

I. A keel sloop to measure 15ft. racing length under the club's new rule.

II. Sails: Mainsail, jib and spinnaker. The area of the mainsail and jib shall not exceed 350 sq. ft., not over 80 per cent. of which shall be in the mainsail.

III. Planking shall not be less than 1/2 in. in thickness.

IV. Spars shall be solid, and the mast shall be of sufficient strength to be used without runners or preventer backstays.

V. Cockpit shall be open, and bulkheads or air tanks are to be provided sufficient to insure the boats being non-sinkable.

VI. The boats shall be capable of carrying full sail in ordinary summer breezes on Long Island Sound.

VII. Construction shall be strong and durable.

VIII. All competitors must furnish a drawing of the lines, which will also show the position of the lead keel, and a table of calculated weights, which will give displacement, weight of lead, weight of hull, weight of rig, center of buoyancy and center of lateral resistance, center of effort and center of gravity of the lead keel; also a sail plan, on which the diameters of spars and sizes of rigging shall be marked; also a deck plan and amidship section, which will show height of cockpit seats and floor, and height of coaming. The midship section must also show the construction.

The boats are to be measured with a crew of two men aboard, their weight to be taken at 300lbs.

The actual sail area will be measured.

The following prizes will be awarded: First prize, \$100; second prize, \$50; third prize, \$25.

In the event of one of the prize designs being selected by the club and yachts being constructed therefrom, the winner, in lieu of the cash prize, may furnish the necessary additional plans and specifications and supervise the construction and receive \$25 for each yacht built. In awarding the prizes, speed will be the first consideration, but appearance, construction, simplicity of rig and convenient arrangement will also carry weight.

Sail plan, 1/2 in. scale. All other plans, 1 in. scale.

The designs must be received at the office of FOREST AND STREAM, 346 Broadway, New York city, not later than May 15, 1902, and should bear a non-de-plume only. A sealed envelope containing the designer's non-de-plume, together with his own name and address should accompany the designs. The right is reserved to publish any or all of the designs. Those desiring the return of their drawings should inclose the necessary postage.

The designs will be judged by a committee consisting of Messrs. John Hyslop, A. Cary Smith, J. Rogers Maxwell, Jr., and Clinton H. Crane, and the result of the competition will be announced through these columns in the issue of May 24.

The club's new rule referred to in Paragraph I. is as follows: Yachts shall be rated for classification and time allowance by racing measurement, which shall be determined by adding to half the load waterline length, half the square root of sail area, and a quantity expressed as L, and by dividing the sum of these quantities by 1.1.

$$\frac{1}{2} \text{LWL} + \frac{1}{2} \sqrt{\text{SA}} + \text{L} = \text{RL}$$

The quantity L is to be obtained in the following way: B is breadth of load waterline plane at 1/8 of its length from forward end.

B' is breadth of load waterline plane at 1/8 of its length from after end.

B" is breadth (greatest) of LW plane.

C is any excess of (B+B') over B".

D is draft at MS+2.5 of any greater draft aft, and all of any greater draft forward.

E is any excess of (B"+D) over 3 1-3 VMS submerged. C+E=L.

Manhasset Bay Y. C.

PORT WASHINGTON, LONG ISLAND.

THE Manhasset Bay Y. C. held the first race of the season off their club house, Manhasset Bay, on Saturday, May 10. Four of the club raceabouts started. The boats' rigs have been changed since last year, the bowsprits having been lengthened, and they have received new cross-cut sails. Mr. Edward MacLellan, of the Regatta Committee, sent the boats away at 3:40. Mist was first away, closely followed by Arizona; 15s. later Bab and Lambkin crossed. The wind was fresh from the north and increased considerably as the boats reached the first mark. Bab worked into first place before reaching the outer mark and held the lead up to the finish. The course was about six miles in length. The times were as follows:

Start, 3:40.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Bab, John R. Hayt.....	5 12 15	1 32 15
Lambkin, S. W. Roach.....	5 13 13	1 33 13
Mist, J. W. Alker.....	5 14 23	1 34 23
Arizona, G. A. Corry.....	5 15 24	1 35 24

Jamaica Bay Y. R. A.

THE Jamaica Bay Y. R. A. has been organized with the following clubs as charter members: Canarsie Y. C., of Canarsie; Jamaica Bay Y. C., of Hollands Station, Rockaway Beach; Bergen Beach Y. C., of Bergen Beach, and Old Mill Y. C., of Brooklyn.

At the meeting held a few days ago the following officers were elected: Chairman, B. F. Daly, Jamaica Bay Y. C.; Vice-Chairman, H. C. Macy, Canarsie Y. C.; Treas., Henry Lang, Old Mill Y. C.; Sec'y, E. V. Pardessus, Bergen Beach Y. C.

The racing rules of the Association will be drawn up by a committee composed of H. C. Macy, Canarsie Y. C.; Com. Frank Sabin, Jamaica Bay Y. C., and Com. Henry Lang, Old Mill Y. C.

The first race will be held some time during the month of June, and will be sailed over the Jamaica Bay Y. C. course.

How to Build a Launch from a Set of Plans.

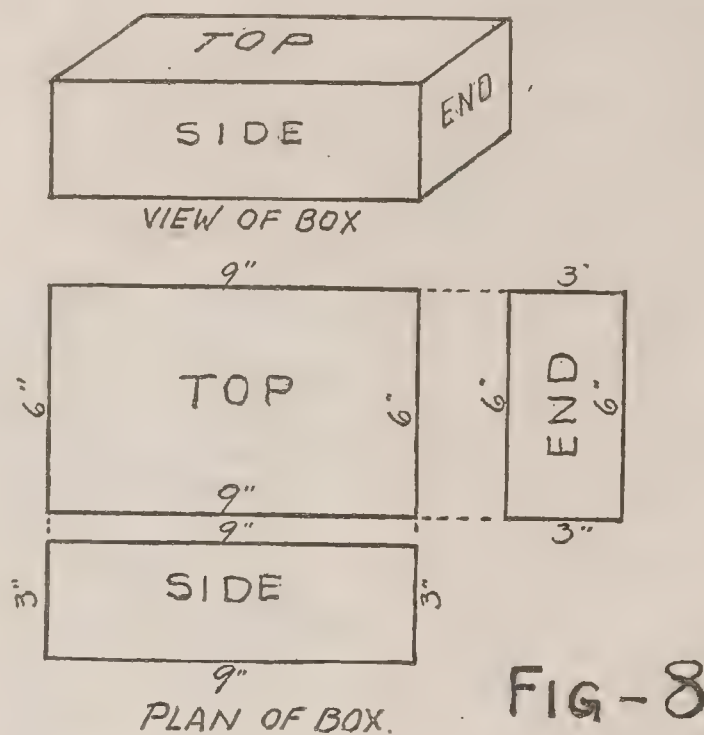
BY C. G. DAVIS.

The Plans.

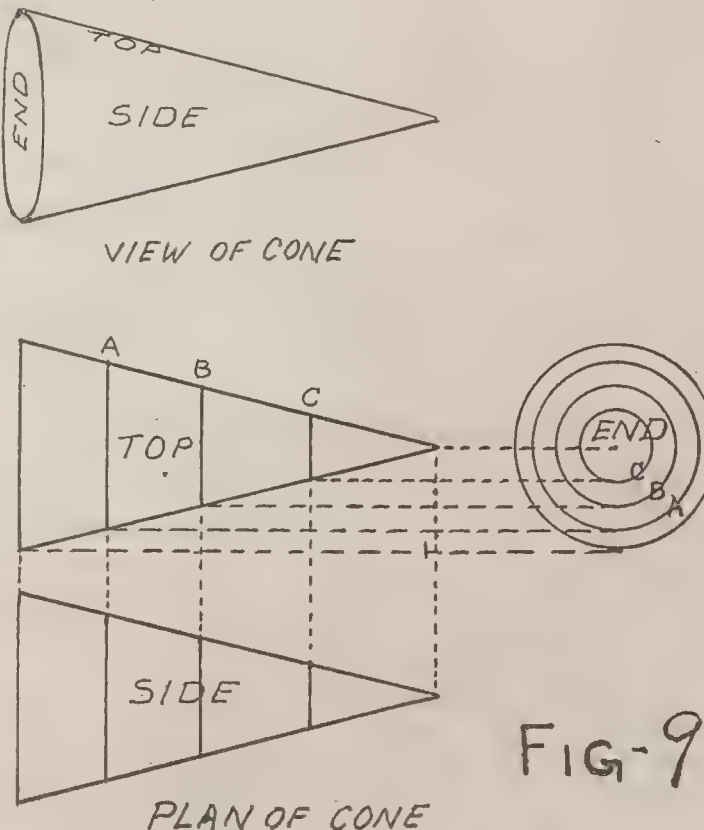
Different designers have different ways of drawing out their plans of boats, just as every man's handwriting is different, yet all have the same meaning. In Plate 2 I have represented four different ways in which the plans shown in Plate 1 may be represented. No. 1 is the most common way of drawing out the lines of a boat; No. 2 is the same, but space has been economized and time of remeasuring saved by putting the sections over the middle of the sheer plan. No. 3 is the same as No. 2, excepting the moulds have diagonal lines drawn in. No. 4 shows each section projected on its own line somewhat after the style in Plate 1, only each section has had to be remeasured in order to get its depth.

Plate 1 is just such a design as I would draw were I designing the boat. Every line necessary for me to draw in order to be assured the moulds are fair and ready to build from is here represented. Now to explain to the novice the meaning of these crooked lines let us digress a moment.

In draughting there are three views of any subject you wish to represent, usually drawn. For instance, to illustrate a box 9 in. long, 6 in. wide and 3 in. deep, you draw the top view, side view and end view, Fig. 8. But these



are not called top, side and end; they are termed plan view, side view or elevated and section view. With any two of these it is possible to produce the third. If you have the plan view and side view, and want to draw the section view, it is very simple, so long as you are only considering a rectangular box; the width, 6 in., gives you the top and bottom lines of the end section, and the depth of the side elevation, 3 in., gives the depth of the sides at the end. But if this were a tapered box, or better yet, a cone, Fig. 9, you can readily see that every section



throughout its length would not be the same size as the end; this is all there is to the sections of a boat as drawn in our plans; they merely show how much the launch tapers, both in width and depth, as the sections approach the ends.

The sheer view gives us the shape of the launch were she cut right in two down the center line; the rabbit line shows where the planking ends and the three buttock lines show how the boat would look were she sliced down in layers at the various distances out from the center as shown in the plan view. No. 1 being 6 in. out, No. 2 being 12 in. out and No. 3—18 in. out from the center. In the plan view the various waterlines represent the shape were the launch cut in layers horizontally, and the sections are the shape of the launch were she cut into pieces at the various places along her length, indicated by the sections marked A, B, C, D, E.

It is to make sure that these sections "fair up," as it is technically called, that all these buttock and waterlines are drawn. They do not concern the builder much, but the designer by laying off the widths of the waterlines or heights of the buttock lines from the moulds or sections he has drawn, can prove that they are fair by bending a small batten from spot to spot from one end of the launch to the other. If the batten bends in a fair curve through all the spots as represented in our plans, the plan is said

to be faired up. This means that if the full-sized moulds are made according to these sections, the ribbands and planking will bend around true and fair.

The diagonal lines shown in No. 3, Plate 2, are used by many designers as fairing up lines because they cross the section lines more nearly at right angles and so give a more positive point to measure to than do the buttock and waterlines that cross the sections in some places at very acute angles.

Most designers measure off the various heights of sheer line, buttock lines and keel line above the base and the half-widths of deck line, waterlines, diagonals, etc., at each section, and write them in tabulated form, which is called the table of offsets. In Plate 1 I have done away with any need of a table of offsets by writing the measurement of each spot directly on the plans. It makes a more compact form which experience has proved to me to be sufficient.

Laying Down—Full Size.

Draughting on paper with a small scale, where every inch represents a foot, is something you can hardly expect of the practical boat builder who spends most of his working hours pushing a plane, sawing, hewing and doing all the manual work required in the trade.

But every workman can handle a 2ft. rule, try-square and carpenter's pencil or scratch awl.

To prepare to enlarge the plans to full size you need a chalk line to snap such lines as the base line, waterlines and buttocks with; a small brad-awl to hold one end of your line to the floor; a wooden straight-edge about 6ft. long, 4 in. wide of 7/8 in. pine, which you can plane up true on one edge; a steel try-square, 2ft. rule, pair of carpenter's dividers to prick off the thickness of the plank after you have drawn in the sections, sweep circles and all uses where you want to transfer a measurement. A hammer and handful of wire nails about 2 in. long to hold your battens in place on the floor. Another handful of flat head 3/4 in. wire nails to lay along the marks and transfer the lines on to the pattern boards. A pine batten as straight and true as can be got about 1 in. square and 20ft. long, and several small ones, some about 3/8 in. square throughout their length, some tapering from 3/8 in. square to 3/16 by 1/8 in. for bending the short curves, such as sections and fore ends of buttocks.

If you have a good smooth board floor where pencil marks can readily be seen, use a pencil; if the floor is an old one (it should be quite smooth in any case) and pencil marks cannot be seen, either give it a coat of slate-color paint or else scratch your marks in with an eraser knife.

The space you need on the floor is, of course, the size of the launch, though there are two ways of doing the work on a much smaller floor space. One way is to lay down the forward half of the launch and then right over it the after half, as shown in Plate 3. Another way is to space the sections only one-half or one-quarter their real distance apart—Plate 4. Both of these methods are in common use where long ships are laid down. We can economize even in doing it our way by using the waterline in the sheer view as the center line for the plan view—Plate 5. The two plans will then overlap each other, but you can easily distinguish one from the other on a plan as large as this. The sections should be kept clear by themselves, as they are to be worked from a great deal.

To redraw the plan, Plate 1, snap a chalk line to represent the base line. One foot and 8 in. above this and parallel with it snap another for the waterline. Snap three more lines above and one below the waterline, 6 in. apart. Then 18ft. apart square up from the base line two perpendicular lines 4ft. long. Square up the section lines at their respective distance as given by the measurements on the plans, or in the table of offsets. Reverse your square when marking out these vertical lines to prove that each is exactly square with the base.

If you have some one to help you, you can lay out the spots from the measurements given quicker than if you try to do it alone. The advantage of doing it all yourself, however, is that you are sure it is right when done. To take the assistant's place drive a wire nail at the intersection of each section line with the base line. These nails will be as good as another man holding the end of your rule exactly to the base line while you mark off the required distance.

The bottom edge of the keel being a straight line, can be snapped in with a chalk line. The sheer line, or top edge of the boat in the side view, is the next line to draw. Measure the heights of this line off on the floor as given on the plan, 3ft. 10 in. at bow end, 3ft. 6 3/4 in. at section 1, 3ft. 2 7/8 in. at section 2, etc., and drive a 2 in. nail into each spot. Draw your large batten up against these nails and hold it by as many nails back of it as is necessary to make it bend fair around them.

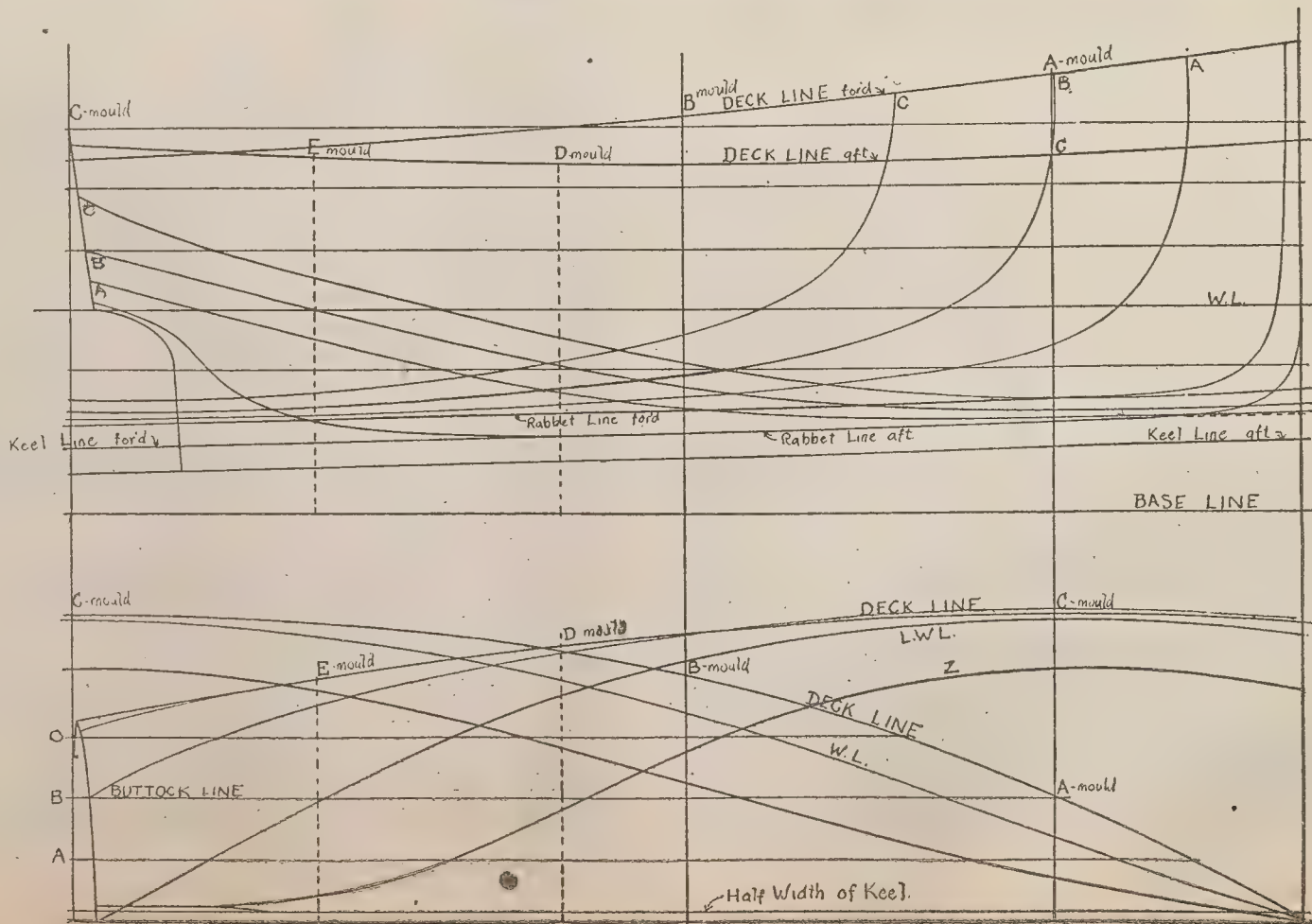
The object in doing this is to determine whether these various heights are in such a relation one to the other that a batten may be bent in a fair curve around them so that when planks are bent on in the actual building, there will be no unfair "humps or hollows." It is the eliminating of all these that gives this process its name of "fairing up." By carefully sighting along this batten, keeping your eye low and at one end, so as to foreshorten and thereby exaggerate any unfairnesses, you can correct them, letting up a little where any nail produces a hump, or else putting more nails to hold it as the case may require. Do not leave the ends of your batten loose when you come to the ends of the boat, but be as careful to continue the curve in the batten clear to its end as anywhere else. You will find upon trying it, that the released batten end will affect your curve some distance inside the last nails.

Measure off the half width, using the waterline as a center line for the plan view, and draw that line in. Draw the sections on a clear space on the floor, making any corrections in heights or widths that the fairing up of sheer and deck line may have made. You will have to use your small 3/8 in. batten for these sections. When all is laid down full size, just as is shown on the small plan, you are ready to go forth into new fields, to lay out the lines which, as a builder, you need to show you how to cut out the keel, stem, stern, etc. The designer now steps aside and the practical man in overalls takes command.

He immediately says, "Why, this plan is drawn to the



Plate 2



outside shape of the planking," and proceeds to take off the thickness of the plank on all the sections so as to get the shape at the frame of the boat; that is what has to be built first.

He does this by setting his dividers to a thickness of $\frac{5}{8}$ in., the size of the planking, and pricking off this width inside each section. An experienced man can do this and keep the marks square to the section all around its curve, but you as an amateur may not hold your dividers just square; so the safer way for you to do will be to set one leg of the dividers on the section line you first drew and sweep a half circle on the inside of it with the dividers set $\frac{5}{8}$ in. between the points. Do this from end to end of each section at intervals of say $\frac{1}{4}$ in. apart. Bend your smaller batten so it just touches the inside of these arcs, and you will have sections as in Plate 6, the inner

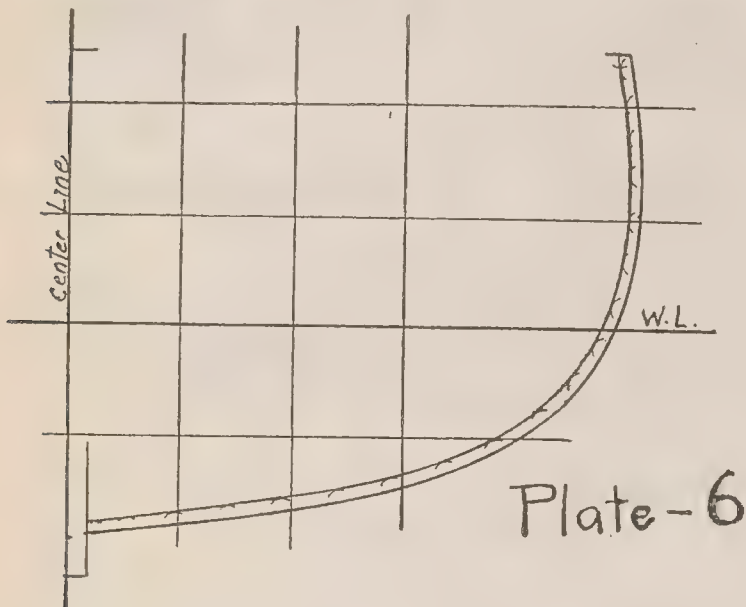


Plate-6

line representing the inside of the planking, therefore it also represents the outside of the frames.

It is part of the designer's business to furnish with each plan a specification telling how thick he wants the plank, the keel, deadwood, etc., and size of frames. We will use our own judgment in this case. The keel we will make of oak 2 in. thick by 3 in. deep. So in the plan or half breadth view set off 1 in. from the center line representing half of the keel, for as both sides of the boat are to be exactly alike, we only draw one side. Snap a chalk line to represent the keel 3 in. deep in the sheer or side view.

The stem we will also make out of 2 in. oak, so the same line that represents the keel in the half breadth plan if carried clear up to the bow will also serve for the half width of the stem. You have now taken the thickness of the plank off the sections and want to do the same at each end of the fore and aft plans to determine how to cut the rabbet into which the ends of the planking fit. With your dividers still set at $\frac{5}{8}$ in. (the thickness of the plank), set off a series of spots for a distance of a foot or two aft of the stem inside of and parallel to the deck line, and three waterlines in the half breadth plan. Bend a batten through these spots and draw them in with your pencil. Where the outside of the planking cuts the half

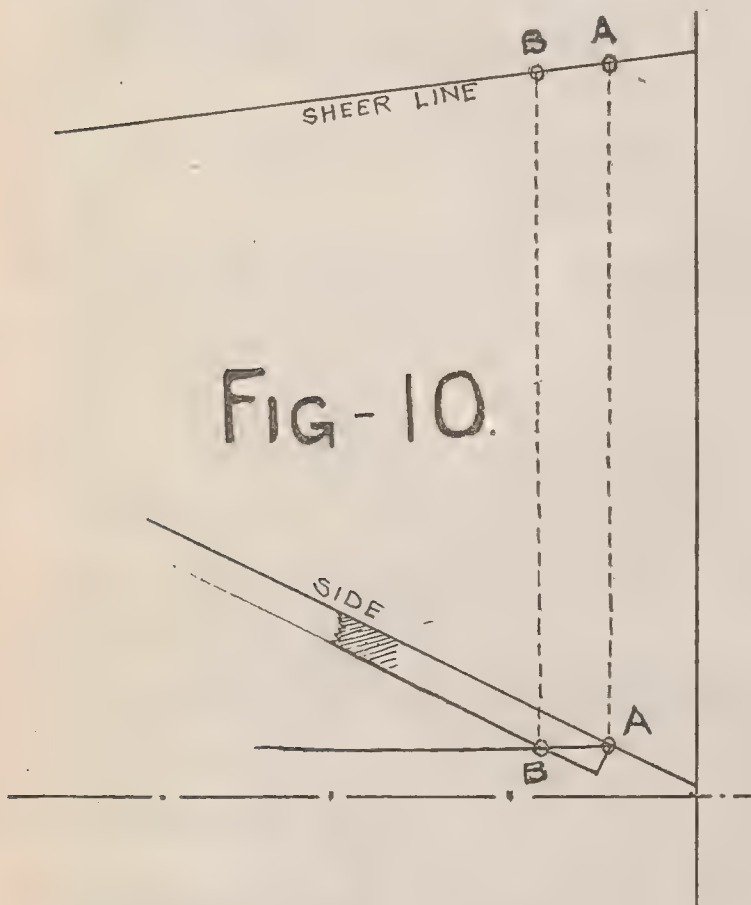


Fig-10.

thickness of the stem A, Fig. 10, you have the distance the rabbet line is aft of the face of the stem, and where the inside of the planking crosses the half thickness of the stem you have spot B for the bearding line. The space between A and B is the rabbet which you are to cut to let the planking in so its outer face finishes flush with the stem. By laying off these spots at each waterline you can determine similar spots on each one. Naturally the space between the spots A and B will be greater on the lower waterlines as they cross the half siding of the stem at a more acute angle. By bending a batten through these spots. After projecting them onto their respective waterlines you can mark out both rabbet and bearding line on the sheer plan.

To determine the rabbet line along the keel, refer to your sections where you took off the plank first. Take Section 1, for example, as the process is the same for all, and where the outside of the plank cuts the half thickness of the keel you have A, Fig. 11, the rabbet line, and by squaring across the thickness of the plank from its outer to its inner edges you have B, the bearding line, which also represents the top of the keel. Draw the rabbet line in from section to section on the sheer plan $\frac{5}{8}$ in. below and parallel to the top of the keel (it will run so near parallel with the top of the keel and just about the thickness of the plank below it that while there is an

eighth or sixteenth of an inch variation in the depth, it is not worth considering). Aft we have a greater thickness of wood, as the deadwood is 3 in. With your chalk line snap its half thickness parallel to the keel and then using

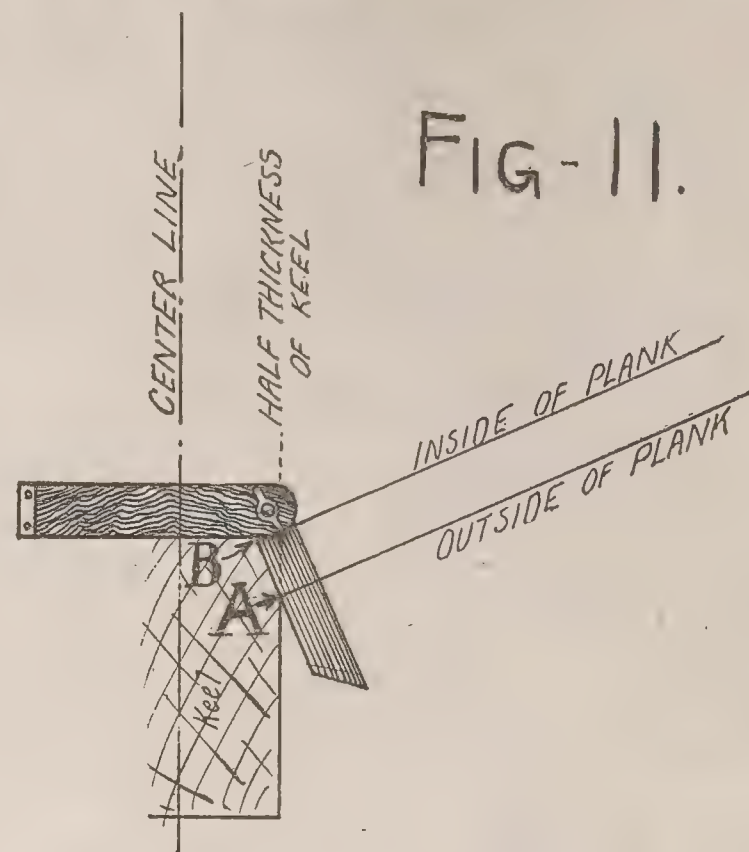


Fig-11.

this line do just as you did forward. Take off the plank on all the water lines, Section E and the transom, and where they cross the half siding of deadwood you have another series of spots that will enable you to draw in your rabbet and bearding lines aft.

There is still one more line needed, and that is one to show how much wood should be left inside the bearding line for the frames to nail to. As the frames are to be $\frac{3}{4}$ in. square, proceed just as if you were taking off another $\frac{3}{4}$ in. thickness of planking, and where this line ($1\frac{3}{8}$ in. inside and parallel to the first lines you drew, the outside of the planking) cuts the half siding of the stem forward and deadwood aft on all the waterlines and sections you used to determine the rabbet and bearding line, you get a series of spots, the line drawn through which will give you the inside shape to which to cut stem and deadwood.

You should know the dimensions of the motor that is going into your launch to make proper provision for the placing of it and to mark in your shaft line.

Both the inner and outer face of the deadwood must be trimmed off square to the shaft line to allow the stern bearing and stuffing box to be lag-screwed on and let this square jog on the inside be at least 3 in. above and below the shaft line. Having taken off the thickness of the planking, do the same for the deck. Measure down $\frac{5}{8}$ in. from the sheer line on each section, for this is as high up as the planking goes.

Making the Moulds.

With the launch now all laid down full size and the rabbet and bearding lines determined, you are ready to make the wooden moulds and patterns.

For the moulds you will need about 30 ft. of $\frac{7}{8}$ in. white pine. For the patterns, about the same of $\frac{1}{2}$ or $\frac{3}{8}$ in. pine. Boards 9 to 12 in. wide will cut to good advantage. The process of transferring the shape of stem, deadwood, etc., on the floor to wood is a very simple one, Fig. 12.

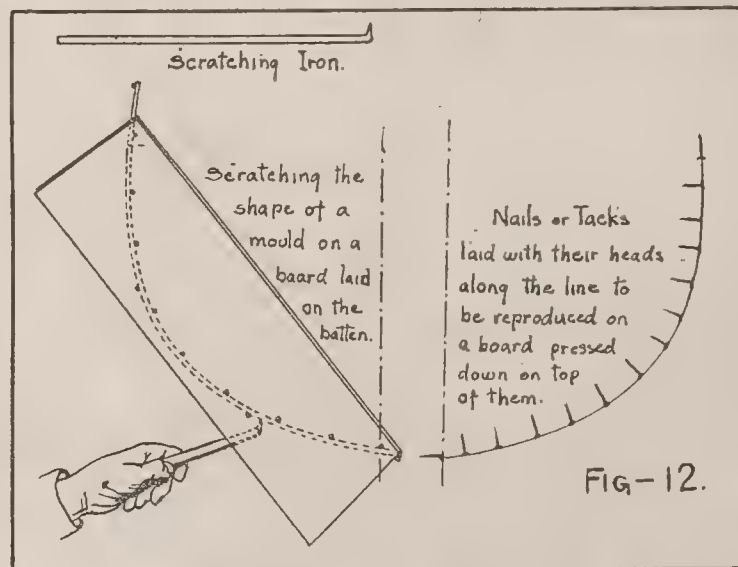


Fig-12.

Take the $\frac{3}{4}$ in. flat head wire nails. If you can't get these take carpet tacks and lay them about every 2 in. along on the line representing the inside of the planking of whatever section you wish to make. Tap each one lightly with your hammer to prevent their rolling, and then very carefully lay the board you are going to cut the pattern out of down on top of these nails or tacks, and then step on it to sink them into the board. They will make a line of indentations easily traced and by which you can cut out the shape of the pattern.

Another way is to take a thin batten about $\frac{3}{4}$ in. wide and bend it on its edge around the section, representing the inside of the planking drawn on the floor. Drive the nails that hold the batten down so their heads are flush with the batten. Then lay the board on this batten, holding it close down to it while you reach under and scratch along the batten with a piece of brass or iron having a sharp pointed hook bent up on the end.

A third way is to cut a thin piece of board to a shape smaller than the pattern, and then scribe the shape on to this board. Lay this pattern on the board you are cutting your moulds out of and scribe back the same distance you set off with the dividers.

There are other ways I can explain, but none as easy as these methods. The moulds for the sections you make out of $\frac{7}{8}$ in. boards. You may be able to cut the moulds for sections Nos. 1 and 5 out of one board, but the other sections will have to be pieced out. The accompanying sketches shown in Figs. 13 and 14 will illustrate some of

the joints used to piece the moulds together. In cutting out a mould after you have the shape marked on one board, nail two together and cut both at once to make sure both sides will be exactly alike. Compare the mould with its section drawn on the floor and see that it is the exact shape. While you have it there mark the center line, waterline and underside of deck very accurately, as you will need these marks when you come to set the moulds up in position.

Hold the two sides of the moulds with a cross piece at top and bottom. Plane the lower edge of the top piece up true and nail it fast, so its lower edge just comes to

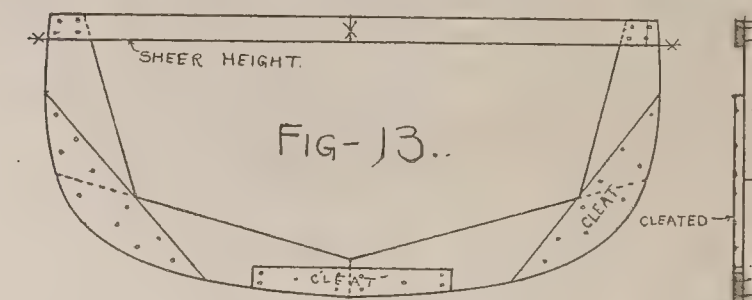


Fig-13..

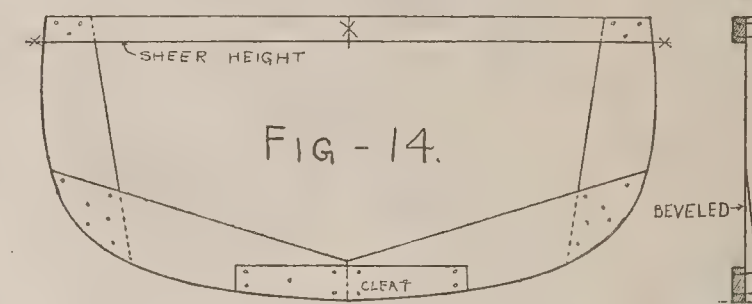


Fig-14.

the mark you took off the floor representing the underside of the deck. Let the mould extend up two or three inches above this mark.

Make all five moulds, numbering each, and across each at the waterline tack a piece of string for a purpose which I will explain later.

Then make patterns for the stem, stem knee or forward deadwood as it is sometimes called, and after deadwood or shaft log out of $\frac{1}{2}$ in. pine. In making these, place the tacks so they will give you impressions along both edges, and also the rabbet and bearding lines.

When patterns and moulds are all made, the next step is to cut out and rivet up the backbone, consisting of keel, stem, forward and aft deadwood transom knee and transom, and cut in the rabbet line from stem head to transom.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Boston Letter.

Boston, May 12.—There is not a yard in this vicinity where the greatest activity is not being shown. Old yachts are fitting out and work on new ones is being rushed, as the owners are all anxious to make an early start. Some of the racers in the Y. R. A. restricted classes have been launched and given their first trials, and by the end of the week there will be many more that will be ready for the season's work. The owners of the Y. R. A. boats are making every effort to get to the opening race at City Point on Memorial Day, and there is little doubt that there will be a large attendance.

The Eastern Y. C. has announced the prizes to be given in the special open races for the Y. R. A. 25-footers and 21-footers, and the 18 ft. knockabouts. There will be six of these races, the dates of which have already been announced. Last week the Regatta Committee met and decided upon the following cash prizes for each race: First prizes, \$30 for 25-footers, \$25 for 21-footers and \$18 for 18-footers. The second prizes will be \$10 in each class. In case seven or more boats enter in a class there will be a third prize of \$5. In addition to these cash prizes, Rear-Com. F. Lothrop Ames has offered three championship cups, one to be given to the winner of the series in each class. The Eastern Y. C. is to have a landing station on the town side of Marblehead Harbor. The club has leased the wharf between that upon which the Boston Y. C. station stands and the Marblehead yacht yard. This will be used as a landing by club members. Some time ago this property was purchased by a member of the Eastern Y. C., and it was understood that the purchase was in the interest of the club. The Corinthian Y. C. has not yet obtained a town site, and it is not known that the club will install a station there, but it would not be surprising if all three Marblehead clubs should have landing stations in the town.

The new station of the Boston Y. C. has been finished and has been thrown open for the use of the members. The house has only been built large enough to fill the needs of a station, but it is a fine piece of architecture, and the general layout of the grounds is highly creditable to Sec'y A. C. Fernald, who drew the plans. A fence has been built at the entrance to the property. It is of the high, picket variety, with tall posts. Neither the posts nor the pickets have been planed, but have been treated in green, and the effect is exceedingly pleasing. The buildings at the head of the wharf have also been given a coating of dull green, and their appearance has been changed wonderfully. The grounds have been partly graded and will probably be finished by May 30. Entrance to the grounds is made by two gates, a large one for carriages and a smaller one for members. The house is treated in dull green and white, the colors of the larger house at City Point. Entrance to the house may be gained by a central door or by the veranda. The floats are also gained from this veranda, and crews of the yachts can pass in or out without going into the house. The first floor of the house is given up to lockers. The floors all over the house are of hard wood, polished. The second floor contains a ladies' reception room, the living room for the members and a library. The living room and the library have been finished in the Dutch style. There is a wainscoting in the living room, above which is a deep red frieze. A Dutch brick fireplace, with cushioned window seat at either side, adds to the appearance, while there are easy chairs in abundance. The ladies' reception room has a cushioned seat and the rest of the furniture is made of grass. A door leads from the living room to a balcony that is at once roomy and pretty. From here

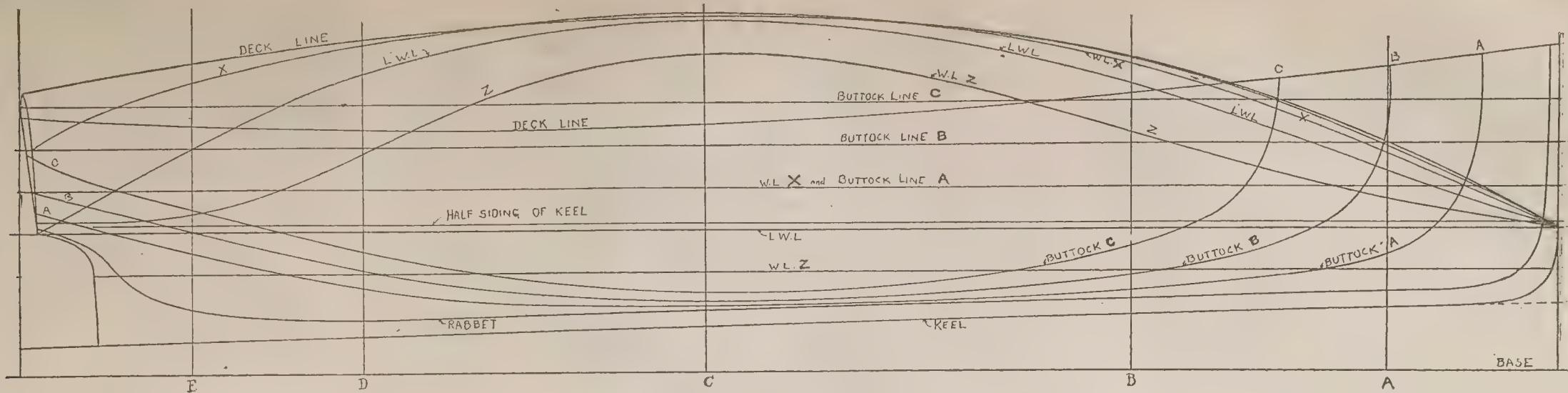


Plate 3.

one can look over the entire fleet in the harbor and can see through the islands in Salem Bay to Baker's Island lights. Incoming yachts can also be seen over the point. At Lawley's work is being rushed on the boats in the basin and in the shops. Nearly all of the yachts in the basin are fitting out, and by the end of the week there will be few boats in the yard that will not be ready for launching. Mr. Arnold Lawson's 46ft. schooner, Cygnet, which was launched last week, is being rigged, and near her is the 46ft. schooner Agatha, which Fred Lawley designed for Mr. W. S. Eaton, Jr. The 30ft. yawl, which was designed by Arthur Binney for Messrs. Foss and Gunnison, is also being rigged at the dock. The schooner Hildegarde is fitting out, and the steam yachts Dreamer and Ituna will soon be ready for the season. The 30ft. auxiliary yawl that Fred Lawley designed for Mr. Bancroft C. Davis has been rigged. The 65ft. cutter Senta is about ready for racing. The 51-rater Shark was on the railway last week, and Mr. W. O. Gay's steam yacht Scout, tender to the 70-footer Athene, was on the smaller railway. In the east shop the 104ft. steam yacht for Mr. John C. Strawbridge, of Philadelphia, is about ready for

July 12, Saturday—Club championship.
July 19, Saturday—Class handicap.
July 20, Sunday—Club run to Nahant.
July 26, Saturday—Club championship.
Aug. 2, Saturday—Class handicap.
Aug. 3, Sunday—Club run and picnic.
Aug. 9, Saturday—Club championship.
Aug. 16, Saturday—Class handicap.
Aug. 23, Saturday—Club championship.
Aug. 30, Saturday—Class handicap.
Sept. 6, Saturday—Club run to M. Y. R. A. rendezvous.
Sept. 7, Sunday—Y. R. A. parade.
Hollis Burgess has had Mr. William Cothroll in tow for the past two weeks. Mr. Cothroll left for Chicago Saturday night, having purchased through Mr. Burgess the old Herreshoff 21-footer Reaper, and an 18-footer. Burgess has also sold the 27ft. sloop Elmer to Capt. Johnson, to be used in Maine.
The MacDonald syndicate Seawanhaka boat, Massasoit, designed by Crowninshield, was shipped to Bridgeport last week. The Burgess and Lothrop Seawanhaka boat, Monsoon, designed by Burgess, will be ready for a trial

A Month's Cruise—Maine.

BY F. L. ENO.

The next morning (never mind the day) dawned hot and fair; after the matutinal header from the top of the house and breakfast, which must needs be of extra quantity on account of that header, we made our purchases at the store—a store which, situated at the head of a short wharf on the south side of the cove, commanded a view that would make its site priceless a hundred miles west.

As I recall that morning and the beauty of the scene in that little cove, I can feel the blood flow faster in my veins and almost fancy I detect the faint breath of the pines that comes on the breeze from the southern point. The surface of the water had been unruffled all the morning, smooth as glass, duplicating every tree and rock and mast as in a mirror, when there came stealing in from the sea a gentle southerly, a mere breath, which turned the sea into a deep, deep blue like the sky above, and, advancing, like a line drawn across the water, set a million little ripples laughing and sparkling and dancing for joy; and with the deep green of the wooded point against the azure of the sea and sky beyond, gave the finishing touch to a picture that will live forever. It was too beautiful for one pair to enjoy; would I had had a hundred to look with me. Some things like that are too overpowering to enjoy alone—you need others to help you stand it.

Casco Bay! Say "Casco Bay" to the next Portland man you happen to meet settled "out West" and watch his eyes.

But we must move on. The beat out of the little cove, standing in on each tack till our bowsprit almost ran ashore, and in the smooth sea and light, steady air drifted along into Five Islands and anchored for the night.

Morning brought a fairly good south wind, so out we went, when the fog came creeping in, and in an instant we were enveloped, unable to see a hundred feet. I had my bearings, however, and squared away for a little cove, which I had discovered on the chart in one of my many "fireside cruises" the winter before, nameless and hardly noticeable at first sight. After a hasty glance at the chart, roughly making the course by eye, I headed north northeast from Mark Island, and after a few minutes we found breakers right aboard on both bows. I felt that I must be right, the distance was so slight, and it was too late now to come about. The fog hid all ahead, and if we didn't hit the cove we would hit something else pretty quick, and we did both—up she went, slid over into, deeper water and as snug a hole as you could find in a day's sail.

We could not discern the shores; a few boats lay moored to stakes and we anchored among them in two fathoms. That meant 2ft. at low water, and with a deep, narrow boat. "Guess we will be on our beams' end to-night," I said.

"Well, anything to get out of that fog. Wasn't it awful? I'm so glad we are safe."

I think fog is the only thing C. is afraid of, and she is not alone in the fear of it.

However, we settled in the mud so far at low water that we remained upright. It was a curious place; a few shanties on the shore, but otherwise deserted, and a walk of a mile or two toward Boothbay disclosed nothing but a flat stretch of country covered with bushes and second-growth scrub trees.

Morning saw us out of the cove, when a farmer with a dory load of stuff pulled alongside. We offered him a tow. He was bound for Boothbay and a market, and seemed glad of the lift. We added to our supply from his boat and he was quite communicative.

"See that island?" pointing to Mark Island, a beautiful wooded island of four or five acres rising from the blue waters of the bay like a stone in its setting. "A feller bought that island for 50 cents."

I opened my eyes. "Got any more marked down?"

"Well, you see, it was Government property, and was sold at auction up in Augusta; feller never see it at all; guess he wouldn't sell it now for \$500. And Harbor Island round there was sold the same way for \$1.50. Sale warn't advertised much, and they slipped in and got it cheap. Guess it is wuth a couple of thousand now. It don't seem quite right. I am starting a poultry business back here on the point and doing first rate. Well, guess I will have to be going; you are too slow," for the wind had left us, so he pulled away.

Again the fog came in, and I tried to run into Cape Newagen, of "Uncle Terry" fame, but piled her up again on a hidden ledge, twisted her off with a line from the bowsprit end before the dory that put out from the shore to our assistance could offer help (you can always count on help from Maine fishermen), and stood off and on until the fog burned off, and we fanned along into Boothbay, and in the afternoon ran around Mt. Lobster Cove and spent the night.

The next morning was a scorcher—breathless and heavy, the air seemed quivering with heat, and the humidity made the heat still more oppressive. But no stuffy rooms and blazing pavements in ours, thank you. The

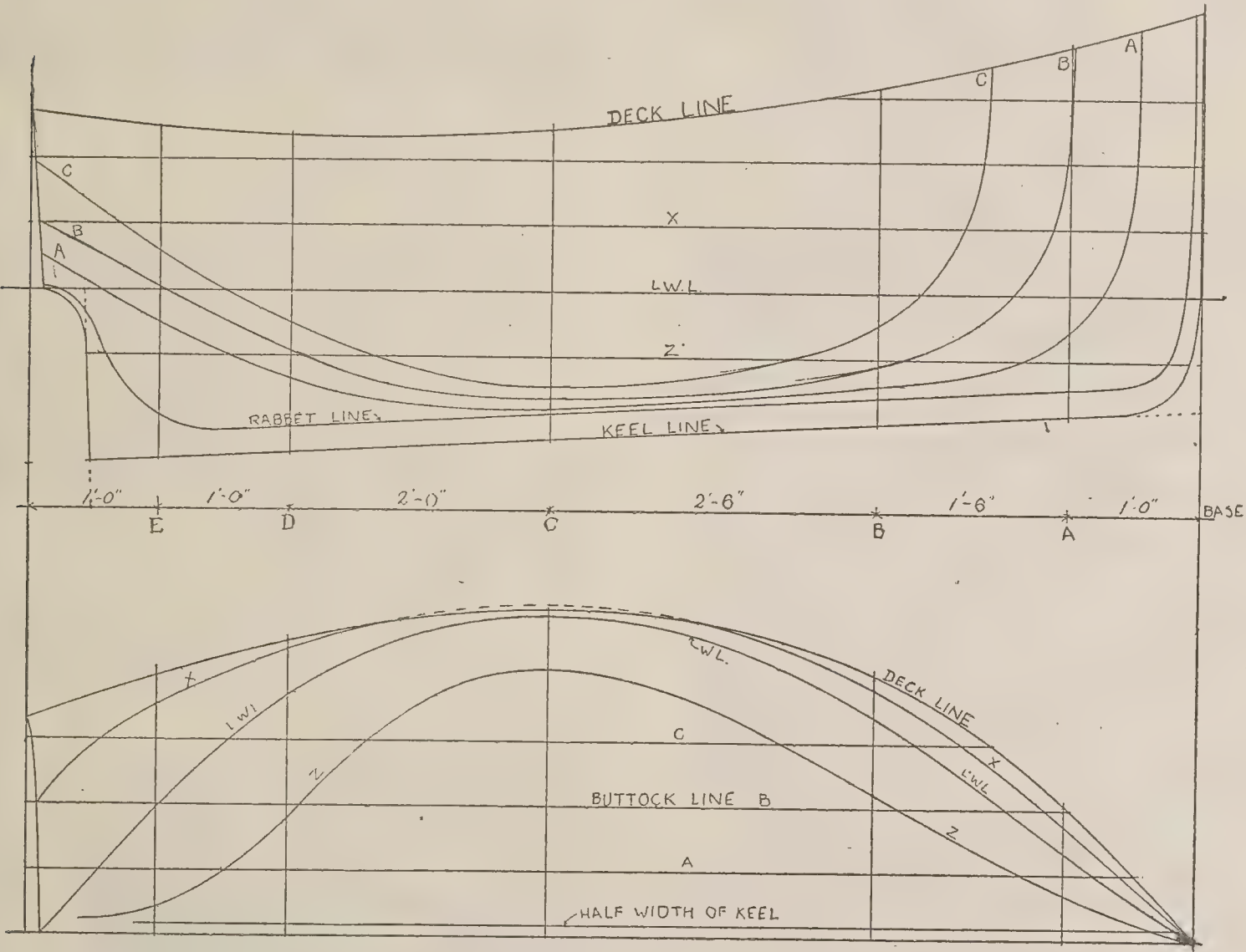


Plate 4.

launching. The Crane-designed 35-footer, for Mr. H. A. Morss, has been hauled to the foot of the shop and will be launched this week. The cabin is being put on the cruising 21-footer, designed by Charlie Mower, for Mr. H. H. Robinson, and the auxiliary 25ft. cat designed by Fred Lawley is planked. The keels of two new 25-footers have been set up. One of these is for Mr. William Caleb Loring, from Burgess design, and the other is a 30-rater, designed by Crowninshield for Mr. W. C. Allison. In the west shop the Y. R. A. 25-footer, designed by Fred Lawley for Mr. Lawrence Percival, Sally VI., has been finished and will be launched this week. It is expected that she will have a trial Wednesday. The Binney-designed auxiliary 46-footer for Mr. W. A. Wharton has been given a priming coat underneath. About all of the riveting on the 60-rater Weetamoe has been finished and the deck is now partly laid. The cabin work is being finished on the Binney 33ft. yawl for Dr. Paton, and the Lawton 35-footer for Mr. W. H. Fleetman is having her deck and cabin fittings put in.

The Regatta Committee of the Winthrop Y. C. has announced the following fixtures for the season. This club has been given the date of June 21 for its Y. R. A. open race. This has not yet been accepted, but it is likely that it will:

May 31, Saturday—Club championship.
June 7, Saturday—Class handicap.
June 14, Saturday—Club championship.
June 15, Sunday—Club run to Hull.
June 21, Saturday—Y. R. A. open.
June 28, Saturday—Club championship.
July 5, Saturday—Class handicap.

in about two weeks. The Seawanhaka boat, Filibuster, designed by Burgess for Mr. Frank B. Crowninshield, is in frame.

Fenton has finished the raceabout designed for the Goëlets for the Kiel regattas, and she has been shipped to New York, from whence she will be sent to Germany by steamer. She is a beautiful boat, bright above the waterline and painted below. Crowninshield has sold the 30ft. cutter Vandal, owned by Mr. C. F. Ayer to Mr. J. J. Martin. The three 18-footers of his design for Lake Champlain, have been finished by Brown, of Northaven, and shipped. Brown has also shipped the 21ft. knockabout, by the same designer, to Dr. Seward Webb, of Lake Champlain. He has a 30-footer for Mr. Otto B. Cole nearly finished. Swasey, Raymond & Page, of Taunton, have shipped the 30-rater, designed by Crowninshield, for Mr. Trenor L. Park. The one-design raceabouts for members of the American Y. C. were at Provincetown last week and should have arrived by this time at Rye.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Col. Sheffield Phillips, Hackensack, N. J., has purchased the house-boat that Mr. Thomas S. Marvel, of Newburgh, N. Y., was building for the late Pierre Lorillard. The hull of the vessel had been finished before Mr. Lorillard's death, and since that no work has been done on her. The interior will be fitted up according to the new owner's ideas.

Mr. Gouverneur Paulding has purchased the 60ft. auxiliary yawl Magnolia.

cool water made the hot deck an agreeable lounging place, and then sleeveless, low-necked shirt and duck trousers completed my toilet, while C. paddled around bare-footed, sleeves rolled to the elbow and hatless, of course, and the burning rays of the sun added a layer of bronze to our already copper-colored faces. How we used to laugh at the delicate creatures which sometimes drifted by us at one or another resort, shielding from the friendly sun complexions which were already past the danger line—but not from nature's applications, and a sudden shower! How they would run!—the complexions, I mean, not the delicate creatures.

We went ashore and rambled around Spruce Point in the thick woods; the air was redolent with the breath of the forest and close and warm, but heat has no terrors when you can strip down. Was ever any instrument of torture worse than a stiff collar and go degrees in the shade? I can't breathe with one of the things on.

Later in the forenoon we ran up to the head of John's Bay, to a little place called Bay View, and I walked four miles trying to buy, beg or steal a little milk, but without success, and was glad enough to get back to the wharf and to the little tender and shake the land. Away with it. Again up-sail, out into the bay, took a squall of wind from a big black cloud which came driving across the sky, and which killed what little breeze we had had, so I towed her to Squirrel Island, about two miles.

Next morning for two hours we lay becalmed off Green Island at the mouth of the Damariscotta River, and never did I experience such heat in northern latitudes. I was compelled to move out of the sun into the shadow of the sails for a time, and I never remember doing that before. The clear, green depths of water under us seemed icy in contrast to the air, and when not wholly submerged we generally sat on the rail and dragged our feet in the water (about twenty fathoms right here), and a common saying and a favorite one, as though to add to the appreciation of our luck by the sense of others' misery, was, "I bet it's hot ashore to-day." Nobody cared to take the bet.

The rays of the sun beat down unmercifully, and while inshore we could see the ripple of the failing west wind, and off shore a dark blue line which meant a sea breeze, we lay between the two in the doldrums and fried.

On Reed's Island, just inshore, was a three-masted schooner ashore and deserted. She looked in good condition, and was afterward got off.

The sea breeze prevailed. At last the heat gave place to a glorious volume of ozone and ether, and all the cream of pure air from the summer sea, and I pointed her bowsprit S.E. by E. $\frac{1}{4}$ E., for a dim blue speck on the horizon, where lay, a queen among queens, set a little apart in a grandeur all her own, as though to say, "If you want me, come out here; I am not for the crowd," Monhegan!

The charm of that island stronghold is all-pervading, and when we glided into the snug harbor, with barren Manana on one hand and wooded Monhegan on the other, it seemed like a different world.

Work, heat, trains, markets, money—what are they? Rubbish! The world is only a mile and a half long and half a mile wide, and is called Monhegan.

I will not attempt any historical flights. Drake says Monhegan was settled before the colony of Plymouth, and it has not grown very fast. (The latter half of that statement is original.) About twenty houses comprise the most quaint and bewitching town in the United States. The diminutive harbor into which you sail, the tiny beach of coarse gray sand, the little wharf, the row of ancient shanties along the shore, the weather-beaten houses of the village, backed by the forest primeval, and everywhere the sea, all combine to make a spot which for years has drawn artists to its shrine (whether they attempted to transfer the picture in their souls to canvas, or lacking the art, though artists still, kept it yet more truthful in their own hearts), and which offers to lovers of nature her work almost at first hand.

No trolley with its clustered contents can invade this haven; no electric lights turn night into day. No one comes here to show his clothes, or his turnouts or to get his name in the papers. But would you breathe nectar, bathe in wine, roam in paradise, be at sea and yet on land, would you find forest and cliffs and fields as they first appeared to the eyes of your forefathers, go to Monhegan.

I look back upon the day we spent there as one in a thousand. The sense of isolation is supreme; you can just make out the main land to the north, a low streak of blue; it is five miles to the nearest island and thirteen to Boothbay, the port of communication.

Our first thought on the following morning was of a visit to the cliffs on the southeast side of the islands, and the view that burst upon our gaze as we mounted the brow of those cliffs!

A few months before I had crossed the Rocky Mountains and the Cascade Range, and the view from the summit of the highest peaks into valleys where probably human beings had never set foot, did not impress me as did one cautious first look from the tops of those tremendous rocks.

The sea at the base seemed a mile away, and you could judge of the height only by pitching a stone overboard and watching its slow descent. Cruel tales those rocks could tell of ships that touched and disappeared. Our chart gives the depth off Block Head close in shore as sixty fathoms. The stone you threw sank 360 feet to bottom. Off White Head (the middle cliff) is a depth of twenty-three fathoms; off Lobster Point (southern end), fifty fathoms, and all around the island close in are soundings of 24, 31, 13, 17, 14, 27, 13, 15, 10, back to the 60 at Black Head. We spent most of that forenoon under the trees on the cliffs, gazing seaward. There was hardly any wind, just a breath roughening the surface of the water in spots, and for miles the eye could sweep the ocean, unbroken save by a few coasters and the mackerel fleet to the eastward. It was too inspiring to talk about. Words are meaningless.

At the post-office, which was in one end of a weather-stained dwelling, we asked for a postal card. The post-mistress, after a long fumbling search in an old desk, gave it up. "I can't seem to find one just now. Be you stopping here?"

"Never mind, an envelope will do just as well. You have a grand view here."

I peered through a window which, from the atmos-

phere of the room, had not been opened that season.

"Yes, some folks like it, but it is pretty rough in winter; the wind is awful. That's a picture of my son. He was lost last winter round to White Head hauling his pots." I thought of those rocks and that sixty fathoms. "He was only eighteen. They tried to keep him from going, there was such a sea running, but he laughed at 'em. They picked up the wreck of his dory afterward—they never found him."

We did not linger. The sea charms its victims and then swallows them.

A bath on the beach in water as clear as crystal and warm as heart could desire prepared us for dinner, after which we again wandered over the island.

The one excitement here is the arrival of the boat. The whole population turns out to greet the new arrivals, and the wharf for the time being contains about every man, woman, child and dog in town.

That morning after the barrels of coal and potatoes and trunks and the assorted cargo which the needs of the village had brought together had been landed, there came a little procession bearing a stretcher with a lad of eight or ten thereon, his white thin face showing long confinement and sickness. The stevedores stopped their jibes and country witticisms, the summer people showed the sympathy they felt by their half-uttered words of compassion, the idlers fishing on the capsill neglected their lures, and a hush seemed to fall on all as the little fellow was borne up the wharf. May pines and sea and rocks and fields and salt breezes and sun have done their work ere this, Monhegan! Save life as well as take it!

We already seemed settled here; it would not take long to get acquainted with everybody in town. On the third day with genuine regret we hove-up and passed out by the steamer at the wharf.

"Where now?" sung out an acquaintance of a day.

"Camden."

"That's the stuff. Bon voyage," and we waved our farewells and overheard one lady remark to a friend, "They are cruising around in that little yacht. What fun! They belong in Lowell, I believe."

The steamer carries the passengers, but the little schooner Effort carries the mails. When the steamer is at her dock with the trunks, the schooner with the mail is becalmed a few miles away, just within sight, and shows up the next morning. But the schooner won't give up the contract formed before the steamer was put on, so the summer people have to wait for their mail. But who wants mail on Monhegan? Chuck it in a barrel, I say, and let it drift, and if it gets to the island, all right, and if not, all right. Since writing the above I noticed the following item in the marine news:

"Capt. William S. Humphrey, the veteran skipper of the mail packet Effort, that has carried the mail to Monhegan, Me., for so many years, has obtained from the Post Office Department the assurance that he can carry a daily mail during June, July, August and September, instead of July and August only, providing he will put power in the vessel that takes the mail. Capt. Humphrey is arranging for gasoline engines for Effort."

Good-by, Monhegan. Thou art apart from the rest, above and alone in a class of thine own, inimitable and invincible. Isle of beauty, fare thee well.

Our course from Monhegan was N.E. $\frac{3}{4}$ E., and with the wind a trifle to the S. of E., we pushed along close hauled on the starboard tack, sixteen miles to Whitehead Light, through the Mussel Ridges and Owl's Head Bay and squared away for Camden as the fog came rolling in. Great fleecy masses strung ahead of us on both sides, hiding the land and islands one after another, and finally we were enveloped in a thick, damp mist, which, with the increasing darkness, made all observation impossible; but the wind held fair and light. I had had a sight of the Graves a few miles ahead just before it shut down, and a couple of hours later, after my mouth had begun to tire of the taste of the old tin horn, we discovered them dead ahead, and another mile or so brought us within sound of the faint tones of the bell on Negro Island, and about 9 o'clock we let go in Camden Harbor, another beauty spot of the Maine coast.

The Maine coast has no rival. I doubt whether an equal stretch of shore anywhere can show such variety of beauty and grandeur as the hundred-odd miles from Portland to Mt. Desert. It seems as though nature had brought to a focus here all of the best in sea, country, mountain and forest, for you have them all within sight, and can leave your yacht—in which an hour before you were thrashing about in the open and passing peaceful forms of woodlands—lose yourself in the forest inside of another hour, or in yet another look upon a panorama of all combined from the summit of some towering mountain. But description is useless. To live in the air of those hills and forests and waters is to acquire a love for the region that cannot be expressed nor hinted at; you can only say Oh! Oh! and then keep quiet.

The schooner George W. Wells, at whose launching we had hoped to be present, lay at the wharf, and our first visit was to her.

It was worth a long journey to see a craft like that. At that time she was, and I believe now is, the largest schooner in the world, some 340ft. long, if I remember. However, my first impression was one of amusement. Such huge dimensions, and everything on such a scale that it had the effect of some Jumbo or giant in a circus. The fore topmast would have made a mainmast for a large vessel, and the immense bowsprit, chains and timbers were almost laughable. From the wheelhouse aft the deck stretched away like a boulevard lined with telegraph poles, and you got all mixed up on the masts. We overheard many discussions as to the names of the masts. Fore, main, mizzen, spanker, jigger and driver, seemed to be the popular nomenclature, but what will they do when they put in seven or eight sticks? How would ringtail and royal do for Nos. 7 and 8?

I should like to have had some of our free traders on the deck of that schooner and have asked them whether we had better buy that class of vessels abroad or build them at home. They don't build them abroad, and they are absolutely protected in the coastwise trade for which they are intended, and the most convincing unanswerable and unassailable argument in favor of protection and plenty of it stood there in the shape of that magnificent craft, designed, built, officered and manned (all or in part), by American brain, brawn and bullion, and any foreigner, alongside of that triumph, would look like a

nickel and a quarter—Canadian at that.

Camden charmed us into a three days' stay. One day I climbed the mountain, 1,300ft. above, and almost overhanging the harbor. From that height the beautiful lines of the schooner were revealed, her great size concealing her true proportions from a nearer point of view, and the little craft that had borne us so far lay but a speck on the water.

Ramble's around the town, baths in the cove, visits to the schooner, excursions after milk and provisions, and long happy hours day dreaming on the deck in the sun, in perfect contentment, to simply gaze at the hills and bay, consumed our time till Sunday (we had got track of the days again), when the captain announced her intention to go home.

"But we haven't been down the bay yet."

"I don't care; we've been gone three weeks, and I want to go home."

"But can't you stand it a couple of weeks longer? There's Castine and Southwest Harbor and Somerville and Isle au Haut—"

"I'm going home! You stay and go as far as you want to, but I am going home!" That settled it. Who would steer, five or six points wide, each side of the course, while I was busy forward? Who would spread sofa pillows and books and fancy work all over the deck and give that touch of femininity to the craft which adds so much to the enjoyment of a life afloat? Who would give timely warning of the fact that we were heading straight for those rocks, two miles away? So home we started, but a strong head wind kept us in Rockland one day; then a long beat, retracing our course through the Mussel Ridge Channel, round Mosquito Head and into Herring Gut, a-kiting in a southwester that blew almost all night and kept us jumping with two anchors down; then a long slow sail to Boothbay, arriving after dark, and another day of slow progress and head winds to Portland.

The latter part of this sail was characteristic. We were off Chebeague at dark. I started the fire and C. commenced on the dinner. The wind was southwest and fairly fresh, and our course necessitated frequent tacking against a head tide, and in the darkness we naturally lost more or less, as between keeping lookout and steering and tending head sheets and keeping clear of the islands, very fine windward work could not be expected. All this prolonged the preparation of dinner, which was conducted under conditions shown by the following:

"Below!"

"Well?"

"We're coming about in a minute. Look out for things!"

"All right!"

"Hard a-lee," and we are around on the other tack, while C. would grab the coffee pot with one hand and the spider with the other and wait until it seemed safe to release them.

The faint tinkle of broken glass came up after the first time we laid over to a puff.

"Oh, dear! There's the chimney gone all over the floor and I can't see a thing!"

"Light the cabin lamp."

A few sudden gleams, half-smothered expressions of disgust, two or three more matches wasted, and the cabin lamp is working and I have to close the companionway doors to prevent the blinding light from interfering with the steering.

"Ready about."

"All right," fainter this time.

"Hard a-lee," and I jam the helm down, poke down to leeward and let fly the head sheets, poke down to leeward again and make them fast, and then climb up on the weather rail to find out where we are.

A sudden cry of dismay and impatience filters out through the fore scuttle.

"There goes the coffee pot; I can't do a thing. Can't you keep her up straight?"

More banging of tinware and clatter of iron things hitting something; a half-hour of this sort of thing results in a feeble odor of burning potatoes drifting aft, and my hopes brighten.

"Guess I'll anchor here; this is far enough," and we drop off peaks and attack what survived of the meal, with the appetite that eight or nine hours of outdoors creates.

But the sleep that follows, and the rude health that comes, that laughs at wet clothing and cold winds and bare heads, and the muscle that grows with every pull at the ropes. Nobody has nerves east of Cape Ann.

Early morning found us in Portland, and the crew left, ran away, deserted, and I was left alone.

While coming up the harbor I had seen a familiar craft; even at the distance of a mile or two the jumper stays leading to the bluff of the bow and the two flies, one each at mizzen and jigger topmast head, told me that the long deeply loaded craft was the Jennie French Potter, with the genial Capt. Joe Potter in command, and I was not long in making myself known, and a merry crew I found. Two or three daughters with school friends, and the captain's wife, had made the trip from Philadelphia. Here was yachting for you, a sweep of deck nearly 300ft. long and plenty of room. A jolly crowd sat around that dinner table, and the steward had his hands full. As he termed it, the trip up the coast had been a "regular rumpus fore de Lawd," but he looked very glum when the gang went over the side and left the once lively decks deserted, save by the cook and the old mate, who waved farewell as we pulled away.

I pulled back to the Potter in my tender, hoisted her in on deck and sat on the rail all the evening with the mate.

The full moon hung in the heavens, the air was breathless, the deeply laden hull of the schooner, with 3,400 tons of coal under the hatches, lay like a rock, showing scarcely five feet of freeboard, and the mate told me of trips long and short, of gales and impromptu races, and the details of a life which seems so commonplace to the men who live it and is so fascinating to the lay mind.

The morning brought a strong northerly, which I foolishly allowed to blow without starting out, but took a long walk off toward Yarmouth or Falmouth, and started the morning after. I was anxious to get home now. Our log so far had been a record of calms and head winds and fogs and rain and slow passages, the zest had been taken out of the cruise, I didn't get enough to eat, and the Galveston "breeze" was on the way, so I

didn't care to linger. One day of calms got me as far as Wood Island, another to Cape Porpoise, and then came a run that atoned for all. At 6 A. M., with the wind fresh from the north, I ran outside, prepared coffee and a couple of eggs, and then settled down for the day. It kept breezing, and the old boat tore along at a great pace. Off the Nedick Nubble it looked so windy that I hauled up a little to run into Kittery if need be, but hating to lose such a slant, finally kept her for the Shoals and out across the bay.

The wind had gone to the northeast and was very fresh; the sea was running high, and whitecaps were gleaming in the sun. It was wonderfully clear. Two miles south of the Isles of Shoals, from the low level of the deck, I could see the land, the whole way from Thatcher's Island round through Plum Island, Newburyport, York and to the eastward of the Nubble as far as Cape Porpoise.

The sky was blue—blue to the horizon, which was clearly defined—the air was fresh and crisp, the sea, blue as the sky overhead, was dotted with whitecaps, and we swept along, shooting ahead on the long seas, sliding down before their curling tops just before they broke, switching the tender along, its nose in the air and half full of water. Grand sailing! One day like this takes us over our course of the first seven days of the trip. I did not leave the helm for lunch. I had a fear of the Galveston "breeze" that was on the way, and if this was the beginning of it, I wanted to get under cover.

About 3 o'clock I passed Thatcher's Lights, off Eastern Point, a sail astern came up with me (we were on the wind now, which had gradually gone to southeast), and proved to be the schooner Palmetto, which I had seen in Cape Porpoise. Her people looked at the little Sea Witch and seemed a little surprised that I had got ahead of them, though I had to start three hours before them. They went into Gloucester, and I kept on to Marblehead, and at 8 o'clock another cruise was a thing of the past; gone, in fact, but ever present in memory, and the city and streets and hurry now have their turn. But the coast with its islands is always there, and the pines and the beaches and the fogs and the sea everlasting, they are always there, and each year that takes me to them only adds another link to the fetters from which I would not be freed, a binding love for the free outdoor glorious life that the State of Maine can offer.

The Delights of House-Boating.

BY DR. V. MOTT PIERCE.

"With the odors of the forest,
With the dew and damp of meadows,
With the rushing of great rivers."

In the pleasant summer evening, lazily swinging in the hammock or ensconced in easy chairs on a house-boat, could anything be more delightful to the tired man or the lazy man than this cottage on the water, with view of the country meadows outlining the blue waters? Sunset is the time of all others when the house-boater feels that he is the happiest of all mortals. It is the time when water and land is overcast by the red glow of the setting sun, the air filled with dreamy softness, the fish jumping out of the placid water as if to emphasize the delight of living, while the birds on shore are singing their evening songs and the quiet breeze is laden with the perfume of flowers and grasses. In the quiet evenings we sometimes hang up a few lanterns, get our boatman to play the concertina or some one volunteers to play the æolian, and a little dance on the deck is inaugurated. Bedtime is always welcome, and such sleep—a sleep as profound as that induced by a narcotic. Morning finds one so completely rested that he welcomes the day and is ready to take the plunge overboard, with a whole lake for a bath tub.



When we read the above description to a business friend he said it might be true in some conditions, depending on whether it would or not. He didn't seem to understand. He was only a millionaire, and his soul likely has never throbbed and thrilled with a true poet's nature. He could remember eating a fine dinner on board, but when we thrilled with the feelings of a song bird, he could sit there like a smoked ham and refuse to enthuse.

The house-boat offers advantages to both the family man and the bachelor, which cannot in some particulars be excelled by any other kind of dwelling. The family man will find that in a house-boat he secures both rest and change of atmosphere, and at the same time most of the health-giving pleasures of yachting in a way that his family can enjoy with him. In this boat the family are not cramped for room, as they would be in a yacht, and can live more comfortably and with greater pleasure than they could on a \$50,000 yacht. In a yacht they must be cooped up in very small quarters; beside, there are some dangers which are entirely absent in the case of a house-boat, for the latter is usually securely fastened in quiet waters.

For the bachelor the house-boat is a movable home where he can repay any obligations by entertaining his

friends on board. He is foot free and can move his cottage on the water to whatever spot his whim may dictate.

As contrasted with a country place or a cottage on land, the house-boat has the advantage of a changing



scene to suit conditions or inclinations. The novelty of living in a boat may wear off in time, but certainly a change of scene is always practicable and an easy remedy for ennui. We have yet to find a person who has lived on a house-boat who has become tired of this mode of living. A business man can place his house-boat in ideal spots, such as the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, Lake Champlain, the beautiful lakes of central New York, the Great Lakes, anywhere along the seashore, in the many bays, or one of the many inland places reached by canals or rivers. If business does not permit of a long vacation, he can readily have his house-boat towed to some convenient locality near his city and his business.

Having passed four delightful summers on a house-boat, we are still more enthusiastic and ready each spring to go aboard; in fact, before the winter is half over our family are planning and thinking of the pleasure of once more getting aboard ship. For several seasons it has been impossible for us to take a vacation of a month or



two away from business, and consequently we have been compelled to have the Wah-ta-Wah anchored in some convenient locality where we could get to business every day. After a hard day's work there is nothing more delightful than getting back to one's home on the water, where one may enjoy complete rest and the delightful change from the business and heat and dust of the city. At night the quiet ripple of the water, the ozone in the air, and perhaps the gentle motion of the boat, lulls one to sleep, and two months of such restful nights and good air fits one for a whole winter of hard work. It is a fact that can be demonstrated by inquiry of sailors and men who follow the water that few people living on board a boat are known to have rheumatism, typhoids, bad colds or many of the ills prevalent on land. The house-boat eliminates any possibility of bad sewerage or drainage. One has all the advantages of fresh air, as in camping out, without its many inconveniences, for in the house-boat we can have a good kitchen with nice range, ice box, a bath tub and convenient washstands.

A day may be ever so hot on shore, but the house-boater knows where he will find a cool spot out on the open water and under ample awnings. A few hundred yards away on shore the summer boarders may be tantalized with mosquitoes, or they may be unable to sleep in beds in their warm rooms and try to get air by spreading mattresses in front of windows, but just a little ways out on the water where the solitary light shows the house-boat to be anchored, every one is slumbering, cool and comfortable. The slightest breeze is wafted through the windows, and sometimes blankets have to be resorted to, so cool does it become at times.

It does not require a long pocketbook to build a com-

fortable house-boat, and yet there is no limit to the amount that could be spent in the building and arrangement of a luxurious house. A boy in his teens can build a boat for himself at little cost. We knew of a poor, hardworking carpenter who built a home for himself in this way, giving his time at odd hours to the work, buying his lumber in small lots and picking up a large portion of it. He had a very comfortable house some 50ft. long, which, as he said, gave him a chance to save money. He had no rent to pay nor taxes, and yet had a desirable home summer and winter.

A peculiar thing about these boats is that they are very warm in cold weather—in fact, the caretaker and his family who live on our boat in the winter and throughout the zero weather have told us that they never lived in a warmer house, and yet my boat was not built for cold weather, and is only lined with matched Norway pine.

To the prospective builder of a house-boat who is not troubled about the first cost, we should advise building the hull of iron. It would probably not cost any more in the long run, for it would not then be necessary to pull the house-boat out of water or dry dock it for caulking, and there would never be any bilge water to trouble the occupants. It would be quite possible to arrange a windmill with canvas sails, such as are used on ships in Holland or Norway, for pumping water into the tank, or when wanted to pump bilge water out. A very superior method of lighting a boat is with acetylene gas, as this necessitates only a very small tank for the making of the gas and very small pipes to the different rooms. It also furnishes gas for a searchlight.

Our last suggestion to those who want a cheap house-



boat would be to look for an old barge or canal boat, which are often obtainable at a very low cost. Inasmuch as business on the canals and waterways of this country has not flourished of late years, many canal boatmen are ready to sell and a very comfortable home could be built on one of these boats. A stone barge could quickly be fitted up as a house-boat at no great expense.

The house-boat Wah-ta-Wah was built at Buffalo, N. Y., after the owner's designs, and intended for a floating summer house for his family. The boat has a beam of 15ft., which is as wide as a boat should be built on the inland lakes, if the owner ever contemplates



moving his home down the Erie Canal to the many small lakes in Central New York or to the Thousand Islands or sea coast.

The Wah-ta-Wah was built with this ambitious design, and is so arranged that the water system supplying bathroom and washstands can be pumped from a large freshwater tank, or by simply the turn of a cock water is drawn from the outside. The upper deck house, which makes by far the coolest and pleasantest bedroom or lounging room in the boat, is built in sections (to come down) so that the boat may clear the low canal bridges. The open-air dining room on the stern deck is one of the most enjoyable features of the Wah-ta-Wah, and we should advise all builders of this class of boat to arrange for it if possible.

The Wah-ta-Wah was the second house-boat to be built in the vicinity of Buffalo and the Niagara frontier.

Mr. G. Merritt Clark, an artist of Buffalo, was the first to adopt a floating home and studio, having purchased a discarded cable boat, such as were used on the Erie Canal for a while. He fitted up the Bohemian and made many trips down the canal on sketching trips, having his boat pulled by a horse to Albany, then towed down the Hudson to New York.

A boat as large and comfortable as the Wah-ta-Wah can be built for about \$1,200, of which the hull costs about \$300. After the hull or scow was built in a ship yard, the deck house and fittings were put up by house carpenters.

We cannot describe all the comforts and pleasures of house-boating in this brief article, but we will tell of the few unpleasant moments or discomforts which are bound to come to those living in this sailor fashion.

To begin with, partitions on house-boats do not always stop sound, and we sometimes awake before we are called. We remember having a cook who was so enterprising she used to grind the coffee at 4 o'clock in the morning. When she began that coffee-mill overture we could not help rising right up and applauding in seven different languages. Owing to our appreciation of her worth as a soloist, and the fact that we could entice other cooks only as far as the beach, we generally treated her with great respect. One day we heard cries for help

broom strikes a cavity and plunges inside and the mystery is solved. The (landsman) carpenter had placed the drain pipe for the ice water below the waterline, and naturally the lake is filling up the ice box.

Another day a swell canoeist, dressed in his latest flannels, silk sash and nobby cap, comes to call. He takes off his cap with one hand, and grabs for the railing. The canoe goes from under him, and "alas, poor Yorick!" He too learns that water is wet and that flannels are not always well shrunk before fitting.

In conclusion, we advise every one that the beauties of nature are lost to them unless they try living on the water. A cottage in the country is monotonous compared with the ever-changing landscape of the water—there is beauty everywhere, the air is pure, the nights are cool, mosquitoes do not bother you, and there is a restful tone of comfort and happiness about a house-boat which can be had in no other abode.



YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Mr. W. Gould Brokaw has sold his schooner *Amorita* through the agency of Mr. Frank N. Tandy to Mr. Thomas M. McKee, of Pittsburg, Pa.

G. F. Carter, Weasuck Creek, L. I., has built for Fire Chief Croker, of New York, a catboat. She is 24ft. over all, 18ft. waterline, 7ft. 10in. breadth and 20in. draft.

The steam yacht *Jule* was launched from the yard of the Gas Engine & Power Co. and Charles L. Seabury Co. on May 7. The yacht was designed by Mr. Charles L. Seabury for Mr. Alfred Costello. She is 85ft. over all, 75ft. waterline, 12ft. 6in. breadth and 4ft. 6in. draft. Forward there is a deck house, which will be used as a dining saloon. Aft of the deck house is the galley, and next aft comes the engine and boiler space. Aft of the engine space is the owner's stateroom, which extends the full width of the vessel, and next aft is the main saloon. The crew's quarters are forward. The engine is a Seabury triple expansion of the latest type, with cylinders 7 by 11 1/4 in., and 17 1/2 by 10 in. stroke. Steam will be supplied by a Seabury water tube boiler of latest pattern. The speed of the yacht will be fourteen miles per hour.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

May 14-15.—Auburn, N. Y.—Target tournament under auspices of Messrs. J. H. Knapp and H. Knox.

May 14-16.—Charleston, S. C.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Charleston-Palmetto Gun Club. W. G. Jeffords, Jr., Sec'y.

May 15.—Sherbrooke, P. Q.—Sherbrooke Gun Club's inanimate target tournament. C. H. Foss, Sec'y.

May 15-16.—Mechanicsville, O.—Tenth annual tournament of the Mechanicsville Gun Club. Edgar Patrick, Sec'y.

May 17.—Omaha, Neb.—Contest for the Hazard live-bird championship challenge trophy between Messrs. C. W. Budd, holder, and C. W. Phellis, challenger.

May 17.—Rutherford, N. J.—Target shoot of the Boiling Springs Fishing and Gun Club. C. B. Axford, Sec'y.

May 17.—Newark, N. J.—Richmond Gun Club's shoot, on Smith Brothers' grounds, Newark. Also three-cornered match between Messrs. Hawes, Bechtel and Schoverling, for a \$20 purse. A. A. Schoverling, Sec'y.

May 17, 19, 20.—San Antonio, Tex.—Texas State shoot; \$750 added. O. C. Guessaz, Sec'y.

May 19-20.—Columbus, Wis.—Fifth annual tournament of the Columbus Gun Club.

May 19-22.—San Antonio, Tex.—Texas State Sportsmen's Association's tournament; \$500 added. Col. O. C. Guessaz, Sec'y.

May 20-22.—Ottumwa, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's tournament.

May 20-22.—Elwood, Ind.—Annual tournament of the Zoo Rod and Gun Club, of Elwood, Ind.

May 20-22.—Wheeling, W. Va.—Fifth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association; added money and prizes. John B. Gorden, Sec'y, Wheeling, W. Va.

May 20-23.—Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Ill.—Twenty-eighth annual tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. E. Bingham, Sec'y.

May 21-22.—West Manchester, O.—Second annual tournament of the West Manchester Gun Club.

May 21-22.—Springfield, S. D.—Fifteenth annual tournament of the South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association. E. E. Aney, Sec'y.

May 21-22.—Baltimore, Md.—Maryland county shoot for amateurs.

May 21-23.—Springfield, S. D.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association tournament.

May 22-23.—Wolcott, N. Y.—Target tournament of the Catchpole Gun Club. E. A. Wadsworth, Sec'y.

May 22-26.—Freehold, N. J.—New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association.

May 23-31.—Lincoln, Neb.—Grand Interstate tournament; three days shooting; three days golf; three days tennis. H. C. Young, Manager.

May 27-29.—Bowling Green, N. Y.—Bowling Green Gun Club's target and live-bird tournament. G. A. Hobson, Sec'y.

May 28-29.—Williamsport, Pa.—West Branch Rod and Gun Club's target tournament. H. A. Dimick, Sec'y.

May 28-29.—Anamosa, Ia.—The Prison City Gun Club's two days' tournament at targets; \$100 for high averages. H. Been, Sec'y.

May 28-30.—Flint, Mich.—Annual tournament of the Michigan State Trapshooters' League. C. Caleb, Sec'y.

May 30.—Norristown, Pa.—Tournament of the Penn Gun Club. J. R. Yost, Sec'y.

May 30.—Newport, R. I.—Memorial Day shoot of the Aquidneck Gun Club. J. S. Coggeshall, Sec'y.

May 30.—Schenectady, N. Y.—Spring tournament of the Schenectady Gun Club. E. L. Aiken, Sec'y.

May 30.—Ossining, N. Y.—Holiday shoot of the Westchester County Trapshooters' League. J. Curry Barlow, Sec'y.

May 30.—Auburn, Me.—Annual tournament of the Auburn Gun Club. L. A. Barker, Sec'y.

May 30.—Utica, N. Y.—All-day shoot of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association. Henry L. Gates, Pres.

May 30.—New Haven, Conn.—New Haven Gun Club's tournament. All shooters invited. John E. Bassett, Sec'y.

May 30.—Hartford, Conn.—Holiday shoot of the Colt Gun Club.

May 30.—Lynn, Mass.—All-day tournament of the Birch Brook Gun Club; merchandise prizes.

May 30-31.—Altoona, Pa.—Altoona Rod and Gun Club's tenth annual tournament. George G. Zeth, Sec'y, Altoona, Pa.

May 30-31.—Union City, Ind.—Spring tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club. O. E. Fouts, Sec'y.

June 3-4.—Fargo, N. D.—Eighth annual tournament of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association; open to all. H. E. Magill, Sec'y.

June 3-5.—Cleveland, O.—Tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League, under the auspices of the Cleveland Gun Co.

June 4-5.—Huntington, Ind.—Erie Gun Club's annual tournament.

June 5.—Bolívar, N. Y.—Open sweepstake shoot of the Bolívar Gun Club. J. T. Care, Sec'y.

June 10-12.—Memphis, Tenn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Memphis Gun Club.

July 8-10.—Pine Bluff, Ark.—Twelfth annual meeting and tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association. Targets. Added money \$300. Rose system. Paul R. Litzke, Sec'y.

June 9-13.—Rochester, N. Y.—Forty-fourth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game.

June 10-11.—Bowling Green, O.—Amateur bluerock tournament of the Bowling Green Gun Club. John H. Lincoln, Sec'y.

June 10-11.—Sioux City, Ia.—Eighth annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.

June 10-11.—Muncie, Ind.—Indiana Trapshooters' League's annual tournament.

June 12-15.—Denver, Colo.—Grand Western Bluerock Handicap tournament. Frank H. Mayer, Tournament Manager.

June 17-18.—Shreveport, La.—Tournament of the Mississippi and Louisiana Trapshooters' League, under auspices of the Caddo Gun Club. V. T. Fulton, Sec'y.

June 17-20.—Warm Springs, Ga.—Annual Interstate tournament.

June 18.—New London, Ia.—Annual Midsummer tournament of the New London Gun Club. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y.

June 18-19.—Bellefontaine, O.—Silver Lake Gun Club's annual tournament. Geo. E. Maison, Sec'y.

June 19-22.—Denver, Colo.—Colorado State tournament.

June 25-26.—W. Alexandria, O.—Twin Valley Shotgun Club's first annual shoot.

June 25-26.—Raleigh, N. C.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Raleigh Gun Club. Jas. I. Johnson, Sec'y.

June 26-28.—Portland, Ore.—Eighteenth annual tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest.

June 29.—San Francisco, Cal.—Live-bird shoot of the Union Gun Club.

July 4.—Mt. Kisco, N. Y.—Third tournament of the Westchester County Trapshooting Association. J. C. Barlow, Sec'y.

July 16-18.—Titusville, Pa.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Titusville Gun Club. T. L. Andrews, Sec'y.

July 22-23.—Greenville, Miss.—Mississippi and Louisiana Trapshooters' League target tournament. C. W. Walton, Sec'y, Natchez, Miss.

Aug. 5-8.—Asheville, N. C.—Tournament given by Col. J. T. Anthony and Maj. E. P. McKissick.

Aug. 6-7.—Marietta, O.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Columbian Gun Club. Chas. Bailey, Sec'y.

Aug. 12-13.—Birmingham, Ala.—Third annual Alabama State target tournament, under the auspices of the Birmingham Gun Club. R. H. Baugh, Sec'y.

Aug. 13-14.—Brunswick, Me.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Brunswick Gun Club. L. C. Whitmore, Sec'y.

Aug. 14-16.—Hamilton, Can.—Dominion Trapshooting and Game Protective Association's tournament.

Aug. 19-20.—Vicksburg, Miss.—Mississippi and Louisiana Trapshooters' League target tournament. C. W. Walton, Sec'y, Natchez, Miss.

Aug. 26-29.—Okoboji, Ia.—Amateur shooting tournament, under management of Messrs. C. W. Budd and E. C. Hinshaw.

Aug. 27-28.—Haverhill, Mass.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Haverhill Gun Club. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.

Sept. 3-4.—Nappanee, Ind.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Nappanee Gun Club. B. B. Maust, Sec'y.

Sept. 3-5.—Erie, Pa.—Erie City Rod and Gun Club's handicap tournament at targets. Open to all; \$200 added. A. N. Aitken, Sec'y.

Sept. 9-12.—Battle Creek, Mich.—Tournament of the Indians; open to the world.

Sept. 23-25.—Cincinnati, O.—Second annual handicap target tournament of the Cincinnati Gun Club. Charles F. Dreihls, Sec'y.

Sept. 29-30.—Lewistown, Ill.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Lewistown Gun Club. H. H. McCumber, Sec'y.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot, every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's target shoot, every Saturday afternoon until October. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

First Saturday of each month for a year, Burnside.—Contest for the Troisdorf live-bird and target medals; 10 live birds; 25 targets; open to all. First contest, March 1.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The programme of the Interstate Association's trapshooting tournament, given for the Memphis Gun Club, Memphis, Tenn., June 10 to 12, can be obtained of the secretary, Mr. A. H. Frank. The programme is alike each day in respect to the target events—seven at 15, \$10 added, and three at 20 targets, \$15 added, but the entrance varies, it being \$1.50 and \$2 in the former, and \$2 and \$2.50 in the 20-target events. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock each day. Lunch served on the grounds. Targets 2 cents. Grounds will be open for practice on June 9. Guns and ammunition forwarded to J. G. Schmidt & Sons, Memphis, will be delivered on the grounds free of charge. Rose system, ratios 7, 5, 3 and 2, and 5, 3 and 2. Trade representatives cannot compete for the purses, but there are three cash average prizes for them, namely, \$25, \$15 and \$10, first, second and third high guns, conditional on ten or more participating. To the two amateurs making first and second high averages, valuable sterling trophies will be presented. Mr. Elmer E. Shaner will manage the tournament.

The programme of the sixteenth annual tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League, to be held at Cleveland, O., under the auspices of the Cleveland Gun Club, June 3, 4 and 5, is attractive in the abundance and variety of the competition offered. There are ten events each day, the first eight of which are alike, namely, 15 targets, entrance \$1.50; \$7.50 added to each. On the first day the

from an overturned canoeist just as dinner was served. After attending to the rescue, we found ourselves a half-hour late, and in consequence received a severe scolding from the aforesaid cook. To quiet matters as much as possible, we mildly ventured to remark that we were willing to eat the dinner cold. Suddenly a vista of enraged womanhood appeared in the door, with a carving knife, screaming, "I'll carve yez liver out ye son of a sea dog." The bold captain of the Wah-ta-Wah sought the other side of the table as the best ground for defense. He thought if she felt that way about it, it was well to be on the safe side. He felt so hurt and grieved about it he had no appetite for that cold dinner.

Another cook is engaged (a 200-pounder)—this time one who is enraptured with the novelty of the situation, and one day while she holds on to a frail cleat and waves adieu with a plate to a departing guest, the support gives away and "cookee" takes a header—down she goes. Fortunately she floats, like Ivory Soap, and comes out a disgusted mortal, and we have to search for another buoyant creature. This time we search the country for twenty miles 'round and finally succeed in getting a Quakeress to make the attempt. She gets into the buggy with us. We try to explain what a house-boat is. Evidently she gets into her head the idea it is a boat house, for when she sees the floating house anchored a hundred yards from shore, she cries, "I'll be drowned, I know I will, and I won't live in such a place." Of course, we have to drive back to her home, minus a cook.

A stormy night and every one is awakened by horrible noises, and when we look for the trouble we get fleeting glimpses of our awnings overboard and flying before the wind.

One day all the men take to fishing far away, and the cook notices a couple of feet of water in the ice box. Summoning the mistress, they start investigating and conclude all the ice has melted and proceed to bail the water out. Pail after pailful is emptied, but there is no noticeable decrease in the depth of water; in fact, there seems to be more than ever. Finally a new idea strikes the mistress and she seizes the broom and begins prodding the outside of the boat below the waterline. Finally the

ninth event is the State Journal cup, 60 cents entrance, optional sweep, \$2.50 extra. No. 10 is a special event at 25 targets, \$2.50 entrance. On the second day the ninth event is the Press-Post trophy, at 25 targets, 50 cents entrance, optional sweepstake of \$2.50 extra. No. 10 is a special event, two-man team race for Sportsmen's Review trophy, 25 targets, \$1 per team. On the third day event 9 is at 50 targets for the Smith trophy, \$3 entrance. No. 10 is a special event, the Shooting and Fishing five-man team contest, 50 targets per man, \$1 entrance. The conditions governing the trophies are minutely set forth in the programme. Targets, 2 cents; free to lady shooters. Dinner served on the grounds. Shooting begins at 9 o'clock. Express and mail matter sent care of F. G. Hogan, 21 Michigan avenue, will be delivered on the grounds free. Percentage system, 30, 25, 15 and 10 per cent. Averages will be computed on the first nine regular events each day. Manufacturers' agents will pay \$2 per day extra; other shooters 50 cents per day extra, which fund will go to the amateurs who shoot through the first nine events each day and who do not draw their entrance back. The annual meeting will be held on June 3 at 8 o'clock, at 126 Superior street. Average prizes number nine, and have a total of \$70; also the Cleveland Gun Club will give \$5 to each of the ten lowest guns shooting through the programme. Mr. A. M. Allyn is secretary.

The programme of the eighth annual tournament of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association, to be held at Fargo, N. D., June 3-4, can be obtained of the secretary, Mr. H. E. Magill, Fargo. The competition is open to all, but to equalize it fairly, handicaps from 16 to 22yds. will govern. The handicap committee members are Messrs. W. W. Smith, Fargo; F. H. Sprague, Grafton, and E. C. Cooper, Grand Forks. The annual meeting will be held on June 3. There are ten events each day, each of which is at 15 targets, \$1.50 entrance. Rose system will govern, ratios 3, 5, 3 and 2. There also will be shot each day a special event, No. 11, a four-man team race, 25 targets, entrance per team \$8; \$75 added by the Association. In this race on the first day the North Dakota team making the high score will be given additionally as a special prize the Association's beautiful challenge cup. Interstate Association rules will govern. Shooting commences at 8:30 each day. No guns larger than a 12-gauge allowed. Targets 2 cents. No one will be allowed to shoot for targets only. Shells for sale on the grounds. Guns and ammunition, etc., forwarded to the secretary must be expressed prepaid. Fifteen average prizes from \$25 to \$5. The members of the N. D. S. S. A. making the highest average will receive the State championship badge. Mr. C. E. Robbins is president.

Mr. Chas. F. Dreih, secretary of the Cincinnati Gun Club, writes us under date of May 10, as follows: "The vote for the new board was quite large. Almost 400 shares of our stock were represented. The clipping appended, taken from one of our morning papers, will give you some information as to what was said at our meeting last night: 'The Cincinnati Gun Club held its annual election last night, in the assembly hall of the Cuvier Club. The secretary's report for the year showed the club to be in a healthy condition from every standpoint. The finances of the organization were shown to be most satisfactory. The membership is \$70, making it the largest club, from a membership standpoint, in the world. During the last year there were shot 37,000 targets more than the year before. The recent action of the Legislature in making the shooting of live birds at the traps prohibitory was taken up, on account of the Parker live-bird trophy shoot, which is unfinished. It was decided to leave the matter to the new board as to what disposition to make of the trophy. The following were elected to the Board of Directors: Charles F. Dreih, A. B. Heyl, Herman Jergens, G. W. Schuler, R. H. West, L. H. Butts, George McMorris, L. R. Myers and H. Osterfeld. Those elected will meet at some future day, which will be decided on later, and elect officers.'"

The Schenectady, N. Y., Gun Club issues the following concerning its grand tournament, May 30. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock: "Magautrap and bluerocks. American Association rules to govern. Fifteen events, 15 targets each. Entrance, targets included, \$1.25. Three moneys up to and including ten entries; over ten entries, four moneys, divided 50, 30 and 20, or 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent; \$9 added money, to be added to the fifth, tenth and fifteenth events. Manufacturers' agents and professional shooters may shoot for targets only. Take Union avenue trolley cars going east, passing by the Edison Hotel, State street, at 7, 23, 38 and 53 minutes past the hour, and ride to end of the route. Lunch and shells on the grounds. Shells sent in care of Mr. V. Wallburg, 234 Union street, will be delivered to the shooting grounds free of charge. Gentlemen wishing to shoot for targets only are cordially invited to do so."

This is a lively week in trapshooting interests. On Saturday of this week Messrs. C. W. Budd and C. W. Phellis contest for the Hazard trophy at Omaha, Neb. The Sherbrooke, Canada, Gun Club holds its target tournament on Thursday. The Interstate Association's target tournament, under the auspices of the Charleston Palmetto Club, of Charleston, S. C., is fixed for Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. The Pennsylvania State shoot at Oil City has four days commencing on Tuesday. At Auburn, N. Y., the tournament has Wednesday and Thursday. Tuesday and Wednesday there are tournaments at Enid, O. T., and at Ottumwa, Ia., respectively, those of the Oklahoma Territorial Sportsmen's Association and the Iowa Sportsmen's Association. Near New York on Saturday the Boiling Springs Gun Club and the Richmond Gun Club respectively hold tournaments. A few more are held this week in different other sections.

Messrs. Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Ia., and Herbert Taylor, of St. Louis, are on a Southern trip, and have been incidentally showing how shooting should be done at New Orleans. The following is taken from the Times-Democrat of May 4, and is especially interesting in respect to the length of time Mr. Gilbert will remain in that charming city: "Fred Gilbert, the champion wing shot, put in most of the afternoon yesterday in practice at the traps. In an informal contest and exhibition shoot he scored 183 hits at 32yds. out of 185 shots. His shooting was witnessed by a large crowd of interested spectators. Mr. Gilbert will remain here, according to several of the gunners of this city, until some arrangements have been made for a national organization of wing shots, in which New Orleans will be represented. It is proposed to hold the shoot-off of some of the great fall handicaps in this city."

The third annual target tournament of the Dubuque, Ia., Gun Club, May 27 and 28, has twelve like events each day, uniformly at 15 targets, \$1.50 entrance, \$5 added. There are sixteen average prizes, \$5 each. Mr. C. W. Budd will act as manager. Mr. Fred C. Whitney, of Des Moines, will act as secretary. The tournament is open to all amateurs. Manufacturers' agents may shoot for targets only. Purses divided 35, 30, 20 and 15 per cent. A magautrap will be used. All contestants will stand at 16yds. Targets, 2 cents. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Dinner will be served in the club house. Shells obtainable on the grounds. Ammunition and guns shipped in care of the Dubuque Malting Company will be delivered on the grounds free. Mr. A. F. Heeb, Dubuque, is the corresponding secretary.

A correspondent writes us as follows: "On Saturday, May 24, at 2 P. M., the Westwood, N. J., Gun Club will again cross guns with the Ramapo Valley Gun Club, of Suffern, N. Y. At a recent match, shot on the Ramapo Valley grounds, the latter was victorious by a score of 173 to 141. But as the Westwood Club was somewhat handicapped owing to the inability of some of its members to be present, they hope to make a better showing at their next meeting, which occurs on the Westwood grounds. Before and after the match, there will be practice and sweepstake shooting for the enjoyment of every one present. Everybody invited. Every one welcome. Bring your gun and plenty of shells, and enjoy a good afternoon's sport at the traps. Bluerocks and black-birds will be flying from noon until dark."

Concerning the shoot of the club mentioned, Mr. C. F. Lambert writes us as follows: "The Birch Brook Gun Club, of Lynn, Mass., are making very careful preparations for their tournament on the 30th. Have an entire new set of expert traps installed

to use in connection with the magautrap, and will try to give all who wish to shoot every facility to do so. We are planning for forty shooters, and if the weather is favorable, should have that many easily. Winners of prizes will be paid value of same in money if they so elect. Should enough gun clubs be represented by five-man teams—say four or more—a match will be arranged for same."

Mr. John Parker will hold his annual tournament on Sept. 16, 17, 18 and 19; the first three days at targets, the fourth day at live birds. Mr. Parker mentions that he will have a new system of competition for the shooters to engage in, which will prove of special interest to them, and if they can beat it, they can amass both fame and fortune. Between now and September is ample time to think over it and guess what it will be. Enough to say that, coming from Mr. Parker, it will be eminently fair, yet that it will be also a test of skill. The Indian, Parker's and Cincinnati tournaments follow in successive weeks, thus making a circuit.

Mr. W. G. Sergeant, of Joplin, Mo., writes us as follows, this matter having reference to the erroneous ruling of the Interstate Association on this point: "In reply to yours of 1st, in which you ask if targets should be thrown from known or unknown traps when trapped according to the Sergeant system, I beg to advise that the traps should be strictly unknown. You will, however, find that it promotes rapid trapping to pull the traps in rotation, but the shooter does not have the right to refuse a target if the traps are not pulled in rotation, neither does he have the right to inquire what trap the puller is going to pull."

The programme of the Birch Brook Gun Club's shoot, at Lynn, Mass., May 30, contains twelve events, a total of 175 targets, with a total entrance of \$11. Events 5, 6 and 7 make a prize event, as well as single events, and the prizes in it are a dress suit case to first, 100 loaded shells to second, Powers cleaning rod to third. Distance handicap, 16 to 22yds.; open to all; high guns. Events 9 and 10, one of the summer series merchandise prize events. Nos. 9, 10 and 12 are the medal event. Sweepstakes optional. Lunch served free. Shooting commences at 9:30.

There are sixteen events on the programme of the Catchpole Gun Club, of Wolcott, N. Y., for its tournament, May 22 and 23. Of these, six are for the afternoon of the first day, commencing at 2 o'clock. These six number 90 targets, with a total of \$7 entrance. The ten events of the second day have a total of 160 targets, \$12 entrance. Targets included in all events. Magautrap. Moneys divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Loaded shells for sale on grounds. Prize for best average, and one for poorer average. Mr. E. A. Wadsworth, secretary.

There are fourteen events on the programme of the New Haven, Conn., Gun Club's tournament, to be held on May 30. The events are at 10, 15 and 20 targets, entrance 70 cents, \$1.30 and \$1.40, and one event, No. 8, a five-man team race, at 25 targets, \$12.50 entrance \$15 added if three teams enter. Traps ready at 9 o'clock. Class shooting. All shooters invited. Lunch at the club house. Loaded shells on grounds. Total targets of programme, 185; total entrance, \$24.20. Take Schuetzen Park cars. Mr. John E. Bassett is the secretary.

In graciously acknowledging appreciation of some information furnished to him by FOREST AND STREAM, Mr. J. L. Van De Water, Cerro 737 Habana, Cuba, writes us as follows: "Although an enthusiastic field shooter, ever since I used to steal away with the old muzzleloader. I have had no one's experience to profit by. I have bought several of the books on shooting, and the best one, to my mind, for an amateur seeking information, is 'Hitting vs. Missing,' by S. T. Hammond."

The Enterprise Gun Club, of McKeesport, Pa., will hold on Friday of this week a tournament open to all. Shooting commences at 9:30. There are ten events; five prizes, cash and merchandise, to each; also five average prizes, merchandise and cash. A match will be shot between Mr. Chas. Hostetter (Old Hoss), of Pittsburgh, and Mr. J. F. Calhoun, of McKeesport. Mr. Geo. W. Mains is the secretary.

There will be \$1,000 added money to make glad the spirits of the Indians and their friends at their great gun feast at Battle Creek, Mich., Sept. 9 to 12. That city is in a beautiful section pleasing to gaze upon as it is to shoot in. All the indications thus early are that the tribe will have a pow-wow of great numbers.

Mr. E. Hough informs us that in respect to the test cases of alleged cruelty, in the matter of the trapshooting of pigeons at Watson's Park, Chicago, Justice Hall imposed one fine of \$10, leaving it to the defendants to determine which one should pay it. This test case will be appealed. The circumstances of it are fully set forth in "Western Traps" this week.

The Bowling Green, Ohio, Gun Club announces that June 10 11 have been fixed upon as dates for the club's amateur bluerock tournament. All 90 per cent. shooters are barred from competition for purses. Programme and full information can be obtained from the secretary, Mr. John H. Lincoln.

Mr. Henry L. Gates, of Utica, N. Y., writes us as follows: "The Oneida County Sportsmen's Association, Utica, N. Y., will give an all-day target shoot on their grounds Decoration Day, May 30. Open to the world. Experts handicapped."

Mr. Fred Gilbert won high average at the two days' tournament of the Mississippi and Louisiana Trapshooters' League, May 6 and 7, Natchez, Miss., where he was shooting with extraordinary skill, 396 out of 400, a 99 per cent. gain.

There will be a match at the Rahway, N. J., Gun Club grounds Saturday of this week at 2 o'clock P. M. between Messrs. Ed. Banks and H. H. Stevens, 100 targets a side; also sweepstake shooting at targets.

The Texas State shoot commences the latter part of next week, the dates being May 17, 19 and 20. Added money, \$750. Col. Oscar C. Guessaz is the secretary, which is synonymous with energy and success.

The Richmond Gun Club holds a regular shoot on Saturday of this week at Smith Brothers' grounds, Newark, N. J. The traps will be ready at 1 o'clock. A special match will also be shot.

The Watertown, S. D., Gun Club have determined upon the latter part of June as a time for the holding of their four-day tournament, at which it will add \$500.

Col. James T. Anthony and Maj. E. P. McKissick announce that they will hold a large tournament at Asheville, N. C., on Aug. 5, 6, 7 and 8.

BERNARD WATERS.

City Park Gun Club.

NEW ORLEANS, La.—Among shotgun specialists it is an important question whether a man uses a "pump" or simply an old-fashioned, everyday double-barreled gun. Gilbert, the great trap-shooter, clings to the double-tubed variety, which does not say, however, that he cannot use one of the continuous performance engineers of bluerock destruction if any one questions his ability to down triples. If you don't understand just what all that means go ask some member of the City Park Gun Club, and he will initiate you into the intricacies of trapshooting technique and possibly he may be able to explain how Gilbert managed to kill 182 birds out of 185 shots and broke all New Orleans records. To the spectator, it was little less than marvelous as disk after disk floated away in dust as it was struck in the center by the full charge of bird shot.

Fred Gilbert, and Herbert Taylor, another noted shot, reached New Orleans in time for the ball game Saturday, and yesterday were the guests of the gun club at their picturesque grounds across the canal from the city park. For three hours the air was kept full of target dust, and with ideal weather and a jolly crowd, the visitors were given a glorious day's sport. Among local marksmen who competed with the champions, the list was headed by R. E. Saucier, who but recently made a phenomenal showing at the great national handicap in the Northwest.

Yesterday Mr. Saucier had the honor of winning one series of 15 from the great Gilbert, landing 15 birds to the champion's 14. The other local men were W. W. Cocke, who will leave to-day for the Natchez tournament; P. S. Benedict, Henry Lhote and Messrs. Stone, Tiblier and Marvel.

Gilbert is a round-faced, blue-eyed young man, with a jovial smile and a clear tenor voice. The timbre of a man's voice would not seem to have much importance as a qualification for trapshooting, but somehow Gilbert's little high C "Pull" seemed to charm the bird trap in the blind and send out doubles one behind the other, while the baritone and basso calls of his opponents persistently brought forth scissiors. That's more trap technique which some one will have to explain.

Gilbert came from a little town up in Iowa, and he used his voice so much making duck calls when a boy that the voice forgot to change, and retains a boyish Iowan ring even when rousing the alligators of Bayou Sauvage.

Gilbert says a man can become a trapshooter by shooting at the traps only, but the real basis of fine work is shooting the actual game, and it is by shooting early and often that one acquires the steadiness of nerves and quickness of eye which are demanded by trap work.

Between sets, the shooters swapped gun stories, some of which would scare all the poules d'eau over the State line. There was one in which an old German figured. He was a crack shot out in one of the parishes, but not posted on gun talk. One of his city friends introduced him as the "best wing shot on the bayou." The Dutchman flew into rage and answered, "Dot vas von d—lie; I shoots 'em in he heat, in de tail, anyvers; but I kills 'em; I ain't no ving shooter."

Shooting single birds is difficult enough for the average marksman, but in shooting pairs, two birds are flung out of the blind with but a second's interval, and both have to be broken before they reach the ground. Gilbert thus broke 10 pairs without miss. Saucier and Cocke both broke 18 birds out of the possible 20.

When it comes to triples—that is, three birds thrown in succession—the work can only be done by the man who handles a "pump," a repeating gun, and it requires speed and strength to twice throw the shell while the birds are in the air.

The following are the scores of yesterday's shooting:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	15	20	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	5p	5p
Gilbert	10	15	20	14	15	14	15	14	15	15	15	10	10
Taylor	9	12	18	10	15	10	12	10	12	10	6	6	6
Stone	8	13	18	14	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	7	7
Saucier	7	12	20	12	14	15	14	10	14	14	9	9	9
Benedict	7	14	17	14	10	12	14	14	13	13	13	6	6
Cocke	8	13	17	10	14	11	15	14	13	13	14	9	9
Marvel	12	15	10	10	9	10	10	10	10	10	4	4	4
Tiblier	16	11	12	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Lhote	19	14	13	12	10	11	12	14	12	12	10	10	10

The foregoing is from the Times-Democrat of May 5.

Wollaston Trap Club.

WOLLASTON, Mass.—At the Wollaston traps, Saturday, May 10, there was a good gathering of shooters. Some good scores were made in spite of the strong wind, which caused the birds to fly very unevenly.

There were only two shooters who had courage to shoot for the cup in such a strong wind. They were Horace and Bullard. They succeeded in making good scores, although some of the shooters who had not the courage to shoot for the cup in the high wind, found cowardly amusement in rattling the two contestants because of their good shooting. Horace finished the contest with a score of 115 birds out of 150. Bullard finished with a score of 97 birds out of 150.

This Saturday's shoot proved to be the best shoot of the season up to date. The scores follow, all events unknown angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
Horace	11	12	9	13	11	12	9	9	9
Bullard	9	6	11	9	9	13	10	11	11
Whitmarsh	8	7	7	5	7	13	12	11	11
Bowen	9	6	6	6	6	13	9	9	9
Tuttle	8	11	4	5	10	9	6	8	8
Barry	9	6	4	10	10	10	8	10	10
Bowley	3	0	0	2	2	1	1	1	1
Miles	7	7	5	10	10	5	6	6	6
Baker	8	7	5	10	10	10	10	10	10
Olmstead	9	4	4	10	10	7	7	6	6
Elwell	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10

Contestants from Whitmarsh down, shot at 10 birds only in events 4 and 5.

Extra No. 1, 10 birds, unknown: Barry 5, Tuttle 6, Olmstead 4, Miles 6, Whitmarsh 6.

Extra No. 2, 15 birds: Tuttle 5.

Winchester Gun Club.

DETROIT, Mich.—The regular shoot, Saturday, May 3, was characterized by the fastest shooting of the season. The day was perfect, everything worked well and everybody was eager to enter. Walkerville came in for a third defeat in the team race series, as follows:

Winchester—Wood 25, Tolsma 22, Brodie 21; total 68. Walkerville—Wear 21, T. Reid 20, A. Reid 20; total 61. It is here desired to correct a slight typographical error in the last report, wherein reference was made to the Walkerville Club, as "quiet, gentlemanly fellows." This was set up as "quite gentlemanly fellows." The error is regretted, as no qualification of "gentlemanly" was intended.

Wood shot in professional form, 25 and 15 straight, and Tolsma had a 15 straight and two 24s to his credit. The members' scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	10	15	10	10	15	10	15	15	25	25	25	25
Wood	8	15	14	21	25	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
Tolsma	9	15	6	13	14	24	22	24	20	20	20	20	20
Reid	9	13	7	10	14	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	19
Stanley	9	6	10	10	14	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	19
Brodie	5	11	7	10	14	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	19
Lewis	5	11	7	10	14	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	19
Shiell	5	11	7	10	14	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	19
Guthard	9	7	11	7	9	14	19	19	19	19	19	19	19
Warner	7	8	9	8	9	13	12	15	20	18	18	18	18
Hitchcock	8	8	9	11	11	11	11	11	17	17	17	17	17
McMath	8	9	11	11	11	11	11	11	17	17	17	17	17
Ford	5	11	7	10	14	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	19
Leggett	3	5	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	9	9	9	9
Bachmann	4	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	7	7	7	7	7

An interesting shooting story is going the rounds in Bath. A party of amateurs recently arranged for a shoot not many miles from Bath, and ordered some pigeons from a breeder. What success attended these sportsmen may be gauged from the following note, subsequently received from the dealer: "Gentlemen: I beg to sincerely thank you for your patronage, and to intimate that I shall be only too happy to supply you with any number of birds on future occasions of the sort. The whole of the pigeons for which you paid me at the rate of 8d. per head returned home in safety, and moreover, brought with them a stray pigeon."—The Asian.

Grand American Handicap Target Tournament.

May 6-9.

It is doubtful whether any tournament ever was held in a setting of more beautiful surroundings than was the third annual Grand American Handicap target tournament at Interstate Park, L. I., last week; but, be that as it may, the park, in its best spring suit of nature's deepest green, with its level sweep of forty-five acres, was a view most pleasing and gratifying to eye and mind, as well as being of eminent use in the purposes of trapshooting. Much of a transformation had taken place since the State of New York had declared that the law, which specifically sanctioned live-bird shooting at the traps, no longer existed. There had taken place a general removal of all the overground appurtenances which at one time had reference to live-bird competition. The high, heavy board screens, standing between the different sets of traps for the protection of live-bird contestants, ceased to obstruct the view, for they are of things that were. A large part of the high boundary fence had also been removed, much to the gain of the park's beauty. The trees and shrub background outside the boundaries were in all the delicate shadings of spring green, due to buds just opening and leaves half grown.

This third annual proved a great attraction to the target shooters. It was a success from start to finish. Comparisons with similar events at live birds is both unfair and irrelevant—unfair because target shooting does not appeal to the good graces of the average shooter so warmly as does live-bird shooting, and irrelevant because in New York live-bird shooting at the traps no longer exists. It had a larger number of entries than had its predecessor, last year. Of these, a very large percentage shot through the entire programme each day. It had \$1,000 added money.

As compared with the Grand American Handicap target tournament of 1961, this year shows a material gain. In the Preliminary Handicap of last year there were seventy-eight entries; this year that event had eighty-three, a gain of five entries. The main event, the G. A. H., at targets, had seventy-five entries last year; this year there were ninety-one, a gain of sixteen entries. The Consolation Handicap last year had fifty-four entries; this year there were fifty-nine entries, a gain of five.

As to the programme, it followed very closely on the lines of last year's tournament. That programme had proved to be a success, and therefore merited the recognition.

The first day was devoted exclusively to sweepstake shooting, of which there were ten events, alternately 15 and 20 targets, \$1.50 and \$2 entrance; \$20 added to each event.

In the sweepstake events manufacturers' agents, paid representatives, etc., shot for targets only. In the handicap events the competition was open to all.

In the regular events the purses were divided according to the Rose system, the ratios being 8, 5, 3, 2. Guns larger in bore than a 12-gauge were prohibited. The targets were thrown 50 yds. as near as possible.

In the three handicaps—the Preliminary, the Grand American, and the Consolation—high guns governed. The number of them was contingent on the number of entries, two places being provided for each ten entries or fraction thereof up to 100 entries. Ties in these events were shot off at 25 targets.

The targets were thrown by four sets of traps, arranged after the Sergeant system.

The referees and scorers were as follows:

No. 1 set: Mr. Geo. W. Morris, referee; Mr. W. M. Dobson, scorer; Mr. H. L. Merrifield, messenger.

No. 2: Mr. F. E. Butler, referee; Mr. W. P. Eberhardt, scorer; Mr. C. S. Sanders, messenger.

No. 3: Mr. F. C. Schneider, referee; Mr. C. Raymond, scorer; Mr. Geo. Gilbert, messenger.

No. 4: Mr. H. P. Fessenden, referee; Mr. J. H. W. Fleming, scorer; Mr. J. J. Henry, messenger.

The squad hustler's efficient assistants were Messrs. Howard Sergeant and W. H. Purcell.

Blackboard man, John Wright, of Pittsburg. His work resembled copper plate engraving in its grace of curve and exact lettering.

Locker man, Mr. H. F. H. Dressel. All were alert, competent and efficient.

The responsible and exacting positions of cashier and compiler of scores were ably and satisfactorily filled respectively by Mr. J. K. Starr, assisted by Mr. Jos. Beasley, and Mr. J. D. Regan, assisted by Mr. J. B. Mockridge. Mr. Starr has had prior experience in the cashier's and scorer's offices of many Grand American Handicaps, and Mr. Regan has been in the compiler of score's office in many years past.

The general manager was Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, which is equivalent to saying that it was conducted after the highest standards. Indeed, after the experience at Kansas City, he handled it with an ease which seemed to indicate that it was no more difficult than a pleasing exercise.

The weather conditions were exceedingly pleasant, there being a clear sky and abundance of fine spring sunshine, but there were conditions much of the time which were unfavorable to a general making of good scores, for a wind from light to strong and blustering prevailed during the whole tournament. This was particularly unfavorable to the long-distance men, for in a strong wind a few yards multiply many times the difficulties of shooting as compared with the shorter distances. On the whole, however, the quality of the competition was gratifyingly good in quality.

The handicapping was received with as fair a degree of favor as could be expected, whether from an acceptance of it as being good, or whether from a hopeless feeling that it was better to make the best of things, be the same bad or worse, is not exactly known.

The handicapping was done by Messrs. W. R. Hobart, D. F. Pride, W. K. Park, M. Herrington and B. Waters, with Mr. Elmer E. Shaner as official secretary. The handicap committee met on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings, each evening making the handicaps which governed the handicap event of the following day.

There was a fairly good attendance of spectators.

Of all the sportsmen present, there was none happier than the popular and industrious Eastern representative of the Peters Cartridge Company, Mr. T. H. Keller, for his goods had come to the fore in a way to make his heart glad. In the Preliminary Handicap eleven out of the twenty winners used Peters ammunition, of which eleven were first and second winners. In the Grand American Handicap, Mr. H. S. Wells was pleased, for Ballistite was first, and Peters was second, and third, and Peters was used by the winner of first in the Consolation Handicap.

The tournament was run from start to finish without any material hitch, and in it is a suggestion for other tournament managers in respect to the merit of the distance handicap. Under such system all shooters can participate on terms of equity. It matters not whether the shooter is a professional or an expert, a mark can be found which will tax his powers to the utmost, having in view, however, his relative ability as compared with the other contestants. The scores follow:

First Day, Tuesday, May 6.

The weather conditions, while pleasant, were unfavorable for good scores. A stiff 3 o'clock wind toyed merrily with the targets, and as it blew across the traps from right to left, it made different and difficult problems for the shooters to solve successfully. The hero of many contests, Mr. Rollo O. Heikes, was high for the day. He made five straight scores, two at 20 targets and three at 15 targets. He only missed seven targets all told in the total of 175. There were ten events on the programme, of which five were at 15 targets, \$1.50 entrance, and five at 20 targets, \$2 entrance; \$20 added to each event. The contestants numbered 113. The competition for the day was noticeable in particular from the fact that an exceedingly large percentage, ninety contestants, shot through the entire programme.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Total.
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	
Morley	13	15	12	17	13	15	14	17	11	11	142
Stevens	13	15	13	16	13	19	11	15	14	13	142
Hoffman	12	16	14	17	12	19	10	17	13	19	149
Piercy	13	16	14	18	10	16	14	14	12	16	143
Money	12	17	12	15	10	16	9	14	11	14	130
Riker	13	18	14	18	14	17	13	15	12	18	153
Banks	11	18	15	18	11	18	13	18	13	19	154
Fanning	11	17	14	20	13	17	14	16	13	16	151
Heikes	15	20	15	20	14	17	14	19	15	19	168
Crosby	14	20	14	20	13	19	13	16	15	13	162
Hawkins	13	19	13	19	13	12	11	16	15	14	145
German	14	17	15	19	14	16	12	13	15	19	154
Lupus	12	17	10	14	9	15	13	15	13	16	134
Storr	10	17	12	16	11	17	13	18	11	19	142
Malone	14	15	11	11	12	14	12	15	12	18	134
Watson	12	14	14	17	12	17	12	16	12	18	142
Trego	12	13	11	20	12	15	12	14	11	17	127
Glover	13	16	14	14	13	18	14	18	14	20	144
Atkinson	14	17	14	17	9	16	14	14	11	18	154

Fleming	12	17	15	18	9	16	15	18	11	17	158
Van Allen	15	20	11	18	12	18	13	15	11	18	137
Kreuger	15	16	12	16	8	18	10	16	13	14	138
Burnham	13	14	10	16	12	13	8	16	12	17	131
Elder	10	17	12	15	13	15	8	15	9	12	126
Gardiner	8	17	9	11	12	7	9	11	11	11	140
Phil	14	20	11	19	12	16	15	16	11	16	140
Squier	13	17	15	19	10	17	13	19	14	19	158
Frank	12	17	10	13	14	18	11	12	13	16	136
Fox	14	18	13	18	9	19	13	16	15	16	161
Hirschy	13	16	15	19	14	18	15	19	13	20	152
Gamble	8	14	12	18	12	17	9	15	11	14	122
Stout	12	19	15	18	11	16	14	16	14	12	147
Mackie	12	17	14	17	11	17	13	18	13	20	142
Clay	9	15	10	12	11	16	10	10	10	10	140
Alkire	9	20	15	18	12	14	13	16	14	19	140
Spencer	15	16	9	18	10	16	12	18	9	16	139
Guy	15	19	14	18	11	16	12	15	11	16	147
Patrick	11	19	12	18	12	17	13	19	14	18	153
Britton	14	15	14	18	9	16	14	15	11	18	144
Kirby	7	12	9	18	14	11	11	13	9	18	122
Lawrence	12	18	13	18	10	16	15	15	11	14	142
Head	13	19	12	19	10	17	12	15	9	18	144
Stroh	13	20	12	16	12	16	13	14	9	15	130
W. A. Baker	11	17	14	17	15	17	14	19	10	20	144
Runk	8	15	8	13	9	8	10	15	11	12	109
Mink	15	19	12	18	13	16	12	18	12	20	145
Neff	13	19	14	18	11	15	11	18	10	15	144
Appar	13	16	15	17	13	16	14	16	13	20	143
Leek	14	18	11	16	12	17	11	13	13	17	142
Wagner	15	14	13	18	8	18	10	17	15	16	151
Cake	11	19	11	17	10	14	13	12	9	13	129
Allison	8	16	11	14	6	13	11	13	13	16	121
Puck	7	17	13	13	9	13	10	13	13	15	123
Edgerton	10	12	13	13	11	14	14	16	11	17	131
Bissett	12	15	14	14	11	12	11	17	15	17	138
Welles	12	16	10	14	13	14	14	11	9	14	127
Floyd	13	19	15	18	12	16	15	17	13	18	156
Junius	13	17	10	15	12	16	13	17	12	17	142
Baughman	14	13	13	14	10	12	9	15	10	13	133
Skelly	14	15	10	11	14	17	13	19	11	17	147
Brigham	13	18	12	13	13	15	13	15	13	19	144
G. G. Stephenson	13	14	13	12	9	17	10	16	10	17	131
F. B. Stephenson	12	10	10	8	9	14	13	14	10	15	113
Tallman	13	14	14	16	12	13	13	15	14	20	139
Hopkins	10	13	13	16	12	16	13	13	9	15	139
Call	11	15	15	14	12	16	11	17	10	11	135
Simmons	12	17	14	15	9	18	14	16	13	11	145
J. Martin	9	16	12	11	11	17	14	13	9	15	139
Hagedorn	8	13	13	14	11	14	10	12	14	18	127
Prest	12	12	10	15	9	14	12	10	10	13	117
Cowan	14	16	12	14	13	17	13	16	11	11	143
McFalls	10	9	11	13	9	13	8	10	6	10	100
Edwards	11	15	12	13	13	19	12	13	11	11	129
T. Keller	10	16	11	11	12	16	8	17	11	11	129
Tiller	11	12	10	7	9	13	8	14	11	11	129
Tuttle	12	13	11	13	11	15	12	16	13	18	131
Morris	10	12	10	13	12	11	8	16	15	16	132
Dalley	13	17	15	15	11	19	13	15	10	12	149
Parker	13	16	14	14	12	18	13	17	11	15	143
Toll	14	16	13	17	13	15	14	15	13	17	147
Blandford	11	12	11	11	14	15	9	15	10	11	131
Walter	13	11	13	11	10	16	11	15	13	18	131
Le Roy	13	18	14	13	13	17	13	17	14	20	146
Wheeler	13	18	12	17	10	13	14	15	14	17	143
H. A. Ford	8	9	7	9	5	11	8	17	11	15	100
Clickner	14	15	8	11	14	16	8	15	12	16	129
Sinnock	10	14	10	13	15	14	9	13	12	18	133
W. M. Smith	8	8	10	11	15	12	12	14	8	16	114
Harrington	8	15	12	14	11	18	12	12	9	16	127
D. S. Daudt	13	17	15	16	12	17	10	11	10	9	130
Coffin	12	15	11	10	16	12	13	17	13	15	137
Chapin	13	17	11	15	10	16	12	17	12	18	141
Sawin	13	17	10	15	13	17	13	17	15	19	149
Herbert	13	18	14	20	13	18	15	20	13	19	143
Griffith	15	16	9	15	12	17	13	17	14	19	157
Kelsey	13	15	12	16	11	19	13	18	13	18	148
Croll	5	14	10	10	7	13	3	11	11	11	111
Smith	11	12	8	16	8	19	11	14	11	11	111
Reid	10	14	8	9	9	16	5	13	11	11	111
Carlough	14	13	9	14	9	16	11	14	11	11	111
Betts	10	13	10	9	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
Chew	10	8	8	13	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
Bedell	11	9	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
Beamesderfer	11	17	8	11	11	13	11	11	12	11	111
Cartledge	5	15	11	18	7	19	7	14	11	15	122
Coleman	13	9	10	10	11	10	12	10	15	10	114
Dusty	8	14	11	12	9	10	10	8	11	11	104
W. K. Park	11	19	12	14	13	15	11	14	13	15	111
Mrs. Park	12	12	11	14	13	20	11	14	13	20	111
L. O. Thomas	10	15	9	14	10	15	11	14	10	15	111
Von Der Bosch	11	14	8	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
Tompkins	17	10	12	11	17	11	11	11	11	11	111
G. Greiff	13	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111

W K Park.....	8	10	7	10	10	45
Mrs Park.....	11	15	13	14	..	59
Schneider.....	11	11	11	14	12	59
Tompkins.....	12	16	9	11	4	62
Brennan.....	12	17	11	15	11	56
Muldoon.....	10	11	14	13	11	59
Spinner.....	10	12	7	10	8	47
Lurgan.....	8	14	12	17	8	69
R Ellis.....	12	16	12	15	8	53
Danser.....	11	13	8	15	6	53
W Ellis.....	11	14	9	14	8	56
Burtis.....	11	13	13	14	13	64
Hance.....	12	18	13	14	10	67
Stearns.....	12	13	10	16	11	66
Thomas.....	9	19	9	11	10	58
Carlaugh.....	13	18	9	15	14	69
Paddleford.....	12	14	12	17	12	67
Goetter.....	11	17	11	14	8	61
Getchel.....	8	16	12	18	12	66
Campbell.....	5	14	8	14	6	47
Root.....	8	16	11	13	9	57
Norton.....	7	16	6	13	9	51

Third Day, Thursday, May 8.

The third day was the one of greatest interest, for the Grand American Handicap at targets was the main event of the tournament, and it had a place in to-day's programme. The five sweep-stake events—three at 15 and two at 20 targets, \$1.50 and \$2 entrance, \$20 added to each event—were shot off first, as they were on each day before the handicap events. The handicap was No. 6 on the programme. The conditions were: Open to all, 100 targets, unknown angles, \$10 entrance, targets included; handicaps 14 to 25yds., high guns, not class shooting; \$200 added to the purse. The number of moneys into which the total purse was divided was determined by the number of entries received. In addition to first money, the winner received a sterling silver trophy presented by the Interstate Association.

Regular entries were made before 6 P. M., May 7. Penalty entries could be made after May 7, up to the commencement of the event, by paying \$12 entrance, targets included. Entries were not transferable, and entrance money could not be withdrawn after the handicaps had been awarded.

There were moneys as follows: 80 entries at \$8, \$640; 11 entries at \$10, \$110; added money, \$200; total \$950.

The twenty moneys were divided as follows: 14, 12, 9, 8, $7\frac{1}{2}$, $6\frac{1}{2}$, 6, 5, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, and 2 per cent. Two places were created for each ten entries or fraction thereof up to 100.

The moneys were: First, \$133; second, \$114; third, \$85.50; fourth, \$76; fifth, \$71.25; sixth, \$61.75; seventh, \$57; eighth, \$47; ninth, \$47; tenth, \$38; eleventh, \$28.50; twelfth, \$28.50; thirteenth, \$28.50; fourteenth, \$19; fifteenth, \$19; sixteenth, \$19; seventeenth, \$19; eighteenth, \$19; nineteenth, \$19; twentieth, \$19.

The weather conditions were more favorable for good scores than they were on the preceding days. There was a mild, variable wind, with intermittent periods of strength, blowing across the traps from left to right. The weather was pleasant.

traps from left to right. The weather was pleasant. Mr. G. W. Elmer of New York proved to be the winner. He

Mr. C. W. Floyd, of New York, proved to be the winner. He made the excellent score of 94 from the 18yd. mark. There was no tie for first. He had it alone. He thus secured first money

no tie for first. He had it alone. He thus secured first money and a tea set, beautiful in artistic design and solid in substance and worth. Mr. Floyd used a Parker gun and a load of 25grs. of

Ballistite, 14oz. Tatham's chilled shot, and half Arrow and half
Leader shells. Two tied on 92, the next highest score, namely,
Messrs. E. C. Bissett, of South River, N. J., and R. B. Guy,
Mechanicsburg, Pa. Mr. S. Glover was fourth alone on 91.
Messrs. W. A. Baker, Griffin, L. C. Schortemeier, New York;
F. D. Kelsey, E. Arnold, New York; T. Howe, Hingham, Mass.;
H. H. Stevens, Rahway, N. J., and J. L. Head, Peru,
Ind., tied on 88. Messrs. L. Squier, Cincinnati, and A. H. Fox,
Philadelphia, tied on 87. Messrs. W. J. Brennan, Haleboro, Pa.;
Mort Mayhew, Marcy, N. Y.; H. C. Watson, Sewickley, Pa.; A.
C. Krueger, Lancaster, Pa.; L. German, Aberdeen, Md.; Dr.
H. E. Lupus, Baltimore; J. H. Mackie, Cincinnati; Neaf Apgar,
Plainfield, N. J., and A. W. Patrick, Mechanicsburg, O., tied
on 86.

The winner was heartily congratulated over his eminent performance, all of which he took with becoming modesty.

The scores of the Grand American Handicap at targets are as follows:

	1st 25.	2d 25.	3d 25.	4th 25.	Total.
Crosby, 22.....	20	20	19	19	78
Heikes, 22.....	19	24	14	17	74
Elliott, 21.....	23	16	18	22	79
Phil, 21.....	19	19	17	21	76
Squier, 21.....	20	24	22	21	87
Hirschy, 21.....	19	23	18	18	78
Griffith, 21.....	18	21	20	20	79
Fox, 20.....	22	21	22	22	87
Fanning, 20.....	22	22	15	23	82
Rike, 20.....	17	21	21	19	78
Fleming, 19.....	21	21	21	18	81
Le Roy, 19.....	22	20	18	24	84
Rhoads, 19.....	20	22	18	21	81
Baker, 19.....	21	21	24	22	88
Glover, 19.....	24	22	22	23	91
Lawrence, 19.....	18	19	22	17	76
Spencer, 19.....	24	20	18	19	81
Mink, 19.....	17	21	21	19	78
Herbert, 19.....	18	22	20	21	81
Stout, 18.....	22	18	22	19	81
Alkire, 18.....	20	21	17	19	77
Mackie, 18.....	24	20	24	18	86
Cooper, 18.....	19	20	19	20	78
Banks, 18.....	23	21	20	21	85
Floyd, 18.....	25	22	23	24	94
Hawkins, 18.....	21	21	20	23	85
Skelly, 18.....	23	19	21	19	82
Stearns, 18.....	22	21	16	20	79
Chapin, 18.....	22	21	24	18	85
Morris, 18.....	22	20	18	18	78
Apgar, 18.....	22	23	18	23	86
Junius, 18.....	22	22	23	21	88
Sawin, 18.....	20	21	17	24	82
Kelsey, 18.....	21	23	21	23	88
German, 18.....	22	22	21	21	86
Kirby, 18.....	22	21	19	16	78
Partington, 18.....	22	21	21	20	84
Hallowell, 18.....	22	21	19	18	80
Brigham, 18.....	24	17	20	20	81
Hoffman, 17.....	17	22	19	21	79
Atkinson, 17.....	20	23	19	22	84
Stevens, 17.....	20	23	22	23	88
Parker, 17.....	17	20	18	14	69
Head, 17.....	24	24	17	23	88
Patrick, 17.....	22	19	24	21	86
Piercy, 17.....	23	18	20	20	81
Van Allen, 17.....	19	18	21	20	78
Getchell, 17.....	20	19	18	24	81
Storr, 17.....	18	20	19	18	75
Mayhew, 17.....	23	23	19	21	86
Trego, 17.....	21	23	21	20	85
F B Stephenson, 17.....	23	23	22	17	85
Wagner, 17.....	19	23	21	19	82
Gamble, 16.....	22	22	21	19	84
Colville, 16.....	16	22	22	19	79
Frank, 16.....	20	21	22	20	83
Morfev, 16.....	22	20	19	18	79
Daudt, 16.....	18	21	19	19	77
Burnham, 16.....	21	19	14	20	74
Thomas, 16.....	17	20	16	16	69
Coffin, 16.....	17	20	22	24	83
Watson, 16.....	20	22	22	22	86
Krueger, 16.....	20	23	22	21	86
Sinnock, 16.....	23	22	15	20	80
Carlough, 16.....	20	23	17	19	79
Stroh, 16.....	17	22	22	22	83
Lupus, 16.....	19	21	23	23	86
Dalley, 16.....	19	22	14
Malone, 16.....	21	22	19	20	82
Howe, 16.....	23	24	20	21	88
Edgarton, 16.....	21	21	21	22	85
Toll, 16.....	20	22	14	17	73
Clay, 17.....	19	21	13	18	71
Elder, 16.....	21	20	17	21	79
Tuttle, 16.....	18	17	19	16	70
Baughman, 16.....	18	21	16	16	71
Guy, 16.....	23	23	21	25	92
Wheeler, 17.....	22	19	22	20	83</

Campbell, 15.....	10	17	12	13	52		
Edwards, 15.....	15	18	18	19	70		
Allison, 15.....	16	17		
Martin, 15.....	18	18	19	16	71		
Ford, 14.....	12	17	22	18	69		
Sweepstake events:							
Events:		1	2	3	4	5	Total
Targets:		15	20	15	20	15	Broke.
Morley	11	18	9	12	11	61	
Stevens	12	16	13	18	14	73	
Hoffman	12	19	11	18	14	74	
Piercy	13	20	11	15	12	71	
Le Roy	14	18	13	15	15	75	
Rike	13	15	13	20	15	76	
Banks	12	15	12	17	12	68	
Panning	14	16	10	20	13	73	
Heikes	14	20	11	15	13	73	
Crosby	14	19	15	19	15	82	
Hawkins	9	18	12	20	14	73	
German	9	17	13	18	14	69	
Lupus	13	18	12	16	14	73	
Storr	13	20	14	16	8	72	
Malone	9	18	12	17	15	71	
Watson	11	18	14	20	12	75	
Trego	13	16	10	18	13	70	
Glover	15	18	13	18	15	79	
Atkinson	13	20	13	18	12	76	
Fleming	11	17	13	18	13	72	
Van Allen	11	15	15	17	11	69	
Krueger	10	16	12	18	13	69	
Burnham	14	18	9	14	14	69	
Elder	13	16	13	16	9	67	
Floyd	12	18	15	20	11	66	
Phil	14	18	15	20	13	70	
Squier	13	18	10	17	14	72	
Frank	14	16	11	15	12	68	
Pox	13	19	11	19	13	75	
Hirschy	15	18	13	19	14	79	
Gamble	15	17	12	17	11	72	
Stout	12	17	13	18	14	74	
Mackie	12	16	13	19	13	73	
Alkire	13	19	12	15	12	71	
Stearns	9	17	13	16	9	64	
Spencer	13	17	15	20	14	69	
Guy	11	18	14	16	15	74	
Patrick	13	18	14	18	10	73	
Britton	14	19	13	18	15	79	
Kirby	13	19	15	19	14	80	
Coffin	14	18	13	20	13	68	
Chapin	14	18	13	18	14	77	
Sawin	13	18	14	17	13	75	
Herbert	15	18	14	19	14	80	
Griffith	15	19	14	20	15	73	
Mink	14	19	14	19	13	79	
Cooper	12	17	11	17	13	70	
Apgar	11	19	14	18	10	72	
Junius	14	17	12	15	15	73	
Wagner	14	16	12	19	12	73	
Cake	14	17	13	18	8	70	
Allison	11	20	10	15	12	68	
Puck	9	11	9	16	9	54	
Edgarton	13	15	13	15	14	70	
Bissett	12	17	12	18	14	73	
Norton	8	18	7	12	
Brennan	12	17	9	19	14	71	
Daudt	8	19	11	13	10	61	
Cartledge	13	17	14	14	8	66	
Baker	13	20	14	20	14	81	
Getchell	11	18	13	18	11	71	
Campbell	9	10	12	12	9	52	
Goetter	11	16	12	11	8	58	
Lawrence	11	19	12	19	13	74	
Howe	13	17	12	15	11	68	
Wheeler	13	17	14	20	13	77	
Kelsey	12	19	9	19	15	74	
Martin	11	14	11	13	15	64	
Simmons	12	18	14	17	12	73	
Tuttle	12	14	12	18	14	70	
Dalley	11	17	13	18	15	74	
Morris	9	17	13	19	12	70	
Parker	12	17	13	19	11	72	
Toll	13	13	14	16	13	69	
McVeigh	11	17	11	20	13	72	
Leek	11	18	12	17	14	72	
Stroh	13	18	14	19	14	79	
Baughman	12	17	11	15	14	69	
Coll	13	12	12	15	11	63	
Tallman	10	18	14	17	
Hopkins	12	19	15	18	10	72	
F B Stephenson.....	11	16	14	19	11	71	
Skelly	13	17	13	18	9	70	
G G Stephenson.....	13	18	13	13	8	65	
Levenson	12	18	13	16	
W Henry	10	14	10	16	9	59	
Colville	10	20	13	17	12	72	
Paddleford	11	11	14	13	13	62	
Carlough	12	19	14	15	7	67	
Wells	11	12	11	17	11	62	
Cowan	13	13	12	17	12	67	
Edwards	12	14	13	16	12	67	
Schoverling	11	16	11	19	7	64	
Clay	8	14	13	19	
Rhoads	12	19	14	20	13	78	
Woods	11	15	11	15	9	61	
Musbach	12	14	12	13	9	60	
Miss Hyland	7	5	5	7	5	29	
E D Fulford.....	12	20	14	18	
W K Park	11	17	12	18	
Mrs Park	12	17	12	16	12	69	
H D Smith.....	9	15	..	10	
O H Brown.....	11	..	
Smull	7	..	
Bradley	11	..	
W F Parker.....	11	..	
Arnold	14	..	
Doremus	12	..	

Fourth Day, Friday, May 9.

There was a distinct falling off in interest after the Grand American Handicap at targets was concluded, and quite an important number of shooters departed after its conclusion. The regular forenoon programme of five events, of which three were at 15 and two were at 20 targets, \$1.50 and \$2 entrance, \$20 added to each, were quite well supported under the circumstances, sixty-one shooters participating. The afternoon event, the Consolation Handicap, No. 6 of the day's programme, was chief in interest. It had 54 entries. Its conditions were as follows: Open to all, 100 targets, unknown angles, \$7 entrance, targets included; handicaps 14 to 25yds., high guns, not class shooting, \$100 added to the purse. Winners of money in the Grand American Handicap at targets had one or more yards added to their handicap. The number of moneys into which the purse was divided was determined by the number of entries received. In addition to first money, the winner received a trophy, \$50 of the net purse being reserved to purchase same.

Regular entries were made before 6 P. M., May 8. Penalty entries could be made after May 8, up to the commencement of the event, by paying \$10 entrance, targets included. Entries were not transferable, and entrance money could not be withdrawn after the handicaps had been awarded.

The division of moneys was determined in the same manner as that of the Preliminary Handicap. There were twelve moneys, as follows: First, \$62.50; second, \$52.16; third, \$42.38; fourth, \$32.66; fifth, \$29.34; sixth, \$22.82; seventh, \$19.56; eighth, \$16.30; ninth, \$16.30; tenth, \$13.04; eleventh, \$9.78; twelfth, \$6.52.

The weather conditions were much harder than any prevailing during the preceding days. A gusty, boisterous, changeable, swirling wind, mostly from northern points, blew all day. It was strong and laden with a chilly coolness. The shooting in consequence was incomparably more difficult than it was in any of the other handcaps of this tournament. Messrs. R. O. Heikes, and H. G. Wheeler, of Marlboro, Mass, tied for first on 89. The former was at 20, the latter at 16yds., and in such a powerful wind, the extra four yards was a great handicap. In the shoot-off at 25, the scores were: Wheeler 23, Heikes 21. Mr. Wheeler used a Parker gun. Mr. Fanning was third and close up, with 88. Mr. Fleming was 86 alone. Messrs. E. D. Fulford and J. A. Kirby were 85. Mr. E. M. Stout was 83. Mr. E. C. Griffith was 82. Messrs. J. A. R. Elliott, C. W. Phellis, H. C. Watson and W. L. Colville were 81.

Sl.	1st 25.	2d 25.	3d 25.	4th 25.	Total.
Squier, 22.....	21	17	22	18	78
Fox, 21.....	19	20	19	14	72
Crosby, 20.....	22	19	21	17	79
Floyd, 20.....	17	18	18	17	70
Heikes, 20.....	24	23	23	19	89

Baker, 20.....	16	16	18	15	65
Griffith, 20.....	18	21	20	23	22
Glover, 20.....	20	16	18	24	78
Mackie, 19.....	16	16	22	19	73
Fanning, 19.....	21	21	25	21	88
Fulford, 19.....	23	22	22	18	85
Elliott, 19.....	17	19	22	23	81
Junius, 19.....	15	19	23	20	77
Phil, 19.....	20	19	21	21	81
Rike, 19.....	21	18	22	18	79
Apgar, 19.....	22	17	16	17	72
Kelsey, 19.....	18	18	18	17	71
Le Roy, 18.....	20	17	16	21	74
Rhoads, 18.....	20	18	22	20	80
Stevens, 18.....	18	18	20	19	75
Spencer, 18.....	20	19	21	19	79
Mink, 18.....	21	17	20	14	72
Banks, 18.....	14	16	w
Herbert, 18.....	15	17	w
Morris, 18.....	11	14	w
Guy, 18.....	17	22	13	22	74
Fleming, 18.....	20	22	21	23	86
Patrick, 18.....	15	16	14	15	60
Bissett, 18.....	17	18	19	19	73
Partington, 18.....	17	22	18	19	74
Stout, 17.....	23	19	20	21	83
Alkire, 17.....	17	14	16	21	68
Hawkins, 17.....	22	17	17	17	73
Krueger, 17.....	23	18	16	23	80
Skelly, 17.....	14	18	18	22	72
Howe, 17.....	15	22	21	17	75
Hoffman, 17.....	16	17	16	21	70
Getchell, 17.....	17	18	22	19	76
Watson, 17.....	21	21	20	19	81
Kirby, 17.....	20	22	19	24	85
Atkinson, 17.....	18	21	20	20	79
Toll, 16.....	16	19	21	18	74
Morley, 16.....	21	19	14	14	68
Colville, 16.....	19	20	20	22	81
Burnham, 16.....	18	22	17	17	74
Dalley, 16.....	22	21	17	20	80
Wheeler, 16.....	23	24	21	21	89
Frank, 16.....	15	14	16	14	59
Van Allen, 16.....	19	19	22	19	79
Stearns, 16.....	13	16	16	17	62
Doremus, 16.....	11	18	20	20	69
Daudt, 16.....	18	17	22	19	76
Gamble, 15.....	20	17	18	18	73
Allison, 15.....	12	15	19	16	62

The sweepstake events were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Total
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	Broke.
Stevens	11	13	8	13	13	58
Hoffman	10	13	12	14	12	61
Daudt	13	17	11	15	15	71
Le Roy	12	14	10	16	11	63
Banks	12	14	11	11	13	61
Fanning	12	17	11	14	9	63
Heikes	15	16	10	16	10	67
Crosby	13	19	15	17	15	79
Gamble	11	10	13	12	11	57
Stout	12	17	14	16	15	74
Mackie	11	10	12	13	11	67
Alkire	12	16	13	16	11	68
Stearns	12	10	10	14	13	59
Trego	9	16	12	14	12	63
Glover	11	17	14	18	15	75
Atkinson	13	17	11	18	8	67
Fleming	10	11	9	16	12	58
Van Allen	11	16	12	17	7	63
Herbert	13	16	14	15	12	70
Junius	13	18	13	16	11	71
Halsey	9	17	12	11	13	62
Getchell	14	19	13	16	13	75
Griffith	15	16	13	16	12	72
Baker	11	17	14	17	13	72
Colville	11	13	7	13	12	55
Apgar	12	19	12	15	12	70
Mink	12	19	12	18	12	73
Howe	12	9	9	12	10	52
Dusty	10	14	7	15	6	52
Squier	9	16	13	13	10	61
Fox	10	14	13	..	8	..
Frank	10	12	8	10	10	50
Root	6	7	12	10	9	44
Spencer	12	15	13	18	13	71
Guy	10	12	10	19	11	62
Patrick	9	11	12	12	11	55
Britton	14	11	11	17	11	54
Kirby	9	14	13	17	10	63
Hawkins	10	14	12	16	10	62
Burnham	10	14	10	16	13	63
Krueger	13	15	13	13	12	66
Skelly	10	13	15	15	11	64
Wheeler	8	20	13	15	12	68
Floyd	10	16	14	19	12	71
Bissett	14	14	11	13	10	62
Kelsey	11	15	13	17	13	68
Allison	15	15	14	13	10	67
Clark	13	13	12	18	13	69
W. K. Park	9	16	13	14	10	62
Mrs. Park	9	5	7	14	11	46
Martin	10	17	12	14	12	65
Hopkins	11	17	11	13	12	64
Doremus	3	5	5	12	9	34
Toll	10	9	12	19	13	63
Rhoads	12	17	14	14	13	69
Call	11	17	13	17	12	70
Fulford	12	16	13	17
Dalley	9	17	11	18	11	66
Morris	11	14	11	17	8	61
Campbell	7	11	9
G. H. Ford	8	13	9	13	7	50

Raleigh Gun Club.

RALEIGH, N. C., May 7.—Our regular shoot took place to-day instead of to-morrow, as our State League baseball season opens to-morrow, and all of our members are baseball cranks. Our team won the pennant last season, and we hope to carry it off again this season.

Mr. Bolivar Stark made 25 straight to-day, having the honor of being the first to do so since our organization. He has been the recipient of many congratulations from his friends.

[illegible]

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y.—The following scores were made at the regular weekly shoot of the Ossining Gun Club, May 10. Some of the members of the team were on hand for a little practice. Barlow and Kromer shot a try-out at 25 birds, which resulted in a tie. Barlow won on the shoot-off.

The team leaves Ossining on the "owl" train, 1:25 A. M., Saturday, May 17. The party will consist of about fifteen. Any of the other members or friends of members are invited to go along. The members of the team are as follows: A. Betti, A. Bedell, C. Blandford, G. Sutton, W. Hall, R. Gorham, I. Washburn, J. C. Blandow.

C. Barlow:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Events:	10	25	10	7	10	10	7	10
Targets:	7	15	4	6	7	4	6	5
Hanschen	7	18	5	7	6	8	5	7
R Kromer, Jr.	6	18	7	6	8	9	7	7
J C Barlow	6	18	7	6	8	9	8	7
I Washburn	9	21	8	10	8	9	8	7
A Rohr	13	3	4	7	5	5	8	5
A Bedell	9	7	8	8	5
C G Blandford	6	7	8	8	5
W W Ryder	5	5	4
Dr Snow	5	4
G Edgers	09	19	00	00	9	..

Mississippi and Louisiana Trapshooter's League.

May 6-7.

NATCHEZ, Miss.—The fifth amateur target tournament of the Mississippi and Louisiana Trapshooters' League was held at Natchez, Miss., May 6 and 7, under the auspices of the Gaillard Sporting Club, of that city; \$500 was added to the two days' programme. The expert class was represented by Mr. Fred Gilbert, Mr. Harold Money, Mr. Geo. Hillman, Mr. Frank Faurete, Mr. Hood Waters, Capt. A. W. du Bray, Mr. Maurice Kaufman, and Mr. John Avery.

Three sets of traps were used, and the ball kept rolling all day without a delay of any kind. Mr. Gilbert made the remarkable score of 396 out of 400 shot at, 99 per cent, a wonderful score, for the targets were thrown 55 to 60 yds., and the background was not of the best. Mr. Faurete had a very sore hand, and Mr. Waters was quite ill, so neither could do himself justice.

Amateurs were present from Baltimore, Md.; Birmingham, Ala.; Mobile, Ala.; New Orleans, La.; Shreveport, La.; Greenville, Miss.; Rolling Fork, Miss.; Greenwood, Miss.; Laurel, Miss.; Columbus, Miss.; Vicksburg, Miss.; St. Joseph, La.; L'Argent, La.; Woodville, Miss.; Robeline, La.; Memphis, Tenn.; Cincinnati, O.; and Louisville, Ky.

Mr. Maurice Kaufman, of the Peters Cartridge Company, managed the tournament, and was ably assisted by Messrs. Geo. Hillman and Geo. Quarterman in the cashier's office.

The scores for the two days were as follows:

	First Day.	Second Day.	Grand Total.
	Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.
F. Gilbert	200	198	200
Fletcher	200	185	200
Skannel	200	183	200
Money	200	181	200
Boisseau	200	185	200
Meringo	200	179	200
Gay	200	176	200
Blake	200	175	200
Faurete	200	175	200
Erwin	200	183	200
Dickson	200	178	200
Mercer	200	180	200
Frank	200	175	200
Footo	200	178	200
Keen Kutter	200	163	200
Broyles	200	170	200
Negus	200	174	200
Duncan	200	173	200
Shanahan	200	166	200
Murrell	200	163	200
Shaffer	200	170	200
Fisher	200	174	200
McCutchen	200	158	200
Wilson	200	166	200
Burke	200	155	200
Cocke	200	158	200
Kaufman	200	170	200
Sessions	200	154	200
Henshaw	200	166	200
Du Bray	200	157	200
Catchins	200	152	200
Walton	200	153	200
Baker	200	165	200
Turpin	200	152	200
Joiner	200	157	200
Watson	200	148	200
Sharkey	200	159	200
Avery	200	150	200
Waters	160	140	200
Sabford	200	152	200
Moody	200	173	200
Alabama Coon	200	166	200
Dixon	200	110	200
Lindsay	200	127	200
Lake	200	148	200
Pinkston	200	154	200
Adams	110	82	200
Perkins	140	68	200
Hough	110	64	200
Taylor	135	110	200
Devine	85	63	200
Lewis	70	43	200
Hayes	85	80	200
Markle	45	33	200
Patterson	40	12	200
McDowell	200	25	200
Watkins	200	16	200

The six high averages among the amateurs were won by Mr. John Fletcher, first, 94.1 per cent.; Mr. Skannel, second, 92.8; Messrs. Boisseau and Meringo, third, 91.5; Mr. Gay, fourth, 91; Mr. Blake, fifth, 90.8, and Mr. Erwin, sixth, 90.5. Fifty-nine per cent. of the shooters shot better than 85 per cent. for the two days.

The Baker & McDowell individual championship trophy was won by Mr. Skannel, of Shreveport, with a score of 50 straight. Messrs. Mercer, of Shreveport, and John Fletcher, of Birmingham, tied for second place with 48 out of 50. Mr. Hoffman presented the trophy, and Mr. Skannel replied with a very good talk.

The Peters Cartridge Company trophy for team championship, a handsome silver loving cup, was won by the Gaillard Sporting Club team. The winners shot Peters Ideal shells, loaded with Dupont powder. The scores of team race were as follows, possible 75:

Gaillard Sporting Club Team No. 1—Sessions 23, Walton 22, Wilson 23; total 68.

Greenville Gun Club No. 1—Blake 25, Erwin 20, Shanahan 22; total 67.

Shreveport Gun Club No. 1—Mercer 20, Boisseau 22, Skannel 24; total 66.

Amateur Team No. 1—Sharkey 22, Watson 22, Du Bray 22; total 66.

Birmingham Gun Club—Broyles 24, Fletcher 20, Murrell 21; total 65.

Amateur Team No. 2—Joiner 21, Burke 21, Cocke 23; total 65.

Greenville Gun Club No. 2—Fisher 19, Hinshaw 22, Duncan 23; total 64.

Vicksburg Gun Club—Hayes 23, Pinkston 17, Duncan 23; total 63.

Woodville Gun Club—Adams 19, Catchings 24, Lewis 20; total 63.

Gaillard Sporting Club No. 2—Baker 19, Sanford 19, Turpin 22; total 60.

Shreveport Gun Club No. 2—Shaffer 23, Dickinson 24, Keen Kutter 12; total 59.

Greenville Gun Club No. 3—McCutchen 22, Negus 17, Footo 19; total 58.

Professional Team No. 1—Money 24, Faurete 23, Waters 23; total 70.

Professional Mixed Team No. 2—Gilbert 25, Gay 21, Frank 21; total 67.

The cup was presented to the winners by the Rev. Charles Hoffman, of Trinity Church, Natchez, who made a very neat and appropriate address, which was replied to by Mr. Lem. Conner, of the Gaillard Sporting Club.

The next League tournament will be held at Shreveport, La., June 17 and 18, with \$1,000 cash added for the two days, and extra purses for professionals and manufacturers' agents.

Gallatin Gun Club.

GALLATIN, Tenn., May 9.—Scores were made as follows at the shoot of the Gallatin Gun Club to-day. The weather was fair and cool:

Event No. 1:	
Hall	101110011111010001110011—16
Seay	0110011111110100001011—15
Alison	010011101111011001100001—14
W. F. Anderson	0111000001011101101011—14
Schamberger	0111000010000000000000—14
B. Harris	0101100111101111111110—19
W. G. Harris	1111100011110000011111—16
Murphy	10110100110110111111101—13
Brown	001100011011010000010001—9
S. M. Anderson	0110011001100010111111—14
Event No. 2:	
Hall	101111111010011001011111—18
Seay	10111000011011110010001—13
Alison	1011110011011111011011—18
W. F. Anderson	011010111111110101000110—16
Schamberger	000000000000000101101001—6
Duffey	00011000110111001011100—13
B. Harris	01111011111111111111101—22
W. G. Harris	1101101101011111011111—20
Murphy	1101100101111111101111—20
Brown	011110100110010010011001—13
S. Anderson	1111110100011100111001—17

Luverne Gun Club.

LUVERNE, Minn., May 8.—The two-day target tournament of the Luverne Gun Club closed to-day. The programme called for eight 15 and four 20-target events each day. No money was added; \$70 was given for the ten high guns, divided \$12, \$10, \$9, \$8, \$7, \$6, \$5, \$4, \$3. The entrance in 15-target events was \$1.50, and \$2 in the 20-target.

Targets were thrown about 60 yds. The purses were divided, 35, 25 and 15 per cent. Mr. F. F. Slocum, of Alcester, S. D., won first average. He used U. M. C. shells and a Smith gun.

The Watertown Gun Club, of Watertown, S. D., will hold a four days' tournament the latter part of June, and add \$500.

First Day, May 7.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Av.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	20	15	15	20	15	20	15	20	
McDowell	10	15	17	13	19	13	11	15	15	14	13	16	.855
Watertown Kid	12	14	16	12	15	11	13	14	16	14	15	15	.835
Blasdel	11	11	16	12	14	10	10	5	18	8	8	13	.680
Lynch	10	12	17	10	18	10	9	12	15	10	8	11	.710
Snook	13	10	16	10	15	9	6	11	10	11	11	11	.680
Patch	13	11	18	13	16	14	13	13	15	12	7	16	.805
Smith	10	12	13	11	14	15	11	13	14	10	10	17	.750
Hinshaw	11	13	19	11	18	15	12	8	18	15	13	16	.845
Klein	13	14	14	13	20	13	10	15	14	14	19	18	.860
Norton	10	10	16	12	15	9	11	13	18	11	13	18	.780
Slocum	13	14	18	13	20	12	13	17	13	9	16	16	.855
Mikelson	13	14	16	14	14	15	12	18	9	13	16	16	.840
Nelson	13	11	15	13	18	12	12	12	17	14	11	15	.815
Taylor	13	12	18	15	19	14	12	12	17	13	14	19	.890
Schwartz	12	13	16	13	17	13	13	14	19	13	14	20	.885
Christianson	9	15	14	5	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	
Stah	8	7	11	11	10	10	4	10	4	10	4	10	
Wright	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	
Brockway	5	11	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	
S. Snook	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	
Chapin	8	7	12	9	12	7	12	7	12	7	12	7	
Anderson	9	10	9	8	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	
Burmeister	10	8	15	10	14	10	9	12	16	10	8	17	.695
Van	13	7	17	11	13	12	8	11	15	10	7	14	.680
A. Munson	10	10	10	10	6	4	11	11	11	11	11	11	
M. Munson	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	
C. Nelson	12	18	11	8	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	
Johnson	16	12	13	17	13	17	13	17	13	17	13	17	
Goodwin	12	9	10	9	10	9	10	9	10	9	10	9	

Second Day, May 8.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Av.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	
Burmeister	8	11	13	12	11	11	18	13	11	14	11	12	.725
Kid Watertown	14	14	15	11	15	11	19	15	11	17	13	11	.830
Hinshaw	14	13	18	12	15	9	20	12	13	13	14	13	.830
Klein	13	14	18	13	15	14	17	14	9	19	14	11	.855
Schwartz	12	15	14	14	16	15	14	12	18	12	14	14	.855
McDowell	15	10	16	10	17	12	19	14	9	18	14	15	.845
Slocum	14	15	19	12	18	15	18	14	13	19	12	13	.910
Nelson	10	10	13	12	10	11	16	10	10	13	12	13	.730
Mikelson	14	13	14	14	16	14	17	12	11	20	13	13	.855
Barr	14	11	13	12	13	10	11	13	11	16	14	10	.750
Saylor	9	9	15	13	16	9	15	13	11	16	14	10	.700
Johnson	9	10	14	12	9	9	16	13	10	16	12	10	.700
Patch	13	13	14	13	11	12	11	13	11	17	9	15	.760
Smith	13	6	16	9	16	12	19	13	12	16	13	12	.785
Norton	12	12	11	9	13	13	17	9	10	17	13	11	.735
Taylor	11	12	14	14	16	13	16	14	13	16	15	12	.830
Blasdel	9	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	
Wright	7	11	12	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	
Dean	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	

General Averages.

	1st day.	2d day.	Broke.	Av.
McDowell	171	169	340	.850
Watertown Kid	167	166	333	.835
Patch	161	152	313	.785
Smith	150	157	307	.767
Hinshaw	169	166	335	.837
Klein	172	171	343	.857
Norton	156	147	303	.757
Slocum	171	182	353	.882
Mikelson	168	171	339	.847
Nelson	163	146	309	.772
Taylor	178	166	344	.860
Schwartz	177	171	348	.870
Burmeister	139	145	284	.710

HAWKEYE.

WESTERN TRAPS.

The Chicago Pigeon Cases.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 10.—The cases brought against J. H. Amberg, Geo. Thorne, and J. M. Sellers, earlier mentioned, came up for trial in Justice Hall's court last Wednesday. Defendants were represented by E. L. Harpham as attorney. The latter moved to submit without argument of counsel, which the court declined to do, saying he wished to go into the case fully, and would feel obliged to convict as the cases then stood. John Watson testified that he had conducted his shooting park for many years. The court in announcing decision said he would discharge the prisoners of the charge of illegal discharge of firearms within the city limits, as this had been done for years in different parks.

As to the charges of cruelty, etc., he required more time. He set the case forward for a private hearing to-day, Saturday. By agreement of counsel, it was determined not to try the three cases separately, but make the test on the Thorne case.

To-day the case came up again, and Justice Hall heard argument of the attorneys. Attorney for defense stated the S. P. C. A. had not brought their case, though it had earlier sought to stop trapshooting. He claimed that the birds had not been maimed or wounded, but instantly killed or were shot

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SUBSCRIPTIONS.

The date of expiration of your subscription is given on the address label on the wrapper. A change of date on the address wrapper is equivalent to a receipt for money sent for subscription. Take note of the date on your address label.

In a well-intended editorial the other day in support of Mr. Lacey's bill to protect the game of Alaska, the New York Tribune gave this picture of what was happening up there:

The urgent need of such legislation is made manifest when it is understood that for the last two years Alaska has been without game protection of any kind, and that the natives have been and are killing deer and other large animals in the same wanton fashion that characterized the buffalo hunting of our plains Indians. It is not at all unusual for them to drive a herd of five hundred deer into the deep snow of a cañon and there to butcher the whole herd with clubs. The "market hunters" who supply the settlements with fresh meat are also guilty of wholesale killing; but perhaps the most blameworthy of all are the tourists and pseudo-sportsmen who hire the Indians to slaughter the rare and beautiful mountain sheep, the giant moose and the caribou, merely that they may bear away the heads as "trophies." Scarcely less criminal and hardly more sportsmanlike is the conduct of those men who kill only for the sake of a record-making "bag," frequently leaving scores of their animal victims untouched where they fell.

It would be difficult to put into the same space a more ridiculous and fantastic statement of game conditions in Alaska or anywhere else on this continent. The plains Indians did not kill buffalo wantonly; if the Alaska Indians govern their killing by the demands of necessity and by the practicable utilization of the meat as did the plains Indians, there would be no necessity of game laws; it is the white man, not the red, who kills wantonly. But even so, the men who, killing for a bag, are alleged to leave scores of their victims untouched where they fell, are as mythical creations of the Tribune's fancy as are the herds of five hundred deer clubbed to death in the snows.

A growing tendency in the fishing and hunting world is toward concentration of ownership. The control of the forests and waters of Maine would long since have been in the hands of the wealthy few, but for that greater interest of the timberland owners. Generally they have refused to sell, even the hunting and fishing rights of their great possessions, to the wealthy sportsmen who have desired to purchase. Once or twice during the past twenty years wealthy men have formed syndicates of sportsmen and tried to purchase the entire Rangeley region, but the owners have declined to sell. The design of the sportsmen has been to control the fishing and hunting rights of that section, and to keep out all not owners. Lately there is a report that the entire Jackman region is soon to pass into the hands of a syndicate, and no longer to be a general shooting and fishing resort, but to be under control of the syndicate, which will allow fishing and shooting only under certain restrictions. It is current that Mr. C. S. Cook, of Boston, who last season purchased Kinne's sporting camps at Holeb, has during the past winter obtained possession of Attean Camps, of Fred Henderson's camps at Heald Pond, and of Aaron Wilson's Long Pond Camps. The camps already acquired are all of the best in that region, including over 300 square miles of territory. News from that section makes out that Mr. Cook desires to interest a sufficient number of sportsmen and hold complete control of that region, barring out the public.

Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, Chief of the Department of Fish and Game of the St. Louis World's Fair in 1904, sends us the classification of his department, which is substantially that of the World's Fair at Chicago. Liberal space has been assigned for an exposition of the hunting and fishing resources of the country, and we may well anticipate that the display will far exceed anything yet seen. The classes will comprise hunting equipments, products of hunting, fishing equipments and products, and fishculture. As the Louisiana Purchase, which event the Fair will commemorate, had such an important influence upon the exploration of the great West and the development of its game resources, this feature of the exposition should have adequate representation.

The announcements in our advertising columns of the illustrated literature sent out by the transportation companies there represented are suggestive of the growth in

this country of the custom of "taking to the woods" in summer. The variety and enormous mass of this tourist literature give some notion of the extent of the annual exodus from town to country. The folders and circulars and booklets are distributed over the land literally in millions, and not less noteworthy than the tremendous volume of the material is the highly artistic quality which most of it possesses. The perfection of modern illustrating and printing processes is employed at lavish expense to produce the most attractive effects, so that the railroad book given gratuitously has in many instances come to rival and even to supplant the expensive book of views which tourists of an earlier day were accustomed to purchase. Nothing in the way of illustrations of scenery could be finer than some of these railroad and steamboat booklets, which through the medium of our advertising columns find their way to FOREST AND STREAM readers practically without cost; they are so pleasing, indeed, that we fancy many an application may be made for them by persons who will never actually visit the pleasant places described, but will content themselves with this picturing of them in these books.

The FOREST AND STREAM Information Bureau is at the service of every reader without cost for such help in direction to shooting and fishing resorts and such information about routes, accommodations, guides and other particulars as may be available. A host of anglers and shooters have been aided in this way, and we shall be glad to extend the service to others.

Mountaineers and those who live on the wide-stretching plains where the view is extensive and the vision unobstructed, have very different eyes from those of the dwellers in towns, where the outlook is restricted and the gaze is habitually fixed upon nearby objects. Your mountain man will discern objects at a distance which to his city visitor appears astonishing and incredible, and will see game where one unaccustomed to the life can see nothing but a mass of scenery. The person whose eyes are fixed for hours on his work within four walls and whose outlook is bounded by the buildings across the street, becomes of necessity myopic; and it is not until he gets out into the wide-horizoned world and into the companionship of one who lives in that world, that he discovers for the first time how short-sighted he is. The ability to see far, to distinguish objects at a distance, and to recognize them when seen, is one of the qualities which sets apart the guide from the city sportsman. It is perhaps in the short vision of the novice that we may find partial explanation of the mistaking of men for game.

Lobster and crab canneries and fish curing establishments are useful and necessary institutions in their way, but there is no sentiment in them nor any poetry; and they are not such local features as the managers of summer resorts extol in their circulars. As little do they fit in with the romance which invests a spot famous in fiction. It is with something of a protest then that we read the press dispatches announcing that the Government of Chile is about to colonize Robinson Crusoe's Island of Juan Fernandez, to develop the rich fishery resources. This will speedily make an end of the poetry which has clung to the spot since the day De Foe wrote his immortal work; but the new order will bring the Pacific island into conditions quite in keeping with the spirit of the age, and perhaps the Robinson Crusoe brand of canned lobsters may prove so excellent as to reconcile us to the change.

Mr. Charles H. Townsend, for many years connected with the United States Fish Commission, has been appointed director of the New York Aquarium, a position he is admirably well qualified to fill. Mr. Townsend is a naturalist of wide repute, and has had extensive experience in marine investigation and study. His accession to the Aquarium directorship in place of the preposterous Jones means a distinct advance in the development of the institution.

Col. W. W. Brown, a citizen of Springfield, Vt., has taken a very practical way to enlist the interest of the young folks of the vicinity in the value of bird life, by giving a prize for the best essay on the subject by the pupils of the high school.

THE AMERICAN FUR TRADE.

THIRD PAPER.

ALTHOUGH wagons began to be taken west by the northern route at an early date, it was not until almost the time of the gold discovery that they began to travel across the continent. In 1843 a well-defined route was established from the Missouri River, at the mouth of the Kansas, to the Pacific Ocean, at the mouth of the Columbia, and this route is known as the Oregon Trail. Many of its features, the towns through which it passed as it started, the various crossings of rivers, and landmarks such as rocks, mountains and springs, are familiar to every traveler in the Western country—even to every reader about the Western country. The route from Independence, Mo., to Fort Vancouver, opposite the mouth of the Willamette, had a length of 2,020 miles, and from this point to old Astoria was 104 miles, and to the mouth of the Columbia 114 miles.

Having discussed at length, and most interestingly, the American fur trade in the north—always within the United States, for Captain Chittenden does not touch on the operations of the Hudson's Bay or the old Northwest Company, except incidentally—he now turns to the southward and considers the Santa Fé trade, giving its history, its character, the route which it followed, and many incidents of the trail, one of the saddest of which was the killing on the Cimarron, in the year 1831, of that heroic figure of early days, Jedediah S. Smith, already alluded to. Smith and his party had become lost and were unable to find water, and men and animals were alike frantic for the want of it. Smith declared that he would find water or perish in the attempt, and set forth alone to search for it. At last he came to the valley of the Cimarron, but found the stream dry, and while digging in the sand for water was approached by Comanches and shot with arrows. Smith fought bravely, and before he died killed two of his enemies.

Part III. of the work is devoted to contemporary events connected with the fur trade. Among these are the war of 1812, the Yellowstone expedition of 1819 to '20, and that of 1825, the Arikara campaign of 1823, the smallpox of 1837, and the entrance into the country of troops, scientific explorers and missionaries.

Following these comes a series of thrilling chapters entitled "Notable Incidents and Characters in the History of the Fur Trade," and of these there are surely many in that forty years of wild journeying, and yet the story of not more than one in a hundred of such adventures was told. The unwritten history of the old-time West, if it could be set down in order, would fill many a volume with thrilling incidents. A curious case was the killing of Antoine Godin, who a year or two before in Pierre's Hole had killed a Blackfoot chief as he was shaking hands with him to make peace; in revenge for the murder of Godin's father by Blackfeet on Godin Creek. Two or three years later a party of Blackfeet made their appearance on the banks of the Snake River, opposite Fort Hall. They were led by a man named Bird, formerly in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company, who was living with the Blackfeet and had become a chief among them. Godin was invited to cross the river and purchase the Indians' furs, and he complied. He sat down to smoke with the company, preparatory to making the trade, and some of the Indians shot him in the back, and while he was still alive, Bird scalped him and cut in his forehead the letters N. J. W., which were Wyeth's initials. This man Bird died only a very few years ago, and was well known to many men still alive, as his children and grandchildren still are. Another interesting story is of the battle of Fort McKenzie, when the Crees and Assiniboinés attacked a few Piegiens who were camped without the fort. Many of the Piegiens escaped into the fort, others fought bravely outside until morning, when the assistance of the whites and the arrival of reinforcements drove off the enemy. The story is frequently told to this day among the Piegiens.

One of the most extraordinary of these accounts is an adventure of Hugh Glass, better known in those days as old man Glass, who as early as 1823 was one of Ashley and Henry's men. Glass was one of a party which accompanied Henry to the Yellowstone River after the Leavenworth campaign was over. One day he had been sent ahead as hunter, and "was a short distance in advance of the party, forcing his way through a thicket, when he

suddenly came upon a grizzly bear that had lain down in the sand. Before he could set his trigger or even turn to fly, the bear seized him by the throat and lifted him off the ground, then flinging him down the ferocious animal tore off a mouthful of his flesh and turned and gave it to her cubs, which were near by. Glass now endeavored to escape, but the bear, followed by her cubs, pounced upon him again. She seized him by the shoulder and inflicted dangerous wounds in his hands and arms. His companion had by this time come up and was making war upon the cubs, but one of them drove him into the river, where, standing waist deep in the water, he killed his pursuer with a shot from his rifle. The main body now arrived, having heard cries for succor, and after several shots from close at hand, slew the bear as she was standing over the prostrate body of her victim.

"Although still alive, the condition of the unfortunate hunter seemed well nigh hopeless. His whole body was in a mangled condition. He was utterly unable to stand and was suffering excruciating torment. There was no surgical aid to be had, and it was impossible to move him. Delay of the party might bring disaster upon all, yet it was repugnant to the feelings of the men to leave the sufferer alone. In this predicament Major Henry succeeded, by offer of a reward, in inducing two men to remain with Glass until he should expire, or until he should so far recover as to bear removal to some of the trading houses in that country. These men remained with Glass five days, when, despairing of his recovery, and at the same time seeing no prospect of immediate death, they cruelly abandoned him, taking with them his rifle and all his accoutrements, so that he was left without means of defense, subsistence or shelter. The faithless wretches then set out on the trail for their employer, and when they overtook him, reported that Glass had died of his wounds and that they had buried him in the best manner possible. They produced his effects in confirmation, and their story was readily accepted.

"But Glass was not dead, and although the dread messenger had hovered for many days so near, yet the stricken sufferer would not receive him, but persistently motioned him away. When Glass realized the treachery of his companions, far from despairing on account of it, he felt a new determination to live, if for nothing else than to search out his base betrayers and call them to account. There was a spring near by, and hither Glass drew himself. Over it hung a few bushes with wild cherries, and near by were some buffalo berries that he could reach. Here he remained day after day, gradually nursing back his strength, until he felt that he could undertake to leave his lonesome and unhappy camping ground. He resolved to strike out for Fort Kiowa, a post on the Missouri River a hundred miles away. It required magnificent fortitude to set out on a journey like that, still unable to stand, and with hardly strength to drag one limb after the other; with no provisions nor means of securing any, and in a hostile country where he was at the absolute mercy of the most worthless renegade that might cross his path. But the deep purpose of revenge held him up, and a stroke of fortune came to his rescue.

"He happened one day upon a spot where a pack of wolves had surrounded a buffalo calf and were harrying it to death. Glass lay low until the calf was dead, when he appeared upon the scene, put the wolves to flight, and took possession of the calf. Without knife or fire, it was not an easy thing to turn to account his good fortune, but hunger is not fastidious, and Glass most likely took counsel of the wolves as to ways and means of devouring what he required. Taking what he could with him, he pursued his way, with inconceivable hardship and distress, and at last reached Fort Kiowa" (which was just above the mouth of White River).

Colter was another one of the heroes who has a chapter in this section of the book. He had been across the mountains with Lewis and Clark, had remained behind them to hunt and trap, and had been the first man to see the wonderland of what is now the Yellowstone Park. He it was who, captured by Blackfeet, was made to run for his life on the Jefferson River, who killed one of his Indian pursuers with his own lance, and who finally, hiding among the driftwood in the river, escaped his enemies, and at last reached a post on the Yellowstone.

The Fifth Part of the work treats of the country and its inhabitants. It gives a general description of the plains and mountains where the fur trade was carried on, tells of its geography and topography, gives the origin of many names, tells of the mountains, the forests, the grasses and other plants, of the mammals, especially those which had a bearing on the fur trade, either from the value of their hides, or because they were useful for food. Incidentally, also, he speaks of some of the fishes, and of the rattlesnake. Several chapters are devoted also to the native inhabitants of the plains, and the statements with regard to them are usually drawn from the most authoritative sources.

In the Appendix to the volume are given a number of extremely interesting documents and journals which have never before been published. One of these is the copy of

a letter from Pierre Menard to Pierre Chouteau. Another one from Manuel Lisa to General Clark. Various notes on the Astorian expedition, and a great many miscellaneous data which relate to the fur trade, and list of trading posts in the country west of St. Louis during the period from 1807 to 1843, extracts from a daily journal kept at Fort Tecumseh—Fort Pierre in 1832—and the journal of the steamboat voyage from St. Louis to Fort Union and return.

In connection with the list of trading posts must be mentioned the intensely interesting map which accompanies the work. It was drawn by Mr. Paul Burgoldt, and shows the main features of the fur trading country, the location of various Indian tribes, the trading posts, the routes of travel, and many other interesting points. There is perhaps no single feature of the work that will so well repay study by the old-timer, or the man interested in Western history, as this map, which might fairly be called a chronological introduction to the settlement of the Western country.

Enough has been said to give some idea of the value and interest of Captain Chittenden's volume. It is not too much to say that it is one of the most important contributions to the history of the United States that has been made in recent years.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Floating on the Missouri.—XII.

SOME time during the night Sah-né-to awoke me and declared in shrill whispers that she had heard a bear prowling around the tent. We listened for further proof of his presence. There was a thick mat of crisp, new-fallen leaves on the little island, and presently we heard them crackling under the tread of some large animal. I arose and went to the doorway of the tent with my rifle, and stood for some time trying to get a glimpse of the night wanderer in the darkness. Around and about, now to one side and now the other side of the island, it prowled along with slow, soft tread, crushing and shuffling the dead leaves, occasionally breaking a small dry twig. I was satisfied that it was not a deer, for the sound of their sharp hoofs was long since familiar to my ear. Finally the animal left the timber, and I heard it wading through the shallow slough which at this part of the dry island separated us from the main shore, and then all was quiet. I lit a cigarette and smoked it, waiting, and shivering in the cold air, to hear its footsteps again, and hearing nothing, finally returned to bed and slept soundly until morning. Not so Sah-né-to; hour after hour she lay listening for, and dreading the return of the animal, and at daylight again awakened me, and we had our breakfast. As soon as the meal was over I crossed the river in the boat, Sah-né-to accompanying me, and took my previous position to watch the big grizzly's cache. The sun came up, several hours passed, but he did not appear, and we went back to camp. Perhaps he had killed, or found another deer, or more likely, in some way we had alarmed him.

After washing the dishes and getting camp in presentable shape, we started across the bottom and up the breaks, which are in this vicinity exceedingly rough. Crossing the bar between the island and the main shore, we passed close to the slough and found the tracks of the disturber of our rest; and sure enough it had been a bear. There were its tracks plain and sharp in the wet sand, and they were grizzly tracks of good size. "Ah!" said Sah-né-to, "now do you believe me? You declared that what we heard was merely the hopping of a rabbit upon the dead leaves, but I knew all the time that you were only saying that to quiet my fears."

It was perhaps a mile and a half up to the foot of the sandstone cliffs and buttes forming the rim of the valley. On our way up we saw several mule deer, and, arrived at the base of a high broken cliff, we discovered a nice bunch of bighorn feeding along its crest. We found a place, a game trail worn along the side of a rocky slope, which enabled us to ascend to the top. The sheep had disappeared, and we went on further, ascending a little butte, from the summit of which we obtained a magnificent view of that weird and wonderful bad land country. Hundreds of buttes were in sight, pyramidal, flat-topped, trunk-shaped, some of them showing only the bare earth, others grass grown, some fairly well timbered; and stretching away toward the Yellowstone were the timbered gashes and the rough breaks of Paradise, or Little Snow Creek, which enters the Missouri five miles below the Round Butte. I have been unable to learn when or why this little stream received its peculiar names. Undoubtedly it was once a paradise for the red hunter, its willow-margined banks, its little grassy flats and its rough timbered breaks teeming with game—the buffalo, the elk, the deer, antelope and mountain sheep. The buffalo and elk have now disappeared, of course, but of the others goodly numbers still drink of its alkaline water.

The day was pleasant, a clear sky and a warm west wind, and we sat on the top of the butte several hours taking in the wonderfully grand and weird scenery. "Oh!" said Sah-né-to, at last, "why could it not have lasted? Why did the white people rob us of our happy life? Why could we not have always lived the life for which Old Man created us? We had the buffalo, which were not only food, but clothing and shelter; and we wandered at will over hundreds of miles of these plains and mountains. And now, the game is nearly gone, the buffalo have all disappeared, and my people will shortly share their fate. Year by year, hemmed in upon a reservation, living upon scanty food which the Great Father furnishes them, they are passing rapidly away."

"Yes, Sah-né-to," I said, "your words are true. The whites have deprived your people of their free and happy

life. Yet, had they never come to this country, we would never have met."

"Ai, that also is true; my heart is divided. I love my people with a part of it, but the greater part is yours. You have been good and kind to me always. Oh! but the pitifulness of it all. Last winter, you remember, we went to Great Falls by the narrow-track railway, and we crossed the Bear River at Fort Conrad. You remember how it used to be when we lived there so many years ago, the happy children playing upon the ice, spinning their tops and sliding upon it, and the men and women crossing back and forth? And last winter, when I saw the frozen, desolate stream, I remembered those days and mourned. They are gone, the most of those happy people; few are left, and they sit in sadness and want, awaiting the end. Soon the last one of them will be gone, and the name of my people will be but a memory. Alas! Alas!"

We finally started for camp, the dinner hour beginning to assert itself. We saw more mountain sheep, more deer, and a band of antelope going down to the river for water; but we had plenty of meat, and I forebore to shoot at any of them.

In the evening, after a satisfying meal, I again crossed the river and watched a while for the big grizzly to appear at his cache. But he did not come. At sunset the deer stole out of the thick timber and fed along its edge. Some of them within easy rifle shot, but they were not what I sought, and I went home in the gathering darkness without having fired a shot.

We had a slight lunch, and prepared to retire at 9 o'clock. About that time the wind changed, and a bitterly cold blast swept into the valley from the north. Sah-né-to said that the Cold Maker had arrived.

And she was right; when we arose in the morning the river was full of floating ice cakes, and the shore was lined by a broad fringe of it. All hope of finding the big grizzly, or other of his kin, was given up. We were certain that winter had come, and that our only chance to get to the mouth of Milk River and the railroad was to start at once. After a hurried breakfast we struck camp, loaded the Good Shield, and pushed out into the stream. The water was fairly swift, and we soon ran by the mouth of Paradise Creek. The timbered bottom at its confluence with the river is several miles long, and shelters many a deer. As we went on under sail and oar, crushing through the ice cakes, the bottoms became wider and more heavily timbered. After an eight-mile struggle we passed Hell Creek, so named, as an old friend told me, "because a man always has a hell of a time to cross it horseback, owing to its cut banks and treacherous bottom." From there a further run of four miles took us to Featherland Island, and the mouth of Wolf Creek, which comes in from the north. The island was named after old Bill Featherland, an employe of the American Fur Company. He wintered upon it in the season of 1859-60, and killed, poisoned and trapped 1,500 wolves, to say nothing of coyotes and kit foxes. From all accounts, Featherland was a gruff, quick-tempered man, who never failed to say just what he thought. Once at Fort Union he was in the carpenter shop at work when a steamboat arrived having on board some Jesuit priests. One of these, wandering around, entered the place and said, in his broken English, "Company shop? Company shop?"

"Yes," Bill replied, "company shop."

After a little another priest came in and asked the same question.

"Yes," Bill replied, turning angrily upon him, "Company shop. How many times do you want me to tell you so? Git out of here."

The priest ran out as fast as his long robe would allow him to, crying, "Bad man. Bad man. Help! Help!"

On we went, as fast as we could push through the congealing cakes of mush ice, which scraped and cut the bow of the Good Shield like a knife. Down past Anna Island, past Flirt Creek and Willow Island, and then we turned northward into Red Cloud Bend. The north wind was sharp, the current swift, and an appalling sea was running. I lowered the sail and took the oars. Sah-né-to crouched in the stern, covering her eyes with her hands, trembling with fright, but making no complaint except to once say, "Surely the water spirits will now claim us for their own."

I will admit that I was also scared; the skiff plunged into wave after wave, taking water every time, and there were, it seemed, a thousand snags to be avoided. At last, however, we reached the northern end of the bend, under the shelter of a high cut bank, and ran into still water. Sah-né-to vowed a gift to the sun for our preservation.

This bend is where the Red Cloud, that best of river boats, sunk in 1884. The stream is full of sawyers, and during such a gale as we had experienced the boat, heavily loaded and headed up stream, was pierced by one, sinking in a few moments, fortunately without loss of life. The shifting sands have long since covered her, no part of her remaining in sight.

Passing the bend, the wind again favored us, and we sailed along at a good clip in spite of the ice. We passed, three miles below the bend, the bottom where we had conducted a branch trading post in days gone by, but I did not stop to review the familiar place. And then we sailed by the mouth of the Little Dry Fork, and an hour later camped for the night on the shore of Flopping Bill's Bottom, named after that murderous leader of the gang which has previously been mentioned in these papers. The shore was covered with deer tracks, and as we went into the brush to select a place for the tent, we saw several waving tails vanishing through the willows.

The wind went down at dusk, but the night was cold, and there was more ice drifting down in the morning than on the previous day. It is a mystery to me how we made the thirty-eight miles to the mouth of Milk River that day, but we did so, landing at the mouth of the sluggish stream at dusk, within sight and sound of the trains of the Great Northern Railway. In the morning I hired an Indian boy to take us out to the station, and we reluctantly parted with the Good Shield, which had been to us such a staunch and serviceable craft. We gave it to the boy who took us out to the station.

And thus ended the most pleasant of the many trips Sah-né-to and I have taken, and we vowed to repeat it another year,

APPEKUNNY.

A Walk Down South.—XXX.

IN about an hour I espied the two rafts on the still water below Hood's Landing.

"Howdy," was their greeting. "Got any whisky there?" "About quarter of a pint," I replied. Three days later I was told that they thought I was a moonshiner selling whisky to raftsmen. I told them who I was, and they said it was Lewis Sharp's raft, from Sill, Union county, on the Clinch, going to Chattanooga. I could see that I was a suspicious character to them, so I took out my camera and took some pictures. This pleased them. I asked if I could travel with them; they looked at each other, and after a bit they said, "Yes." I took my grub box out of my boat and put it in with their supplies and became a member of the crew. For supper we had coffee, ginger tea (ginger boiled in water and sugar), wheat bread, pork fried, corn bread, ginger cake, sorghum (sorghum, they called it) and crisp soda crackers bought at a riverside store.

While we ate there was some argument as to whether they should run all night. They wanted to get to Chattanooga on Saturday if they could, but to do so would require an all night run. After a while it was decided to tie up, and soon after sunset the raft was run into the right bank. The first tie broke a small tree off, but the next one held up in the embrace of two half-hitches in spite of the slow, heavy momentum of the 300 two-foot logs. There were really two rafts, one of two strands, the other of one. They were tied side by side with hickory wythes. On the smaller raft there was a plain lean-to camp of poplar weather boarding not planed, laid clapboard fashion. It would hold four men, though two comprised the crew when they were on upper Clinch. The other "bunk" was peaked like a barn, a little over seven feet long and as wide. It was five feet high. The box was filled with hay and cotton quilts. The stern side of the bunks faced fire pits, on the larger one of which a fire was kept burning all the while, the smaller only at night. The bunks were on the central part of the raft. The fire was fed with eight-foot logs and fence rails from drift. At dark a large pile was made over the glowing coals, and soon the scene was that of an open camp, with points of light reflected from afar off and near by; on the small river-side willows was a flare of red here and there. Talk ran briskly to stories.

The oars at the stern, with twenty-five-foot handles, and the blades fifteen feet long by twenty inches or two feet wide, were swung up clear of the water, lest drift strike and break them. The oar lock sticks were tied with hickory wythes. The wythes were made out of hickory saplings an inch in diameter. Three feet from the butt the sapling was hammered with the head of an ax till it would bend to a right angle, then the twig end was tied round a raft binder and while one twisted the bent end round like a hand organ handle, the other spread the splitting fibers from the binder to the handle gradually, so that the pole was twisted into a rope. Three or four of these wythes sufficed to hold the strands of the raft together.

We slept five and three in the two "bunks" or shacks. Some of them complained of the cold, all of the smoke. The cold ones kept the fire going, I suppose, for I did not awaken completely during the night. In the morning with the first streak of dawn all hands went to work casting off. By this time I had learned something about the sweeps. There was a knack in their use, as in the use of all things. The "knack" was to start it strongly, shoving with the legs from the binder and then, with the arms Y-ed above the head, walk across the raft where the end man carried the handle back very low, while the other kept ahead clear of it. I had to learn to not try to help carry the handle back, and to step lively back when the end of the stroke was reached. There were six oars, one at each end of each stand.

While Sharp, the owner, a little old fellow with peaked voice, was getting breakfast, I manned a sweep alone. Of course I was awkward. It was hard to stoop on the walk back and carry the handle. Nevertheless, I noted that mere strength kept my oar going as fast as any of the others.

"Ye-e!" called a man at the starboard stern oar, and all stopped. He said "Ease" really, but it sounded like a sharp "Ye-e!" This man was the "steersman" or raft captain.

Dyspepsia also appeared, because the cornmeal flapjacks and corn pone were not cooked enough. To get the corn sufficiently cooked is a rarity anywhere in the land of cornmeal. It grew colder till dusk, but the impatient men on the raft overruled the steersman, who wanted to tie up for the night; others merely long enough to get some wood. We were near the south bank when it was decided to get the wood. I started to the opposite side of the raft with my boat, but was just quick enough and that was all, as the raft swung in on the bank. I shot out from between it and a small tree. The boat was grazed on both sides, but I went through unharmed, though scared. With a big pile of dry drift, crackling on the fire, and more lying handy by, we cut loose again. We ran till almost plumb dark, then the steersman said:

"We've got to tie up, boys. It's too rough to-night."

So we tied up, for the steersman is responsible, and therefore master of the raft. In the morning we were off again at dawn. After working the sweeps steadily for fifteen minutes or less, we were clear of the bank. One of the boys made flapjacks out of cornmeal, pork grease, water and salt, stirring them with his hands and taking out handfulful to pat them down on the spider and cake pan. When one side was done he turned the cake out on his hand, then slipped the undone side on the bottom of the skillet to be cooked. The others toasted or fried pieces of pork, interrupted by the steersman at intervals, who would say:

"Let's put 'er out a little," "We'd better throw up a little to the right," "We'll have to pull out a little now."

Three of the men went to a riverside store after some sorghum. They brought back a gallon can, and all hands gathered round to eat it. I spread the stuff all over a chunk of corn bread. It ran down in streaks, and when I tried to stop it I got it on my cheeks, fingers and clothes. But I made way with that chunk. I noticed that the mountaineers had no such trouble, so I watched them. They dipped into the bucket for a half-spoonful, wiped it down on a corner of the bread, then wound the long, sticky streams round the bread and bit off the sorghumed part

at a mouthful. They didn't git sticky, and I didn't when I tried it that way.

They were telling about a man up in Union county who had been getting something for his farm. "Do you know, boys," one said, "he could talk the meanest, slihtenest, doggondest of any man I ever hear, let him get a le-c-ettle mad."

In the course of the day I tried all but the steersman's oar. Each one had a different feel. On one the handle was too heavy, on another the pivot was too stiff, on a third the oarlock was so low that only a very short man could handle it comfortably. One had a great chunk of a log on the blade, and to make it balance. Each man had a favorite according to his size and strength. The steersman, however, always took to the stern starboard oar.

My rifle was fired by one or other of the raftsmen at ducks. Once we rounded a bend and discovered the reason of a curious flapping sound we had been hearing. It was a flock of sixty geese which tumbled over backward and doubled up on itself, the bills of the birds opening with scared amazement when we appeared.

One of the sick ones, a son of Sharp, was pretty badly off. His father took what little whisky I had and mixed hot pork grease with it—this was "greased whisky," and, like "burnt whisky," a favorite remedy.

A high wind raised the waves, and these began to break up a raft which had come down the middle of the river, overtaking us. Several of its logs were loosened, but our raft held. We ran to shore and tied up to let the squall go by. We improved the stop by getting large quantities of wood for the night. It had been decided to start out at midnight to make Chattanooga by the afternoon. The danger of night running is of "bowing," striking the head of an island or bridge pier, which rafts do occasionally and "tear up."

Up and down the river along the right bank were the flares of fires on other rafts tied up. Two or three were to be seen coming down mid-stream, redder and brighter; around the fires were dark figures, and reflection in yellow and red came dancing along the water clear and sharp, now broad on a boiling place, again wrinkled between the sticks, again long lines on the backs of wide rolls where the river dipped, so small as to be otherwise imperceptible by night or day.

A mile below was Hiwassee Bluffs, over which Stonewall Jackson ran some hundreds of Indians in the days when he was a U. S. colonel in the service driving the Cherokees from their native land into the Indian Territory, because the Hiwassee section was very desirable as farm land. "The river ran red for two days after the fight, on account of the Indians killed in it," the modern traditions on the rafts say.

A large raft came looming along in the night. There were two big fires on board it, and in every direction from these were pine knot torches carried by old white-bearded men and boys, while more active or stronger ones held the sweeps. Under the influence of this multitude of fires the dark gray night grew black. At each end of the raft were five sweeps, and a man crouching at each handle. There were calls and roars at intervals, whereupon those black figures, at the oars would go whirling up in the air and the creak of oars on the pins would be heard. Then, "Ease," and instantly the noise would stop, while the great raft came down the current like an acre of the dark mainland.

"Say, theh, could you give me a check?" the steersman called to us.

"No; I don't guess you can; we'd tear up."

"Git ready, thar!" called the steersman to his crew.

Then to us, "Youah raft straight?"

"Yas, seh. This yer lantern mahks the cohner."

For a few seconds the big raft came on without a sound.

"Ayant she a buster?" one of us said.

"She shore is. Two double; no, they're three deep. Three double ain't ye, boys?" in a loud voice.

"Five stands," came the reply.

On the big raft one man picked up a big rope, another knocked the coals off his torch, a third and fourth hitched their trousers, and then all poised expectant, for they were going to land just below us.

"Now then, Rauncher boys. Raunching's what she needs," yelled their steersman, and the ten men squatted at the sweeps, straightened up with a grunt and the raft quivered from end to end, as it came gliding toward us. They struck the lower logs of our raft, but knocked none of ours loose, though several of theirs rolled over. The next moment:

"Tie 'er, boys! Tie 'er! Throw the rope 'round that tree boys! Snub 'er! Snub 'er—what the—try that tree there, boys!"

The brush cracked as the raft ran in, one tree was pulled over with a crash. The rope creaked on the next one, the sounds died away, and then all the men on our raft sighed:

"They're fast all right," we said.

At midnight we cut loose to go on down the river again, wishing to make Chattanooga before dark. An "all-night raft" that passed us early in the evening said we were the twenty-eighth raft they'd seen tied up that night. We saw several, their fires died to coals and quiet as we went down.

It was dark, stumbling work on the raft. Some of the logs were ice coated. The steersman leaned over the top of a bunk and peered into the night, his eyes squinting, and at his call the men ran spryly to their oars, I among them, livelier than by day. The owner who could not stand night running buried himself in the blankets. He feared we might go bowing up on something.

Once we went over a snag; it went crunching aft on the underside, lifting log after log, while the men stepped up and down and watched to see if we were tearing up. I made some coffee, which was reviving.

Many on board slipped in between the logs and got wet feet, and they told of one man who slipped in all over a year before and died a fortnight later. It was cold, gloomy work, and the men were quiet for the most part. Daylight came only after a long while, and then with reluctant, chilling sullenness. The day passed slowly away, too, cold, harsh and uncomfortable. At 3 o'clock we tied up to the bank just above the mouth of Chicamauga Creek, five or six miles from town.

We stayed there that night. On the following morning we packed up and Taylor and I went down the river

with the duffle in two boats, while the others went by land. We passed the battle-famous creek, and were soon at the wharf. I left my stuff at a house-boat and got my mail. The raftsmen wandered round town then for a while. They missed one train. The next one, though, they caught, and once more I was alone.

I wanted to see the Suck, the Boiling Pot and the other bad places in the river where it breaks through the mountains below Chattanooga before risking them with my boat. After a night with George Thompson, a house-boat man, I went down to the steamer N. B. Forrest, then getting ready to go to Decatur, Alabama. The darky roustabouts were carrying in the cargo on their backs. I applied to the mate:

"Can you give me a job for a round trip on the Forrest?"

He looked at me.

"What doing?"

"Roustabout."

"Don't you do it," he said, "none but mules and niggers can stand it. It's hell."

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

"Walking."

KNOXVILLE, Tenn.—Friend Spears should amend the title of his meandering, say to "A Walk (When I Can't Ride) Down South." But he is interesting, and doing good work.

LEWIS HOPKINS.

GALESBURG, N. D.—Mr. Spears' walk (in a boat) is very interesting to me. I venture to suggest that if he would make a similar journey down the Red River of the North, which is twenty miles east of here, he might not meet so many gun fighters, but would find points of much interest as to Indian history.

Come and stand on the piazza of my store some of these beautiful mornings and hear the prairie chickens boom. I tell you it sounds nice.

J. P. W.

The Original Sportsmen's Frontier Exhibit.

HERE follows one of the most unique bills ever rendered to civilized man. It was presented to the State of Minnesota by Mr. Charles Hallock to cover the installation expenses of his Frontier Exhibit at the New Orleans Cotton Exposition in 1884-5:

New Orleans, La., Nov. 10, 1884.	
To Samuel E. Adams, Treasurer State Board Collective Exhibits, New Orleans Exposition:	
To—	3 paddles.
1 birch wigwam complete.	1 cedar torch.
1 Indian baby cradle.	1 ball pitch.
4 sets squaw frocks and shawls.	1 bag seed rice.
6 lay figures.	1 bag parched rice.
2 rush mats.	3 sets shaganappi dog harness
1 birch maple sugar mokuk.	1 Red-River cart.
1 birch maple sugar mould.	1 red toque.
2 mokuks killikinnik.	2 sets shaganappi ox harness.
1 bundle red willow sticks.	1 pair snowshoes.
1 old toboggan.	1 capote.
1 leather cariole.	1 pair beaded flannel leggins.
1 good canoe.	4 pair moccasins.
1 old canoe.	1 felt hat.
1 fish spear.	2 nor'west sashes.
1 bear skin.	1 pair corduroys.
4 dozen cat-tails.	2 store wigs.
1 dry hide.	1 pair leather (buck) breeches.
2 pitch pine torches.	1 bundle horsehair for 6 wigs.
3 Eskimo (huskies) dogs at \$15 each.	
Paid for killing dogs, ———.	
Taxidermist work on same.	
32 large and small photos of scenery, and portraits.	
3 large maps of Minnesota and Manitoba sundry properties.	
	Received payment,
	Charles Hallock.

[Mokuk is a bark basket without handle. Moulds are bark cornucopias, which are filled with melted maple sugar while inverted, and are carried by a buckskin thong, which is passed through the point of the cornucopia before it is filled, the end being knotted so that it will not slip through. When hard, the sugar holds it immovably. Killikinnik is the inner bark of the red willow, which is mixed with tobacco for smoking. Shaganappi is untanned hide.]

This exhibit was the primitive forerunner of the many better like shows which have been presented at sportsmen's expositions held in Boston, New York, Chicago and elsewhere during the past decade.

It is an interesting fact, attesting Mr. Hallock's mechanical ingenuity, versatility and general knowledge of backwoods craft and aboriginal belongings, gathered during his forty years' previous wanderings, that he set up this entire exhibit quite unaided, carpenter work and all. He set up his tepees, costumed his lay figures, painted their faces and wigged their heads, made his imitation snow and water for winter and summer seasons, laid out his wild rice paddock, fitted up his camp, posed his groups, rigged his dog teams, etc. One group represented squaws in canoe beating out wild rice *in situ*; another two Indians in canoe spearing fish. There was a home camp with squaws and papoose in standing cradle; a Canadian traveling cariole with fur-clad occupant and driver behind on snowshoes; a tepee with its furniture, fire and primitive cooking apparatus; a Red River cart from northwestern Minnesota, peculiar to the fur trade half a century ago. Of the quality of this primitive exhibit, it may be remarked of the figures in the fishing canoe that they were so close to life that they engaged the discussion of a Mississippi "cracker" and his wife, who finally settled the question by prodding the spearman with the point of a cotton umbrella to see if the figure was real. As a sequence to this episode, they afterward tested the living group of the dignified Gall, wife and son (who formed part of the Dakota exhibit), in the same way, with a recklessness which would have cost them their hair had the contretemps occurred on their native prairie a few years sooner.

Associated with Mr. Hallock's exhibit was a reproduction of Minnehaha Falls in real water, about half-size, by Prof. N. H. Winchell, of the Minnesota University. The whole was viewed with great interest, and elicited a full meed of praise from the newspapers of the period.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

The Fate of Tom Allston.

EL PASO, Texas, May 8.—It is with profound regret that I have to announce the death of Tom Allston, the guide who accompanied us into the Sierra Madres last fall. He left Casas Grandes about the middle of January alone to prospect, and some six weeks later his dog reached Casas Grandes in a half-famished condition, but even then no great alarm was felt (as he was accustomed to being out for months at a time), until some time in March a party of prospectors came across the half-burned remains of a man just north of the Hole (which place formed the subject of a recent article in *FOREST AND STREAM*), and although there was left no clue by which to recognize him, it is almost certain that poor old Tom met his fate alone in that desolate wilderness, and the supposition is that he was working his way along in hopes of finding the trail leading into the cañon, and was discovered by some of its bloodthirsty Apache inhabitants and murdered, and his outfit taken. I had warned him on several occasions during our hunt last fall against going into that section alone, but he always declared there was no danger, etc.

I am now more determined than ever to go into that place next fall and am now quietly at work organizing a party of eight to explore that cañon, and woe to the red devil that crosses our path. It is said that they guard very carefully and jealously the secrets of their fastness—some say because the cañon is rich in gold, but most probably because they are renegades and fear a visit from American troops; but I am determined to find out what brave Tom Allston lost his life trying to discover.

I. J. BUSH.

A Relic of Indian Days.

SOME two miles back of my house there is an old Indian relic such as I have never seen mentioned in *FOREST AND STREAM*.

In a ledge some thirty-five feet in length, of what was no doubt once solid granite, is an old Indian mill, or mortar. No one can tell anything as to its age. Here the Indians (no doubt) hundreds of years ago ground or pounded whatever grain they had. This mortar or Indian mill, as it is called, is some eighteen inches in diameter at top, three feet deep and tapers from top to bottom. Years ago it was apparently very smooth inside, but the action of time and weather has caused seams and roughness. The front edge has crumbled away, owing, as I am told, to a fire which ran over that section some years ago. To dig out of granite such a place would entail hard work with modern drills. How the Indians did it with the tools they had, seems a mystery. I have been looking over this Indian mortar with the intention of trying to remove it to some place near my house. It evidently cannot be split out entire. The back half looks as though I could get it out whole. The front half would have to be taken out in pieces and afterward put together.

I have never heard of similar Indian relics, and would like to know if others exist.

C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N. H., May 16.

Natural History.

The Eel and its Migration.

(Concluded from page 384.)

It may be said that while the leading incidents of the eel's life history are probably, they are not indubitably determined. Our streams appear to be tenanted by at least two varieties, distinguished by differences in color and shape of head, one being silvery upon the underside, the other yellow. It is the former that is the migrating eel, and the fanciful theory has been advanced that its colors are a nuptial dress, for with its array of white, it decks itself with a splash of black, its pectoral fins becoming dark as jet. This change of appearance is, however, in all probability, simply the assumption of a coloration adapted to the conditions of its new abode, and is not very different from that assumed by the young salmon or smolt, when it sets out upon its first voyage to the sea. The silver or migratory eel is sharper nosed, fatter and usually of a better flavor than its yellow sexually undeveloped, and stay at home companion. It is the latter that abides in the mud through the winter, not unlikely prolonging its fresh-water sojourn three or four years before donning its traveling dress and voyaging to the dungeons of the distant deep.

In what selective order this migration is accomplished is uncertain; perhaps all the eels of a certain age depart together, or a portion only of each year's hatching may depart seaward, the remainder following the next season. In such manner it appears that the salmon of English rivers guards its race against extinction, nearly half the fry departing when one year old, a similar portion when two years old, while a small fraction lingers until the third year of their existence. With the salmon of the Rhine, Miescher has found that the adults return from the sea at intervals of about three years, a larger proportion migrating each successive period, the third being the largest and the last. Upon the principle of not putting all their eggs in one basket, the eels of each generation may also migrate in detachments, and thus the better insure the continuance of a particular colony or race. The male eels are of smaller size and are present in the streams in smaller numbers than the females. Dr. Hermes found but 11 per cent. in the Elbe, 120 miles from its mouth, and none at all thirty miles further up, and other observations support his conclusion that the eels mainly abide in salt or brackish water, and there await the descent of the females.

In their outward migration the eels probably project their outward course to some definite point in the ocean, each fluvial colony possessing its particular haunts to which generation after generation resorts. It would seem further likely that it is essential that this nursery be situated not only at a depth of three hundred fathoms, but also in excess of that figure. Deep-sea fish, doubtless, need a range of vertical movement, and, therefore, can-

not be expected to cramp themselves within an attenuated stratum when the requisite amplitude of space is attainable just beyond. Depths of four hundred fathoms, which it seems probable that eels would seek, seldom exist in proximity to the land, the migrating swarms therefore cannot accomplish their life's supreme mission without voyaging long and far through the darkness of the under sea. The exquisitely sensitive photographic plate immersed in the greater depths that they traverse with the directness of the arrow's flight, cannot detect a remnant of the sunshine that may beat down above them. Perhaps unconscious of alternating night and day, the lone voyagers speed through reaches of unvarying gloom, and attain their distant bourn only to feed the coming with the flickering flame of the departing life.

Reference has hitherto been made to the immensity of the eel population of the Thames and other rivers emptying into the North Sea. The myriad migrants upon quitting these various streams are remote from the inky depths to which an irresistible instinct doubtless impels them. In the German Ocean, the North Sea and the British Channel the depth rarely exceeds fifty fathoms, and, to attain the watery profound that they probably seek, the anxious travelers must venture many leagues to the north of the Shetland Islands, to the west of the Hebrides and Iceland, or to the south and west of Cornwall. Each fluvial colony probably betakes itself to a distinct locality, the distance from the mouth of the Thames to three or four hundred fathom water being five or six hundred miles, and yet the long, dark and devious voyage is doubtless accomplished with certainty and precision over the shortest route. Wherever its goal may be, probably in few cases is that course projected over a straight line, the windings involved in the attainment of the Atlantic deeps are many, to the east, south and west must the head of the toiling caravan be successively turned.

In all the streams emptying into the North and Baltic seas, eels are abundant, Holland and Denmark exporting great quantities to Great Britain. To these countries and to Germany and Scandinavia the eel gains access through the North Sea, and yet, although dredged by hundreds of trawlers, no eel larvæ, eel eggs or other sign of the neighborhood of their spawning grounds has been discovered. In the fall the Baltic eels move southward, turning west and north into the Danish Sound, to then disappear into the Cattegat. Along the Swedish and Danish coasts they are caught with traps set at the bottom, sometimes as deep as nine or ten fathoms. Despite this thick screen of overlying water, these haunts of obscurity appear to travel only on the darkest nights, their active movement beginning an hour after sunset, becoming strongest at two in the morning, and ceasing an hour and a half before sunrise. This foreknowledge of the unheralded dawn is as mysterious as that of a Patagonian finch (*Divea minor*) whose marvellously sweet song breaks forth from the darkness like a matin bell, and soon after the first pale streaks of light are discernible in the east. Night after night, if favorable, throngs of eels thus pass along the Swedish and Danish coasts, seeming to retire by day to deeper waters, to resume, at its close, their voyage under cover of darkness and the contiguous land. Whether this apparent resting during daylight is continued after attaining the deeper waters of the Cattegat and of the seas beyond is, of course, uncertain. The coast is not closely followed along its entire extent by the hurrying voyagers, the best places for eel fishing being in bays toward promontories which turn toward the places from which they come. The eels come close to the shore, pass along it for some distance and again return to deep water, at some places striking the Danish, at others the Swedish coast. The hugging of the shore during the migration is also, to some extent, characteristic of salmon, and the habit with both fish may possibly be a pursuance of certain landmarks. If this be so, if a memory of distinctive features of the long route operates to guide and direct the wandering columns, then it seems evident, must such memory be inherited by the returning swarm of elvers. The journey from the inky profound of the distant Atlantic, through the depths of minor seas and the shallows of various straits and sounds, passing the coasts of different nations and peoples, is bewildering in its complexity. Far more difficult of solution than the age-long mystery of its reproduction is the eel's migration, its voyaging, with varied directions of course, but with precision of accomplishment, the dim obscurity of the nether sea.

The contention that the eel breeds in abyssal depths lacks the full and absolute demonstration that is required to place beyond controversy a question that has been mooted for ages. Briefly, the evidence may be summarized as follows: The eel certainly goes far seaward, it has been dredged up a hundred miles off the mouth of the Hudson River, also from the bottom of the North Sea, and has been discovered in the stomach of the sperm whale, a creature that finds its subsistence far below the surface. Again, the eel's wide distribution is evidence that its marine journeyings are probably extensive; it is found in remote islands—Iceland, the Bermudas, Madeira, Azores, Grenada, Dominica and various others in the Atlantic—it being clear that only a far-wandering fish could have attained these isolated and widely separated localities. In the Mediterranean the larvæ has been found at a depth of three hundred fathoms, also in the stomach of a deep-sea fish frequenting waters of that depth, and in the Atlantic waters, off the New Jersey coast, specimens have been taken by the U. S. Fish Commissioner's steamer, the *Albatross*, where the depth was nearly 1,000 fathoms. The eel's strenuous avoidance of light at its migration period, its apparent quest of absolute darkness, and the enlargement of its eye are circumstances further supporting the contention that it buries itself in the abyssal depths of the sea, that it there finds a secure nursery for its brood. The immensity of the elver's landward migration, despite its probable thinning by marine enemies during its course, and also during the year of larval existence, is proof that the swarm issues from a region that has harbored them in comparative safety. Physical peculiarities of the eel, other than its enlarged eye, also tend to show that it is a deep-sea fish. Says Dr. Guenther, in his Report on Deep-Sea Fishes: "The development of the muciferous system is a peculiarity that indicates the bathyal nature of a fish." The peculiar slimmness of the eel is thus an evidence of its abyssal abode, and the turning black of its pectorals may be an-

other, for Guenther states that a black coloration of the pharynx is an allied distinctive feature. Concerning the slime-secreting organ, he says: "Whether it is to be regarded as an excretory or sensory organ, it is clear that its extraordinary development in so many deep-sea fishes must stand in relation to some one of the abyssal conditions under which they live." Finally, it may be urged that the elver's disposition to travel by day is the fit and proper expression of a migratory instinct that seeks the opposite of existing conditions, impelling it to quit an abode of gloom and shadow and to aspire to the brightness of the upper world.

The larva, like its parent, is a creature of darkness; it retreats from the light, burrowing into the bottom of its aquarium, but with its passage into the elver it needs and acquires instincts incident to its new state of being. Necessarily, the first of these is that which impels it to assemble, and in the blackness of the deep the marshaling of the infantile host is doubtless accomplished with order and precision. Their departure for an unseen goal is probably in darkness, the desire to attain the light developing during the journey, impelling them, as they approach the land, to quit the shadowy but securer way and confront the dangers that impend above.

In English rivers, according to Jesse, the ascending columns have been observed to give off detachments at the mouth of each tributary, the main body proceeding onward, as though conscious of another destination. In France, also, distinct portions of the crowded schools are noticed deploying at the junction of each branch, to then wander along its course. The stocking of the rivers is evidently systematic, and the well-ordered distribution must, seemingly, be either the result of an inherited memory of ancestral abiding places, or of a telepathic perception of the occupants of each tributary to which the successive detachments resort. It has already appeared that eels abide in fresh water a number of seasons, annually throwing off seafaring troops whose returning progeny may have a more or less remote cognizance of their stay-at-home kindred.

The faculty of mutual recognition possessed by the individuals of large animal communities, such as those of cattle, bees, ants, etc., appears to be often exercised over indefinite distances. An attribution of this mysterious power to the eel may best explain the infallibility of direction with which their progeny, after probably traversing in some instances hundreds of miles of inky depths, attain their destined stream, to then ascend it in countless myriads and populate each tributary with a methodical and well-arranged allotment of its mass. The journey of the tiny fledglings is the initial ventures of their lives, the long way is untried, but without guidance or pilotage they launch out into the darkness, and emerging therefrom find themselves strangers in strange waters. Breasting the latter's current, their arduous voyage probably finds its proper conclusion in the bosom of their near kin, to abide with or near them until recalled to the deep that gave them birth.

Eels are gregarious, and the basis of their polity is, doubtless, the limited assemblage termed the school. Mere propinquity may suffice to establish a bond of union with fish as with animals, thus it has been observed that a large and miscellaneous gathered herd of cattle, driven to a distant market over Australian plains, formed, after a few days, an apparent knowledge of each other, without, in every individual instance, coming in contact, and, therefore, any stranger attempting to come into the herd found every horn directed against it. Certain bunches of cattle kept together, perhaps by reason of kinship or previous association, so that it would appear that a recognition of temporary connection with masses of unrelated individuals may exist apart from that of kinship. Similarly, the associative recognition of a large body of eels, although composed of many colonies, may exist in conjunction with a perception of the more intimate tie binding the smaller aggregations. It is likely that the eels of each small tributary and of different reaches of the larger streams from distinct bodies, the mature individuals assembling prior to their seaward migration, at which time, like other migratory fish, they abstain from food. This association is maintained to the end, and a consciousness of its subtle tie apparently descends to the next generation, impelling it to form upon the return migration a distinct assemblage, and it may not be too much to assume that a telepathic perception of its distant kin is a material factor in affecting the probable union therewith.

In the migration of the eels of the St. Lawrence the voyage accomplished is exceptionally long and difficult, and merits special mention. The frail and tiny elvers, upon their emergence from their natal realm of darkness, traverse the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and, after contending with the many rapids of its mighty tributary, face the wide expanse of an inland sea. It was the opposition of a relentless current that had hitherto directed the course of these ultimate voyagers, that clue now fails them, for, more than any other, the waters of the great lake obey the impulse of the inconstant wind. Nevertheless, at the appointed time, in each and all of Ontario's many streams, from its humblest tributary to Niagara's mighty flood, there rises its allotted living tide. Each separate detachment, doubtless, attains its goal with certitude and dispatch, and, not improbably, by a direct course across the broad bosom of the lake. Whether projected in an undeviating line over or under the trackless water—along a winding coast, in either case, the accomplishment is a marvel and inexplicable save upon the assumption that the little navigators possess an occult perception of their various destinations.

The elvers that colonize Niagara River must nearly the entire length of the lake, and despite depletion upon the way, arrive in countless myriads. About twenty-five years ago Prof. Baird, then United States Fish Commissioner, stated with reference to this subject:

As might be expected, the Falls constitute an impassable barrier to their ascent. The fish is very abundant in Ontario, and until artificially introduced, was unknown in Lake Erie. At the present time, in the spring and summer the visitor who enters under the sheet of water at the foot of the Falls, will be astonished at the number of young eels crawling over the slippery rocks and squirming in the seething whirlpools. An estimate of hundreds of wagon loads, visible at the place referred to, would hardly be considered excessive by those who have visited the spot at a suitable season of the year.—Hist. Aquat. Animals, Sec. 1, p. 632.

This enormous multitude, visible only at one spot of

the thickly curtained fall, have attained their utmost verge after long contention with the St. Lawrence's fiercely rushing tide, they have overcome the dangers and hardships of the far-famed whirlpool rapids, where the drainage of nearly half a continent is compressed within a width of 300 yards, all this they have done, and more, only, at the last, to immolate themselves in the clutch of the world's mightiest cataract. It has been urged that the eels obtain access to Lake Ontario through the canals, but if so, their numbers must be inconsiderable, for no such migratory hordes have been observed as darken the flood gates of English rivers with a continuous layer of climbing fish. Not improbably Niagara River below the Falls is occupied by a large colony of eels, subsisting in great measure upon the fish that, swept over the cataract, are killed or disabled by its tremendous force. It may reasonably be presumed that the innumerable army of elvers is the progeny of the annual offshoots of this particular colony, that, at the conclusion of their voyage, be-take themselves to the ancestral stream.

The birthplace of the eels that attain the headwaters of Lake Ontario is probably in the depths of the Atlantic lying beyond the great island of Newfoundland. In the lower portion of the Gulf of St. Lawrence are several places where the water reaches a depth of from 250 to 300 fathoms, but it is very doubtful if the far-wandering crea-tures resort to pools of such limited depth and area. The oceanic profound is easily accessible, a hundred leagues of marine voyaging is of little moment to travelers who have undergone the dangers and difficulties of turbulent river navigation. Abundant food and other conditions essential to the development of their offspring are prob-ably incident only to the great depth, and there, in all probability, their parental instinct impels them. It may even be that some of the erratic migrants resort to the mid-Atlantic. The headwater salmon of the Yukon and of the Amoor, in their conquest of the rapid currents of those mighty rivers, probably pass through six or seven thousand miles of water, in addition to a previous thou-sand miles traversed in the ocean. The accomplishment of but a small fraction of this distance would effect the eel's utmost removal from the land; it is a hardy and an enterprising voyager, and therefore the assumption is permissible that large colonies, seeking an isolated retire-ment, may disperse themselves over wide oceanic areas in some instances, very remote from the coast.

The voyages that begin and end the life of the upper Ontario eel may not be so long as those which herald the birth and death of its brother of the North Baltic and of the Gulf of Bothnia. Probably 200 miles of lake, 800 of river and gulf, and 300 of ocean navigation is the ultimate accomplishment of both the adult and the infant pilgrims, the latter, tiny creatures, having but the length and thick-ness of three inches of ordinary fishing line. Traversing salt and fresh waters, the one in darkness, the other in light, contending with the seething rapid or thundering cataract, the end of many weeks of toil and travel is, doubtless, the attainment of an allotted bourn, a definite goal; but the manner and the means of this wondrous achievement may perhaps be an abiding mystery of the most enigmatic and elusive of creatures.

A. H. GOURAUD.

BROOKLYN.

The Birds of Guam.

IDA M. CARTER writes in the Springfield Republican: It is interesting to note that the Bernice Pauahi Museum in Honolulu sent out the first scientific expedition to Guam. Its record has been printed as No. 3 of the Occa-sional Papers of the museum. Alvin Seale, the collector for this institution, furnishes much interesting matter in his report. Guam is the largest of the twenty-one small volcanic islands of the Marianas or Ladrones group. We own this one only. For some reason we did not take in the others in our purchase from Spain. They extend in a group north and south for about 400 miles. Magalhaes (Magellan) discovered them in 1521. Since then their original population has been exterminated and has been replaced by another people. Guam is several times as large as New York Island, being thirty-two miles long and twelve miles broad. The coast line is bold and rocky, with high hills in the interior. The tops of the mountains are sometimes barren, sometimes covered with tall grass. They reach to an elevation of 1,800 feet in the northwest. The island is densely wooded—or was so until recently. It is from fifty to seventy-five feet above sea level; there are a few small fresh-water ponds and marshes, and eight or ten small streams.

Mr. Seale's list of the birds of Guam gives some fifty-eight species, a dozen being probably peculiar to the place. Wigglesworth (in "Aves Polynesiae," 1891), mentions thirty-two. Each writer has birds not occurring in the other's list, and Mr. Seale did not find all of Wigglesworth's birds. Some half of the number are sea birds or water birds. The former belong to wide-ranging species spread out over most of Polynesia, such as terns, gannets, tropic birds, frigate birds and the like. Mr. Seale did not find the gull or the albatross. The snow-white terns con-gregate in the jungles and contrast prettily with the green foliage. Aloft in the air sail the tropic birds, whose white wings glitter like silver in the bright sunlight. Peculiar to the island are two rails, a bittern and a wild duck, all

There is a variety of shore birds, snipe and sand-piper. Many of these merely stop over on Guam during migrations between America and Asia.

Capt. Pedro Duarty, of the Spanish army, in-duced the pigmy quail from Manila. This is a small bird about five inches long. It is getting plenty and thriving. Another East Indian bird, the handsome jungle fowl, is found wild here, and a species of brush turkey. There are no eagles, geese, cranes, pheasants or jays; but a hawk is met with and a crow. This bird is at his old tricks; he is lively, noisy and destructive to young corn. "This Kubary's crow" does not "caw," but makes a sound like a "quack," somewhat like the Hawaiian crow, as I fancy. There is one peculiarity, his feathers are white or light gray underneath, "so that if the outer half or two-thirds of the feathers were worn off, we should have a white crow." Kingfishers abound, blue in color above and cinnamon underneath. They keep up a noise day and night, thereby tormenting the late governor, Leary, who

tried to get those in the vicinity of the palace killed off. It seems, however, that he made little impression on them, and they still clatter away in the early morning as usual. Moreover, though lizards and grasshoppers form their usual diet, they seek to feast on young chickens. These birds are genuine Guam natives.

The island governor in the tale who desired to construct a color scheme illustrated by stuffed parrots could find no material here. No birds of the kind, nor jays, nor thrushes, nor the English sparrow, occur on Guam. There is, however, a goatsucker and a starling. Among the smaller birds are two flycatchers and a reed warbler, liv-ing in the swamps. "Early in the morning his liquid sweet song can be heard, reminding one very much of the mock-ingbird." Inasmuch as the haunts of the reed warbler are being turned into rice fields, it is likely that he will die out. Several "honey-eaters," small and pretty birds, red, green and yellow, complete the list of the birds of Guam.

Seaboard Air Line.—VII.

Report to May 15.

I HAVE to report a most satisfactory, in fact, I may say the most satisfactory, spring business that this reliable old road has done in years.

Travel set in early, and was extremely heavy during the first week in May, when the number of travelers broke all records for many years past. Between the 3d and 7th inst. there was a veritable rush. In a short stroll of less than an hour, covering about three acres in extent, I saw on the 5th inst. several hundreds of our resident and transient guests that had arrived over night—for the same locality, save for a few residents, was deserted on the 4th inst. The morning was overcast, wind light south-east, temperature 50 degrees between 8 and 9 o'clock (dur-ing my stroll), but in spite of east wind and dismal weather all the birds seemed jubilant, while their mingled chirps, calls and rollicking songs, were something to be remembered with a big red letter in the books.

There was the usual variety, but with so very many more individuals of each, as to put the records of past few years to shame.

Among this host there were some families that passed all bounds in this locality, in number of their representa-tives. Not counting twice for each bird, I counted 57 chewinks, 17 golden-crowned thrush, 11 catbirds, 15 swamp robins (*Mustelinus*), while the frowsy young blooms of the oaks were alive with agile vireos. I will not enumerate further, the above-mentioned being very prominent in point of numbers, I merely wish to mark the fact. Over 80 per cent. of the chewinks were dingy-plumaged females.

The 5th inst. was evidently the culmination of the migration, for though the passing was continuous, both before and after, the great wave of birds surged over us on that date.

The last week in April brought us a fine male Virginia cardinal, who used his clear voice hereabout with great effect till about May 3. Baltimore orioles made amends for their late arrival of last year (May 12) by putting in an appearance on the 7th inst., while whip-poor-wills were calling through the dusk on the 8th.

Though a great host has passed, we rejoice to find our residents in greater numbers than in many, many years. Such an unusual state of affairs has led to correspond-ence with Mr. Wm. Dutcher, chairman of the National Committee of the Audubon Societies, and I am delighted to hear from him of a like invasion by the "feathered hordes" in the vicinity of Rochester, N. Y. I trust later reports will tell of like invasions "all along the line."

In your issue of May 3 Mr. Dutcher makes an appeal to the sportsmen of the country to refrain from wanton de-struction of non-game birds. I am sure all sportsmen will heartily indorse this appeal, and have the courage to carry their convictions afield.

In concluding this, my seventh report under the same caption, let me call attention to the fact that reference to previous reports will show that there has been a gradual increase of the passenger traffic on the "Air Line." It is in order, therefore, that with No. 7 (a complete num-ber), I am able to testify to the almost complete success of the effort of our Audubon societies to afford protec-tion to our helpless songsters, and their equally helpless kin. In no other way can I account for the increase of migrants during the past few years. They should receive full credit for the marked success of their labors, as evi-denced in the spring migration of 1902.

WILMOT TOWNSEND.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Free Ownership of Guns.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Considerable agitation seems to exist regarding the licensing of guns in this country. Some advocate the payment of a fee for the privilege of owning a gun—such a law, in fact, as exists in European countries to-day.

The strength and safety of a nation lies principally in its ability to fight. In these days the ability to fight de-pends on the ability to shoot. Were China's people familiar with the handling of firearms, and good shots, avaricious Europe would not be snapping and snarling at her door to-day, and there would be no talk of dis-membering that country. Were we as unfamiliar with the use of firearms as China, the world would witness the same scenes enacted at our door as at the door of China.

Well-disciplined troops are a difficult proposition for an enemy to overcome. But it has recently been demon-strated that an army not so well disciplined, but com-posed of better shots, proves far more formidable, num-bers equal, than the most perfectly disciplined troops who cannot shoot as accurately. This was proved when our 23,000 comparatively raw recruits, armed for the most part with obsolete breechloaders, carried entrenchments

and forts manned by 30,000 veterans, armed with modern repeaters, at Santiago.

Naturally we are not a military nation, and in time of war we have always depended on our volunteers; and history proves that our confidence has not been mis-placed. But history also proves that our soldiers have invariably done their good work principally through su-perior marksmanship. The Boers are not considered military by nature, yet their ability to shoot straight has compelled England to send into the Transvaal an army which outnumbered the grown male population of that country. Could the Boers place an equal number of men in the field, and equally as good shots as those they are able to maintain there, who can doubt that British rule would cease in South Africa? And this is not owing to any superior courage of the Boers, for English soldiers have proved on many a bloody field that they are not excelled in courage and the ability to suffer with stolid fortitude. But dead men can neither fight nor suffer, and bullets sent true to the mark make dead men out of the most courageous and best disciplined—and it is necessary to make dead men in order to win battles.

It has proved far easier for a few thousand modern soldiers to march to the walls of Pekin, through mil-lions of Chinamen, than for a splendid army of hundreds of thousands to overcome a few thousand who know how to shoot.

Then in the light of all this, would it not be far wiser to encourage all our citizens to own guns? Rather than create unfamiliarity, among the many, with firearms, would it not be better to agitate rifle shooting as a na-tional sport? Even our women should know how to shoot, and it is an encouraging indication of progress to know that many women are taking to shooting. Rather than breed ignorance of the handling of firearms through restricting laws, would it not be more in keeping with the times to legislate for the establishment of State and national shooting ranges, open to the free use of all the people? Grounds supplied with all modern improvements and a competent instructor to each range? To encourage universal interest prizes might be offered occasionally, and a healthful rivalry created.

Most of the ability of our forefathers to shoot straight was gained in the pursuit of game, but as our game is fast disappearing, practice at inanimate targets should be encouraged, although it is a well-known fact that an animated mark is the more difficult to hit. Constant target practice, however, and an unlicensed ownership of firearms, would do more to cause the world to keep hands off us than any other remedy. It would also help to eliminate the expense of keeping a large standing army.

Lincoln well understood the quality of our people as marksmen in his time, when he said, "All the armies of Europe, backed by the military wealth of the world, could not strike a trail across the Alleghanies and take one sup from the Ohio River by force." This proves that a nation of dead shots can always retain its independence. Then would it be wise in these times to cause universal ignorance of shooting, by imposing a tax which might cause thousands to lose all interest in firearms? Instead of a large expensive army and few good shots, would it not be wiser to have an ever-ready volunteer reserve con-sisting of millions of shooters? A reserve as invincible to overcome as it is impossible to fly to the sun.

The piano is looked upon as an almost indispensable piece of household furniture in these days—better for our country could the rifle hold as important a place in every home. In fact, rifle practice and the manual of arms should form part of the training in the public schools. Some of the nonsensical nothing taught to-day could be dropped and rifle practice substituted to advantage, and our nation would be the gainer. Such teaching would also naturally inculcate in the learner a more careful handling of firearms, and the "didn't know it was loaded" fool would eventually disappear from the land.

And all this need not necessarily interfere with improv-ing our game conditions. The passing of stricter game laws and a rigid enforcement of the same; the estab-lishment of State and national game preserves; a tax on all game killed, or a tax to go afield after game, would amply protect our wild animal life. At the same time free ownership of guns would leave the sinews of war, the masses of the people, unfettered to maintain a familiarity with firearms which would cause a wholesome respect from other nations, ward off war, and secure a long and lasting peace.

WILLIAM H. AVIS.

HIGHWOOD, Conn., May 9.

Wolves.

SAUK CENTER, Minn., April 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Last Tuesday an old she wolf jumped on to my dog, and although she did not hurt him much, she nipped him quite freely until he got away from her. He could not get back to where I was fast enough. I knew what it meant, so went to look for the den, found it and dug out eight young ones.

This means several more coveys of prairie chickens and more ducks and partridges in this section this coming season. The den was strewed, especially down in the hole, with old prairie chicken, duck and partridge feathers of last year.

I made application for my money on them, and was informed that there was no bounty on wolves now, so the \$40 I had seen in my dreams went glimmering. That is a real nice thing, too; it will tend to encourage the hunting of wolves hereafter.

Should a non-resident hunter drop off here for a few days' sport, the whole legislative body would jump on to him and ride him right up to some county auditor's office and then demand that he either take out a license, for which he is obliged to pay \$25, or else leave the State. But in reality one old she wolf with a litter of young to feed, would destroy more birds (before and just after they are hatched) in one night's foraging than this same man would probably kill in a hundred years. Our legis-lators are very far-seeing, indeed, in regard to protecting the game birds of this State.

C. W. VIRGIN,

HARTFORD, Mich.—The following was a strange experi-ence of a woodsman in Baraga county last March: A few miles south of the city of Skanee, Andrew Newman, a

well-known woodsman, was attacked by a deer. Newman was busy at his work in the woods when he was suddenly pounced upon from behind by a medium-sized buck. He dropped the cant hook he was working with, grabbed the deer by the antlers, and with a quick jerk threw the deer in the snow. But what surprised Newman the most, was that the antlers broke off and deer bounded away through the woods, while he stood helplessly by with the antlers in his hand.

Wendell Krisch, the Nestoria trapper, who this season has gained a reputation as the champion wolf slayer of the Northwest, has been paid the bounty on five more wolf pelts which he killed in one week and disposed of for three dollars each. All told this makes \$90 netted from bounties this year. There is \$15 bounty on each wolf. Krisch several months ago captured in a trap a live female wolf, and chained it in the yard at his cabin, from the door of which he leisurely bags the male wolves attracted from the surrounding country. Ever since securing the captive he has been making bi-weekly trips to L'Ance with wolf skins, and bids fair to deplete the county treasury.

One of the largest wolves ever killed in the Upper Peninsula was shot this year by L. A. Miller, a Lower Michigan attorney, who for the past five years has lived alone and for his health in an abandoned lumber camp twelve miles from Iron Mountain. The wolf weighed 180 pounds and stood three feet high.

Joe Young, a copper country trapper who has killed many wolves and wildcats in and about Houghton, had an exciting experience. He was returning to camp after having made the rounds of his traps, and at nightfall was followed by a pack of wolves. There were many of the animals, and Youngs considered it discretion, although he was armed, to take to a tree. He found refuge on a limb and was soon besieged. At times the trapper would fire into the pack, which he could but dimly see, but all night with a temperature below zero, the man clung to his perch. At daybreak the wolves disappeared, leaving behind them two dead, and blood in the snow which indicated that others had been wounded. Youngs made a small fortune last winter, receiving \$15 from the State and \$7 from the county for every wolf killed.

If this last story is true, what a fool Youngs was that he did not set his traps around this tree. He could have had all the wolves in Houghton township in the morning.

SULLIVAN COOK.

Stop-Over Tickets for Wildfowl.

WATERTOWN, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your recent illustrated supplement "Canada Special" was good, but I wish that every sportsman in the State who believes that the wildfowl have a through ticket to Canada could take a trip to Jefferson and see the vast multitudes that had stop-over tickets for this county this spring.

W. H. TALLETT.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in *FOREST AND STREAM*.

The Hidden Pool.

HIGH in the Sierras, where the pines
Drop their cones by the rock-rimb'd stream,
Under a tangle of ferns and vines,
There lies a pool where the brook trout teem.

'Tis rimm'd by willows and alders green,
And banked by boulders and golden sand;
Dark it lies, and it hides unseen,
Waiting the cast of the master hand.

And often a buck at eventide
Mirrors his crest in the crystal pool,
To see himself in his antler'd pride
And rest in the shade of the alders cool.

And sometimes, too, a shy black bear,
Nosing about for a choice tidbit,
Will come to feast on the berries there,
For he knows the pool and the joys of it.

And beyond the pool, above, below,
The wild rose buds and blooms and fades,
And the flaunting tiger lilies blow
In this, the fairest of sylvan glades.

I don't know where, by a rule and line,
(Though you scale the peaks and wade the stream),
To tell you to find this pool of mine,
For I think myself it is just a dream.

But high in the Sierras, where the pines
Drop their cones down the mountain-side,
Under the tangled wild grapevines,
There lies a pool where the big trout hide.

AUGUST 29, 1901.

ROBERT ERSKINE ROSS.

Angling Talk.

HERE is a story which a central New York angler tells concerning fishing for trout after dark, his own language being used: "Without mentioning exactly where the fishing was done, I will simply say that I visited one of those little streams which start away back in the country somewhere, and after playing hide and seek through one or more pieces of woodland, come boldly out into the open fields, and race, dance and splash down where indications of civilization are more abundant, there suggesting to imaginative people who witness their antics that they may contain trout. A man whom I had supposed to be a friend of mine recently saw such a promising looking stream, perhaps from the window of a railway coach or possibly from a carriage while driving along a country highway, and subsequently remarked that he knew where there was a good trout brook which could be reached in a few hours' ride. I made some inquiries concerning its whereabouts, and manifested so much interest that my informant probably could not find the heart to say he did not possess any actual knowledge that the creek contained

trout. Appearances are sometimes deceptive, it is said, and this statement is as applicable to a supposed trout stream as to anything else I can think of. Another friend had informed me that the proper way to catch big trout was to angle for them at night, using white wood grubs for bait. Of course I had just as soon catch big fish as small ones, and as the suggestion as to night fishing struck me as a good one, I decided to act upon it. Unfortunately I was unable to procure any live wood grubs, but in a fishing tackle store I found a big assortment of effigies of miniature insect life, each of them straddling a formidable looking hook. These impressed me as being quite as attractive as the real thing, and certainly they would be more agreeable to handle. One particularly plump looking grub made of white cotton, hemstitched down the side, tucked about the waist and at two or three other points, and shirred at both ends, with a russet leather foretop and black, beady eyes, was finally selected. The balance of the necessary tackle I already possessed. The sable mantle of night had just been thrown over the country landscape and the ends carefully tucked in under the shrubbery adjacent to the stream, when I found myself on the stream where the sport was supposed to begin. After consuming a good many matches and much valuable time, I finally succeeded in putting my rod together and getting everything in readiness for fishing. Proceeding up stream as cautiously as my impatience and the uneven character of the land would permit, I plunked the wood grub into the water here and there with varying success. When I say 'varying success' I do not mean to have it understood that a trout was caught now and then, for the expression simply relates to my efforts to get the bait into the water and out again, principally the latter. That hook was one of the best I ever saw for catching on to submerged sticks, logs and rusty tin cans, but for some reason or other it didn't seem to please the trout. I have read somewhere that an angler from the metropolis, equipped with all the modern appliances for fly-fishing, once made his appearance on the bank of a little stream in the rural districts, and hailing a farmer who was at work in a field, inquired: 'I say, friend, are there any trout in this brook?' The reply was: 'Maybe there is. I never heard of any being caught out of it.' It is possible that I was fishing on that very stream. At any rate, I did not break the record that night, for there were just as many trout in it when I ceased fishing as there were when I began."

I wonder how many readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* have had sufficient experience in the use of the artificial fly known as the green-drake to warrant them in saying from their own observation that speckled trout can sometimes be taken with this particular fly when all others fail. The green-drake is a prime favorite with such anglers as have thoroughly tested it, although with the majority of fly-fishermen it is perhaps no better known than the gray and yellow drakes, and by no means so popular as a score of other flies that might be mentioned. For many years past the green-drake has had a position of honor in my fly-book, and I am never without a few reserve ones for use in case they are needed. My first object lesson as to the merits of the green-drake was taken a long time ago in the Adirondacks, while a party of us were fishing on Horn Lake, a small sheet of water perhaps a quarter of a mile in diameter, lying very close to the division between Herkimer and Hamilton counties, and not far from the south fork of the South Branch of Moose River. The lake is on a mountain top, several hundred feet above the river, and is fed by springs which bubble up from the bottom and one or two very small spring brooks which flow into it. The water is clear as crystal, and very cold, and the depth ranges from a few inches near the shores to perhaps twenty or twenty-five feet in the deepest part. It is an ideal trout lake, and, so far as its history can be traced, they have always existed there. There are very few bodies of water in the Adirondacks which in proportion to their size have yielded as many speckled beauties as this one, and it contains no other kind of fish. In former years, before there was a law limiting the number of pounds of trout which a person could transport, and prior to the enactment of the section which prohibits fishing through the ice in waters inhabited by trout, it was not an uncommon thing to see men come out from this lake early in the spring carrying pack baskets filled with speckled trout, which they brought to Utica and sold. While a party of us were on our way to the woods one spring we met a man returning from the lake, and he offered us his entire catch of fifty or sixty pounds of trout at 30 cents a pound. Although the law has had some effect in checking the wholesale demands made upon this lake, there are yet those who fish there fully as early as the statute allows, and every spring, shortly after the season opens, they come out with quite as many pounds of fish as it is legal for them to have. This kind of work has proved a serious drain on the natural resources of the lake, and as no effort has been made to keep it stocked, the fishing has greatly deteriorated.

The insects known as the drakes are classed by scientists in the order Ephemeroptera. They exist for a short time as drakes, day flies or May flies, as they are variously styled, in two distinct stages, called the sub-imago and the imago. The abdominal portion of the body is long and slender, and attached to it, in tail fashion, are two or three long and delicate stylets. The wings are net veined. The insects when mature survive but a brief period, but their larvæ and pupæ, whose habitat is in the mud and under stones and aquatic vegetation, exist for two or three years, before assuming the form of the imago or drakes. The latter, after they have shed their pupa skins, are often seen in very great numbers on or over the water about sundown in early summer time. The green-drake usually appears on the surface of the lake or river, as the case may be, some time during May or June, when the pupa skin bursts open and the fly comes forth. The green drake is the sub-imago, and later, after undergoing another change, it is transformed into the gray drake. In trout waters where green drakes are plentiful, they form a favorite article of diet for the fish, and during the time they are flying it is next to impossible to induce the speckled beauties to look at any other morsel.

At the time when I took my first object lesson on the subject of green-drakes, three of us had been fishing on Horn Lake for two or three hours one afternoon in

early summer without meeting with any success, and we had begun to fear that the supply of trout was very limited. Between 5 and 6 o'clock, however, the speckled beauties began to break water in all parts of the lake, and from the disturbance which was occasioned in certain localities, we knew that there were several very large ones engaged in the acrobatic performance which was in progress. It was an exciting time for us, as we wanted trout badly, and there was now no mistaking the fact that there were plenty of them in the lake, and good ones, too. The three of us worked faithfully, skimming our flies over every spot within reaching distance where we had seen a rise, and wherever we guessed there might be one, but without avail. The trout were given a choice line of samples to select from, as we made numerous shifts of flies during the next hour or so, but they positively ignored them all. Angleworms were also tried, but they proved equally ineffectual. Sometimes there would be two or three rises, almost simultaneously, within less than sixty feet of the rafts on which we stood while fishing, and not infrequently a trout would come to the surface not more than twenty feet away. As may readily be imagined, the situation at length became rather provoking, and the relief was great when the key to it was finally discovered.

We had noticed that a rather conspicuous fly would appear on the surface of the lake now and then, and as promptly disappear, amid a swirl of water caused by the rush of a hungry trout, but for some time we failed to see one close enough and long enough to determine its general make up. The flies were not very numerous, and the trout were so active that they did not allow the insects to remain in sight very long. As nearly as we could judge the flies looked to be quite light in color, nearly white, and, thinking to humor the fish, we tried practically all of the light-colored flies we had, but, as has been stated, it was to no purpose. Fortunately, before our stock of patience was exhausted, a green drake appeared on the water within a few feet of the raft on which I was standing, so that I had an opportunity of inspecting it quite closely. At the time I did not know its name, but the thought immediately occurred to me that I had some flies called the green-drake, which bore a marked resemblance to this one, and, as they were among the few in my book which I had not tried, I promptly attached one to my leader. To say that the experiment proved successful is putting it very mildly, for from that time until it became too dark to readily hook and play a trout, we took in the speckled beauties as fast as we could handle them. At my second cast with the new fly in the combination a big fellow, weighing 1½ pounds, took it almost the instant it fell on the water, and another of about the same size was captured on the next cast. After pausing long enough to furnish my companions with flies of the same sort, I resumed the sport, which was fast and furious while it lasted. Only on a very few occasions have I seen as fine a lot of speckled trout caught in such a limited space of time as we had when we went back to camp that evening, and every one of them was taken on green-drake flies.

A little later in the season I took a trip up the West Canada Creek as far as the outlet of Honnedaga Lake, or Jock's Lake Outlet, as it was then known, and on my return stopped for dinner at the Noblesboro House, near the junction of the East and West branches of the West Canada. There I met a friend who was boarding at the hotel, and he told me about seeing some big trout jumping at flies in the little still water just below the forks, but he had nothing in his assortment of flies which they would so much as look at. I questioned him a little and soon made up my mind from his description of the insects which the fish were feeding on, that they were the green-drakes. On being informed that there might be a fly in my collection which would tempt the trout, he volunteered to take me to the spot. Again the effectiveness of the green-drake was demonstrated beyond a doubt, and my friend had the satisfaction of possessing three of the big speckled beauties which he had made repeated ineffectual attempts to capture.

By way of concluding this little talk about green-drakes, it will not be irrelevant for me to add that I have never known the artificial fly of this pattern to be even up to the average in point of merit when there were none of the real insects on the water.

W. E. WOLCOTT.

UTICA, N. Y., April 26.

Cannot Catch Them.

SOUTHBORO, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Not a great way from this quiet little borough is a small pond of clear, cold spring water. It is bounded wholly by the land of one individual, consequently he controls the pond and all it contains. As it appeared to be nearly destitute of fish life, he determined to stock it with some good gamey fish, which, if they thrived, might afford him sport and food (for thought). A friend expatriated on the merits of the German trout, and the pond owner introduced the fry. That was a number of years ago. The fish must have thrived, because they are seen jumping every season, but up to the present time the pond owner has not been able to judge of their table qualities, they refuse to be taken by fly, minnow or any other lure obtainable. The owner has appealed to me, but the German trout is a sealed book to me. I appeal to you and the angling fraternity. Who ever caught a German trout, and how did he do it? And what kind of aristocrats are they anyway? Will some one kindly explain the method of capture through the columns of *FOREST AND STREAM*, and thereby relieve the strain on pond owner's system.

J. W. B.

[By German trout our correspondent probably means the brown trout of Europe, and the flies and baits used for it are those used for the common brook trout. We would advise the pond owner to extend to some practical angler an invitation to visit the waters.]

Like Rare Wine.

BLACKINTON, Mass., May 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I take pleasure in adding my mite to the subscription list for the year 1902. Like rare wine, *FOREST AND STREAM* is improving with age.

E. W. B.

New England Fishing.

A Cold Season.

Boston, May 17.—Though the fishing season opened very early at all New England waters, it is doubtful if much time has been gained by the sportsmen. The weather has been remarkably cold and blustering. Accounts from the returning sportsmen show that they have suffered much from the weather. The Harry Moore party to Spring Lake, Flagstaff, Me., had anything but an enjoyable time, after the worst weather begun. In the party were such veteran anglers and experts as Harry B. Moore, Dr. J. O. French, Leroy S. Brown, and Henry C. Adams, of Boston, and George C. Moore, of North Chelmsford, Mass., but the weather was too much for them. Thursday the wind blew a gale that drove them off the lake. Friday morning the weather was so cold that they started for Boston. The mercury registered 22, with ice formed in every watering trough, and icicles hanging down. To add to the winterish aspect, several squalls met them. They had enough of early fishing, though they had some luck with salmon before the cold weather started in all its fury. It was too early for trout. Several drowning accidents resulted from the gale of those terrible three days. Melvin S. Page, of Fort Fairfield, Me., was drowned at Beaver Pond, one of the Seven Ponds, twenty-seven miles above Rangeley. The canoe was upset. Two men, Trueman Tracy and Richmond Connors, were drowned in Tunk Pond, not far from Bangor. They were out fishing for salmon. The wind was blowing a gale and the boat capsized. Two other fishermen, Rufus Young and Capt. John Lyman, were fishing not far from them, and hastened to their assistance, but both men were drowned before they could reach them. At Moosehead the fishermen were all driven in, and escaped serious results.

Now that the bad weather is over, the anglers are starting again in good numbers. Two parties of prominent business men left Boston Thursday evening. The Ingewood Club spring fishing party was one, including Hon. Henry E. Cobb, Charles Brigham, George H. Rimbach, E. Noyes Whitcomb, Samuel Shaw, Mr. Fitz, and one or two others. These gentlemen are leaders of that association, and enthusiastic anglers. They reached Westfield, N. B., Friday at 11 A. M., and thence three or four miles to the club house, on Musquash River. The other party was composed of Boston and Hartford anglers, including George P. Bullard, of the Massachusetts House of Representatives; C. E. Roberts, W. H. Allen and G. H. Brown, of the Hartford Boiler Inspection Co.; C. S. Hills, of Hartford; and W. F. Lunt, of Boston. This party went to Grand Lake and Grand Lake Stream, Me., for salmon fishing. Busy men that they are, they can be absent only till Wednesday next, but they will put in all the more enjoyment of the outing.

Spring Shooting.

Spring shooting has not attracted the usual amount of attention from Boston gunners this season. Still, there are some devotees of such shooting left. A party has recently returned from Spring Point, near Biddeford Pool, Me., where coot shooting has been the sport. In the party were Hon. James, of Buffalo, N. Y.; M. E. Cook, of Boston; James Davis, of Quincy; Ex-Mayor James Gould, of Chelsea; Dr. Green, of the same city, and T. Addison, of Charleston. These gentlemen are all crack shots, and 78 coot fell to their score. They say that they shot all the coot they cared for, and had a grand good outing for tired business men.

"Fishin' Fever."

The spring circular, just issued, announces the opening of the Megantic Preserve May 15. The ice is out of all the ponds, with everything in readiness. As a caption the secretary issues the following from the Ohio State Journal, with the title, "Fishin' Fever."

Like tew drop my wurk an' go
Tew a fishin' hole I know;
Reckon I would miss my guess
Ef I c'uld'n't ketch a mess;
'Pears tew me they ort tew bite;
Sun an' sky and air seems right;
Ef I jes' cu'd hev my pick,
I'd be down erlong the crick.

Like tew drop my wurk an' go
Tew a fishin' hole I know;
Like tew go an' fish away
Jes' th' hull endurin' day;
Like tew fish away an' hear
Worter singin' in my ear;
An' I'd go, I calculate,
Wuzzent jes' for diggin' bait.

Salmon at Bangor.

At the Bangor pool salmon have been rising some during the week, with large fish taken by Howard Peavey, Edward Buck, Samuel Buck, Samuel Drinkwater, C. P. Hodgins and William M. Munroe. These gentlemen are expert anglers at the Pool; while it is stated that the novices have had no luck. Some very good catches of trout have lately been made at Belgrade Lakes, Me. Charles A. Peeling, of New York, has caught two in one day that weighed almost thirteen pounds; Louis Pillsbury, of Augusta, Me., has caught fourteen that have averaged four pounds, the largest weighing 6½ pounds; Harry L. Boyd, of New York, has caught fourteen trout in three days' fishing, the total weight being fifty-six pounds; Lester M. Monks, of Brookline, Mass., caught there last week four trout that weighed 17½ pounds, the largest 6½ pounds.

Maine Angling.

At Haines Landing, Mooselucmaguntic Lake, the women have been leading as anglers in the way of large fish. Up to within a few days Mrs. A. W. Tedcastle, of Boston, has enjoyed the honor of catching the largest fish—a salmon of seven pounds. But Mrs. N. N. Thayer, also of this city, eclipsed the record on Monday by landing two salmon, one of four pounds and another of 7½ pounds. Arthur Connor and F. A. Nichols, of Boston,

fishing at Haines Landing, in company, made a big record last year, and this year they have landed a seven pound fish. The gale of last week played great havoc with wharves, floats and boats on that part of Mooselucmaguntic, but sportsmen staid indoors, and there were no serious accidents. At the Upper Dam there has been a touch of winter and poor fishing till within a few days. The Hon. Albert Daggett, of Washington, D. C., has been fishing there, and has landed a salmon of 9½ pounds. This he forwarded to Washington, and rumor has it that it went to the White House, since Mr. Daggett is said to be a personal friend of the President. Mr. Daggett, drawn to that section from having charge of the big contract for postal cards, being made and printed at Rumford Falls, is said to have expressed regret that he has never fished at the Rangeleys before. Guides and others who have the good of the Rangeley system at heart, are making bitter complaint of the many boxes of trout being sent out by fishermen. They say that the weight is up into the hundreds of pounds day after day, and that it is impossible for the fishing to stand up under such a drain. Sportsmen should be satisfied with coming to the Maine fishing resorts and taking what trout they want for the table, with a few to take home. The law permitting boxes of trout to be sent out by paying \$1 is a mistake, especially in the case of sportsmen who spend many weeks at the resorts, sending all the fish they catch out. It is as bad as sending them to market. Sportsmen should let the fish they do not want themselves go, after weighing, as some reasonable sportsmen do. Mr. F. S. Newcomb and son Richard, of New London, Conn., have been fishing at the Upper Dam with considerable success. They caught fifty pounds of fish, the largest a salmon of 7½ pounds. At Black Point Camps, a short distance above the Upper Dam, L. A. Derby and T. J. McDonald, of Lowell, and J. H. Parker, of Boston, are having good fishing. This is a new camp, built by a party of gentlemen last year, Messrs. Derby and McDonald being prime movers. Fishing at Bemis has been remarkably good almost ever since the ice went out. Frank J. Lang took a fine trout of seven pounds right off the wharf there Wednesday. At Cupsuptic Lake the fishing begins to be very good indeed. Mr. and Mrs. J. Converse Gray, of Boston, have had good success. Mr. and Mrs. C. I. Thayer, also of Boston, have secured, among other fish, a trout of 4¾ pounds. Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Bliss have secured a 3½ pound salmon, a four and a 3½ pound trout. R. H. Rines has caught a five pound trout. At Mount View the largest fish registered thus far is a salmon of 7¼ pounds, to the credit of P. E. Montamus, of Springfield, Ohio. Mrs. J. P. Morse, of Brockton, Mass., has caught some good fish.

At Winnepesaukee the fishing has continued remarkably good. Hundreds of pounds of fish were shipped from The Weirs last week. These were principally togue, of good weight, taken by trolling. J. J. McKinnon and Maj. E. E. Beede, of Boston, Franklin P. Rice, of Worcester, Mass., and Z. P. Jones, of New York, have been having good success.

Postmaster Hibbard, of Boston, has just returned from a Maine fishing trip. He encountered cold weather and caught some fish, but does not have much to say about the matter.

Honorables Go a-Fishing in Maine.

Hon. F. E. Timberlake, of Phillips, State Bank Examiner, opened his camp, Marsquamosy, on Rangeley Lake, Friday. His invited guests included Ex-Governor Henry B. Cleaves, Hon. Charles E. Oak, Judge W. P. Whitehouse, Judge A. W. Savage, Hon. Oscar F. Fellows, Hon. J. H. Drummond, Jr., and Hon. S. W. Carr. These gentlemen are all anglers.

SPECIAL.

With the Saginaw Crowd after Trout.

The trout are rising in the lower peninsula of Michigan, or at least were doing so the middle of this week. I never had a better trout fish in my life than I had on last Wednesday, nor do I ever expect to put in a day under more ideal conditions.

It was all on account of the "Saginaw Crowd." Once in every two or three years it is my privilege to join this peculiar and peculiarly excellent body of sportsmen on a fishing or shooting trip. This year it was a fishing trip, the second expedition of the good car W. B. Mershon, and its able body guard. The party was not a very large one this time, being made up of Mr. Mershon and his friends, Messrs. C. H. Davis, George B. Morley, Watts S. Humphrey, Major Farnham Lyons, James B. Peter and G. M. Stark. According to the schedule, we were to round up at Saginaw on Tuesday evening, May 6, destination unknown to this writer, but prospects reported to be good and success practically certain; for above all things the Saginaw Crowd knows where to go, and there is no one tolerated on the car who does not know the sporting game in something better than its rudiments, whether the game imply the use of the rod, the rifle or the shotgun. I took the Michigan Central R. R., having formulated a shrewd guess in my own mind that this time the car was to go north over the Michigan Central, and not over in the Baldwin neighborhood. The surmise was correct, for when we rolled into the Saginaw depot there stood the car, all the party on board and everything ready for the start out of that depot in the course of an hour or so.

It surely was like old times to see the car again and likewise its occupants, most of whom were known to the writer, and all of whom are known to the FOREST AND STREAM.

Some of us went to bed early that night, and some of us did not; but early in the morning we all reached Grayling, Mich., which is chiefly famous as being the home of George L. Alexander, one of the best-known anglers of Michigan, and certainly one of the best fellows in the world. Mr. Alexander came on board the car before breakfast, and it must have taken a stout heart on his part to refuse all the importunities offered to induce him to join us for the fishing trip, which it seems was to be made further up the road, in the heart of that famous fishing region tapped by the Michigan Central.

We now left Grayling, went up to the head of the Lewiston branch of the Michigan Central, and side-

tracked out in the middle of the pine country at a place which is surely the jumping-off place of the world. Here we were in the center of a magnificent angling region north of the big Au Sable, within touching distance of the Black River, and within a few miles of as nice fishing for trout as the writer has ever had the good fortune to enjoy. It hardly need be said that we hurried up old John, the cook, and Harry, the porter, with their breakfast arrangements.

The old car itself, which is beginning to seem very homelike to me, was well supplied for this trip, as for any of its other diverse expeditions. There was a new camping outfit on board, several sleeping bags and a whole lot of things which looked like war.

"We are going down the river about ten miles or so, to camp out for a little while," said Mr. Mershon, "and there can only four of the party go. If you want to be one of the party you are welcome."

I explained that I had to be back home in Chicago by Friday at the very latest. "You mean Friday next week," said he. "You did not suppose we were coming up here to stop for two or three measly little days' fishing, did you? If you come along with this crowd, you ought to come to stay through. Telegraph your folks that you are sick, dead, absent and unaccounted for. Telegraph them anything, but don't come in here and then turn around and go back as quick as you get here."

Now, there you are, and that is the trouble of going fishing, and having to go back again. After much mental agitation I concluded to set my departure one day further ahead, but firmly resolved not to be gone from civilization beyond Friday. There was demurrer at this, of course, for no party likes to have deserters, but it is a far cry from Chicago to Lewiston, and not even the best trains could make it in less than a day and a half, or rather a night and a half day.

"Well, if you can't stay longer," said Mr. Mershon, "you will have to work all the harder now that you are here." Saying which he took me under his care and we started out down the stream early on Wednesday morning. The sun was shining just warm enough to be pleasant, yet not too glaringly hot; the breeze was just light enough, but not too faint. In short, prospects seemed good, and as there had been many catches of trout reported from that part of the State from the Au Sable, Manistee, etc., we felt pretty sure that we were going to do some business with them. Mr. Davis was the man placed furthest down the stream, going with the wagon some two miles below the car. Mr. Mershon and I were next, above us Mr. Morley and Mr. Peter. Major Lyon and Mr. Stark, with Mr. D. R. Brown, a visitor on the car from Grayling, fished some miles further up the stream. Mr. Humphrey was not able to get away from the car more than half a mile or so. As it was, his performance was the most remarkable of any of the day.

A Game Sportsman.

It was something like eight months or so ago that Mr. Humphrey had the misfortune to fall and break his ankle, as mentioned in the FOREST AND STREAM at about that time. Mr. Humphrey met with this accident while out hunting alone, some miles from the car. He crawled on his hands and knees for nearly a mile before he could reach help. His injury received as soon as possible the best surgical care, but the ankle has never yet been entirely well. Mr. Humphrey is a lawyer by profession, and a mighty good one. Since his accident he has many a time pleaded a case in court when he could not bear his weight on his leg, and when the limb was swollen to twice its natural size. It is so swollen even to-day, and the sufferer is obliged to go about with a crutch and a cane. To show how thoroughbred a sportsman he is, and how game clear to the backbone, I may say that Mr. Humphrey went out trout fishing on this pleasant spring morning, hobbling along on his crutch and his cane. There was a little canvas boat fished out from some corner of the car, and Harry the porter agreed to be head navigator as soon as they reached a part of the river where the boat could be operated. Into this then went the cripple, and in that teetery little boat and on this shallow little river, which would not always float them both, these two made what I considered to be one of the most remarkable essays at trout fishing I ever saw. Mr. Humphrey landed nine beautiful trout of the legal size that day, and came into the car that night perfectly radiant with happiness, and if his leg hurt him he did not say so. Perhaps he did not hear what one of the other members of the party overheard from the lips of a native who saw him going by, his crutch under his arm and his rod in his hand. "There's a dead game sport," said the onlooker, and I reckon he was about right.

As for the others, they all had a good time, and they all caught trout. Major Lyon, himself a gentleman seventy-three years of age, though he does not look more than three-quarters of it, got into his waders and kept in the ice water all day like the rest of us. He put fourteen handsome fish in his basket and came in happy as a schoolboy. Mr. Stark took nine legal fish that day, Mr. Brown came in with twenty-one, Mr. Peter had eleven beauties, Mr. Morley twenty-two, Mr. Davis twenty-six, Mr. Mershon twenty-six, while the writer was lucky enough to land twenty-nine. Mr. Mershon could have caught a great many more fish had he not spent so much time hunting out the best places on the river for me. We two fished in company, and we had a simply delightful day.

Good Fishing.

The fish did not begin to rise very eagerly in the morning, and as usual we fooled around a little bit for the proper flies. I tried a Cahill, royal-coachman and Montreal, knowing that the latter fly is sometimes very good early in the spring on the wilder streams of the lower peninsula. I did take some fish on the Montreal, had very poor luck with the royal-coachman and finally switched to the Cahill, gray-Palmer and Wickham's-fancy. Mr. Mershon used a Cahill, a Mershon and a Wickham's-fancy, alternated with gray-hackle. We found these flies to be about the most killing ones.

Now there was occasion to note what I have often wondered at, namely that every stream demands a different style of fishing. Our stream, which Mr. Mershon gravely informed me was called the Icicle River, because it was so

cold, proved to be a broad, flat stream, with sand or gravel bottom and a width abundantly great to allow for casting any length of line one cares to use. I began to peck away at the banks in the deep holes and along the logs, after the fashion customarily useful on most streams. I lost considerable time in this way, and had basketed only one fish of legal length—that is to say, over eight inches—when Mr. Mershon passed below me. I heard him call out that he had just taken a trout “a foot long,” and then he went around the next bend. Trying the same hole where he caught his good trout, I raised a beautiful double and landed them both after a sharp fight, both being ten-inch trout or better. This made me feel some cocky, and when Mr. Mershon asked me how many fish I had I told him I had three beauties. “I have nine,” said he, “and now I’ll show you how to get them.”

We both had good rods and could reach them at any distance, from twenty feet up to a quarter of a mile. So we stood together in the shallow water at the edge of the stream, casting almost directly across, not in the deep holes or eddies, but at the edges of the swift water which broke over the stones. The trout were evidently feeding out in the broad, and not hiding. We could see them now and again breaking. It needed very few minutes to prove the efficacy of the method which Mr. Mershon showed me. After that I did not fish the deep water, but the shallow water. Had I been alone I should have probably stuck to the deeper holes and not have done so well, for I did not think the fish would be feeding so extensively in the shallow water so early in the season. Having solved the problem for this particular stream for that particular day at least, I moved on down merrily, and now and then put a lusty trout in my game sack.

It was perhaps about 12 o’clock when my friend and I rounded up together at one of the most beautiful points on this beautiful stream. We could see trout rising in numbers ahead of us, and we started in to do some business with them, for by this time the hatch of fly was well in progress, and we could see that the fish were going on the feed in no uncertain fashion. To make it short, we fished that same bend over and over again three times, taking a couple of trout each time we went through. Then we sat down, and just looked at the sky and the flowers and the tree and the trout, and we were good and glad that we were both alive and right there at that identical spot. It was a very, very happy time, and I am sure that for my part I shall never forget it, no matter what may be my fortune later in the sporting line.

We worked on down the stream to what is known as the Four-Mile Dam, and there met Mr. Davis, who reported excellent success on his own part, and a perfectly lovely day. We reached the car in ample time for supper, and so ended a very enjoyable experience for the day. It should be remembered that the trout on this stream come under the eight-inch limit. During the day I presume each rod of us took forty or fifty fish, the undersized ones, of course, being returned to the water, so it may be seen that the sport was of no mediocre character. No one tried to make a very big killing, but I presume every member of the party was entirely satisfied.

A Klondike Camp.

On the next day we started for our little camping trip down the river, Mr. Mershon, Mr. Morley, Mr. Peter and myself. We had a wagonload of camp outfit, including a lot of new things, it being the fashion of the Saginaw Crowd to buy everything which is offered in the sporting line, and give it a thorough try out as to its practical and desirable features.

This day the weather went back on us. It rained in the morning, and although the sky cleared later, a tremendous wind came up, a side partner no doubt of the big blizzard which struck Michigan upper peninsula the next day. Our team took us down country about five miles, when Mr. Peter and I were put off the wagon and instructed to go over to the river and fish down stream until we struck the camp, four miles below, which the others were to put up. My companion and I were a little disheartened when we got a look at the water. It was running very milky and a bit high. We had no idea we would get much fishing, but determined to “do our possible,” as they say in French, in spite of the fact that the wind was blowing in more directions than it has since that memorable day when “the scow bus” hup on Lac St. Clair. Remembering Mr. Mershon’s instructions of the day previous, I showed Mr. Peter how we had conducted ourselves. Now, however, the trout seemed not to have taken to the shallows, but were hunting the deep water. We found that the most effective method was for us to cast diagonally across the stream in the deep runs, and then allow the line to stretch out, the fly being then usually well below the water. The trout nearly always took the fly not when it struck, but after it had completed its arc down stream. It was not like the sport of the day previous, when they snapped at the fly the instant it struck the water, but we conceived it was better to catch trout in this way than not to catch trout at all, so we fared on down stream, a little bit blue about the nose and a little bit cold about the toes. Mr. Peter caught eight good ones, and, if I remember, I had eleven when we struck the camp.

The camp itself was pitched on a high bank, near to a famous certain spring which gushes out half-way up the slope. So far from there being any visible place of abode, however, George Morley showed us our household goods and effects piled up in a heap on the ground, with a big tarpaulin stretched over them. “That tent would not last a minute in this gale,” said he, “so we didn’t try to put it up. We will just have to sleep under the tarpaulin to-night, and let it go at that.”

The wind was really frightful and the temperature went low enough that night to freeze an inch ice in the water pail. Of course this did not disconcert us in the least, and we readily made ourselves comfortable under the circumstances. There was a camping table now put in place; a folding camp closet, offering shelves for dishes, etc.; a folding camp cook stove, the best I ever saw, already busily engaged in baking potatoes; a lot of folding sleeping bags with air mattresses under them, and a beautiful collection of aluminum dishes, which reminded one of taking a number of rabbits and ninety-four yards of flowers out of a silk hat. As to the fire, we had to make

it the best we could, without any back log, but fully exposed to the wind and with no artificial adjuncts. Mr. Mershon was the chief cook, and I imagine he never prepared a meal under harder circumstances, nor did any one ever eat a better meal, in spite of all. He is a shore good cook, and could sign with any cow outfit quick. We built a wind break out of a pine tree and a piece of canvas, squatted down in front of the fire in the gale of wind, and ate our supper comfortably, bidding defiance to the elements. Then we took off our waders, dried out in front of the fire, and presently hustled into the sleeping bags, on the ground under the tarpaulin. I never slept better in my life, and this was the verdict of all the others. In spite of all the time spent in putting up the camp, Mr. Mershon and Mr. Morley did not overlook trout fishing. Mr. Mershon had fourteen beautiful trout when we struck camp, and Mr. Morley something like a dozen. They explained to me that the fish in this part of the stream run very much larger than they did further up toward where we had fished the first day. Of course we could not give the water any fair trial under such conditions, but the trout which we caught were beauties, running up close to a pound in some cases and with very many of a half-pound in weight. In this swift heavy water it was surely good sport to take them.

This accounted for Wednesday and Thursday. My train for the south and home left at 12:45. Our camp was broken by 9 o’clock, at which time the wagon came down from the car to see how we were getting along. We piled the camp duffle aboard, since the driver came down alone and reported that the other gentlemen found it too cold for camping out. Mr. Morley and Mr. Mershon and Mr. Peter were to fish the stream while the wagon took me back with the duffle. The driver of the wagon started on ahead, saying that I could easily catch up with him. Perhaps I might have done so had it not been for the trailing arbutus which I found by the wayside. As it was, the arbutus and the wintergreen berries led me astray. One of the most vivid pictures which I saw on the trip was that of a bright red bunch of these berries showing up in vivid contrast against the blackened end of a charred log. Who could hurry on after the wagon, when such things as these were all about? I preferred to walk all the way in, and did so, getting into the car at about half-past eleven. Then it was my miserable fortune, after leaving my good friends ten miles below just jointing up their rods and taking to the water, to see all the rest of the party, just sallying forth to go upon the stream when I struck the car. And so I said good-bye to all these pleasant gentlemen. The last thing I saw as my train pulled out was the big frame of Mr. Humphrey sitting on the bank, his crutch beside him, his crippled leg carefully adjusted and his fly-rod working automatically.

“Mr. Humphrey saw a big one off there yesterday,” said Harry. I truly hope he caught him, and I truly hope that his bad ankle may be made good again. So plucky a man ought not to be thus handicapped, and the Saginaw Crowd can ill spare him when the hunting begins next fall.

The catch reported by the members of the party who did not join in the camping trip was: Mr. Davis, 25; Mr. Stark, 8; Mr. Humphrey, 7; Major Lyon, 23; Mr. Brown, 26. The lumbermen were flooding the stream, and strange to say, it was when the water was highest that Major Lyon caught nearly all his fish. They struck on all at once, and rose splendidly.

May 13.—Mr. Mershon tells the rest of the story of the Saginaw Crowd’s trip for trout in the following letter, written after his return home. It seems that the writer had the cream of it after all, for the blizzard which struck in north of here caught the boys for fair in the ‘Sable country’:

“When you waved ‘good-bye’ last Friday morning,” says he, “I was just climbing down the bank to try a cast under the logs where you said the big fellow was. I did so, but he did not come; in fact, I tried casting for quite a while before I got a fish. The wind was mighty cold, and it was hard work to put a fly in the water. I shivered and shook, and thought what a fool a fellow was to try casting for trout in the dead of winter, but I occasionally fooled one from some nook or corner, and by the time I reached our camping spot at ‘Father’s Barn’ I was sorely tempted to go ashore and take a piece of that rhubarb pie that John has sent up for us in the morning. I kept on down stream; in a grove of cedars below our camp half a mile, a shingle was nailed up: ‘Camp Carrow, 1891.’ I think we could have put up a tent there. It was not sheltered a great deal, but there were a few trees around it that would have done to have guyed to. I kept on trying some of the choice spots, inwardly remarking that ‘if there was not a trout there, there was not one in the river,’ and that ‘I had never passed this spot that I did not take a good fellow,’ but it was no go. I occasionally did strike a pool that was productive and yielded a few trout.

“The river gets much deeper, as you know, down stream, and by half past one I had overtaken Peters and George, who had started out to fish down from the camp in the morning. They were delighted, for George had taken two good sized rainbow trout in swift water that went over a clay bottom into a gravelly pool beneath. The larger one of the two weighed about 1½ pounds.

“We were well satisfied with our catch, considering the day, for all of us had some fish, and when put together they pretty nearly filled one creel.

“The next morning when we awoke at the car it was snowing, and it kept it up until noon. Most of the party determined to fish below, and only got seven or eight fish apiece. George and I went above; we drove about five or six miles and had the team meet us just at night. The flood started about one o’clock and until five we did not fish, but after five the fish took the fly well. The snow had stopped, the wind had let up a little, and it had warmed up some, but not much. George had forgotten his creel so we fished side by side, so as to use the one basket I carried. The limit being eight inches meant a good many trout to throw back, for they were smaller up stream than down below. Yet when we got to the car and counted, we found we had just 49 trout, not one of them being a single fraction less than eight inches, and we voted we had a mighty good time.”

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

A New Species of Shad from the Ohio River.*

BY BARTON WARREN EVERMANN, PH.D.

Ichthyologist of the United States Fish Commission.

FROM time to time there have come to the U. S. Fish Commission reports of the capture of shad in the Mississippi Basin. When attempts were made to verify these reports, either no reliable data could be secured or the fish thought to be a shad proved to be some other species. For example, the “shad” from the Atchafalaya River, in Louisiana, was shown by the present writer in 1897 to be an undescribed species and genus of the hickory shad family (*Dorosomidae*) which was named *Signalosa atchafalaya*. This is a small fish, not exceeding a few inches in length, which is used as a bait by the catfish fishermen of that river.

As long ago as 1872 Professor Baird called attention to the occurrence of shad in the Ouachita River, in Arkansas, and Dr. Goldsmith, of Vermont, stated that he had several years previously taken shad at the Falls of the Ohio.

The “shad” now and then reported from the Ouachita, White and St. Francis rivers and other waters in Arkansas proved, in some cases at least, to be the hickory shad, *Dorosoma cepedianum*. Not many of the reports from this region, however, have been investigated. A few years ago the toothed herring or mooneye (*Hiodon alosoides*) became unusually common in the Wabash, and, coming as it did, soon after a plant of Potomac shad had been made in the Wabash by the U. S. Fish Commission upon the recommendation of the late Col. Richard W. Thompson, local fishermen were in the habit of referring to it as the “Dick Thompson shad.”

A newspaper item from Montgomery, W. Va., dated May 20, 1896, says:

The fishermen hereabouts are having great sport. Large schools of shad, put in Elk River by the Government six years ago, are stranded at Lock No. 2, and are being scooped out by the hundreds with dip nets. One man took 300 pounds in two hours.

Upon seeing this item the Commission addressed a letter of inquiry to the postmaster at Montgomery, to which Mr. W. M. Dent replied June 5:

I have sent several of our local fishermen to catch some specimens [of the shad], but I am sorry to say that they are unable to catch them at the present time. A few weeks ago, when the river was flush, quite a number of fish were seen below the dam near this place, and some of them were caught by what we call grab-hooking, which is to tie a number of hooks to a line and drag it through the water, but since the river has fallen, I am informed that most of the fish have disappeared.

I had a talk to-day with the man in charge of the Government lock, and he promised to try to catch some of the fish when there is a rise in the river again. In case he succeeds I will take pleasure in sending them to you.

Mr. Dent was not able to secure any specimens, and nothing further was heard regarding the occurrence of shad in the Kanawha that year. On May 22, 1897, a letter was received by the Fish Commission from Mr. James Sowders, wholesale dealer in fresh fish and oysters, Louisville, Ky., in which he says:

I forward you four small shad. I get them as large as 4 or 5 pounds each. They are not hickory shad, but are the same fish taken in the rivers along the Atlantic Coast. I have been getting these fish for the past twenty years or more, but only a few, as we have never fished for them in the right way. I put in the long seines this season, and took lots of them. I expect to do much better next season, as I expect to make a success of gill-netting them. We have never fished gill nets of any kind in these waters. I know that there are just millions of these fish in this river, for I see them out in the rapids going up the river to spawn. I have fishermen all along the Ohio, and have several crews fishing below Memphis on the Mississippi River in the early spring, and they get a catch of shad there a month before we do here, and my men at Troy (about 130 miles below Louisville) get them before we do here. I am positive that they are the same fish caught in the Atlantic Coast rivers. These shad come from the Gulf of Mexico and spawn in the Monongahela River.

An examination of the four shad sent to the Commission by Mr. Sowders showed that they differed from the common shad, as well as from the Alabama shad, in some important particulars, and it was determined to take the first opportunity to visit Louisville and make an investigation as to the character and extent of the fishery. Accordingly, on May 11 of the following year, when Mr. Sowders sent on six additional specimens, and wrote that the shad were running in considerable numbers, it was arranged that I should visit Louisville at once.

On the way out from Washington I stopped one day at Montgomery, W. Va., to make inquiries regarding the occurrence of shad in the Kanawha.

Arriving at Louisville on May 15, I spent the next four days making investigations there. The shad were then running in some numbers, and many specimens were examined.

It at once became evident that the Ohio shad was an undescribed species. Its publication, however, has been delayed in the hope that an opportunity might soon offer to trace the migration of the fish up the river from the Gulf. Other duties have not permitted such an investigation to be undertaken, and it now seems undesirable to delay longer the report upon the inquiries already made.

The following is the technical description of this new species of shad:

Alosa ohiensis Evermann. Ohio Shad.

Type No. 50469, U. S. N. M., a female example 18 inches long and weighing 3 pounds, taken by Mr. James Sowders, May 9, 1898, at the Falls of the Ohio.

Description of the Type.—Head, 4.5; depth, 3.6; eye, 5.5; snout, 4; maxillary, 2.1; mandible, 1.87; D., 18; A., 18; gillrakers, 49 + 26 = 75 on right side; 47 + 27 = 74 on left.

Body very long, slender and much compressed; dorsal and ventral outlines very gently and evenly arched; head rather long, conic; caudal peduncle very long, the distance from base of caudal to dorsal fin equalling distance from that point to preopercle; mouth, large; maxillary broad, reaching posterior border of eye; lower jaw slightly projecting and fitting into a small notch in tip of upper jaw; cheek and opercles strongly striate; scales large and deciduous; fins moderate; gillrakers moderate in number, the longest about equal to snout in length.

The ten cotypes, which consist of two males and eight females, exhibit no important differences, and the thirty-eight examples examined at Louisville, May 16 to 19 showed no variations of value. Indeed, the characters of this species seem unusually stable, as may be seen from an examination of the accompanying table.

The number of gillrakers varies from 66 to 75, only

*From advance sheets of an article by Dr. Evermann in the current Report of the U. S. Fish Commission, pp. 307-315.

a single example, however, running below 68 and only 5 above 74. The average of 49 examples was $45+26=71$ for the right side, and $46+26=72$ for the left side. The average for the 4 known adult examples of the Alabama shad is 67, and even the minimum for the common shad is more than 60. In so far as the number of gillrakers is concerned, it thus appears that the Ohio shad is between the other two known species, approaching most nearly the Alabama shad (Fig. 3 and 4). Indeed, if this species resembled the Alabama shad in other respects as closely as it does in number of gillrakers I would hesitate to regard them as being distinct.

The Alabama shad is a short, chunky species, having the depth one-third the length, and with the maxillary very slender; while the Ohio shad is a much longer, more slender fish, whose depth is scarcely more than a fourth of the length even in the females, while the males are still

then until May 20 the daily catch at Mr. Sowders' fishery at the Ohio Falls ran from 125 to 740 fish.

Mr. Sowders thinks the great increase in the catch in 1897 was due to a change in the method of fishing. Until then the seines had been heavily leaded, hence hugged the bottom closely and caught only bottom fish, the seines not being deep enough to fish the entire depth of water. The catch was made up chiefly of such bottom fish as catfish, buffalo and fresh-water drum. The surface-swimming fish, such as the spoonbill cat, shovelnose sturgeon and shad, would pass over the net. Desiring to catch the spoonbill cat, Mr. Sowders instructed his fishermen to put lighter leads upon the seines, so that they would fish the upper portion of the water. As a result, not only were the spoonbill cat and shovelnose sturgeon taken, but the shad also. All three of these species appear to run at about the same time.

catch any shad after the "light moon in May," but other parties continued for some days to catch them at the locks with drag hooks.

Several years ago, it was stated, copperas water from the Cannellon mines entered the river and killed many fish, among them a "whitefish" which many now believe was the shad. The fishermen and others in this region who are familiar with the toothed herring and the skipjack say that the fish they call the shad is a very different species.

Lock No. 2, at Montgomery, is on the north side of the river and is faced by a high stone wall, on the outside of which in the swift water is where the shad were caught. For some time I watched a man with drag hooks trying for shad, but he met with no success.

Inquiry among the fish dealers at Evansville, Ind., in May, 1898, developed the fact that the shad is scarcely

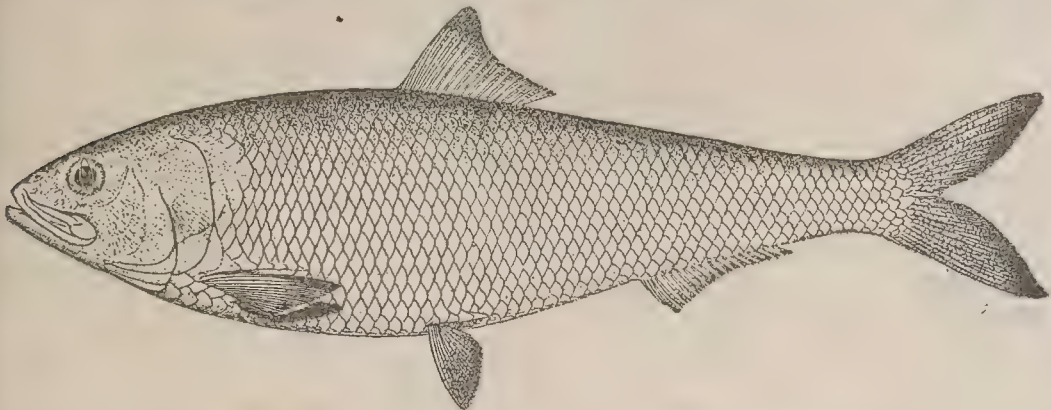


Fig. 1—Ohio Shad, *Alosa ohienensis* (Evermann); female.

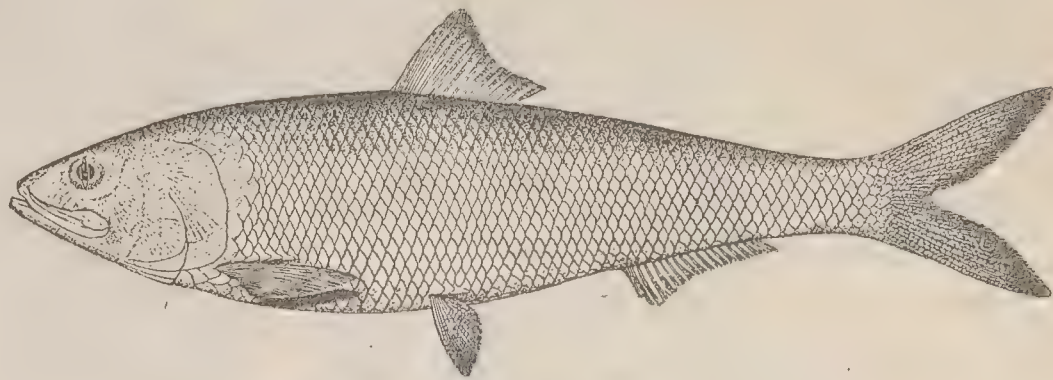


Fig. 2—Ohio Shad, *Alosa ohienensis* (Evermann); male.

more slender. And the maxillary in the Ohio shad is broader, more closely resembling that of the common shad (Figs. 5 and 6).

Beside the four examples received from Mr. Sowders May 22, 1897, and the six received from him May 11, 1898, many others were examined by me at Louisville May 16 to 19, 1898, where I was able to do so through the kindness of Mr. Sowders, who permitted me to examine, weigh and measure those taken by his fishermen.

In all, a total of forty-nine fish were examined critically, including twenty-seven females and twenty-two males.

In looking through the records in the Department of Fishes, U. S. National Museum, I found that a single specimen of shad was received from Louisville in May,

The first shad caught in 1898 were gotten April 28. The catch in that year was said to have been much lighter than in 1897; but the catch of all species in 1898 was light.

Very little is known regarding the distribution of the Ohio shad. All the specimens I have seen were taken at the Falls of the Ohio. About March 15, 1898, Mr. Sowders was at Coahoma, Miss., where he saw twenty-five or thirty shad caught. This was in the Mississippi about ten miles below Friars Point, Coahoma county, or about seventy-five miles below Memphis. The fishermen said they caught a good many of them, but were uncertain what they were. Some called them "skipjack," but believed them different from the common skipjack (*Pomo-*

known at that place. One dealer stated that he had seen shad caught in the Ohio near Evansville about 1868 and a few in 1897. He also stated that he had taken them in the Wabash, about ten miles above its mouth. He gave the weight of the shad as about two pounds, and says they die very soon when caught.

Only one of three dealers interviewed at Vincennes, Ind., had ever heard of shad in the Mississippi Basin. He claimed to have received some shad a few years ago from St. Louis, but says they were too expensive for his market, as he had to sell them at 75 cents each. He did not know but that these fish may have been shipped from the East.

All the known facts regarding the distribution and

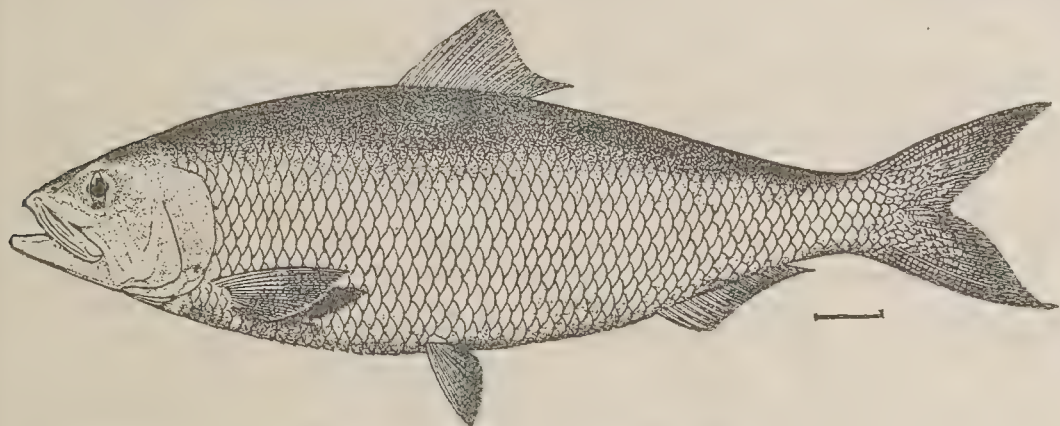


Fig. 3—Alabama Shad, *Alosa alabamae* (Jordan and Evermann); male.

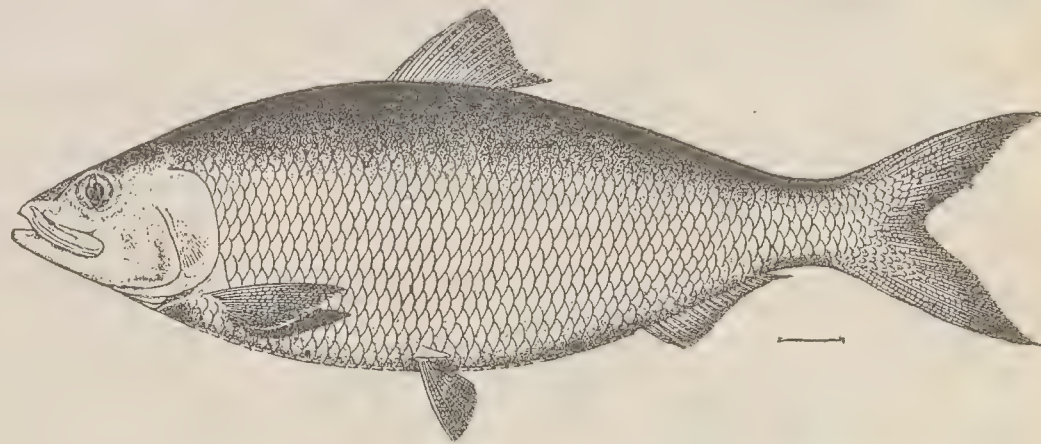


Fig. 4—Alabama Shad, *Alosa alabamae* (Jordan and Evermann); female.

1878, through the kindness of a Mr. Griffith. In the museum register it is recorded as "*Alosa sapidissima*," and bears tag No. 21346.

During my stay of four days at Louisville (May 16 to 19, 1898) the number of shad caught was very few. The catch of May 16 was nineteen fish, that of May 17 was sixteen, while only three were gotten on May 18. At this time the roes were quite small, and I think the shad would not have spawned before the 1st to the 15th of June. The examples received from Mr. Sowders in 1897 and 1898 indicated that their spawning time would have been in the first half of June.

These shad were caught by means of seines light-leaded so that they would fish the upper few feet of water rather

than the bottom. This method of fishing was adopted in order to get the spoonbill cat, which, when running, swims close to the surface; and while fishing for the spoonbill, the shad were caught at the same time. The two species appear to "run" at the same time when both swim near the surface.

The principal seining ground near Louisville in 1898 was below the Falls of the Ohio, and between Rock Island and the Indiana shore. The seines in use were about 70 yards long, 1.5-inch bar, and 90 meshes deep.

According to Mr. Sowders the first shad obtained at Louisville were caught about 1876, when a good many were secured by seining just below the Falls. Mr. Sowders' father, who was then in the fish business, compared them with shad billed to him from Baltimore as "Potomac shad." Being unable to detect any important difference, he called those from the Ohio "Potomac shad," which name they have ever since retained among the Louisville fish dealers. They found a ready sale then, perhaps at a better price than they now receive. Since that time a few have been taken each year, but no large catches until 1897. The catch that year was relatively very large. The first fish were gotten May 5, and from

habits of the Ohio shad indicate that it has regular runs, like the common shad.

It appears in the Mississippi on the borders of Coahoma county, Miss., about the middle of March; in the lower Ohio about a month later (April 20); at Louisville still a little later (April 28 to May 20), and in the Kanawha River at Montgomery, W. Va., in the latter part of May.

The Ouachita River, Arkansas, from which shad have been reported, has its mouth in the Red River near the confluence of the latter with the Mississippi, more than 200 miles below Coahoma, where they were seen by Mr. Sowders, and only about 200 miles from the Gulf of Mexico. Although it has not been proved that these shad come up from the Gulf of Mexico, it may be regarded as

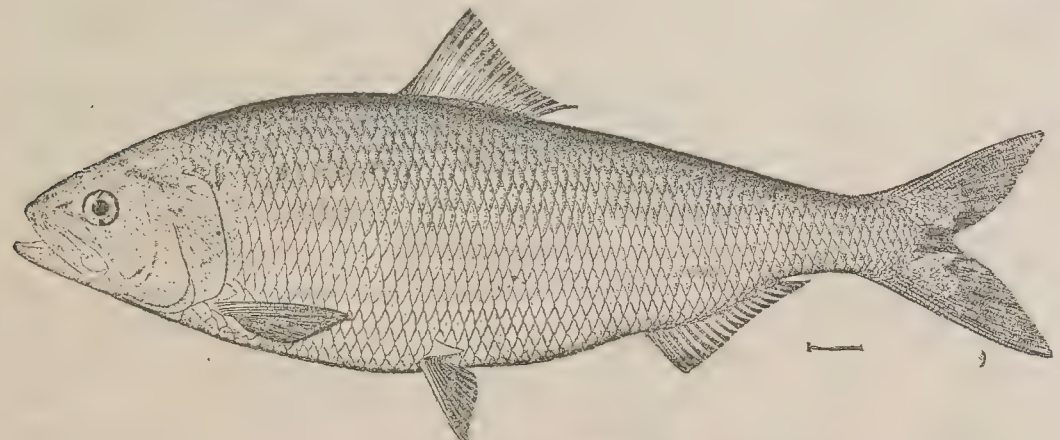


Fig. 5—Common Shad, *Alosa sapidissima* (Wilson); male.

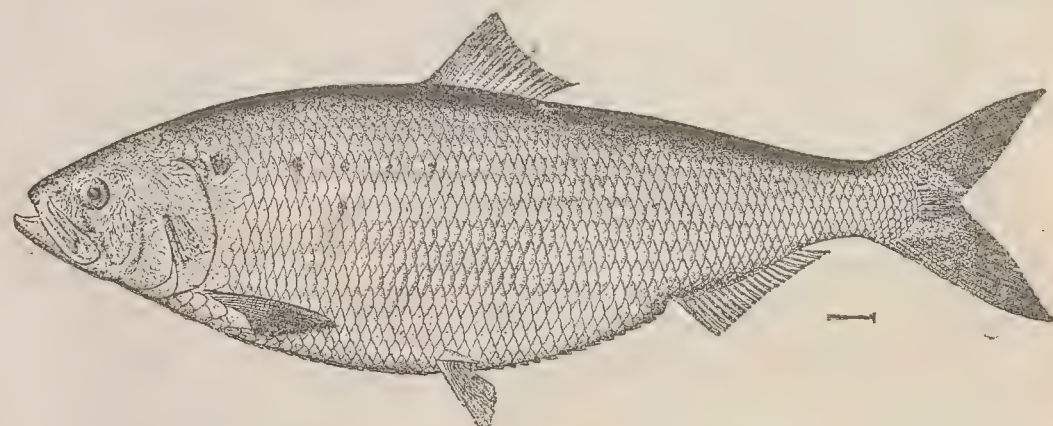


Fig. 6—Common Shad, *Alosa sapidissima* (Wilson); female.

than the bottom. This method of fishing was adopted in order to get the spoonbill cat, which, when running, swims close to the surface; and while fishing for the spoonbill, the shad were caught at the same time. The two species appear to "run" at the same time when both swim near the surface.

The principal seining ground near Louisville in 1898 was below the Falls of the Ohio, and between Rock Island and the Indiana shore. The seines in use were about 70 yards long, 1.5-inch bar, and 90 meshes deep.

According to Mr. Sowders the first shad obtained at Louisville were caught about 1876, when a good many were secured by seining just below the Falls. Mr. Sowders' father, who was then in the fish business, compared them with shad billed to him from Baltimore as "Potomac shad." Being unable to detect any important difference, he called those from the Ohio "Potomac shad," which name they have ever since retained among the Louisville fish dealers. They found a ready sale then, perhaps at a better price than they now receive. Since that time a few have been taken each year, but no large catches until 1897. The catch that year was relatively very large. The first fish were gotten May 5, and from

As already stated, the Fish Commission heard of the occurrence of shad in the Kanawha River at Montgomery, W. Va., in May, 1896. On May 13, 1898, I visited Montgomery, hoping that I might be able to secure specimens, or at least obtain further data regarding the occurrence of shad at that place. Very little additional information, however, could be secured. It was learned that shad had never been seen there, according to the persons interviewed, until in May, 1896. Only a few people knew anything about them, and not many were caught. The fish were seen at Lock No. 2, which is at the town of Montgomery, and at Lock No. 3, which is five or six miles below.

According to Mr. Pink Brown, shad were abundant during the "light moon in May, 1896," in the Kanawha at Cabin Creek, just below Coalburg, or eight miles below Montgomery. The river was full of them and he caught a great many with a seine. He sold none, because everybody was catching them. He took some to Capt. James Calvert, of the Kanawha Belle, who said they were common all along the river. Mr. Brown says those he caught were fine, large fish, excellent eating, and full of roe when caught, but he did not notice any eggs running from them, though others reported that they did. Mr. Brown did not

certain that they do and that they are as truly anadromous as is the Atlantic shad.

Whether important fisheries for the Ohio shad can be established remains to be determined. In the first place, it is not yet known whether the fish is commercially abundant. It is not at all improbable that its apparent scarcity may be due merely to the fact that the methods of fishing in vogue in the Mississippi Basin have not been such as would prove effective in the capture of shad. Gill nets and trap nets are scarcely known, and where seines are used they are usually leaded so as to fish the bottom, and are hauled mostly during the daytime. Shad might very well be present in abundance and remain forever unknown so long as the present fishing methods are continued.

Many plants of Atlantic shad have been made by the United States Fish Commission in the waters of the Mississippi Basin—the first in 1874 and the last in 1893—and although none of the planted shad has since been received by the Fish Commission for identification, and the capture of none has been fully authenticated, it does not follow by any means that none has survived. It is by no means improbable that the Atlantic shad may now be abundant in the Gulf and its tributary streams, and that a thor-

ough investigation may establish the fact. At any rate the vast economic and scientific importance of the matter justifies a very careful and exhaustive investigation of the whole matter.

The spawning time of the shad in the Ohio River is probably not earlier than the 10th of June. The numerous examples seen at Louisville May 16 to 19 were far from ripe, and it is doubtful if any of them would have spawned much before the middle of June.

As an article of food the Ohio shad does not yet seem to have appealed to the citizens of the Mississippi Valley. At Louisville they sold at a low price, the price received by the fishermen being but two cents a pound, the same that was paid for carp, buffalo and toothed herring. Those who are familiar with the delicious Atlantic shad and who know how to prepare it find the Ohio species not at all inferior.

If the shad should be found to be present in the Mississippi and its tributaries in sufficient numbers to justify the establishment of permanent fisheries each spring, there is little doubt but that it would soon become quite as highly prized as its near relative in the Atlantic coastal streams.

Fly-Casting for Bass from the Wing Dams in the Mississippi.

To keep the Mississippi River flowing in a given channel a wise engineer planned the construction of wing dams, nothing more or less than narrow embankments of broken stone and boulders running from the shore at intervals straight out into the river. Between the points of these protruding dams the current holds sway, and between these points is the channel of the rivers kept at normal depth by the scouring of the sand-laden water.

Fish, be they sturgeon or minnows, must pass around the point of each wing dam to move down stream, no other course is open to them. How well the bass know this! How they form in schools and holding themselves in readiness in the eddy behind the point of the dam, await the coming of the quarry carried around the point of the rocks in the swirling tide.

Now on any pleasant day in June, or July for the matter of that, run down to Prescott. Above this point the Chippewa and St. Croix rivers empty into the Mississippi, which in a measure explains the good bass fishing to be particularly had at Prescott.

Selecting your flies, have your oarsman row you to the nearest wing dam, and then leave your boat until you are ready for a move to the dam next down the river.

No need of looking behind you for your back cast; you are out 300 feet from shore with space unlimited all around you. No overhanging alders are to be considered in the question; no partly sunken logs or gnarled roots meet your gaze as you scan the water. Things are certainly propitious not only for throwing your fly, but for playing your fish after the hook has been set. You look at a piece of floating pine bark 200 feet down stream and wonder to yourself if you can not just top it with your fly.

But there is no need for casting at great lengths, for right at the end of the strong embankment is an eddy, and there are your fish, so whether you cast closely or at long range is with you to decide.

Measuring your distance with a few casts up stream you finally turn and drop your fly at the end of the dam right in the swift swirl of water. Hardly has it fairly settled upon the water before it is taken with a rush that clearly exposes the head and shoulders of the active fish. A twitch of the rod and you have him. It is a job to prevail upon him to quickly leave the eddy and make his fight beyond, and thus leave the remaining fish undisturbed, but you succeed in doing so, and if your fly holds and the fates are kind to you, he is finally reeled to your very feet and carefully lifted upon the dry rocks.

And when the eddy gives forth no further response, a few moments of rowing will take you to the next dam down or across stream, where you repeat the process.

It is fly-casting under the most favorable conditions, and yet the fish are as wild as bass can be, and the current in the river helps to make things interesting often times when the fish is making his best fight. Save for losing a fish now and then—and who would have it otherwise, even if it is the largest always that we lose—one need spend an hour's fly-fishing without the vexation or care only too often the lot of the wader of the embowered trout stream.

Perhaps it does look a little too luxurious this standing hundreds of feet out in a stream and having to pay attention to absolutely nothing save the proper placing of your fly and the handling and landing of your fish. But such is the fly-fishing one can enjoy for bass in the Mississippi River. Casting frogs among the lilypads and rushes for the greedy yet lazy large-mouthed bass is not to be compared with throwing the fly and playing the pugnacious bass in the swirling waters of the Mississippi.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

Sullivan County.

Rock Hill, Sullivan County, N. Y., May 14.—The weather here has been rather cold for trout fishing. I fished the McKee Brook down to Katrina Falls and caught thirteen nice trout, one weighing ½ pound. A couple of days after I fished the Foster Meadow Brook and caught seventeen, using fish-worms for bait. I flushed quite a lot of partridge (ruffed grouse) along the brooks, and heard others drumming, so we expect to have some good shooting this fall if the broods turn out all right.

There are six ponds around here, all good fishing ponds, principally for pickerel, except the Fowlwood Pond, which has the small-mouth black bass as well—some big fellows, too.

D. G. SUMMERFIELD.

Of Course He is Proud of Her.

Boston, May 16.—J. P. Tucker, the coal man, is the proudest Boston father in the vicinity of Kilby street. He has a daughter, Emily, aged six, who, by her own efforts managed to land a 1¼-pound trout at Mr. Tucker's camp at Marshfield. She did not, of course, make the cast herself; but she managed to get the fish on the fly firmly and landed him in a way that would have done credit to a veteran.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Fly-Casting Trip Postponed.

The members of the Chicago Fly Casting Club who were billed to start for Grand Rapids, Mich., last Wednesday evening, were tremendously disappointed to get telegrams telling them not to come. The late storms which have crossed Michigan have ruined the fishing, and it is only the part of good judgment not to make the trip until the waters have somewhat subsided, which will probably be within a few days. Mr. C. B. Kelsey writes from Grand Rapids that the date to be later chosen will be left to the convenience of the Chicago gentlemen, and will be later announced.

Carrying Trout Out of Michigan.

To-day I met by accident Mr. E. Lipkau, of this city. Mr. Lipkau is just back from a fishing trip on the Au Sable river below Grayling. He said to me: "I have been going to the Au Sable River for eight or ten years, and I had the best trip this time I ever had. You may say we fished in a snowstorm part of the time, but the trout came fine. I caught rainbow trout up to 2½ pounds, and I brought home a grand lot of trout. This is surely a great stream."

I said to him: "If you brought trout out of Michigan, Mr. Lipkau, then you surely broke the law." Mr. Lipkau replied: "All you have to do is to put them on the sleeper, and they come through all right."

"But it is against the law," said I.

"Oh, they don't do anything to you," said he.

Now there you are. I explained to Mr. Lipkau that I once wrote to the State Fish and Game Commissioner of Michigan laying before him this same question. I was answered by Mr. C. E. Brewster, deputy warden, that while there had never been a case brought before them of carrying fish out of the State, the department would be obliged to prosecute anyone carrying trout out of the State of Michigan if the fact were discovered. In the early days I was told that the non-export clause of the law applied more especially to the selling of fish, and that it was not intended to apply to a man carrying a few fish or game out of the State for his home table. Since hearing from Mr. Brewster I should not think of carrying a trout out of the State.

Now, if this is the law, it ought to work just the same for one man as for another. I was fishing in Michigan last week and caught a nice lot of trout, but I did not venture to bring one fish home to serve on my home table, thus forfeiting half the pleasure of a fishing trip. Now, obviously, the law ought to apply to Mr. Lipkau and myself indifferently.

The facts in the Lipkau case are these. He and his party were visited while on the Au Sable by a deputy warden by the name of Purchase, who lives or is accessible at the town of Grayling, Mich. At that time the party had over 700 trout in their crates, alive. Mr. Purchase was entertained by the party and this is the conversation which it is said took place.

"Now, I will give you the law straight," said he. "It is all right for you to have these fish alive here in camp, but I want you to understand that when you go away you can only take 150 fish with you." (I. e., 50 fish per man.)

Mr. Lipkau said to me: "Mr. Purchase knew perfectly well that we came from Chicago." Mr. Lipkau therefore figures that he had express permission from the Fish Commission of the State of Michigan to carry trout out of the State. This is in contradiction to the attitude assumed by Mr. C. E. Brewster, another deputy of the State Fish Commission of Michigan. Now, I appeal to the warden of the State of Michigan to give us a final and authoritative ruling on this matter. If Mr. Lipkau is privileged to bring trout out of the State of Michigan, other anglers from this town wish the same privilege. I do not hesitate to use Mr. Lipkau's name under these circumstances, and indeed he gave me full permission to do so. Said he to me: "If I cannot bring my trout home with me, then I will never go on the Au Sable again." From this I infer that it has been the custom of Mr. Lipkau to bring his fish home with him every year. Will the State Fish and Game Commissioner of Michigan kindly give the readers of FOREST AND STREAM his decision in this regard? I am mailing to him a duplicate of this copy, and I am anxious to have this matter cleared up. It may be remembered that I stated that last week a party of Toledo (Ohio) anglers who checked fish out of the State had their outfits confiscated at Detroit. There are certain incongruities in all this which it seems to me does not comport with the dignity of the State of Michigan. There are hundreds of Chicago anglers who do not like to fish in the State of Michigan because they cannot bring trout home with them. Of course, we agree that the Michigan law is almost intolerably unjust when it punishes a Chicago angler to this extent. The Au Sable River trip is one of the most expensive angling trips which can be taken. If we go over there and put up our good money to this extent, it surely seems that we ought to be able to bring back a few fish. It is not, however, what seems to us right or constitutional, but what is the law and what is the interpretation of the law. This is one of the most interesting questions which offers to Chicago sportsmen, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Morse, the State warden, will decide it at once and finally.

Bass Fishing.

As a good tip for Chicago bass fishermen, I suggest Hamlin Lake, Mich., for large-mouth and small-mouth, especially the latter.

As to our lakes in northern Illinois nearer home, they are attracting a big quota of bass fishers to-day. It came off bright and sunshiny to-day, and the effect upon the angling element was phenomenal. Among those who go to the Lake Villa country are Messrs. R. E. Kimball, his friends, Garrett, Brooks and Carter; Tom Walters, W. W. Dunham, J. T. Hastings, Thomas H. Morrison, Harry Miner and Dr. Fowler. Good catches are reported from the Fox Lake country for the past week, and these gentlemen ought to meet fine success, as the bass are now on the feed.

As to the south-bound trains, Mr. J. T. Bramhall, of the Monon Route, leaves to-morrow with a party of choice spirits, largely composed of members of the Press

Club of Chicago, for a bass-fishing trip to Cedar Lake. Mr. Opie Read, a mighty angler of the Press Club, is slated to be of the party, with several others of piscatorial proclivities. Several members of the sporting press are invited, including the FOREST AND STREAM representative. It is to be regretted that other arrangements do not admit one's being present on this pleasant little excursion.

Bringing Bass from Wisconsin.

I met my friend Jack Wiggins the other day at lunch, and he said that his friend Mr. J. M. Oliver had just sent him six fine bass, which he had taken in the State of Wisconsin. There must be some mistake about this. Mr. Oliver is a lawyer, and surely he must know that the bass season does not open in the State of Wisconsin until May 25.

Northern Trout Fishers.

Two gentlemen just back from the Ontonagon River, Messrs. Fuller and Pagern, took something like 150 trout there in their late trip. They report that it was all bait-fishing, which removes much of the glamor of the story.

Mr. Herman Warner leaves to-night for Watersmeet, and if the weather has settled down up there ought to meet with very good success on the Ontonagon.

Messrs. Frank B. White, O. J. Prentice and E. E. Critchfield joined with Dr. Lee M. Millard, of Nassau, Wis., to-day for a trip to the Prairie River, via the C. & St. P. Ry., going in at Merrill, Wis. These gentlemen go to Dudley P. O. and will remain for a few days.

As to Tight Ferrules.

Mr. H. E. West, of La Crosse, Wis., has the following to say of tight ferrules:

"The next time you have the pleasure of going a-fishing, when you take that \$30 rod out of the case to joint it you just rub the end of each joint that goes into the socket in your hair. If you are one of those bald-pated fishermen that have but little hair, then you might put a little vaseline on what you have before you go, so to get grease enough to do the business. But if your crop of hair is all right, and you will try this, you will find it much better than your kerosene method. It always works nicely with me, and I have done it for years and never been in the fix you were in since I began to do so. From the fact that I enjoy your articles so much in FOREST AND STREAM is why I let you into the secret, but do not give it away until you have tried it. It is simple, but a fisherman will have his hair with him, even if he forgets some of his tackle."

I don't know about that last, for I have known anglers to take their tackle and leave their hair. But as to treating a ferrule, it serves equally well to rub the ferrule upon the skin back of the ear or even upon the nose if one is shy of hair. The oil of the hair or of the skin will lubricate the ferrule sufficiently. This, however, has nothing to do with the case of a tight ferrule after the latter has become an accomplished fact. Of course, kerosene is something which ought to be kept away from a fly-rod unless in dire extremities, as I have suggested. After the ferrules are tightly locked, as they were in my case, it is too late to talk of rubbing them on the hair or anything else. I have had no trouble with this rod since then, for now in putting it together I am always careful to see that the joints are properly lubricated.

As to Fine Tackle.

I do not know how it is in New York, but out here in Chicago our angling devotees are taking to finer tackle. This is the case more especially with the fly-fishermen. The old coarse gut, and heavily feathered flies tied on snelled hooks will not do for use much longer. There is a chance for some dealer to make a killing here with a line of small flies, tied on eyed hooks and dressed thinly and properly.

To-day Mr. E. E. Critchfield showed me some flies tied after patterns suggested by Major Daniels, of Denver, who has fished the Prairie River of Wisconsin several seasons. They were built from patterns suggested by insects actually caught on the stream, thinly-hackled, small-bodied, dainty-winged quill gnats, or thin-hackled gray-drakes, much different from the average trout fly. You could not give Mr. Critchfield anything else for that particular stream.

By the way, Mr. Critchfield shows an English fly-box with compartments numbered, and a pair of pincers to take out the flies therefrom. Mr. F. N. Peet pins his faith to a smaller fly-box, with clips. The old patterns of American fly-books are becoming old-fashioned, and some enterprising dealer might do well to take to these new ideas. The same thing applies in yet other ways.

"I have one line, which I bought in England," said Mr. Critchfield to-day. "I paid \$12 for it, and it will last me a lifetime. Last season when I got done using it, I wiped it dry, carefully coiled it up in a tin can, and then poured melted deer fat over it. This spring I took it out of the grease, wiped it off and found it pliable and perfectly free from kink from one end to the other."

Half the fun in fly-fishing is to have a good equipment. In many lines of angling gear the English admit their inferiority to the Americans, but as a matter of fact one country can often borrow ideas from the other with profit. Last week over in Michigan my friend Mr. Mershon put me into a pair of waders which came from England. They were of soft mackintosh, with boot feet, the soles of leather and the half-sole of felt. The foot up to the ankle was covered with leather. These waders did not seem to sweat one so much as our heavy mackintosh. They were pliable and comfortable, and one could get out on the bank and walk in them with perfect comfort. I would not mind getting a pair if I could get them here in America. I should not wonder also if I should become so un-American as to like one of these English fly-boxes.

All these things are in the way of trade. As to the dressing of flies in smaller patterns, this is something that we ought to have made possible by local fly-dressers, and it is simply a matter of perversity that we do not have it. Given a good fly-rod, the proper kind of a fly-line, good gut—that commodity so very hard to purchase at any price—and flies dressed light and "buggy" after the English fashion, and I promise you the man of average skill will discount in his catch the best efforts of the man

with the average outfit which is offered him to-day. This may sound a little like heresy, but it is not such. It is a simple tip on the tendency of the times, and the dealer who is first to realize that tendency is going to be the first to profit by it.

Choke-Bore Fly-Rods.

As to fly-rods, we know more in this town than we did ten years ago. There is sometimes a vast difference between a pretty fly-rod and a useful one. My friend Mr. Graham H. Harris, and his friend, Mayor Harrison, claim the credit of having induced a certain well-known Eastern maker of fly-rods to put more backbone into his rods—that is to say, to make them stiffer. I got a couple of these rods this spring, taking them out of stock, and not being able to first give them a thorough trial. I find both the rods too stiff for short-distance fly-casting, and, in fact, too stiff for any distance fly-casting unless rigged with very heavy casting lines. One of these rods is 5¼ ounces. My friend Mr. Mershon had one of these rods of the same make. It was a 4-ounce rod. This was just about the weight which I ought to have had. In short, these rods seem to me to have too much backbone. They are what I should call choke-bore rods, intended for long-range shooting. Now it is all right to talk about long-distance fly-casting, but that is not what catches trout. For some kinds of trout fishing you want to fish close to you, with a delicate fly and a short line. In such cases, no matter how heavy your line, your rod with too much backbone does not begin to work. Your line does not straighten, your leader is bound to fall in wrinkles. I have long felt that our shotguns are made to shoot too close, and I believe the same of our makers who put too much backbone into their rods. For dry fly-fishing or even the method which I call the Taylor system, indeed for all fishing at short range, there ought to be more pliancy in the rod than is to be found in the celebrated makes in weights sometimes of 5 or 6 ounces. These rods are beautifully made, and are equal to 50 or 60 feet of line. In short, they are choke-bore rods. Yet I am due to say that I shall have to have one more rod—that is to say, a rod for short-range fishing. When it comes to reaching them away out yonder, I don't want better rods than I now own.

Gaylord Club.

A lot of gentlemen went up to Gaylord Club, Wisconsin, to-day, among these Mr. Charles R. Corwith and James R. Walker, of this city. Mr. F. M. Stephenson, of Menominee, Mich., president of the Gaylord Club, is back from Mexico, and started for the club waters yesterday afternoon.

Are Croppies Bass?

Mr. L. A. Moore, of Zanesville, O., writes as follows: "Will you kindly inform me on the within if the fish commonly called 'croppy' is a true bass or not? Our State has wisely passed a law, 'prohibiting the catching of bass between May 1 and July 1.' As croppies (called in our local lakes here, 'Lake Erie bass') seldom bite here before May 1, and after the water becomes warm the latter part of June and during the months of July, August, September and October, seldom bite at all, and if they do occasionally, their flesh is almost unfit for food. If pronounced a true bass, they are surely well protected. "As vice-president of our Sportsmen's State Association, I am strongly in favor of protecting black bass as above, also prohibiting all spring shooting, but opposed to allowing squirrels killed during the month of August, as allowed in our late law, so as to permit hunters to enter the woods in August or September to shoot squirrels. This acts on grouse, the same as permitting the shooting of prairie chickens in August, as it is 'the sooner' that kills the prairie chicken, and the so-called squirrel hunter that kills the grouse. Beside, squirrels are the poorest in flesh during the month of August, and almost useless as food during that month. "We have to thank the northern part of our State for the clause permitting spring shooting; who for the squirrel law at this writing is unknown, as none wishes to father the idiotic clause."

I presume the authorities would advise Mr. Moore that his croppies and black bass would belong to the same family, but the legal authorities probably would not allow him to classify the croppy as a bass. The local name of the croppy may be anything of a score of things, but it belongs to the perch family, as does the black bass, of which latter but two species are recognized. However, no one can tell what a judge or a jury may decide. Try 'em.

Grayling Not Extinct.

Here is a bit of news which you shall keep absolutely secret in your bosom. The grayling are not extinct. I saw a Mr. King, of Chicago, who caught three grayling below Wakeley's on the Au Sable this week. Mr. D. R. Brown, who was on the car with us, saw old Shabbonagontz, an old Indian, take a big grayling last week on the Manistee. Elmer Knight, of Grayling, Mich., caught four grayling on the Manistee two years ago, and many others are reported to have caught this fish this year on that stream. Moreover, and this is the part which you must keep to yourself, a gentleman whose name I cannot learn, came down the road the day before I did. The conductor, the baggageman and others vouch for the fact that this gentleman had more than forty grayling in his box. He had fish of 1½ pounds, and the conductor said even 2 pounds weight, fine grand grayling, as big as were ever taken in Michigan. He said that he caught them after a twenty-five-mile ride out into the wilderness, but declined to state the exact locality where he made his catch. It hardly need be said that diligent inquiry is now being made as to the facts regarding the locality. There is no doubt whatever regarding the extent and character of the catch. If we can find out just where these grayling were taken, there is a possibility that the Saginaw Crowd, or some members of it, may take an unofficial sneak up north to have a look into that stream. It would please me much to go, for I have never yet in my angling experience seen a live grayling in Michigan. I consider this to be angling news of an important character. The grayling is not extinct in Michigan, nor is it apt to become utterly so. The Fish Commission has solved the problem of hatching grayling, and is in truth planting numbers

of grayling fry every year, the Manistee River being the stream most favored. This river is reached easily from the town of Grayling, and anything going into that famous angling center might do well to have a look at the Manistee. Of course one need not counsel any angler to use moderation. If he takes little grayling he should put them back. If he takes one or two or three good-sized fish, he should be content with that. The stream ought to be closed for a term of years, and that would re-establish the grayling in it.

As to the extent and proportion of trout and grayling on the Manistee, Elmer Knight told me that in three days he and his party caught 184 trout and fourteen grayling. Nearly every one agrees that the grayling is practically extinct in the main Au Sable River. It is rarely taken in the north branch of that stream, nor does one hear much of any being taken now in Big Creek. I had one angler tell me that he caught a grayling, a rainbow trout and a speckled trout all at the same cast, on three flies which he was using. This I believe was on the Au Sable River. It is possible, but not apt to be probable from now on.

There is angling in Michigan in that northern section, such angling as I did not suppose possible. I have been trout fishing scores of times, but I never had pleasanter fishing. The rigid laws of Michigan are having their good effect, and there was never a better law than the eight-inch limit which applies on the stream where we fished.

As to the laws, it was a trifle hard not to be allowed to bring home a single one of all these beautiful trout which I caught, but as a non-resident I could not do so. The baggageman at Grayling, whom I asked to check a basket of trout to Saginaw for a friend, said he hoped I was not trying to send any to Chicago. I told him that I did not so intend. "Some gentlemen who were up here a few days ago," said he, "checked some fish out to Toledo, Ohio. They were caught at Detroit by Fish Commission men, and the anglers lost not only their fish, but also their rods and entire outfit. It proved rather an expensive trip."

A word to the wise might be in place in regard to this. If you are going to try to smuggle trout out of Michigan, please don't.

E. HUGH.
HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Will Some One Please Explain?

LLANO, Texas.—Editor Forest and Stream: I am going to put a question to you that has stumped me for many years. I live on the Llano River, in Texas, and I suppose there is no better fishing stream in the State than the Llano. We have trout, perch, gaspergoo, and two species of the catfish. They grow large and the good feature is that they bite.

Last week I laid off and went fishing. It was a lovely day, and I thought how nice it would be out in the woods along the streams with the fish. On my way to the fishing grounds I struck up with a "cracker kid," he had the poorest outfit to catch fish that anyone ever went fishing with, and I felt sorry for him, and intended, should any misfortune happen to his tackle, to help him out. I very soon "scraped 'quaintance" with him, and asked him where he was bound, and he said, "Fishin'." We walked on a few hundred yards in silence, and finally arrived at the "Blue Hole." I got out my Bristol rod, automatic reel, and silk line; he unwound his 2-for-a-nickle line from a crooked willow stick, and we went to work. I got the first bite, and pulled in a two-pound cat. Then the cracker got in his work and landed a cat about twice as large as mine, and kept it up. I did not get another bite. He gave me some of his bait, and I even let him bait my hook, but it was no go. Not another bite did I get, and that boy caught twenty-three fish, in weight from two pounds to fifteen.

Now, will some of you fishermen please tell me why a negro or a cracker can catch fish with his crooked stick, twine lines and bent wire for hook, while we can't do it with the best Bristol rods, automatic reels and snelled hooks?

J. H. C.

Buzzard's Bay.

Boston, May 19.—The Massachusetts Legislature defeated the bill to permit of seining in Buzzard's Bay last week. Ostensibly in the interest of the menhaden companies, the privilege of seining for menhaden in that bay was asked. Hook and line fishermen were much alarmed, well knowing that once seining was permitted for menhaden all other fish would be destroyed. The Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association was very naturally arrayed against the measure, and its officers and members feel gratified at their success. All the hook and line fishermen who have heretofore enjoyed fishing in Buzzard's Bay are rejoicing with them.

SPECIAL.

Tapeworm of Salmon and Other Fish Absolutely Harmless to Man.

"BRITISH MUSEUM (Natural History), Cromwell Road, London, S. W., Feb. 22.—Dear Sir: The tapeworms of salmon and other fishes are absolutely innocuous to man. This is a matter which has been well settled, as you may find by reference to any of the manuals on parasitology, particularly, I believe, in P. J. Van Beneden's well-known treatise entitled 'Animal Parasites and Messmates.'—G. A. Boulenger in London Fishing Gazette.

Lake Sunapee.

BLODGETT'S LANDING, N. H., May 19.—Another big week's fishing at Lake Sunapee. Dr. A. E. Pratt landed seven square-tailed trout from 1¼ to 3½ pounds, and one 8-pound salmon; Fred H. Gould, nineteen square-tailed trout on Saturday and Sunday from 1¼ to 2¼ pounds; Dr. Hall, one trout, 2 pounds; H. E. Fox, one, 3 pounds; A. Martin, six trout and one salmon, 4 pounds; C. H. Bradford, two salmon, 5½ and 9 pounds; W. S. Leach, eight trout, 2, 1¼, 3½, 3, 1½, 3, 2 and 3¾, one salmon 4 pounds; Dr. H. Moore, of Hartford, Conn., two white trout, 3½ and 3¾ pounds; A. E. Rollins, two trout, 1½ and 3 pounds.

State Commissioner Col. Nat. Wentworth and a party of friends have been at his camp, and with their usual

good luck have landed quite a few large aureolus or golden trout during the last few days of last week.

The brook trout fishing around Kearsarge and Sunapee mountains has been exceedingly good all the season. A party from the Forest House caught thirty-seven on Thursday afternoon weighing 11½ pounds; one tipped the beam at 1 pound 2 ounces.

F. W. HUNTOON.

100 Sportsmen's Finds.

Some of the Queer Discoveries Made by Those Who Are Looking for Game or Fish.

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The Deutsche Fischer Zeitung relates that a poor peasant living in the neighborhood of Brescia found a remarkable black ball in an eel. He showed it to some friends who told him it might be valuable, so he took it to a jeweler in Brescia, who pronounced it to be a black pearl worth at least 30,000 francs. The peasant then took his find to a jeweler in Milan, who paid him £1,500 for it.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures, 1902.

Secretaries and members of race committees will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list and also changes which may be made in the future.

MAY.

- 24. New Rochelle, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
- 24. Manhasset Bay, club raceabouts, Port Washington, L. I. Sound.
- 24. Corinthian, club, Essington, Delaware River.
- 30. to June 4. Corinthian, cruise, Chesapeake Bay.
- 30. Indian Harbor, special, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
- 30. American, club, Milton Point, Rye, Long Island Sound.
- 30. Fall River, open, Narragansett Bay.
- 30. Harlem, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, City Island, L. I. Sound.
- 30. Manhasset Bay, club raceabouts, Port Washington, L. I. Sound.
- 30. Columbia, club regatta, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
- 30. South Boston, M. Y. R. A., open and tender race, City Point, Boston Harbor.
- 30. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club races, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
- 30. Atlantic, club, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
- 31. Seawanhaka Corinthian, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open races, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
- 31. Wollaston, club race, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
- 31. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
- 31. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.

JUNE.

- 7. Boston, Cheney cups, City Point, Boston Harbor.
- 7. Atlantic, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, N. Y. Bay.
- 7. Knickerbocker, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, College Point, Long Island Sound.
- 7. Manhasset Bay, club raceabouts, Port Washington, L. I. Sound.
- 7. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
- 7. Corinthian, club, Essington, Delaware River.
- 7. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
- 14. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
- 14. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club race for Centre Island Cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
- 14. New Rochelle, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
- 14. Beverly, club, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
- 14. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
- 14. Columbia, race to Michigan City, Lake Michigan.
- 14. Corinthian, open, Essington, Delaware River.
- 14. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
- 14. Boston, cruise, racing run, Boston to Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
- 14-17. Boston, cruise, City Point, Marblehead, Gloucester and Hull.
- 15. Boston, cruise, racing run, Marblehead to Gloucester, Massachusetts Bay.
- 16. Boston, cruise, racing run, Gloucester to Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
- 17. Atlantic, annual, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
- 17. Boston, cruise, racing run, Marblehead to Hull, Mass. Bay.
- 17. Hull-Massachusetts, Y. R. A., open, Point Allerton, Boston Harbor.
- 17. Beverly, open, sweepstake, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
- 17. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
- 19. New York, annual, New York, Lower Bay.
- 21. Winthrop, M. Y. R. A., open, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
- 21. Corinthian, club, Essington, Delaware River.
- 21. Duxbury, club, Duxbury, Massachusetts Bay.
- 21. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
- 21. Norwalk, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, South Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
- 21. Larchmont, spring regatta, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
- 21. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club race for Centre Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
- 21. Brooklyn, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, N. Y. Bay.
- 22. Wollaston, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
- 23. Eastern, open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
- 24. New York, club, Glen Cove, Long Island Sound.
- 26-28. Seawanhaka Corinthian, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
- 28. Beverly, club, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
- 28. New York C. C., Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
- 28. Corinthian, club, Essington, Delaware River.
- 28. Duxbury, club, Duxbury, Massachusetts Bay.
- 28. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
- 28. Boston, Y. R. A., open, City point, Boston Harbor.
- 28. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
- 28. Wollaston, Y. R. A., open, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
- 28. South Boston, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
- 30. Bridgeport, Trial races for selection of representative for Seawanhaka cup contest, Bridgeport, Long Island Sound.

JULY.

- 1-3. Bridgeport, trial races for selection of representative for Seawanhaka cup contest, Bridgeport, Long Island Sound.
- 4. City of Boston, M. Y. R., open, City Point, Boston Harbor.
- 4. Beverly, open sweepstakes, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
- 4. Larchmont, annual, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
- 4. Hartford, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Saybrook, L. I. Sound.
- 4. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
- 4. Corinthian, open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
- 4. Columbia, annual open regatta, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
- 4. Milwaukee, club regatta, Milwaukee, Lake Michigan.
- 4. Duxbury, club, Duxbury, Massachusetts Bay.
- 4-5. Eastern, open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
- 4-7. Manchester, Quincy Y. C. challenge cup races, West Manchester, Massachusetts Bay.
- 5. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
- 5. Mosquito Fleet, M. Y. R. A., open, City Point, Boston Harbor.
- 5. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club race for Centre Island Cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
- 5. Beverly, first Corinthian, Mon. Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
- 5. Riverside, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Riverside, L. I. Sound.
- 5. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
- 5-14. Atlantic, annual cruise, rendezvous Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
- 10-12. Indian Harbor, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
- 10-12-14. Newport Y. R. A., open, Newport.
- 12. Duxbury, club, Duxbury, Massachusetts Bay.
- 12. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
- 12. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
- 12. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
- 12. Beverly, second Corinthian, Mon. Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
- 12. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
- 12. Marine and Field, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
- 12. Squantum, M. Y. R. A., open, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.

12. South Boston, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
19. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club race for Centre Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
19. South Boston, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
19. Stamford Corinthian, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Stamford, Long Island Sound.
19. Duxbury, club, Duxbury, Massachusetts Bay.
19. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
19. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
19. Beverly, club, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
19. Manhasset Bay, club, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
- 19-26. Larchmont, race week, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
- 21-26. Interlake Y. A., an. regatta, Put-in-Bay, Toledo, Lake Erie.
- 24-26. Hull-Massachusetts, midsummer series, Y. R. A., open, Hull, Boston Harbor.
26. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
26. Duxbury, club, Duxbury, Massachusetts Bay.
- 26 to Aug. 2. Corinthian, annual cruise, from Delaware River to Long Island Sound.
26. Beverly, third Cor., Mon. Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
26. Manhasset Bay, club, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
26. Beverly, third Corinthian, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
26. Mosquito Fleet, club, City Point, Boston Harbor.
26. Atlantic, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
26. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
26. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club race for Centre Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
26. Norwalk, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, So. Norwalk, L. I. Sound.
26. Hartford, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Saybrook, L. I. Sound.
26. Wollaston, M. Y. R. A., open, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
- 28-29. Boston Y. R. A., open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
- 30-31. Corinthian, Midsummer Invitation series, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.

AUGUST.

1. Manhasset Bay, race for 18ft. one-design classes, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
1. Corinthian, Midsummer Invitation series, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
2. Duxbury, club, Duxbury, Massachusetts Bay.
2. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
2. Corinthian, annual, open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
2. Columbia, race to Macatawa Bay, Lake Michigan.
2. Manhasset, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
2. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
2. Brooklyn, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, N. Y. Bay.
- 4-5. Manchester, M. Y. R. A., open, West Manchester, Mass. Bay.
5. New York, cruise, rendezvous at New London.
5. New York, cruise, run to Newport.
- 5-6. Misery Island, open, Salem Bay, Massachusetts Bay.
7. New York, cruise, Astor cup races.
7. East Gloucester, M. Y. R. A., open, Gloucester, Mass. Bay.
- 7-9. Seawanhaka cup races, Dorval, Lake St. Louis, Canada, between representatives of Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. and Bridgeport Y. C.
- 7-9. Macatawa Bay, Lake Michigan, Y. A. open races.
- 8-9. Annisquam, M. Y. R. A., open, Annisquam, Mass. Bay.
9. Hempstead, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Glen Cove, L. I. Sound.
9. Northport, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Northport, L. I. Sound.
9. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club race for Centre Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
9. South Boston, sailing tender race, City Point, Boston Harbor.
9. Duxbury, club, Duxbury, Massachusetts Bay.
9. Beverly-Van Rensselaer cup race, Marion, Buzzard's Bay.
9. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
9. Wollaston, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
11. American, M. Y. R. A., open, Newburyport, Massachusetts Bay.
16. Horseshoe Harbor, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
16. Huntington, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Huntington, L. I. Sound.
16. Hartford, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Saybrook, L. I. Sound.
16. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
16. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, race for Centre Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
16. Duxbury, club, Duxbury, Massachusetts Bay.
16. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
16. Beverly, fourth Corinthian, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
16. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
21. Plymouth, M. Y. R. A., open, Plymouth, Massachusetts Bay.
22. Kingston, M. Y. R. A., open, Kingston, Mass. Bay.
23. Bridgeport, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Bridgeport, L. I. Sound.
23. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
23. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
23. Huguenot, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
23. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
23. Beverly, fifth Corinthian, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
23. Wollaston, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
23. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
23. South Boston, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
23. Duxbury, M. Y. R. A., open, Duxbury, Mass. Bay.
23. Marine and Field, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
24. Mosquito Fleet, club, City Point, Boston Harbor.
- 25-26. Wellfleet, M. Y. R. A., open, Wellfleet, Massachusetts Bay.
- 28-30. Cape Cod, M. Y. R. A., open, Provincetown, Mass. Bay.
30. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
30. Beverly, sixth Corinthian, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
30. Columbia, race to Waukegan, Lake Michigan.
30. Manhasset Bay, club, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
30. Larchmont, club, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
30. Atlantic, club, Fire Island and return, New York Bay.
30. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
30. Indian Harbor, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
30. Hartford, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Saybrook, L. I. Sound.
- 30-31. Corinthian, annual cruise, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.

SEPTEMBER.

1. Corinthian, club, Essington, Delaware River.
1. Corinthian, annual cruise, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
1. Larchmont, fall regatta, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
1. Sachem's Head, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Guilford, L. I. Sound.
1. Norwalk, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, So. Norwalk, L. I. Sound.
1. Lynn, M. Y. R. A., open, Nahant, Massachusetts Bay.
1. Beverly, open, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
- 4-6. Seawanhaka Corinthian, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
- 5-6. Eastern, open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
6. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
6. Boston, club, City Point, Boston Harbor.
6. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
6. Beverly, open, Mattapoisett, Buzzard's Bay.
6. Wollaston, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
6. Quincy, M. Y. R. A., open, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
6. South Boston, sailing tender race, City Point, Boston Harbor.
6. New York C. C., Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
8. Eastern, open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
13. Beverly, seventh Corinthian, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
23. Atlantic, fall regatta, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
23. Larchmont, club, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
23. Manhasset, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
20. New York C. C., Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
- Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
27. Riverside, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Riverside, L. I. Sound.
27. Manhasset Bay, club raceabouts, Port Washington, L. I. Sound.

Designing Competition for the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

THE publishers of FOREST AND STREAM are much gratified at the large number of designs that have been submitted for the Seawanhaka Corinthian competition, which closed on Thursday, May 15. It is hardly necessary to say that the designs are all of a high order and that it will not be an easy task to award the prizes. It is now hoped that the decision of the judges can be made known within a week or two.

We are indebted to Sec'y A. T. Bliss for a copy of the book issued by the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts. The book is much more comprehensive than ever before, and is splendidly printed on high-grade paper, and reflects great credit on those who had the matter in charge.

For Cruising Yachtsmen.

WITH the purpose of stimulating the interest in cruising, and the keeping of a detailed log by cruising yachtsmen during the season of 1902, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer prizes for the best stories of cruises submitted to be published in FOREST AND STREAM. It is believed that these will form not only entertaining records of pleasant summer days spent afloat along our coasts and waterways, but will furnish information of practical value to other yachtsmen making subsequent cruises on the same waters.

Prizes will be awarded to the three best stories as follows:

First prize, \$50.00.

Second prize, \$30.00.

Third prize, \$20.00.

Contributions are invited under the following conditions:

1. The cruise must be made in waters of the United States or Canada in the season of 1902.

2. The cruise must be made in a sailing yacht, power to be used only as an auxiliary, if at all.

3. The story must be prefaced by a description of the boat. Cruises should be treated in as interesting and readable a way as possible, but should be practical and contain all possible information and data that would be of value to men going over the same route. A description of the handling of the ship in all weathers will be regarded very favorably in making awards, and it is suggested to writers that an accurate account be kept of all incidents happening while under way.

4. An outline chart suitable for reproduction, showing the course taken, must accompany each article. When possible, articles should be accompanied by amateur photographs taken on the cruise, including one of the boat. Good photographs will be considered in making the awards.

5. The story should contain about seven thousand words, written on one side of the paper only, and must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York city, on or before Nov. 15, 1902.

Mr. T. C. Zerega has very kindly consented to act as judge and to make the awards.

Yachting in the Mid-Pacific.

HONOLULU, Hawaii, April 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The prize designs of a small cruiser which have been published recently in FOREST AND STREAM have proved of great interest to me, although living in the mid-Pacific, 5,000 miles away. They undoubtedly will interest thousands of other yachtsmen, and be the means of helping those intending to build to secure real cruisers in which they will have years of pleasure. Such craft will be hard to outbuild, because they are rational vessels. The design of Charles D. Mower impressed me favorably, and particularly the cabin arrangement, which I propose to adopt on my present boat. The design corresponds so closely with my yacht that perhaps a description of Gladys and her ability as a sea boat might be interesting to those contemplating building.

Gladys was designed three years ago by V. D. Bacon, of Barnstable, Mass., and was to take the place of a Cape Cod catboat which he had previously planned for me. I wanted a comfortable cruising boat and particularly demanded that she should be of a good seagoing type, for I intended to do considerable cruising about our islands, and the weather is Pacific only in name at times. The outcome was a keel vessel of the following dimensions: Length over all, 37ft. 7in.; L.W.L., 25ft.; beam at deck, 9ft. 11¼in.; at L.W.L. 9ft. 5¼in.; draft, 5ft. 3in.; least freeboard, 2ft. 6in.; displacement, 14,900lbs.; iron keel, 6,000lbs. Sail area, mainsail, 676 sq. ft.; jib, 174 sq. ft.; total, 850 sq. ft. Mast deck to truck, 35ft.; boom, 31ft. 9in.; gaff, 18ft.; bowsprit, outboard, 2ft. 6in. Her construction is very substantial throughout, and has never given any trouble. She was built by Stone & Swanson, of Beldere, Cal., and shipped to Honolulu on vessel's deck. She has the same half-deck across the forward end of the cockpit, and I believe this is a great strengthener of the deck structure of a boat. In many boats, when pressed, the canvas will wrinkle up on the cabin trunk, showing strain. I have never observed this in my boat, which leads me to think favorably of such construction. This deck makes a fine place for sitting or sleeping, as well as a table for serving lunch in the cockpit. The w. c. is under this deck, and gives 4ft. headroom. The cabin is arranged with two full-length transoms on each side, with galley and ice box forward on opposite sides. She has full headroom (6ft. under carlines), but one would not expect this from looking at drawing of the boat.

On arrival here a great many criticisms were passed upon her, some favorable and others not. She was a new type in hull and rig. Of course one of the first things many yachtsmen wanted to know, "Would she be fast?" "Can she beat Bonnie?" Now, the latter boat was a Fife cutter built in Scotland, and nothing been nearer her in a race of twenty-five miles than half-hour astern. For six years her supremacy was unquestioned. The two boats were of about the same size as to length, but the cutter was 8ft. beam with a draft of 7½ft. She was flush deck, and every appearance of a racer. The outcome of the first race was a victory for the American design to the tune of 22m. And since the first brush the Fife cutter has been obliged to take second place with the exception of one event, which was a fluky day, and conditions of wind unequal. Although a high-sided boat, she can both out-point and foot faster than the racing cutter. The generous freeboard I have appreciated greatly in the off-shore cruising in lumpy sea, the little craft coasting along

like a gull, always plenty of boat out of water and no combination of waves catching her and dumping green seas aboard as in low-sided craft.

The next year after her arrival a schooner yacht was brought down from San Francisco. She was a big craft, about 50ft. long on deck, with ample beam and lofty rig. I am going to tell you about this race, because it is considered a hard trip, even in cruising leisurely across the channel where the wind funnels through and the cross seas make it uncomfortable for large coasters. A challenge was received from the owner of the new schooner for a race to Lahaina, Maui, and return. Although the difference was great in point of size, no time allowance was given, the craft sailing on even terms. Our destination was seventy-five miles to windward and over two wind-swept channels. There was considerable interest here over the result of this race, being something out of the ordinary run of boating, and there was much speculation as to the outcome of speed and which would prove the best seagoing craft. The odds were in favor of the schooner, owing to largeness.

We started one afternoon with a fresh northeast trades blowing. Our rival had a single reef in her mainsail. We were under full sail. As soon as we cleared the Honolulu Harbor channel and headed up the coast, we gradually drew away from the schooner. We kept lengthening the distance, until she was hull down astern when night shut out all further sight of her or land. We experienced the usual channel weather when the winds were fresh, and the seas kept the spray flying. She was making beautiful weather of it notwithstanding the night was pitch dark and impossible for the helmsman to see the huge seas and meet them. The only unfortunate incident was running into a dead calm, where we remained for three hours slatting about in the swells. But after boxing the compass several times, we managed to get a faint



zephyr that carried us into a good breeze, which we held to Lahaina. We arrived there at 10:45 A. M., just twenty and a half hours from Honolulu.

At noon our competitor hove in sight, and we up sail and started homeward. The schooner gave up trying to round the buoy, as agreed on, fearing the light airs under the headlands would delay her, and when within several miles of the anchorage she came about and followed us. The wind in the channel was blowing from twenty to twenty-five miles, and the high sea made the setting of the spinnaker risky, so we confined ourselves to the working sails. The other boat was able to run wing and wing, and this gave her a slight advantage, and she was able to close up the gap and even pass us during the night, but in the close-hauled work up the harbor channel we caught her and led a few lengths at the lighthouse, at the point where we had started the day before, and sailed a race of fully 200 miles. The run home was made in ten hours over a distance of seventy-five nautical miles on the straight steamer route. Not bad, perhaps, for a 25ft. waterline cruiser. This means that she passes her length through the water every two seconds. Our crew felt quite pleased with the result of this hard race.

From the report of the crew of the other craft, she did not make nearly as good weather of it as we did. During the night on the up trip she was obliged to take in her flying jib and foresail, and had a good deal of water to contend with below decks, the garboards leaking badly. Her figurehead was nearly lost, and had to be lashed to the bowsprit. They felt at that time they were winners, because we would not be able to make headway in such a sea and wind. We were probably not very far apart at the time, and experienced the same weather, and it goes to prove the old saying that it is not always the big boat that is the best sea boat.

The short bowsprit cannot be improved upon for sea work. With the snubbed affair headsails can be handled from the deck, and you haven't the worry of the long stick out ahead diving into green seas.

In outside work we usually tuck in one reef, and under this canvas she is very comfortable. Have only twice had her down to double reefs and storm jib, and once under three and small jib. This was during the March gale of this year. It was the worst northeast blow for the past twenty years, and did considerable damage to shipping and on shore. It came suddenly, and several fishing boats were caught and had a hard struggle with wind and waves. Two were driven to sea, and have never been

heard of. I wanted to test Gladys in a blow, and getting a crew together that liked exciting sport of this kind, we decided on a run to Pearl Harbor, seven miles down the coast. We thought two reefs would be sufficient, but while we were tucking in the reefs the squalls passed over the harbor, picking up the water as I have never seen before. This decided us in taking in the third and last reef. Under this small sail and the storm jib, we started. We sailed about the harbor and gave her the full force of the wind and found everything right and then headed for sea. We ran off shore about two miles beyond the reef, so that the wind would be on the quarter, and then tacked and ran for the Pearl Harbor Bar. The squalls



were terrific, and we wondered how the sail could stand such force. We flew along and crossed the bar safely and soon ran into smooth water. We sailed four miles inland and anchored under the lee of the peninsula, which is covered with a forest of algeroba trees. We were glad to get into a shelter and get warm, for the beating up from the entrance had given us a wetting, for the seas in the lagoon were just right to make the spray fly. The run was made in one hour and thirty-two minutes; the distance is twelve miles.

How the wind did howl during the night! Although anchored close to the shore, the wind whistled merrily through out cordage. We could hear occasionally breaking limbs of trees in the forest and wondered if there would be any standing on the exposed shore.

Next morning the wind was still blowing a gale. It seemed if anything to be stronger, and the clouds had all the indications of a gale in action. After breakfast we took a stroll ashore and found scores of trees uprooted on the weather side of the peninsula. The four-mile stretch of lagoon to windward was feather white, and quite



sizeable combers came racing down, exploding against the shore, sending flying spray high in air. It was fascinating to watch the scene, and one could hardly realize they were looking on the usually peaceful stretch of this landlocked harbor. It also occurred to me if conditions were so boisterous inland, they would certainly be interesting beyond the reef, where the full force of the wind and sea would be felt.

Toward noon we got under way. Wishing to try her under the storm trysail, we set this over the furlled mainsail. We found she worked well, and could tack and make headway to windward. Our photographer got out in the tender and took the picture of her under this rig. We set the storm jib and then ran down to the entrance and out to sea. We found that under the two sails she would work to windward slowly. This eased our minds and felt we could make port should any misfortune come to our mainsail. The trysail was taken off and mainsail set. She at once felt the increased power, and pointed high, as she is wont in lighter weather. We had to buck right into the teeth of the gale, and as we slashed along it was exhilarating and wet work, for the sea was bad, and the

salt sleet flew aft with considerable sting. Out from the lee bow there was a smother of foam that came rolling aft along the lee rail, and sometimes up to the house, but none in the standing room. The breakers in shore of us were beautiful from an artistic standpoint, but forbidding to mariners. They would rise up higher and higher as they rushed with train-like speed toward the reef, until the dark blue top would suddenly burst into clouds of spray for hundreds of feet along its length, then the sullen roar of the breaker would be heard and the white surging water all that would be left of the comber.

We arrived at our moorings in one hour and fifty-five minutes after setting the mainsail, and had made good a distance of seven miles. I don't think there was a square foot of the sails that was not wet from the spray, for the wind carried it masthead high, and those who watched us from shore said that at times we seemed to be enveloped in it. The wind gauge at the Government station registered a steady force of forty-three miles an hour. It was calculated that the squalls reached a velocity of fully sixty miles an hour. Such tests as these give one a confidence in their boat that is worth much to those who go off soundings and out of sight of land, with no sheltered harbor of refuge under the lee nearer than 3,000 miles. Gladys is a complete success as a cruising boat, and from her performance here should judge she possessed fair speed for a heavy craft. I also doubt if a lightly constructed racer of equal size would hold together in a twenty-hour beat to windward in a strong breeze, for they would get a fearful pounding in our channels. Were I to build another boat of same size, I do not know how she could be improved upon without making sacrifices in some way that would more than offset the advantages. If she were used for cruising exclusively the yawl rig might be an improvement, but, of course, with a sacrifice of speed. However, she is easily handled, and I have several times taken her out alone. All my halyards lead aft into the cockpit, and both sails can be hoisted and handled from the standing room. She steers with an Edson screw steerer, which is a great relief over the tiller or quadrant steerer in a twenty-hour trick.

T. W. HOBSON.

English Letter.

THE remarks of "Thalassa" in your issue of April 26 are for the main part true, but I think he is wrong in saying that the clubs are not to blame for the lamentable state of racing over here. Of course the other causes mentioned are more potent, but the prizes offered by the clubs are quite indecently inadequate. Fancy a club offering a prize of £60 for yachts of Columbia's size! That is more usual than a larger sum. The prizes now are no larger than they were in the days when the little Marjorie was a first-class yacht, and meantime the expenses have about quadrupled. Many large clubs in England devote considerably more attention to the excellence of their cuisine than to yacht racing, and as they are capital social organizations, it is not wonderful that the social attractions draw the wrong kind of recruits. In Scotland and in Ireland the level of sport has been maintained, and indeed the Clyde is quite as fine a racing center as it ever was. I have heard that the professional curse is as bad with you as it is with us. Indeed, no better proof that things have been woefully mismanaged in both countries exists than the increase of one-design classes. They are the natural refuge of the oppressed yachtsman.

There will be quite a decent 36ft. class on the Clyde this year. Four new boats are built, and as the latest boat turned out last year was a nice and useful craft, it is possible that this class will catch on in Scotch and Irish waters. But every year the cost of construction mounts up, and the Y. R. A. is either unable or thinks it inadvisable to check it in any way. But in future these boats will always be more saleable than they are at present, for they are admirably adapted to motor power, and therefore ought to fetch at least one-third of their cost price when they are beaten. Of late years they have been simply unsaleable, and their usual fate is to lie in a builder's yard or to be broken up. The racing boat, from the fineness of her lines, must always prove a good auxiliary power yacht.

Satanita was up for auction a few weeks since, but was not sold, though the reserve must have been a very moderate one. She is 100ft. long on the loadline, and would make a grand schooner. I believe in a reaching wind of good strength she is the speediest boat in England, and she is a handsome craft into the bargain. There is no more news of Sir Thomas Lipton making a match with Mr. Morgan. The latter gentleman is our bête noir over here at present, for it is thought he has bought up all our best ships. We are all talking of the pending downfall of the British Empire just as if we had forgotten how to build a ship. If Mr. Morgan had been content with a few of our ex-Cup-challengers nobody would have grumbled, but to buy up our lovely White Star line is an intrusion. They say that the "combine" will build docks at Holyhead, and give Liverpool the go by. It is a marvel how Liverpool ever came to be a port at all, for its natural advantages are small. Holyhead, where the Royal Dee Y. C. holds its regatta, is a capital harbor, but the cost of making docks there will be great. The Royal Alfred sails a channel match on the Saturday before Whitsunday from Kingstown to Holyhead, and another back on the following Tuesday. At this time of year easterly winds are prevalent, and in consequence the return match often ends up with a fearful fluke, for if you sail into Dublin Bay with an east wind in fine weather you will almost always have it nor'westerly when near the shore. I have seen far worse flukes in Dublin Bay than ever occur on the Clyde. On one occasion I was sailing on a broad reach for a mark in a fresh breeze on one tack while another boat was reaching just as hard for the same mark on the other tack within a distance of 150 yards. There was not an air of wind in the space between the two.

Mr. W. P. Burton's new 52-footer was launched at Fairlie on the 3d inst. She had her mast stepped before taking the water, and will sail soon for the south. She is described as being very like Magdalen, the champion of last season, but is said to be rather better looking. This boat is built with double planking, and she is semi-composite. Her name is Lucida, not Replica, as was at first

intended. Mr. Fife has not closely followed the design of Magdalen, for while the vessel looks like the older boat on the water, he states that there are several small but important points of difference.

The new auxiliary motor schooner for Mr. W. G. Jameson is being pushed on at Fairlie, and it will not be long before she is ready. This has probably been the busiest year in the history of the Fairlie yard, and Mr. Fife has had to decline many orders from pressure of work. One thing can be said of this yard: that if every boat turned out of it is not a crack, no bad boats are ever built there. And the same thing can be said of Mr. Payne.

The 340-ton steam tender built for Mr. Coats ran her steam trials last week on the Clyde, when she showed the satisfactory speed of 13¼ knots. Her engines indicated 800 horse-power. They consist of two sets triple expansion, the diameters of the cylinders being 10, 16 and 26 inches, with 18 inches stroke. The dimensions of the yacht are: Length, 147ft.; beam, 22½ft.; depth (molded), 13½ft. She is a straight-stem vessel, but looks well in spite of this unaccustomed feature. She was designed by Mr. G. L. Watson. There is little doubt that she will easily tow Gleniffer at 10 knots—the speed required. The name of the new steamer is Triton.

The first race of the season is fixed for the 31st inst. It is the channel match from Southend (Thames) to Harwich. The 52-footers have to sail with the first-class boats, but will get the second prize if one of the big boats wins. This leaves it open for the big craft to be fluked out of the prize by one of the little chaps without any compensating chances for them. Bona has had the alteration to yawl rig completed, but whether she will put in an appearance down south is uncertain. If she does not, the racing in the large class will be poor in the extreme. She would stand a very good chance of picking up an occasional prize.

E. H. HAMILTON.

YACHT CLUB NOTES.

The third annual meeting of the New York Y. C. was held at the club house on West Forty-fourth street on Thursday evening, May 15. Com. Lewis Cass Ledyard announced that the club had decided to accept the Eastern Y. C.'s invitation to visit them at Marblehead, and that the annual cruise would begin on Monday, Aug. 4. The fleet will rendezvous at New London on Aug. 3.

Eight cups were presented to the club, four are from Com. Ledyard, two from Mr. Frederick G. Bourne and one each from Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt and Royal Phelps Carroll.

Chairman Otis, of the New York State Commission to the Paris Exposition, presented to the club models of the America's Cup defenders America, Madeleine, Magic and Volunteer, that had been made by the Commission. This makes the club's set of America's Cup defenders complete.

An invitation, received from the Seawanhaka Y. C. asking the officers and members to be present at the club's opening at Oyster Bay on Memorial Day, was accepted.

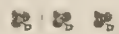
Mr. Anson Phelps Stokes, owner of the schooner Sea Fox, read a paper on the cruise of his yacht in the Caribbean Sea, and moved that a winter cruise be arranged for yachts of the club in Southern waters. A special committee will take the matter into consideration.

The committee appointed to look into the matter of measurement rules reported that very satisfactory progress had been made, and that a final report would be submitted in the February meeting of next year.

The following were elected members:

Otis K. Dimock, Ellis G. Potter, Ormsby M. Mitchell, William B. Cunningham, Halsey Haines Cheney, George Quintard Palmer, Edward Hill, James M. Fuller, Andrew O. Bancker, Frederick W. Paramore, George Trowbridge Hollister, Capt. Newton H. Hall, U. S. M. C.; Gordon Dexter, George Alexander Delby, P. A. Valentine, James Amm, Charles C. Deming, W. H. Henshaw, Lieut. Ashley H. Robertson, U. S. N.; Surgeon Charles H. De Lancy, U. S. N.; Paymaster Herbert E. Stevens, U. S. N.; Capt. Samuel C. Lemly, U. S. N.; E. C. Converse, Rear-Admiral George E. Ide, U. S. N.; Joseph P. Ord, Dumont Clarke, L. G. Fisher, Seth Low, William H. Moore, Walter W. Shaw, Lieut. Cleland Davis, U. S. N.; Charles E. Knoblauch, Surgeon Theodore W. Richards, U. S. N.; A. S. Matheson, George Waetjen, I. E. Palmer, Henry G. Barbey, Edward C. Cammann, Harry J. Luce, G. G. Haven, Alfred M. Judson, John Hubbard, Lieut. W. G. Miller, U. S. N.; Capt. John Jacob Hunker, U. S. N.; Robert Jacob, Lieut. Charles P. Eaton, U. S. N.; Thomas W. Slocum, Frank R. Lawrence, Charles H. Simmons, Samuel C. Davis, Clarence Fahnestock, M. D.; Everett B. Webster, Paymaster Walter B. Izard, U. S. N.; Arthur Bruce Whiting, George Bullock, Arthur Bull Sullivan, Thomas Newbold, Edmund P. Rogers and William A. Jamison.

The meeting adjourned until Thursday, June 12, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, at Delmonico's, Beaver street.



At a recent meeting, the Ossining Y. C. elected the following officers: Com., Robert T. Dennis; Vice-Com., Eugene Cuatt; Sec'y, Robert L. Thomas; Fin. Sec'y, John Vanderbilt; Treas., Fred S. Griffin; Meas., Irving S. Haff; House Committee, Irving S. Haff (Chairman), William F. Mezger, Jr., Winfield S. Smith, Joseph Birdsell, Jesse Knapp; Committee on Admission, Elmer Newman (Chairman), Joseph Birdsell, Elwood Stevens, Fred Lowenhaupt, Lewis Searles; Auditing Committee, William F. Mezger, Jr. (Chairman), Elwood Stevens, Jesse Knapp; Regatta Committee, Andrew Rohr (Chairman), Irving S. Haff, Eugene Cuatt.

Mr. Henry Clay Pierce has purchased from H. M. the King of Portugal the steam yacht Amelia (ex Yacona). The yacht was built by Messrs. Scott & Co., at Kinghorn, in 1898. She is 211ft. over all, 188ft. 7in. between perpendiculars, 175ft. 6in. waterline, 27ft. in breadth, 13ft. 10in. depth and 13ft. draft. The yacht is lighted by electricity, and has two decks and five watertight bulkheads. The trim on deck is of teak. She is fitted with triple-expansion engines, which give her a speed of thirteen knots. The yacht will be known on this side under her old name, Yacona.

How to Build a Launch from a Set of Plans.

BY C. G. DAVIS.

Making the Keel.

The keel is a straight stick of oak 18ft. long, 2in. thick and 3in. deep. You will save yourself lots of work with the plane if you order this "dressed" (as planed-up lumber is called) at the lumber mill. Round up the bow end according to the plan, mark the position of each mould, and scratch a center line with a scratch gauge, and then get out the stem 2in. thick and the shape of the pattern, scratching a center line around it also. The forward deadwood should be cut from a knee so the grain follows the shape and not out of a straight-grained piece of oak. Square up its edges so when all are riveted together the stem will stand perfectly plumb with the keel, and not be "lop-sided." When both edges are square give them a thick coat of white lead paint and clamp both stem and keel to it with your iron boat clamps. With a 5-16in. auger bore three holes through knee and stem and three through knee and keel, and drive in some 3/8in. galvanized iron rods cut the proper lengths to allow upsetting (as the process of holding the rod in a vise and hammering one end out to form a head about 1/2in. diameter is called) and riveting over a washer on the inside. To make a finished job bore a 1/2in. hole to allow the "head" of the bolt to countersink about 5/8in. into the outside. Never mind the inside; rivet them up on the surface of the wood, but it looks badly on the outside to rivet the iron right on the surface. Plug the holes with oak plugs dipped in glue. Cut out the after deadwood, square up its edges, scratch a center mark all around and set it true on the keel by these center marks, then rivet it fast the same as you did the stem. Where the deadwood is deep drive in drift bolts of the same stock 3/8in. galvanized iron. By drift bolts I mean pieces of rod headed up or "upset" at one end, the other slightly pointed and driven in as a large nail. But bore the hole for it just the same, only going as deep as you want the bolt; 5 1/2in. will be long enough, as we don't want them to interfere with the shaft hole. Bolts all driven in parallel will allow the pieces to pull apart, but if they are "staggered" or driven in at all different angles, the wood binds and holds twice as hard. Or, instead of using rod iron for these drift bolts, get a few 6in. galvanized iron cut nails. This deadwood is quite a bulky piece of oak, being 3in. thick, and should be good, dry wood; if not it is apt to check or crack where the shaft hole is bored through.

Unless a boat is going to be coppered outside, I would advise galvanized iron for deadwood bolts in preference even to copper, as it has greater stiffness, lasts as long as the oak and will draw wood together far tighter than copper bolts. Copper bolts used to be considered the only proper thing, but the metal is too soft, and in shipbuilding nowadays Muntz metal or Tobin bronze keel bolts are used instead of copper almost entirely, their ductility being ample and tensile strength far greater.

So far I don't think the novice will have much difficulty in following my explanations, but now we have the most delicate and difficult part of boat building before us.

Cutting the Rabbet.

Lift the backbone, as we might now appropriately call the keel stem, etc., up on to two wooden horses and lay it on its flat on one side.

By laying the thin pattern on which you have the rabbet and bearding line marked, on top of the stem and aft deadwood, you can trace them through on to the wood itself by driving a row of small nails or punching holes through with a brad-awl about every 3in. apart. Remove the pattern, bend a batten to these marks and draw both lines in in pencil or scratch them in.

Now if you will take a piece of wood just the size of the planking 5/8in. thick, a foot long and 1in. wide, cut square on the ends, and with a mallet and broad-bladed chisel, chisel between the bearding and rabbet lines until this sample of the planking fits in flush at the rabbet line, you will solve this difficult problem. Do not cut back of the bearding line. Try this sample of planking at intervals of say 6in., cutting out notches so it just fits flush, then chisel along from one cut to another. The after deadwood is 1/2in. wider on each side than the keel, so "dub" off the deadwood that is below the line of the shaft and below the rabbet line to the thickness of the keel; then chisel out the rabbet the same as you did forward. Do not carry the rabbet clear to the keel until you have chamfered the edge of the keel to see just how the two will meet. As the plank comes just flush with the top of the keel there is no bearding line after you run off the deadwoods. You find the angles to bevel the keel from the sections drawn on the floor.

Square the end of the planking at each section on your plans from the point where the outside of the plank cuts the half breadth of the keel, and this will give you the angle the keel should be chamfered at each section. See Fig. 11. Take these angles off the floor with your bevel square at each section and cut the keel at each mould station till the bevel fits, and then continue the line of beveling forward and aft to meet the rabbet you cut on stem and deadwood, connecting them so the rabbet line is cut complete from stem head to transom. Do the same with the other side of the keel. With your scratch gauge mark a line down the front edge of the stem a quarter of an inch each side of the center line and bevel off the sides from the rabbet to these, so the stem will be flat for 1/2in. across its face to take a half round brass stem band.

In chiseling out the rabbet for the plank in the after deadwood, don't cut it quite 3/4in. deep just where it crosses the shaft line; only cut it about 1/2in. deep there and dress off the plank. Be careful, also, not to put any nails in where you intend to bore the shaft hole. A good plan is to use brass screws, then if you hit one of them with your auger in boring the shaft hole you can remove it far easier than you can a nail.

Cut out the knee that holds the transom to the deadwood with a piece of 2in. oak whose grain has a sweep similar to the shape of the knee; rivet this knee with 3/8in. galvanized iron, letting the heads in on the outside and plugging the holes.

Setting Up the Keel.

When this much is done you are ready to set up the keel on the stocks. This you can either make out of a piece of 2x4in. spruce 18ft. long blocked up at one end and securely braced sideways, or you can take some spruce about 3x3in. and set them up on end about every three feet apart, toe-nailing them to the floor and nailing braces to steady each one. You can set her up at the height shown on the plan above the base line, or you can raise her one foot or two feet as you like, stretching a chalk line to represent the base line and taking all your measurements from this instead of from the floor, as that may not be level. If you use the spruce joist on edge, be sure the upper edge is perfectly straight; if the upright pieces, stretch a chalk line to the proper incline as given on the plan (5 1/2in. above the base line forward). This incline of the keel shows how much deeper the boat is to be aft than forward, and the boat will set on the stocks just to the same level she will be trimmed to when she sets in the water. Saw off the upright pieces to this chalk line; brace each piece firmly to the floor, and then with someone to help you, lift the backbone of the launch up and set it on them. Plate 7. Make sure

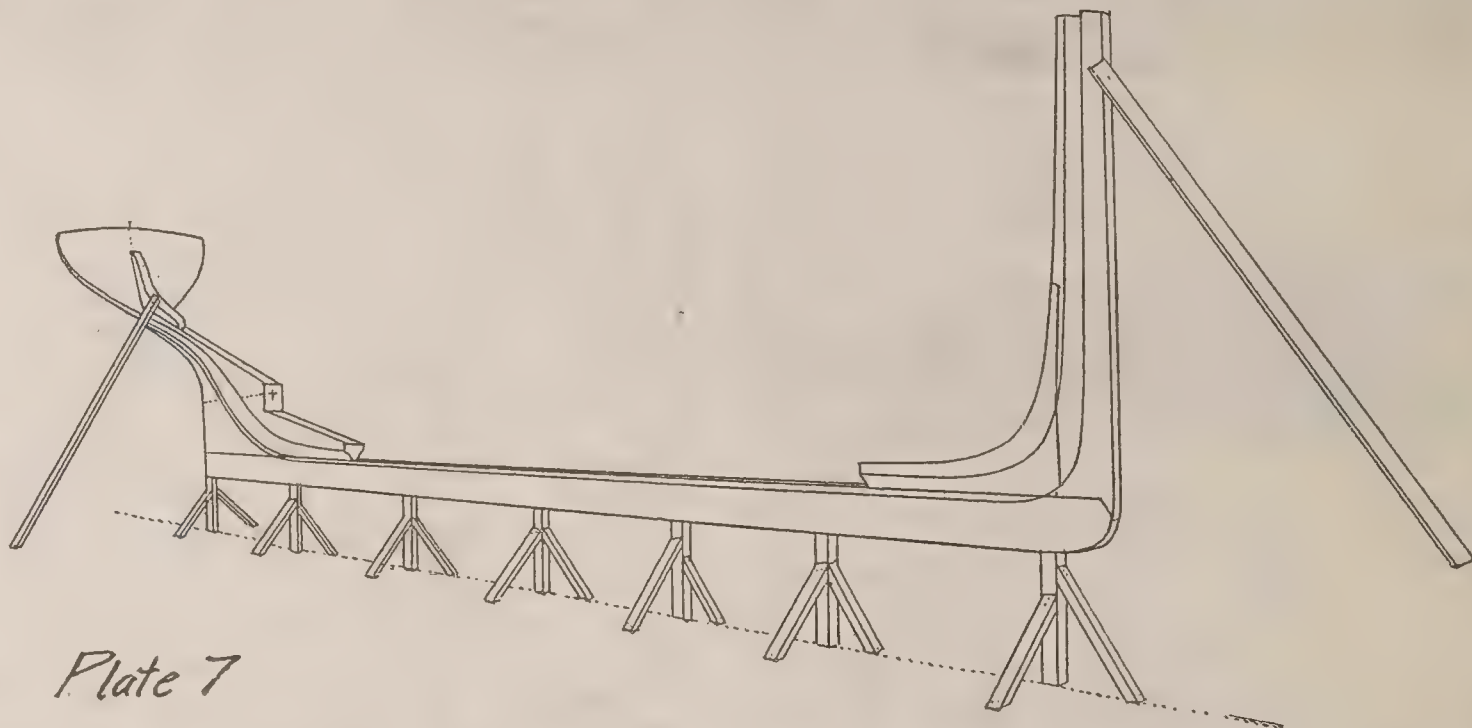


Plate 7

the backbone stands perfectly vertical by dropping a plumb bob from the middle of the top of the stem forward and deadwood aft to the chalk line previously stretched along the side of the stocks, and when true, shore it up with braces either nailed from the rafters overhead, or the floor, to the front edge of the stem and the shaft log or after deadwood, keeping all nails above the bearding line, so the planking will hide all the nail holes, and none will show when the hull is finished.

The stem band will cover those into the edge of the stem, so don't put any into the side or face of the stem where plugs would look unsightly. Such little points don't take any longer to do them right and help to produce a more finished looking craft than one full of plugs and putty put there to hide someone's carelessness.

A chalk line stretched from cutter marks at stem and stern and a plumb bob dropped midway to the top of the keel amidships will enable you to quickly see if the middle and both ends are in line. If not they must be shored up until all lines sight true.

Secure the keel well to the shores by short pieces of boards nailed up on either side to both stocks and keel holding the two together, and brace the stem and stern securely to the floor to prevent their moving sideways.

The transom can in this small boat be cut out of one oak board 1 1/4in. thick, but in launches with large transoms it is necessary to take two boards and dowel them together, taking care, if the transom is to be varnished and not painted, to select grain that will not show a marked contrast along the seam. Fig. 15.

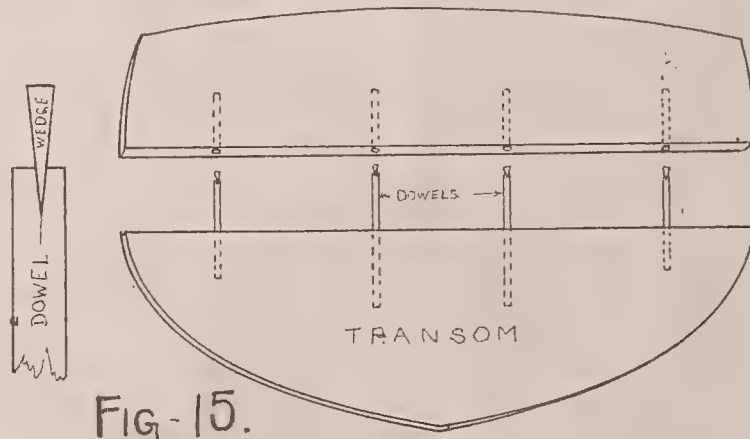


FIG-15.

As this launch is for beginners, I have made it easier to build by letting the plank run past and finish outside the transom; it is far easier and just as good, though it looks a little better to do it as some boat builders do when they want to make a nice job, and that is, cut a notch or rabbet all around the edge of the transom so no ends of the side planking will show on the back or transom. When this method is followed it is necessary to nail on reinforcing pieces to the transom, cut just the same curve as the transom, so as to give wood enough to nail the ends of the planks to. Rivet the transom also to the knee, taking care to set it square and level, and setting the rivet heads in so plugs can be put in to hide them, and be sure and leave the transom at least two inches higher in the middle than what you need at the side, so it can be rounded over and make a good finish. When this much is done the backbone is complete and ready for a coat of thick lead-color paint to preserve it from checking—for wood, especially oak, will crack as it dries. Varnish the outside of the transom if it is to be kept bright.

Setting Up the Moulds

Having made all five moulds, set them up along the keel at the positions marked. Set each mould up plumb

and make sure it is square to the keel. They will then present to your eye somewhat of the appearance the boat will present when complete, and you can begin to form some idea of her shape and size.

Nail braces from each side of the moulds either down to the floor, or up to the rafters overhead is better, to keep them from teetering, and a brace from one to the other along the tops of their cross braces to hold them plumb.

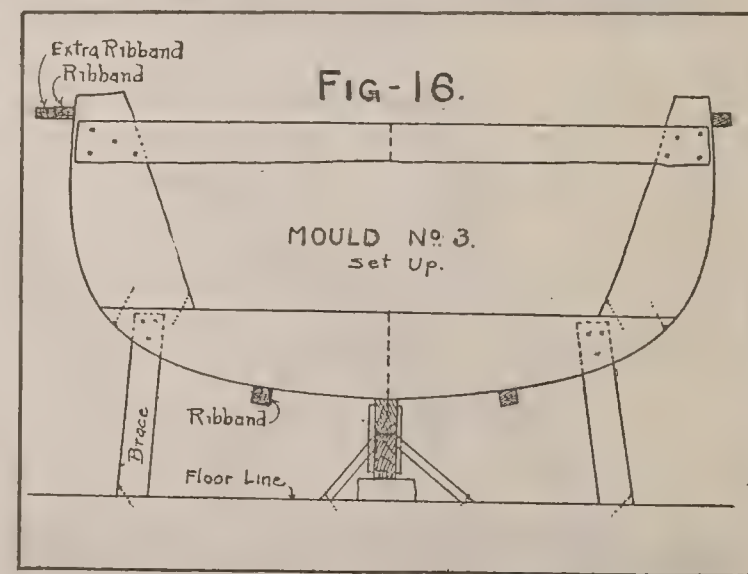
Having told you to tack pieces of cord across each mould at the waterline, I will now explain their use. To prove that your keel has been set up properly, stretch a string fore and aft from the waterline, scratched on shaft log aft, to the waterline on the stem forward; this line when pulled taut should just touch each of the cross strings of the moulds if all is right. If not, raise or lower each mould that is out until they do just touch this line. This method will be found especially valuable in building sailboats or launches with curved keels, where a straight base is difficult to work from. It is an excellent check on the accuracy of building.

Now from one end of the boat to the other we want to bend thin strips of wood (some call them battens and some call them ribbands), touching all our moulds and

ending in the rabbet line we cut in the stem and transom. If they don't fit flat on the rabbet it should be cut away until they do, for these ribbands not only show you any incorrections in the widths of the moulds, but they show you just how your planking will fit at the ends.

The first ribbands you should put on are the upper ones, one on each side. In a small launch like this you can rip up a 20ft. yellow pine plank 1in. thick into strips of about 1 1/2in. width, and make good ribbands. If you haven't a power saw, get them to split it at the mill where you buy your lumber.

Put the upper ribbands on so its lower edge just comes even with the marks that indicate the top edge of your planking—the top of the cross braces. This is why you want 3in. left on each mould above the marks, for by putting the top ribband as explained, you can put on the top board of your planking before you take this ribband off, leaving it to hold your frames in place until the top plank is riveted fast. If you are going to bend the frames in hot, as described later, reinforce this top ribband with another nailed outside of it. Fig. 16.



The lower ribband should be about a foot away from the keel at each end and about 15in. away at the middle mould, No. 3. This is called the floor ribband. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

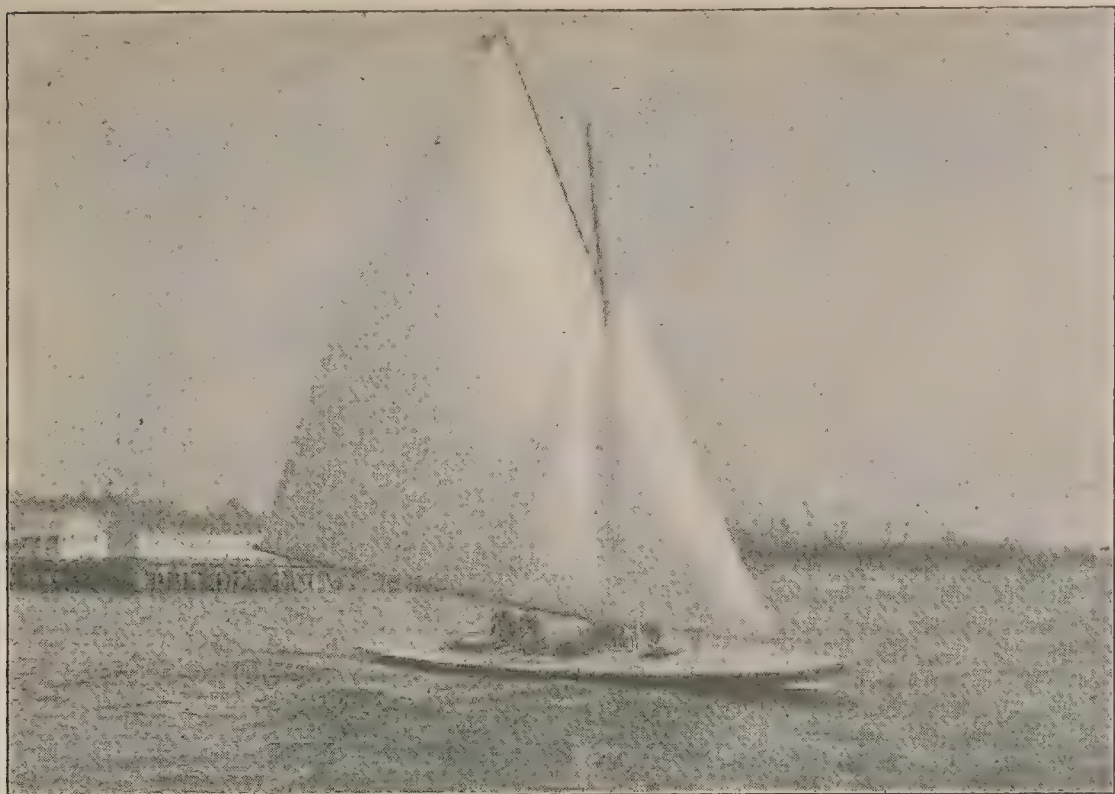
Huguenot Y. C. Spring Regatta.

NEW ROCHELLE, LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, May 17.

THE spring regatta of the Huguenot Y. C., held on Saturday, May 17, was marked by a very small entry. There was no breeze in the morning, and the air was sultry and hot, in fact there was little prospect of a race, but about noon a light southwest breeze came up, but too late to enable any of the boats coming from a distance to arrive in time to start. The course for the raceabouts, 25ft. class sloops, and Manhasset Bay raceabouts, was from the starting line off Whortleberry Island to the red and black buoy, the northeasterly end of Execution Rock, to the red spar buoy off the Hen and Chickens, to the mark boat at the starting line, and repeat, a distance of fifteen miles. For the dory class the course was from the starting line to the buoy off the northeasterly end of Whortleberry Island, to the black buoy off David's Island, to the black buoy north of Middle Shoal, to the starting line, and repeat, a distance of six miles.

The only raceabout that put in an appearance was Mavis (ex Merrywing), now owned by Mr. S. C. Pirie,



SEERESS—SEAWANHIKA CUP TRIAL BOAT.
Owned by Charles D. Mower and Albert B. Hunt.



As Mavis had no competitor, Adelaide, one of the 1894 21ft. Herreshoff fin-keels, was pitted against her. In the 25ft. class Ox, the champion 21-footer of last season, was matched against Sayonara and Alcedo. Three of the Manhasset raceabouts showed up; Mist arrived too late to start.

The preparatory signal was given at 2:10, and the first class got away five minutes later. The first leg was a reach, the second a run and the third a beat. Adelaide was first to cross the line, but Mavis soon took the lead, which she held to the finish. Adelaide was handicapped on the second leg of the course by not having a spinnaker. In the 25ft. class Ox got the best of the start, Alcedo crossed next and Sayonara last.

Arizona was first to cross in her class, closely followed by Lambkin and Bab. Lambkin, handled by Mr. Harry C. Ward, won out in her class. At the end of the first round Mavis, Ox, Lambkin and Prize were leading the other boats in their classes and were the winners. Although the southwest breeze was never strong, it held quite true throughout the contest, making an ideal day for a race. The summary follows:

Raceabouts—Start, 2:15.			Finish.	Elapsed.
Mavis, S. C. Pirie.....	3	38	10	1 23 10
Adelaide, William Yaye	3	46	02	1 31 02
25ft. Class—Special—Start, 2:20.			Finish.	Elapsed.
Alcedo, G. C. Allen.....	4	02	15	1 42 15
Sayonara, J. P. Donovan.....	4	01	56	1 41 56
Ox, R. N. Bavie.....	4	01	26	1 42 26
Manhasset Raceabouts—Start, 2:25.			Finish.	Elapsed.
Arizona, G. A. Corry.....	4	09	01	1 44 01
Bab, J. C. Hoyt.....	4	08	52	1 43 52
Lambkin, S. W. Roach.....	4	08	23	1 43 23
Huguenot Dories—Start, 2:30.			Finish.	Elapsed.
Ketch II., L. C. Ketchum.....	3	44	30	1 14 30
Prize, H. H. Van Rensselaer.....	3	44	02	1 10 02

The winners were Mavis, Ox, Lambkin and Prize. The Regatta Committee was as follows: H. C. Ward, G. C. Allen and L. C. Ketchum.

Corinthian Y. C.

ESSINGTON, DELAWARE RIVER.

Saturday, May 10.

THE Corinthian Y. C. of Philadelphia held their first race of the season on Saturday, May 10. Cherokee, Bobtail and Grayling, three boats of the 36ft. class, raced in the morning, and in the afternoon the knockabouts Fareeda, Karmia, Grilse and Rowdy sailed their race.

The 36-footers sailed over a twelve-mile course from the club pier to the red buoy off Claymont and return. Bobtail, the new Herreshoff boat, designed under the new rule to race at Bar Harbor, was beaten by Cherokee.

In the knockabout class Karmia was beaten by Fareeda by 10s., but the latter boat was disqualified, as she crossed on the wrong side of the finish line.

The breeze was from the northwest, and as usual with the wind from that quarter, was rather puffy. The summary:

36ft. Class—Start, 10:53.			Finish.	Elapsed.
Cherokee, E. W. Clark, Jr.....	1	11	10	2 18 10
Bobtail, Edgar T. Scott.....	1	17	20	2 24 20
Grayling, E. D. & R. A. Toland.....	1	17	20	2 24 20
Knockabouts—Start, 3:15.			Finish.	Elapsed.
Fareeda, Mrs. A. Van Rensselaer.....	5	30	10	2 15 10
Karmia, W. B. Henry.....	5	30	40	2 15 40
Grilse, E. D. Toland.....	5	41	20	2 26 20
Rowdy, Charles Longstreth.....	5	42	20	2 27 20

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Messrs. George L. and Joseph J. Robinson, of New York city, are having built at Conklin's yard, at Patchogue, L. I., a cruising sloop. The boat is 38ft. over all, 26ft. waterline, 11ft. 3in. breadth and 3ft. draft. She will have 6,000lbs. of lead ballast outside on keel. There is 5ft. 10in. headroom under a cabin house, which is 12ft. 6in. long. The boat will be known as Dolphin.

Mr. Everett W. Burdett, of Boston, has purchased from Mr. Hugh L. Willoughby, of Newport, R. I., the steam yacht Wampanoag. The sale was made by Messrs. Huntington & Seaman. The yacht will be used at Marion, on Buzzard's Bay, where Mr. Burdett has his country place.

The Gas Engine and Power Company and Charles L. Seabury Co. have made the following sales: Steam yacht Vamoose, owned by Howard Gould, to Mr. Walter Lewisohn; steam yacht Au Revoir, owned by Mr. William Du Pont, to Mr. Charles A. Gould.

Anemone IV., the auxiliary ketch-rigged yacht recently purchased in England by Mr. John Murray Mitchell, arrived at Greenport, L. I., on Wednesday, May 14, twenty-eight days out from Colchester, England. The yacht was brought across by Capt. George Lytten, who was in charge of the Fife-designed cutter Zinita when she came over last summer. Anemone has been taken to Manning's Basin, South Brooklyn, where she will be fitted out.

Steam yacht Aileen, owned by Mr. Edwin Gould, collided with the Staten Island ferry boat Middletown during a thick fog on Monday morning, May 19. Mr. J. C. Atterbury, a passenger on the ferry boat, was instantly killed. The accident was caused by a misunderstanding of signals.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, at Four-Mile House, Reading Road, May 11. Conditions, 200yds., off-hand, at the German ring target. Gindele was declared champion for the day with the good score of 233. Weather, fine; thermometer, 72 degrees; wind, 10 to 3 o'clock. Mr. Spillmann, of the Indianapolis Rifle Club, paid the boys a visit:

Gindele	233	211	204	202	202	20	20	17	—57	22	22	20	—64
Strickmeier	229	224	222	220	217	24	22	18	—64	21	23	25	—69
Hasenzahl	226	226	215	214	213	22	22	19	—63	20	22	24	—66
Nestler	218	212	212	210	203	21	22	23	—66	19	21	20	—60
Roberts	217	215	204	195	191	17	22	15	—64	22	23	16	—61
Speth	215	214	204	23	19	12	—54
Lux	214	208	205	199	186	20	20	20	—60	22	19	19	—60
Odell	209	205	199	199	198	15	19	24	—53	24	19	20	—63
Trounstein	207	206	180	178	...	21	18	18	—57	23	23	17	—63
Drube	201	190	190	180	162	16	19	22	—57	19	21	17	—57
Jonscher	200	195	192	190	187	23	18	22	—63	15	23	15	—53
Uckotter	194	187	179	174	173	17	20	15	—52	18	22	23	—63
Hoffmann	193	187	181	177	174	22	23	6	—51	21	19	15	—55
Hofer	193	186	171	171	162	18	16	16	—50	16	18	6	—40
Topf	162	160	157	153	144	20	23	20	—63	25	16	7	—48

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

May 21-22.—West Manchester, O.—Second annual tournament of the West Manchester Gun Club.
May 22-23.—Springfield, S. D.—Fifteenth annual tournament of the South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association. E. E. Aney, Sec'y.
May 20-23.—Freehold, N. J.—New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association.
May 21-23.—Baltimore, Md.—Maryland county shoot for amateurs.
May 22-23.—Wolcott, N. Y.—Target tournament of the Catchpole Gun Club. E. A. Wadsworth, Sec'y.
May 26-31.—Lincoln, Neb.—Grand Interstate tournament; three days shooting; free targets. H. C. Young, Manager.
May 27-28.—Dubuque, Ia.—Third annual target tournament of the Dubuque Gun Club. C. W. Budd, Manager.
May 27-29.—Bowling Green, Ky.—Bowling Green Gun Club's target and live-bird tournament. G. A. Hobson, Sec'y.
May 28-29.—Williamsport, Pa.—West Branch Rod and Gun Club's target tournament. H. A. Dimick, Sec'y.
May 28-29.—Anamosa, Ia.—The Prison City Gun Club's two days' tournament at targets; \$100 for high averages. H. Been, Sec'y.
May 29-30.—Flint, Mich.—Annual tournament of the Michigan State Trapshooters' League. C. Caleb, Sec'y.
May 30.—Norristown, Pa.—Tournament of the Penn Gun Club. J. R. Yost, Sec'y.
May 30.—Newport, R. I.—Memorial Day shoot of the Aquidneck Gun Club. J. S. Coggeshall, Sec'y.
May 30.—Schenectady, N. Y.—Spring tournament of the Schenectady Gun Club. E. L. Aiken, Sec'y.
May 30.—Ossining, N. Y.—Holiday shoot of the Westchester County Trapshooters' League. J. Curry Barlow, Sec'y.
May 30.—Auburn, Me.—Annual tournament of the Auburn Gun Club. L. A. Barker, Sec'y.
May 30.—Utica, N. Y.—All-day shoot of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association. Henry L. Gates, Pres.
May 30.—New Haven, Conn.—New Haven Gun Club's tournament. All shooters invited. John E. Bassett, Sec'y.
May 30.—Hartford, Conn.—Holiday shoot of the Colt Gun Club.
May 30.—Lynn, Mass.—All-day tournament of the Birch Brook Gun Club; merchandise prizes.
May 30.—Rutherford, N. J.—Target shoot of the Boiling Springs Gun Club. C. B. Axford, Sec'y.
May 30.—Brooklyn, L. I.—Decoration Day shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club. John S. Wright, Manager.
May 30.—Holmesburg Junction, Pa.—Keystone Shooting League's live-bird shoot.
May 30.—Newark, N. J.—Decoration Day shoot of the Forester Gun Club. John J. Fleming, Sec'y.
May 30.—Hartford, Conn.—Memorial Day tournament of the Colt Gun Club.
May 30-31.—Racine, Wis.—Racine Gun Club's target tournament. O. F. Botsford, Sec'y.

May 30-31.—Union City, Ind.—Parent Grove Gun Club's tournament. O. E. Fouts, Sec'y.

May 30-31.—Anaconda, Mont.—Ninth annual tournament of the Montana State Sportsmen's Association. C. H. Smith, Sec'y, Butte.

May 30-31.—Altoona, Pa.—Altoona Rod and Gun Club's tenth annual tournament. George G. Zeth, Sec'y, Altoona, Pa.

May 30-31.—Union City, Ind.—Spring tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club. O. E. Fouts, Sec'y.

June 3-4.—Fargo, N. D.—Eighth annual tournament of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association; open to all. H. E. Magill, Sec'y.

June 3-5.—Cleveland, O.—Tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League, under the auspices of the Cleveland Gun Co.

June 3-6.—Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Ill.—Twenty-eighth annual tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association.

June 4-5.—Huntington, Ind.—Erie Gun Club's annual tournament.

June 5.—Bolivar, N. Y.—Open sweepstake shoot of the Bolivar Gun Club. J. T. Care, Sec'y.

June 6-7.—Grand Forks, N. D.—Grand Forks Gun Club's target tournament. J. W. Bowing, Sec'y.

June 9-13.—Rochester, N. Y.—Forty-fourth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. F. E. McCord, Secretary, 85 Main street, Rochester.

June 10.—Ashland, Va.—Ashland Gun Club's second annual tournament.

June 10-11.—Bowling Green, O.—Amateur bluerock tournament of the Bowling Green Gun Club. John H. Lincoln, Sec'y.

June 10-11.—Sioux City, Ia.—Eighth annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.

June 10-11.—Muncie, Ind.—Indiana Trapshooters' League's annual tournament.

June 10-12.—Memphis, Tenn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Memphis Gun Club.

June 11-12.—Tiffin, O.—Tiffin Gun Club's target tournament.

June 12-15.—Denver, Colo.—Grand Western Bluerock Handicap tournament. Frank H. Mayer, Tournament Manager.

June 17-18.—Shreveport, La.—Tournament of the Mississippi and Louisiana Trapshooters' League, under auspices of the Caddo Gun Club. V. T. Fulton, Sec'y.

June 17-20.—Warm Springs, Ga.—Annual Interstate tournament.

June 18.—New London, Ia.—Annual Midsummer tournament of the New London Gun Club. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y.

June 18-19.—Bellefontaine, O.—Silver Lake Gun Club's annual tournament. Geo. E. Maizon, Sec'y.

June 19-22.—Denver, Colo.—Colorado State tournament.

June 25-26.—W. Alexandria, O.—Twin Valley Shotgun Club's first annual shoot.

June 25-26.—Raleigh, N. C.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Raleigh Gun Club. Jas. I. Johnson, Sec'y.

June 26-28.—Portland, Ore.—Eighteenth annual tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest.

June 29.—San Francisco, Cal.—Live-bird shoot of the Union Gun Club.

July 4.—Mt. Kisco, N. Y.—Third tournament of the Westchester County Trapshooting Association. J. C. Barlow, Sec'y.

July 4-5.—Beaver Falls, Pa.—Two days' shoot of the Recreation Gun Club. W. R. Keever, Sec'y.

July 8-10.—Pine Bluff, Ark.—Twelfth annual meeting and tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association. Paul R. Litzke, Sec'y, Little Rock.

July 8-10.—Pine Bluff, Ark.—Twelfth annual meeting and tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association. Targets. Added money \$300. Rose system. Paul R. Litzke, Sec'y.

July 16-18.—Titusville, Pa.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Titusville Gun Club. T. L. Andrews, Sec'y.

July 22-23.—Greenville, Miss.—Mississippi and Louisiana Trapshooters' League target tournament. C. W. Walton, Sec'y, Natchez, Miss.

Aug. 5-8.—Asheville, N. C.—Tournament given by Col. J. T. Anthony and Maj. E. P. McKissick.

Aug. 6-7.—Marietta, O.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Columbian Gun Club. Chas. Bailey, Sec'y.

Aug. 12-13.—Birmingham, Ala.—Third annual Alabama State target tournament, under the auspices of the Birmingham Gun Club. R. H. Baugh, Sec'y.

Aug. 13-14.—Brunswick, Me.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Brunswick Gun Club. L. C. Whitmore, Sec'y.

Aug. 14-16.—Hamilton, Can.—Dominion Trapshooting and Game Protection Association's tournament.

Aug. 19-20.—Vicksburg, Miss.—Mississippi and Louisiana Trapshooters' League target tournament. C. W. Walton, Sec'y, Natchez, Miss.

Aug. 26-29.—Okoboji, Ia.—Amateur shooting tournament, under management of Messrs. C. W. Budd and E. C. Hinshaw.

Aug. 27-28.—Haverhill, Mass.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Haverhill Gun Club. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.

Sept. 3-4.—Nappanee, Ind.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Nappanee Gun Club. B. B. Maust, Sec'y.

Sept. 3-5.—Erie, Pa.—Erie City Rod and Gun Club's handicap tournament at targets. Open to all; \$200 added. A. N. Aitken, Sec'y.

Sept. 9-12.—Battle Creek, Mich.—Tournament of the Indians; open to the world.

Sept. 15-20.—Blue River Park, Kansas City, Mo.—Twenty-fifth tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. Targets and live birds. Paul Franke, Sec'y.

Sept. 23-25.—Cincinnati, O.—Second annual handicap target tournament of the Cincinnati Gun Club. Charles F. Dreihls, Sec'y.

Sept. 29-30.—Lewistown, Ill.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Lewistown Gun Club. H. H. McCumber, Sec'y.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot, every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's target shoot, every Saturday afternoon until October. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

First Saturday of each month for a year, Burnside.—Contest for the Troisdorf live-bird and target medals; 10 live birds; 25 targets; open to all. First contest, March 1.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Miss Annie Oakley (Mrs. F. E. Butler) has issued a card of thanks to the press, in respect to which we were honored with one, the tenor of which is as follows: "Nuteley, N. J., May 17: Having retired from the Wild West Company, I wish to thank the press in general and you in particular for the many kind words printed during my long engagement with that company. I also wish to say that while I have given up circus business, I will continue to shoot at the trap and in the field."

In this connection it may be mentioned that the Newark Sunday News of recent date, in a very interesting account of Miss Oakley's professional shooting career, stated as follows concerning her future intentions: "Mrs. Frank E. Butler, better known as Annie Oakley, the foremost markswoman of the country, who, after nineteen successive years of active work before the public of this and foreign climes, has retired from the field in which she won her laurels, may make her initial bow in a dramatic performance this fall as the star in 'The Western Girl.' It will depend, however, on the state of her health, which has been impaired for the past six months. She and her husband are now at Nuteley, where they own a cottage. She will do some exhibition work for the next month or six weeks, and will then spend two months in the mountains, the first summer vacation she has had in nearly a score of years."

There has been a wonderful transformation in scene at Interstate Park since the recent Grand American Handicap at targets. A half mile track has been laid out and is well advanced toward completion. The start and finish are in front of the Casino. The turns are gradual, each a half circle, and it is predicted that this track will be very fast. The soil, too, is favorable for good footing and speedy work. The track will be for speeding and for amateur racing, an institution for which, on Long Island, there is a great and heretofore unmet demand. Target shooting will be amply provided for as in times past, but the traps will be removed to another location on the grounds where they will not interfere with the more important interests which soon will be in action at Interstate Park.

Mr. C. F. Lambert, of Lynn, writes us as follows: "Between the printer and our proofreader, the Memorial Day programme of the Birch Brook Gun Club, of Lynn, Mass., on the matter of handicaps is misleading. All events will be shot from 16 yards, with these exceptions—Nos. 5, 6 and 7, merchandise prize events for that date only; also Nos. 9 and 10, for the summer series, are the only handicap events for shooters not members of the club. At this writing the indications all point to an attendance that will tax our capacity to the utmost, but with five expert traps and the magautrap, think we can handle all who come."

Mr. John J. Fleming, secretary of the Forester Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., informs us that his club will hold an all-day shoot at targets on Decoration Day. Prize events, distance handicap and lunch at noon are main features. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock. Mr. John J. Fleming, secretary.

The return match between Messrs. Ed Banks, of New York, and Mr. H. H. Stevens, of Rahway, N. J., shot at the latter place on Saturday of last week, resulted in a victory for Mr. Banks by a score of 92 to 91. In the first match the scores were: Stevens 90; Banks 89.

The New Jersey State Sportsmen's trap shooting tournament engages the talent of the New Jersey shotgun artists at Freehold, N. J., commencing on Tuesday of this week and ending Friday, with a team match between New York and New Jersey.

Mr. C. G. Blandford, captain of the Ossining (N. Y.) Gun Club, calls attention to the enjoyable competition to be held on the grounds of the Ossining Gun Club on May 30, the event being the shoot of the Westchester Trap Shooters' League.

Mr. Carl Von Lengerke, the popular traveling representative of the E. C. and Schulze Co., returned to New York on Saturday of last week, after a pleasant and successful trip through large parts of New England and the middle States.

At the Iowa State shoot last week, Mr. Fred Gilbert won high average, with a percentage of .955. Mr. Russel Klein was close up with .942 per cent. Badger was third with .925 per cent. C. W. Budd was fourth with .900 per cent.

We are informed that the programme of the New York State Association's annual tournament is ready for distribution, and will be mailed to applicants by Secretary F. E. McCord, 85 Main street, Rochester, N. Y.

In a contest for the Arkansas championship trophy, at Stuttgart, Ark., May 12, between Messrs. C. D. Conrey, of Stuttgart, and R. A. Glascock, of Dewitt, the scores were 47 to 43 in favor of Mr. Conrey.

The Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association has fixed upon Sept. 15 to 20 as the dates and Blue River Park as the place for holding its twenty-fifth tournament.

Mr. John S. Wright announces a holiday shoot of the Brooklyn (L. I.) Gun Club, to take place on May 30. Programmes of it will be ready for distribution next week.

At Schenectady, N. Y., last Saturday, the Schenectady Club defeated the Ossining Gun Club by a score of 357 to 354, in an 8-men team race, 50 targets per man.

The Colt Gun Club, of Hartford, Conn., will hold a Memorial Day tournament May 30, commencing at 9 o'clock. All are invited to attend.

At its meeting, held during the Iowa State shoot last week, the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association decided to hold its 1903 tournament at Osceola.

The Recreation Rod and Gun Club, of Beaver Falls, Pa., have fixed upon July 4 and 5 as dates for a two days' shoot.

BERNARD WATERS.

Missouri State F. & G. P. A. Tournament.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., May 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream*.—Kindly give us space in the columns of *FOREST AND STREAM* to announce dates for the twenty-fifth (quarter century) tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association, Sept. 15 to 20, inclusive, at live birds and inanimates, to be held at the Blue River Shooting Park, Kansas City, Missouri.

The tournament has in previous years taken place during the months of May or June, but owing to the G. A. H. preceding it here this year by a very short space of time, the officers of the association deemed it advisable to postpone the event to a later date. This being the quarter century shoot for this association, special features and inducements will be placed in our programme with the object of making it the most successful shoot which has ever taken place in the history of the association.

This tournament will be open to the world, with such divisions of money, handicaps, etc., as may be deemed advisable for the purpose of placing all shooters on an equitable basis.

Programmes will be ready for distribution about August 1, and will contain complete information pertaining to the tournament. For programmes and information, address Paul Franke, Secretary Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association, No. 424 W. Fifth street, Kansas City, Mo.

Gallatin Gun Club.

Gallatin, Tenn.—The 16th inst. was anything but a good day for target shooting. It commenced raining early in the morning, and kept it up until five in the afternoon. At that time five of our mud horses took chances on getting a good soaking by shooting off the two events which constitute our regular weekly shoot. It was almost night and the clouds made the background very dark. The scores follow:

Seay 10 10 Brown 14 16
W G Harris 19 24 B Harris 22 22
W L Anderson 14 12

WILL G. HARRIS, Sec'y.

Iowa State Shoot.

OTTUMWA, Ia., May 15.—The twenty-fifth annual tournament of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association closed to-day. The attendance was good. The weather on Tuesday was pleasant. Wednesday and Thursday were rainy and quite disagreeable.

The programme called for eight 15 and four 20 target events, with \$5 added to each event, on Tuesday and Wednesday, and on Thursday seven live-bird events, entrance \$5; the State team trophy, entrance \$9, and the diamond badge handicap, 26 to 32 yds., entrance \$6.50. Five dollars were given to each of the four high guns, and \$2.50 each to the two low guns on each day's target programme.

The shooting was from two sets of three traps, Sergeant system. The targets were thrown about 50 yds.

On Wednesday the Smith cup event was shot. Gilbert and Klein each got 19 out of a possible 20, and decided to hold the cup together and not shoot off the tie. They will receive the entrance money in this event next year. They also won the State team trophy at live birds, Gilbert being the only man in the first half of the teams to kill straight. Klein was called to finish his score. He killed straight and the rest of the teams withdrew.

In the diamond medal contest Budd, Klein, Douthett, Booth, Foley, Grant and Dave killed straight. The tie was shot off, miss-and-out; Klein killed 12 straight and won. Budd and Dave each lost their twelfth bird.

The meeting of the Association was held on Wednesday evening. Osceola was selected as the place for holding the tournament in 1903. The following officers were elected: Dr. W. B. Kibbey, President; Russel Klein, Vice-President; Dr. Douthett, Secretary; T. A. McFarland, Treasurer; T. B. Nichols, J. F. Powell, C. W. Budd, C. B. Adams and Fred Gilbert, Directors; Joe Kersher, W. B. Kibbey, W. R. Milner and Geo. Macartney, Legislative Board.

The cashier's office was handled by Mr. J. C. Whitney. T. A. Marshall, Guy Burnside, C. M. Powers, Tramp Irwin, F. H. Lord, from Illinois, and J. M. Hughes, of Wisconsin, were participants in all the open events, and were warmly received by their many friends in Iowa. The scores:

First Day, May 13.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Abbott	14	12	20	13	13	16	14	12	19	13	12	17
Hardy	12	13	17	15	12	15	13	11	18	12	13	9
Badger	13	15	19	15	14	20	15	13	20	14	14	16
McBride	10	8	15	8	10	14	8	8	12	10	9	12
Dr Kibbey	12	11	17	11	13	16	12	10	20	15	13	14
Redwing	14	13	19	14	14	18	13	11	19	13	13	17
Black	11	15	15	14	10	19	12	12	14	13	13	18
Wetleaf	15	14	16	14	14	20	11	13	17	12	13	18
Nichols	14	11	18	13	13	16	12	11	15	13	13	18
Foley	11	15	17	13	13	18	15	14	17	13	13	19
Booth	12	13	16	13	14	18	13	17	10	14	17	14
McFarland	10	15	14	11	12	14	13	11	16	12	9	15
Chrisman	14	12	18	11	11	14	11	11	16	11	14	17
Dave	11	9	15	13	12	17	12	9	13	12	9	13
Mallory	7	11	14	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Ford	14	13	17	14	13	16	15	14	15	14	12	16
Klein	15	15	20	14	15	17	15	15	19	14	17	17
Teal	10	12	17	14	13	15	12	13	8	11	16	11
Small	13	14	15	13	14	17	13	12	19	15	13	15
Wallace	14	12	17	13	11	16	14	11	14	15	13	17
Wolf	15	12	18	14	15	17	14	12	15	12	15	19
Percival	11	11	12	13	13	17	12	15	14	14	14	18
Riehl	14	13	19	14	12	18	14	14	19	14	13	17
Lewis	12	9	16	10	11	12	12	12	12	12	12	15
Wheeler	13	12	18	12	12	16	12	14	18	12	12	15
Powers	14	13	19	15	14	18	13	19	14	14	14	20
Budd	13	15	19	13	14	19	14	14	19	14	12	19
Gilbert	15	15	20	15	15	19	15	14	19	15	15	19
Burnside	14	12	18	11	14	16	13	15	19	14	13	18
T A Marshall	13	14	18	14	12	18	15	14	19	13	14	19
Sheldon	14	12	18	12	11	19	15	14	19	14	15	16
Powell	14	12	20	12	13	15	14	11	18	13	11	18
Page	12	13	11	11	12	14	13	17	9	14	11	11
Phelps	10	11	16	12	13	18	12	11	12	8	13	16
Triplet	12	11	14	11	9	9	11	6	16	12	12	11
Sanders	11	10	16	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
McKelvey	13	9	17	12	13	14	12	9	15	9	11	11
Hoon	10	11	19	12	13	18	14	13	18	15	16	16
Selbbers	11	15	15	15	18	15	14	17	12	14	15	15
Douthett	20	12	17	14	12	19	15	10	15	10	14	14
Shaffer	13	14	11	10	11	16	11	11	11	11	11	11
Geo Marshall	12	18	13	11	11	10	11	10	11	11	11	11
Ferguson	11	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	7	11	11	11
De Bryan	11	9	7	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Bott	12	12	12	10	10	13	11	11	11	11	11	11
Walker	9	17	11	12	11	15	11	11	11	11	11	11
Mattox	13	12	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Dickinson	16	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Adams	15	14	19	11	11	14	11	11	11	11	11	11

Second Day, May 14.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Abbott	14	15	15	11	12	17	12	12	17	14	13	17
Hardy	13	15	18	13	10	16	13	13	18	12	13	15
Badger	15	14	19	14	14	14	15	14	19	15	12	18
Adams	14	13	19	10	9	17	12	10	18	11	13	15
Dr Kibbey	11	9	14	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Redwing	14	12	19	14	14	17	12	15	17	14	10	16
Black	15	13	17	12	11	14	12	15	16	9	15	18
Wetleaf	15	12	20	14	12	13	12	18	15	11	11	17
Nichols	14	13	17	11	14	16	15	15	20	14	13	20
Foley	14	14	17	14	14	16	15	14	18	14	13	19
Shaffer	10	12	16	11	8	16	10	9	11	7	9	15
Powell	12	11	18	12	10	12	13	12	17	13	13	11
Crisman	13	12	16	13	7	12	12	10	15	7	11	14
Bickmore	11	10	13	13	12	14	12	12	12	11	11	12
McKelvey	12	13	16	13	11	12	12	10	17	11	11	12
Ford	12	13	15	11	14	15	13	12	18	12	12	19
Klein	15	15	18	15	12	18	14	13	18	14	14	20
Teal	12	13	17	10	11	12	11	11	11	11	11	11
Linell	14	13	16	12	14	16	13	13	18	11	12	16
Wallace	12	11	15	12	9	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Wolfe	13	12	15	12	14	13	11	13	16	11	11	11
Sheldon	15	14	18	13	13	11	11	9	13	11	13	16
Riehl	12	10	17	13	14	16	10	14	17	12	13	16
Selbbers	15	13	17	12	11	16	15	13	17	14	12	16
Wheeler	12	11	16	11	13	17	11	12	18	10	13	17
Powers	12	13	18	14	11	13	12	10	15	12	15	17
Budd	13	14	18	13	10	19	13	15	18	11	14	17
Gilbert	15	14	20	15	13	18	13	15	17	15	12	19
Burnside	14	13	15	14	14	15	15	13	19	13	14	19
Marshall	10	13	18	13	12	18	13	13	19	10	15	17
Ferguson	6	14	14	10	15	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Hoon	14	12	17	12	11	13	13	19	12	15	13	18
Walker	12	10	17	8	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
McFarland	15	10	17	8	12	15	9	11	11	11	11	11
Page	13	7	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
G Marshall	12	10	16	11	11	12	11	11	11	11	11	11
Jay	10	9	18	11	11	16	8	10	11	11	11	11
Mallory	7	7	11	6	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Hear	14	10	15	12	11	1	16	11	17	13	14	13
Grant	12	7	12	10	11	11	9	11	11	7	11	11
Dave	13	11	15	9	9	11	12	12	15	10	12	15
Boothett	6	12	17	15	14	18	11	14	15	15	13	14
Booth	14	12	19	13	13	14	10	13	17	14	14	18
Lister	11	12	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
McGee	12	9	11	11	11	11	9	9	11	11	11	11
Anderson	11	11	11	11	11	16	11	11	10	11	11	11
Mattox	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	10	11	11	11	11
Cook	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Lewis	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11

Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association.

OIL CITY, Pa., May 16.—The twelfth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association closed to-day. The Oil City Gun Club is to be congratulated upon having brought to a successful issue the largest tournament of the Association which has ever been held.

The tournament was under the personal management of Mr. John Parker, of Detroit, Mich., the able representative of the Peters Cartridge Company, and it was owing to his good management that the tournament could be so successfully carried out.

The office work was in the hands of Mr. H. C. Dorworth, of the Oil City Gun Club, and Mr. Wm. Bryant, of the New Castle Gun Club, and there was never a hitch in their work. Mr. Bryant had charge of the State events, and on the second day had to handle a hundred entries. The fact that he was ready to settle with the shooters as soon as the last shot was fired, speaks for his ability in this line of work.

The trade was represented as follows: W. K. Park, Sporting Life; John Parker, C. C. Grubb and T. H. Keller, Peters Cartridge Company; W. R. Crosby, Smith gun and E. C. powder; J. S. Fanning, Lafin & Rand Powder Company; A. H. Fox and J. A. R. Elliott, Winchester Repeating Arms Company; J. R. Hull, Parker Bros.; T. W. Morley and F. E. Butler, U. M. C. Co.; Gus Greiff, Von Lengerke & Detmold; W. L. Colville, E. I. Dupont de Nemours & Co.; B. H. Norton, Hazard Powder Co.

Guns and ammunition used by winners were as follows: John E. England (Bess), Millvale, Pa.—Remington, 46grs. Dupont, 1 1/4oz. No. 7 shot in Winchester Leader shell, and 3 1/2drs. E. C., 1 1/4oz. shot in Peters Ideal shell.

W. A. Bollman, Lebanon, Pa.—Lefever gun, 3 1/2drs. Dupont, 1 1/4oz. No. 7 1/2 shot in Winchester Leader shell.

W. R. Crosby, O'Fallon, Ill.—Smith gun, 3 1/4drs. E. C., 1 1/4oz. No. 7 1/2 shot in Winchester Leader shell.

A. H. Fox, Philadelphia, Pa.—Winchester gun, 38grs. Dupont, 1 1/4oz. No. 7 1/2 shot in Winchester Leader shell.

C. B. Pfeiffer, Philadelphia, Pa.—Colt gun, L. & R. Infalible, Winchester Leader shell.

R. C. Lay, Oil City, Pa.—Winchester gun, 26grs. Ballistite, 1 1/4oz. No. 7 shot in Winchester Leader shell.

M. Brey, Zionsville, Pa.—L. C. Smith gun, 26grs. Infalible, 1 1/4oz. No. 7 1/2 shot in Winchester Leader shells.

J. T. Atkinson, New Castle, Pa.—Parker gun, 38grs. Dupont, 1 1/4oz. No. 7 1/2 shot in Winchester shell.

May 13, First Day.

There was a heavy sky, with a drizzling rain. Crosby won high average for the day. The scores follow:

OPEN EVENTS.										
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Total.			
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	120			
Crosby	18	19	18	20	19	20	114			
Atkinson	18	20	16	18	16	19	107			
F. E. Mallory	18	17	17	19	17	18	106			
J. F. Mallory	18	16	18	17	18	18	105			
Fleming	18	15	17	20	16	19	105			
Fanning	18	20	15	16	16	18	103			
Kirkover	14	17	18	18	18	18	104			
C. H. Lay	17	19	17	18	16	16	103			
Mason	19	16	17	17	16	17	102			
Fox	17	14	18	18	18	17	102			
Elliott	14	19	18	17	16	15	102			
Bessemer	16	14	17	19	19	16	101			
Toll	19	16	16	15	14	20	100			
Jessop	15	16	17	19	15	17	99			
Trego	17	14	16	16	17	18	98			
S. T. Mallory	14	14	16	18	17	17	97			
Hull	15	17	18	17	15	11	95			
Kreuger	19	18	15	15	14	14	95			
Trafford	15	16	16	17	14	17	95			
Bates	15	16	14	15	18	16	94			
Crandall	17	15	12	15	16	18	93			
Morley	16	13	17	15	17	14	92			
Burnham	9	12			
Greiff	13	13	14	11			
Young	15	15	12	13	15	17	87			
Daudt	14	..	15	16			
Kramlick	19	18			
Slicher	18			
Carnahan	13	..	15			
Brey	18	..	18			
Denny	11			
Johnson	13			
Clickmer	15			
Nye	13	..			
Colville	14	10	15			

STATE EVENTS.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Total.
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	105
Atkinson	15	13	14	12	13	14	13	94
Trego	14	13	15	12	15	11	14	94
Fleming	14	14	11	13	13	14	14	93
W. S. Smith	14	13	14	15	15	10	12	91
Dr. Jessop	13	13	13	13	14	13	12	91
Deniker	15	14	12	13	13	9	15	91
Fox	13	14	11	15	12	12	14	91
Brewster	12	14	14	13	13	13	12	90
Bates	14	13	14	10	15	12	12	90
Brey	15	11	11	14	14	13	12	90
Cooper	13	12	13	14	15	11	12	90
Oles	13	13	12	13	13	11	15	90
Perkins	14	14	12	12	12	14	11	89
Alexander	14	13	11	12	13	15	11	89
Pills	14	14	13	13	11	12	11	88
Bess	15	11	14	13	12	12	11	88
Daudt	14	11	11	12	14	13	13	88
Chlay	15	12	13	13	12	11	12	88
R. C. Lay	12	13	10	13	14	13	12	87
Kramlick	12	11	11	12	13	12	15	87
Torney	14	13	11	14	15	10	10	87
Joe	14	12	12	13	15	8	13	87
Cochran	11	13	14	12	14	8	15	87
Smedley	12	14	15	12	9	11	87	87
Schlicher	12	13	15	13	12	8	13	86
Watson	14	12	12	14	13	8	13	86
Park	9	14	12	13	12	11	15	86
Brown	11	14	13	12	12	11	11	85
Runk	13	12	11	11	14	13	11	85
Loomis	13	12	10	14	13	12	10	84
Mrs. Park	11	12	12	13	13	8	13	82
Moore	13	13	8	11	11	11	14	81
Allen	12	11	12	13	14	7	12	81
Pfeiffer	10	11	12	13	12	10	13	81
Rhodes	11	11	12	13	10	13	11	81
Kellogg	11	13	9	11	12	12	12	80
Kreuger	11	12	12	12	9	11	13	79
Johnson	13	13	11	11	13	7	11	79
Ridge	12	11	10	11	13	8	14	79
Elder	11	15	12	12	9	8	12	79
Stoops	13	12	10	12	11	10	10	78
Burnham	14	12	12	13	10	8	9	78
Nye	13	11	13	12	12	11	6	77
Brubaker	10	11	15	11	11	8	11	77
Graham	14	11	9	11	12	11	9	77
Russell	10	12	13	13	10	11	9	77
Eaton	13	10	11	11	10	7	12	76
Acker	14	11	11	11	10	7	12	76
C. Jones	13	13	12	12	10	8	8	76
Blenner	12	12	10	11	9	10	11	74
Denny	10	13	11	12	12	6	11	73
Coleman	11	12	11	11	8	8	7	72
H. Wilson	10	10	9	11	12	9	11	72
Clickner	9	9	11	9	12	9	12	71
Jordan	12	7	9	10	10	11	10	69
Strangway	6	13	9	10	11	9	11	69
Felix	10	12	11	8	9	8	10	68
Crozier	7	10	11	13	10	8	8	67
Beamesderfer	10	12	12	9	6	8	8	67
Weiler	12	10	10	11	10	7	6	66
Manning	10	9	8	9	10	10	10	66
Seitz	14	7	4	10	10	10	10	66
Clover	11	7	9	8	9	11	9	64
Haywood	11	10	8	8	10	6	8	61
Trafford	7	7	12	7	12	5	8	61
Vanderau	6	6	12	9	8	4	10	55
Althof	7	8	8	8	4	7	8	50
Nisley	13	13	11	11	10	6	..	64
Bell	12	7	9	15	9	7	..	59
Zeller	7	8	10	7	32
Krider	11	14	25
McClintock	12	9	21
Kimber	5	14	19

McLouth	10	10
Colville	10	10
J. P. F.	5	5

MILT LINDSLEY TROPHY.

The Milt Lindsley team trophy, formerly the American Wood Powder Company trophy, was event No. 4. The conditions were: A silver prize cup contested for by teams of two men; "no one man to shoot on more than one team," and all must be members of the same club; 25 singles and 5 pairs. The prize and 40 per cent. to the team making the highest score; 30 per cent. to second; 20 per cent. to third, and 10 per cent. to fourth. The scores:

Florist Gun Club—Ridge and Fox, 60.
New Castle—Atkinson and Perkins, 59.
New Castle—Fleming and Bess, 56.
New Castle—Pills and Watson, 56.
Oil City—Chlay and Bates, 55.
Harrisburg—Kreuger and Burnham, 55.
Tyrone—Deniker and Trego, 54.
Ambler—Haywood and Pfeiffer, 53.
Oil City—Graham and Clickner, 49.
Oil City—Loomis and Eaton, 52.
New Castle—Moore and Alexander, 52.
Ligonier—Johnson and Denny, 50.
Florist—Park and Bell, 49.
Mahonoy City—Cooper and Coleman, 47.
Oil City—R. C. Lay and Oles, 47.
Chambersburg—Runk and Elder, 43.
Erie—Clover and Strangway, 41.
New Castle—Beamesderfer and Brubaker, 51.

L. C. SMITH GUN HANDICAP.

The L. C. Smith gun handicap, at 25 bluerocks, was the seventh event on the programme, entrance \$1; optional sweep \$2; high gun in this event received an order for an \$80 grade Smith gun, donated by the Hunter Arms Company. The second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth and ninth high guns each received a Lefever Ideal cleaner, donated by the Lefever Arms Company. The contestants, distance handicaps and scores were as follows:

Atkinson	(18)	25	Trego	(18)	20	Fleming	(19)	20	W. S. Smith	(18)	20		
18	19	Dr. Jessop	(16)	18	Deniker	(17)	20	Fox	(20)	23	Brewster	(18)	21
Perkins	(16)	21	Brey	(17)	19	Cooper	(18)	23	Oles	(15)	19		
Daudt	(17)	21	Alexander	(16)	21	Pills	(17)	17	Bess	(17)	19		
Torney	(17)	20	Joc	(17)	19	Cochran	(16)	20	Smedley	(16)	22		
Schlicher	(16)	22	Watson	(17)	21	Park	(17)	14	Brown	(16)	20		
Runk	(15)	21	Loomis	(16)	21	Mrs. Park	(16)	20	Moore	(16)	21		
Allen	(15)	16	Pflege	(16)	23	Rhodes	(17)	19	Kellogg	(16)	18		
Kreuger	(18)	19	Johnson	(16)	16	Elder	(17)	19	Stoops	(16)	15		
Burnham	(17)	15	Nye	(16)	20	Brubaker	(17)	18	Graham	(17)	17		
Russell	(16)	15	Eaton	(17)	19	Acker	(16)	13	C. Jones	(16)	17		
Blenner	(16)	17	Denny	(16)	20	Coleman	(17)	20	H. Wilson	(15)	16		
Clickner	(15)	13	Jordan	(17)	13	Strangway	(15)	19	Felix	(16)	18		
Crozier	(16)	13	Beamesderfer	(15)	18	Weiler	(15)	17	Manning	(15)	16		
Seitz	(17)	17	Clover	(16)	13	Haywood	(15)	13	Traffords	(16)	14		
Vanderou	(15)	18	Althof	(15)	15	McClintock	(15)	17	Kimber	(15)	14		
Ridge	(14)	18	McLouth	(15)	17	Colville	(18)	22	J. P. F.	(14)	14		

We have just received a very interesting catalogue from W. H. Mullins, Salem, Ohio, maker of stamped and embossed sheet metal boats. The catalogue is well printed and illustrated, and those interested in this type of craft should send for a copy. This firm are selling many boats and canoes to sportsmen all through the United States and Canada. Within the past week they have shipped three ducking boats to Madras, India, and four boats to St. Petersburg, Russia.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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RIVER POLLUTION.

THE Bogota Boat Club, of East Hackensack, N. J., has applied for an injunction to restrain the Hackensack Gas and Electric Company from depositing coal tar, refuse and gas drips in the Hackensack River. The club charges that because of the pollution coming from the company's plant the boats of the club are damaged and that bathing in the river is rendered impossible.

An Iowa correspondent, whose letter is given in another column, relates that because of a dam maintained at Bonaparte, fish are cut off from ascending the Des Moines River, and legal actions have so far proved powerless to compel the removal of the obstruction.

In the Saginaw River and its tributaries in Michigan is seen each autumn a great destruction of fish caused by the large sugar factories on these streams, which use large quantities of lime, and drain the refuse into the rivers. The sugar-making season is in the autumn, when the fish are running up to their spawning beds. Another annual destruction takes place in the spring. Here is a picture given by the Saginaw Courier-Herald in March of this year:

The people who live along Cass River are up in arms over the great quantities of dead fish found in the stream. The ice is breaking up, and tons of dead fish of all kinds are found in the stream, some weighing as much as five to seven pounds. The people of Bridgeport, Frankenmuth and Vassar, and farmers living near the stream, are bitterly complaining of the matter, as the decaying fish are regarded as a menace to public health, to say nothing of the depopulation of the stream of its food supplies, upon which many depend to a considerable extent. Steps are being taken to have a petition circulated and signed and forwarded to the Governor, asking the State authorities to take the necessary steps to abate the evil complained of. It is asserted that no such conditions existed prior to the establishment of the sugar factory at Caro, and the general belief is that the refuse or chemicals from that factory deposited in the stream is the cause of the mortality among the fish.

"The FOREST AND STREAM should add to its Platform Plank," writes an Ohio correspondent, "another one demanding that our rivers shall not be polluted by the casting of refuse into them. I have frequently seen the banks of the Great Miami lined with dead fish that had been killed by the paper mills of West Carrollton, Miamisburg and Dayton."

And so the list might be extended indefinitely. The story is the same everywhere. Individuals and corporations have ruined the rivers, and outraged the rights of the people; and because we began wrong and permitted these outrages in the early days, we appear to want the spirit or the courage or determination to find and apply the remedy and win back for the public use and enjoyment the waters which of right belong to the public.

LONG-RANGE RIFLE SHOOTING.

THE reawakening and broadening of practical interest in long-range rifle shooting in the United States, following closely upon the defeat of the national teams at Sea Girt last year, has every sign of permanency. Agitation on the subject of the defeat resulted in influential and powerful organization, which in turn resulted in intelligent and successful action in the attempt to retrieve the lost laurels.

Last week at Rutherford, N. J., at the new range specially equipped in all particulars for long-range practice, there was a large attendance of long-range riflemen who practiced industriously from midday till evening. This is but one day of many like ones in the future.

All this shows a well-sustained purpose toward repairing America's recently impaired prestige in respect to skill with the rifle at the long ranges, and also augurs well for a possible return of the lost trophies to the former holders, the riflemen of the United States.

Having thus infused more energy, singleness of purpose, and inaugurated an era of practical effort throughout the entire class of United States long-range riflemen, in the common purpose to regain the ascendancy once held, but now lost, the defeat of last year may have been after all a blessing in disguise. Prior to that defeat there was an inaction in long-range competition which could not result otherwise than in a lower grade of skill, a narrower field of action, fewer devotees and a consequent loss of public appreciation and interest.

For the good of the long-range riflemen there was needed a stimulation which would be so profound as to be permanent. Nothing in this respect could have served the purpose better than a defeat under such apathetic condi-

tions, though personal and national pride in matters of sport were thereby wounded ever so deeply.

For a number of years after the strenuous debate at arms between the States, the riflemen of America were not excelled in skill by any other people, even if it be conceded that in that period they had any equals. They had vanquished the best riflemen of the world. Nor was their skill afield any less eminent. As big-game hunters they had a reputation good and world wide.

But the wars ended, the buffalo disappeared, the elk, deer and other big game grew scarcer in some sections and was exterminated in others; the best riflemen of the world had been defeated, so there were no more worlds to conquer. Inaction brought decline. Rifles were at rest for long-distance work. They are again in action.

While there has been a thinning in the ranks of the long-range devotees, there is no doubt but what there is now available the material necessary for a recruiting of their ranks. In the United States rifles and ammunition are made as perfect as any in the world; therein also are men as keen of eye, as steady of nerve and as steadfast of purpose as are any men in the world. They should recover the lost trophies.

There was needed the something to set the machinery of the long-range sport in motion. The last defeat did that. Practice and discipline will so perfect the abilities of the riflemen that the opposition may expect to meet a much more difficult struggle this year than last for possession of the coveted trophies. However, let it all come as it may, all true sportsmen will hope that the best men may win, but it should ever be kept in mind that the best men in the competition are those who can show the best results therein.

This sport, while of great and beneficial interest in itself, has further contributed greatly to the improvement in both rifles and ammunition. Nearly every rifleman is more than a mere shooter. He is a student. He is ever experimenting with new departures or testing the soundness of old ideas. He is constantly striving to understand the why and wherefore, and to readjust according to requirements.

As a useful training, long-range shooting is a sport of the best; as a defense in time of war, the effectiveness of long-range shooting by skilled marksmen has been a sad object lesson for some months in South Africa. It therefore has its uses in peace or war. Revive it.

We confess to a constant and growing admiration for the combination of intellects evolving the annual changes in that section of the New York game law which has to do with the protection of birds other than game. It will be remembered that by reason of a bungle in the wording of the law the courts held that the Arctic Freezer cold storage people could not be punished for having in possession great stores of song birds. Another peculiar feature of the law, as pointed out in these columns, was that under a literal interpretation of the text, no one could lawfully kill a game bird without having been authorized to do so under a naturalist's permit. The section was twice amended in the last session, and the reading which necessitates a certificate for killing game birds has been retained. The text runs: "Birds for which there is no open season and wild birds other than the English sparrow, crow, hawk, crow blackbird, snow owl and great-horned owl, shall not be taken or possessed at any time, dead or alive, except under the authority of a certificate issued under this act." The term "wild birds" of course includes game birds, and game birds therefore come within the prohibition. In practice this application of the law will not be enforced. The game protectors will interpret the term "wild birds" to mean birds other than game species, and will construe the intent of the statute to be something else than what it literally is. But we trust that the tinkers of Section 33 will try again next year; it should be possible in the good State of New York to discover some pen able to write a simple section which will protect the species whose protection is desired without at the same time affecting game birds.

The people of New York city have just been awakened to a danger which threatens their Central Park. Superintendent Parsons declares that under present conditions the park is doomed, because of a lack of soil. "In many places," he told an Evening Post reporter, "the soil of the

park is not more than six inches deep, and it is the same old lifeless, sandy soil that has covered the rocks since the island was discovered. Plant life cannot live long in such soil as that. To put a new surface of soil over the entire park and plant and replant it, as should be done, would cost something like \$1,500,000; but all this work could be done in sections, so that the expenditure would not be so burdensome, and the city would not be deprived of the use of the entire park while the work was being done." Such is the confidence reposed in Mr. Parsons that this statement by him of the park conditions will mean the provision of the remedy. Time and again demonstration has been made that the Central Park is very close to the popular heart, and the city will appropriate all the money needed and will appropriate it gladly to preserve it.

The case of the Blooming Grove Park Association members who were indicted last season for attempting to carry game out of Pennsylvania has again come before the Grand Jury, and new indictments have been found, charging them with having killed game illegally and carried it out of the State in violation of law. The Game Commissioners who are the prosecuting parties express themselves as perfectly satisfied with the situation. They declare that they are now ready in the new case as made up to test the merits of the Lacey Act, since they will be able to prove beyond a doubt that the game was killed out of season and was carried out of the State in violation of the non-export law. Further, they express a hope that the Blooming Grove members implicated will be disposed to lay aside all quibbles and make a fair test of the facts and the law.

That is an extremely interesting and suggestive photograph of which we give a reproduction elsewhere, showing the tameness of the wild ducks which winter at Palm Beach, Fla. There is in force there a local law which forbids the capture of wildfowl or other game within one mile of the corporation of West Palm Beach, and the pleasing results are seen in the confidence and tameness of many varieties of birds. Even the alligator is given immunity, and the bloodthirsty exterminatory peregrinators might perish of ennui. The photograph shows in the distance the vast Royal Poinciana Hotel; the wildfowl thus are in a locality which in winter has a dense population.

Our St. Augustine correspondent, Didymus, makes a feeling and sensible protest against the destruction of turtle eggs on the Florida coast. It is an abuse of long standing, and the resulting dearth of turtles is, precisely what was to have been anticipated as inevitable. Didymus is right in demanding of the Florida press an attitude hostile to the foolish persons who thus are making an end of one of the State's important natural resources. In this connection it is a pleasure to note the stand taken and maintained with intelligence and vigor with respect to fish and game protection by the Jacksonville Times-Union and Citizen. This journal has taken up the preservation of the State resources in forest and stream and its voice is always on the right side. In its warfare upon the turtle egg gatherers, the bird destroyers and the spring deer killers, it should have the support and co-operation of every Florida journal in the coast district.

New York has extended the scope of its restrictions against non-resident anglers and shooters. The law formerly was that non residents who were citizens of States or countries which exacted licenses might not fish or shoot on interstate waters without taking out a corresponding license; as amended the license requirement covers the entire State, so that nowhere in New York may a non-resident shoot or fish without a license, provided that he hails from a license-exacting State, Pennsylvania or New Jersey, for example.

The Department of Agriculture, which controls the importation of exotic species into the territory of the United States, has promulgated an order forbidding the introduction of reptiles into the Hawaiian Islands without a permit, and it adds that no permit will be issued for the entry of poisonous snakes of any kind. Thus shall the Pacific Eden be protected from its serpent.

The Sportsman Tourist.

May Memories of Other Months.

Editor Forest and Stream:

To him who is an enthusiastic duck hunter, the eight months of the close season seems an age. Of course, other sports in their season serve as a balm to impatience, and, indeed, a day spent in whipping a good stream in some rugged cañon, where the spirit of spring runs riot, and where one may forget for a time the pavements and brick walls of town, is not a bad substitute for a day on the marshes.

To make one's way down stream, clambering over huge lichen-grown boulders, brushing through great brakes of fern and beds of royal tiger lilies, stopping now and then to cast in some foam-flecked pool, so that the flies drop just in the swirl at the head of it; and after a gallant fight, to slip a ten-inch trout into the creel; ah, there is keen sport in that, and health and enjoyment, and naught of any evil. And when, further down stream, we come to a bit of water that flows in a long series of riffles between straight alder-lined banks, and the footing is good, and the sun filtering through the alder leaves makes a delicate gold tracery on the dancing water, what glorious fun it is to wade in the current, with the water rippling dangerously near our boot tops, and cast ahead! No danger, then, of landing our flies in the top of some tree, for the space is clear about us.

And then later to feel the creel gradually growing heavier as it fills with rainbows, until we know that in all good conscience we have enough, with what blissful and perfect contentment do we throw ourselves down on the ferns, and light the old briar, the tried companion of many such days afield, the while our ears are filled with the melody of the tumbling stream, our eyes with the beauty of nature and our hearts with the love and reverence of nature's God.

Trout fishing is indeed a glorious sport, and a gentle one, too, lacking the trace of cruelty that wildfowl shooting possesses. For in the latter there are always the inevitable crippled birds, that, despite our humane efforts, reach the tulle to die of their wounds. But nature has provided in a measure for that, for the raccoons prowl round o' nights and their teeth are sharp.

When the hot August days are here, we may once more take the twelve gauge from its case, and in the cool of the summer morning see if our eye has lost its cunning, and if that smooth and steady swing, so necessary for the fowler, is still our own. For then the doves are winging their way to water and a light breakfast, and to stop them cleanly in their swift course is not work for a novice. The best sport with the doves is had an hour or so before sunset, when they begin to fly for their evening nip, before going to roost. If one is wise, he will have marked for himself a flyway before the season opens, and then about four in the afternoon he will take a camp stool, a well-filled shell-case and a light twelve gauge, and then seat himself in the shade of a convenient tree, and facing in the direction from which the flight is to come, await his opportunity. It will not be long in coming, if the place is well chosen. First, a single pair are seen, far down the valley, for we are in the shade of some eucalypti near a "water hole" at the base of the mountains, and one can see the sunlight flash on the wings of a dove a great way off. We are ready for them, and—they have passed. It looked a bit easy, but in truth it was not. A dove at full tilt is every bit as hard to hit as a wind-driven teal, and I have missed a thousand of both, and have stopped a few, too. The next pair that come in we greet as before, and this time we actually make a double. Faith, we are puffed up, but not for long. As the evening shadows lengthen the flight becomes more rapid, and we miss far oftener than we kill. Then, too, the bewildering flight of the birds rather upsets us, for this, remember, is the first work with the gun since the snipe left in April, and we are likely to be a bit rusty and run to "nerves."

When the great red globe of the sun is resting on the verge of the western horizon, flaming into vivid crimson the blue haze of the San Fernando, the rush of wings becomes fiercer, the doves rocketing in from all directions; the air seems to pulsate with the beat of their swift pinions, and the faint, peculiar whistle made by their wings is heard on all sides at once. This is the time the novice is likely to go off his head, and even the man who is master of the craft finds it hard to creditable work. Twilight deepens, and the flight, save for an occasional bird, has stopped. Just as we have gathered the last bird, we see coming in at a great height, but sharply outlined against the faint red flush of the western sky, a single rocketing dove, an old bachelor, perhaps, coming home late from the club. Lead him well—now! Man, what a shot! Yes, remarks the Other Fellow, probably an accident. Be that as it may, we stopped him, and it was a glorious shot.

A few weeks after the duck season closed, I made a trip to the grounds over which I do most of my shooting, just for the sake of watching the birds. It is wonderful what a change a few weeks' close season makes in the wariness of the fowl. The birds had been undisturbed for four or five weeks, and they were quite gentle. On the shore of the lake not more than thirty yards from the cabin, a pair of mallard were preening themselves, and were but little disturbed by our approach. They finally slid into the water, and swam slowly around a bend of the tules, the gaudy drake quacking softly to his mate an assurance that it was close season, and that there was no hurry.

About a mile from the cabin there is a long slough, probably a hundred yards across and a mile or so in length. A friend from Minneapolis was with me, and as I had told him great tales of our shooting, he was anxious to see some birds. We walked over to this slough, where I knew there were thousands of birds. A marsh spreads out parallel to and on either side of the channel, and as we waded through this marsh, from

many little ponds flock after flock of mallard rose. They allowed us to approach within twenty yards or so before rising, and then circled over our heads in the most tantalizing way, or else flew but a short distance to settle down in another pond. Horace was fascinated, but I had a surprise in store for him. The slough itself we could not see, for it is fringed with high tules, but I knew from past experience that its surface was crowded with fowl. We had our guns with us, for an occasional wisp of snipe might be flushed. When we had almost reached the slough I fired a shot, and instantly the air was darkened by a cloud of fowl and made vibrant by the beat of myriad wings. It was a sight to gladden the eyes of a duck hunter. There were thousands upon thousands of birds—I shouldn't like to say how many, but certainly many thousands. There were large numbers of mallard, and thousands upon thousands of widgeon, teal, sprig and shovellers. The bright sunlight glinted on the beautiful blue and chestnut of the cinnamon teal drakes, and was reflected by the iridescent green on the heads of the mallard drakes and from the royal purple of their wing coverts. Once in the air, they exhibited little fear of the two canvas-clad figures who matched the color of the marsh so closely, and who stood so motionless. Immense bands circled about us, or rocketed by us up and down the course of the slough. At one end of the channel the water opens out into a broad, shallow pond, covering perhaps thirty acres or more, and here the birds settled so thickly that it seemed as though no more could find room on the water.

Horace was awed into silence, but occasionally pinched himself to see if he really were awake. He would repeat, now and then, as if to himself, "and to think all this is within an hour of town."

It was a golden opportunity to study the habits of the birds at close quarters, and untrammelled by a desire to slay. The teal and shovellers were the busiest of the lot, running along the margins of the little creeks in search of food, while the larger birds contented themselves by floating idly about in great rafts that blackened the surface of the water. And all the while the music of their calls filled the air. The widgeon whistling love songs to their mates, and the mallard and teal conversing in lower tones of the worries and pleasures of the little brood that was to be. I wished for the pen of Wilmot Townsend, that I might reproduce a little bit here and there of this riot of bird life on the marsh.

ROBERT ERSKINE ROSS.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., May 19.

A Sportsman's Vendue.

HE was certainly a mighty hunter, but in time he waxed old and died, and leaving no growing sons to follow in his footsteps, his rod, gun and rifle went to the auction room.

For many years his hours of leisure had been spent upon the stream and abroad among the fields and forests in pursuit of fin, feather and fur.

But in time the hunter became the hunted, and succumbing to the arrow that strikes home to all men, relentless and death-dealing, he passed over the dark, still, unfathomable river to join those gone before to the happy hunting grounds teeming with game.

Had he been an Indian his guns, rifle, rods and accessories would have been buried with him, but being otherwise, his effects went to the auction room to be sold and scattered. His favorite tools of the chase were to go into strange hands, and the rod and gun, too precious to loan, were to become the property of men who knew him not. And in due course a notice of the auction was sent to me. I asked myself what business had I there with a corner and shelf in my attic already burdened with guns and rods?

Time was when I could not enter a gun and tackle store without buying something, not because I needed the things, but because they struck my fancy. I had not learned to resist. No apologies are necessary, there are many more like me, and still more to come after me. This accumulating of fresh sportsman's material just as regularly as the fishing and shooting seasons open, is a disease, and there is no cure for it save an empty pocket-book, and even then one can look into the windows of a tackle store and covet.

I asked myself, why should I go to this auction when I was unable to use all that I had already paid for and acquired in the shape of rods and guns.

The dog that runs as if his life depended upon his catching the speeding train of cars, after which he so furiously barks, would be at a loss what to do with the train were the brakes set and he was enabled to catch it. So, while I might covet the rods and guns offered, were I to purchase any I, like the dog, would not know what use to put them to after I bought them.

There are collectors and collectors, the fever even extending to lovers of the rod and gun, and it is at such a sale that one adds something to his collection.

I decided to go, and, although it was like walking into the lion's den, I nevertheless made a strong resolution to buy nothing.

Spread out upon the tables was a collection that had taken the deceased sportsman many years to secure. Guns, rifles, rods, hunting suits, decoys, fly-books, shell cases, landing nets, lines, reels, boots, waders, camping outfit complete, inflatable rubber bed and blankets. There were tackle boxes, stuffed with the best accessories procurable, muscallonge spoons and lures of all descriptions.

Everything was of the best, and save that it had seen more or less service, was in first-class condition, and as it had been left after his last hunt and fish.

His whisky flask—empty—his cigar jars, cribbage boards, books on fishing subjects, were piled up with the rest.

I saw the display and watched the clawing-over process by the crowd, and felt that almost a sacrilege was being committed. To see a looker-on take up a reel and manipulate it like a coffee grinder, another snapping the locks of the gun, and yet another making a bungling attempt to joint up a fly-rod, made my sympathies go out to the man who had gone, as I thought how dearly he loved these things, and how much his life was interwoven with them. And here they are being mauled and wantonly tumbled

about by a crowd that was far from appreciative. I saw one man tugging at the delicate tip of a superb fly-rod in frantic endeavor to haul it from its recess in the case, as if it were a mop stick. I interfered, extracted the tip carefully, only to find that my inquisitive friend was already deeply interested in some hand lines a distance down the room.

If people "turn in their coffins," surely the late deceased owner performed that sepulchral operation in his narrow quarters. He, if looking on, must have been spending a very bad quarter of an hour at witnessing the preliminaries of the sale, and surely must have wept copious tears as the sale advanced.

The hour of sacrifice had arrived, and the cry of the auctioneer went forth, "What am I offered? Who will start it? Now, gentlemen, these things must be sold; make your bids."

There is no use of going into details. I never before so wished that I was in the sportsman's goods line of trade. But I was not in the business, and I had ceased collecting rods and guns, for were not my own possessions in this line suffering from infrequent use and continuous storing in the attic?

There was his gun. It had been made on order, two sets of barrels, one light and another heavy pair, respectively for field and pass shooting. Everything complete, case and all. It was a splendid example of the gunmaker's art—and save slight evidences of wear, was in every respect as good as new. And it went for a fifth, yes, a tenth of its initial cost. Then came another gun, equal to the first one sold in every respect, but with but a single set of barrels. And it went for a price at which a farmer's boy could buy a Zulu at a country hardware store. Then followed expensive hunting toggery, shell cases, decoys, etc. Oh! My! Oh! My!

Then came the rods—fly, bass and tarpon.

On my shelf at home rests a fly-rod by a well-known New York maker, a rod that when originally sold was represented as being the choicest and most expensive bit of bamboo, glue, silk and German silver in the shop. A price was paid for it that brought it on a par with the most expensive salmon rod. That rod came to me, but little used, from the original purchaser. I have treasured it for years as a miser would gold, until the day might come when I could spare the time to go to Lake Edward and there test its mettle upon some of the 5 and 10-pound trout I understand are lurking there. And yet the rod stays upon the shelf year after year, because it is too good to risk on stream fishing with brush and snags, and even yet too good to use on bass with other rods at hand. And when the rods were being sold, I examined one that looked familiar to me. From the care with which it was wrapped in its case, this rod undoubtedly was the favorite rod of the owner. It was by the same makers who made my rod, and while not so finished and perfect as mine, yet a superb specimen of a trout rod. Some one bid o-n-e d-o-l-l-a-r. This was too much for me. Guns and all the rest had gone for a song, and I sat by complacently and did nothing, but when this offer of one dollar was bid, I—well—I got into the game.

It was the only thing I bid upon during the sale, and the fact of my bidding for that particular rod at once put a hidden value upon it, and it began to climb, and I personally kept it climbing to the limit, where it was actually a question with me as to whether it was really safe to bid more under all the circumstances—and at this juncture it was knocked down to me.

And I at once realized that, like the dog I had imitated, now that I had it I did not know what to do with it—other than to make it a companion piece to the other one at home on the shelf.

The young man who kept close to me in the bidding I hunted up, and found him of the right stuff, and, explaining to him the value of the rod, he was anxious and glad to take it off my hands at the price bid.

If there are trout streams in the other world, I will in time no doubt meet the man who once owned that rod, and I know he will shake me by the hand, offer me a drink from his flask and thank me for saving the honor of his rod.

Lancewood and split bamboo, one after the other, were knocked down, and then the accessories in the way of reels, fly-books, etc., a magnificent tarpon reel going for \$2. The sale finally ended up by the disposing of a heap of odds and ends in the way of spoons, lines, etc., at a nominal figure. And when the last lot had been closed out it seemed as if the next thing to do was to carry the owner out to the hearse, the funeral sermon preached over his bier having been truly a sad and heartrending one.

Think of your favorite Scott or Greener, for which you have paid \$750, and which now rests in its case nicely oiled, awaiting the opening of the quail and partridge season, some day being knocked down for a paltry \$25! Look at your gun in the aforesaid case and realizing that queerer things are happening daily, and see if you do not feel a trifle squeamish over the idea.

As the lights were put out and we each went our own way, I wondered what he, who had once owned all these goods, and out of which he had gotten so much pleasure, thought of it all anyway.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

The Oregon Salmon in History.

AMONG the piscatorial romances which have been handed down like the fables of the ancients, is a nice little yarn about the extraordinary important part played by Columbia River salmon in bringing Oregon Territory under the American flag. "Once upon a time a party of American patriots prevailed upon France to cede this territory. France, with the characteristics which have never entirely deserted her, was not ceding anything that was worth holding, and in order to determine the specific gravity of this particular gold brick, before it was passed up, an ambassador was dispatched to the Columbia River to examine Oregon Territory. The ambassador was one of those rare old sports whose estimate of great men placed Izaak Walton at the head of the list, and the rest nowhere. He had often heard that salmon fishing was considered famous sport, and as soon as he landed here he proceeded to make a few casts. He tried in vain for many days without securing a rise, and then sent the following report: "Cede the d— country; the salmon will not rise to a fly."—Morning Oregonian.

An Outing in Ontario.

LAST week I got a letter from a friend in northern Ontario, Canada, telling of wild flowers plucked on March 5, while we in Pennsylvania were gathering snowballs. It seems King Winter released his icy grasp at least three weeks earlier in Ontario than usual, and when I heard of wild flowers and pine woods, my spirit faster than flight of wood duck, flew thither; but my 185 pounds avoirdupois not so handy with wings; at any rate, I am chained to business, but the dust-begrimed atmosphere of Pittsburgh forms a fine background for any rainbows of hope you may have; and just now I see the aurora, for in less than two months I will cast aside the galling straps of business and for two months more I will revel in the delights that charm far from the haunts of men—and women.

As a purely business proposition, an outing in the country is the sanest and safest investment that may be made. I well know, and am sad because I know, there are so very many people, good enough to be kings and queens, and jacks, perhaps, who I suppose can't get away from business; but there are hordes who could but don't, and for them my sympathy goes out. They miss much. Would not their invigorated systems have declared each day and hour of the subsequent years handsome dividends on the investment in the way of improved health, high-bounding spirits, absence of doctors with their ill-smelling salts, and an ever-tightening grip on the golden fleece of good health?

I am persuaded that the time and money lost in reduced earning capacity in sickness, and in many cases premature death, that might have been saved by a timely halt for recuperation—these losses would much more than cover the deficits caused by an outing.

I do not mean an outing spent in visiting hot, stifling cities, dwelling in sumptuous hotels with elaborate menus, but outings spent far away in the green, glorious world of the country, far from the madding crowd, from the crash of pumping cars and screaming whistles and the multitude of ear-splitting sounds that like battering rams of old do everlastingly beat against our nervous citadels, until, unless a relief force comes to the rescue, the nerve centers surrender to those relentless foes of civilization—insomnia and nervous prostration.

There be many whose idea of an outing is to live at an expensive hotel, dress so that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these, and I might add these same toil not, neither do they spin. But for the toilers and the spinners, go ye rather to the mountains, anywhere where air and water are abundant and pure, where the food and drink are not too rich; for your tired stomach will revel in an outing free from the arduous toil of digesting over-rich food.

I have for many years spent my outing in northern Canada, and have found it so satisfactory and inexpensive that I have tried no further. This region furnishes all the delights my soul longs for, and why change?

For many years the Severn River, about 100 miles north of Toronto on the Grand Trunk Railroad, has been my headquarters, and radiating from this point as a center I have visited many points in northern Ontario and Quebec.

J. N. Davidson, President of the Second National Bank, Allegheny, Pa., kept telling me of the delights of Lakes Kippewa and Temiskaming, on the Canadian Pacific Railway, about 100 miles east of North Bay, and 236 miles north of Toronto. On Aug. 13 last we boarded the North Bay express and were soon rumbling northward through the flat, rocky country. The green pines, sandwiched in between the ever-present dead pine timber gives rather a weird tone to the scenery, and this is enhanced by the dark brown color of the old Laurentian rocks that crop out everywhere, but further north these give way to the Huronian rocks, which are brighter in color. We were soon to Huntsville, where I had tarried three years ago on a trout fishing trip to the Lake of Bays District, and we caught plenty of trout, too. Huntsville affords wonderful advantages for the hunter, angler and tourist, for sport is here unsurpassed and easily accessible on account of the great stretches of water of Vernon Lake, Fairy Lake, Peninsular Lake and Lake of Bays.

At Huntsville there was a vast throng of farmers gathered to see the Great Pan-American Circus. For fifty miles many had journeyed to see the show. I was among the crowd.

We arrived at North Bay next day. This is a great resort for anglers. Lake Nipissing is a famous lake for big muscallonge, pike, pickerel, bass and other fish. At the other end of the Nipissing is the French River, where bass fishing is unsurpassed.

I drove about eight miles to what the people in North Bay called Four-Mile Creek. We took dinner at a hotel with Dick Jessup, but Dick is gone, and his hotel was burned and Dick's successor burned with it. His widow built a fifteen-room brick hotel with splendid accommodations for thirty or forty guests. I here picked up a young commercial traveler from New York city, and together we journeyed four miles further over a slight scar over the surface of the earth that the natives called a good cage road. Where we met the creek I turned to the left and followed the creek for about a mile, with thirty-nine trout as a result, and all very good fish. But it was laborious work through tangled alders, over fallen pines, suited better for the strides of a moose than a plain, fat Irishman.

I worked my way back over the boulders in the bed of the creek to the aforementioned scar called in Canada a

cage road, and found my new friend mourning because he had taken no fish. He had only an alder pole and couldn't cast, and nature never designed him for an angler, anyway—too lazy; sluggards are never good trout anglers.

I then took the creek to the right and worked my way down a half-mile and took a few good trout, and had the pleasure of seeing five deer grazing in a clearing. Two fawns were among the number. Moose tracks were abundant, but that was the nearest I came to the moose.

That night we stayed at the hotel on Trout Lake. By the way, this Trout Lake is a magnificent water for angling, and almost rivals Rangeleys in size. There are Trout Lake, Talon, Mud Lake, Nipissing and others, all excellent fishing grounds for bass, pickerel, salmon trout, speckled trout, muscallonge, pike—and what fine fishing it is—and the hunter finds bear, deer, moose, and partridge in abundance. This is a practically new region, easily accessible by the Canadian Pacific Railroad from Montreal and points east, or the Grand Trunk from the south.

Tuesday about 9 P. M. we left North Bay for Mattawa, some fifty miles east of North Bay, on the Canadian Pacific Railroad. It was 1 o'clock when we arrived at Mattawa, and in a blinding rainstorm we hunted the nearest hotel. There we found two rowdies, who informed us there were no vacant rooms in the hotel—none

some other animals lose the power of reproduction when the hide is removed.

Mr. Taylor said his company usually advanced the Indian trappers a hundred to a hundred and fifty dollars worth of equipment and supplies during the summer and fall, as a sort of chattel mortgage on their next year's catch. Of course, said Mr. Taylor, many of the Indians who apply for provisions are drunken, worthless fellows, wholly unworthy of trust, but if at all reliable, the Indians may obtain the needed supplies. Of course, this by some is not looked upon as either a charitable or even creditable undertaking on the part of the fur company.

Four miles back of Mattawa, at a little lake called McCracken Lake, if I remember aright, we had a fine morning's sport with speckled trout. By going on to Little Jocko and Antoine Creek, you can have trout fishing long to be remembered. A year previous I had fished them and knew. I regretted I could not stay longer in Mattawa, but I had many places yet to visit.

Friday morning was selected for a trip to the Kippewa country. The train goes only three times a week, and you must take this into account. At 9:05 A. M. the train was due, but it was several fives after nine before it came.

This was a day fraught with more than the usual amount of excitement, as about seventy-five lumbermen were leaving home for the lumber regions north of Lakes Temiskaming and Kippewa, and most of them wouldn't see home until the next spring. Many of them were Chippewa Indians, and one young Indian bride showed signs of sadness on her otherwise stolid face.

I here met Mr. McKenzie, a former agent of the Hudson Bay Company at Mattawa, who gave me much valuable information as to best route for canoe trip to the Hudson Bay. This trip to James Bay requires about thirty-five days there and back, and is certainly an interesting journey, and one I propose some time to make.

At 10 A. M. we pulled away from Mattawa, crossing the Ottawa River on an old wooden bridge. From Mattawa you may look over the River Ottawa and see the Old Laurentian Mountains, a spur of the Appalachian system. Our train runs right along the foot of the mountains following the course of the Ottawa to Gordon's Creek.

The Ottawa is a charming river, guarded on each side by the Laurentian Mountains, which are well wooded with pine, cedar and hemlock. The river is full of floating logs. I stopped off at Temiskaming station. I had hoped to meet Mr. Lumdsen here, one of the most enterprising and sagacious business men of Canada, and I greatly enjoy meeting any man who has made his life a success, but Lumdsen was in Montreal.

Here the Jocko River enters the Ottawa, and is far famed for its brook trout, as is the Openicon and other streams further up toward Gordon Creek.

Saturday morning we ascended this river about five miles and began trying for trout. While the sport was not to be compared to Anderson Lake, yet we had a fine day's fun.

In bends of the creek where the shredded roots of some old pine tree stuck out over the water, resembling the whiskers of some patriarchal Boer—in such nooks reward always came.

In one sharp bend where the water was deepest and almost hidden by overhanging tamaracks above and tag alders below, I baited my hook, quietly slipped my rod through an opening and un-

wound about ten feet of line and dropped it to the water. Hardly had the bait touched water than there was a vigorous strike and terrific splashing. I could scarcely see through the brush to the water, and there was no chance for the finer manipulations of the gentle art. I wound in my fish for a few feet, when he made a rush and carried away a dozen yards of line, and I counted him among the treasures gone, but I had hardly turned the reel when he vaulted clear of the water. I handled it the best I could, and finally dragged up the bank a really grand fish of about a pound and a half. My, but I was excited, and all the more delighted because I had taken him amid many difficulties.

I moved up the bank about twenty feet further and did likewise with respect to the underbrush, and soon hooked a heavy fish, which tangled my line in an old submerged tree top. This fish I lost, but took two others of about three-quarter pound each. I had so much trouble with my trout in this locality that I moved up to a shallower pool, where I saw several trout lying lazily on the sandy bottom. They all refused the bait one one, who lazily sucked in the bait in a sluggish fashion that was a disgrace to his tribe.

In some riffles above here I cast up and let my bait float down in around the rocks, and was rewarded by a dozen or more fair trout.

In a bend above where I saw the trout on the sandy bottom, on the bank were large moose tracks. He had just passed. Perhaps I frightened him, for where he crossed the muddy water was still rising from his track and coloring the water below.

Tired of taking trout, I sat on a fallen hemlock and watched a pair of ruffed grouse (pheasants, we called them as boys in the country) and their young brood of nine, wallowing in the dust of a decayed pine. They seemed entirely unmindful of me, and were still enjoying themselves when I left. The male gave me a unique exhibition in the way of a "fan drill," using his barred tail as a fan, opening and shutting it, erecting it and depressing it in many variations, as he paraded in front of his harem.

It was late when we got back to the Bellevue Hotel at



WILD DUCKS AT PALM BEACH, FLORIDA.

in the town. They had tried everywhere. During the night these rowdies tossed pennies to see who would pry open the dining room door and steal lunch for both. The big one in the mackintosh lost, and instead of prying open the door of the dining room, he crawled in over the transom, but all he could find was some loaf sugar and two dozen eggs, and he brought both along. I thought my only chance was to stay in this office or go out in the rain, and I chose to stay. When the sugar was done they stood an egg in the middle of the room and rolled others to hit it, best three out of five to win, and loser to pry open the pantry door, and the big one again lost, and because he refused to pry open the door, the other one soaked him with a couple of eggs, some of which came my way.

You may rest assured I didn't sleep very well until those rowdies took a freight east at 2 A. M. In the morning I learned the landlord had plenty of rooms. Next morning dawned clear and cold. Every one was shivering in the dining room at breakfast, and the waitress smiled a large encircling French grin when I inquired if it were always so cold. Mattawa, like Ottawa and Toronto and many other towns bearing Indian names, means "meeting place" in Chippewa, for here for nearly 200 years the whites have met the Indians to barter for furs. The Hudson Bay Fur Company has had a trading post here for over a century. Mattawa is a town of perhaps 1,000 people, and is a famous outfitting station for parties going into the interior on hunting and fishing excursions. Good guides may be had for \$1.50 to \$2 a day; canoes for 25 and 50 cents a day, all birch bark Algonquin models. Here I met Mr. E. O. Taylor, the factor of the Hudson Bay Fur Company, who explained to me their mode of dealing with the Indians. In the warehouse on the banks of the Mattawa River I saw great quantities of raw bear, beaver, marten, and lynx hides, all this both interesting and sad to me, for I kept continually thinking as I saw those piles and piles of furs, how long will the supply of furs last? A sad thought and a sudden one is that I have heard it confidently asserted by those best qualified to know, that bear, beaver, marten and perhaps

Temiskaming. By the way, this hotel was a surprise, being up to date, with bowling alley, billiard hall, electric lights, and, in the words of the lumberman, "they put up a mighty strong meal."

The hotel is a delightful place to stay, being situated on a high knoll overlooking the lake, and surrounded by plenty of shade trees. At Temiskaming the Hudson Bay Fur Company have a supply station, and there are on hand a great number of the finest birch bark canoes I have ever seen. I afterward was told they were of the Algonquin model and considered very fine canoes. One fine-looking young Indian had brought down the lake a very pretty canoe to sell; he had taken great pains to decorate it with vegetable dyes, and soon had an offer, but I knew there was a conflict, and the Indian won, saying, "I no sell," and carried his treasure to the lake, and I watched his dextrous stroke until he was out of sight.

Early the next week we boarded the tri-weekly train from Temiskaming for Kippewa, some eight or ten miles north, most of the journey leading up Gordon's Creek, which resembles a chute for pent-up waters to rush down from the higher levels of Lake Kippewa to the Ottawa. At noon we came in sight of the little village of Kippewa. As there were many lumbermen going into the bush, all hands made a dash for the dining room, fearing the "fodder" would not go round, but it did.

After dinner I wandered down to Monsieur O. Lateur's place. Lateur keeps a general store, and attached is a bar, where good rye may be had. Lateur built his house on a boat, anchored it permanently on the lake and thus escapes paying the Province of Quebec an exorbitant license fee. Nevertheless this same Lateur has for his firm friends every one who has hired his guides and purchased his supplies, for he is entirely trustworthy, and inspires you with confidence as soon as you catch a glimpse of his fine French face. His son inquired of me all about the relative value of American colleges, and gave evidence of knowing much more of our educational institutions than I know.

His soul was hungering and thirsting for the supposed advantages of a college education, just as mine hungered and thirsted for journeys over this free wild land where he was born.

Lake Kippewa means in the Indian tongue, "The Hidden Waters," and is a long string of arms and bays tucked snugly in between the forests of big pines and hemlocks, having a coast line of about 600 miles, and affords fine opportunities for hunters, anglers and canoeists. There are plenty pike, pickerel or dore perch, and in nearly every small stream are brook trout.

Over this wild rocky region Edward VII. reigns as the nominal ruler, but the real king of this romantic region is his majesty the moose, and where could such a high-spirited sovereign be better domiciled—rocky bastions and castles and inaccessible strongholds on either side of the Ottawa River, and up and down amid these old Laurentian Mountains his majesty may roam.

At home it is all politics and commerce, money and religion (these go together), etc., but here there is only one all-absorbing theme, that is the moose—who saw the last moose, and how and when and where and how big? A farmer when either ill or very old may occasionally talk of oats, wheat and barley, but when the spirit's high and the circulation is good, the moose is the only question of vital importance.

To any reader who desires a splendid pair of wide-branching antlers to ornament his den or office, there is no better place in North America to find such treasures than this Kippewa country, and easily reached by the Canadian Pacific Railroad from all directions.

Any hunter of ordinary patience and skill is pretty sure to bag a moose in a two weeks' outing in Kippewa. I am getting old and fat, still I got a fine pair of antlers that hang over my desk and instill in me the spirit of pine woods, wild flowers, murmuring streams, and continually beckon me to the great outdoor playground. By walking a mile and a half, I bought my set of one of the most intrepid hunters and guides in the Kippewa region, Joe Klemont, and any reader may have the honor of bringing one of these north country giants to bay by securing the services of Joe Klemont, Mattawa, Ontario, Canada, for the moose-hunting season this fall.

Tuesday we angled and took fairly good strings of pike and pickerel, but no bass, so I would rather recommend this country for moose, deer, bear, partridge, etc., than for fishing, for the former is unsurpassed, and the latter is.

The time to go home came, and all too soon, for I am cheered by the thought that the wheels of time go much faster than formerly. The time between vacations seems from year to year to grow shorter and shorter, until we finally pitch a permanent camp over in the happy hunting ground.

JAMES M. NORRIS.

ALLEGHENY, Pa., May 18.

The Wild Dogs of Cuba.

JEFFERSON BARRACKS, Mo., May 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your picture in the May 10 issue of the hybrid wolf dog reminds me of the wild dogs of Cuba, so I will tell you about them. These animals are evidently not wild as we ordinarily use the term, but either they or their ancestors were formerly domestic, and through neglect, incident to Cuba's numerous struggles for independence, have come to maintain their own existence in the forests, and so are called wild. They are quite numerous, of many varieties, and of nearly the same degree of shyness as the coyote of the plains. The noticeable resemblance between them and your picture lies in the ears. I have often heard people wonder why a dog has such enormous ears, which ordinarily are pendant, and of which he apparently makes little use. When one sees these wild dogs of Cuba this fact no longer excites his curiosity. These quasi wild dogs make constant use of their ears; carry them erect like a wolf's, and thus resemble your picture. Of course with some varieties a long period of disuse seems to have deprived them of the power to carry their ears wholly erect, still they all carry them as nearly so as possible, and I believe but comparatively few more generations of them must exist before the survivors will all have complete control over their ears again, as doubtless they all had before their companionship with man removed the necessity and thus, in a

measure, the power of making constant use of their ears.

These dogs were more of an annoyance than one would at first imagine. During the daytime they would slink out of sight as soon as possible upon discovery, and it was almost impossible to destroy one with a firearm. But at night they seemed to realize how difficult it must be to injure them, and they would approach quite close to camp in apparently good-sized packs, and maintain a most tiresome barking, howling and snarling. They would, unless frequently driven off, constantly draw closer and would finally charge in among the kitchens, seize any food at hand and make off with it. On a few of these charges into camp much harm was done in stampeding mules and horses, some of which were seriously injured by being dragged and trampled by their fellows after the picket line, to which they were tied, had broken loose. The cooks, however, were the worst sufferers. They could leave no food about without losing it. Most of the American cooks looked on this as inevitable, and, securing their stores as best they could, let it go at that.

We had one cook, though, of a more vindictive nature. He was a Japanese, Guido Kawamater by name, and as good a man as one could wish. He cooked for No. 5 pack train, and upon having a favorite cur killed by the onslaught of these wild thieves, he determined to get even with some of them, an undertaking in which he eventually proved most successful. He built a box trap large enough to hold any dog, and would bait it carefully at night before going to sleep. It seems that the comparatively few years of maintaining their own existence have not as yet given these animals the knowledge and caution of the wolf or fox, as Guido had no difficulty in night after night catching one of them. The outside of his trap had numerous slats and holes in it, and through one of these each morning Guido would thrust the muzzle of his pistol, and wreak vengeance on the race in general for the loss of his pet. He was so successful at this practice that he finally concluded that it was a waste of time to wait until morning to dispatch his victim, so he arranged a bell by his bedside with a cord running to the bait, so that when the dog seized the bait the bell awoke Guido, who at once arose and taking his lantern and pistol disposed of his quarry and reset the trap—frequently taking two dogs the same night, and in course of time noticeably diminishing the number of these pests about camp.

Some of the packers could not resist the temptation to have a little fun with Guido, and on returning late to camp would twitch the cord and jingle the bell; a Jap's skill, however, seems to be present even during his sleep, for none of them ever deceived him into getting up, though, of course, the bell awoke him every time they tried it. Finally, in the summer of 1900, when the allied nations advanced on China, Guido gave up his position and hastened home to assist, I suppose, in looting the Celestial empire, and the wild dogs of Cuba were no longer destroyed.

As you will notice, I have changed my address since previous contributions, and have now found an excellent camping ground. Wood, water and grass are always good within ten miles of the St. Louis post office, and we are now enjoying a fine change from fighting fevers in the tropics. It is true that game is probably not so plenty in the streets of St. Louis now as in the days of Laclede and Choteau, but if one can't shoot, he can always read *FOREST AND STREAM*, and that's next to it.

WM. F. FLYNN.

Among the Goajira Indians.

When I proposed to make an exploration along the coast of the Goajira Peninsula my friends in Colombia shook their heads. The Goajira Indians are dangerous people, and I have light eyes, a feature particularly distasteful to them, and always rather in disfavor among the aborigines of the Tropical America.

The Goajiras have been known to suddenly attack a person with light eyes, even when meeting peaceably for friendly barter. The cry is raised "Eyes like a cat," "Let us kill it," and sometimes they do kill without further provocation.

We started late one afternoon from the City of Rio Hacha, launching a clumsy canoe through the low surf, and were presently making good progress along the coast under a light favorable wind. When night came, the men said we would go on shore and sleep near some Indian houses that we could see a little distance inland. I asked if it would not be dangerous. "For you, yes," said the leader, "but with us you will be safe." So without further words the canoe was taken ashore, and we made our way toward the Indian houses, where everything was now dark, except the smoldering embers of their fires. The moon was shining uncertainly through light drifting clouds, all the country was silent, and the houses loomed up dark and mysterious above the flat open ground of the plain. The men walked boldly to the village, I following, my head filled with the stories I had heard of the savage nature and cruelty of these Indians. Presently we were greeted by the united howling and barking of all the dogs in the place, and by the time we reached the houses a number of men had come out with guns, knives and bows and arrows in their hands. A word from the leader of my party and grunts of satisfaction came from the Indians, who now began to look me over unpleasantly, but a few words of explanation and they seemed satisfied. Then they talked for awhile with my men, gave us fresh water and fire wood; and with these we went away, made a camp on the beach and slept as if there was no such thing as an Indian. Very early next morning I was awakened to find everything on board the canoe and the men ready to start again.

We traveled until the sun became very hot, and then stopped for breakfast at a convenient beach, where we expected to rest during the heat of the day and then go on in the afternoon, camping again late at night. Where we stopped there were shallow lagoons covering considerable ground, desolate looking places, but filled with quantities of herons, egrets, flamingoes, etc.; the different colors, brown, gray, pink and white, standing out in sharp contrast against the dull water of the lagoon. I began to explore about, but the men objected decidedly, saying that if I went out of their sight I did so at my own risk; and as to their going with me, it would do

no good; they had no control or influence over the Indians living nearby; that they were a bad, dangerous lot; and if any came along we would take to the canoe, and go on our way. With such a recommendation for the place I was naturally careful, though I wandered around a little and did not see even the sign of an Indian. After a time we went on again, continuing for two days without incident till we came to the place where the Indians dive for pearls. Here we went on shore, and waited. There was nothing but a trail and two canoes drawn upon the beach to mark the place. After waiting some time, I wanted the men to go call the Indians. They said that it would be no use; that the Indians had seen us coming and would come themselves just as soon as they were ready, and not a moment sooner.

About an hour later we saw a man coming down the trail, and then a little time more, and about fifteen to twenty men and women had gathered around us. After they had talked awhile, my men said that they were satisfied, and would bring me specimens of pearls in a short time.

Then two of the Indians went out in a canoe and began to fish, the others sitting indolently about. I wanted my men to urge them to begin diving for pearls; but they told me that the Indian law of hospitality required that they should make me a present first, and so I had to wait. Presently they came in with a basket of fresh fish, which was duly presented to me, and then all the Indian men took to the canoes, and began vigorously diving for pearl shells. After some hours they came in with a large quantity of the shells, and without further ceremony began opening them, which they did very skillfully, from time to time picking out a pearl and putting it in their mouths.

As they worked, they answered all my questions about the number of pearls they usually secured, the depth of water in which the shells were found, the size of the shells, and many other things.

When all the shells were opened, trading began. We had tobacco, sugar, print cloths, worsted and such things. The Indians would bring a pearl, or perhaps several of them, and make an offer for exchange, naming the things wanted. Sometimes we took the offer and sometimes not, and when the things asked were not given, the Indians would go away a little distance, consult together, and in a short time would come back offering new combinations of pearls and asking different things in exchange. When an Indian was successful in making a trade, the others looked on approvingly, but if not, his defeat was greeted with shouts and derisive laughter. They were perfectly good natured about it, and kept on consulting together and offering till all their pearls were gone.

There was one Indian who had a rough pearl not worth anything, and too old and worn to be of any service as a specimen. He offered it again and again, but I always declined it; and, finally, he wanted one cigarette for it, but even this was declined. Then he set up mimic crying and made sport for all his friends, and especially for my men. When he had finished, he made me a present of the pearl, and I made him a present of a package of cigarettes, and we were both well pleased.

While the trading was going on, the women had cooked the pearl mollusks, and the Indians fell to eating greedily. I had never known that they were good eating, and asked my men if the Indians would not give me some. The request was not completed before they hurried to me with all I could possibly eat, and urged me to take more, saying that they did not know that a white man would eat them. I did, though, and found them very good, in flavor resembling an escallop, a little sweeter, and with a peculiar flavor that left a harsh feeling in the mouth that was not exactly pleasant.

After the Indians went away, we traveled on for a time, and finally stopped at another place, where we slept on shore, but did not learn anything about the pearl fisheries, because the wind was blowing and the Indians could not dive. Then we pushed on to the Cabo de Vela and slept in the canoe till morning; the men saying it was not safe to land till we could see what was going on. There was considerable noise on shore that could be heard plainly, and the men thought we would probably have to return without seeing the Indians, but in the morning everything was quiet, and we went up to the landing place, where there was a single house, and were soon made welcome. I exchanged sugar that had cost fifteen cents for a fat sheep, and we prepared to make ourselves comfortable.

Nothing could be learned about the pearls, and no specimens were to be had, because the wind was still blowing. I wanted my men to take me on further to examine a point of rocks, but they refused, saying they had come as far as had been agreed, and proposed to rest.

A number of Indians had gathered around, and finding that one, an Indian boy, could speak Spanish, I made arrangements to have four of them take a canoe and go with me on to see the rocks.

The leader of my men looked aghast. "They will certainly kill you," he said. "I must go along, too, and yet I don't fancy the hot sun; better not go. I have brought you here, you are safe and this is the end of my contract."

I looked at the Indians and liked their appearance, and said to the boy: "My man says you may kill me, but I think I can trust you." The boy translated and the Indians looked pleased. My men, seeing that I was going, gave a groan of protest and prepared to follow me; but I would not have it, and proposed to go alone with those Indians, and I was not disappointed in them. Whatever I wanted to see, and in all that I wanted to know, they were ready to do their best for me. After I had seen the pearl banks as well as we could and had visited their fishing grounds, I asked to be taken out beyond the point to where some great waves were breaking about a series of detached rocks, and thousands of sea birds were constantly coming and going. The boy translated my request. The Indians looked at the rocks doubtfully, but presently began paddling slowly toward them. As we drew nearer they seemed to gain confidence. "Nobody hear," said the boy, "we can go on," and presently we were riding the great waves just outside the circle of foam, where they dashed against the rocks. Then from behind one of the rocks came three canoe loads of unfriendly Indians. They were intent on

fishing, and did not notice us at first. "Keep still," whispered the boy, and we will get away behind the rocks. Immediately the Indians saw us. "Go forward," I said, making a violent gesture with my hand, to indicate the way I wished to go. The men obeyed immediately; perhaps they thought that I had some special means of defense to be so confident; but in truth, my heart was beating the wrong way from fright; sometimes up in my throat and again down in my boots. A moment of suspense and the canoes came together. I stood up, looked the men over gravely, asked to see their fish, and told the boy to buy some for me, which he did. Perhaps my apparent confidence impressed them, and for a time we floated lazily on the waves, I keeping them busy answering questions, and presently, while we were still interested in each other, I motioned to my men to go on, and they obeyed immediately. For a moment or two the other Indians watched us intently; then they went quietly to work again fishing, and the danger was over.

I asked the boy to take me on shore, where we walked about a little, examining the rocks and getting specimens. The Indians would not let me go far from the boat, saying that across the ridge they had enemies, and it would not be safe. Soon I had all the specimens I wanted, and we went back to the canoe; and after paddling about a little more, went over to the hut again, where my men seemed much relieved at our coming. I paid the men in sugar, fifteen cents worth to each, and gave the boy a string of beads with his share of the sugar. He was much pleased, but presently came and asked me gravely if I would allow him to give the beads to his little sister, as he had a string for himself, and then he added, apologetically: "The beads are a suitable kind for girls, but not for men." I was surprised to find such sensibility and honor in an Indian boy, and gave him two other strings of beads for his little sister and a bright colored handkerchief for himself, which was quite suited to a man's use, and he was well contented.

Presently he came running up to me, saying that his father would be willing to sell him, and wouldn't I like to buy him for myself; and he began telling me all the work he could do, and how well he would serve me; but I could not take him, and he was deeply disappointed. Perhaps I made a mistake. He was a strong, well-built lad of fifteen to sixteen, and a faithful, daring companion such as he promised to become, cannot often be found.

A few days later I returned to Rio Hacha and then went on to other places.

FRANCIS C. NICHOLAS.

A Walk Down South.—XXXI.

I CONSIDERED the mate's words a moment, and then concluded that I'd investigate Hades for a week anyhow. I told the mate so, but he still argued.

"You can't stand it," he said. "Down the river there's 500 200-pound sacks of guano to put on board."

"Well," I said, "I'm not after money. You take me and let me dodge the big stuff."

"All right," he said, and I went to work.

Wagons were being driven down to the river side into the water loaded down with groceries and farm implements. The stuff was being carried across a barge to the steamer by a gang of roustabouts. I joined the unladen line and walked to where two darkies were piling four quarter sacks of flour on the shoulders of the luggers. To them I presented my left shoulder, and they put four sacks on it. The pile reached more than a foot above my head, but it was not so heavy to the feel as I thought 96 pounds would be. Then came boxes of tomatoes, a hundred-pound box of coffee, a bale of rope, some kegs of nails, all going to the main deck of the steamer, where two other darkies relieved me and my mates of our burdens. Burros or pack horses would have had as little to say as to the loading as we did.

The one thing that bothered me was barbed wire, yet the other roustabouts rolled it in, even carried it in on their shoulders without a scratch or a tear. My third bale of it was handled comfortably. Fifty pounds of plow points on a single wire cut my fingers.

The time passed rapidly, and as time went on we worked faster. The whistle blew, and the bell rang. One last wagon came over the hill with the darky in it waving his hand full of lines at us and whipping his mules with a black snake in the other fist. A couple of boxes were rushed across the barge.

"Cast off that line there. All right, Bill!" to the pilot. Then the mate shoved both hands into his overcoat pockets, settled his ears into the collar of the coat, the darkies oozed aft, where I followed them into the engine room with its clink-clank, cheou-ugh, and the fast chug of the great water wheel across the stern very close to us.

I looked around at my mates and found that there were seventeen of us, one white, four yellow and several red-bones. One asked me if I was a "detector." Another sidled up to me and said, "These yere niggahs daon Souf all rabble. Ah'm from Philadelfee." A third demanded to borrow a quarter. Another said that he would buy my coat after the trip.

It was then nearly 11 o'clock, and I went out to watch the river, for The Suck, the Boiling Pot and the other bad places in the stream are only a few miles below Chattanooga. I saw some bad water, a few two-foot waves where the river, narrowed by rocks, shot between them and created fast whirls below, but nothing like what I had been led to believe was there.

A little after noon a darky came forward wiping his big soft lips round to one side with his hands.

"Had yo' dinnah?" he asked.

"No," I said.

"Bettah go get it."

I went back. Some of the roustabouts were eating from pans, others, with hungry eyes, stood by. I couldn't see where the grub came from at first, but I watched an empty plate go from one darky to another, and then up a steep ladder at the engineer's work bench on the port side of the engine room. It came down loaded with grub. I went up the ladder to a little hole and asked for some grub of a big darky, whose feet were on the ladder—the one who had tried to borrow a quarter. "Ain't no plate," he said. It was true. For the seventeen roustabouts

there were nine tin plates of assorted age and shapes. At some meals there were fewer, presumably due to the exigencies of the steward's department. I got a handful of biscuit, fried pork and sweet potatoes, and went down to the deck again.

That negro up the ladder was a subject of much interest to me. I sat down where I could watch him. His feet were wonderful, coming down through that trap doorway and resting on the flat ladder stair. A water bucket could have been rested on each shoe toe and a tomatoe can on the heels. Then the knees, with shreds of three pairs of trousers on each, and the blue-lipped black face into which the great ladling spoon went with which he served the beans, the krout, the puddings to all, to himself with the rest. I recalled a darky who came into the down-town Herald office in New York one night while I was there. He had a thick, long, wide vegetable dish of large restaurant size. He stood before the advertisement window. He smiled; then he put the vegetable dish into the smile and out of sight. Then he smiled again. But Joe, on the N. B. Forrest, didn't smile. In fact, he looked sad all the while I was on board, but he got that ladling spoon bowl, five inches long by three wide, I judged, into his mouth, and some of the handle, too, when there was sweet plum duff gray above the bowl on the handle, a sad, hopeless expression coming into his eyes when his lips wouldn't reach to the last crumb—which is literally true.

"Here, you white man," said the mate, "can you check goods?"

I said I didn't know, but could try. "Well, take this bill and find it. Here, you black man, help find these goods!"

There were ten bales of hay, ten bags of bran and a barrel of molasses to go off at McNabb's Mine Landing, the first freight stop. These the darky helped me find in the pile of cargo.

At the Foot of the Pan we took a sand barge in tow. They tow boats in front on the Tennessee and Ohio. The bow of the steamer has a square guard rail, against which the scow is lashed end on; then they push the scow up or down, as the case may be.

Then came McNabb's. The proprietor was on board. He didn't like to see a white man working with negroes, and liked the white man less, if anything. "It's a pretty low-down, ornery, no-account white man that'll 'sociate with a nigger," but no one said so to me, though they looked it. The freight was carried ashore by the darkies on their backs, while the "company" got coal ready to put aboard the steamer.

The coal was chuted down on the forward deck, and then carried in coal boxes or wheelbarrows to the bin in front of the boilers and piled up around the two boilers. It was measured by bushels—eight to ten carloads of seventy-five bushels each being put on board each round trip. We put on say fifteen tons. In a few hours we were ready to go on again.

One of the darkies speaking of his sweetheart said: "She walks stylish as a blamed mawl." It was his notion of a compliment.

Soon after dark we reached Pryor's Landing. A fire was burning there, round which were several men. I came up with the bills to leave there while the negroes carried up the boxes.

"Here, yo'!" said a man to me. I looked, and he held a gray squirrel toward me. I took it, said "Thank you, sir." He tried to get a closer look at me. I gave the squirrel to one of the darkies, who gave me the tail after he had skinned the beast.

As soon as we left the landing the negroes hurried aft and laid down on the floor around the red-hot stove and began to sleep. It was an odd sight. Some were sprawled out, some curled up, others on sides, faces or their backs. Probably a man never looks more like a beast than when he is asleep, and these figures on the floor looked more and more like creatures of the stables and forests as one caught the semblance in their attitudes. It was interesting, but it was disheartening, too. "Just like a lot of animals," "Beasts of burden," said the whites in that region, but not once did I hear a tone of pity for the lot of the negroes.

It was an odd feeling the plowing down stream in the black night gave one, and for a few minutes, while I stood at the bow of the boat, where all was dark, it seemed as if we were running very close to nature. Returning to the engine room with its bright electric lights, its red-hot stove and gleaming machinery, with a tall old engineer roaming round it, stepping over or on negroes as the case may be, going about the machinery, in his hand a wad of cotton and a can of oil—certainly the contrast was striking.

I went to sleep in a chair after a while, only to be awakened for another landing by the order to hunt out some goods in the cargo. We stopped after a bit at a warehouse to load with phosphate—550 200-pound sacks of guano were to be carried on to a barge alongside the steamer. That was none of my work, however, as I observed thankfully. The negroes took the stuff off a sliding incline, two lifting it on their shoulders. At first nothing could be heard in the night except the scuffling of feet. Then some one called:

"Oh-o-oh-oo!"

Then another:

"Oh-h—Joe—Oh-h—Joe!"

Pretty soon:

"Oh—Captain! Captain! Cayan't yo' see Joe pile landin' is about to kill me? Ef yo' don't like me don't dog me roun', Give me mah money an' Ah'll go to town."

One's eyes grew accustomed to the night; the light shed by the lantern (one of which the nice little watch boy with a white collar thought I was trying to steal) cast a glow over the figures, which swayed to the wail of the song, swayed under the merciless weight of the sacks till the rhythm and monotony of the scene made one's head swim round. After two long hours of this, they were ready to start again.

At 4:30 o'clock A. M. the old gray-whiskered, round-shouldered engineer sat drooping a song, the negroes were lying on the floor, the hum of the electric motor and the glow of the lights were in the air—of the strange

places I had been in, this engine room was for the moment the strangest of all.

Daylight came cool, dusky. I was in Alabama. For breakfast (I gathered a plate somewhere) we had oatmeal, mashed potatoes, sweet potatoes, greasy, dripping fried pork and coffee in the black, beside biscuit. How to eat mashed potato, with neither knife, fork or spoon was a problem. I tried my jackknife; it was a partial success, but I cut my lip with its keen edge. Before noon I whittled out a paddle nearly an inch wide and twice as long—it worked so charmingly that passengers eyed my feeding with twisting jaws.

We loaded cotton at some of the landings. I kept tally after there had been a little dispute as to the number on the barge. They ran from 450 to 650 pounds to the bale, and I who had never seen a cotton land before watched the loading with interest. The landings were on the edge of broad flats, slightly undulating, with fences of wire hung with jetsam debris, and there were trees all along the river bank—sycamores and river willows chiefly. Cotton bales were scattered round the landing—a mere trail up the bank in the mud leading to the bottomland where the cotton was. With cotton hooks, from one to four or five darkies would seize a bale and start it down the bank toward the two three-inch thick planks that ran to the deck. Sometimes heaving till their thick lips stretched into furrows, sometimes leaping to stop a runaway bale, the roustabouts worked at the bales, anywhere from one to eight bales being kept moving at a time. Sometimes a bale "got away" and had to be fished out of the water; several times darkies were hauled over the top of the bale when it rolled and dropped scrambling in front of the mass. Once a darky landed in front of a bale on his hands and knees. The bale was not stopped till it stood balancing on his back—500 pounds weight.

"Huh! Huh!" the darky said, "cut it off; cut it off—don't let this bale into the rivah! What you doin' thah?"

They had just been loading on a cow and a calf at a landing with wild yells of laughter when one of the darkies, a very black man, whose head hung over his shoulders, and whose lips drew down at the corners—sure sign of a man hopeless, helpless and plodding on only because there is no standing still—sat down in the engineer's chair, a tired and dejected figure.

"Nothing but work all day long and all night long—work, work all the while," he said, his words drooping.

"Well, you're sitting down now," the engineer said. "You ain't working now."

It wasn't a rebuke—the old engineer didn't mean it as one—but the darky thought it meant "git out of that chair," which other white men would have said. He rose with a heavy lift and sighed as he dragged himself—literally dragged—to the stove, where he sat down on the floor and buried his face in his knees. When he turned from the chair, the old engineer noticed the weariness of the negro, a heart weariness that I saw in the faces of many other negroes. For a moment the engineer seemed about to speak, about to tell the black man to stay seated, but years of prejudice were too strong. That was the nearest to an expression of sympathy for a colored man that I saw in the features of a Southern white man while I was there.

But the engineer's thought gave me courage. I was white sure enough, but I was working and feeding with negroes. I went forward and found the mate.

"Cap'n," I said, "don't you s'pose I could have a plate to-night to eat off of?"

Whereupon he turned and looked at me. Evidently I had tempted fate.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

Natural History.

A Bear in the Water.

THE bear has one trait especially that is most dangerous to the uneducated hunter, and that is when found swimming a lake or river he invariably goes in a straight line from where he left the shore. Any obstacle in the way he clambers over, be it a log, boat or canoe.

Should the place where he reaches the further shore be a high rocky bluff, he climbs this, rather than turn from his direct course. This may be pigheadedness or stupidity; be it as it may, he will not turn to a low-shelving beach a few yards at one side, but it never enters his head to take the easier landing.

I once saw a bear swimming across near the discharge of a lake. There was a string of booms hanging down stream near the other shore and at right angles to where he was heading. He simply clambered over the boom logs and took the water again on the other side, instead of trotting along the boom to the shore.

I was acquainted with an old Indian, who, knowing this trait of bears to land where they head for, did a deed of great nerve for a man of over sixty. He was visiting his fish net on the shore of a narrow lake, when he saw a large bear enter the water on the opposite side a little above, and head for the shore the old man was on. Old Pete had no gun, but he did not hesitate a moment, but caught up his hunting ax, and ran along shore to where the bear would land. The old man was plainly visible to the bear from the first, but Bruin kept on his direct course. Old Pete waded out from the shore nearly to his waist with ax uplifted, and waited. Everything depended on striking true, and at the proper and precise moment. He had the bear, it is true, at a disadvantage. Still, many a younger and stronger man would have declined the risk.

Pete was successful; he buried the ax clean into the skull the first blow.

Another instance I witnessed of a bear not turning aside for any obstacle: We were later than usual one evening on the water; my men were anxious to get to the portage before camping, and were tracking the canoe up the last mile at deep dusk. There were four men on the line ashore, and the bow and steersmen standing up in the canoe fending her off the rocks and shallows. My companion and I were sitting very quietly in the middle compartment of our large canoe; the men also were not

in a talking mood, being tired and hungry. I was sitting on the side next the river and noticed a black object which at first I mistook for a stone, partly out of the water; but with a second, and more searching look, I made it out to be a bear coming straight toward the canoe.

I gave warning to the man in the bow, who stood a few feet in front of me, and he immediately gave a sharp tug on the tow line, which checked the men ashore. The bear by this time was about five or six yards from the canoe, and just opposite me. I saw that nothing would now stop him from climbing into and across the canoe. Before he could place his paw on the side of the bark the man in the bow made a savage lunge at him with his pike pole, but before he could give a second blow the bear was in on my side and out on the other, right across our legs. Our men of the tow had run back, the man in the stern being too far off to be of any use, had the presence of mind to throw an armful of paddles, which being of maple, made formidable weapons. When the bear got out on the shore side they rained blows upon blows with the sharp blades of the paddles upon his head and body as they could get a chance. The bow man sprang ashore and lent his assistance with his formidable pole, but marvelous as it may sound, the bear escaped into the bush in spite of all that his assailants could do to prevent him.

Long into the night about the dying embers of the camp-fire, I heard the men going over the whole scene and blaming one another for not having done something they ought to have done.

One other instance, I will give of a bear's persistency to go straight in the water, and in this case it was fatal to two men.

Two newly married couples left the mouth of the Moisie for the interior. Their third day up stream brought them to a place where, off to one side in the bush about a mile back, was a noted lake for trout and whitefish. It was decided that they should portage one canoe, and with their blankets, net and cooking utensils go and pass the night on the lake shore. One gun was all the men took (a flintlock—for this was years ago). Shortly after arriving at the lake a bear was seen swimming from the other side, coming toward where the Indians were tying their net. The two young men jumped into the canoe and pushed out to meet him, which was a fatal mistake. The man in the bow waited till the bear was within a couple of yards off from the bow, and then pulled the trigger. The old gun flashed in the pan, but there was no report. The next instant the bear clambered over the head of the canoe and rolled the occupants into the water. The young brides of a few days ran screaming along shore, unable to render any assistance to their husbands, and actually witnessed both drown before their very eyes.

I remember the arrival of the two poor women back to the coast, and the relation of their pathetic story. To make the case much more remarkable, they were twins by birth, and twin widows by this tragedy.

A word of advice after the foregoing illustrations of the danger in getting in front of a swimming bear is hardly now necessary, but one cannot impress too forcibly the danger in attacking a bear by a frontal move. Always approach a bear in the water either on one side or from the rear. You can paddle up quite close to a bear in the direction he is swimming without the least particle of danger, and a more vital and telling spot to fire at cannot be got than the back and base of the skull.

MARTIN HUNTER.

Man and Brute.

Are the Most Intelligent Animals Superior to the Lowest Races of Men?

THE Bushmen of South Africa never wash—have no clothing or cookery; no sense of decency, modesty or shame. They have no natural affection, no domestic life, no attachment to kindred, and kill their children whenever food is scarce. The New Caledonians have no capacity for education, no gratitude, are utterly insensible to kindness, and bury their aged alive. The Andaman Islanders are as untamable as gorillas—possess no property, individual or tribal; have no legislation or laws, no history, no commerce or agriculture, no industry, no arts, no money or coinage, no form of government, and never laugh. The Veddas have no spoken language, no moral sentiment, no idea of God or a future life, were ignorant of the use of fire, and have no fixed shelter or dwellings. The Caribs were cannibals, eating their parents or children, they had neither weapons nor tools, and no form of worship. They lived like the beasts of the forest, having all of their vices, but not one of their nobler traits. The lower animals possess the following emotions: Surprise, fear, sexual and paternal affection, social feelings, pugnacity, industry, curiosity, jealousy, anger, play, affection, sympathy, emulation, pride, resentment, æsthetic love of ornament, terror, grief, hate, cruelty, benevolence, revenge, rage, shame, deceit, remorse, and perception of the ludicrous. Darwin, Pierquin, Lindsay, Huxley, and other eminent naturalists, assert the mental and moral superiority of the more intellectual animals over the lowest and most degraded races of men.

Among the lower animals are to be found carpenters, soldiers, sailors, plasterers, masons, hunters, trappers, spinners, weavers, farmers, shepherds, anglers, engineers, tailors, sextons, stock-breeders and musicians. The tools they use are files, augers, saws, chisels, hammers, pincers, trowels, needles, drills, shovels, brushes, combs and awls. They make pleasure gardens, roads; streets, nets, rafts, hammocks, traps, balloons, diving-bells, paper, thread, doors with bolts and silken hinges; they build bridges, dams, forts and fortifications, and excavate canals, pitfalls and tunnels. They establish regular forms of government and are ruled by kings, queens and war chiefs. They build cities, found colonies, and organize armies; they hold courts and parliaments, try offenders against their laws and customs, and punish the guilty by death or banishment. They can be trained and educated; they weep, laugh, smile, play, dance, sing and talk intelligently in every language spoken in Europe; they can lock and unlock trunks and doors, eat with knife and fork, wear clothing, cook food, fire off guns, drink wine, smoke tobacco, ride on horseback, drive a team, throw stones, make use of tools, post sentinels, send out scouts and

spies, form ambuscades, and capture prisoners to be held as slaves! Every species has a language, and they teach and train their young; they differ mentally as much as men; some are brilliant—others possess only ordinary abilities, and some are foolish or insane. Of all the bullfinches that are taught to pipe and canaries to sing, only a few distinguish themselves; and of the great numbers of horses selected for circus-training, only very few have the necessary intelligence. That which we call reason in man we call instinct in the lower animals, but comparative psychologists are now agreed that the difference between their mental faculties and ours is of degree and not of kind. The males of many species of wild animals are ambitious and desire to become war-chiefs and leaders, and fight duels to the death with those already in power, and rival queens destroy each other. The gorilla sends his wife and children into the forest dingles and boldly meets the enemy alone. The leader of a troop of wild horses dashes to the place where danger threatens and offers battle even to the grizzly bear. If defeated by a rival he is no longer leader, but loses all his authority, and becomes at once a private in the troop. The opossum and many species of insects feign death when they find resistance useless and escape impossible; and birds which build their nests upon the ground try to lead their enemies away from eggs or young by a vain pursuit of themselves as they pretend to flutter off with broken wings. Parrots have been taught to speak more languages than one, and Darwin tells about one in South America that spoke a dialect that no person understood—every one of the Indian tribe to whom he had belonged having been carried off by some epidemic. These birds use words intelligently, speak sense and to the purpose, and are capable of hearty and spontaneous laughter. Dogs have been known to slip their collars



HAND OF GORILLA.

off, go miles from home and worry sheep, wash off the blood, and returning to their kennels before daylight work their collars on again. They have appeared as witnesses in murder cases in Dundee, Scotland, so recently as 1873, and their evidence has not unfrequently been accepted as conclusive. Animals reason, dream, walk in their sleep, and many talking birds make use of human language more intelligently than whole races of savage men. Certain animals are tool and weapon-makers, breaking off and trimming up the stems and branches of trees, and using them as war-clubs, fans or sunshades; and others have regular cemeteries to which they retire to die. The Australian bower bird makes a long platform of woven grass and reeds, and over this an arch of the same materials, and then decorates this pleasure gallery with beautiful sea shells, colored pebbles from the shore, the feathers of tropical birds, and if diamond rings or other articles of jewelry should be lost in the open air they are almost sure to be found in the gaily furnished halls of these remarkable birds. The tailor bird, using a thread if he can find it, or a piece of vegetable fiber if he cannot, ties a knot at the end, and using his slender bill instead of a needle, sews two leaves together for his nest almost as neatly as a person could; and the first hammock was swung by the orioles before man appeared upon the earth. A fox has been seen to enter a stream where ducks were feeding and float down toward them, his whole body immersed, except his head, which he covered with a leafy bough. The spotted hyena counterfeits the bleat of a lamb.

The anthropoid apes are the most intelligent of all the lower animals and the difference in volume of brain between the highest and the lowest man is at least six times as great as the difference between the lowest man and the highest ape. They were employed as torch-bearers, workmen and artisans by the ancient Egyptians; on shipboard they help to reef and furl the sails, light a fire, cook food, dust furniture, clean the floor and sew with needle and thread. The possession of hands, similar to those of man's, which enable apes and monkeys to take up and examine things, give them a very great advantage over every other animal except the elephant, which can pick up a pin with the finger of his trunk. The Hindoo god of wisdom is figured with the body of a man and the head of an elephant. As animals gain knowledge from experience and learn of others, it will be readily perceived that an elephant a hundred years old or more, especially if he has been long trained and educated by man, would possess extraordinary intelligence. He has the largest and most perfectly formed cerebrum, in proportion to the size of the entire body,

of any quadruped whatever. He will break off and trim up a leafy branch with which to brush away the flies, using it as a person would a fan; he can draw the cork from a bottle of wine and drink the contents without spilling a drop; he understands the meaning of human speech and signs, and will obey every command of his master. When the Mahomedans first invaded India, their elephants, obeying secret signals from their drivers, tore down and trampled under their feet the Hindoo idols, but the followers of the Prophet said that the intelligent animals did it because they detested all idolatry. An English traveler in India once saw a driver dismount from his elephant, tie the animal to a tree, build an oven, start a fire and put in his rice cakes to cook. He then covered the oven over with stones and grass and went away. After he had been gone a short time the elephant untied the rope, went to the oven, took out and ate the cakes, then, after carefully replacing the stones and grass, went back to the tree, and, as he could not tie the rope as it was before, he wrapped it around his leg, and stood looking away from the oven, but watching the keeper, when he came, all the time out of the corner of his eye. An officer of the English army in India had a favorite elephant which was daily given a liberal allowance of food, but being compelled to go on a journey the keeper reduced the ration so much that the elephant became thin and weak. When the master returned the animal exhibited the liveliest signs of pleasure, and when feeding time came again the man gave it its full allowance of food, which it carefully divided into two parts, eating one but leaving the other untouched. The officer, knowing the great intelligence of his favorite, saw at once the fraud that had been practiced, and made the keeper confess his crime.

Ants.

Sir John Lubbock says: "When we consider the habits of ants, their social organization, their large communities and elaborate habitations; their roadways, their possession of domestic animals, and even in some cases of slaves, it must be admitted that they have a fair claim to rank next to man in the scale of intelligence." Some species of Central American ants prepare beds of decayed vegetable matter for the purpose of growing the mushrooms on which they feed. The agricultural ants of Texas sow the seed of the ant rice, cultivate the growing crop, carefully removing every weed and blade of grass, reap the ripened harvest, separate the grain from the chaff, and store it away in granaries for future use. If it should show any signs of sprouting they carry it all into the open air and dry it carefully in the sun. The driver ants organize armies under the command of war-chiefs and captains who throw forward scouts and skirmishers, direct the line of march, enforce discipline and lead the advance. No animal can resist the fury of their attack—every living thing in the forest flees before them—lion, leopard and ape—behind them are only the skeletons of their victims. Whole villages are deserted on their approach, and the people do not return to their homes until assured that the ant army has gone elsewhere. These warriors are totally blind, and cannot endure the light of the sun, and when they emerge from the forest and come under his rays they construct covered galleries of moistened earth along their line of march, and continue their advance under cover of these arches. Ants have a language of their own, and talk to each other with their antennæ. If a stranger of the same species is introduced into a city containing a million ants, she is recognized as an intruder and immediately attacked. The Amazons are cleaned, fed and waited on by their slaves, and without these they could not live, for they have lost even the power of feeding themselves. They carry their masters on their backs whenever they change their place of residence—the slaves alone building the new home. Some species of ants carefully bury their dead, and others make war for the sole purpose of capturing slaves. The owner of a maple tree, seeing that it was infested with ants and aphides, poured a ring of tar around it. The first ants that tried to cross of course stuck fast, but the others, returning to the tree, carried down aphides which they stuck down on the tar, one after another, until they had made a bridge on which they could cross in safety. Ants possess a greater variety of domestic animals than have ever been brought under the dominion of man, and as some of them are useless, they are supposed by some authorities to be kept as pets. Ants are so fond of the honey-dew of the aphides that they have domesticated these little animals and keep them for their cows. They protect them from their enemies, care for their eggs and young, milk them when they want a drink, and with finely tempered earth build little stables in which to keep them. The termites build houses twenty feet high, and so large that a dozen men can find shelter in a single chamber. Their walls are so strong that the buffalo uses them for watchtowers, and they are palaces compared with the huts of the Bushmen. Instinct is that faculty of the mind by which animals perform certain work without any previous experience, and such labor is always performed in the same manner by every member of the same species; there is never any change to meet new conditions, and consequently no improvement. That ants possess reason no one who understands their habits can ever doubt; yet it seems most probable that instinct reaches in them its most perfect development. In many respects they are certainly the most wonderful animals upon the earth.

Spiders.

The Australian trap-door spider makes hinges to open the lid of her nest and bolts to keep it closed; and so skillfully is her little home concealed that it is not often that one is found. Sometimes she plasters over the lid with moistened clay, and then makes an artificial crack across it; or, if it will harmonize better with its surroundings, she will plant a blade of grass or a bit of moss upon it. Mahomet, flying before a tribe of idolatrous Arabs who were determined to put an end to his religion by taking his life, sought shelter in a cave, and soon after a spider wove her web across the opening. On arriving at the cavern his enemies, perceiving the web to be unbroken, at once decided that he could not be concealed in it, and without entering continued the pursuit. Now, the spider, of course, had no intention of helping the Prophet, but her act did, in fact, change the whole his-

story of the world and the religion of hundreds of millions of people. Had not that silken web been thrown over the opening to the cave, there would have been no Mahometan wars of conquest—the East would still have been under the banner of the Cross—there would have been no Crusades for the recovery of the tomb of Christ, and the bloodiest wars in the history of the human race would never have been waged. Robert the Bruce, defeated by the English in many battles, his army routed and dispersed, and himself a fugitive among the crags and mountains, despaired of ever winning the crown of Scotland. Lying concealed one day in a shepherd's hut, he watched a little spider trying to attach her silken thread to some distant object. She failed, but immediately tried again, and succeeded no better than before. She repeated her efforts to attach the thread, always failing, until she had made the sixth attempt. "If," said the Bruce, "you try again and succeed, I will rally my followers once more and drive the English invaders from Scottish soil, or perish, sword in hand." The spider cast her thread for the seventh time, the wind wafted it gently to the spot desired, the attachment was made, and Bruce raised the lion banner of Scotland again, and soon after won the glorious field of Bannockburn. Had Bruce not watched the persevering spider there would have been no Royal House of Stuart, no murdered king, or civil war in England. The Waverly novels could never have been written, and many of Burns' most beautiful songs would have remained unsung forever.

The Dog.

The dog has been the friend and companion of man since the morning of the world. He was, perhaps, the very first wild animal to be domesticated. Hence, his education is more complete and his training more perfect than any other animal has ever received. He understands his master's language and gestures; reads the expression of his face, and sees approbation or displeasure in his countenance. The education and training that he has received from man through countless ages has, no doubt, produced its effect upon his offspring—a greater susceptibility for and capacity to receive instruction from man. Young pointers and setters, only a few weeks old, will stand steadily on first seeing poultry; a St. Bernard puppy when taken on snow for the first time will at once begin to scrape it away; and the collie will attempt the management of sheep without any instruction from man. The smuggler dogs along the border of the German Empire and the French Republic understand both languages. They are sent across the frontier to the house of some confederate with their loads of merchandise securely fastened on their backs. Here they are concealed, caressed and fed until they are ready to return with a load to France. They travel only on dark or stormy nights—avoid all roads—allow no one to approach them, and take great precautions in slipping through the frontier guard. They know that their traffic is illegal, and that they must not be seen with their loads upon their backs. They are criminals, trained to violate the law, and employ every stratagem to escape detection. It was formerly the custom in Scotland to mark the sheep by impressing with a hot iron a certain letter upon their faces. The shepherds of Tweeddale had for a long time been missing a few of the very choicest of their flocks, and one day a black-faced ewe returned to her lamb from beyond the river with the letter O burned over the T which was her owner's brand. A farmer living in a wild and secluded glen was known to use the letter O as his birn. The farm was searched and more than 600 stolen sheep recovered. He confessed his crimes and was executed in the city of Edinburgh in 1773. He said that upon pretense of buying ewes he would visit the flocks in the vale of the Tweed, always accompanied by his jet black collie Yarrow, and point out to him the sheep that he wanted him to drive away. Then he would ride off to his own glen, miles away, passing through every hamlet and calling at every inn. Yarrow, concealed on some hillside among the heather, would wait until night, and then go through the flock and select the very sheep that his master had pointed out, and drive them rapidly, by unfrequented paths, over mountain and moor, to his own dark glen. There the birn was canceled by the letter O in an enclosure in the hollow of the hills—Yarrow keeping faithful guard outside—never failing to notify his owner of the approach of strangers. Both Sir Walter Scott and the Ettrick Shepherd have told the story of this wonderful dog. Darwin informs us that when traveling in South America he often saw large flocks of sheep, far from any human habitation, guarded only by shepherd dogs. The owner of a Newfoundland dog, to prove his great intelligence, put a marked shilling under a stone by the roadside, and then riding on three miles with his friends sent the dog back to get it. The dog set off, but did not return that day. He went directly to the place, but being unable to turn the stone, sat howling by it. Soon two horsemen came by, and one of them dismounted and removing the stone, saw the shilling and put it into his pocket. The dog followed the men for more than twenty miles, got into the room where they slept, seized the trousers in which the shilling had been put and carried them to his master's house. "Man," says Burns, "is the God of the dog; he knows no other, and see how he worships him!" Sir Humphrey Davy vouches for the truth of the following incident: A cook missed a marrow-bone and accused a favorite dog of the theft. He hung down his tail and for several days was altered in his manner, having become discontented, sullen and morose. In this mood he continued, till, to the amusement of the cook, he brought back the bone and laid it at her feet. Did his conscience trouble him until he found that he could get no relief except by making restitution? His worship of his master in many respects compares favorably with the adoration of idols by man; he possesses moral virtues, returning good for evil, and his fidelity ends only with his life. A celebrated dog of the St. Bernard breed named Barry won a medal of honor for having saved the lives of forty persons; and he perished nobly while engaged in his labor of mercy. We have many well authenticated accounts of dogs who understood the use and value of money, and would carry small coins to butchers and bakers and exchange them for meat and bread. The origin of this noble animal is lost in the darkness of the past. He occupies a place in the earliest forms of pagan

worship; his name has been given to one of the first-mentioned stars, and his form is sculptured on the granite rocks of the oldest tombs and temples of Egypt.

Monkeys.

Monkeys adopt and carefully guard any orphans of the tribe, wash the faces of their young and tenderly nurse and care for the sick. Two monkeys were playing on board a ship, when one fell overboard and the other immediately threw it a rope. An officer in the English army once shot a female monkey with her young one in her arms. Dipping her finger in the blood and then holding it up she seemed to reproach him with being the cause of her death, and consequently that of her young one, to which she frequently pointed. Captain Johnson states that he once shot a monkey which instantly ran down to the lowest branch of the tree, and coolly put his paw to the part wounded, covered it with blood and held it up for him to see. "I was so much hurt," says the Captain, "that it has left an impression never to be effaced, and I have never since fired a gun at any of the tribe." Apes and monkeys carry their young ones in their arms, and seem to be as fond of them as human mothers.

Beavers build villages where each family has its hut—an admirable construction in which the skill of the carpenter is allied to that of the mason; they excavate canals hundreds of feet in length, from three to four feet wide, three feet deep and furnish them with locks, built on precisely the same principle as those of human construction. These canals are used for floating their food supplies of wood down to their villages. M. Du Chaillu, speaking of the ape's nest, says that he could scarcely persuade himself that it had not been built by human hands, so perfect was the construction.

Dr. Livingstone thus refers to certain African tribes: "They know nothing of a deity; they pray to their mothers when in distress; they know nothing of a future state, nor have they any religion." The Rev. Dr. Moffatt says of the Bushmen: "They have no idea of God, and no notion of a hereafter. There was not an idol to be found in the whole province." The religious sense, therefore, is innate neither in civilized nor savage peoples. Of the Veddas it has been said: They have no idea of a soul, of a Supreme Being, nor of a future state, and are conscious of no difference between themselves and the wild beasts which roam through the forest. The Dyaks of Borneo murder men, women and children for the sole purpose of securing their heads as trophies; these are so well preserved that they will last for ages, are hung on the walls of every house, and are considered valuable possessions. No young man may hope to get a wife unless he has a few heads to adorn the walls of his hut, and these are handed down from father to son as heirlooms. Waylaying and murdering people for their heads is in fact the national sport of the Dyaks. Thousands of victims were sacrificed every year by the king of Dahomey, and the principal ornaments of his capital were human skulls. The Thugs of India made murder their trade; trained their children in the art of strangling, and were proud of the number of their victims. The New Hollanders have no names for numbers beyond two, and whole tribes cannot count to ten! An intelligent shepherd dog will miss a single sheep from a flock of hundreds, and knows the name of every cow in a herd of twenty. Seeing the mental and moral superiority of many animals over whole races of savage men, Bishop Butler and that great naturalist, the Rev. J. G. Wood, were willing to acknowledge that they must possess immortal souls. The gulf that separates the cultured part of the human race from the very highest of the lower animals is quite impassable, and the difference both mentally and morally immeasurable; but when we reflect that there are whole tribes of savages that cannot count and animals that can—when we are told by travelers of unquestioned veracity that among some of the most degraded races human flesh is sold in their butcher shops, the same as beef and mutton is with us—when we read of the horrible crimes committed by human devils even in the western world, we are compelled to admit that many noble dogs and horses behave themselves more like rational creatures should than thousands of the so-called higher race, even in lands where civilization is supposed to have subdued the savage passions of men and education to have refined and ennobled their lives.

JAMES M. McCANN.

Game Food and Flavors.

STANDING ROCK INDIAN AGENCY, N. D., May 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some weeks or months ago an editorial appeared in FOREST AND STREAM touching on the well-known fact that the flesh of birds and animals is often flavored by the food eaten. I can now add another example of this to the many given in that article.

Col. James McLaughlin, of the U. S. Indian Service, for many years—1881 to 1895—agent for the Standing Rock Indians, tells me that in the spring of 1882 the military authorities of Fort Yates, N. D., on at least two occasions, rejected the beef furnished by the contractor, because it was so strongly tainted with the flavor of the wild onions upon which the cattle had fed. In the spring of the year, from April to June, the prairie is covered in many places with a growth of wild onions which are thicker than the grass, and which the cattle eat with the grass. The result is, as stated, that the flesh of the beef is often flavored by these plants. In the same way, the milk of cows tastes of these onions.

It is not to be doubted that in old times, when there were buffalo on the prairies, their flesh was flavored in a similar way, and it is possible that inquiry among the Indians may develop testimony which will show this.

G. B. G.

Springfield's Muskrat Exhibit.

THE Springfield (Mass.) Republican records that the Science Museum of that city received a valuable gift from Gurdon Bill, which will prove a source of constant interest and instruction. It is a case containing ten muskrats, placed in positions to show their habits in life, and there are two excellent models of the summer and winter "homes" of these interesting animals. The exhibit is of life size, occupying a case about four by six feet in size. At one corner is the large rounded hut or house, built of swamp grass, roots, mud and any sort of refuse

that can be easily carried by the muskrat, and which is intended for the winter home. At the opposite end is the model of the "summer home," which is a section of earth and sod tunneled out to show how the animals arrange the quarters in which to rear their young. As these animals live both in and out of the water, it has been necessary to have some representation of the surface of the adjacent pond, and this has been admirably accomplished by the use of plate glass. This shows the smooth surface of the water through which samples of water vegetation protrude, and one large muskrat is represented as swimming toward the winter hut with a piece of building material in his mouth. A portion of the head and body is above the surface of the glass, and the appearance of the fur on the animal's back shows in excellent contrast with that lower down on the body, which is supposed to be under the water. Another large animal is represented as below the surface of the water swimming for the submerged entrance to the summer house, while another fine specimen is perched on a root beside the pond, its glossy fur seeming to glisten in the sun. In the interior of the winter hut one animal sits gnawing on a bit of flag root, which is held between the forepaws, and in the summer house opposite is an interesting litter of five young ones huddled together for mutual companionship and warmth. Two others, representing the parents of the brood, peer from the ends of the underground channels.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Intelligence of Man's Best Friend.

Here is a dog story from Bad Axe, Mich., well vouched for by friends who know Eastman, the engineer spoken of in the story. It all goes to show the great intelligence of man's best friend, the dog:

"One of the most valuable fox hounds in Bad Axe is owned by George M. Clark, Huron county clerk. Its name is Trotter. A few weeks ago Trotter found a chum, a Damon, in fact, that seemed to meet all the requirements of close companionship. This dog belonged to Mr. Morford, the night watchman at the Pere Marquette round house. For days and days Trotter and the Morford dog made long excursions to the swamps south of this place, where they amused themselves in many ways. At length Mr. Morford concluded that he would break his dog of the habit of running away and chained him to a post in the yard. Next morning when Trotter put in an appearance his chum was not ready for a run, being detained by circumstances over which he had no control. From subsequent events it is evident that the two dogs sized up the situation pretty thoroughly, with the result that early in the forenoon the Morford dog loosened the staple at the other end of the chain, and the two dogs scampered away to their usual haunts. That night Trotter came home as usual, but his friend failed to show up. The dog had been gone several days, and Mr. Morford was beginning to wonder what had become of him, when one day Mr. Eastman, engineer on the Saginaw run, saw Trotter going across the track with a bone in his mouth. He concluded to follow him, and finally traced him to an old stump in the swamp, where the chain on his chum had been caught around a root and Trotter had been keeping him alive by bringing him bones every day."

Back From Mexico.

Mr. F. M. Stephenson, of Menominee, Mich., and party, with the Colorado guide Joe Goff, are this week back from their long hunting trip in Mexico. They had fine sport, of which mention will be made later.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Large Preserves in Maine.

AUGUSTA, Me., May 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Noticing what you say as to concentration of ownership and control of the forests and waters of Maine, allow me to call your attention to the fact that Maine owns all the waters (barring ponds of ten acres each), and all the fish that are therein; all the game in the forests, and would it not be difficult for parties to bar the public or owners from taking their property?

Syndicates may lease lands, but to do so expecting that they could control the capture of game, or prevent the taking of fish in the waters of the State, would likely lead to some disappointment on their part. Possibly they could attempt to enforce the laws against trespass, but do you not think it would be a little discomfiting to them in the end?

The State could come pretty near looking out by proper legislation for the rights of its citizens should any attempt be made to bar the public from its fishing and hunting grounds. It is rather an inopportune time to attempt to set up a game trust, and rather a poor field this to start such an enterprise. In many ways the leasing of large tracts would be a benefit, helping to preserve our game, but not so if the intention is to bar the public.

The ordinary Yankee here will say, "I guess they will not try it."

E. C. FARRINGTON.

Wisconsin May Deer Hunters Taken In.

MILWAUKEE, May 24.—A great haul by two Wisconsin game wardens was made last Sunday morning at the State line near Hurley, Wis. The two active wardens, Valentine Raeth, of Milwaukee, and James Oberholtzer, of Eagle River, heard shooting and followed up the hunters. About 10 o'clock seven men came out to the railroad track with their rifles and four bags of venison, and were arrested by the wardens, and their rifles and the venison confiscated. The wardens brought the game hogs to Hurley and put them in the county jail. Next day Judge

James Blackburn fined them \$50 each and costs, and ordered the sale of the guns by the wardens.

They all came over from Ironwood, Mich. It was the greatest haul ever made in Wisconsin, and the wardens were congratulated by many sportsmen. A. P.

The New York Cold Storage System.

ALBANY, N. Y., May 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Chief Protector J. W. Pond, of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission, has returned from New York, where he had been engaged with a force of game protectors in assisting dealers in game who wish to comply with the recent act whereby they can retain their game in cold storage by giving a bond and permitting the goods to be sealed under the seal of the Commission until the end of the close season. Several dealers have taken advantage of the law, and were either represented by Attorney Julius Offenbach, of New York, or met in person the Chief Protector at the New York office of the Commission. The work of sealing and bonding the goods in the several warehouses is now in progress, and all who wish to be protected under the law by this means should apply to the office of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission, Capitol, Albany, or to the branch office, Room 324, 1 Madison avenue, New York, before June 5, otherwise persons who may have game in possession will be amenable to the law and liable to a penalty. This applies to the entire State where game may be in storage.

ALBANY.

The "Walk."

NEW YORK, May 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I don't care what you call the articles written by the man "Walking South," nor how he "goes," just so he keeps on going and writing his "goings," and his goings are published. There is a naturalness and flavor to his writing that have merit of the highest order, and they appeal to me and others. They ought to be published in book form. Keep him going.

TERRY SMITH.

Peter Fontaine.

Now it is quite certain that Peter Fontaine, the Canadian desperado, shot by Maine Game Warden Henderson last March, has recovered. The wardens have word that he is out again and back over the border illegally trapping. He is perfectly at home in the woods, quick, fearless and always on the alert. He will shoot any man whom he believes to be a warden at sight.

SPECIAL.

Shot Obstructions and Waves.

In jocular language it is not the fall that hurts, but the sudden stop at the end of the fall. In the same way we are all agreed that it is the sudden check on the movement of a charge of shot in its travel down the barrel on encountering an obstruction that does all the damage. As we all know, there are two rival theories to account for the excessive lateral pressures that undoubtedly occur, the one attributing the phenomena observed to the compression of the column of air in the barrel, and the other laying the blame on the powder gases piling up a local pressure to the rear of the powder wad. Major Thiel has advocated a third theory. It is that the barrel is burst by the lateral pressure created by the jamming of the advancing shot charge upon itself and against the obstruction. In a question so closely concerned with theoretical reasonings we should be sorry to advocate any one view to the exclusion of the other two.

For low pressures we are accustomed to speak of the pressure of a given amount of gas in a closed chamber as inversely proportionate to the cubic capacity, so that by reducing the available space to one-half the pressure would be doubled. This, however, presupposes plenty of space between the molecules of the air, and that the compression should not be conducted quicker than the resulting heat can be dispersed. In dealing with the kind of compression that may be assumed to take place in the air between the shot and the obstruction we must discard this simple arithmetical relation, and adopt in its place a much more complicated mathematical process. On page 229 of Part II, "Sporting Guns and Gunpowders," a diagram is reproduced which appeared originally in the issue of the Field dated Nov. 28, 1896. It showed the rate of advancing pressure that would apply to the column of air in a gun having an obstructed muzzle and a cartridge in the chamber 27in. to the rear. When the shot had traversed 26in., making a space of 1in. between it and the obstruction, the pressure registered would be 1,300lbs., and not 333lbs. per square inch, which would be the equivalent for 27 times atmospheric density.

After the last inch there is evidence that the molecules have exhausted most of their capacity for close packing, so that over the final 1in. the pressures are shown to rise in tons nearly as rapidly as they would in the earlier compression in pounds. The advocates of the air theory rely upon this violent rise of pressure when the two bodies are close together to account for the lateral effects noticed when guns are burst by weighty obstructions filling up the bore. It must, however, always be remembered that bulges are caused when there is very much less air between the two

below. It was charged with an ordinary 12-bore cartridge containing 1½oz. of No. 4 shot. An obstruction, consisting of the ordinary wadding and 1½oz. of No. 8 shot, was placed in the barrel, with the top wad ½in. from the muzzle. Two shots were fired under these conditions, and for a third shot the obstruction was placed 1½in. from the muzzle. After each discharge the tub was emptied and the pellets of shot were carefully recovered.

In the case of the first two shots it was found that the pellets of the obstructing charge had been almost entirely fused, and were moulded to the form of the barrel. The largest conglomerations of pellets did not, however, consist of more than ten, but the surfaces showed that the metal had been molten, and afterward torn asunder while in that condition, probably by reason of its impact with the water. However interesting these may have been, they were eclipsed by the results obtained with the last shot. No less than 380grs. by weight out of a total of 492 were recovered in the form of the single ball here illustrated. Further, pellets of the same size were recovered separately, so that most of the obstruction was accounted for. It thus became clear that the obstruction which originally consisted of a column of No. 8 shot .73in. long was compressed into a solid disk .35in. thick. The No. 4 shot comprising the cartridge charge was uniformly in each of the three shots compressed solid, but without signs of extreme violence, such as fusing of the metal. The important deduction to be drawn from these facts is that when a charge of shot strikes an obstruction at the muzzle consisting of another charge of shot and wads, the two are consolidated before leaving the muzzle. Referring more particularly to our illustrations, Fig. 1 shows three full-size reproductions of that part of the obstruction that was recovered whole. The first view shows the face that was toward the muzzle, the pellets on the surface being easily detachable. The middle picture shows a side view, the slight expansion in excess of the radius of the bore having no doubt been caused after leaving the muzzle; and the third view shows the fused face of the obstruction, being that which directly received the shock of the projected charge from the cartridge. Fig. 2 shows three of the No. 4 shot, which were typical specimens selected at random from among those that had been fired from the cartridge. Their shape at least permits us to assert that the condition of the whole charge must have been a solid mass before the individual items could be reduced to such a condition.

The length of the two shot charges and wadding comprising the propelled charge and the obstruction would amount to about 2.5in. This would be their combined length at first contact, the air being presumed immaterial for the moment, as we can find no direct evidence of its presence. When rendered solid by the impact this length would be reduced to about 1.5in. Assuming the propelling shot to be traveling at 1,100ft. per second upon first contact, this would be reduced as the resistance began to come into play, until finally, after a travel of about 1in., the two charges would be no longer compressible, and the obstruction would be set in motion at the pace to which the movement of the propelled charge would be reduced, viz., 550ft. per second. It must be remembered that the velocity of the propelled charge could never go below this value, and that the transformation from its first velocity to 1,100ft. to its remaining velocity of 550ft. would be accomplished in a travel of 1in.; that is, in not more than one and one-half ten-thousandths of a second. This may well be considered a sudden transformation of energy. The force necessary to produce such a result might well be described as enormous. The front pellets of the obstructing charge would be set in motion so suddenly as to be incapable of supporting their own weight, and they would collapse when thus suddenly moved like butter in a hot climate. In distinction to Major Thiel's view, we must assert that the charge which suffers the greatest compressive force is that representing the obstruction. The advancing charge is by comparison more slowly altered in its velocity than the obstruction. The column of air no doubt forms an elastic cushion causing a slight reduction of the shock, and the impact is necessarily reduced in violence, because it is spread over an inch of travel. With the obstruction the circumstances appear to be quite different. Practically, it is stationary until the 550ft. is suddenly applied, because if it were brought into motion at all gradually it would be clear of the barrel before the real shock came along, and we know that this is not so. Hence the body that suffers the more sudden change of state as regards motion is the one that receives the greatest shock. Theory and visible evidence alike show it to be the obstruction that suffers thus.

If what has gone before has been clearly followed the wave pressure theory may be explained in a few words. The sudden reduction in the velocity of the propelled shot is accompanied by an equally sudden check in the forward movement of the layers of gas immediately to its rear. The gas further back is also traveling at a high speed, and its momentum causes it to drive forward against the gas in front. While, therefore, the shot continues its travel at a reduced velocity, the gases rush forward and pile upon one another to the rear of the projectile. This is not an instantaneous action, and hence we can understand that the shot might move several inches at the reduced velocity before a dangerous accumulation of pressure had been registered at its rear. The wave theory is not therefore inconsistent with the occurrence of a bulge beyond where the rear of the propelled charge is at the time of first contact. Rather does it depend upon the existence of such a condition. Similarly, the infrequent occurrence of bulges when the obstruction is near the chamber is to be explained by the absence of sufficient momentum of the gases due to the slow velocity of the shot at that point in the barrel. It is therefore giving good advice to suggest that no plausible theory be disregarded or discouraged while there is obviously so much to be learned.—London Field.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

The New Ichthyology.

Henry Guy Carleton Pays his Compliments to Dr. H. F. Moore, of the U. S. Fish Commission, Scientist.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I very much enjoyed writing a piece for your paper on May 3, saying ribald and disrespectful things about the valuable but solemn U. S. Fish Commission, and incidentally lampooning one of its honorable and usually esteemed members, but I was severely pained to see in your issue of May 17 that Dr. H. F. Moore, the afore-said esteemed member, whom I regarded as a personal friend, has been moved to violent emotions of self-defense, and has said several ribald and disrespectful things about me.

This opened up a line of argument for which I was wholly unprepared.

Dr. Moore came last winter to Coconut Grove, Fla., on portentous business for his Commission—maybe to investigate the following topics:

1. Why chickens sleep.
2. When a rooster has insomnia, why does he insist on communicating that malady to the entire neighborhood?
3. Are horseshoe crabs any luckier for being so?
4. Is there a better implement than the shotgun for nigger-proofing a melon patch? If so, wire particulars at once to the Secretary of Agriculture, and forward statistics by freight.
5. Are four-legged coons so-called after the two-legged variety, or vice versa, and why?

It is only a theory of mine that the doctor was engaged in the above scientific inquiries. He merely told me that one of his subjects was to make experiments in the artificial culture of sponges, and he certainly did sew up fragments of porifera with various breeds of wire, and go on long and lonely marine prowls to insert them in remote coves among the keys, where no eye might discern their whereabouts except his eagle own.

As Dr. Moore is neither a poker player nor a fisherman, I cannot question his veracity, and therefore must re-

luctantly consider that he was wasting his time in the artificial culture of four-ounce sponges in Florida, when sponges weighing 200 pounds may be easily cultivated in immense numbers at the Waldorf, Delmonico's, the Bellevue, the New Willard and similar resorts all over the country. Some authorities, however, may insist that this is Dr. Moore's business and not mine. What is my business, and the business of all who are even remotely interested in fish, is to find some one willing even at personal risk, to build a bonfire under the U. S. Fish Commission, awaken it to the glare of the 20th century progress in light fiction, and give us an ichthyology containing recreative and frolicsome grains of information valuable to the world at large, and not only to the knobby-browed, high-power goggled hermits, who spend isolated lives writing lethal reports for the Government—which reports none but themselves ever afterward read, or if they do read, can possibly understand.

When I remarked to my friend Dr. Moore that some day, when I had a week's leisure at my command, I would become a naturalist, I did not really mean that I expected to qualify in that time to fill any position in the learned body of which Dr. Moore is a shining and most erudite fellow. I do not really think I could perfect myself in all the branches of the naturalist business in less than ten days or perhaps two weeks, and I know positively that I would not guarantee to read aloud four lines of the average U. S. Fish Commission report in less than four minutes per line. But, admirable as is the personnel of the Fish Commission, and useful as are its reports, it is hampered by the sesquipedalian rhodomontade and bewildering hendecasyllabic incomprehensibility of its reports. Let us take one of the simplest examples—Prof. Evermann's description of the Ohio shad, to which he applied the vituperative epithet *Alosa ohioensis*. For this sin perhaps he had some strong provocation which does not appear in the record—perhaps bought one which had had too long a wake. Here is the professor's description of the Ohio shad:

ALOSA OHIENSIS. Evermann. (Ohio Shad.)

Description of the Type.—Head, 4.5; depth, 3.6; eye, 5.5; snout, 4; maxillary, 2.1; mandible, 1.87; D., 13; A., 13; gillrakers, 49 + 26 = 75 on right side; 47 + 27 = 74 on left.

Body very long, slender and much compressed; dorsal and ventral outlines very gently and evenly arched; head rather long, conic; caudal peduncle very long, the distance from base of caudal to dorsal fin equaling distance from that point to preopercle; mouth, large; maxillary broad, reaching posterior border of eye; lower jaw slightly projecting and fitting into a small notch in tip of upper jaw; cheek and opercles strongly striate; scales large and deciduous; fins moderate; gillrakers moderate in number, the longest about equal to snout in length.

Now I would criticize the above as follows: It is of doubtful clarity; it almost entirely lacks humor, poetry, picturesque imagination; and is devoid of quality which could commend it as popular reading matter. It may bristle with facts, but it is soggy and indigestible. How much better would have been something like this:

OHIO SHAD. Carleton. (Locally called Ohio Shad.)

Bully fish. Is at its best with the roes in full bloom. May be caught like other shad. May be planked like other shad. Tastes like other shad if cooked in the same manner. Is preferred in Ohio to Connecticut shad, by persons who do not care to pay the freight on the other variety.

Now even Dr. Moore must confess that the above is more lucid and of some popular interest. Suppose we take the jewfish. As ladies read the FOREST AND STREAM, I will not give the Fish Commission's description, but this is mine:

JEWFISH. Carleton. (Sometimes called Einstein Herring.)

Is easily recognized by having an oral orifice whose diameter is seven times the total length of the fish. He is first cousin of the grouper, but dislikes to work for a living. Is found in Southern waters on the east and west coast of America. Also at Key West. Possibly elsewhere. Spends half his time lying in the mud, with upturned eyes, and the other half with upturned eyes lying in the mud. Does not take food of his own volition. Is too lazy. Sometimes when his mouth is open, a hook may drift in with the tide, and then the jewfish is as game as a two-ton anchor, and fully as nourishing. The popular theory that he may be caught by baiting the hook with a genuine diamond ring has not been carefully verified. Is unfit to eat, but is highly esteemed in Key West.

The above is perhaps not extensive enough, but it is to the point. Now let us take the barracouta:

BARRACOUTA. Carleton. (Also called *Barracuda* by persons who have not yet learned how to spell. Also called hard names by anglers who are fishing for other fish.)

Inhabits the semi-tropical waters of Florida, the Caribbean and Pacific. Also Key West. Has moral characteristics which would make him a good politician. Unlike the politician, however, he is fit to eat, except at certain seasons, when he is said to be poisonous. To ascertain which are these particular seasons, eat the fish and note the result. The barracouta is fine fun when intentionally caught with tarpon tackle, but he himself does not appear to realize the humor. Takes live bait or squid, sometimes cut bait. Is said to be very partial to sweetbreads, and to possess no inconsiderable surgical skill. Is not known to be musical, but is said to be useful in cultivating a tenor voice.

Of course this is merely an off-hand sample of my standard ichthyology, which I shall write, if I ever get a two-weeks' vacation. I may never get that vacation, so I publish this as a pointer for Professor Evermann and Dr. Moore to consider. I have not the honor of Professor Evermann's acquaintance—wish I had—but I do know Dr. Moore, and I deeply believe that the only blight on his character is that he is a naturalist. What the world wants is more literary recreation in fish annals, and less rumbling ponderosity—less caudal peduncle and fewer striated opercles, so to speak. But pending the appearance of my "Standard Ichthyology and Angler's True Friend" (which unhappily will end the U. S. Fish Commission), let Professors Evermann and Bean and Dr. Moore lighten their scientific papers and jettison their cargo of unsterilized Greek. They have learning, wit and good American humor a-plenty. If they had not, and were not the U. S. Fish Commission so admirable and really useful a body, and so rich in achievements which endear it to every citizen who knows its labors, as to be able to stand a friendly joke from a sincere admirer, this artless article would never have been written.

HENRY GUY CARLETON.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

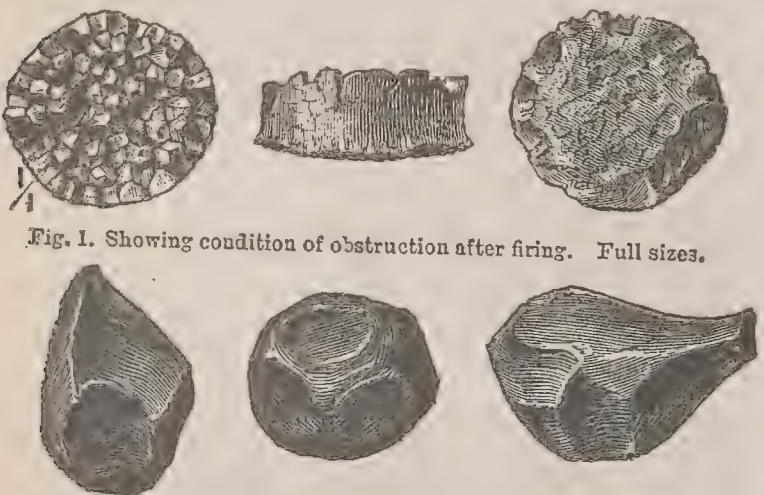


Fig. 1. Showing condition of obstruction after firing. Full sizes.

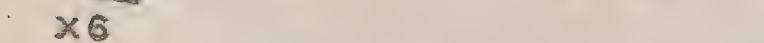


Fig. 2. Showing the deformation of the pellets of shot of the propelled charge as a result of impact with an obstruction. Greatly enlarged.

bodies than a 27in. column, and therefore that the conditions chosen for the case we quote are of a kind to display the theory in its most favorable light. It would unduly overweight this article were we to show the many experiences of bulging that go at least to disprove the view that the air theory alone will account for every case of damage that has occurred from an obstruction.

It will be more profitable at the present moment to give detailed reasons for the view that the wave pressure set up by the powder gases is the promoting cause of the trouble. In so doing, we can point out wherein Major Thiel has failed to do justice to the completeness of the wave pressure theory, and at the same time show the results of experiments bearing upon his own view of the expansive power of the lead. We must refer in the first place to our own shooting tests, in which we made use of a 12-bore cannon not likely to suffer from lateral stresses, however set up. This gun was strapped to a telegraph post, and its muzzle was directed into the mouth of a tub of water placed conveniently

New England Waters.

Boston, May 24.—It would be pretty hard to reach several Boston representative business men just now. They have gone beyond the reach of mail, telephone, or telegraph. This just suits them; they are after rest, and considerable first class trout fishing. In the party are Messrs. W. J. Follett, James L. Richards, John E. Toland and W. J. Leckie. George W. Brown, the warm friend of all the party, was unable to be with them this year. They left Boston Monday night, landing at Norcross, Me., next morning. This location is at the foot of North Twin Lake, which they went up by little steamer. Thence they go up Pemadumcook Lake and through to Ambajesus; thence by canoes and carries around the two falls into the west branch of the Penobscot; up this branch to Sourdnamunk Stream, and up this stream to their camp on Foster and Knowlton Pond. There they ate into the woods. "God's own country," as Mr. Brown remarked, when he got there last year. It takes all of a very long day, if they have good luck in the canoes, meeting no bad head winds nor no log drives of jams. Five carries they have to make; the longest about fifty minutes and up some of the steepest of hills. The woods are full of ponds, and every pond is full of trout of good size. They fish with nothing but artificial flies, killing no more than they need for the camp table. Much of the time when fishing they are trying to doge the little fellows. See them when they gettin'; bankers, brokers and merchants. Hear them tell about their fishing, their trip, even months afterward, and then tell me, who dares, that their short vacation has been in vain. There are nearly 16,000 just such hiding places in northern Maine, New Hampshire and Canada, and it is the business of the FOREST AND STREAM to advocate them; a noble work, for which all who know are grateful.

The George P. Bullard party, noted last week, did not have the success at Grand Lake Stream that they had reason to expect. The weather was cold, and somehow the salmon did not rise. Mr. E. Frank Lewis, a genuine angler and one of the party, remarked yesterday that "Grand Lake Stream is not what it used to be." Immediately another remarked that "it is fished a great deal more than formerly." They caught a few rather small salmon. For some reason the salmon would not rise to the fly, and bait-fishing in Grand Lake Stream is not very satisfactory, especially to those fond of the artificial foil. They tried the streams in the vicinity for trout, but with poor success, even there.

Ex-Mayor Edward L. Pickard, of Newton, has just returned from his annual fishing trip to the home of the Quossoc Angling Association, Mooselucmaguntic Lake, where he has been with a party of fishing friends for a couple of weeks. He was there on the cold Saturday, the day of the terrible gale, when even the best of the little steamers dare not venture out on the lake. The mercury indicated 20 one morning, with plenty of ice in the boats and in all the little pools sheltered from the wind. Mayor Pickard is a fisherman who seldom gets beaten, however, and his score of trout and salmon was thirty; none saved under three pounds. His largest fish were a trout and a salmon, both of five pounds weight.

Mr. Frank W. Wise has returned from his annual fishing in Nova Scotia waters. His long-time fishing friend, Mr. Boss, was prevented from going this year, but some West Newton business men helped to make the party about complete. Brook trout fishing was what they went for, and what they got in good volume. Mr. Wise says: "All we ought to have had." They found high water, however, with the fishing not quite equal to former seasons.

A party of Boston merchants left for Moosehead Friday evening, including W. S. Hinman, George Bradford, Louis Masson, H. S. Hanson, and one or two others. Fly-fishing is what they want, and doubtless what they will get, since the weather is most decidedly warm, and warm weather always starts fly-fishing at Moosehead; that lake where so much of that sport is enjoyed, and with a good deal of success.

Under better weather Lake Anburn is bettering the rather doubtful reputation it was getting as a trout and salmon lake. On Sunday last—they do fish Sundays there—forty trout and salmon were caught. Two of the salmon weighed about ten pounds each, and five or six of the others weighed from four to eight pounds.

May 26.—Warmer weather seems to have improved the angling at the several New England resorts. At the Bangor pool the fishing has been much better, with a number of good fish taken within a few days. One of the notable features has been the catching of three big fish by Mrs. George Willey, the combined weight of which was 53 pounds. Mrs. Willey's largest salmon weighed 23 pounds, and this establishes her record as that of the champion woman angler of the Penobscot. At Moosehead the fly-fishing has begun to be good. Some Boston and Bangor anglers returned from those waters on Saturday, with a record of 90 trout, mostly taken on the fly. Very good fishing is being had at Mooselucmaguntic Lake, especially since better weather. President F. A. Turner, of the Quossoc Angling Association, has been at the club house for a couple of weeks, and has made a record of 70 trout and salmon, mostly on the fly. While trolling in the Eddy he secured a salmon of 5 pounds. Enoch F. Coburn, of Lawrence, usually one of the most successful anglers, has made a record on Upper Mooselucmaguntic waters, of 250 trout and salmon; many of the smaller fish returned to the water. At the Upper Dam the Lazy Tom Club, formed at Moosehead several seasons ago, has fished this season. The ladies have led with big fish, Mrs. F. L. Judkins taking a salmon of 8½ pounds, and Miss Viola Judkins a salmon of 6½ pounds and a trout of 4½ pounds. Mrs. Dearborn secured a trout of 4½ pounds and one of 3 pounds. Four of her trout weighed jointly 7 pounds. Mr. True, of Augusta, has taken a salmon at the Upper Dam weighing 8¾ pounds. Mr. L. A. Reese, stopping at the same place, returned one day last week from B Pond with eleven trout, weighing 15 pounds, all taken on the fly. Senator W. P. Frye has gone up to his cottage near Cupsuptic Narrows for his spring fishing. He is accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. Briggs, of Auburn, Mr. F. P. Lee, of Milford,

has landed a trout of 6½ pounds at Bemis. Good catches have been made about Haine's Landing. Mr. C. H. Seward, of Boston, has landed a salmon of 10½ pounds; one of the finest fish ever taken there. Ira Richards, of North Attleboro, Mass., has taken two salmon, 3 and 5¾ pounds; H. W. Priest, Beach Bluffs, Mass., salmon, 5½ pounds; F. S. Snyder, Boston, salmon, 4 pounds; E. W. Nash, Boston, trout, 4 pounds; two salmon, 2 and 3 pounds; L. H. Torrey, Worcester, salmon, 4½ pounds; J. B. Sleigh, Springfield, two salmon, 4 and 5 pounds. A. W. Tedcastle, Boston, has made the champion record at Haine's Landing, by catching two salmon on the same line and at once; weighing 4 and 4½ pounds.

At Rangeley some good fish have been taken. T. L. Harlow caught a salmon last week that weighed 7½ pounds. The Sturtevant party of Springfield is there. This party has fished a great many seasons at the Rangeleys. The largest fish taken by the party this time was a salmon of 6½ pounds. A host of smaller fish have been taken. The Timberlake party, noted last week as "angling notables," caught a total of 53 fish, Judge Whitehouse being high line with a total of 12 fish. The veteran angler, H. W. Clarke, has arrived at Mountain View. Mr. Clarke has fished the Rangeleys for more than twenty years, almost always with the same guide, David Haines. Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Patridge, of Boston, have been fishing at Mountain View. Mrs. Patridge has caught a salmon of 6 pounds, against her husband's largest, 3½ pounds. Mr. Patridge is a crack revolver and rifle shot, as the scores of the FOREST AND STREAM will show. M. B. Damon, of Fitchburg, Mass., has taken seven salmon, the largest 6½ pounds. The largest trout of the season at Mountain View has weighed 6 pounds, caught by T. C. Sheldon, of Fitchburg.

Some of the late Moosehead scores are excellent. D. F. Hunt and party, of Boston, has had a string of 35 trout, weighing 50 pounds. In a morning's fishing Mr. Hunt caught four trout, weighing 11 pounds. Moosehead parties of several years' experience are unusually numerous, including Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Fales, of Boston, with a good record; the Tisdale party, of Leominster, with all the fish they care for; the Camp Comfort Club, with records of 57, 68 and 64 fish in successive days, largely trout; Walter F. DeHaven and Henry W. Wise, of Philadelphia, with a record of the first trout on the fly, 28 in one day, all of fair size; H. B. Leach, F. J. Davis and C. W. Deering, of Boston, good strings, one of 12, the largest 3 pounds. F. W. Lee, R. A. Day, J. J. Mahoney and W. D. Mayer, of Lawrence, have made a good record with a trout of 5 pounds, on the fly.

The Megantic Club people are rapidly getting into line—onto lines, rather—the ice having been very slow about getting out of all the waters of the preserve. S. L. Barbour and Dr. A. B. Kellogg, of Hartford, and E. C. Woodruff and J. E. Woodruff are already at the preserve. P. C. Wiggin and party and L. O. Crane leave on the 29th for a week or more.

Felix Taussig, Leo Pickert and W. S. LaFlamme, of Montreal, are off for Grand Lake. There seems to be some doubt among Boston anglers as to the legality of fishing Grand Lake Stream before the first of June, though it is understood that such fishing has been done there this spring. Mr. Taussig, with E. C. Stevens, Edrie Eldridge, of Boston, and John E. Clowes, of Salisbury, Vt., will make the first notable pickerel party to Lake Dunmore this season. Lake Dunmore, Salisbury, has a record of some monster pickerel, one of over a dozen pounds having been taken there by Mr. Stevens.

SPECIAL.

Canadian Angling Notes.

THE season in Canada, which promised to be one of the earliest on record, is now rather behind than in advance of the average, and those anglers who came here some weeks ago counting upon obtaining very early spring fishing because of the early disappearance of the snow in the open, have been grievously disappointed. The extreme cold of the last four or five weeks has retarded the thaw of the snow which remained in the forest shades and deferred for some time the disappearance of the ice upon a number of the northern lakes. Not only is the water exceptionally high everywhere, but it is extremely cold. There has been no warm weather as yet to encourage the trout to seek surface lures. Even trolling and bait-fishing has been poor up to a few days ago. General Henry, U. S. Consul, and Mr. Root, of Boston, went up to Lake Edward last week and found the water too high and cold for good sport. A telegram received here to-day reports good catches there yesterday for the first time this season, and a number of local anglers are preparing to go up to the lake to-morrow.

In the Jacques Cartier and Talbot Club lakes, which are among the earliest of the season in this locality, good catches were made last week by bait-fishing, and a party of fly-fishers write that they are having good sport this week on the Laurentide Club waters. By next week good fly-fishing ought to be general in the Lake St. John and St. Maurice districts. Ten days ago a party of Montreal anglers, among whom was Judge Robidoux, fished Lake Maketsy, one of the best trout lakes north of Three Rivers, without taking anything. They were fully a fortnight too soon on the water.

For the last few days almost every train coming here from the United States has brought its contingent of American anglers. Among those who have already gone up to the Triton Club this week are General G. F. McKibbin, of New York, and Messrs. A. K. Hiscock, D. E. Petit, E. G. Cole, Geo. E. Baldwin and J. M. Gilbert, of Syracuse. They are shortly to be joined by a number of others. Mr. A. W. Hooper, of New Haven, passed through here this week on his way to the Nonantum preserve at Lac des Commissaires, and the Messrs. McCormick, of Florida, are already at Lake Edward.

Mr. Tolhurst, of Troy, N. Y., left on Tuesday for the Laurentide Club lakes, and a number of New England sportsmen are now on the limits of the Metabetchouan Fish and Game Club at Kiskisink. In this party are State Comptroller Chamberlain, of New Haven, and Messrs. C. P. Peets, New Haven; W. M. Clark, New York; Chas. F. Garnier, of Liverpool, England; W. B. Ives, Chas.

S. R. Kinal, State Secretary; W. B. Hill, F. Stevenson, John W. Coe, Samuel Dodd, C. P. Bradley, Frank M. Squire, Geo. A. Fay, F. S. Fay and C. M. Williams, of Meriden, Conn. Governor Geo. P. McLean, of Connecticut, was to have been with the party, but was prevented by illness.

Salmon fishermen are already putting in an appearance. Mr. E. C. Fitch, president of the Waltham Watch Company, is here preparing to go down to his river, and Dr. Johnson, of Cornell University, has already left for the Jupitagan, where he will be joined later by Mr. Toland, of Philadelphia. Dr. Johnson knows very well that he will do no salmon fishing for a couple of weeks yet, but he is anxious to get away into the country for a rest, and in the meantime will amuse himself among the trout.

E. T. D. C.

QUEBEC, May 23.

Random Notes of an Angler.

The Royal Sport of Salmon Fishing.

MANY years ago I numbered among my friends a boy with an exceedingly inquiring mind. With other things he had developed a taste for natural history—a boy's taste only, of course—and he often came to me to throw light on subjects which were quite beyond his comprehension. Some of the questions he threw at me were regular posers, but I made the best bluff I could at answering them, and he went away impressed, doubtless, with my erudition.

Among these questions were, "If a grizzly bear and a lion should have a fight, which would lick?" and "If a rhinoceros and elephant should meet in a narrow defile, which would make the other back out?" or "If a panther were surrounded by a drove of peccaries, what would he do?"

There was one question which he asked, however, that was not at all difficult to answer, and that was, "Which would you rather kill, a great big man-eating tiger or a twenty-pound salmon?" Of course my preference lay with the salmon, first, last and always. To be sure, I had never had an opportunity to pot a man-eater, and consequently did not know how great a degree of excitement attends such an achievement, but judging by all the other varieties of sport that I have indulged in, and I have had my share of most that are to be found in this country, I unhesitatingly declared, and do so now, that to kill a large fresh-run salmon in good, live water is the grandest sport that is vouchsafed to us. It is our royal sport, par excellence, for it calls for all the endurance, skill, perseverance and judgment that he who would follow it successfully possesses.

And here I wish to make myself perfectly clear. By salmon fishing I mean that which is done with the fly on live water with a pliable rod and with a single gut casting line. Trolling for salmon with a stiff rod from a boat, such as is practiced in the Maine and other lakes, with a minnow or spinning spoon for bait, is not salmon fishing, it is simply potting, for it calls for none of the qualities which enter into the genuine sportsman's make-up.

To the pleasure derived from the art of fly-casting for salmon must be added the delight that comes from the charming environment of the angler who follows it. What can be more exhilarating than to follow, perhaps for miles, those grand old mountains streams in which these lordly fish make their summer homes?

The water at one moment is rushing down a steep incline or tumbling over ledges and boulders sometimes with an impatient roar, but oftener with a musical murmur which is a distinct charm in itself. Anon, below the rapids the stream widens and the foam-flecked water deepens into a large pool, in which perhaps are lurking a number of the silvery beauties which have just ascended from the sea. A light breeze stirs the foliage of the trees which grow close to the water's edge, and the delicious aroma of the forest is wafted to the nostrils of him who has penetrated to this retired spot.

Everything in nature assists making a complete whole of the angler's enjoyment.

The songs of forest birds, the busy hum of bees as they foray among the wild flowers on the shore, the gaily colored butterflies which flutter across the stream, the shrill yet musical call of the sandpiper, the rattle of the kingfisher and the prating of a pair of the beautiful wood ducks, which, solicitous for the welfare of their little family, swim up and down the pool to attract his attention from their flock. All these and more lend their attractions to the scene.

I know of no other field sport, trout fishing, perhaps, alone excepted, which appeals in a like degree to the æsthetic sense of the angler. Amid such delightful surroundings he fairly revels in the poetic feeling that is aroused in him, and he is, for the time being, more and better than the mere sportsman.

Qualities Essential in the Angler.

I have stated that certain qualities are essential in the make-up of the angler who would follow the salmon successfully. First of these, and perhaps most important of all, is that of endurance. A puny man with weak heart, small capacity and poorly developed muscular system, particularly of the arms and legs, would not last long on some of the wild Canadian streams where ideal salmon fishing is alone found.

I refer now to those waters which cannot be fished from a canoe, but which must be traversed by the angler perhaps for a couple of miles between pools, and that over ledges and rocks which sometimes rise so high they have to be climbed over, but which oftener are two or three feet under water, which must be waded.

Of course when one may stand or sit in a canoe and glide leisurely about with a skillful guide to place him on desirable spots, no great physical demand is made on him; he casts his fly, rises and hooks his fish, and after playing it a while his guide deftly gaffs it, and then when the proper libation is poured in honor of the event, the rod and paddle are resumed and casting is begun for another fish.

Fishing de Luxe.

Now this is really capital sport; it is salmon fishing de luxe. I have enjoyed it many times, and hope to taste its

pleasures once or twice again before I hang up my rod for the last time; but it is not the salmon fishing that the strong, vigorous man most delights in. It is not the fish alone that he cares for; of course he wants them, but their value is enhanced to him by the difficulties and obstacles he surmounts in capturing them. There is no comparison between killing a fish from a canoe and fighting one perhaps a mile or two down a rough-bottomed river, as he runs from one pool to another in his wild struggle to escape. To be sure, the angler tries to kill his fish in the pool in which it is struck, but sometimes it "gets the bit between its teeth" and starts out apparently with the determination to return to the sea from whence it came. It is hardly necessary to state that with a single gut casting line or leader, and none other should be used, any efforts to restrain the fish would be futile; the frail strand would snap like a cotton thread. The only course to be pursued is to follow the fish, and this the angler does to the best of his ability. Jumping from one boulder to another and stumbling over all sorts of rocks and ledges, he holds his rod aloft so as to keep the line as taut as possible, in order that it may not hang up in one of the numerous obstructions which line the path. He keeps on, sometimes at the top of his speed, until old salmo drops into deep water again and pauses for a rest.

This is the critical moment. If the angler now forces the fight to the utmost, the salmon may be quickly conquered, but if it is allowed to "get its wind," as it were, it will soon be ready to make another rush down stream, and if it does so, the chances are good for its escape. The skillful fisherman, realizing the importance of speedy action, "gives the butt" most rigidly and fighting the quarry

head and shoulders of the kingly fish when he leaps for the lure." (Sic.)

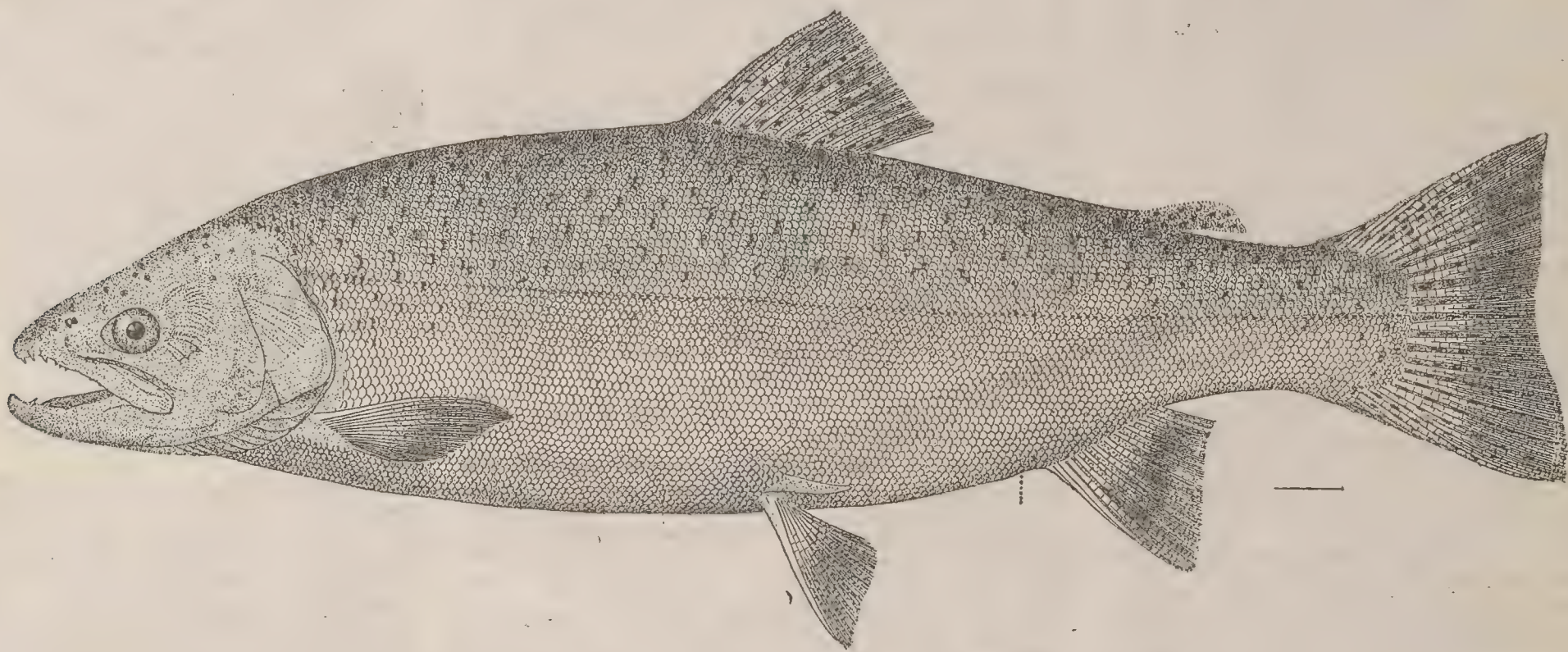
Now as regards sinking the fly, I will say that occasionally it may not be advisable, but that it should not be practiced at all I must deny. In my experience the salmon rises slowly, not with a rush, for the fly, and almost always takes it beneath the surface of the water with a sort of sucking-in movement; but that it comes with a rush leaping with head and shoulders in plain sight inferentially above the surface; no, I never had the good fortune to meet such eager fish.

Since writing the above I have had the curiosity to see what other anglers have said on this point.

Genio C. Scott, in describing a bout with a salmon, says: "The fish did not take a fly as a trout does by rushing at it from beneath, but rose *over the fly*, and took it on going back." The italics are mine.

The author of "Salmonia" (London, 1829) in dialogue says: "You fish well, were common trout your object; but, in salmon fishing, you must alter your manner of moving the fly. It must not float quietly down the water; you must allow it to sink a little, and then pull it back by a gentle jerk—not raising it out of the water—and then let it sink again, till it has been shown in motion, a little below the surface, in every part of your cast."

J. H. Walsh (Stonehenge) says: "The fly is worked very differently to the trout fly, which must always be on the top of the water to be effectual; whereas, the salmon fly should always be sufficiently under the water to avoid making any ripple as it is drawn toward the thrower, and yet not so deep as to be wholly out of sight."



THE STEELHEAD (*Salmo gairdneri*).

sharply, he soon brings it to the gaff, and then with what a feeling of exultation and pride does the conqueror gaze upon and even caress the silvery beauty that he has fought for and won so gallantly.

Yes, that is salmon fishing that the true sportsman enjoys; it is the real thing.

Perseverance a Great Requisite.

Another requisite in the salmon fisherman is patience, or if you prefer, perseverance. He must be content to cast his fly sometimes for hours at a stretch without obtaining a rise.

There may be fifty salmon in the pool, over which his flies are dragged, and not one of them will move a fin at his offerings; but he must persevere in casting, and change his lure as often as seems desirable. The stubborn angler who declares that "the salmon must take a certain fly, for they will get no other from him, so there now," is not as a rule very successful. It is to be remembered that the surface color of the pool is constantly changing. Where there was a large bright patch a half-hour ago, the movement of the sun has cast that spot in the deep shadow of the trees on the shore. So with passing clouds and the movement of the breeze which ripples the surface and consequently darkens it.

A Change of Flies Necessary.

It is to meet these varying conditions of the water that a change of flies is necessary. No one in his senses would think of offering a large, bright fly in clear, shallow water, and most salmon pools are shallow, if they are not five or six feet in depth.

On the contrary, he would present a small, dark fly, a fairy or black-dose, or possibly an unobtrusive Montreal, but let the water become dark and the butcher, silver-dor, Jock-Scott, Popham and Durham-ranger will be desirable. Of course there are no hard and fast rules, for a salmon will often come to a fly which an hour before he had ignored.

A change of flies, therefore, is usually necessary, but the angler must be guided by judgment and careful observation of the conditions which prevail. At the beginning of the season, when the water is high, it is dark colored, but in the summer as the volume of the streams decreases more and more, the water becomes clearer, and consequently the changed condition will require different treatment by the angler, both in methods of fishing and in the choice of flies.

Fishing with a Sunken Fly.

Much has been said about sinking the fly for salmon, and many curious statements have been put in print in relation to it. Dawson says, in "Fishing With the Fly," "The rule with some anglers is to let the fly sink a little; my rule is never to let it sink at all. When a fish strikes I want to see him. There is no movement that so thrills and delights me as the rush of the salmon for the fly. To me, half the pleasure of a rise is lost if I don't see the

Opinions from other writers might be quoted, but I will forbear.

Now, while fishing with the sunken fly is the proper method in most waters, there are some streams in which there is a uniformly steep pitch, which makes quick water even in the pools.

In the Indian River, which empties into Margaret's Bay, N. S., the water is so quick that it is almost impossible to sink a fly, and the fish come to the surface for it, as it is dragged across the eddies and swirls.

But Indian River is peculiar. It is only three or four miles in length, from the bay to the lakes at the head of the stream. The salmon in it are always fresh-run—they could not well be otherwise when they can traverse the whole river in a single day—and they are ready, like all other fresh-run fish, to come to the lure unhesitatingly. The lower or first pool is on one side of the post road which winds along the shore to Halifax, and on the other side is the salt water of the bay.

I recall another stream which has for several miles a current similar to that of the Indian River, and that is the Big Levogle, a tributary of the Miramichi, and on this, too, a surface fly is successful.

I have no desire to be considered as trying to teach salmon fishing, for that is furthest from my thoughts. I believe that no amount of written instructions can make a "complete angler," for experience is the best and only teacher. But I may without great immodesty state that my practice is to get out my lure into all the best-looking spots, beginning on the near-by ones and working out further and further. I permit the fly to sink two or three inches and then drag it in short jerks, each movement being about five or six inches, and repeating this until the whole water is covered.

With a little practice one may discern the silvery gray fish rise from the bottom and move for the fly, but it takes a fairly good eye to see when the lure is about to be seized, and though in nineteen times out of twenty the salmon will hook himself when he takes the fly, the angler should have a quick wrist to strike at exactly the right moment in order that the barb may be fixed deeply and securely.

EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"A New Shad from the Ohio."

THE titles of the illustrations given in connection with the description of the new Ohio shad, described by Dr. Barton Warren Evermann, in our issue of May 24, should have read as follows:

Fig. 1.—Ohio shad, *Alosa ohioensis* Evermann; female. Drawing from the type.

Fig. 2.—Ohio shad, *Alosa ohioensis* Evermann; male. Drawing from one of the cotypes.

Fig. 3.—Alabama shad, *Alosa alabamæ* Jordan & Evermann; male. Drawing from the type.

Fig. 4.—Alabama shad, *Alosa alabamæ* Jordan & Evermann; female. Drawing from the type.

Fig. 5.—Common shad, *Alosa sapidissima* (Wilson); male.

Fig. 6.—Common shad, *Alosa sapidissima* (Wilson); female.

Steelhead Salmon in Lake Michigan

THE National Museum has recently received from Mr. R. J. Sawyer, of Menominee, Mich., the head and tail of a steelhead salmon (*Salmo gairdneri*). In his letter, dated April 26, Mr. Sawyer says: "I have sent you by American Express the head and tail of a 9½-pound salmon taken from the waters of Green Bay, a few miles north of Menominee, Mich. It was a very handsome fish, the flesh a good deep color, the markings very distinct. About twenty-one years ago I sent you a small specimen. Can you tell me when the last salmon were planted in these waters? Why is not more attention given to stocking these waters with salmon? This fish would indicate that they will do well here. This specimen was a female well filled with spawn."

The parts received here indicated a healthy fish, and the few eggs attached to the head were apparently almost mature. The broad rainbow-like color on side of head was distinct, as were the crimson marks on the throat.

During the years 1896, '97, '98 and 1900, the U. S. Fish Commission planted 212,000 fry of the steelhead salmon in Lake Michigan, and during 1898, '99 and 1900, 10,335 yearlings were placed in the same waters.

The fish received from Mr. Sawyer and one sent to the U. S. Commission of Fish and Hatcheries by the Michigan Commission, about two weeks ago, are the only ones of which we have record from Lake Michigan. In the western end of Lake Superior, however, the steelhead salmon has become quite common, the catch of one season being about 2,200 fish. Lake Huron has also been stocked with the steelhead.

While the steelhead salmon seems to thrive in our inland lakes, the Columbia River or Quinnet salmon does not seem to do so. It, too, has been introduced into the Great Lakes, but the results are discouraging.

The steelhead salmon, Gairdner's trout of the books, is a good game fish, and furnishes fine sport to the anglers of the Columbia River and its tributaries. In 1892 the writer had the pleasure of fishing for "salmon" in the Spokane River, about ten miles north of the city, being a guest of Mr. Knight, of Spokane, on a two days' trip to Granite Lake. Several good fish were taken, my prize being an eight-pound female steelhead on a seven-ounce steel rod, the combination giving fifteen minutes of anxiety and real pleasure such only as successful angling can give. The fishing was done in a succession of rapids by trolling. Mr. Nelson, of Spokane, caught a male fish for me of about the same size as my female, and the pair were preserved in alcohol and brought to Washington, and are among the museum collections. Along the banks of the Spokane were numerous Indian lodges, near which were to be seen salmon drying. These for the most part seemed to be steelheads.

B. A. BEAN.

U. S. NATIONAL MUSEUM, Washington, D. C.

Iowa Fishing.

HUMBOLDT, Ia., May 22.—Another season of fishing has just opened in Iowa (May 15), and if the same amount of enthusiasm was shown all over the State as was shown here, upon the opening of the season, there must have been a great turn out.

Last fall Fish and Game Warden Lincoln stocked the Des Moines River at this place with 25,000 small fry, but they will not have much effect upon the fish supply till some time later. Good catches of pickerel and rock bass are made, while catfish and black bass are caught in small numbers. Every year there has been a preponderance of some certain species; last year it was the worthless bullhead, and this year it is the rock bass.

The height of the water in the river is the greatest factor affecting the supply of fish. Low water means poor fishing, high water good fishing, and as there has been but little high water so far, fishing has been nothing extra. High water in June is what fishermen are wanting now.

Minnows are the principal live bait at present, while spoon hooks are used with good results; frogs and grasshoppers will come later on in the season, with the catfish and black bass (probably the gamiest fish of Iowa) fishing.

The reports from the lakes in the northern part of the State, which are noted for their fishing, say that there has been rather poor fishing.

Probably one of the greatest hindrances on the Des Moines River and its tributaries, is the big dam at Bonaparte, situated in the extreme southeast part of the State across the Des Moines River, about thirty-five miles from where the river empties into the Mississippi. This is one of the most noted dams in the West, and law suit

after law suit has been waged against it for its removal, aided by the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association, but to no avail. The trouble is that the dam is provided with no fishway to allow the fish of the Mississippi to pass up the Des Moines, and the owners say a fishway would spoil the water power of the dam.

The only way for the ending of the fight is to have the State of Iowa purchase the dam, but as the owners want a good-sized fortune for it, it will probably be some time before the fish of the Mississippi can swim up the Des Moines River to spawn.

GEORGE J. BICKNELL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Anglers Cannot Carry Fish out of Michigan.

CHICAGO, May 24.—The publication in these columns last week of information regarding the bringing of trout out of the State of Michigan to Chicago has brought to focus a matter which is of the utmost interest to all the anglers, not only of Chicago, but of the West. We have no better angling State than Michigan. I have known many anglers who did not care to go to a State where they did not feel free to bring a certain part of their catch home with them. Yet others, like Mr. E. Lipkau, who was cited in these columns last week, have not hesitated to bring trout home with them, on the basis that the law was not intended to prevent carrying trout home, but only to prevent shipping fish out of the State for the purposes of sale.

As a matter of fact, it is quite certain that the latter class of anglers have largely outnumbered the former. I know of scores of anglers who have been in the habit of bringing home their trout with them from Michigan.

Since publication of last week's comment on this question, I have heard a half-dozen anglers, some of them well-known sportsmen, who have expressed their contempt for the Michigan law, and their intention of violating it whenever they felt so inclined.

There has never been, so far as I know, any authoritative statement made in the columns of any paper in regard to the construction of that clause of the Michigan law which prohibits the export of fish from the State. Every one has been left pretty much to construe the law as he liked, and although there have been this spring one or two cases of arrest and confiscation, these are but the exception and not the rule.

Under these circumstances a very great interest attaches to the following letter from Mr. Grant M. Morse, Game and Fish Warden of Michigan, who, in answer to my inquiry of last week, replies as below:

"I am in receipt of what purports to be a copy of an article to *FOREST AND STREAM* in re the law prohibiting the exportation of protected game fish from Michigan, asking that I make full reply to you. From the tone of the article I take it for granted that the author was fully aware of the law governing this question in Michigan. He quotes from a Chicago sportsman who recently made a catch on the Au Sable River in a way that would indicate that no attempt is made to enforce the law. Permit me, however, to disabuse your mind in this particular. We do endeavor to enforce the law, and against all alike, but as you must well know, we have many men coming to our State clothed in the garb of sportsmen who are not and never were sportsmen, true to name, but on the contrary, are persistent poachers and violators. They do not come from any particular locality, but we find the species occasionally in every community, and from the vast number of trout streams which we have in our State, visited every year by thousands of residents and non-residents, you ought to be able to appreciate how hard it is to apprehend men who are bent upon a systematic violation of the law.

"It goes without saying that Michigan has some of the finest trout streams in the world, and to their pleasant haunts we invite the sportsmen from every clime, charging them no fee or license for the privilege, admitting them to the sport and recreation on an equal basis with our own citizens; but as a protective measure we have found it necessary, as has every other State which hopes to perpetuate its wild life, to prohibit the exportation of protected game and fish. As a protectionist and one who loves and enjoys whipping the stream for the wary trout and gamy bass, and desires to see the sport perpetuated for his posterity, I have no excuse to make for this law; it is wholesome and should be observed by every true sportsman throughout the land. The recreation enjoyed in the cool and pleasant haunts of our Michigan wild wood should be pay sufficient for, the true sportsman, and I cannot see where it is in any way a forfeiture of pleasure to be obliged to observe this law. The law is absolute in its terms, and I assure you, sir, I have no friends to serve in its enforcement. I shall serve all alike so far as in my power lies, and will prosecute any residents or non-resident against whom I can get the evidence for shipping or attempting to ship any of the protected game or fish beyond the limits of this State, and I will also prosecute any corporation or servant of corporation who intentionally allows or aids in their shipment out of this State.

"In conclusion, permit me to say that I find nothing in the language of Mr. Purchase that can be interpreted as a permission to take trout beyond the limits of this State. That this party had the right to take fifty trout each with them from the stream is unquestioned, but when they attempt to take them with them with the intent of shipping or taking them beyond the limits of the State, knowing, as they admit, the law which prohibits it, they raise the guise under which they have been masquerading and disclose their true nature. We invite all true sportsmen to Michigan, are glad of their company and will do everything we can to entertain them in true sportsman-like manner, offering them the best trout and bass fishing and the finest field shooting, all without license or fee, simply asking them to observe the laws which we have found necessary to enact in order that we may furnish to our citizens and friends, from sister States this splendid recreation.

"I trust you will fully appreciate my position and interpretation of the law, and that not only Chicago sportsmen, but those from other States and cities may now fully understand that the exportation of any protected game or fish from the State of Michigan is absolutely pro-

hibited at all times; and if you will make an affidavit of the facts upon which I can base a complaint and forward it to me, I will prosecute Mr. Lipkau, or any other person who violates this law.

"Trusting that this will settle the question beyond further dispute, and believing that all true Chicago sportsmen will gladly acquiesce in the provisions of the statute, which has done more to make the trout streams of Michigan famous than any other."

The foregoing certainly closes the question. No matter what other wardens may have thought in regard to the law or what they have failed to do in regard to it, it is quite plain what the present warden intends or desires to do. Now we might continue to bring trout out of the State, if it has been our practice so to do, and we might continue to escape the law, but I imagine that no real sportsman likes to break the game law of a State deliberately, and after reading a letter such as the above from that State's chief executive. We must take our medicine and take it like men. I should regret very much to hear of any angler of Chicago who has read the above, hereafter undertaking to bring home with him any portion of his catch, no matter how much he would like to do so. For myself, I admit it deprives me of nearly half the pleasure of the trip not to be able to bring home with me a few trout, but that is neither here nor there, and it is not for any of us, either as sportsmen or non-residents, nor even as residents of the State of Michigan, to complain of the laws which that State sees fit to enact.

In one grave particular Mr. Morse is correct. There are none too many trout as it is. Last week I spoke of some nice sport I had on a branch of the Au Sable. Ten days later I received advice from my friends to the effect that that stream is fished out. They made another trip and found fifty rods on the river, and the stream killed thus early in the season. Everybody knows that the limited catch law and the eight-inch law combined have been the salvation of the Au Sable. That is to say, it would have been utterly ruined without these laws. We cannot have our cake and eat it. We cannot make the laws to suit ourselves. Therefore, as I said, let us take our medicine and not make any wry faces about it. Let us not make wry faces even if the Michigan laws get still stiffer and limit the catch to twenty-five on each stream of the State, and make the limit eight inches all over the State. Personally, I should be entirely willing to see these laws so extended, and believe it would be a good thing if they were so extended. I should be glad to see certain streams closed alternate years. I am going to try to be glad that the warden intends to impartially enforce this law prohibiting the taking of trout out of the State, but I can tell him he has got a lot of work to do, for the law has been broken continuously for years, and will still be broken. Watch the Au Sable.

It is then settled that we ought not to sneak trout out of Michigan. "Ought not" in this case should mean for every real sportsman "shall not" and "will not."

Bass Fishers.

Good weather to-day, and a big crowd started out for the bass waters, among these John and Oscar Nahser, Tom Walters, A. Wolfarth and their friends, Ambrose Cooley, Delano, Cooper, Rice and Paulsen. The bass are biting well in the Fox Lake Chain now. Mr. T. A. Hagerty, recently back from Pistakee Bay, says that early this week the pickerel and bass were being taken in great numbers by nearly everybody who went out.

Some idea of the numbers of Chicago anglers may be gathered from the fact that one firm reports the sale of 240 dozen live frogs for bait before noon to-day. The trade stopped at this point, for the reason that the supply was exhausted. Ten dozen went to N. M. Nusley, who is fishing the Fifield Chain of Wisconsin, on the Wisconsin Central Railroad. C. H. Lester, also in Wisconsin, took five dozen. Mr. J. Beall, of Rockford, had twenty-four dozen sent up to Delavan Lake. And so the supply went rapidly.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club will make its first outing on the Lauderdale Chain of Wisconsin, on the Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad. The postponed Michigan trip will be pulled off June 12. The following is the programme for the summer:

First contest will be held Saturday, June 7, at Garfield Park. There should be a large, regular attendance this summer, and the committee has tried to make it as interesting as possible. Prizes will be given in each event except long-distance fly. Optional with winner whether prize shall be \$30 gold medal or \$30 V. L. & A. rod, bait or fly. With the handicaps put on the leaders, you have an exceedingly bright chance to win one or more of these prizes.

The executive committee voted \$100 toward defraying the expense of two members to be sent to California in August. These members are to be selected in July, and will be those with highest standing in club contests up to that time. Come out and practice, and perhaps be selected as one of the above members.

H. G. HASCALL, Pres.

Trout.

Mr. R. S. Emmett, of this city, started yesterday for Saunders, Mich., for two days' trout fishing on the Fence River at that point.

Mr. Charles Antoine reports a checkered trip on the Prairie River, from which he has just returned. He found no fish on the lower part of the stream or near Dudley's and went up six miles above Dudley's and a mile above Bates' place, into the deep and still water. Here for a week he found very fine trout fishing indeed. He and his friend Lester took about fifty trout a day without any trouble, and very large ones indeed. They had several over a pound, and the average of their catch ran over eight inches. This is the best fishing reported for a long time on the Prairie. Go in by way of Merrill to Lossie Cone's, and thence drive up the river six or seven miles. You will need waders in this deep water. Perhaps with the subsidence of these deep floods the trout will work down and scatter again over the stream. The professor was the best fly during the last few days on this stream, previous to that cowdung and grizzly-king.

Mississippi River Bass.

A gentleman who fished the Mississippi River between Alma and La Crosse a number of times last summer, says that he took about 100 bass in a half-dozen trips there. One day he took six bass which weighed 18 pounds, all small-mouths and all fighters. This was all fly-fishing.

Stocking of Michigan Streams.

There are 475 streams along the Grand Rapids & Indiana Railway, of Michigan, that have been stocked by the Fish Commission. Six thousand landlocked salmon, 5,000 fingerling lake trout have been planted in Walloon Lake; also 60,000 wall-eyed pike. There was also 75,000 wall-eyed pike planted in Crooked Lake.

The following streams have been planted with rainbow trout:
Antrim County—Rapid River, Spencer Creek.
Grand Traverse County—Beitner's Creek, Boardman River, Kalamazoo County—Arcadia Creek, Cooper Creek, Spring Brook, Portage Creek, Olmstead Creek, West Street Creek.
Kent County—Rogue River, Harvard Creek, Plaster Creek, Coldwater Creek, Shaw Creek, Stegman Creek, Stroup's Creek, Derby Creek.
Lake County—Pere Marquette River, Little Manistee River, Baldwin Creek.
Mecosta County—Tributary to Muskegon River, Hersey Creek, Bruce Creek, East and North Branches of Pine River, Pony Creek, Millbrook Creek, Bengin Creek.
Montcalm County—Stony Run, South Branch of Pine River, Tamarack Creek, Off and Near Creek, Broderick Creek, West Lake Creek, West Branch, Sucker Creek, Briggs Creek, East Branch, West Branch of Flat River, Pickerel Creek.
Newaygo County—Pere Marquette River, Left Hand Creek, Mul-len Creek, Morgan Creek.
Osceola County—East and West Branches of Pine River, Grindstone Creek, Middle Branch, Ghost Creek, McLung Creek.
Wexford County—Headwaters of Pine River.

Bass Spawning in Michigan.

Mr. Seymour Bower, superintendent of the Michigan fish hatcheries, says that practically all the bass spawning in southern Michigan occurs between May 1 and June 20. As far north as Petoskey the season may run ten days later. Bass in the lakes spawn a few days earlier than those in the streams. The small-mouth bass spawns on gravel bottom in one to five feet of water, the large-mouth in shallower water, and frequently over muddier bottom. I have seen bass on the spawning beds in Seven-Mile Lake of Wisconsin in the first week of August. This may perhaps have been the male bass, which is the last to leave the spawning bed, remaining to guard the spawn for a time. It is after the parent fish leave the spawning bed, according to Mr. Bower, that they are most hungry, and are most easily taken, either with bait or fly, hence June is a good fishing month.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Angling Near New York.

WITH the arrival of the warm weather comes the welcome news that weakfish have begun to take the bait in the neighboring waters. For some time past local salt-water anglers have had to be content with catching blackfish, flounders, ling and the like, but since the weakfish have begun to bite, better sport has been provided.

Reports from the near-by waters are to the effect that weakfish are here in plentiful numbers, although the early catches have not been very large. Nevertheless, the fact of their presence and the warm weather of the past week is a source of joy to the devotees of salt-water fishing, and is a promise of good sport henceforth.

In Jamaica Bay large schools of weakfish have been seen, but only in the past week have they taken the bait to any extent. The catches, while not large in regard to numbers, have been very satisfactory. The fish average about 1½ pounds in weight, while one of the first to be caught weighed 3 pounds.

At Gifford's, Staten Island, one of the very best points for weakfishing in this locality, the fishing has been better than at Jamaica Bay, and the fish larger. One weighing 5 pounds was taken here last Friday, and during a run of weakfish on Wednesday of last week one of 6 pounds was taken.

Fishing has been going on for some time at the Old Iron Pier, at Coney Island. Blackfish, ling and whiting are caught from the pier, and this has served to keep the enthusiast busy until the advent of the weakfish has turned his attention to that fine fish.

G. F. DIEHL.

Keuka Lake Fishing.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

The fishing season at Lake Keuka opened with very cool weather. The result is that the fish have not generally risen to the surface, as many are still found at great depths. The uncertain weather up to to-day has scattered the fish so that one is just as likely at the present time to find them in 150 feet of water as near the surface. Last week some nice catches were made. Sixteen to eighteen lake trout during a day, and several were brought in which scaled twelve to fifteen pounds. If we only have a few warm days there is not the slightest doubt but what the trout will be at the surface, and those lucky fishermen who are at Lake Keuka at that time will enjoy a treat, for I believe there are more fish in the lake to-day than ever before.

There is some excellent wall-eyed pike fishing going on in the Susquehanna River; the best stretch in the river at the present time is from Waverly to Owego. Just above the railroad bridge over the Susquehanna below Waverly is a large pool; here some fine wall-eyes are being taken. Lounsberry Eddy, a few miles below, is giving great satisfaction to the local fishermen. Lamprey eels are the best bait that can be used.

Any one going there to fish this stretch of the Susquehanna would do well to make Waverly their headquarters. The fishing this season promises to be exceptionally fine.

J. CHURCHWARD.

The Florida Turtle Extermination.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla., May 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Here is an item from the Evening Record, St. Augustine:

"The capture of an unusually large green turtle at Matanzas, one day this week, leads to the hope that it will again frequent this part of the coast. For several years the green turtle, once plentiful here, had almost disappeared. They make a most delicious stew and bring a ready sale both here and in Northern markets."

Not a word in condemnation of this stupid exterminating business, but every robbery of turtle's eggs heard of is recorded, as if a commendable act. Not until there is a vigorous and continued protest on the part of the

editors along the Florida coast can any hope be indulged in that this useful item of a former food supply can be saved to us.

A gentleman told me that some years ago, before the turtles had become so near extinct, the stupid and thoughtless crackers would come from the country in their carts and camp on the beach for days at a time and go home with cartloads of turtles and eggs. Yet not the slightest effort was made to prevent the outrage.

As in the case of the beautiful Florida birds, our wise authorities may, when the turtles are quite extinct, wake up and enact some laws for their protection.

Now, the bears, that are as destructive to the turtle tribe as the boors, cannot be blamed for indulging their natural instinct. It no longer pays the thoughtless cracker to continue his exterminating work, but it is now indulged in on a smaller scale along the whole Florida coast by hundreds of people who ought to be ashamed of it, and it strikes me that the responsibility of preventing the utter extermination of the turtles rests on the more intelligent shoulders of the editors and State authorities.

DIDYMUS.

Illinois Croppies.

CHICAGO, May 23.—A party of us went out fishing Saturday, May 17, out to Deep Lake, Lake Villa, Ill. Saturday's catch was very small, but on Sunday the fishing was very successful, one of the party catching 150 croppies in less than two hours. The catch weighed 117 pounds.

J. E. K.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures, 1902.

Secretaries and members of race committees will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list and also changes which may be made in the future.

MAY:

- 30. to June 4. Corinthian, cruise, Chesapeake Bay.
- 30. Indian Harbor, special, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
- 30. American, club, Milton Point, Rye, Long Island Sound.
- 30. Fall River, open, Narragansett Bay.
- 30. Harlem, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, City Island, L. I. Sound.
- 30. Manhasset Bay, club raceabouts, Port Washington, L. I. Sound.
- 30. Columbia, club regatta, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
- 30. South Boston, M. Y. R. A., open and tender race, City Point, Boston Harbor.
- 30. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club races, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
- 30. Atlantic, club, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
- 31. Seawanhaka Corinthian, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open races, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
- 31. Wollaston, club race, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
- 31. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
- 31. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.

JUNE:

- 7. Knickerbocker, annual, College Point, L. I. Sound.
- 7. Boston, Cheney cups, City Point, Boston Harbor.
- 7. Atlantic, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, N. Y. Bay.
- 7. Knickerbocker, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, College Point, Long Island Sound.
- 7. Manhasset Bay, club raceabouts, Port Washington, L. I. Sound.
- 7. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
- 7. Corinthian, club, Essington, Delaware River.
- 7. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
- 9. New York, annual regatta, New York, Lower Bay.
- 14. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
- 14. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club race for Centre Island Cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
- 14. New Rochelle, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
- 14. Bayswater, J. B. Y. R. A., open, Jamaica Bay.
- 14. Kennebec, club, Bath, Maine.
- 14. Quincy, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
- 14. Beverly, club, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
- 14. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
- 14. Columbia, race to Michigan City, Lake Michigan.
- 14. Corinthian, open, Essington, Delaware River.
- 14. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
- 14. Boston, cruise, racing run, Boston to Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
- 14-17. Boston, cruise, City Point, Marblehead, Gloucester and Hull.
- 15. Boston, cruise, racing run, Marblehead to Gloucester, Massachusetts Bay.
- 15. Bergen Beach, J. B. Y. R. A., open, Jamaica Bay.
- 15. Gloucester, annual, Delaware River.
- 16. Boston, cruise, racing run, Gloucester to Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
- 17. Quincy, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
- 17. Atlantic, annual, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
- 17. Boston, cruise, racing run, Marblehead to Hull, Mass. Bay.
- 17. Hull-Massachusetts, Y. R. A., open, Point Allerton, Boston Harbor.
- 17. Beverly, open, sweepstake, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
- 17. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
- 19. New York, annual, New York, Lower Bay.
- 21. Winthrop, M. Y. R. A., open, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
- 21. Corinthian, club, Essington, Delaware River.
- 21. Duxbury, club, Duxbury, Massachusetts Bay.
- 21. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
- 21. Norwalk, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, South Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
- 21. New Bedford, cruise to Marion, Buzzard's Bay.
- 21. Larchmont, spring regatta, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
- 21. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club race for Centre Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
- 21. Brooklyn, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, N. Y. Bay.
- 22. Wollaston, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
- 23. Eastern, open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
- 24. New York, club, Glen Cove, Long Island Sound.
- 26-28. Seawanhaka Corinthian, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
- 28. Beverly, club, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
- 28. New York C. C., Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
- 28. Quincy, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
- 28. Kennebec, club, Bath, Maine.
- 28. Indian Harbor, club, Greenwich, L. I. Sound.
- 28. Corinthian, club, Essington, Delaware River.
- 28. Duxbury, club, Duxbury, Massachusetts Bay.
- 28. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
- 28. Boston, Y. R. A., open, City point, Boston Harbor.
- 28. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
- 28. Wollaston, Y. R. A., open, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
- 28. South Boston, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
- 29. Old Mill, J. B. Y. R. A., open, Jamaica Bay.
- 30. Bridgeport, Trial races for selection of representative for Seawanhaka cup contest, Bridgeport, Long Island Sound.

For Cruising Yachtsmen.

WITH the purpose of stimulating the interest in cruising, and the keeping of a detailed log by cruising yachtsmen during the season of 1902, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer prizes for the best stories of cruises submitted to be published in FOREST AND STREAM. It is believed that these will form not only entertaining records of pleasant summer days spent afloat along our coasts and waterways, but will furnish information of practical value

to other yachtsmen making subsequent cruises on the same waters.

Prizes will be awarded to the three best stories as follows:

First prize, \$50.00.

Second prize, \$30.00.

Third prize, \$20.00.

Contributions are invited under the following conditions:

1. The cruise must be made in waters of the United States or Canada in the season of 1902.

2. The cruise must be made in a sailing yacht, power to be used only as an auxiliary, if at all.

3. The story must be prefaced by a description of the boat. Cruises should be treated in as interesting and readable a way as possible, but should be practical and contain all possible information and data that would be of value to men going over the same route. A description of the handling of the ship in all weathers will be regarded very favorably in making awards, and it is suggested to writers that an accurate account be kept of all incidents happening while under way.

4. An outline chart suitable for reproduction, showing the course taken, must accompany each article. When possible, articles should be accompanied by amateur photographs taken on the cruise, including one of the boat. Good photographs will be considered in making the awards.

5. The story should contain about seven thousand words, written on one side of the paper only, and must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York city, on or before Nov. 15, 1902.

Mr. T. C. Zerega has very kindly consented to act as judge and to make the awards.

How to Build a Launch from a Set of Plans.

BY C. G. DAVIS.

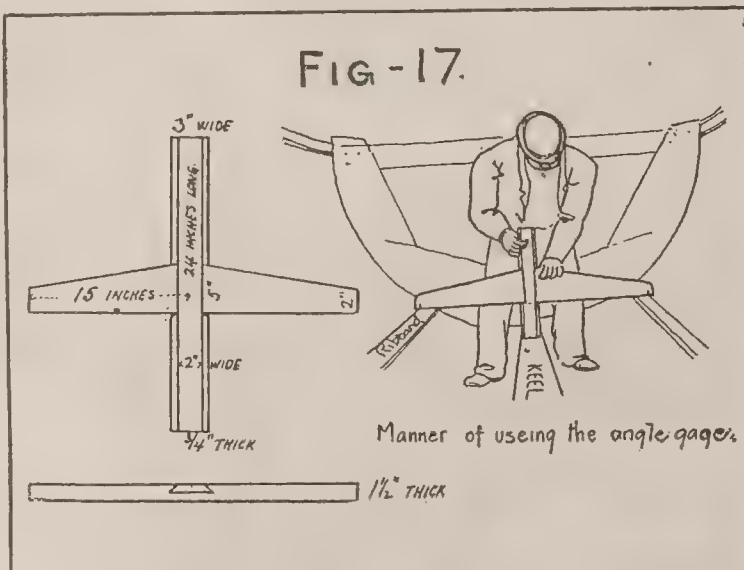
Floors.

Maybe you have noticed in rowboats how the ribs or frames are reinforced across the keel by another frame, as you may have called it, though its technical name is floor. Its use is this: The frames coming together meet at the keel and are nailed to it, but as they only touch the keel for about in., it is apparent there is not much strength there, so these floors are fitted in to give the necessary strength.

In sailboats it is customary to put the floors aft of the frames in the forward part of the boat, and forward of them in the aft part; this is done because the floors were usually fitted after the frames were in place, and it was easier to fit them in against a bevel, but in launch building the floors are fitted in first and put just the reverse of sailboats, forward of the frames in the forward half of the boat and aft in the after half. These floors are the next thing to put into our launch.

Measure off along the top of the keel and mark where each floor is to be put. Six inches apart they are in this boat. Take an oak board $\frac{3}{4}$ in. thick and saw it out to the various angles, so they touch the keel and the lower ribband, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ in. deep in the middle, tapering to the same size as the frames ($\frac{3}{4}$ in.) at the ribband.

Boat builders have an ingenious device for measuring off the different angles each floor requires, which is shown in the accompanying plan, Fig. 17, and I have endeavored



in the sketch to illustrate the manner in which it is used. By resting the cross arm on the two ribbands and pushing the slide in the center down until it touches the keel, the angle the floor is to be cut can be determined by laying it on the $\frac{3}{4}$ in. oak board and marking straight lines from the slide to the marks made on the cross arms, where the ribbands touched it. By this measuring each floor can be laid out. You can cut floors for every frame. In the ends of the boat, where the angle becomes quite pronounced, and the floors would become too cross-grained if cut out of a plank, it is customary to get natural crook knees so the grain will follow the shape of the floor. A cross-grained floor would be of no use, as a nail would in all probability split it in two. Fig. 18. Spike each floor to the keel with a $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. galvanized cut nail.

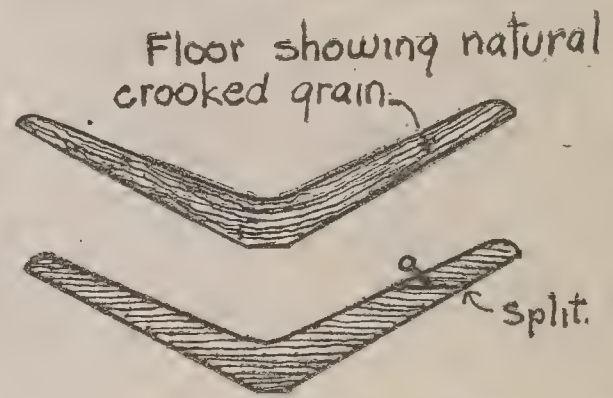
Framing.

Now comes the frame of the launch, the part considered the hardest to most amateurs, but, like everything else, it's easy when you know how. The most common trouble is in being too impatient to do what appears as unnecessary preparation. But sad experience has taught many a man before, and no doubt will many to come, that it pays to do things right at the start.

To get the right kind of oak for bending is of first importance. Oak that has been dried out is what you want. The sap makes it brittle, but when this has all evaporated the wood will be found much more pliable, and will bend without snapping short off as green oak will do. Try and get oak that has been cut from six to nine months.

There are two ways of framing your launch that I am going to advise, both steam bent frames. One is to bend the frames over a mould and then fit and bevel them to the ribbands when they are cold; the other way is to take them out of the steam box, bend them over a mould, and while still hot clamp them into the boat, holding them to

FIG-18.



Frame with cross grain as it will be if cut out of a board.

the ribbands. By following this method there is no beveling necessary, and you have the full strength of your timber. A slight twist, which the frame will easily take while it is hot, will do all the beveling necessary. In either case a form, called the "bending block," to bend the frames over, is a necessity.

To make this, take two stout (say 2 in.) pieces of spruce, pine or any cheap wood, and saw out two shapes like mould No. 3. Make it of two pieces, if you can't get wide enough boards to make it of one, and spike the two together. Set the two shapes about 4 ft. apart and nail slats of $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. thickness across them, so you have what is called a bending block or mould over which to bend the frames. Nail a cleat across one end so you can put one end of the frames under it when you take them out of the steam box and bend the other ends down, securing them with pieces of rope to the mould. It will take two or three moulds full of timbers to complete the boat, so it is well to bend some frames at odd times while you are putting up the keel, taking the frames off the mould when dry, which they would be over night if bent in the afternoon and nailing slats of wood across like the strings of a bow to hold them bent, or put one end under a cleat nailed against the side of the building and the other against the floor.

The ways of bending are various, but this method is the most popular one. The greatest trouble experienced is in having the frames splinter up as you bend them. This can be prevented by getting some of this flat thin box strap iron and nailing it at one end on the side of the frame that is up when bending, to keep the splinters from getting a chance to rise. This also brings up the question of grain and quality of the wood to use for frames. The grain should run fore and aft, the same way as the planking will go, so a nail driven in through the plank will cross the layers of wood in the frames and not go in between the layers, as shown in the accompanying sketch, Fig. 19.

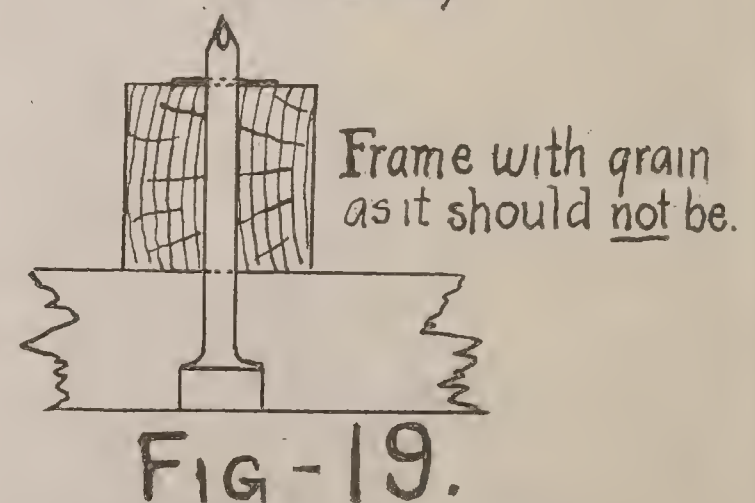
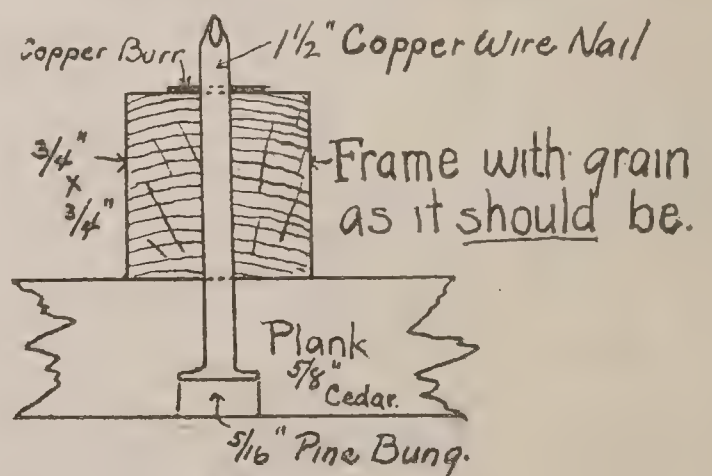


FIG-19.

A knot in a frame will nearly always cause a break when you come to bend it, so in sawing up the frames in strips, discard any that run into knots. You can use a few by making the knotty end the straight end of the frame and bending the other.

Steam Box.

The bending of the frames also brings up the question of a steam box.

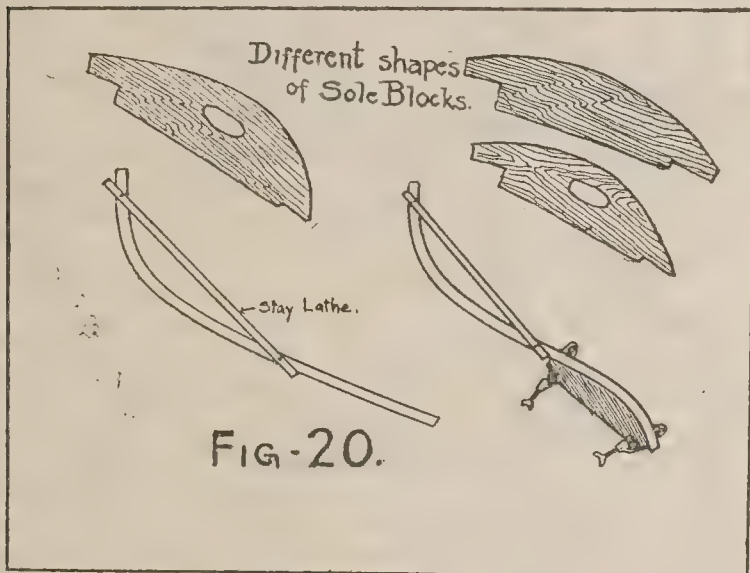
Wood cannot be bent cold—it would snap—but by putting it into a box filled with steam and keeping fresh steam supplied, the wood in about thirty minutes becomes

soft and pliable. A regular boat shop that has much bending to do connects a steam pipe direct from their boiler to the steam box, and so obtains a pressure of steam that penetrates quickly into the wood, but an amateur seldom has the good fortune to have these appliances. I remember my first steam box. It was a wooden gate post. A box about 7ft. long and 6in. square inside. I nailed a piece of board over one end and put my wood in at the other, plugging up around it with an old coat so the steam would not all escape. The steam I generated in a big iron tea kettle set on a portable gas stove with tube connected to the gas fixture in the cellar. I cut a hole in the middle of the box and inserted the spout of the kettle. The difficulties met with were, the kettle kept boiling dry, and it was some time after refilling before steam was obtained again. Each kettleful, however, bent a batch of about six frames, and perseverance won. I also learned that if the frames were laid in the bottom of the steam box it was a long time before the steam got into them, as that was just where the cold air lodged. But, by putting cleats across the bottom of the box to hold them up nearer the middle, the steam got a chance to get at all sides of the wood, as they kept the wood up where the steam was.

One way to make a steam box is to get an old wash boiler and have a tinsmith solder a pipe on to the lid large enough to lead up into the box. This you can set up on a brick foundation and build a fire under, and it will hold water enough to generate steam for some time.

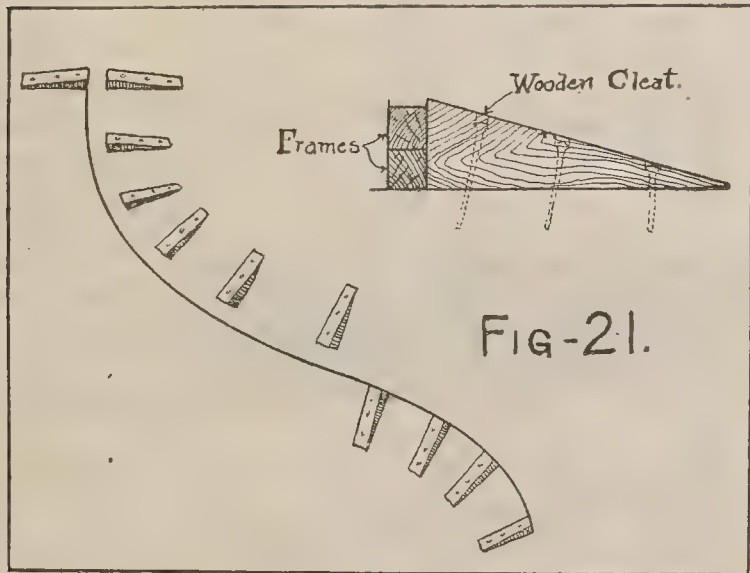
There are, in all, sixty-eight frames in our launch. Of these about forty can be fitted to the ribbands from the bending they get over the one mould by straightening out a little here and there for the forward frames. I have purposely made this launch an easy one to build by putting but little reverse or S curve to the after frames. There are about seven pairs of frames, fourteen in all, that have a reverse curve in their lower end. In some it is so slight that it can easily be bent, but six or eight of them will require persuasion.

Nine out of ten amateurs will be too impatient to do the work necessary, simply as preparation to bending; but experience will curb them. Change the shape of your bending mould to give the curve required in the top of the reverse frames by "padding" the mould, leaving the lower ends straight. Then saw out of some 2in. yellow pine or spruce the curve required in the lower end of the frame, making what are known in boat shops as "sole blocks." By restreaming the straight ends and clamping them over these, you can get just the reverse curve needed in the frames. Fig. 20. Always in steam bending make your mould



or sole block, whichever it may be, a quicker curve than what you really want, because the frame will always straighten back a little. And while you can straighten it out easily enough, it is a very difficult task to try and get any more curve into it.

Another way to bend the frames is to take a piece of wire and bend it inside of the ribbands, where the frame is to go, and so get the required shape. Then mark this shape on the floor and nail a row of cleats, around which you can bend the two frames required for each set. In this way you can bend an S frame in one operation, but you are more apt to break frames than by bending them over a mould, and it is not so good a way. Fig. 21.

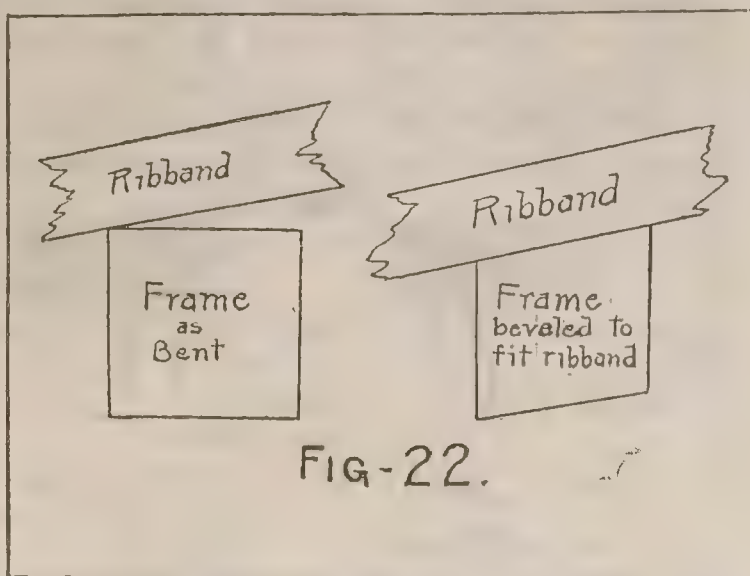


Beveling the Frames.

When you have the frames all bent you still have another job ahead of you, if you let the frames get cold on the mould, before you are ready to plank her in. You will find when you come to fit the forward and after frames in to the ribbands, that the angle the latter make as they curve in toward the stem and stern, cause the frame to touch only at one edge. You want the planks to fit flat across the whole face of the frame, so it is necessary to cut away the forward edge of the forward frames and the after edge of the after frames, so when you set the frames in against the ribband they touch it perfectly flat the whole breadth of the frame.

So bevel the outer face—Fig. 22—the edge that touches the ribbands—of all your frames so they all fit flat, and then secure them permanently in their places along the

keel. Put the forward frames aft of the sawed floors we have already put in place and the after ones forward. Cut the ends of the frames so they fit flat on top of the keel, and meet at the center of it; then put an inch and a half galvanized wire nail through the frame into the keel. The lower end of the frame—the part that touches the

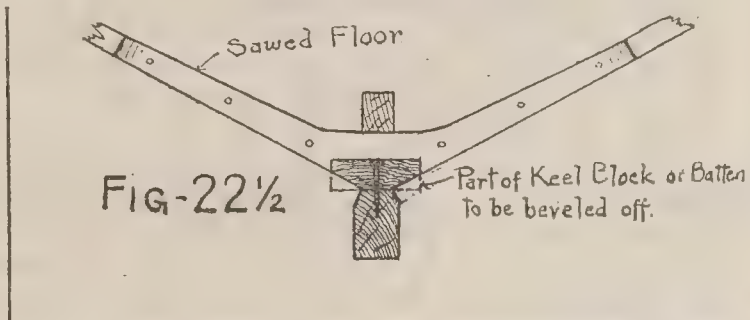


keel—is called the heel of the frame; the upper part, the head.

Nail each frame temporarily to the ribbands as you get them fitted true, and fasten them permanently to their floors, nailing through the floor into the frame two or three 1½in. galvanized wire nails on each side of the keel.

Keel Blocks.

You may be wondering how you are going to fasten the garboards or plank that goes next to the keel when there is nothing for the nails to go into except at the frames. The way to overcome this problem is as follows. Take an oak plank 1in. thick, 6in. wide and 12ft. long, saw this up into short blocks 4½in. long that will just jam in tight lengthwise between the frames and floors on top of the keel. Fit them all in their places and then mark along the frame at each end how much to bevel the bottom of them off. Fig. 22½. It is easier to take each



block out one at a time and bevel them off in a vise than it is to try and do it after you have nailed them in. Spike each one to the keel with a 2in. galvanized nail. Then when the garboard strake is put on you can rivet it to this block, and when you come to caulk the seam there will be something to keep the cotton from hammering clear through to the inside of the launch.

While the moulds gave an idea of what the shape of your launch was going to be, you can get a far better idea of her when all the frames are in place.

Planking.

The moulds can be taken out after you have put on the top board of the planking. Boat builders call this upper plank the "sheer strake," because it is the plank that outlines the curve or upward sweep of the boat called her sheer. The planking or boards that you put on outside the frames are put on one at a time, forming streaks of planking about 4in. wide. Therefore, the top streak is called the sheer streak. But to be purely nautical you must use poor grammar and pronounce it sheer strake.

There is quite a bit of science connected with the planking up of a launch—to decide correctly how many strakes of plank will be best to put on a boat and how wide each strake should be; how much to taper each plank to bring them out to just the right width at the ends.

It's one of those kinks difficult to describe and even more difficult to do. Experience is by far the best teacher. But I can help you along a great deal if I can't give you a certificate of proficiency in planking.

Take as an example a barrel. You are all familiar with that. There you have the principles that enter into a boat's planking. The only difference being that the barrel makes a gradual taper toward each end, whereas the launch does not. The boards in the barrel are wide in the middle and taper toward each end just as the launch's are.

But a boat builder goes about his work in a different manner from a cooper. A cooper takes the distance around the middle of his barrel and divides it into as many divisions as the width of his staves will make and then to find how wide they will be at the ends, he takes the distance around that circle and divides that into the same number of divisions. If it measures 60in. around the middle of the barrel and the cooper puts in twenty staves 3in. wide, he can find the widths at the end by measuring the circle, and if it comes to 40in., the twenty staves divided into forty will give 2in. for the width of the end of the staves.

Just so with boat building. Take our launch and bend a thin strip of wood outside the middle frame, measuring the distance from the keel to the sheer line. It is just 46in., and at the stem it measures 34in. Ten planks will give us 4 6-10in. for the width of the strakes amidships and 3 4-10in at the stem. This is the rule—so far as a rule can be laid out for planking a boat, but by experience boat builders learn to widen the plank where the boat's shape is flat, and narrow them where there is a sharp curve such as at the turn of the bilge half way down mould No. 3.

You would be surprised to see what a straight line a plank that is crooked when laid out flat will sometimes become when bent around the frames.

Most boat builders plank their boats by eye, putting on three or four planks at the top, some at the bottom and then dividing up the remaining space evenly.

Several kinds of wood are used for planking, though most launches have white cedar. Cypress is considerably used, and a few builders use white pine or yellow pine. It matters but little which you use. Cedar makes the lightest boat, but is expensive in some parts of the country.

The requirements of planking are these: You want a wood that is thoroughly dry when you put it on; one that shrinks and swells the least, so the seams will not gape open when the boat is hauled out over winter; a tough wood, so if the boat should hit anything floating on the water she would not break a plank, and a wood that will finish up nicely when painted or varnished.

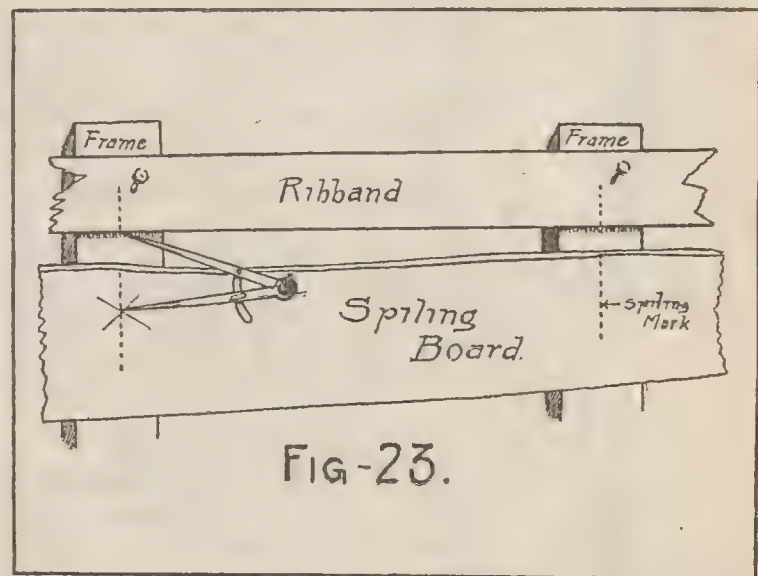
Mahogany and oak are sometimes used for planking, making a beautiful but exceedingly expensive finish, but they are mostly used as the trim on launches, as they are woods that stand exposure well and make a pretty finish.

If you use white pine for planking you can get it perfectly clear; if cedar, there will be knots. Don't discard a plank because of this. Although, of course, if you want to and can stand the expense, it would make a nicer job to pick out all perfect boards, but boat builders could not do business if they were to be so particular. There are two ways of remedying a knot hole: A loose knot and one that should come out can usually be spotted by a fine black ring around it. Tap all suspicious ones and knock out all that start. Bore the holes out so all the loose bark that surrounds them is cut away. Then either fit in a cork or whittle a pine plug and hammer it in tight from the outside, first dipping it in white lead paint to make it stick. Saw it off even with the plank and you will never know there was a knot there when the boat is painted.

But a far worse evil than knots is sap in a board. Nothing rots quicker than part of a plank that shows white or bluish. That is the sap, and you'll always find it on the edges.

If you take a straight plank for your sheer strake you will find you cannot bend it around the top of the frames where it belongs. The curve of the side of the boat, together with the various bevels made by the different frames forward and aft, require a crooked shaped plank. To determine this shape is one of the difficulties of boat building. Its process is termed by boat builders taking a spiling.

Take a thin board, say about ¼in. thick, and bend it as it will naturally go around the frames, keeping it down below the ribband along the heads of the frames that outline the sheer and hold it either with a few nails or some clamps. In some places the board may be very close to the ribband; in others a couple of inches away. With your pencil and rule draw a series of lines at every frame from the ribband down across the board to give you the direction in which to measure, and apply the distance with the compasses. Then set a pair of carpenter's compasses so as to span the greatest distance from the ribband to the board you are using as a pattern, and at every one of the pencil marks you have made—Fig. 23—



(or every other frame as you become familiar with planking), prick off the distance you set your compasses to down from the ribband along the mark to wherever it may come on the thin board. Then take the thin board off the frames and lay it out flat on the plank from which you are going to cut your sheer strake. By repricking back along the lines from the marks you made on the pattern to this board you have a row of spots that by drawing a line through them with a batten will give you the exact shape you should cut the sheer strake to. This is the top edge only, and you may be wondering how to determine the lower edge. This requires no spiling. Just make it a fair line, keeping it 3½in. wide at the forward end, 4½in. wide in the middle and 3in. at the after end, as you have previously decided. Bend a thin batten of wood through these spots and mark it along with a lead pencil. Then saw it out and plane the edges up square. The end, of course, has to be fitted into the rabbet cut in the stem and the transom shaved off, if necessary, so the plank makes a perfect fit.

To look well this top plank should always be wider forward than aft, and widest of all about amidships. And if the transom has a quick round to it, boat builders who have planes with a round iron, hollow out the inside of the plank and round off the edges on the outside, making a perfect fit.

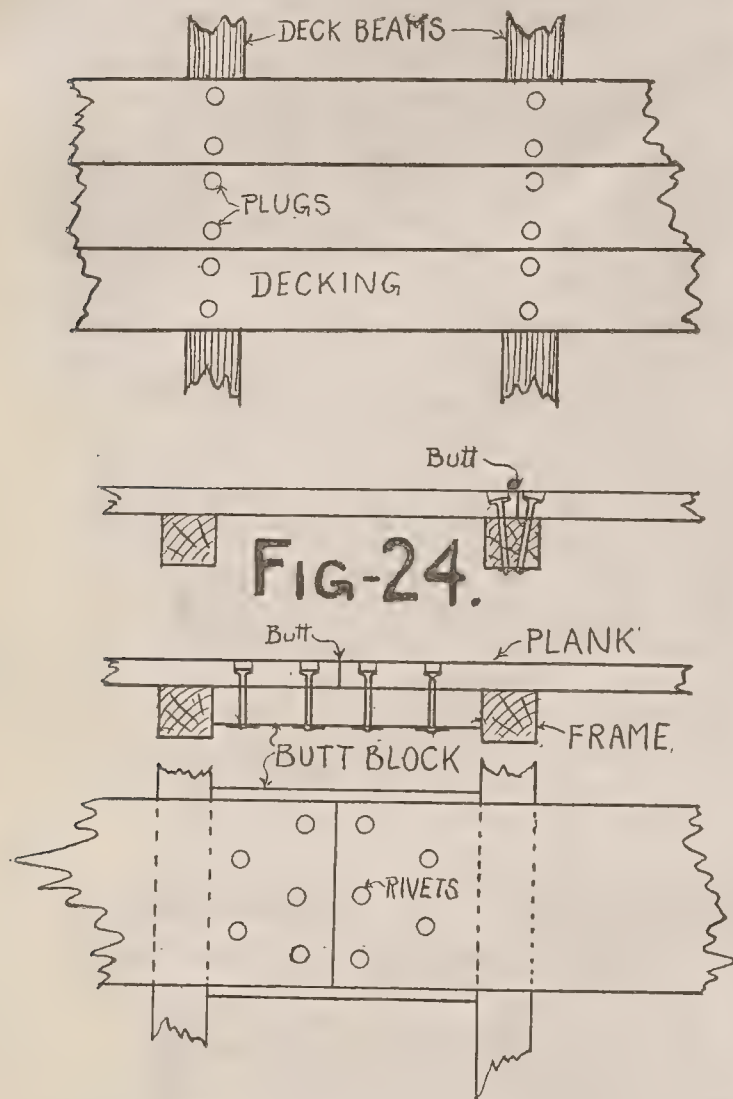
The next board or strake of planking you find the shape of in exactly the same way as you did the sheer strake. Spiling for the upper edge and making them the widths in the middle and ends you decided on at first.

If you have the facilities, such as a band saw or splitting saw, it would pay you to work each plank out of 1½in. boards and then cut them in two edgewise, making two planks just alike. If you don't do this be sure and line the planks out the same on each side.

When you have the sheer strake on one side, take a spirit level and straight edge and level across at intervals, marking a spot to guide you in putting on the opposite strake, so both sides will be the same.

You may not be able to get planks long enough to go

the full length of your boat; in that case they are made in two or more pieces with the ends where they meet cut so they butt square against each other. Don't cut them so they meet on a frame and try and nail them both to the one frame, for you can't do it. Fig. 24. Make the



joint come midway between two frames, and then fit a piece of $\frac{3}{4}$ in. oak board as wide as the plank between the frames and rivet the ends to this.

The secret of good planking is to either wedge or screw-clamp the planks close together as they are put on. Use a couple of wooden extension clamps to span the distance (Fig. 25) and you will find the planking

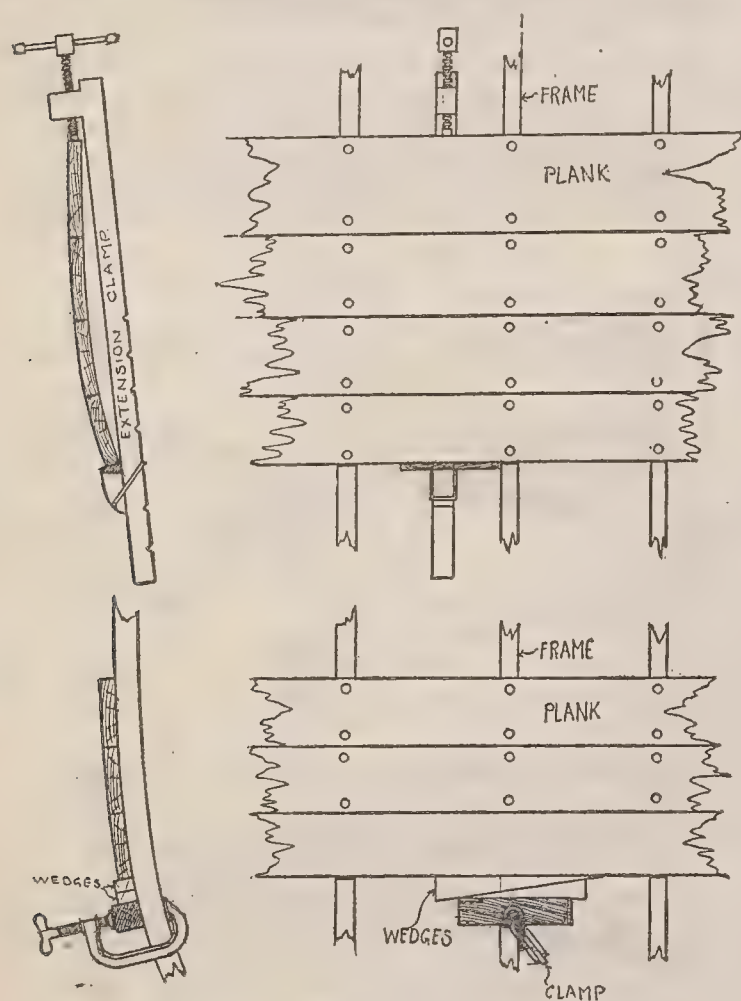


FIG-25.

will be a far better job than you could ever do by putting the planks on by hand.

In fastening the planking on be sure and bore holes for all the fastenings. Don't do it lazy man's way, which is to drive a nail in and split both plank and frame. You should have two braces and bits. In one have a 5-16 in. bit to bore the hole for the head of the nail. Bore in 3-16 of an inch with this and then with a bit about 1-16 of an inch smaller than your copper nail bore the rest of the way through planks and frame.

Boat builders have an ingenious way of muzzling their bit to prevent it from going deeper than desired, by boring a hole lengthwise through a round piece of wood the whole length of the bit on which they leave it, sawing off

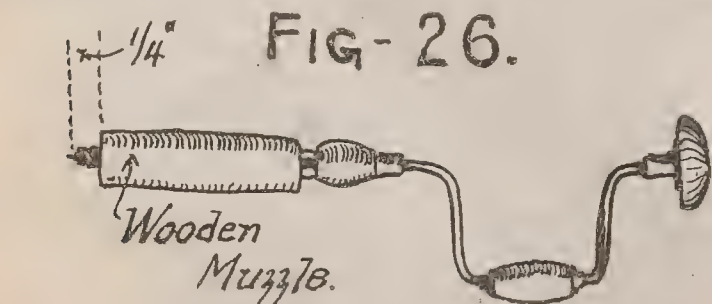


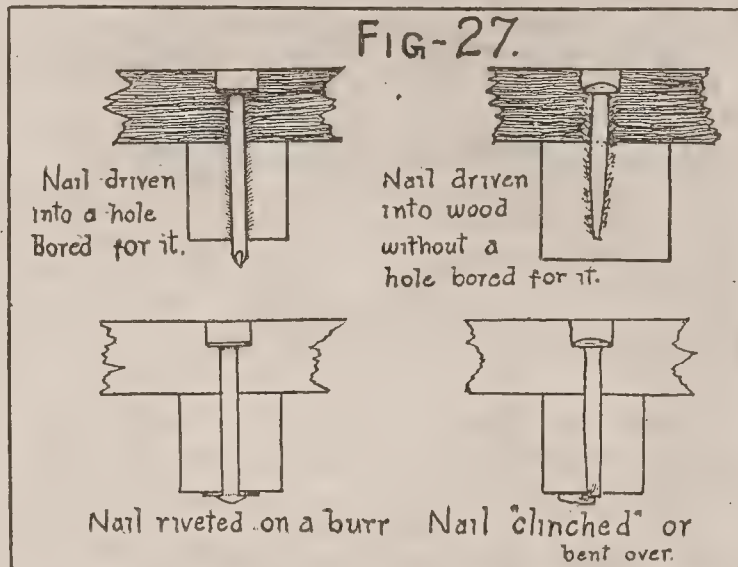
FIG-26.

$\frac{1}{4}$ in. or $\frac{3}{8}$ in., whichever depth they want to counter-sink the nail head. This insures all the holes being alike, and a man can do the work much quicker when

he doesn't have to watch the bit and try and gauge it with his eye each time. Fig. 26.

I am speaking now of fastening the planks on with copper nails riveted on copper burrs. If you want a cheaper boat and want to hammer in galvanized or plain iron boat nails and putty over the heads, I would advise using at least an inch frame for this same boat; then she will be no stronger, and probably half the frames will be split.

The principle of the fastening is illustrated in the accompanying sketches, Fig. 27, showing how the cut nail, or



square-pointed nail, driven in by force, tears the fibers of the wood, whereas the copper nail, driven into a hole bored almost its size, simply squeezes in and slightly compresses the wood, holding more than the cut nail, as the thin splinters that are all that hold the cut nail soon rot away if there is the least play or work to the nail. Some "clinch nail" by using a nail that goes through the frame, and then hammering the end over.

The trouble with clinching galvanized nails is, the bending either breaks the nails short off or at least destroys the galvanizing. With copper nails it is just as easy to rivet them on burrs as to do it half way by knocking them over as in clinching.

But to continue with the planking. We left off after telling how to put on the first one or two strokes of plank. Do not put on more than three strokes of planking before you put on the lowest plank, the one next to the keel, called the garboard. To do this it is customary to turn the launch bottom up. In most launches the moulds have to be removed to permit all the frames being put in, but I have so spaced them in this one that they can remain in even now to help stiffen the structure while being turned over. As a rule, the moulds are knocked out as soon as the top strake, which is variously known as the top strake because it is such, the sheer strake because it outlines the sheer or sweep of the top edge of the boat, and the binding strake, because it is the strake that binds or holds all the heads of the frames together.

To determine what shape the garboard will be is about the hardest piece of boat building the amateur will have to solve. But it is done just the same as for the top strake, with the exception that it is customary to cut your pattern or spiling plank so it roughly fits the rabbet. Then clamp it down over the frames, make your spiling marks and scribe off at each one the distance you set your compasses to. Fig. 28. Around the sharp curve at the stem

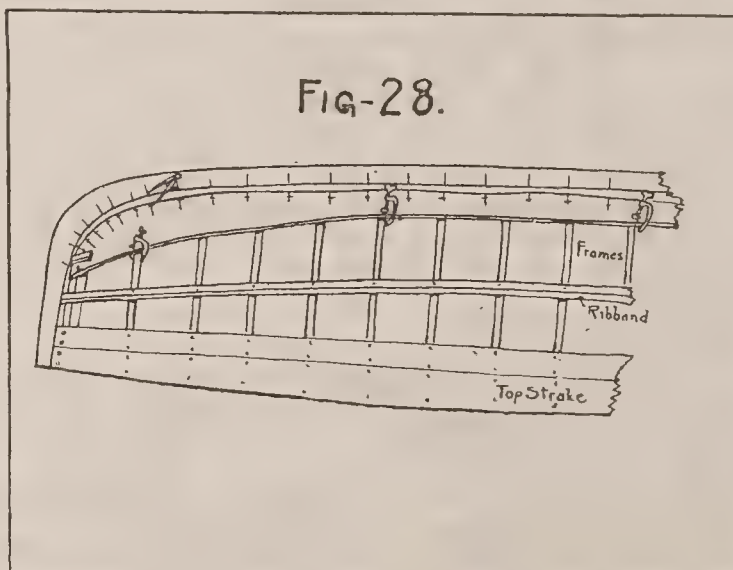


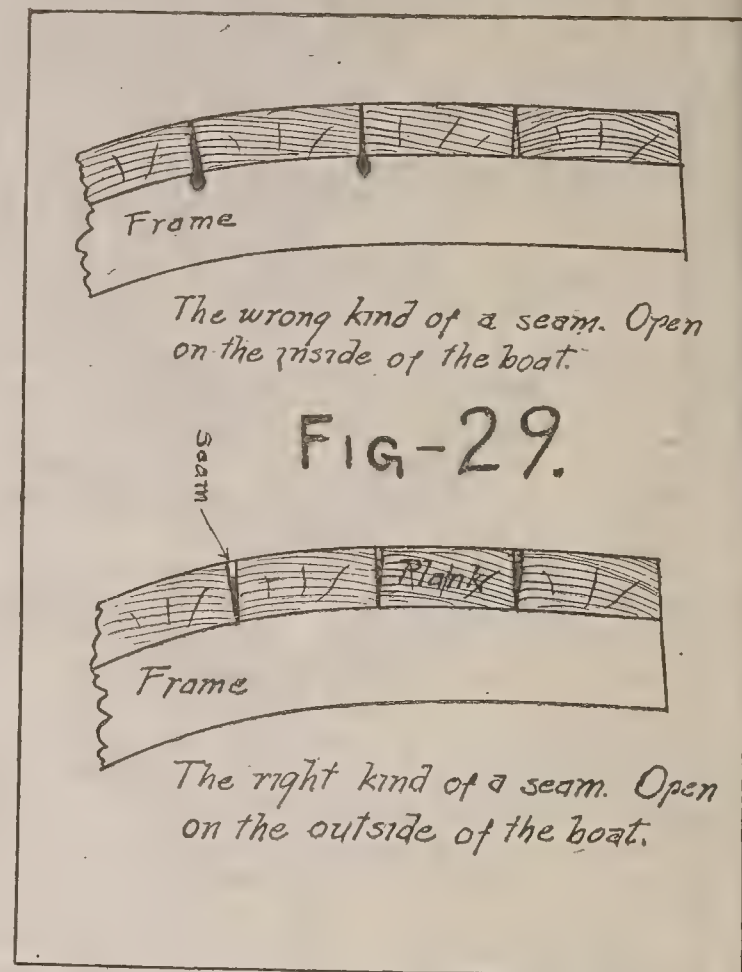
FIG-28.

it is wise to make many measurements to insure a perfect reproduction of the required shape. Then take off the pattern or "staff" and lay it out flat on the wide board from which you intend to cut the garboards. Measure back on to it with the compasses (still set the same as when you pricked the marks on the staff) in the direction indicated by the pencil marks, and reproduce enough of those marks to guide you in matching the garboard back into its place on the keel.

The process explained for one does for all until you come to that supremely happy moment when there only remains one more plank to be put on to each side. Those planks are called the "shutters" because they shut in the hull, completing the planking. To determine their shape you must "spile" for each edge, and here we come to the question of the edge of each plank, which we had better discuss before going further. Here you will soon discover, if you haven't already done so, that it is a very difficult matter to put the edges of the planks together so daylight will not show through, and many amateurs will try to make the outer edge of the planks fit tight regardless of the inner edges. The result is, when they try to caulk the seams the cotton falls right through as the opening becomes larger the further in it goes. (Fig. 29.) The proper seam is one whose inner edges make a perfectly tight seam; but a seam can be a good caulking seam and yet show a line of daylight all along its length, if its edges form a wedge with the point in; for in caulking the cotton can be wedged in so tightly as to insure a perfectly water-tight seam.

So, to return to our shutter, if the planks each side

have a good caulking edge the shutter can be gotten out with square edges and jammed in hard between them, wedging itself and the other planks tightly together.



The shutter completes the planking, so far as fitting the boards go, and an amateur who successfully accomplishes this much has every reason to feel proud of his work.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Boston Letter.

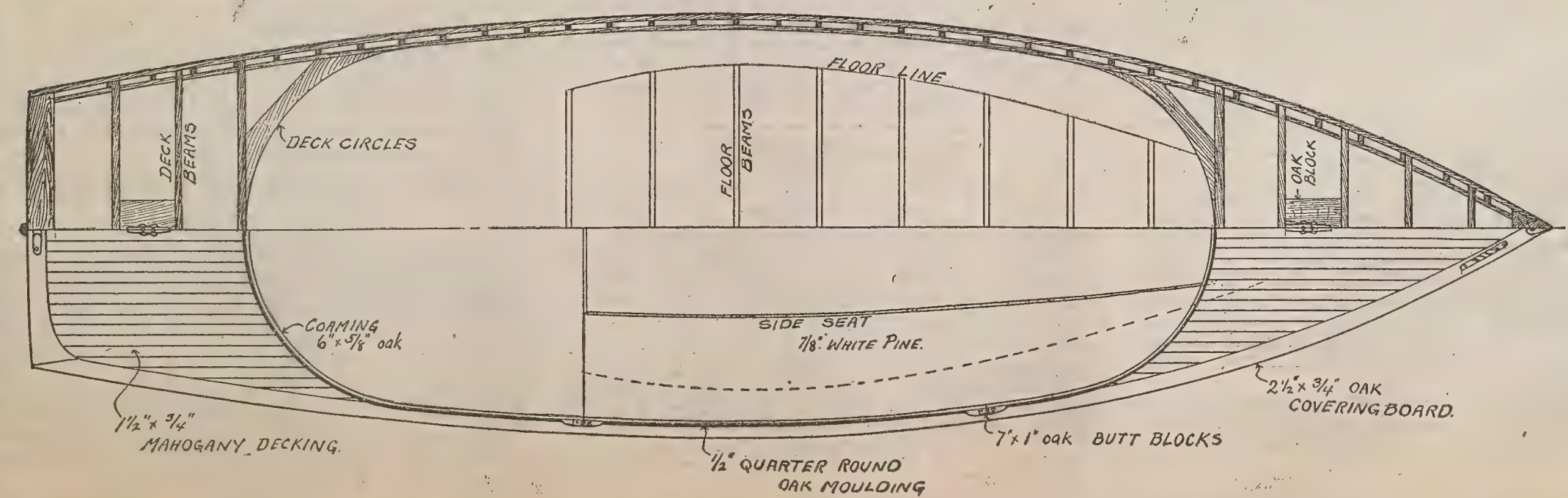
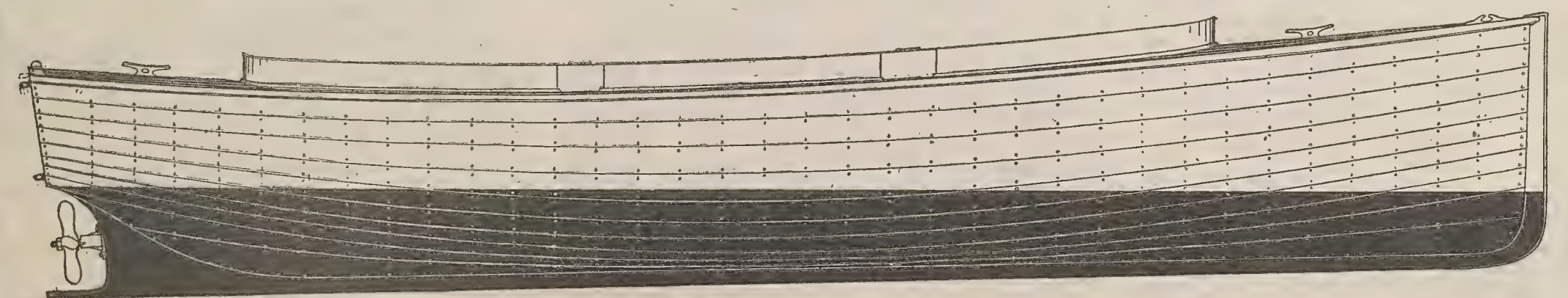
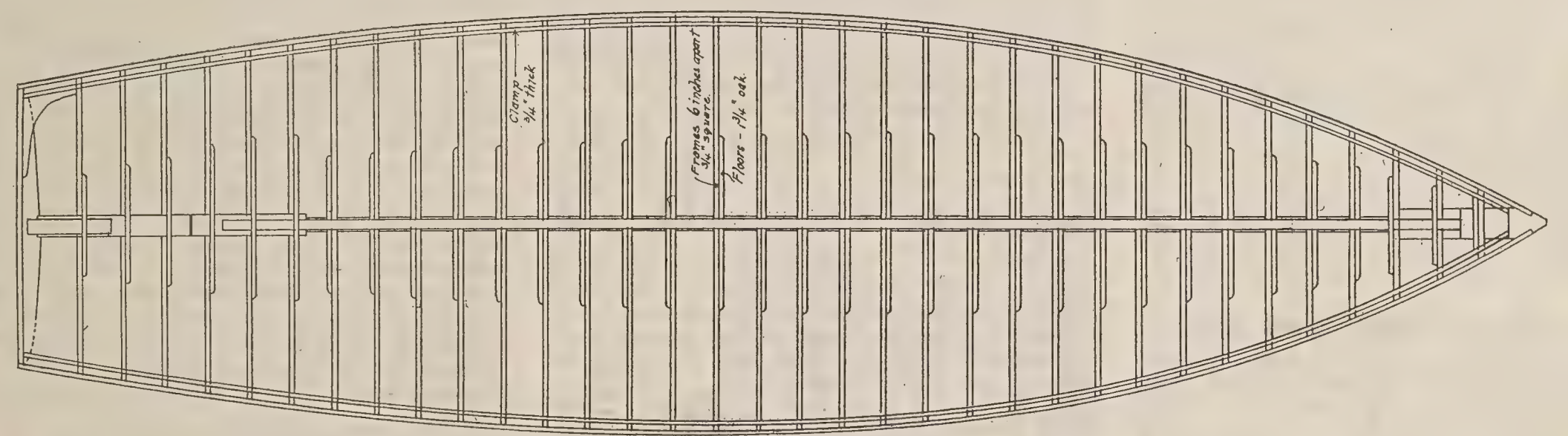
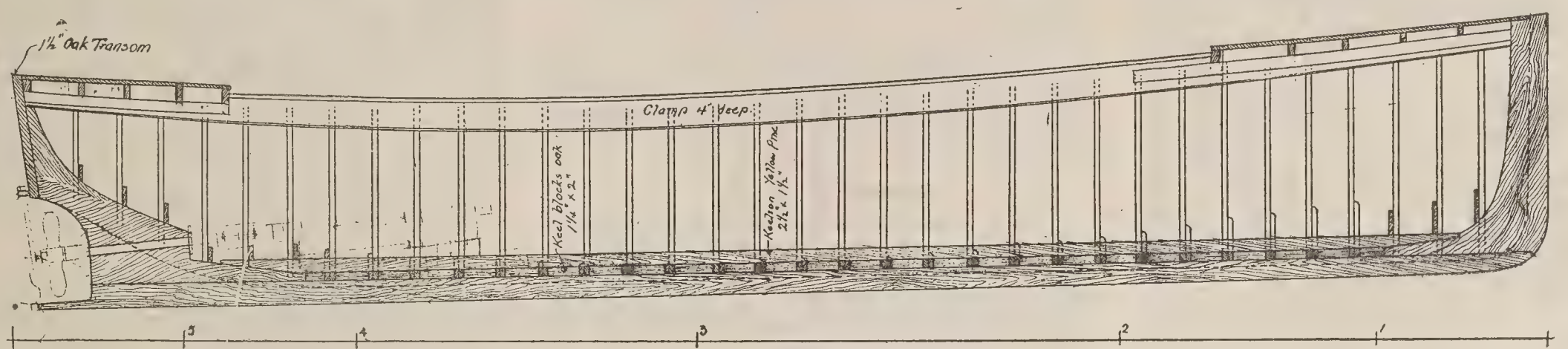
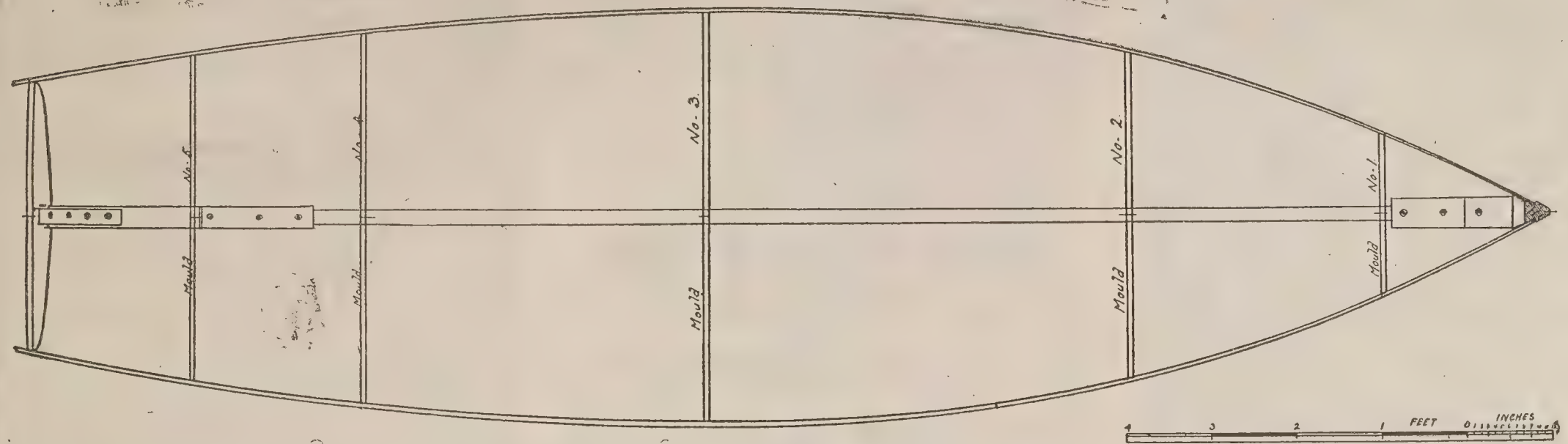
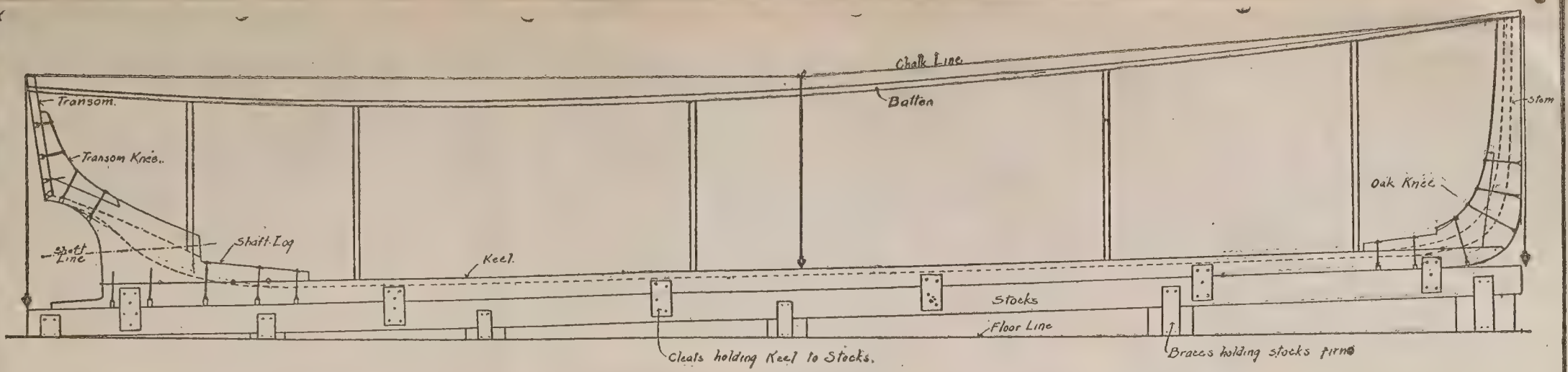
Boston, May 26.—The freaks now being built to compete for the Quincy cup appear to be holding much of the interest throughout Massachusetts Bay at present. There are three of them in all, two of which are for the defense of the cup and one the challenger. All are now partly constructed. The challenger is for Mr. Henry M. Faxon, of the Quincy Y. C., from designs by Mr. Arthur Keith. One of the defenders is being built by Fenton, for a syndicate headed by Mr. A. Henry Higginson and Mr. Reginald Boardman, and the second defender, representing the Manchester Y. C., is being built by White, of Manchester, from Crowninshield design for the following syndicate: John A. Burnham, Jr., E. A. Boardman, F. Lothrop Ames, Thomas M. McKee, S. P. Bremer, George Lee and R. D. Boardman.

All of the boats are radical departures and are, without doubt, the most ridiculous things in the way of boats that have ever been built. They have abnormally long ends and carry immense sail spreads. The Burgess boat has a superstructure trussing of lattice bridge formation to keep her ends up. This will not be seen on the other two boats, but they each have other freaky features that will by no means make them last in interest. Some idea of the extent to which the designers have gone may be seen from the following principal dimensions of the Crowninshield boat:

Over all, 55ft.; waterline, just under 21ft.; beam, 17ft., and draft, 1ft. 2in. She is the longest of any on top, and it is likely that she will also have the largest sail spread. Her draft is somewhat more than might be expected in a boat built to compete for the Quincy cup, but this is on account of the peculiar construction of her hull. There are some things about her construction that I am not at liberty to give at present, but enough can be told to show how radical this boat is. Her overhangs are each 17ft. in length, and there are reverse curves in both. This was necessary, not only to get her ends closer to the water, but also to give more strength.

She is designed to carry 2,000 sq. ft. in the ordinary working sails, mainsail and jib. Of this, 1,600ft. will be in the mainsail and 400 in the jib. There will be two smaller jibs. There will be no headstay, but strength will be obtained from a wire halyard and the bolt rope in the luff of the jib. The larger jib extends beyond a point just above the outer end of the bowsprit, and the two smaller ones lead directly from the bowsprit end. The spars will be hollow and will be built by Lawley. The mast is 50ft. 6in. from the deck to the shoulder, and there is a bury of 2ft. 9in. The difference between the bury of the mast and the draft is accounted for by the immense crown to the deck. At the deck it is 9in. in diameter, at the hounds 9½ in., and, just under the top withe, 6in. On the forward side there will be a strut, leading a jumper stay. There will be two shrouds on either side, one leading from a plate just above the hounds and the other slung from the mast head. Both will be bridled at the chain plates and will be set up with turnbuckles. There are two backstays, one running direct to the taffrail and the other acting as a masthead runner. The last is bridled to the chain plate and the setting-up tackle, thus giving strength to the whole of the windward side above the waterline.

The dimensions of the mainsail are as follows: Hoist, 33ft. 3in.; head, 29ft. 6in.; leach, 67ft. 10in., and foot, 47ft. 5in. The largest jib is 23½ ft. on the foot, 42ft. 3in. on the luff and 35ft. 2in. leach. As has been said, this boat is radical in other particulars, but she has been examined by Louis M. Clark, who has been appointed chief judge, and he has declared that she is eligible to compete for the cup under the rules made by the Quincy Y. C. This boat will not be the only one whose hull will be radical, as will be seen when the full particulars of both she and the Faxon boat come out. White has the construction well started, and it is expected that she will be in the water by June 26. She will be raced under the names of John A. Burnham, Jr., and R. D. Boardman,



One of the Boardman boys will sail her, but it is not certain which.

The Eastern Y. C. is preparing for a most busy season. In addition to the races which it has elected to give for the restricted Y. R. A. classes and the 18ft. knockabouts, it has also been decided to give a series of races for yachts of the club of 30ft. waterline and over. These races will be sailed from Marblehead to Gloucester on June 14, July 12, July 26 and Aug. 16. Each race will be sailed strictly in cruising trim, and there will be no specially laid compass courses. The boats may take either the inside or the outside course, and it is expected that on this account more interest will be shown. After the arrival of the fleet at Gloucester on each of these race days, it will be under command of the flag officers. The yacht owners and their friends will be tendered an evening reception on board one of the larger yachts. Com. A. S. Bigelow will give the first reception on board his new steam yacht, Pantoset. It has been announced that the fleet will rendezvous at Marblehead for the annual cruise on Friday, June 27, when the Commodore's cups will be raced for. Com. Bigelow has given four cups, two for schooners and two for sloops. On Saturday, June 28, the cruise eastward to Bar Harbor will commence. The programme of each day's run will be announced later. The cruise is made early this year so that the fleet will all be present when the New York Y. C. fleet reaches Marblehead. The Eastern Y. C. is making preparations to receive the New York yachtsmen, and it is hoped that there may be some good racing in the bay.

The programme of the Y. R. A. open race of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. has been announced for June 17. Beside the Association classes, invitations have been extended to the Eastern, Beverly, Corinthian and Harvard yacht clubs to attend. This is as it should be, and it is hoped that yachts of the invited clubs will appear. Only the three restricted classes of the Association in which yachts are now being raced will be provided for, and they will be sent over the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C.'s regular outside courses. The race will be started at 11 A. M. Entries may be made to Mr. A. T. Bliss, Secretary of the M. Y. R. A., before noon of June 16.

At Lawley's the new steam yacht Satilla, designed by Fred Lawley for Mr. John C. Strawbridge, of Philadelphia, was launched last Thursday. She is now fitting out in the basin. The Y. R. A. 25-footer, Sally VI., was hauled out on the railway last week to have extra lead put on her keel. The schooner Hildegarde left the basin last Saturday and is now hauled out in the drydock. She will probably start for Philadelphia this week. It may be possible that this schooner will sail for England in a short time. In Lawley's west shop the Weetamoe has been smoothed up on the outside and her deck has been laid. The Binney-designed 46-footer is nearly ready to go overboard, as is also the 33ft. yawl for Dr. Stewart Paton. The cabin work is being finished on the 35-footer of Lawley-design for Mr. W. H. Fleetman, of New York. In the east shop the 25-footer for Hon. William Caleb Loring and the 30-rater for Mr. W. C. Allison are partly planked. The Mower-designed 21ft. cruiser is nearly ready to go overboard, as is also the auxiliary 25ft. cat. A 65ft. launch, designed by Fred Lawley, has been set up.

Next Friday the opening race of the season will be given by the South Boston Y. C. It is expected that about all the Y. R. A. restricted boats that have been built during the winter will be present. Several of these boats have been having impromptu scraps at Marblehead with varying successes.

Starling Burgess starts around the Cape to-day to deliver the 21-footer Firefly to F. L. Adriance at Bristol. N. L. Skene and I. B. Pierce, of his office, will take the 21-footer Peggy to Vineyard Haven, and E. N. Burwell will take the 30ft. yawl designed for Mr. J. H. Richardson, to Saybrook. JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay.

THE Yacht Racing Association of Gravesend Bay has issued the following circular. It contains all the conditions which will govern the Association races this year and is of great interest to local yachtsmen:

Classes.—For all classes of yachts, K and below. Special classes will be made for yachts of the same type, or whenever two or more yachts agree to race together through the season.

Prizes.—For each Association race the club giving the race will give to each class winner a 24in. bunting club flag, with the date of the race marked on it. To each yacht winning in a class, at the end of the season series, prizes will be given of the following value:

Class.	Series prize.	Sept. 20.
K.L.M.	\$50	\$30
N.	40	20
P.	40	20
Q.	35	15
R. and smaller	30	15

Second prizes two-thirds value of first prizes.

Entries will be accepted from any yacht enrolled in the fleets of the associated clubs. Any yacht crossing the line at the proper signal, displaying the proper racing number, will be timed, but no entry will be accepted from a yacht whose official racing measurement has not been filed with the home club before the third entry.

Starting signals:

- 3 P. M.—Preparatory signal.
- 3:03 P. M.—One red ball, Class K, L, M.
- 3:06 P. M.—One white ball, Class N.
- 3:09 P. M.—One blue ball, Class P.
- 3:12 P. M.—One red and one white ball, Class Q.
- 3:15 P. M.—One blue and one white ball, Class R.
- 3:18 P. M.—Two red balls, M. and F. special class.
- 3:21 P. M.—Two blue balls, Classes S. and T.
- 3:24 P. M.—Two white balls, Classes V. and W.

Starting Line.—For races given by the A. Y. C., the starting line will be between the dock or a stake boat anchored near the same, and a stake boat anchored by shore.

For races given off the New York C. C. and the Brooklyn Y. C., between the judges' boat and the white spar buoy anchored off Ulmer Park.

For races given by the Marine and Field Club, between the boat house of the club and a mark anchored off the

same. The start will be made leaving the outer mark on the starboard hand.

Marks.—The marks designating the courses are a mark boat anchored in front of the Atlantic Y. C., a signal buoy anchored off the Marine and Field Club, white spar buoys anchored off Fort Hamilton and Ulmer Park.

Courses.—For classes P. and below the course will be twice around the marks, leaving all of them on the starboard hand. For classes K, L, M and N, the start will be as above given, and the course will be directly to the West Bank Light and return, leaving the same on the starboard hand, twice around. If the course is to be sailed on the reverse direction, the code signal flag designating the letter B will be displayed five minutes before the preparatory signal is made; the starts reversed and marks left on port hands.

Time.—The time will count from the displaying of the signal; when practicable attention will be called to the signal by firing a gun simultaneously with the displaying of the signal.

Official time is given to the club chronometer.

Points.—Points will be awarded in each race sailed according to the following schedule:

- 10 points to the winning yacht.
- 8 points to the second yacht.
- 6 points to the third yacht.
- 4 points to the fourth yacht.
- 2 points to the fifth yacht.
- 1 point to the other yachts.
- 5 points for a sail over.

The yacht winning the greatest number of points will be awarded the series prize.

The yacht winning the second greatest number of points will be awarded a second prize of two-thirds the value of the first prize.

A yacht to be eligible for a prize must have entered in a majority of the races given for her class, and must have defeated a competitor.

Orders.—An order will be given on any silversmith selected by the winner of the prize for silver, in value equal to the amount of the prize, which must be engraved in a manner approved by the officers of the Association.

Racing Rules.—The racing rules of the Atlantic Y. C. will govern all races. No centerboard in use prior to Jan. 1, 1902, will be restricted. Copies of the rules may be obtained of the chairman of the Regatta Committee of the Atlantic Y. C., postage paid, for ten cents each. Yacht owners are warned that racing numbers must be displayed in accordance with the rules or the yacht will be disqualified.

Corinthian Y. C.

ESSINGTON, DELAWARE RIVER.

Saturday, May 17.

THE first series race for the Tinicum Island cups was held on Saturday, May 17. The breeze was very light in the morning, but shortly before 11 o'clock it came up with sufficient strength from the W.S.W. to warrant the judges to start the boats. Bobtail was first over the line, Cherokee, Grayling and Paukewis following in the order named. Bobtail drew away from the bunch at the start and continued to increase her lead all through the race, and won by some 15m. The race between Paukewis and Grayling was most interesting, as they finished within 3s. of one another. The course for the 36-footers was a long one, the distance being about thirty miles.

The summary:

36ft. Class—Start, 11:10.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Bobtail, Edgar T. Scott.....	4 53 32	5 43 32
Cherokee, E. W. Clark.....	5 08 45	5 58 45
Grayling, E. D. & R. A. Toland.....	5 17 49	6 07 49
Paukewis, C. H. Clark, Jr.....	5 17 52	6 07 52

The knockabouts were sent away before the 36-footers finished, to sail over an eight-mile course from a point off the club house to and around Cluster Island and return. Three boats started, and until they squared away for the run back there was no great distance between them. Fareeda finally slipped away from the other two and finished a winner. The summary:

Start, 3:15.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Fareeda, Mrs. Alex. Van Rensselaer.....	5 24 36	3 09 36
Rowdy, Charles Longstreth.....	5 25 29	3 10 29
Raccoon, R. J. W. Koon.....	5 25 35	3 10 35

The system of scoring to be used in the series is as follows: In each race each yacht shall be credited with a number of points equal to the number of yachts she defeats, with one point added as a premium for entry. A yacht which starts but does not finish or is disqualified will receive no points, but will be counted as a defeated yacht in assigning points to her competitors. In order to qualify for the series prize, a yacht must start in at least three of the five races above scheduled. No yacht shall be counted in awarding points to others after it has become impossible for her to qualify in the series. The record of a yacht shall be the percentage which the total number of points to her credit at the end of the series bears to the total number of points she would have received had she won every race in which she started. Two yachts at least must start to constitute a race.

In addition to the cups to be awarded to the winners of the series, the club will present a second prize to the yacht finishing second on the same system of scoring, provided four or more enter and sail the series.

Should the yacht winning the first or second prize in the above series have been manned with a strictly Corinthian crew in all her races, the club will present individual Corinthian prizes to each member of her crew.

Manhasset Bay Y. C.

PORT WASHINGTON, LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, May 24.

THE second series race for the club raceabouts was held on Saturday, May 24. Four boats started, the course being from a starting line off the club house out and around Gangway buoy and return, a distance of about six miles. The wind was strong from the W.S.W.

The summary follows:

Start, 3:15.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Bab, J. Hoyt.....	4 33 00	1 18 00
Mist, J. W. Alker, Jr.....	4 34 30	1 19 30
Arizona, G. A. Corry.....	4 36 00	1 21 00
Lambkin, S. W. Roach.....	4 40 00	1 30 00

Competition for the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

THE competition for the Seawanhaka Corinthian 15-footers which was arranged by the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM, and closed on May 15, proved an unqualified success. Thirty-two designs in all were submitted, and as they were of a superior order, the judging has been most difficult. The fact that Messrs. Clinton H. Crane, A. Cary Smith, John Hyslop and John R. Maxwell, Jr., composed the committee that passed upon the drawings, shows that the decisions are particularly just and fair. Although three prizes were offered, there is no doubt about the club adopting the plans submitted by Mr. Allen D. Woods, of New York city, to whom was awarded the first prize.

The following letter has been received from Mr. J. R. Maxwell, Jr., the secretary of the committee on awards: *Editor Forest and Stream:*

At a meeting to judge the designs submitted for the Seawanhaka 15ft. class, the committee announced the following decision:

- First Prize, \$100—Allen D. Woods, New York city.
- Second Prize, \$50—Morgan Barney, New York city.
- Third Prize, \$25—Charles H. Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y.
- Honorary Mention—Two designs submitted by Alfred E. Luders, New York city.

J. R. MAXWELL, JR.,
Secretary Committee.

MAY 23, 1902.

New Rochelle Y. C.

NEW ROCHELLE, LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, May 24.

THE spring regatta of the New Rochelle Y. C. was held on Saturday afternoon, May 24. Three raceabouts started, but the greatest interest was centered in Seawanhaka cup trial boats Nutmeg and Seeress. It was the first time this season that any of these boats have met in an actual race. Massasoit, the boat owned by a syndicate headed by Mr. Thomas Macdonald, of Bridgeport, capsize on her way down the Sound on Friday night, and in consequence was not on hand. The crew of Seeress was made up as follows: Charles D. Mower, helmsman; Edward MacLellan, main sheet; Harry S. Fairchild, runners, and Albert B. Hunt, light sails. On board Nutmeg was Larry Huntington, who sailed her; James D. Sparkman, main sheet; W. Mills, runners, and W. Irving Zerega, light sails; these men, however, do not constitute the boat's regular crew—in fact, it was the first time they were ever aboard her. Nutmeg's topsides had opened up badly and in consequence when on the windward leg of the course she leaked badly, and her crew took turns keeping her free from water.

For some unknown reason the race was delayed some time, and the boats did not get away until an hour after the scheduled time. All the boats sailed over the club's short course from the starting line in Echo Bay to the Hen and Chicken Reef to the Middle Ground buoy on Execution Reef to the starting point, twice over the course, a total distance of eight and a half miles. The first leg was a run, the second a beat, and the third a reach. The breeze was fresh and puffy from the W.S.W.

Seeress was first away in her class and in the windward berth, but Nutmeg was close behind, and having more headway she shot out in the weather position. Seeress at the start had in two reefs in the mainsail and carried a small jib, while Nutmeg had in only one reef, and had on her regular working jib. On the reach to the first mark Nutmeg worked into the lead in good shape, and it was not until a balloon jib was set on Seeress that Nutmeg ceased drawing ahead. At the first mark Nutmeg was 15s. in the lead, but from that time on she slowly dropped behind. At the end of the first round Seeress was 3m. ahead, and finally finished a winner by over 7m. Nutmeg was forced to carry a reefed mainsail, as it set badly with the reef shaken out; this fact along with her leaky condition partially accounted for her indifferent showing.

In the raceabout class Mavis (ex Merrywing) sailed a pretty race, beating Snapper, sailed by Bryan Alley, by a good margin.

The New Rochelle one-design raceabouts met for the first time. They seemed to be very smart little boats, carrying their sail well in the fresh breeze, and appeared to move fast. Knave won, beating Me Too by 3½m.

The summary follows:

Raceabouts—Regular Class—Start, 3:15.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Snapper, J. B. Alley.....	4 41 21	1 26 21
Mavis, Gordon Pirie.....	4 37 40	1 22 40
Scamp, Allan Pirie.....	4 43 04	1 28 04
Seawanhaka Cup Trial Boats—Start, 3:20.		
Seeress, Mower & Hunt.....	4 38 27	1 18 27
Nutmeg, Marshall Seely.....	4 46 23	1 26 23
Yawls—30ft. Class—Start, 3:25.		
Ola, H. T. Noyes.....	5 15 09	1 50 09
Surprise, M. S. Kaltenborn.....	5 12 45	1 47 45
Sloops—21ft. Class—Start, 3:25.		
Dickie, B. F. Houghton.....	5 06 38	1 41 38
Gazaboo, H. T. Vulte.....	4 56 41	1 31 41
Mixed Classes—Start, 3:25.		
Thomas Cat, D. W. Thomas.....	5 20 02	1 55 02
Cricket, H. C. Pryer.....	5 02 02	1 37 02
Sail Over—Start, 3:25.		
Adelaide, W. H. Yule.....	4 55 24	1 30 24
New Rochelle One-Design Raceabouts—Start, 3:30.		
Me Too, H. T. Foote.....	5 11 35	1 41 35
Caper, P. L. Howard.....	5 16 11	1 46 11
Bur, C. Eckert.....	5 24 29	1 54 29
Duster, H. B. Welsh.....	5 15 39	1 45 39
Knave, W. N. Bavier.....	5 08 05	1 38 05

The winners were Mavis, Seeress, Ola, Gazaboo, Cricket, Adelaide and Knave.

The Regatta Committee: Charles P. Tower, chairman; C. H. Becker, A. P. Weston; H. F. Smith and W. E. Moore.

Messrs. Huntington & Seaman have made the following sales. Auxiliary schooner Penelpe for Mr. Jacob Langelotte, New York city; auxiliary yawl Golden Girl for Mr. J. Murray Watts, Philadelphia, Pa.; yawl Memory, for Mr. Wm. N. Bavier, New York city; knockabout Isis for Mr. Everett W. Burdett, Boston, Mass.; to Mr. A. E. Whitney, New York city; knockabout Karma for Mr. W. Barklie Henry, of Philadelphia, Pa.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The raceabout Indian has been purchased by Mr. Harry Maxwell and the raceabout Pompillia has been bought by Mr. J. Roger Maxwell, Jr. Both of these boats will be raced on Long Island Sound. The Maxwells will not put the 36-footer Leda in commission.

Six boats have been built during the past winter to race in the 30ft. class under the new Seawanhaka rule. Herreshoff has turned out two of the boats, one being for Mr. Herbert Sears, and the other is for Mr. Edgar Scott. The boat that Mr. B. B. Crowninshield designed for Mr. William C. Allison is being built by a builder down east. Mr. Clinton H. Crane, of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, has designed three boats for this class, and all are being built by Wood at City Island. They are for Messrs. Henry Eno, Everett Macy and Walter Ladd. All these boats will be raced in the vicinity of Bar Harbor.

Massasoit, the Seawanhaka cup trial boat, designed by Mr. B. B. Crowninshield for a Bridgeport syndicate headed by Mr. Thomas Macdonald, left Bridgeport on Friday afternoon, May 23, about 2 o'clock, headed for New Rochelle, where she was to race against Seeress and Nutmeg the day following. The day had been warm and sultry, and thunder squalls were making up in the north-west in the afternoon. When off Great Captain's Island in the early evening the squall broke and capsized Massasoit, throwing her crew into the water, and Mr. Herbert Jennings, who was in charge of the boat, was struck by the centerboard, received a compound fracture of the leg. Mr. Jennings was accompanied by his brother, Mr. J. D. Jennings, Edward Renney and Charles Bulkley, and all hands clung on to the overturned boat for some time, until they were picked up by a steamer. The boat was towed into Greenwich. The experience was a nasty one for those on board her, for they had a very close call. Boats of the type of the Seawanhaka cup trial boats are hardly comfortable or safe craft to knock around in open water at night. Massasoit lost some of her sails and gear, but it is not known whether the hull was injured. The boat will be repaired at once and put in shape for racing. Through Mr. Jennings' accident the Bridgeport men lose a most valuable man, for it is hardly possible that he will be in shape to do any racing until well along in the summer. The accident will delay somewhat getting the boat in shape, a fact which will be deplored by all interested.

An interesting incident which may lead to radical changes in the vehicles of ocean travel is told of the late Capt. Albers, of the Deutschland, who died suddenly while nearing the end of his last voyage to Hamburg. While the speed of the Deutschland under the most favorable conditions had never before exceeded twenty-three and a half knots, Capt. Albers observed upon this last voyage that she was logging twenty-five knots an hour, and for a full day was consistently maintaining that extraordinary speed. Investigation into the causes disclosed the fact that the vessel had lost all but a small portion of her rudder, and that thereby a considerable surface of resistance to the sea had been done away with. The result of this loss of resistance had been an increase of speed to the extent of, on an average, two knots an hour, and with no added expenditure of energy or coal consumption. In other words, a large vessel of the Deutschland's capacity, with a smaller rudder, it would seem to have been proven, could, without added expense, shorten in time the distance between port and port by something like 200 miles. When in addition to this fact it was found that on the high sea the vessel was easily directed by the use of the twin screws for steering purposes, and that in the harbor and narrow waters of any port so huge a vessel could be steered with the assistance of the propellers, by a rudder which was a mere shadow of its former self, a principle seemed to be established which may work a revolution in the construction of the steering gear of our ocean greyhounds. There may prove to be, on further consideration, serious objections to the changes which the incident suggests, and what chance has appeared to demonstrate may in the cold light of reason and of experiment prove to lack permanent value, but the episode is an interesting one, and should at least be provocative of experimentation by which its intrinsic worth may be ascertained. If it proves of enduring value it will not be the first time that sheer accident has resulted in the discovery of principles of great scientific importance, as well as of practical commercial value.—Harper's Weekly.

Mr. George Lauder, Jr., has chartered his schooner Endymion through the agency of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, to Mr. Edward R. Thomas. Mr. Henry T. Sloane has chartered through Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane the English-built steam yacht Golden Eagle. She was designed by Mr. G. L. Watson, and was built by Messrs. Ramage & Ferguson, at Leith, Scotland, in 1899. She is of steel, 159ft. between perpendiculars, 25ft. beam and 14.95ft. deep. Her engines are of the triple-expansion type, with cylinders 14in., 22in. and 36in. in diameter, by 24in. stroke. She has two decks, five water-tight bulkheads and is lighted by electricity.

The New York Launch and Engine Company, Morris Heights, has completed for Mr. Edward N. Dickerson a cruising launch 75ft. long, 15ft. breadth and 6ft. draft. The yacht will be propelled by a 40-horse-power gasoline engine. As the yacht is to be used on the California coast, she will be shipped to that point on the deck of a vessel.

The 51-footer Humma narrowly escaped being destroyed by fire on Sunday, May 10. The yacht is being put in commission at Woods' yard, City Island, part of her

crew having already been shipped. It seems that the steward was not on board and one of the crew attempted to do some cooking over a gasoline stove that he was not familiar with, and which exploded, setting fire to the woodwork below. The man showed wonderful nerve, for he carried the blazing stove up on deck and threw it clear of the boat. The man was all afire and was frightfully burned. The sailor was a Swede or a Norwegian, and displayed great pluck while waiting for the ambulance from Fordham Hospital, as he was suffering intensely. Being Sunday, there were no workmen around the yard, but there were several yachtsmen in the vicinity, and all turned to putting the fire out on Humma and lending what assistance they could to the injured sailor. The yacht was only slightly injured.

We have received a copy of Thalassa's Almanac for 1902 of the Yacht Racing in the Solent Classes. This compact little book contains an abundance of information about the conditions existing on the Solent, charts of the Solent courses and a lot of other data which makes it a really valuable reference book. Copies can be secured from Messrs. S. W. Wolff & Co., 75 and 76 High street, Southampton, England. Price, 25 cents.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

May 30-31.—Springfield, Mass.—New England Rifle Club's fifth spring shoot, on Rod and Gun Rifle Club's range.
June 13-15.—Monticello, Wis.—Annual festival of the Wisconsin Shooting Bund.
July 7-8.—Meriden, Conn.—South New England Shooting Bund's tournament, under the auspices of the Meriden Rifle Club.

Long Range Rifle Club.

THE New York Long Range Rifle Club, recently organized, has been active to some purpose, as it opened its new ranges at Rutherford, N. J., on Saturday of last week. Of the fifty members, about thirty were in attendance, with a large complement of guests. The shooting began about noon, and the long ranges, 800 to 1,000yds., were occupied till late in the afternoon. Concerning the new club, the Sun recently published the following: "It is the intention of the new club to offer every facility for practice at long range by candidates for positions on the teams to be sent to Canada and Ireland to bring back, if possible, the trophies lost last year at Sea Girt. It is expected that the teams will also do considerable practice work on the Rutherford ranges when the ranges at Sea Girt are not available. Lieut. Jones, Secretary of the National Rifle Association, announces that the match for the Palma trophy, between this country and Canada, will in all probability be held on Aug. 26, at Ottawa. The National Rifle Association bill, providing for a national trophy and prizes, has been favorably reported by the House Committee on Military Affairs, and as it has also the support of the Senate Committee and the President and Secretary of War, it is apparently assured of final favorable action. The States of Illinois and Massachusetts have appropriated money to send rifle teams to the Sea Girt meeting, which will be held from Aug. 29 to Sept. 6, inclusive. With the United States Marine Corps team, which is practicing at Annapolis, this will make twelve teams which will compete for the Hilton trophy. A move is on foot to have appointed a commission to investigate the whole question of Government support of rifle shooting."

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, at Four-Mile House, Reading Road, May 25. Conditions, 200yds., off-hand, at the German ring target. Gindele was declared champion for the day with the good score of 228. Weather fine. Thermometer, 80. Wind 3 to 9 o'clock:

	Honor.	Re-entry.
Gindele	228 226 220 212 212	17 24 24—65
Speth	225 209 204 198 193	18 16 19—53
Roberts	215 215 210 209 201	18 23 19—60
Hasenzahl	214 211 211 208 208	21 23 21—65
Strickmeier	213 212 209 209 208	21 19 22—62
Odell	213 203 201 196 195	25 20 22—67
Nestler	211 208 201 201 196	24 15 19—58
Hofer	210 203 197 196 186	21 16 18—55
Lux	204 196 191 191 188	23 22 20—65
Bruns	203 201 200 199 195	18 21 21—60
Jonscher	203 199 192 190 188	24 17 18—59
Weinheimer	197 190 184 176 164	22 19 19—69
Trounstone	190 190 183 159 ...	19 19 16—54
Topf	190 165 165 158 156	19 15 19—53
Hoffmann	186 185 185 182 182	18 17 20—55
Drube	181 179	13 19 16—48

* No bullet.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 18.—During the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club's shoot to-day the wind blew very hard. Ed Hovey beat the range and clean target Coast record with pistol, with a score of 30. The record by the pasting system is 29. Though Ed's record is one point away, the boys all give him 30 the preference, owing to its being on a clean target, which they claim is the best evidence of a record. Young shot his Sharps military rifle, and led the boys on the 200yd. range, making 56 rings. Daiss did some good average work on the 50yd. range with the 22 rifle, and Brannagan did fine work with the revolver. Scores, Columbia target, off-hand shooting:

Rifle, 200yds.: A. H. Cady 58, 59, 68; G. Mannel 69; 82, 88.
Military rifle, Creedmoor count: F. O. Young 45, 47, 44, 49, 44, 44, 44, 47. The first 40 shots, including the above 49, were made with ammunition loaded a year, and no cleaning. It was loaded with King's C.G. and primed with King's No. 1 Smokeless—a fact worth knowing, as it does not deteriorate, and gives all the cleanliness of smokeless, with surer results.
Pistol, 50yds.: Ed. Hovey 30, 46, 54, 39, 44; F. O. Young 37, 53, 37, 41; G. M. Barley 42, 43, 43; R. Schneider 56, 61, 71; G. Mannel 77.
Revolver, 50yds.: A. J. Brannagan, 43, 45, 46, 48; Dr. Twist 72.
22 rifle, 50yds.: C. M. Daiss 19, 21, 22, 23, 25, 25, 28; Dr. Twist 25, 25, 28, 35; C. L. Gimmel 35, 41, 41.

FRED. O. YOUNG, Sec'y.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

May 26-31.—Lincoln, Neb.—Grand Interstate tournament; three days shooting; free targets. H. C. Young, Manager.
May 27-28.—Dubuque, Ia.—Third annual target tournament of the Dubuque Gun Club. C. W. Budd, Manager.
May 27-29.—Bowling Green, Ky.—Bowling Green Gun Club's target and live-bird tournament. G. A. Hobson, Sec'y.
May 28-29.—Williamsport, Pa.—West Branch Rod and Gun Club's target tournament. H. A. Dimick, Sec'y.

May 28-29.—Anamosa, Ia.—The Prison City Gun Club's two days' tournament at targets; \$100 for high averages. H. Been, Sec'y.

May 28-30.—Flint, Mich.—Annual tournament of the Michigan State Trapshooters' League. C. Caleb, Sec'y.

May 30.—Norristown, Pa.—Tournament of the Penn Gun Club. J. R. Yost, Sec'y.

May 30.—Newport, R. I.—Memorial Day shoot of the Aquidneck Gun Club. J. S. Coggeshall, Sec'y.

May 30.—Schenectady, N. Y.—Spring tournament of the Schenectady Gun Club. E. L. Aiken, Sec'y.

May 30.—Ossining, N. Y.—Holiday shoot of the Westchester County Trapshooters' League. J. Curry Barlow, Sec'y.

May 30.—Auburn, Me.—Annual tournament of the Auburn Gun Club. L. A. Barker, Sec'y.

May 30.—Utica, N. Y.—All-day shoot of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association. Henry L. Gates, Pres.

May 30.—New Haven, Conn.—New Haven Gun Club's tournament. All shooters invited. John E. Bassett, Sec'y.

May 30.—Hartford, Conn.—Holiday shoot of the Colt Gun Club.

May 30.—Lynn, Mass.—All-day tournament of the Birch Brook Gun Club; merchandise prizes.

May 30.—Rutherford, N. J.—Target shoot of the Boiling Springs Gun Club. C. B. Axford, Sec'y.

May 30.—Brooklyn, L. I.—Decoration Day shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club. John S. Wright, Manager.

May 30.—Holmesburg Junction, Pa.—Keystone Shooting League's live-bird shoot.

May 30.—Newark, N. J.—Decoration Day shoot of the Forester Gun Club. John J. Fleming, Sec'y.

May 30.—Hartford, Conn.—Memorial Day tournament of the Colt Gun Club.

May 30-31.—Racine, Wis.—Racine Gun Club's target tournament. O. F. Botsford, Sec'y.

May 30-31.—Union City, Ind.—Parent Grove Gun Club's tournament. O. E. Fouts, Sec'y.

May 30-31.—Anaconda, Mont.—Ninth annual tournament of the Montana State Sportsmen's Association. C. H. Smith, Sec'y, Butte.

May 30-31.—Altoona, Pa.—Altoona Rod and Gun Club's tenth annual tournament. George G. Zeth, Sec'y, Altoona, Pa.

May 30-31.—Union City, Ind.—Spring tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club. O. E. Fouts, Sec'y.

June 3-4.—Fargo, N. D.—Eighth annual tournament of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association; open to all. H. E. Magill, Sec'y.

June 3-5.—Cleveland, O.—Tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League, under the auspices of the Cleveland Gun Co.

June 3-6.—Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Ill.—Twenty-eighth annual tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association.

June 4-5.—Huntington, Ind.—Erie Gun Club's annual tournament.

June 5.—Bolivar, N. Y.—Open sweepstake shoot of the Bolivar Gun Club. J. T. Care, Sec'y.

June 6-7.—Grand Forks, N. D.—Grand Forks Gun Club's target tournament. J. W. Bowling, Sec'y.

June 9-13.—Rochester, N. Y.—Forty-fourth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. F. E. McCord, Secretary, 85 Main street, Rochester.

June 10.—Ashland, Va.—Ashland Gun Club's second annual tournament.

June 10-11.—Bowling Green, O.—Amateur bluerock tournament of the Bowling Green Gun Club. John H. Lincoln, Sec'y.

June 10-11.—Sioux City, Ia.—Eighth annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.

June 10-11.—Muncie, Ind.—Indiana Trapshooters' League's annual tournament.

June 10-12.—Memphis, Tenn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Memphis Gun Club.

June 11-12.—Tiffin, O.—Tiffin Gun Club's target tournament.

June 12-15.—Denver, Colo.—Grand Western Bluerock Handicap tournament. Frank H. Mayer, Tournament Manager.

June 17-18.—Shreveport, La.—Tournament of the Mississippi and Louisiana Trapshooters' League, under auspices of the Caddo Gun Club. V. T. Fulton, Sec'y.

June 17-20.—Warm Springs, Ga.—Annual Interstate tournament.

June 18.—New London, Ia.—Annual Midsummer tournament of the New London Gun Club. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y.

June 19.—Bellefontaine, O.—Silver Lake Gun Club's annual tournament. Geo. E. Maison, Sec'y.

June 19-22.—Denver, Colo.—Colorado State tournament.

June 25-26.—W. Alexandria, O.—Twin Valley Shotgun Club's first annual shoot.

June 25-26.—Raleigh, N. C.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Raleigh Gun Club. Jas. I. Johnson, Sec'y.

June 26-28.—Portland, Ore.—Eighteenth annual tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest.

June 27-28.—Wellington, Mass.—Two days' tournament. On second day, New England Interstate team matches; \$60 added. H. M. Federhen, Jr., President, 558 Columbus avenue, Boston.

June 29.—San Francisco, Cal.—Live-bird shoot of the Union Gun Club.

July 4.—Mt. Kisco, N. Y.—Third tournament of the Westchester County Trapshooting Association. J. C. Barlow, Sec'y.

July 4-5.—Houston, Texas.—Peters Cartridge Company's tournament, under the auspices of the Houston Gun Club.

July 4-5.—Beaver Falls, Pa.—Two days' shoot of the Recreation Gun Club. W. R. Keever, Sec'y.

July 8-10.—Pine Bluff, Ark.—Twelfth annual meeting and tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association. Paul R. Litzke, Sec'y, Little Rock.

July 8-10.—Pine Bluff, Ark.—Twelfth annual meeting and tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association. Targets. Added money \$300. Rose system. Paul R. Litzke, Sec'y.

July 16-18.—Titusville, Pa.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Titusville Gun Club. T. L. Andrews, Sec'y.

July 22-23.—Greenville, Miss.—Mississippi and Louisiana Trapshooters' League target tournament. C. W. Walton, Sec'y, Natchez, Miss.

Aug. 5-8.—Asheville, N. C.—Tournament given by Col. J. T. Anthony and Maj. E. P. McKissick.

Aug. 6-7.—Marietta, O.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Columbian Gun Club. Chas. Bailey, Sec'y.

Aug. 12-13.—Birmingham, Ala.—Third annual Alabama State target tournament, under the auspices of the Birmingham Gun Club. R. H. Baugh, Sec'y.

Aug. 13-14.—Brunswick, Me.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Brunswick Gun Club. L. C. Whitmore, Sec'y.

Aug. 14-16.—Hamilton, Can.—Dominion Trapshooting and Game Protective Association's tournament.

Aug. 19-20.—Vicksburg, Miss.—Mississippi and Louisiana Trapshooters' League target tournament. C. W. Walton, Sec'y, Natchez, Miss.

Aug. 20-21.—Ossining, N. Y.—Two days' shoot of the Ossining Gun Club; first day, handicap and R. I. clam bake; second day, regular programme.

Aug. 26-29.—Okoboji, Ia.—Amateur shooting tournament, under management of Messrs. C. W. Budd and E. C. Hinshaw.

Aug. 27-28.—Haverhill, Mass.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Haverhill Gun Club. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.

Sept. 3-4.—Nappanee, Ind.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Nappanee Gun Club. B. B. Maust, Sec'y.

Sept. 3-5.—Erie, Pa.—Erie City Rod and Gun Club's handicap tournament at targets. Open to all; \$200 added. A. N. Aitken, Sec'y.

Sept. 9-12.—Battle Creek, Mich.—Tournament of the Indians; open to the world.

Sept. 15-20.—Blue River Park, Kansas City, Mo.—Twenty-fifth tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. Targets and live birds. Paul Franke, Sec'y.

Sept. 23-25.—Cincinnati, O.—Second annual handicap target tournament of the Cincinnati Gun Club. Charles F. Dreih, Sec'y.

Sept. 29-30.—Lewistown, Ill.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Lewistown Gun Club. H. H. McCumber, Sec'y.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot, every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's target shoot, every Saturday afternoon until October. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

First Saturday of each month for a year, Burnside.—Contest for the Troisdorf live-bird and target medals; 10 live birds; 25 targets; open to all. First contest, March 1.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The forty-fourth annual convention of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, under the auspices of the Rochester, N. Y., Rod and Gun Club, June 9 to 13, inclusive, has a programme of special interest. On June 10, commencing at 9 o'clock, event No. 1 is at 25 bluebirds, entrance \$4; \$150 guaranteed, six moneys, 25, 20, 15, 15, 15 and 10 per cent. This is followed by the Grand Handicap, open to all, 25 targets, entrance \$2.50, handicaps 14 to 22 yds. The first prize is a Parker \$100 gun; second and third prizes, bicycles; fourth, a sewing machine. On June 11 the great merchandise shoot is on the programme. The conditions of it are 25 targets, \$5 entrance, targets included. First prize is an \$80 Smith hammerless; tenth prize, an \$80 Lefever hammerless. There are sixty-seven prizes in all, each one of practical worth and value. There also is an event at 25 bluebirds, \$3.50 entrance. In addition to the regular State events, June 10, 11 and 12, there will be ten events open to all (except paid representatives and professional experts); five at 15 targets, entrance \$1.50, four moneys, 35, 30, 20 and 15 per cent, and five at 20 targets, \$2 entrance, five moneys, 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. On June 12, there are two events on the programme; one at 25 bluebirds, \$4 entrance, \$150 guaranteed, six moneys; the other at 25 bluebirds, \$3.50 entrance, \$125 guaranteed; six moneys. On June 13 the four-man team championship, entrance \$10, 100 targets per team, four moneys, and an event at 25 bluebirds, entrance \$3.50, \$125 guaranteed, are on the programme. June 13 is set for the Dean Richmond trophy contest, entrance \$10 per team, 50 targets per man. Average prizes, first, New York city cup and 40 per cent.; second, third and fourth, 30, 20 and 10 per cent, respectively. The grounds, which are situated at Cobb's Hill, are reached by Lake and Monroe avenue line, and Park avenue line. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. June 9 will be devoted to practice and sweepstake shooting. Paid representatives and professional experts can share in first and second moneys only; they cannot shoot in the merchandise event. Mr. John Parker will manage the tournament. Guns, etc., sent care of McCord, Gibson & Stewart, 85 Main street, East, will be delivered on the grounds free of charge. The officers of the State Association are: President, J. P. Keenan, of New York; Vice-President, J. L. Weller, Rochester; Secretary, F. E. McCord, Rochester; Treasurer, Col. A. G. Courtney, Syracuse. The members of the committee of arrangement are: R. C. Kershner, Chairman; H. M. Stewart, T. R. Griffith, George Horst and Frank E. McCord.

Concerning the forthcoming Memorial Day shoot of the Birch Brook Gun Club, of Lynn, Mass., Mr. C. F. Lambert, under date of May 24, writes us as follows: "With favorable weather granted us on the 30th, should be able to report a record attendance at our shoot. Many of the trade representatives have advised us of their intention of being present, and in view of our belief that the presence of this class of shooters goes a long way toward making a tournament successful, we lose no opportunity in arranging conditions to make their visit pleasant to them and profitable to their employers at one and the same time. Our grounds have been greatly improved recently; the heavy growth of trees that formerly made a right-quarterer almost impossible to score, have been cut down, and pruned until such targets are like all others. One set of expert traps are in working order, and all we are now looking for is good weather and a crowd of shooters."

The second annual tournament of the Bolivar, N. Y., Gun Club, to be held June 5, has a programme of twelve events, at 10, 15 and 20 targets; total number of targets, 180; total entrance, \$18; added money, \$30. Shooting commences at 9:30. High guns, first, \$8; second, \$5; third, \$3. Rose system, ratios 3, 5, 3 and 2, will govern. Manufacturers' agents for targets only. Bluebirds, 2 cents. Loaded shells for sale on the grounds. Ship guns, etc., to the secretary, Mr. J. F. Care, Bolivar, who will deliver them on the grounds free. Handicap committee, Messrs. S. A. Wertman, of Bolivar; B. D. Nobles, of Olean, and one other, to be chosen by them.

Mr. C. G. Blandford, captain of the Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club, under date of May 24, writes us as follows: "We are having built this week a platform to allow handicaps from 14 to 20 yds. After the programme events Friday we will have a 50-bird handicap match open to all, with added money. Aug. 20-21 there will be a two days' shoot of the Ossining Gun Club. First day, 100 birds, handicaps, 14 to 20 yds., open to all, added money. Rhode Island clam bake under supervision of Capt. Geo. Washburn. Second day, regular programme, ten events—five at 15, five at 20 targets—merchandise event, open to all.

The special events at the New Jersey State shoot last week were the State Individual Championship, at 50 targets, won with a score of 46 by Mr. Neaf Apgar, of the Peters Cartridge Company, on the first day; the three-man team championship, 30 targets per man, won on the second day with a score of 72, by Freehold Gun Club's team No. 1, whose membership was Messrs. Hance, Danser and Muldoon; the Individual Championship of the State, at live birds, won on the third day by Mr. J. W. Hoffman with a straight score of 15, and the New York-New Jersey team race, a tie on the fourth day.

New York and New Jersey have a hard struggle to determine the question of supremacy. After all the shooting they are practically a tie. The last contest, on May 23, at Freehold, N. J., resulted in a tie. There were ten men on a side. Each man shot at 25 live birds. Each team scored 207. The entrance was the price of the birds only, each man paying for his own birds. It is to be regretted that there was not something tangible to shoot for in the way of a trophy, etc., so that the event would have some worthy significance.

The Colt Hammerless Gun Club, of Hartford, Conn., has an attractive programme for its Decoration Day shoot, May 30. There are twelve events, nine of which are at 10 targets, 35 cents entrance; two at 15 targets, 50 cents entrance, and one at 25 targets, 75 cents entrance, and \$5 added if there are fifteen entries or over. Class shooting. All shooters invited. Loaded shells and lunch obtainable on the grounds. Take main street or Weathersfield cor to Wawame avenue. Mr. R. McPetridge is the secretary.

The all-day shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club, May 30, has a pleasing programme for a pleasant day's diversion. There are eight events at 10, 15, 20 and 25 targets, the latter a handicap with \$2 added. Events 5 and 6 also have \$2 added. The total of targets is 125, with a total entrance of \$6. Moneys divided by the Rose system. Lunch served complimentary to shooters. Loaded shells on the grounds. Shooting commences at 10:30. Grounds at Enfield street and Liberty avenue. John S. Wright is the manager.

There have been some inferences that, owing to the driving track addition, now in course of construction at Interstate Park, the matter of target tournaments would receive but incidental attention. The trapshooting at targets will receive the same attention, as in the past; that is, first class attention, and large tournaments will be held during the year, as heretofore. These grounds, in the advantages offered, are unsurpassed. Aside from their mechanical equipment, they are beautiful to gaze upon.

The Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company, of Cleveland, O., is broadening its useful sphere of action time by time, its latest acquisition of public interest being the Fulford single-trigger, concerning which that company calls attention in our business columns. It therein announces that it will be ready to supply the Fulford single triggers for Parker and Smith guns by Sept. 1, this year, and later to all makes of guns.

Under date of May 22, Mr. Herbert M. Federhen, Jr., writes

us as follows: "June 27-28, Boston Shooting Association at Wellington, Mass. Targets. On second day, first contest in the New England Interstate team match among five-man teams from Maine, Rhode Island and Massachusetts; also first contest in series between Maine and Massachusetts; ten-man teams. Sixty dollars added."

The Athletic Club, of Philadelphia, and the Philadelphia Yacht Club held the third and deciding team shoot of the series of three at Wissinoming, on Saturday of last week. There were fifteen men on a side, and each man shot at 50 targets, half magautrap, half Sergeant system. The yacht club was victorious by a score of 594 to 552, thus leading its opponents by 42 targets.

The S. P. C. A. was represented on the grounds of the Freehold Gun Club by one of its agents on the last two days of the New Jersey State shoot, for the purpose of gathering such evidence as might prove inimical to the interests of pigeon shooting from a legislative standpoint.

Mr. J. A. Anderson, of Richmond, Va., writes us as follows: "On July 4, at Richmond, Va., the annual shoot of the East End Gun Club will be held. Prizes in each event. Two sets of traps, Sergeant system. A good time guaranteed every shooter who attends."

The Silver Lake Gun Club, of Bellefontaine, O., has decided to hold a one-day instead of a two-day annual shoot, and to that end fixed upon June 19 as the date, instead of June 18 and 19, as previously announced.

The Peters Cartridge Company, of Cincinnati, will give a two days' shoot at Houston, Tex., July 4 and 5, under the auspices of the Houston Gun Club.

The Wollaston, Mass., Trap Club will hold a shoot on May 30, open to all.

BERNARD WATERS.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Westwood Gun Club.

WESTWOOD, N. J., May 25.—On May 24, at the match shoot which took place on the Westwood Gun Club grounds; between the Ramapo Valley Gun Club, of Suffern, N. Y., and the Westwood Club, of Westwood, N. J., the latter were victorious by a score of 146 to 131, each man shooting at 25 targets, eight men on each team. There was quite a large attendance, and after the match every one enjoyed himself by shooting sweepstakes, etc., and it was very near sundown when the participants retired from the field, well pleased with their afternoon's sport. Following are the scores of the different events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	15	15	15	15	15	15
Hasbrouck	18	11	11	12	10	10	10
Taylor	12	10	7
Axford	15	12	..	12	11	9	13
Wanamaker	18	10	14	6
Huck	19	14	13	12	14	14	14
Smith	17	13	14	11	12	12	12
Gruhan	23	15	10	12	13	14	10
Hallett	16	11	11	..	12	..	8
Speth	16	13	..	14	7	..	8
Randolph	16	10	..	10	11	..	12
Krebs	20	13	..	13	8
Rehling	19	12	11	..	14
Van Buskirk	17	12	12	..	7	10	..
Fisher	18	13
Bahr	18	11
Harper	15	10	..	12
C Post	15	9	11	10
Freder	5	..	6	6
Collignon	12	10
Winters	13	..	11	11
F Post	11	8	7

W. G. C.

Fairview Gun Club.

Fairview, N. J., May 24.—Herewith are the scores in the shooting contest of the Fairview Gun Club, made this afternoon:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10	10	10	25	25
Con Sidor	9	10	8	7	22	17
W Burdette	6	8	7	5	18	15
Chas Sidor	8	8	6	7	16	17

Mr. Robert McLeese, treasurer of the club, shot at 5 birds, this being his first experience with the shotgun. The result was very creditable, as he broke 3 out of 5.

The club is making great improvements on its grounds, and is extending its club house and porch.

H. G. BRINKERHOFF, Capt.

Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., May 20.—The East End Gun Club, of this city, held a target shoot to-day on their grounds, on Neversink Mountain. The principal event of the day was a 30-target match between Capt. Wm. Monzka and James Hare, for \$5 a side, resulting in a victory for Monzka by a score of 20 to 14. The sweepstake events' scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10
J Hare	6	..	8
W Monzka	5	7	9	8	9
Shell	7	..	8	..	7
D Hare	6
J Monzka	6	..	8	..	8
Ruth	6	..	6	3	7

Jacksonwald, Pa., May 17.—Edward H. Adams, of this place, won the gold medal to-day at the target shoot of the Jacksonwald-St. Lawrence Gun Club, by breaking 12 out of 15 targets. Two sweepstake events followed the club shoot. The scores made were as follows:

Club shoot, 15 targets per man: Henry Lembach 10, Chas. Adams 11, Kechn 11, Meck 11, Geo. Lembach 6, Faust 11, Edward H. Adams 12, Wm. Lembach 11.

Events:	1	2
Targets:	10	5
Ed Adams	8	4
Faust	8	2
Chas Adams	6	5
Kechn	8	3

Reading, Pa., May 24.—The regular weekly target shoot of the South End Gun Club, of this city, held this afternoon, was well attended. The following scores were made:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Walters	10	9	7	7	8	10	6	8	8	9	8
Eshelman	8	8	7	8	7	8	5	7	8	8	8
Smith	9	5	6	6	8	7	..	8	9	10	8
Schultze	7	9	8	5	8	8	7	8	8
Yost	9	10	7	8	6	6	7	7
Miles	6	4	5	4	6	6	4	7
Jones	8	7	4	8	7	2
Miller	4	6	..	5	4	7
Henry	7	6	..	8	5	9	..
Grill	6	8	9

DUSTER.

"Upland Game Birds."

"UPLAND GAME BIRDS," by Edwyn Sandis and others, is the latest contribution to the Sportsman's Library, edited by Caspar Whitney. It is from the press of the Macmillan Company, New York. The instructive text is most artistically and happily illustrated by the famous artists L. A. Fuertes, J. O. Nugent and C. L. Bull. It treats of the quail, the grouse, the ptarmigan and the turkey family; of woodcock, plover, foreign game, cranes, mourning doves, quail and grouse of the Pacific Coast. It contains 429 pages, beautifully bound in cloth.

Budd—Phellis Match.

OMAHA, Neb., May 17.—The match for the Hazard powder championship trophy, between Mr. C. W. Budd, holder, and Mr. C. W. Phellis, challenger, took place this afternoon on the grounds of the Omaha Gun Club. The shooting commenced at 1:15. It took about one hour and forty-five minutes to complete the contest.

Budd won the toss and was first to the score. His first bird was from No. 5 trap, a dark blue driver, and was centered with the first barrel, but he used the second for safety. He seemed to be in the best of form, and continued to kill the fast and slow birds in good shape. When the score was finished, he had accounted for the whole to the good.

Mr. Phellis's first bird was a good, fast driver from No. 3 trap, and was centered with both barrels. He continued shooting in fine form up to the twelfth bird, a right-quarterer, which he lost. His eighteenth and twentieth fell dead outside. He seemed to be shooting a little behind his birds, owing to a strong wind from right to left across the traps. He finished with 87.

The birds were a good lot, and some were very fast. Mr. Phellis had been riding on the train for some days, and was not in the best of form, having had but little practice at live birds of late.

Mr. W. D. Townsend, of the Townsend Gun Company, was referee. His dog did the retrieving.

Mr. H. S. McDonald pulled the traps.

Budd shot a Parker gun and Schultze powder. Phellis shot a Parker gun and Hazard powder. The scores:

Budd	1121212222212122222121212—25
Phellis	122212122222122222221212—25
	12222222222222222122122—25
	212111212121212122222222—100
	2222222222222222222222—22
	200200212220*222110202222—17
	222*22212122222222222122—24
	2222222222*2221222222222—24—87

HAWKEYE.

Raleigh Gun Club.

RALEIGH, N. C., May 21.—Our regular weekly shoot was held on the club grounds to-day. Some very good scores were made for amateurs. Johnson, Sr., shot from 18 yds.; others 16.

We will have a good number at our next shoot on the 29th. Messrs. Fanning and Thomas will be with us, and we will introduce them to an old-fashioned North Carolina barbecue, fill them up and try to take high gun from them. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot	Broke.
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	25	25	125	108
Johnson, Sr.	8	13	7	11	9	13	22	22	125	108
Johnson, Jr.	8	6	8	8	7	12	75	49
Gray	9	8	8	14	7	14	18	..	100	78
Stark	9	14	10	13	6	11	16	..	100	89
Walters	4	10	9	13	5	12	23	23	125	99
Ferrall	8	9	10	11	50	38
Whitaker	5	9	6	10	50	30
Riggan	2	4	6	12	50	24
Pierce	5	10	4	8	4	5	75	36
Dixon	5	10	4	10	50	29
Eberhart	9	12	25	21
Parker	7	9	25	16
Lee	7	11	25	18
Arthur	8	15	25	23
Gowan	8	10	25	18
C E Johnson	6	8	25	14
Galloway	4	6	25	10
Hardin	4	10	25	14

R. T. GOWAN, Sec'y.

Winchester Gun Club.

DETROIT, Mich.—Poor attendance and low scores were the order of the last regular shoot of the Winchester Gun Club.

Reid's score of 19 was high in Class A, Guthard's 17 high in Class B, and Ford kept the Class C medal with 17.

The next regular shoot will be combined with the annual tournament, Decoration Day, making an all-day shoot, for which preparations are being made. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	20	25
Reid	7	9	..	9	7	..	5	..	5	..	19	..
Brodie	5	..	8	..	6	9	8	..	13	..	17	..
Springhorn	7	13	7	9	..	13	7	..	14	..	17	..
Guthard	8	13	7	10	..	8	17
Ilitchcock	8	6	..	4	10	6	..	6	..	17	14	..
Ford	10	7	3	7	..	17
Rackham	4	..	4	8	..	9
Bachmann	2	6

Wells—Rispi.—Leach.

CHATHAM, Ont., May 24.—Two interesting three-cornered trapshooting events took place here to-day between three widely known sportsmen—Wm. B. Wells, Esq., of English setter fame; Mr. Rispi, manager of the Canadian Express Company of this city, and Mr. N. P. Leach, of the Robin Hood Powder Company, Montreal.

The targets were a fast lot, thrown against a dark background.

The first event was at 40 targets, with the following scores:

Wells 30, Ris

In this event Bauer was the only one to score straight.					
The club handicap at 10 birds, had thirteen entries. The scores:					
Rothacker, 28.....	*01232201	6	Francotte, 28.....	110222202	7
Budd, 29.....	2222222222	10	Butler, 28.....	*102012121	8
Hobbs, 28.....	0222222222	8	Van Loon, 28.....	221222220	9
Bauer, 27.....	1111012121	9	Harrison, 28.....	121121100	8
Johnson, 28.....	0220**	9	Newgold, 27.....	2202212001	7
McGrath, 27.....	0211020*w	9	Scott, 29.....	2211021121	9
Haver, 28.....					

Interstate at Charleston, May 14-16.

The tournament of the Interstate Association, given for the Palmetto Gun Club, of Charleston, S. C., was held on the Exposition grounds, under the management of the famous expert Mr. Elmer E. Shaner. A large tent afforded comfortable quarters for the spectators and shooters.

May 14, First Day.

There were forty-eight contestants in the day's events, the greater number of whom shot through the entire programme. There were ten events, half of which were at 15 targets, half at 20 targets, entrance \$1.50 and \$2, respectively. There were handicaps imposed, and these are given with the list of contestants and scores appended. A stiff wind made somewhat difficult conditions; otherwise the weather was fine. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Total.
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	
Worthen, 20.....	13	18	15	18	14	13	15	13	14	15	151
Baker, 20.....	14	15	13	19	13	19	12	17	14	17	153
Wilson, 20.....	11	20	12	16	12	16	14	17	13	18	149
Waters, 20.....	13	20	13	19	14	19	15	19	12	17	161
Eick, 20.....	13	18	14	17	15	18	13	17	13	18	156
Jeffords, 18.....	14	18	15	19	14	18	9	13	12	12	149
Anthony, 18.....	12	16	14	18	14	18	15	18	12	16	151
Huff, 18.....	15	20	11	15	13	16	13	17	20	20	153
Collins, 18.....	11	13	13	17	14	14	9	14	14	7	126
C Harris, 18.....	13	19	15	19	14	18	13	14	18	18	156
Sauls, 18.....	11	17	11	17	14	19	14	17	13	15	148
Peterman, 18.....	12	17	12	16	12	19	14	17	15	16	150
Heidt, 18.....	13	13	13	15	10	17	11	14	14	12	132
Burke, 18.....	12	17	15	19	12	16	13	19	12	17	152
Lembke, 16.....	11	10	12	16	13	13	13	17	14	15	134
Du Bray, 16.....	14	17	13	17	11	15	148
Lynah, 16.....	11	15	12	18	15	19	14	18	9	17	148
Etheridge, 16.....	12	15	14	16	12	17	14	17	15	18	150
Fairhead, 16.....	12	11	12	17	13	14	11	15	13	18	136
Miller, 16.....	11	17	14	17	13	15	10	17	6	16	136
Walker, 14.....	10	18	8	16	13	15	13	18	11	15	137
Sanders, 16.....	14	18	14	19	11	19	15	18	13	14	155
Winters, 16.....	12	19	10	15	15	9	7	15	126
Avery, 16.....	8	12	10	15	11	15	7	15	10	13	126
J Arnold, 14.....	15	18	10	16	13	16	13	17	11	17	146
Nowell, 14.....	14	20	14	17	14	17	12	16	12	19	165
C Arnold, 14.....	12	19	9	12	13	17	10	19	10	18	139
D Ammons, 14.....	9	13	12	12	11	19	9	15	9	14	133
Foster, 14.....	13	11	8	16	14	19	11	16	14	18	140
G E Davis, 14.....	11	18	13	16	12	19	11	16	12	..	140
Grey, 14.....	14	18	10	16	140
Watson, 14.....	14	19	14	17	14	18	12	17	12	19	156
Cope, 14.....	13	..	8	..	11	17	11	14	137
Bliss, 14.....	12	..	12	..	7	15	7	10	100
W L Davis, 16.....	..	14	..	15	..	13	16	136
Wholman, 16.....	..	8	..	13	139
W Harris, 16.....	..	13	19	139
Steck, 16.....	11	5	16	136
C Camp, 16.....	..	10	18	11	8	7	14	136
S Camp, 16.....	..	12	15	9	16	13	16	136
Thompson, Sr., 16.....	..	11	16	12	17	14	136
Thompson, Jr., 16.....	..	12	16	14	16	12	136
Hunter, 14.....	..	3	4	5	7	136
S Peterman, 16.....	..	9	17	10	18	136
Whilden, 16.....	..	17	13	16	136
J. A. Sapp, 16.....	..	6	136
Rob, 14.....	..	8	13	136
G E Davis, 14.....	..	10	14	136

C. Harris, Sanders and Jeffords were moved back two yards each in the seventh event by the handicap committee.

May 15, Second Day.

The number of contestants numbered forty-eight, as on the first day, but there was not such well sustained participation in the whole of the day's programme. A stiff east wind prevailed, and a rain-storm in the afternoon, which delayed matters and also added to the hard conditions. The number of targets trapped was 6,450. Through a misunderstanding on the part of the handicappers, the professionals and trade representatives were required to shoot under the club handicap on the first day. To comply with the rules of the Interstate Association, this was changed, and only amateurs were handicapped, the professionals shooting from the 16yd. mark.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Total.
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	
Wilson, 20.....	14	18	11	12	13	19	13	15	14	19	148
Baker, 20.....	12	19	15	13	16	11	17	12	15	17	147
Lamotte, 16.....	14	9	14	14	147
Miles, 14.....	..	11	18	12	17	13	18	12	18	11	148
Burke, 18.....	..	12	18	15	18	13	15	14	14	7	141
G Peterman, 18.....	..	12	18	15	17	12	18	11	18	11	147
Jeffords, 18.....	..	12	19	12	17	13	17	9	14	11	136
Worthen, 16.....	..	14	12	13	20	13	17	12	10	14	144
C Harris, 16.....	..	13	18	13	19	12	18	13	19	13	156
Lawrence, 16.....	..	13	18	14	19	14	17	14	17	12	154
Waters, 16.....	..	12	20	13	19	13	19	14	18	11	155
Eick, 16.....	..	15	18	14	19	14	20	14	14	20	162
Whaley, 14.....	15	12	13	10	145
Lembke, 16.....	..	13	17	14	16	13	16	12	16	12	145
Fairhead, 16.....	..	11	19	13	19	12	18	145
Etheridge, 16.....	..	14	18	14	19	14	16	13	20	10	154
Avery, 16.....	..	10	17	14	16	12	11	14	18	11	143
Lynah, 16.....	..	14	16	10	13	12	15	14	15	8	133
Bicaise, 16.....	9	3	133
Sauls, 16.....	..	8	16	13	16	14	17	14	18	9	140
Grey, 16.....	..	9	18	9	17	138
Nowell, 16.....	..	12	16	11	17	10	18	13	16	9	138
Collins, 16.....	..	10	11	10	13	9	10	8	12	9	103
H Thompson, 16.....	..	9	17	9	18	11	18	12	103
Huff, 16.....	..	12	20	11	18	14	20	13	18	10	155
Sanders, 16.....	..	12	17	13	17	14	14	12	18	14	143
W Thompson, 16.....	..	15	17	12	14	11	16	13	145
Watson, 16.....	..	11	14	13	15	13	18	13	19	13	145
J Arnold, 16.....	..	13	14	13	13	8	14	12	12	9	116
J Peterman, 16.....	16	10	14	13	16	116
Heidt, 16.....	..	12	18	11	19	15	19	13	18	12	154
McMaster, 16.....	..	15	12	14	16	12	15	9	16	13	137
French, 14.....	5	161
Walker, 14.....	..	14	20	14	19	14	19	14	18	10	159
Foster, 14.....	..	13	12	11	12	12	14	13	111
J Ammons, 14.....	..	12	13	8	10	9	14	12	12	7	141
Cape, 14.....	..	9	13	7	14	10	16	12	149
J C Arnold, 14.....	..	13	18	12	15	13	18	11	16	15	149
Smith, 14.....	8	135
Miles, 16.....	..	11	17	13	15	12	16	6	17	12	135
C Camp, 14.....	..	9	13	9	15	5	11	10	135
J Camp, 14.....	..	10	17	12	19	13	17	12	135
B Hunter, 14.....	5	135
Morrison, 16.....	9	9	17	..	8	11	8	..	135
Reeves, 16.....	15	..	18	9	135
Bliss, 14.....	14	135
Steck, 14.....	6	14	6	135

May 16, Third Day.

There were thirty-six contestants in the day's competition. Of these, twenty-seven shot through the programme. There were 5,340 targets trapped; total for the three days, 18,280. The high average for the tournament was won by Capt. Ben Eick, of Illinois, with a total of 492 out of a possible 525; second by Mr. Hood Waters, of Baltimore, with 481; third, by Messrs. B. H. Worthen, of Charleston, and Walter Huff, of New York, tied on 463. The shooting throughout the tournament, by professionals and amateurs, was very good, considering the conditions under which it was done. Following are the scores, etc.:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Total.
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	
Eick, 16.....	15	20	15	18	14	19	14	20	15	19	169
Waters, 16.....	13	18	14	19	14	19	15	14	20	16	165
Wilson, 18.....	14	17	12	19	14	20	12	18	13	19	159
Lembke, 16.....	13	17	13	18	14	17	12	19	15	19	157
Nowell, 16.....	13	18	12	17	12	18	12	19	14	19	154
Burke, 18.....	14	17	14	17	13	17	13	20	11	17	153
Huff, 16.....	15	19	15	17	13	19	13	19	14	19	163
Heidt, 16.....	13	16	13	16	13	18	15	17	13	17	151
Worthen, 16.....	12	19	14	12	14	17	12	17	14	19	150
Lawrence, 16.....	13	16	15	18	13	14	14	17	12	18	150
Holtzenhef, 16.....	11	18	12	17	14	17	14	16	13	18	150
Sauls, 16.....	13	16	11	16	13	16	13	18	14	19	147
Baker, 18.....	12	17	13	15	13	20	12	19	10	18	149
C Arnold, 16.....	14	18	12	16	13	17	12	16	12	16	146

McMasters, 16.....	12	17	14	17	13	16	14	18	11	14	146
C Harris, 16.....	12	15	10	16	11	17	15	19	10	20	145
Etheridge, 18.....	13	14	10	16	13	19	13	16	14	15	143
Avery, 16.....	14	16	9	17	11	18	13	16	11	17	142
Lynah, 16.....	11	18	9	17	13	14	11	17	14	16	140
G Peterman, 18.....	14	18	14	16	9	14	14	13	11	13	136
Sanders, 18.....	9	17	12	14	11	17	11	16	11	17	135
Anthony, 18.....	12	16	12	15	8	15	12	15	12	17	134
Collins, 16.....	10	17	10	17	5	17	13	15	11	16	131
W Harris, 16.....	11	14	12	14	11	17	7	16	8	16	126
Jones, 18.....	7	14	10	14	13	43	7	11	12	16	117
J Arnold, 16.....	11	14	12	12	11	11	11	17	5	12	116
Miller, 18.....	10	14	9	13	6	11	11	15	10	10	106
H Thompson.....	12	19	10	18	10
W Thompson, 16.....	12	19	10	18	10
A Ammons, 16.....	9	12
Steck, 16.....	11	14	10	15	10	11	10	15
Winters, 16.....	17	13	13	11	16
C Camp, 16.....	9	15	10	13
J Camp, 16.....	10	20	9
Miles.....	16
J Peterman, 16.....	17

FOREST AND STREAM.

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ILLUSTRATION SUPPLEMENT.

OUR illustration supplement this week is a reproduction of the famous painting "The Forester's Home," by Knaus, from the original in the Corcoran Gallery of Art in Washington. With the issue of July 5 will be given a half-tone of a photograph of a buffalo herd—a picture which will be a reminder to some of our older readers of a West which has long since disappeared.

AUTOMOBILING LAWLESSNESS.

In this country, the introduction of the automobile and the locomobile as a means of transportation has been marked by a deplorably long list of maimings, killings and damages to property. Experience in managing the new machines, the disapproval of the public, and the rare and meagre penalties imposed by the courts in the way of fines, seem to have no mitigating effect whatever in abating the evil. Rather, it grows steadily. In the great cities where there is a congestion of humanity and a consequent congestion of traffic over vast areas, the evil is unceasingly active and pregnant with danger of some kind to life, limb or property. Hardly a day passes without some serious accident from the misuse of the motor carriage.

New York city is specially prolific in the "accidents" which occur, and are inseparable from the reckless use of the automobile. Owing to its dense population, in its long and narrow streets long since inadequate to accommodate the ordinary slow, everyday traffic, high speed, whether of horse or motor carriage, is a challenge to disaster.

The peculiarities of the motor carriage—its beauty, great power, speed, novelty and exclusiveness—appeal favorably to the patronage of the wealthy classes. It specially appeals to that part of them which finds its greatest activity and enthusiasm in the realm of sport. Thus in ordinary road work there are many racing machines in use, machines which are quite in keeping with the conditions of racing when used on the racing track, but which are entirely out of place when used at a high and illegal rate of speed on the highways of the people.

Notwithstanding the disasters incident to such reckless auto machine speed, there seems to be no prospect of a diminution of the evil. Rather it grows greater in direct ratio as the machines increase in number, and their uses at illegal speed are directly upheld or countenanced by great social prestige and millions of wealth, position and power, which should be exercised for the maintenance of all laws rather than for their infraction. Being wealthy constitutes no offense *per se*, but it is a great aid in maintaining petty carelessness when its possessor is so inclined.

The court proceedings in this connection have fairly well demonstrated that the old laws, which were made with a view to punish offenders in respect to the fast driving of horses in the public streets, are utterly inadequate to abate the over-speeding of motor machines in the streets. The fine of \$5 or \$10 was of sufficient seriousness to the average horse driver to make him observant of the laws of the road thereafter, or to deter him from violating them. How changed is all this in respect to the auto-machine owner who has offended. He appears leisurely in court, carries himself in a high and haughty manner, shows only a languid interest in the charge, pays his fine or that of his chauffeur with quiet contemptuous disdain, and walks forth with superlative indifference. There is no manifestation by him that any penalty has been felt or that any lesson has been inculcated which will tend to his better behavior thereafter. In view of this nothing in the way of a fine for such offenders proves adequate. Imprisonment is the only penalty which would be dreaded and heeded.

An auto machine has some features other than speed, which also make the old laws, which had the over-speeding of horses in view, inapplicable. If a horse driver violated the speed ordinance, he could be caught almost to a certainty. The horse, or horses could not maintain a maximum of exertion more than a few minutes of time. The auto machine can go for many minutes, its reserve power and mechanism placing it in speed capabilities almost on an equality with the fastest railroad trains and fully on an equality as a destroyer of life when misused. The fact that it may carry various devices, horns, gongs, etc., with which to give warning and with which warning is given, adds but little to the safety of a man afoot who may happen to be in the way. They advance so noiselessly, so swiftly and so regardless of life or limb in many cases, that the pedestrian is caught before he can discern whence the danger threatens, or discerning it, he has to scurry actively to escape, though under the law he has the right of way himself. As for a dog or other animal which might get in the way, such is no manner of consequence unless it were in some way a menace to the chauffeur, his employer or the automobile.

CONEY ISLAND.

Among the rarest and most beneficent possessions of the city of New York is the stretch of sea beach of Coney Island. Lying within the city limits and reached by an hour's trolley ride from the Brooklyn Bridge or an hour's sail down the harbor, the resort attracts hundreds of thousands of visitors every year; and of these the vastly preponderating majority is made up of the working people of the city, old and young, most of whom have no other outing than this. The men and women who visit Coney Island are, as a rule, decent and clean in their home surroundings, and are entitled to decent and clean surroundings when they go out to take their pleasure. These they have not been afforded at Coney Island. The Grand Jury of Kings County has just made a presentment in which the condition of the island is characterized as "a stench in the nostrils of honest people." The grand jury found there continued open and flagrant violation of the law, with vice and indecency rampant and unrestrained by the authorities. This is no new thing. It has been true of Coney Island for years. The city's seaside resort has been exploited by the vicious and the criminal so openly and confidently and securely that there has been no room for question that the police of the island were in league with the thieves and thugs and panderers who have done business there. The viciousness of Coney Island has been a standing disgrace to the authorities of the city from the mayor and the police commissioner down to the man on post. The peculiar outrage of the situation is, as we have said, that the people who actually need Coney Island and are most benefited by it in their outings are entitled to a seashore playground as clean and healthful and pure as the sea breeze from the ocean. The grand jury's presentment is not without a touch of humor, for the jurors say that they have furnished to the police captain in charge a list of the disorderly resorts on the island. Either the captain knew of every such resort before the jury told him or he did not know of it. If he did know he should be put on trial for neglect of duty; if he did not know he should be removed as incompetent for his place. We do not want blind and deaf men for police captains.

SNAP SHOTS.

We most heartily second Dr. Ambler's request that every reader who is interested in the plan of establishing the Appalachian National Forest Reserve shall communicate with his Senator and Representative and urge support of the measure to create the reserve. It is extremely important that Congress should take action now, for the work of clearing the forests is steadily progressing, and every year of delay will mean so much more irreparable ruin. The fact is significant that the Appalachian project has the indorsement not only of such bodies as the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the American Forestry Association, and the National Board of Trade, but of lumber associations and the leading journals which represent the interests of the lumbermen. The National Hardwood Lumber Associa-

tion, at its annual meeting in St. Louis, in May, indorsed the Appalachian Park in these words:

Whereas, The numerous forest reserves established by the National Government are all located in the West, and not one of them embraces any portion of the great hardwood forests of the country:

Resolved, That the National Hardwood Lumber Association respectfully urges upon Congress the importance of establishing the proposed National Forest Reserve in the hardwood region of the Southern Appalachian Mountains, both as a means of preserving these mountains and preventing disastrous floods, and also as a means of demonstrating to the people of this country what can be done in the way of using hardwood forests, and at the same time perpetuating them for the benefit of future generations.

Game protective clubs are of two kinds; one protects game, the other does not. It is always a gratification and an incitement to record actual accomplishment by a club whose practice comports with its profession as a working organization. There lies before us the annual report of the Rensselaer County Rod and Gun Club, with headquarters at West Sandlake, N. Y. President J. R. McLaren makes an exhibit for the year of which many an older association might well be proud. Through the club's legislative committee a modification of the woodcock and squirrel seasons for the county was secured at Albany; the committee on stocking and planting has received from the State more than 500,000 fry of game fish, with more than 9,000 fingerlings and 9,000 yearlings, and all of these have been planted in the public waters. A supply of Mongolian pheasants has been put out. The club has secured the appointment of a special deputy protector and has commanded respect for the law by securing the arrest and punishment of grouse snarers and takers of trout out of season. The admission fee of one dollar and annual dues of fifty cents are so low that the membership is large and growing, and the influence of the organization in corresponding degree powerful and effective.

The Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives has reported favorably the bill to reopen with Great Britain negotiations looking to a modification of the existing agreement relative to the protection of the Behring Sea seals. The purpose of the bill is to secure the permanent protection of the seals from the pelagic fishermen, or failing that, the destruction of the herd by the United States. Under present conditions this country is foolishly preserving the seals for the pelagic fishermen; and this will go on just so long as the Government shall be willing to spend an immense amount of money for the benefit of alien pirates. The situation is intolerable; better the extermination of the herd than that pelagic sealing should continue.

James A. Conlin, who died in this city last week at the age of sixty-seven years, was well known to rifle and pistol shooters by reason of his long connection with the sport. For more than a quarter of a century the iron figure of a marksman, which stood for a sign in front of Conlin's gallery, was a landmark on Broadway, and a respectable company of skilled shots might be mustered from the scores of shooters who received their first lessons there. Mr. Conlin took an active part in promoting the international long range rifle shooting of the 70's.

The contention of Mr. Lewis Hopkins, that the gun play of the cheap theatrical show encourages the pistol carrying habit, will have added force if we remember that the patronage of the shows is drawn largely from the young and the uneducated. To such the show is a school; they learn from it in a measure their morals and rules of life. If gun play is employed on the stage, the effect is very much what it would be if the principle of resort to the pistol were inculcated in a school.

The Virginia deer imported into Nova Scotia have become so well established that according to the current report of the Game Protection Society they are to be found in small numbers in almost every county in the province.

The Sportsman Tourist.

An Inexpensive Outing.

BY WILLIAM H. AVIS.

THERE appears to be a dearth of information regarding the cost of outings afield or afloat. An erroneous opinion prevails that such pleasures are only within reach of the very wealthy, and that those of limited means are necessarily excluded; it is my hope here to prove this opinion a fallacy. Like everything else, however, outings may or may not be expensive. Imaginary wants are apt to prove expensive as well as unnecessary. The principal essential being to live as close to Nature as possible. This in itself brings a sportsman's outing within easy reach of nearly all of us, for one can live close to Nature with less expense than he can live at home.

A month's fishing, cruising and camping expedition is within the means of thousands who live in close proximity to Long Island Sound, and similar waters. Two persons can start in a rowboat from Throgg's Neck, carefully pick their way along the Connecticut shore, and cruise as far east as Watch Hill, R. I., and the expense need not exceed \$60 apiece in money. Added to the recruited health, rest and recreation gained from associating with the free outdoors, such a trip would yield a mass of useful information.

On an outing of this kind and duration, one need not run unnecessary risks afloat in rough and boisterous weather. Twice in every twenty-four hours the tide flows ebb, and under most conditions this should be the time for navigation. As the prevailing summer winds blow from south and southwest on the Sound, this would naturally favor the cruiser going east.

Excepting that exceedingly beautiful portion of Long Island, extending from Eaton's Neck in a westerly direction, the southern shore of Long Island Sound is sandy and dull and uninteresting; harbors, too, are scarce. Here the heat is of the sweltering kind, as the winds are mostly off the shore. The numerous harbors and groups of islands of the north shore, with off-shore breezes eliminated, naturally conduce to make the Connecticut side of the Sound the choice waters for small-boat cruising.

A large first-class rowboat, with two pair of oars, can be hired for \$5 per week, and this and the price of a good tent would be the greatest expense. A very fair tent can be bought for \$10; but a much better one of the same size and perfectly waterproof can be had for \$15. A large waterproof bag, for the protection of bedding, clothing, books, writing materials, etc., need not exceed \$2 in cost, and \$3 invested in tinware, cooking utensils, etc., ought to furnish an outfit for two. Now invest \$3 in a rubber blanket, and \$5 in two coarse, heavy horse blankets; then \$3 more in fishing lines, hooks, sinkers and a clam hoe. When there is no chance to build a fire, a \$3 oil stove would not come amiss, and \$1 invested in a five-gallon water cask completes the outfit. If one owned a camera it might add interest to take it along. Clean straw or hay, purchased en route as needed, would make the sweetest bed.

With the exception of clothing and a few necessities, easily supplied from among the effects at home, the expedition is ready to start. One should not forget, however, to take along one light, fair grade of summer suit, clean outing shirts, ties, outing cap and light shoes—just to appear presentable while visiting ashore.

With everything ready for a start, \$55 have been expended, and there are yet \$65 in the treasury. This means over \$16 per week for four weeks' living expenses for two persons; the sum is far more than sufficient. Indeed, the writer and a companion once made a two months' cruise up the St. John's River, in Florida, and our living expenses did not equal a quarter of that sum, and there was a bountiful supply of everything.

This paper will not dwell on details, but will just give a general outline of what a trip through the Sound in a small boat would reveal—noting some of the places of interest, and the best fishing and camping places known to the writer.

From Throgg's Neck to Little Captain Island is a trifle over sixteen statute miles, and with the tide ebb and the wind southwest, two average oarsmen ought to easily do the distance in three or four hours, and there would be a limit of six hours. A piece of canvas rigged on a pair of oars and utilized as a sail would eliminate the rowing.

Little Captain Island contains but a few acres of land, but is an excellent place to camp. There is no water there, however, that I know of. But Great Captain Island is close by, with a well of pure, cold water right near the lighthouse.

By chart Little Captain Island is one and one-half miles off shore, and a mile from Greenwich Point, which lies to the northeast. One would be repaid to camp here two or three days, so as to take in the places of interest, for this is, perhaps, by far the most beautiful place on the Sound. Greenwich, a mile and a half to the north, on the mainland, is the first shore town in Connecticut east of the New York line. It is a delightfully beautiful place, and many of the wealthiest families of America have residences here. The western suburb is known as Belle Haven, and it is a veritable paradise in the summer season. Elegant and costly mansions nestle in settings of the highest art of landscape gardening, and most of them are literally smothered in shrubbery and the choicest of flowers. There are few, if any, fences, and beautifully white, hardened roads wind hither and thither, in the most intricate and mazy way. Here one may walk for hours amid bowers and banks of flowering shrubs and plants of every known variety and never tire, so pleasing and novel are the sights. There are Italian gardens, great beds of flower coloring, in designs of baskets, urns, anchors, fans, etc., and the air is redolent with the sweetest perfume. Smart equipages and automobiles roll almost noiselessly over the clean roads, and, ever and anon, entrancing glimpses of the Sound, trembling blue under the summer sun, steal upon the vision.

Fair indeed, and beautiful beyond compare, is Belle Haven. Here nature carelessly dropped a wondrous, unpolished gem from her treasure store. Wealth, culture

and refinement plucked it from its rough bed, pressed it to the wheel of progress, and lo! Belle Haven—most entrancing suburb of the fairest town within the borders of the old Nutmeg State—was born.

Other features of interest in Greenwich are: The old Putnam house, on Putnam avenue (the place where Gen. Putnam saw the British soldiers reflected in his shaving glass); the place where it is claimed the old stone steps were, down which Putnam rode with the British in pursuit; the old Indian burial place at Cos Cob—an eastern suburb of Greenwich—and much more of interest, for which space is too limited to mention.

Greenwich Harbor is a beautiful, well protected sheet of water, and many of the world's most noted, most costly and swiftest yachts call here. This is the port of E. C. Benedict's famous Oneida—the yacht on which ex-President Cleveland has taken so many outings. Mr. Benedict's magnificent palace, which is built on the site of the old Tweed Club House, is said to have cost \$5,000,000. It presents a wonderfully beautiful appearance from the water. There are two yacht clubs, the Greenwich and the Riverside.

Fair fishing is to be had off the rocks and on the reefs in the harbor and its vicinity. Blackfish, sea bass, cunners, flatfish and weakfish are caught in the summer time. Clams are plentiful and easily dug at low water, and oysters can be purchased from the oystermen in the harbor.

The distance from Little Captain Island to the Norwalk Islands' Lighthouse is eleven statute miles. There are a number of good fishing spots between, among them being the rocks and reefs in the vicinity of Shippan Point; Smith's Rocks, between Shippan Point and Long Neck; the waters in the vicinity of Green Ledge, and numerous paces among the islands themselves.

One ought to be able to select a camping site to his own liking among the Norwalk Islands. Four miles east of Sheffield Island, on which the lighthouse stands, is a large island named Cockenoe's Island. Many persons camp here, but perhaps it might be well to select a site further in the harbor, so as to be in touch with South Norwalk. Wherever islands are built upon one should ask permission to camp, and I think there will seldom be a refusal.

The next stopping place would be Bridgeport, although there are a number of interesting places between the islands and that city. Perhaps the eastern end of Long Beach would furnish as good a camping site as anywhere, although by asking permission one could get nearer the city.

A couple of days could be well spent around Bridgeport. Here are located the winter quarters of the great Barnum's Circus. Among the manufactories are the Union Metallic Cartridge Works, American Ordnance Co., where all kinds of heavy ordnance is made; Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Co., and many other world famous manufactories. Then there is Seaside Park, partly presented to the city by P. T. Barnum, and numerous interesting shore resorts.

Off Bridgeport Harbor are located the most extensive natural oyster beds in the Sound. These grounds are protected by law, and have their open and close time. In the fall, when it is legal to dredge for the oysters, hundreds of white-winged sloops enliven the waters, and thousands of bushels of seed oysters are caught. These are either sold to big dealers or are kept by those who own the sloops and are transplanted on their own grounds. This greatly depends on the market price of seed. If the price is high the sloop owners usually sell; but if the market is dull, then it pays best to keep the seed. At this season hundreds of riding lights in the harbor at night lend the appearance of a city afloat. It is all worth going some distance to see.

It is seven and one-half miles to Pond Point, a place within easy touch of Merwin's Point, Savin Rock and New Haven. The trolley runs close by the shore, and there is but a step from the tent to the cars. Merwin's Point, and Savin Rock are shore resorts, the latter being styled the Coney Island of Connecticut.

New Haven is a beautiful city, and widely known as the seat of Yale University. Among its well known manufactories is the world famous Winchester Repeating Arms Co. East and West Rock Parks are unique, being over three hundred feet above the city, and commanding beautiful views of the city, the surrounding country and the Sound. On West Rock is located the historic Judges' Cave, the place of refuge of the regicide Judges, Dixwell, Whalley and Goffe. There are a number of yacht clubs, the most prominent being the New Haven Yacht Club and the City Point Yacht Club. The trolley is convenient to all points of interest, and the cost of transportation is insignificant.

By skirting the shore to a point between Savin Rock and Oyster River Point, New Haven Harbor can be crossed inside the breakwaters, and the shore followed to the Thimble Islands, the distance being fifteen statute miles.

On a cruise of the kind herein set forth, the shore should be skirted as closely as possible at all times. Thunder squalls spring up on the Sound very quickly at times, and with the shore close aboard a landing could be made and the tent erected in time to escape danger and drenching. Inside the buoys along the Connecticut shore, the waters are a jumble of rocks. Hundreds are barely covered, but danger from this quarter is nearly eliminated in a rowboat, for if a rock was struck, the boat would slide up on it without danger, and could be easily pushed off again.

With the exception of Greenwich and its vicinity, the Thimbles and surroundings form the most delightful spot in Long Island Sound. A week could be spent here, and every minute filled with pleasure. So thickly built upon are the islands, however, that permission to camp should be asked, and this could be easily obtained.

The romantic history of the Thimbles lends enchantment to the beauties bestowed by nature. Legend claims that here were the headquarters, in the Sound, of Captain Kidd. High Island, perhaps the largest in the group, is nearly divided by a harbor. This harbor is said to have served as a hiding place for Kidd's vessel, and is known as Kidd's Harbor. If it were possible for a vessel to enter the place, by lowering her topmasts she would be completely invisible from even so short a distance as one hundred yards. It is doubtful, however, if there

was ever depth enough of water to admit of a vessel floating there—or even entering—and the yarn is generally considered mythical.

There are many interesting islands beside High Island. Pot Island is noted for a smooth, bowl-shaped hole in the solid rock which legend connects with Kidd and his crew as a punch bowl. Here, it is said, the buccaneers were wont to meet and celebrate in flowing bumpers, brewed in this natural bowl, daring depredations committed upon unfortunate merchantmen. When the tide is high, the bowl is covered.

Off the southern point of Pot Island, in the passage which separates it from Horse Island, is a famous place to fish. Then between Horse and Outer Islands is another noted ground for fish. In fact, when the tide is at the right stage, the fishing is generally fair anywhere among the islands.

Money Island is a charming spot, and Kidd is said to have buried treasure here. Other islands of note are: Governor's, Rogers, Bear, Cut-In-Two, and many others, for which lack of space forbids mention. It is claimed that there are more than one thousand rocks and islands in this group, many of the former being under water.

Between Mansfield Point, six miles to the west, and Sachem's Head, five miles to the east, the shore line is a continuous panorama of delightful scenery, among which are nestled snug summer residences. Directly north of the islands, on the mainland, is Stony Creek. Here are stores, postoffice, hotels, etc. Sachem's Head, which is also on the mainland, boasts a popular yacht club and a very good hotel. Then there are many neat, summer cottages.

From this point (Sachem's Head) on east, the writer cannot claim close familiarity with the shore conditions; but from observations taken while sailing by at different times, good facilities for camping appear abundant. Hammonasset Point, twelve miles from the Thimbles, looks enticing; as also do Cornfield and Guard House Points. The banks of the Connecticut, twelve miles from Hammonasset Point, should furnish good sites—although there is considerable marsh land. Then there are Hatchett's Point; Black Point; Mill Stone Point—the latter and Black Point forming respectively the west and east shore of Niantic Bay; Goshen's Point and New London Harbor—the latter being fourteen miles from the Connecticut River.

Fisher's Island Sound offers exceptional inducements to the camping-cruiser, for here one is brought within touch of the very cream of New England salt water fishing. Then Watch Hill, twelve miles from the entrance of New London Harbor, could be visited. Considerable caution, however, should be exercised in navigating these waters in a rowboat, for the tides run swift and strong, and Block Island Sound is as rough a sheet of water at times as one can find from Maine to Hatteras. While comparatively sheltered, yet, owing to the tides, Fisher's Island Sound, too, is exceedingly nasty at times.

The trip should end at Stonington, for here the cruisers' boat and plunder could be shipped on the steamboat, and transported to New York. And our two cruisers ought to land in the metropolis improved in health, strength and knowledge; and with some little cash on hand. The writer has done even a longer trip, in a sailboat, and at less expense.

To the Snow Line of the Himalayas

The following account of an excursion which I made more than thirty years ago, in company with a friend, to the line of perpetual snow in the Himalaya Mountains, will, I trust, interest some of your readers:

The quantity of large game seen and bagged was very disappointing, but the journey itself was delightful, and the details of the provisions and other parts of the outfit taken with us, may be of service to some of our American brethren who, while making a tour through India, feel inclined to visit the most lofty range of mountains in the world.

I can give only the main points of interest, having, unfortunately, neglected to keep a regular diary, but I entered an account of the most important facts in a note book and made a few sketches. A large part of the scenery indeed was so vividly impressed on my memory that I can recall it at the present day, by shutting my eyes, in a series of pictures so grand that any attempt to reproduce them on paper would have been hopeless.

I had been living for two years in one of the hottest stations of Central India; the heat there and in other places, during the second season, having been so great that numbers of the natives died from it. I was therefore greatly pleased when, early in the third summer, two months' leave was given me to visit "the hills," as the Himalayas are called in the Bengal Presidency.

Being 140 miles from a railway, I had to travel half way in a palanquin (called pulkee) and the remaining half in a Government mailtent. This was a two-wheeled vehicle without springs, drawn by a couple of ponies, one in the shafts and the other in traces by his side. They were changed every seven or eight miles, and, as the whole distance was passed at a gallop, the only way of riding without great discomfort was to place a pillow on the seat thick enough to permit of one being in a half-standing position. A thin iron rail guarded the sides and back of the seat, and a second pillow was required to prevent the skin around the hips from being galled.

The railroad journey was comfortable, considering the heat of the weather, and in due time I arrived at Saharunpore, a station beautifully wooded and containing a Government botanical garden, by means of which the cinchona and various other useful trees and plants have been introduced into India.

Thence to the foot of the mountains, about 80 miles, was traveled in a "dawk gharry," a four wheeled covered carriage, with seats which can be arranged so as to support a mattress in a level position and allow the occupant to sleep. At that period every one traveling in India, away from the large seaport cities, was obliged to carry his own bedding. A ride of eight miles on a pony brought me to a hill station named Mussourie, 6,000 feet above the sea, with Landour close by, 2,000 feet higher. The ponies have a strange propensity for walking as close as possible to the outside edge of the road,

so that the rider's foot is sometimes hanging over a deep precipice. Mules, which are also let for this work, are still more obstinate than ponies in refusing to be guided away from the edge. Both animals are, however, accustomed to the mountains, so there is no danger unless the ground on which they are walking happens to break down. I knew a case in which this occurred when a lady was riding into another hill station. She was only saved from dropping to the bottom of the precipice by falling against a bush which happened to be growing on its side several feet below the road. The pony, I believe, was killed.

Coolies can be hired at the foot of every hill road who will carry up ladies in a kind of seat made of carpet slung between two poles. It is always better for them to travel in this way rather than ride on a pony.

Horses accustomed only to the plains require riding with great care when first taken into the mountains. One of my own (during a visit to another station some years afterward) slid with his hind legs over the edge of the road when turning a sharp corner. I threw myself out of the saddle and hauled hard at the bridle reins, which helped the horse to struggle on to the level ground. Fortunately, the side of the mountain below the road was not perpendicular, although very steep.

The air at Mussourie was filled with a fine mist which prevented a view of the scenery at any great distance, but the mountain slopes were beautiful with masses of oaks, and with rhododendron trees twenty or thirty feet high, having stems about a foot in diameter. These must have presented a splendid appearance a few weeks before my arrival, being covered with masses of crimson blossoms, which had begun to fade when I saw them.

I stayed at a hotel and met a friend, S—, a commissioner in the Government service, a first-rate sportsman and one of the best performers with both rifle and shotgun that I have ever met. When staying at his house in the plains I have left my own gun behind and walked by his side enjoying the sight of his extraordinary skill.

Mussourie is well provided with good roads, cut for miles around the mountains, among which many pleasant walks and rides can be made. It also had a club and a good library. There were many ladies who had come from the plains to escape the hot season, and who joined in such games as lawn tennis, croquet, etc.—but after a few days S— and myself began to feel restless, so we agreed to march into the interior as far as the snow line. In very clear weather this is visible from the highest part of Landour—and is considered to be about eighty miles distant as the crow flies—but is much farther by the mountain paths.

We at once began by searching the bazars, where the native shopkeepers live, until we found two second-hand ridgepole tents about 5 feet high, one for ourselves and the other for the two Musselman cooks who had accompanied us from our homes in the plains. As wooden tent-pegs soon break in the rocky ground, we procured some made of iron. These are provided with rings by which they are tied together while marching. They should be counted every morning to prevent the coolies stealing and selling them to the villagers, iron being scarce in the interior of the hills.

We next bought a couple of small camp bedsteads. This may seem luxurious to those accustomed only to camping in America, but in India I always used one, from dread of snakes. Although, I believe, there are none of a poisonous kind above the foothills of the Himalayas, there are plenty of scorpions in the warm valleys of the interior. At one halting place the coolies killed four of them, while engaged in arranging the camp.

Our provisions consisted of a large quantity of rice and flour (the latter with the finest part of the bran left in it for making the unfermented cakes called "chupatties"). We also took curry powder, a few tins of preserved meat and bottles of Liebig's extract, Worcester sauce (not Worcester sauce, which is very inferior), coffee, sugar, and tea, the last at the rate of 1½ pounds for each of us per month, as our Musselman cooks drank it. We bought enamelled iron cups and plates, a tin for boiling rice, and a zinc pail for holding water. This last is necessary, as the drinking water has sometimes to be brought from the bottom of a hill hundreds of feet below the camping ground. The cooking vessels were copper bowls with lids, fitting one within the other. These are in general use throughout India, and the native servants dislike cooking with any other. I took a quantity of medicines, including quinine, chlorodyne, nitrate of silver, aperient pills, sulphate of zinc, two bottles of brandy and tincture of opium. Most of this was for the treatment of the villagers—whose most common diseases are malarial fever, dysentery and subacute ophthalmia.

All these things were carried by coolies in what are called kiltas—large conical shaped baskets in general use throughout the mountains. See Figure 1. This pattern is convenient for leaning against sloping rocks by the mountain paths, and so taking all strain off a man's shoulders when he sits down to rest.

Two of the kiltas, in which were packed the medicines, ammunition, tea, coffee, and sugar, were covered with tanned sheepskin and fitted with lids secured by padlocks. This is necessary to prevent such articles from being stolen. The best locks for the purpose are those which require no keys—being opened by bringing several letters in a straight line.

As each coolie carries, at the utmost, fifty pounds—we hired ten for our baggage—beside two to help carry the guns, and a man named Iahtroo, who professed to be a "shikaree"—or hunter, but who proved of little use except for skinning birds.

Native hunters, when alone, kill a great quantity of game by their extreme patience in waiting for animals at places where they come to drink, and by firing only at short ranges. Many of them are highly praised by sportsmen, who have not hunted out of India. But the best I ever found, were inferior to a good Micmac Indian in New Brunswick—and I never met with one who could walk silently on hard ground without taking off his shoes, or who could follow the tracks of a wounded animal when I was unable to do so myself.

Many will think the amount of our outfit excessive. In tropical countries roughing it does not pay. The more a man takes care of himself, the more healthy he

will keep, and it is not worth while to deprive one's self of a real comfort when a coolie can be hired to carry it for less than three dollars a month.

We had waterproof covers for our guns, and we bought four alpenstocks of solid bamboo shod with iron spikes, two for ourselves and two for our cooks. I had a small binocular glass which had always proved very useful for finding wounded ducks hidden in reeds, or large game in thick jungle; I would advise anyone hunting in the hills, to take also, a good telescope magnifying quite twenty times and with an object glass nearly, or quite two inches in diameter. This would be of great assistance when searching the side of a mountain for large game. It should be provided with a leather case and strap, by which it could be slung over a coolie's shoulder.

We wore woolen underclothes and Norfolk frocks and pantaloons of cotton drill dyed the grayish-slate color called kalkee in India. We had Elwood's felt helmets as a protection for the head. Although the air in the mountains may be cool, the sun's rays in summer are often very scorching and in the deep valleys the heat is great. There is a curious fact of which I have never heard a rational explanation. Europeans in Canada and Australia, while wearing only straw hats, take hard exercise with impunity, when the thermometer is at a

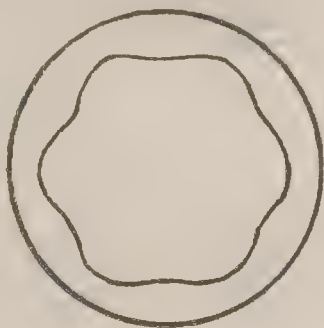


Figure 1.

height which would make them liable to sunstroke if they did the same in India. S— had a double-barrel 12-bore breech-loading rifle weighing eleven pounds. The barrels were 26 inches long, and the cartridges held 4½ drams of powder—with a thick felt wad and round balls—eleven to the pound. It had been built by Dougall, then a celebrated gunmaker of London and Glasgow, and the original cost was £80. It was very accurate and had been used for some years by an officer in an infantry regiment for all kinds of large game. On one occasion he killed two tigers with right and left barrels. The first dropped in his tracks and the second after running thirty yards. The owner, when returning to England, offered it to S— for less than half the cost price—and gave him twelve cartridges to try it with. S— hired a number of villagers to drive a tract of jungle known to contain large game. He waited at the end and fired ten of the cartridges. With two he missed, and with the other eight he bagged six deer and one hyena. This



Figure 2.

was not bad work for shots at running game with a rifle which he had never used before.

The grooves of this rifle were shaped like a series of waves, as shown in Fig. 2, which allowed any number of shots to be fired without fouling. S—'s other weapon was a muzzle-loading shotgun of 11 bore, with 32-inch barrels and very heavy—about 8½ pounds. He took a quantity of No. 6 shot (270 in an ounce), that being the size which he used for all kinds of game, from quail to duck; the only change he made being an increase in the powder charge for the latter.

I had the single 16-bore Purdey rifle and the 16 shotgun by S. Smith, described in our article to FOREST AND STREAM on nyilghao shooting.

Having lost one or two wounded animals from want of a second barrel and being unable to afford the cost of a double breechloader, I had, shortly before starting for the hills, bought a double-barrel muzzle-loading rifle with two grooves and a round ball of thirteen to the pound, with a belt on it which fitted the grooves. The two barrels threw the balls, with the same sighting, well inside a 6-inch bullseye at 100 yards, when loaded with ninety grains of Curtis & Harvey's No. 6 powder, and as the rifle weighed 9½ pounds, it had no unpleasant recoil with that charge.

As there are several kinds of large pheasants in the mountains—beside the chickore, a bird exactly like the French partridge, but double the size, I thought No. 6 shot hardly large enough—so took a bag of No. 5 (218 in an ounce)—and it proved very satisfactory for general purposes. I also took a small quantity of No. 10 for killing small birds whose skins we might wish to preserve, and a few paper cylinders, each containing an ounce of BB shot.

The natives of the hills are called Paharries, from the word Pahar, meaning a mountain. They dislike strangers and very often refuse to sell them food at any price. This is partly the fault of some of the British, who, when traveling, allow their native servants from the plains to pay the villagers for the firewood, milk, etc., that have

been purchased. He is certain to cheat them out of a considerable portion of the money unless his employer sees it put into their hands. It is the usual custom for the British magistrate to furnish a servant from the law court, called a Chuprassee, who wears a belt, proving him to be an official. The villagers are then afraid to refuse to sell supplies at ordinary market rates or a little more. Unfortunately, the Chuprassee nearly always extorts food and probably part of the money from them, so S— and myself decided not to employ one, but to trust in judicious management and my knowledge of medicine for securing the good will of the people; and we were not disappointed. During the whole journey to the snow-line and back, we never had the least difficulty in buying all the firewood, milk and butter required.

The language of the Paharries is a kind of patois, of which we only understood a word occasionally, but in every village some of them know more or less of Hindustani, and that is a *lingua franca*, which enables anyone to travel with comfort all over India, from the Bombay Presidency northward to the Himalayas. Even children are acquainted with it in districts where the dialect is Bengali—and the Afghans, who bring merchandise into India every cool season, speak it fluently. In the British parts of Beloochistan I have invariably found one or more in every group of men who could converse in Hindustani. The native name for the language is Oordoo—meaning camp, because it was formed by a mixture of Hindoo with the Persian, Arabic, and other languages of the Mahometan armies which lived in camps when they first invaded India. J. J. MEYRICK.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Walk Down South.—XXXII.

WHEN Mate McKee turned on me his face was not beautiful, but it didn't turn me to stone, though there was an indication of ice along my back. He opened his mouth to say something. Then opened it again. Then he left me standing there, and I didn't get the plate to eat from.

One of the passengers was an object of considerable interest to me. He was well built, and regarded the boat ride as a lark, which he celebrated to such an extent that once when he went ashore at a landing, the mate yelled, "Keep watch of that man there; he's going crazy." It was D. T.'s.

Sometimes I got a plate. I find this item in my notebook: "I don't know which is the hardest to eat with my fingers, apple sauce or mashed potatoes." Some of the apple sauce is on the notebook yet. But I made a wooden spoon, and that seemed luxurious.

As we got further down the river, within fifty or sixty miles of Decatur, Ala., the crew was largely increased by darkies who were earning their way, beside regular passengers. One of these was a boy of sixteen years, whose right leg was shorter than the left, and stiff. He walked with a cane, a slow, painful (seemingly) limp was his gait. Yet he worked his passage. He carried with the rest, cotton hulls, 132-pound sacks of cotton seed, bags of corn. Though I watched him carefully, I could not see that his gait varied a hair's breadth, laden or unladen; he limped as much, but no more; he walked as slow, but no slower; even the tilt of his head was the same under a load. There was, when laden, in his eyes the slightest possible draw to the lids. Some of the white passengers saw something to laugh at in the spectacle the cripple made, but the negroes showed no sign in regard to him one way or the other.

One of the passenger negroes was a type of the sort that has brought forth an excuse for treading on the whole negro race. I own that I had an ardent wish to knock him down. A "smart Alec" is what they call that sort. He wore a very large, broad, black hat, a black suit, and a black overcoat that reached below his knees. The hat was aslant, and he kept both hands in his trousers' pockets. His necktie was bright red, his white collar as high as his ears. He strutted, talked loud, and had opinions, not ideas, on all things.

"See these yere clo's?" he said to me. "They cum frum yo' country, Buffalo. I was theh; ho, yes. Buf-lo, Noo Yark, and all oveh. Back heah to spend theh wintah."

In his eyes was that look of mean, shifty, arrogant and hateful vanity, which in a white man is despised, and rather harmless, but which in a negro brings down on his whole race an odium so great that one of the first questions of national import a Northerner is asked now in the South is: "What do you think of Roosevelt's eating dinner with a nigger?" How many times I answered that question in regard to Booker T. Washington I don't know.

At last we reached Decatur, Ala. Some house-boats were along the river bank, and at the top of the muddy slope some shanties. On the level, out of sight, were many other houses, as I soon saw. A wide street, still, muddy and lonesome, was enough like the South of my dreams to be satisfactory. I got my mail first, and then a tin-basin and a spoon. I couldn't buy a knife and fork, as that would "break the set." I went back to the boat merrily enough, for now I had something to eat out of.

There was not much to load on board at Decatur for the up trip—some cotton hulls, which were taken on from "drays" in a pouring rain. We started at 1:40 P. M., Feb. 15, on the trip back to Chattanooga.

Many of the negroes were gone. They had deserted, or merely left. Others had taken their places. I missed the great-mouthed circus clog dancer, the one from whom the burden of slavery seemed not to have been missing, and Shine—Shine being the one of all the crew who laughed constantly from his heart to his teeth, whose face really shone and caused Mate McKee to nickname him. As I noted their absence, I discovered that I had begun to be able to distinguish between the individuals—the truth of the song, "all 'coons look alike to me," was then appreciated.

Bound northward to Chattanooga again, it seemed like going home to all hands, to me as much as any one. After supper the first night the darkies began to sing, and for an hour I heard what one reads about in Southern tales—the melody, abandon and fervor of a negro chorus.

The weather was cold. The wind cut through one's clothes and chilled the flesh like a sea wind. Snow fell, bitterly damp and uncomfortable. Freezing weather in Alabama is worse than ten below zero in the North. A

heavy fog compelled the pilots to run ashore and tie up. We all went to sleep, I in a chair with my head on a tool chest, the negroes either on benches or sprawled on the floor, lulled by the droning and hum of the electric light motor.

We took on some cattle and pigs at various landings. The animals were in poor condition mostly, for the corn crop in northern Alabama has failed for the past three years, and many of the farmers hadn't enough corn for seed. They were shipping the critters to keep them from starving, I was told. The darkies enjoyed loading the cattle. To see them hauling and dragging and sometimes literally carrying a struggling and snorting heifer down a muddy bank, over a cleated staging, with loud yells and laughter, was a curious sight to spectators, and funny, too, when it happened that the beast was more scared than hurt. The way to carry a pig, a passenger told me, was to throw the animal on its back, grip the fingers of each hand into the sides just back of the diaphragm, and then hoist it up to either shoulder. In this way any hog of ordinary Southern size can be carried to the best advantage. Some of the darkies, however, lugged the creatures on board holding by the hoofs, and their struggles were entertaining.

Two sportsmen were on board. They were going up the Tennessee a hundred or so miles duck hunting. They had a red yawl and a negro to row it, two shotguns, one a repeater, the other a double-barreled.

On Feb. 17 we reached Chattanooga again. I was pretty tired, and decided to remain there a few days. The weather was cold, dismal, foggy, and the snow on the ground was hard to face, even from a boat on the river. So I loafed around town for several days. It was a pleasant place to stay in.

I found magazines and weekly papers at the Y. M. C. A. rooms, and spent a score of hours in reading them. Save for occasional glimpses at papers, I had not been able to read for months. It was now luxury to sit still and read amid comfortable surroundings. I met several of the boys, of course, and on one evening saw games of basket ball, through the courtesy of Secretary Earle B. Besley. Perhaps half the pleasure a tired one gets from watching such games is derived from the idea that he is a spectator, not a participator. But the delight in seeing the lithe and muscular motions of prowess is due to the other half.

I went to a book store one day and bought Goethe's poems (translated). It was long before I selected them from the long rows of books. Much used to books and to dabbling here and there in half a dozen or so, to see the various sides of some single question, to pick a single book was hard. Here and there among the verses were fragments that it was pleasing to read. One, especially, was sweet and tender in thought:

EVENING.

Peace breathes along the shade
Of every hill;
The treetops of the glade
Are hushed and still;
All woodland murmurs cease,
The birds to rest within the brake are gone.
Be patient, weary heart—anon,
Thou, too, shalt be at peace!

Being at Chattanooga, I went to Mission Ridge and Orchard Knobb, because there is where so many men fought in the days of the Civil War. The rifle pits, now worn down, the slopes which were then bare, but now tree-grown; the monuments with their lists of dead and wounded—it was not possible to look on places like those unmoved by the memory, aided by the scene. Indeed, one could almost fancy that the battle was still waged there. But such a fancy is only a step from the old graveyard and house haunts. On the old battle ground—on the wide flat—among some second-growth trees, there was a snow fort, and on the day I was there a dull rain was slowly melting this away. A fight with snowballs on such a field has its suggestiveness.

I saw the shackled prisoners shoveling away the snow that slushed the streets—ten-day men, apparently, and the two white ones ashamed of the company they were keeping. Their guards, like other men who follow the sheriff and deputy sheriff business in that region, had the peculiar strong-jawed look of cold-blooded shooters.

The Blue Jacket Inn is where I stopped, recommended by raftsmen. Claud Turner, there, was a remarkable youth—a singer, song-and-dance artist; he was scullion in the lodging house. He told how a mesmeric "professor" hired him to "do a turn" at an exhibition of the professor's powers. At the proper time, Claud got under the influence and did a stunt. But to please the lady pianist and squelch the head of the orchestra, who had a bet as to whether Claud was asleep or not, Claud winked at her, and so the head of the orchestra lost.

At last, on Monday morning, Feb. 24, I went afloat on the Tennessee again in my boat. I had been out of it fourteen days, and the return to it was a pleasure. It seemed as though I had been traveling in a circle, but now once more I was going ahead. I had some misgivings, though, for the Suck and Boiling Pot and other bad water of the river, was less than fifteen miles away. In spite of assurances by pilots that one could go "through them on a log," I wished that I was safely past them.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

Dogs of the Day.

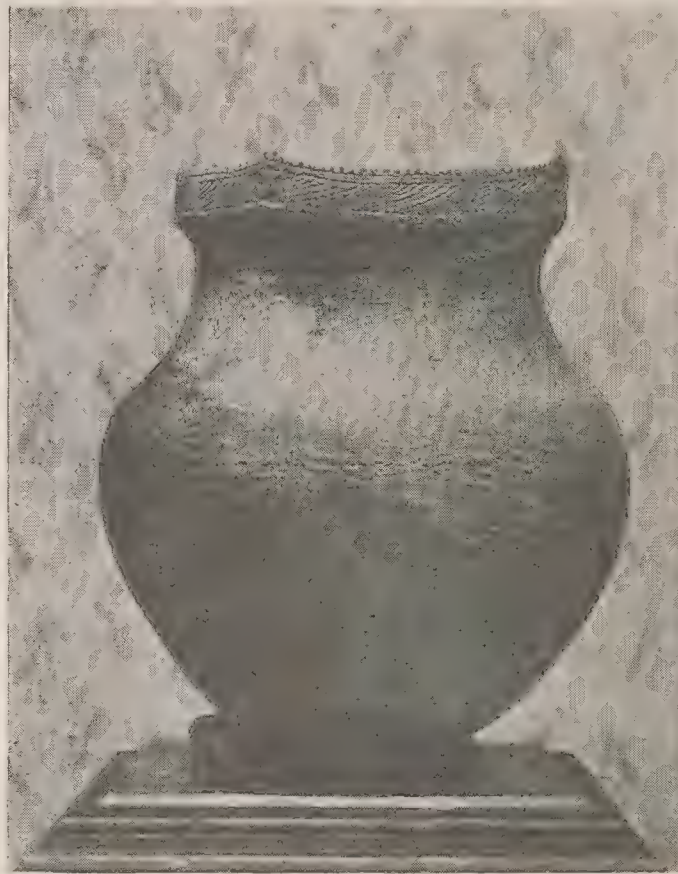
Mrs. Margaret Reichert, of 955 Grand street, Eastern District, is at St. Catherine's Hospital with a fractured skull, her injury, she says, being caused by an Italian woman, who is unknown to her, with a bottle. When she was found lying in front of her home last night a Great Dane dog stood guard over her body and would allow nobody to approach. An ambulance surgeon had his trousers torn by the dog's teeth in attempting to minister to the woman. With the aid of the driver, he beat the animal off, and placed the woman in the ambulance. The dog followed to the hospital, and there, while the woman was being carried inside, made off with another hunk of the doctor's unmentionables.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

A Relic of Indian Days.

LOCKPORT, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of May 24 Mr. C. M. Stark writes of "an old Indian mill or mortar cut in solid granite" and would like to know if others exist.

From my boyhood days (at least sixty years) in the village of Theresa, N. Y., I have known of such a mortar, but not of such dimensions as Mr. Stark reports. It was cut in the solid sandstone rock, which was as "smooth as a barn floor" literally speaking, and where to-day a number of houses and barns stand and at least seventy-five (75) feet above the waters of Indian River. I remember it as being from twelve to fifteen inches in diameter and six inches deep, with a circle of an inch or more from



edge of bowl. I spent last summer at Theresa and was on the street that passes within ten feet of the mortar, which has now been covered with earth for a lawn in front of a house.

I asked if it could be located and was told that it could. I made the remark that I would give \$5 for it taken out whole. As I am to spend the coming summer there I shall investigate the probability of securing it.

In inclose photograph of an Indian pot found within half a mile of the mortar, hidden in the loose rocks between the river and the ledge. The pottery is nearly perfect; there is what seems to be a small fire crack on one side in its largest diameter, otherwise it is as perfect as shown in the photograph, which was taken last July by my son, W. P. Davison, of Buffalo, N. Y.

J. L. DAVISON.

The Appalachian National Park.

ASHVILLE, N. C., May 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In response to your inquiry of recent date concerning the present status of the movement now pending before Congress toward the establishment of an Appalachian National Forest Reserve, I would state that the Committee of Agriculture of both the Senate and House have favorably reported a bill asking for an appropriation of ten million dollars, two million of which is to be immediately available, it being desired to eventually secure a reserve of at least two million acres.

Since this bill was favorably reported to the House Congressman Moody has made every effort to get a hearing of the measure, and now reports that the Committee on Rules have agreed that the measure shall have a hearing before the expiration of the present session. Congressman Elliott of South Carolina has already presented the advantages of the proposed reserve.

In the Senate since the bill has been favorably reported, Senator Pritchard has made an exhaustive speech covering this subject, a copy of which I herewith inclose you.

Inasmuch as the bill which is now proposed has been amended in such a way that it meets all the objections which have heretofore been raised, the prospects for the reserve are to-day brighter than they have ever been.

The lumbermen of the section under consideration, and indeed the lumbermen over the whole country, at one time were antagonistic toward this movement, but since the clause has been adopted in the new bill which allows the cutting of ripe timber under Government supervision, the lumbermen have now ceased to oppose the same and are making no objection. In fact, on May 17, the National Hardwood Lumbermen's Association, in session assembled at St. Louis, passed a resolution urging upon Congress the importance of establishing a national forest reserve in the hardwood region of the southern Appalachian Mountains.

There is very little doubt but that the measure will be considered in both the Senate and House before the expiration of the present session, and once again we wish to urge upon the readers of FOREST AND STREAM that they can greatly assist the cause if they will take it upon themselves to write to their Congressmen and Senators calling their attention to the measure and urging their careful consideration of it. There certainly has never before appeared in Congress a movement which should so greatly interest all lovers of the woods, the flora and the wild creatures found therein as the present Appalachian Forest Reserve movement, particularly should this be true of all the sportsmen, fishermen and lovers of wild things in the East. If this measure is put through, it will hand down to posterity the only remain-

ing hardwood virgin forests to be found in America, and that, too, a forest in one of the most scenic sections of the States and one where the best trout fishing in the country is to be found to-day.

We are going to succeed. Will you not lend your assistance by addressing your Representatives as above stated?

C. P. AMBLER.

Stage Gun Play.

THE pistol habit has grown to an alarming extent in this country in the past few years.

The result is set forth in a more or less realistic manner in the daily press.

The class of men who habitually carry a pistol, with the intention of using it in any difficulty in which they may become involved, is large and they cannot be distinctively classified, either as to age or position.

The younger men will probably predominate, but it is by no means alone the hot blood of youth that inclines to the indulgence of this habit, so dangerous to society at large, as the records show.

Husbands' and fathers' names are often found in the lists set forth in the daily press of those, who by means of the pistol habit, have earned the brand of Cain.

That the prevalence of the habit is largely due to a false view of life will be conceded by all, but what is the most potent and ubiquitous factor in the dissemination of the false view is a matter not so readily agreed upon.

Unhesitatingly and without fear of contradiction it may be said that a large number of victims of the habit contract it by reason of the prominence given the pistol in the modern play—so-called—the extremely sensational plays, with strenuous action.

These aggregations—many of which are now traveling through the country—may be meanly outfitted as to costumes and scenery, and they may be presented by humble and lowly talent that yet lacks distinction in the histrionic field, but the gun equipment will be full, complete, and up to date.

Every one taking at all a prominent part will show one pistol, and the stars will be supported by a pair.

In these exhibitions virtue is defended by the pistol; vice is defeated by the pistol.

The dashing and ever successful hero maintains his superiority over the crafty villain by reason of the fact that his pistol or pistols are the better weapons, and he more expert in their use.

The beautiful heroine, beset by many dangers, the result of the machinations of villains, when rescued by the well armed hero, is not infrequently allowed to immediately discharge the debt of gratitude by an opportune rescue of her rescuer, accomplished by the aid of one and often two pistols.

To many young men, launched forth in life with little knowledge, and less training, with undeveloped or misdirected ambitions, these strained and morbid scenes portrayed in the gun play dramas are real and their moral plain.

They read the lesson of unvarying success thus set forth, and come to believe that life's highest attainments are to be sought at the pistol butt.

To the educated and refined man the pistol on the stage is both incongruous and painful, but the educated and refined man is not much in evidence at these gun shows.

The legitimate weapon of the drama, the sword, has been all but crowded off of the modern stage, and with it has gone the cloaked and booted swashbuckler, who in days gone by interested and entertained, but never awakened the keen desire to emulate that his successor, in faultless evening attire, or natty business suit, correct and up to date, armed with pistols, now succeeds in doing.

Let the sword play be ever so realistic, the odds against the hero ever so great, his success wonderful, the most callow and unsophisticated youth in the audience sees but a play, and would feel no more desire to arm himself with a sword than to don roll top boots, cloak and coat of mail.

The real verdant youth who sits trembling in an agony of fear and suspense, through a play filled with pistol action, would rest at ease and breathe regularly through a fine bit of sword play where steel clashed on steel, and the grace and skill alone of the actors were worthy of admiration; and if moved upon at all, would only be reminded of the summer's back on the farm, when through the long hot days he often heard the old man in the hay field, hitting the rusty and edgeless scythe vindictive blows with the worn stone.

Clean, appropriate and harmless is the sword on the stage, while the pistol is incongruous and demoralizing.

Legislative action has been resorted to in all the States, to restrict the pistol habit, but no effort has been made to arrest the growing evil of the stage example.

This is a matter within the control of the commonwealths, and is of vital importance to society at large.

Prohibiting the use of pistols on the stage will make the plays of more interest and the examples less demoralizing.

Even those who do not attend these plays are more or less influenced by the flaming posters used for advertising, portraying numerous thrilling scenes, the actors—one and all—armed with pistols.

The so-called "Tank" show was only ridiculous; this, its successor, is vicious.

Recently one of these aggregations starred the country, and having exhausted every conventional pistol picture poster, conceived and executed an original idea which resulted in a flaming bill advertising the following scene: The Hero, Heroine and Villain all appear mounted on bicycles. The Villain is in close pursuit of the Hero, and is in the act of striking him with a knife. The Heroine is hanging over her handle bars in a desperate burst of speed, closing in on the Villain, whom she is in the act of shooting with a pistol.

Probably no one but the small boy, with dime novel virus in his system, could be seriously affected by such a burlesque, but the general moral tone of such advertising is low and debasing.

The pistol is recognized as a distinct menace to the

peace and safety of the citizen, and for this reason is the subject of special and stringent legislation.

The carrying of a pistol, or any other deadly weapon, is prohibited by the law of every State in the Union, and there are daily arraignments of individuals charged with carrying and using weapons, resulting in many convictions, with punishment more or less severe; and yet gun plays are given full leave and license to portray the most realistic scenes imaginable of violence and bloodshed, upon the stage, with every attribute of truth, honor, and even decency, subservient to the omnipresent pistol.

Ten years ago an oath on the stage was whispered, merely indicated by a covert indirection, or else was an obsolete expletive, meaningless, and with more sound than substance; but in the modern gun play the profanity is fearfully in evidence, and is always applauded.

Broad vulgarity and at times positive obscenity of speech also occur in these plays, and invariably these are applauded to the echo, by the habitués.

Our goals are full of men and youth who have been frequenters of the theaters where these plays have been exhibited, and many of them, if given their liberty to-day, would spend the first money they could spare from their necessities for a sitting at one.

Radical reform along this line is a crying need. The gun play, with its demoralizing example and immoral tendencies, should be legislated out of existence promptly and effectually.

The man on the stage has no more license in the matter of carrying deadly weapons than have other men, nor has he the right to teach—by example—as he does, a defiance of the law.

LEWIS HOPKINS.

Natural History.

Intelligence of Wild Things.

BY HERMIT.

The Crow.

(Continued from page 265.)

I have added to my knowledge of the young crow, referred to in my first article. I am now convinced that this youngster is not of sound mind. He utters the cry of a young crow, when calling for food, which shows that he has not acquired the crow language. The only exception to this rule is when he calls to me. Somehow he has been taught by other crows that my name is "Caw-caw," and whenever he sees me he calls out in an eager manner. Sometimes he steals away from his mates and comes to my dooryard. The crows hear him when he calls to me and rush in and with loud cries drive him into the woods.

There is another crow that "gobbles" and I have made up my mind that he is unable to utter the common cries of other crows.

A few years ago I followed this crow for two days. Not a sound escaped him other than the loud gobble. After this I saw many things that convinced me that the crow was deaf and dumb.

There is another deaf and dumb crow about four miles away. He is located on the line between Gloucester and Esser.

Five years ago a Mr. Clark, a resident of Gloucester, told me about the last named crow. Mr. Clark was ninety years of age. He was as straight and vigorous as a young man, and possessed a fund of amusing stories. He told how, when he went to his farm and found the crows pulling up his grain, the sentinel would call out "Clark, clark, clark," and then another crow would cry, "Bother-the-luck, bother-the-luck."

In the winter months the crows visit the clam flats for food. A sentinel is sent down to the woods, overlooking the flats, and when the tide goes out, this sentinel returns and flying in a circle above the pines, calls out "caw-caw-caw," continuing the cry until he has completed the circuit.

This cry can be translated in to "come-come-come," or "clams-clams-clams." Anyhow the crows understand and a sentinel flies to a pine tree just south of my cabin. Another drops into a large oak tree on the hill looking to the east. Two more sentinels seek trees for observation, one near the clam flats. The crow near the flats calls out "caw-caw-caw," which means "all is well." The next sentinel takes up the call, and thus it is carried to crows in the woods. The latter fly to the sentinel trees, if there is nothing to create fear. If a man should approach either sentinel with, or without a gun, the danger cry would be rapidly uttered. This cry "cur-cur-cur" is usually quickly repeated and the crows rush to the shelter of the pines.

Like human beings, crows have courts of justice. The jury, however, tries, convicts and punishes the criminal. Sometimes I have witnessed these trials. Once, while sitting under a sentinel tree, I saw six crows flying across the swamp, headed for the tree. Five of the crows were striking at one crow that was evidently trying to escape. When the crows reached the tree the criminal was surrounded by the others. This was not to his liking and he flew to an upper limb. One of the crows said something to him and he answered in a loud, defiant tone. For ten minutes the trial went on. Each crow had something to say while the criminal replied in the most aggressive style. At last the criminal seemed to be convicted, when he flew away with a string of caws, that doubtless in crow language meant "go to hades the whole blooming lot of you." One old crow shouted Car-r-r-r-r, as much as to say, "I told you so." The crows followed the criminal, and as they disappeared in the deep woods beyond the swamp, they were making it extremely warm for him. I do not know how the matter ended, but I am satisfied that the bad crow received severe punishment.

I have read in books relating to natural history, that crows are in the habit of playing games. I can only say from my observations that crows take life very seri-

ously. I have seen nothing like play in a life time of careful watching.

Courting is a serious business. The male rushes at his intended, mauling her, while he utters loud cries, in which he rolls his r's in the most approved stage style. When he has forced the young lady crow to say "yes," they are mated for life. Then he becomes tender in his attentions. He will sit for a half hour or more before his mate, singing the crow love song. It is not much of a song, but it is the best he can do. He draws his beak down to his breast while he utters liquid notes that remind one of the suction of a wooden pump.

This spring the kingbirds returned to Bond's hill and I hope they will nest nearby. If they do the crows and hawks will have to walk Spanish. Last season the crows destroyed many birds' nests in the woods in the immediate vicinity of my cabin. One pair of robins had four nests looted. Only two towhee buntings were reared and two nests of the chestnut-sided warbler escaped. The destruction in so small an area shows how fearful the havoc must be on a large territory.

If the kingbirds do not rest nearby I shall continue the study of the crow at the muzzle of the shotgun, in defense of the song birds that inhabit the woods around me.

Those that praise the crow can have but little knowledge of his destructive habits.

I sleep in the open air eight months of the twelve and the crows awake me each morning before it is fairly light. For a half hour or more they keep up a conversation in the crow language. They seem to be debating and laying out a programme for the day.

They must have a crow almanac, for they know all about the tides. If the tide is out in the morning they seek the clam flats without a report from a scout. At this early hour they make the flight without posting sentinels. If it is high water they go down to the seashore to see what the tide has brought in.

It is generally supposed that crows utter but one note, or cry, a loud caw. The fact is the crow language is not confined to one note, for "ker" is heard as frequently as "caw."

The cries of the crow can be modulated to express many of the feelings common to the human voice.

In the old times, when I killed crows right and left, I often threw dead birds into my cabin dooryard. If a crow passed over, his sharp eyes always discovered his dead comrades and he would immediately circle above the bodies, repeating several times a cry, "ker-r-r-r," which most vividly expressed horror and indignation.

Ants and their Nests.

The warm weather is now bringing to the surface from the drying ground and stirring to renewed activity the ants, which all through the winter have been quiescent in their snug underground homes. Perhaps no insect group is more interesting than this one, or has been so much studied. Huber, Lubbock, McCook, Forel and others have devoted much time and infinite patience to the investigation of the habits of these most interesting creatures, and extraordinary accounts are given of the intelligence which they display. Indeed, if we may credit all that is told of them, they stand far higher in the intellectual scale than many birds and mammals.

As is, of course, well understood, the ants constitute a great family of the insect order Hymenoptera, which includes also the bees and the wasps. Ants are found practically over the whole earth. There are more than 2,000 known species and about 150 genera. They live in societies and the ants of any species may appear in several shapes—a condition which is called polymorphism. In other words, every species consists not only of females, usually winged, and males, usually winged, which differ extremely from each other in their whole structure, but also of other individuals without wings, which are undeveloped females and are called "workers." In certain species also, the "workers" are subdivided into two classes, quite different in structure, which are known as workers and soldiers. Here the workers are laborers, while the soldiers, as their name implies, are fighters.

Among the most prominent and readily noticeable things about ants are their nests. These have been studied by many writers, whose interesting observations have been recorded in many publications.

While most of the male and female ants have wings, this is not always the case, but at least one of the sexes is always winged. New colonies of ants are almost invariably founded by a pregnant female, or by several of them, and these females live according to Lubbock's experiments from 8 to 12 years; at all events a long time, and remain prolific from a single fecundation. They thus become mothers of the whole ant colony, which thus lasts for many years and does not die every year as do the colonies of the wasps. From this fact it results that the ants must have permanent homes, and, as might be supposed, these nests display great variety.

From time to time ants may change their location. They may move away from one home and build another. Beside this many species of ants send out colonies. They may build new nests at a distance from their dwellings, without leaving the old nests. In this way colonies arise which contain numerous nests, and resemble, as Huber has said, the cities of the Great Empire. Dr. Forel counted 200 immense nests of a European species of ant standing close together, and Mr. McCook counted as many as 1,600 still larger nests of a related species in the Allegheny Mountains. It is estimated that these so-called ant-kingdoms have a population of from 200,000,000 to 400,000,000 inhabitants, all forming a single community and living together in active and friendly intercourse, yet on hostile terms with the colonies of other ant-kingdoms, even though of the same species. Certain ants, which live in trees, form similar extensive kingdoms, by occupying the trees of the same forest.

Beside this, ants are known to frequently extend their cities or camps by digging covered or subterranean passages to outlying stations, which they may establish. In such places they may keep numbers of the aphides

which serve them as milch cows, and they may use them for other purposes.

Among the ants there appear to be a great variety of dispositions. Some are courageous and warlike and build nests that are in the open and discovered easily, while others are timid and hide themselves and their nests away, striving to escape observation. There are some which are blind or half blind and live always below ground, and others which see well and do not shun the light.

The bees and the wasps—relatives of the ants—build as is well known, nests of surprising regularity, and some writers even declared that they have discovered that a cell hexagonal in shape is that which can be built with the greatest economy of room. The nests of the ants, however, are very different from those of these relatives in their irregularity and want of uniformity. In other words, while the bees build in a certain fashion, and apparently cannot build in any other way, the ants adapt themselves to their surroundings and take advantage of all the favorable situations found among these. A rough enumeration of some of the forms of ants' nests is made by Dr. August Forel, a Swiss naturalist, in a paper published some years ago.

Many ants take advantage of existing cavities, using clefts and crevices in the rock, or the space between stones. They wall up and barricade the entrance to the cleft with sand, pebbles and other things easily transported, they divide the interior into chambers and leave only a few doors, through which to pass in and out. Among the ants which do this, some species have adapted themselves to the dwellings of man, occupying cracks in the wall, and not only have safe, warm homes, but often have access to food in the house and become nuisances to the housewife.

Other ants live in hollows in vegetable growths, as in cavities in galls, in holes excavated by beetles in bark, under bark of trees, in hollow fruits, in the stems of plants, hollowed out naturally or by the ants, and there is an example of a very small ant of India, which has its nest in the hollow space between the upper and lower surface of the leaves of a tree, the green part of which has been eaten out by a very small caterpillar.

Nests of ants are most ordinary built in the earth. Sometimes they are excavated to a considerable depth, the sand and earth taken from the passages and chambers being brought to the surface and thrown away. Sometimes this excavated material is piled up in high heaps which we call anthills. On the other hand, sometimes the anthills of the nests are formed of rejected food particles, as in the case of an African ant, the openings of whose nests are surrounded by the rejected hulls of certain seeds.

Some species of ants dig passages, which are very deep, and sometimes lead to the roots of plants where root plant lice are feeding. Some species have very large chambers or granaries, in which they store the seeds that they have gathered, or perhaps store the leaves cut from trees, where they grow the fungus which they feed on. There are some predatory ants in India, which carry on systematic underground hunts after termites, pursuing them in their own passages.

Nothing is more common than to find under a stone, just turned over, a disturbed community of ants, rushing about excitedly through the passages that have been dug just beneath the stone. Often one may see lying there the eggs, which the workers hasten to bear away to a place of safety. Under this stone, which serves as a roof and which warms the nest, is the upper story of the ant home, but there are other passages and chambers at a low level.

Some ants build houses whose walls are made of an earth mortar above ground. Such structures are built among grass or plants, the stems of which serve to hold it up. Dr. Forel believes that the purpose of these above ground houses—which are commonly built in spring—is to enable the ants to expose themselves to the rays of the sun, and to get warm at a time when the weather is damp and cold.

In Colorado there is a seed harvesting ant which covers the upper surface of its earthen mound with a mosaic of small white stones. These are laid with great regularity on the outside of the house.

There are some ants who are carpenters sufficiently expert to drive tunnels into hard wood, where they make their homes. Some small, weak species have nests which open outward by a few small apertures, concealed by the roughnesses of the tree bark, and these small apertures are closed by the head of the soldier sentinel, who permits only friends to enter. The head of this soldier is large, and so shaped that it is an absolute stopper to the hole, which no one can pass without his consent. Moreover, the front end of the head which blocks the hole, is so smooth that an enemy could get no hold on it.

There are certain ants which combine nests of earth and wood. In trunks of trees or stems of any plants chambers may be made by earth, or ants may have their homes in the ground, but may cover their nests with great piles of vegetable matter. These piles may be protections against cold and wet.

Certain ants make nests of pasteboard, not unlike the material from which the wasp or the hornet constructs its well known hanging nests. Other nests are woven of a peculiar silk thread, which seems to come from a viscous substance secreted by glands the same which secrete the glue used in making earth mortar or the pasteboard just referred to. Just how it is that these ants perform this spinning is as yet uncertain.

The mutual services performed for each other by two organisms living together, which organisms are so dependent upon one another that neither can thrive well without the other, constitute symbiosis or living together. Such relations constantly exist in nature, and among the ants, we see many examples of it. One of the most interesting of these is in the case of an ant known as *Asteca*, which lives in the hollow trunks of a certain species of *Cecropia*. The relations between the insect and the plant are these.

The pregnant females of *Asteca instabilis* seek out for themselves a certain very thin and soft spot in the trunk of the *Cecropia*, which always has the same situation in every internode, bore into it and thus get into the hol-

low, where they deposit their brood, if they are not attacked by parasites (ichneumon flies). The opening then closes, but is subsequently opened again by the worker ants. This thinned spot is an adaptation of the plant to the ant; it does not occur in the *Cecropia*, which is free from ants (that is to say, the corresponding bud depression is not changed in texture and is not atrophied). On the underside of the stem of the leaf of *Cecropia adenopus* and others is a peculiar hair cushion, which is constantly secreting albuminous, egg-shaped particles (Müller's corpuscles). These secretions are eagerly collected and devoured by the *Asteca*; they are one of their chief articles of food. The *Cecropia* which is free from ants has none of Müller's corpuscles. The species *Cecropia* are much frequented in Brazil by the leaf-cutting ants, a species of *Atta*, and are terribly injured by them, but all those which contain *Asteca* colonies are spared, because the vicious *Asteca* pursue the *Atta* furiously and drive them away.

Thus it appears that this plant by an undoubted adaptation gives the ant food and lodging, while in return the ant defends the plant from its worst enemy.

In certain superb forests of Europe it was found that the oak trees were inhabited by a fierce ant, whose running workers covered all the trunks of the trees. It is believed that these ants drive away the beetles and other insects which delight to destroy old oaks, and that thus they protect the trees. Many other examples of a less perfect symbiosis might be cited, and, of course, there are many plants with which the ants have casual relations, making use of hollows, natural or excavated, for their habitations.

Sometimes different species of ants live-together, each in its own nest; but these nests may be close together, and even more or less interwoven. Such nests, while built into each other, do not have any open communication on the other. If the partitions are destroyed, war follows immediately. Sometimes a very small species will build its nest in the walls of the nest of a large species, and may have openings into the passages occupied by the larger species, through which it passes into its neighbor's home and even robbing it of provisions, destroying the young. It is probable that these compound nests are built in situations peculiarly favorable to ant life. When partitions are broken down and battles begin, the victorious species pursues its enemy into its own home. The fighting is bold and the retreat slow, and beside that the retreating party are likely to rapidly wall up the passages before the victors, forming barricades which their enemies cannot easily throw down.

It is well understood that certain ants hold colonies of slaves, and in cases where its slaves are numerous, the nests built for the conquerors are likely to resemble the nests of the species held in subjection and not those of their masters. In other cases, where the victors and their slaves work side by side, the nest is of a mixed architecture, each species building in its own way.

In Central America there appears to be a species of nomadic ant, which does not build or excavate any nests. These ants live a wandering life and with their very numerous colonies occupy spacious, naturally sheltered spaces, in which they live rolled up together in immense clusters. During the day, the workers scatter over the country and bring in food to the nests, where the larvae are fed. When the supply of food in one locality has been exhausted, the ants, carrying their brood, move on, during the night, to another place.

Beside building nests in such extraordinary variety, it is well known that ants build, as well, roads, which are often straight and clear of all obstructions, and which unquestionably save an immense amount of labor to the insects in going to and fro about their business. This business, as with all other living things, is the acquiring of food.

Cats and Snakes.

A recent letter to the Madras Mail touches upon a subject that is of interest to every naturalist and sportsman. The writer says that having been disturbed by a noise in the verandah, resembling a fight between two animals, say a cat and a rat, he went to inquire the cause, and under his reading desk he saw something "not quite visible," and near it at a distance of a few inches, sat a white cat in a defiant attitude. As soon as he entered the scene of combat the more powerful of the opponents left the scene, leaving him to deal with the trespasser himself, which happened to be a snake. By fixing the attention on itself intently for about a quarter of an hour, the cat had, though unconsciously, succeeded in inducing a sort of hypnotism or stupor in the snake. Then the snake, incapable of any further action, held its head down and the cat was of course watching its opportunity for the final stroke. Apparently the snake had not much capacity for motion. After the narrator of the incident came, it moved itself sluggishly a foot or two further than where it lay, and coiled itself round one of the legs of the desk. The correspondent concludes: "I write this simply to give publicity to my inference that this adds one to the many advantages of keeping a cat as a pet in houses. This incident may also serve as an illustration to the well-known power of the cat species, to see even minute objects clearly in complete darkness."

Now that cats have the power of hypnotizing snakes or any other creatures is a theory that I fancy few people will adopt, otherwise why the necessity for the fatal spring? Is it not rather that the cat—like its larger fellow of the feline species—waits for the opportunity to spring successfully?

But the point that I would like to refer to, and it is one that is constantly being discussed by South African naturalists, is the proved fact that cats can catch and kill venomous snakes without getting bitten. The supposition is out there, and I believe it is a correct one, that the fur of the cat prevents the passage of the fangs so far as the skin, and that the venom is spent upon the coat of the cat where it becomes harmless; and should, after that, the snake bite the cat, say on the nose or the mouth, its attack has ceased to be lethal. A corroboration of this was once given to me by an incident which

I could not help remarking to myself. One day I saw one of my fowls running round my pine-apple field (it was in South America), carrying a live snake in its beak, the head of the reptile constantly twisting on to the back of the fowl and all over it, without any relaxation of hold by the fowl. It was only when I came close up and threw something at the fowl that it dropped its prey, and on despatching the latter I found it to be a small specimen of the deadly mamba species. Now, that snake had evidently tried its utmost to defend itself with its fangs against its captor, but, obviously, the feathers of the bird had been too much for the insertion of the fangs. It was not what we may call a constrictive or prehensile snake, so was powerless. It might be interesting if some of your readers, more versed in the matters than I am, would give their experiences or opinions upon such an engrossing subject. The more we know about snakes—in fact, the whole dumb creation—the wiser we become in the knowledge of Nature, and the relation of animals to each other, and what grander subject can man require?—Correspondence of the Asian.

Otters on Long Island.

NEW YORK, May 29, 1902.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In a recent issue of the FOREST AND STREAM I noticed an account of the shooting of an otter by Mr. Childs, of New York, in the Great South Bay, and you stated that you would like to hear other reports from Long Island about otters.

I am a member of the Wyandanch Club at Smithtown, L. I., and last winter a very large otter was caught and killed in a steel trap on the grounds of the club by our fish warden, and soon after that another otter was caught in the trap, but escaped, leaving his foot in the trap.

There was also a report that a family of three or four otters were seen in the vicinity of Smithtown during the past winter. It seems surprising that there are still otters on Long Island even in localities which are quite thickly settled.

S. A.

The Bobolinks' Song.

All the Hampshire county meadows are alive and vocal with parti-colored bobolinks in spring costume, whose individual song is a mellifluous warble long drawn out, as each rises to the tip of a favorite mullein stalk. When imitated with rapid following, it sounds something like this:

He-e-re I be! chink-a-link, chink-a-link, what you think, chickadee, let me see, tiralee, quit it quick, quit, quit sw-e-et—that's all!

C. HALLOCK.

PLAINFIELD, Mass., May 26.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Wishininne Membership Finally Determined.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 24.—Mention has formerly been made in these columns of that peculiar, yet interesting combination of sportsmen known as the Wishininne Club. To repeat, this band of talent first assembled on the occasion of a shooting trip in Minnesota, during which they became possessed of the skull of the old chief Wishininne himself, who was killed by a United States soldier in years gone by. Now, although the numbers and claimants in the Wishininne Club who meet at lunch nearly every day sometimes amounts to twenty or more, it was always understood that the real thirty-third degree Wishininne could not number more than ten in number. The question was, who should constitute the ten immortals. There is no constitution or by-laws to this singular organization, and whatever the president, Bill Wells, says, has to go, because it is understood he can lick anybody else in the club. Yet a time came for the decision as to this membership. The chair appointed a committee, to-wit, Mayor Harrison, with instructions to have fabricated ten suitable badges. This order was handsomely carried out and a few days ago Mayor Harrison showed up with ten beautiful pins of oxidized silver. A small skull is the chief feature of the design, this being a miniature of the head of old Wishininne himself. A little ruby, let into the side of the head, shows where the fatal bullet struck that gentleman when he laid down his cards. Below the head is a scroll with the word "Wishininne" displayed upon it. When these pins were seen there were from twenty to fifty claimants who at once set up a howl and began to get busy about the president. The latter called a business meeting, which was held in a dark room, the other evening. In the center of the dark room was a table upon which lay the skull of Wishininne himself, totem of the tribe. Two green electric light bulbs blazed from the sockets of the eyes of the skull, and served as a weird illumination in the gloom. About the board were gathered all the real and would-be Wishinannes. In the hands of the president were these ten coveted badges of rank. The proceedings were to some extent secret, but the method was as follows: Giving to a certain member one of the pins, the president secretly designated another man to whom the recipient was to carry the pin. He was requested to present the pin to this accepted member with a speech embodying somewhat of the qualifications of the accepted one to serve as a member of the august body. This having been done, the president designated yet another carrier and another receiver, until the entire number of pins had been given out. When at length the lights were turned up and all had taken their places, the following were found to be wearing pins upon the left lapel of their coats: Mayor Carter H. Harrison, ex-Mayor Hempstead Washburne, President W. L. Wells, Messrs. Graham H. Harris, J. V. Clarke, Lou Clarke, C. S. Dennis, Eddie Pope, W. L. Haskell and E. Hough. It hardly needs be said that each member thinks himself

favoured indeed. There is so much rejected talent lying around that it is possible a rank of associate members may later be formed, so that there may be no coldness. Col. Bill Haskell has been elected chief worm digger for the club, this office being conferred for life. Of course, it is understood that no one was eligible to this select membership who was not both a shooter and fisher, at least in his own estimation. Rumors of intimidation of the president are rife at this writing, but the latter stands firm and says that his distribution of the badges is final and that he not only can, but will lick any man who kicks too much.

The sign of the order of Wishininne is the left finger placed upon the left side of the head at the spot indicated by the ruby in its skull. It will take, however, more than the sign of the finger alone to get into the Wishininne Club. The sign can be given with effect only when in possession of one of the badges above described.

The Diamond Hitch.

I am in receipt of a letter from Lieut. H. C. de Waal, First Indian Cavalry, Salatiga, Java, Dutch West Indies, who has been reading about Western matters and who wants to know something about the diamond hitch. He does not see how the American packer is able to carry pianos, cook stoves, etc. on the pack horses. He goes on to say: "As the Dutch Government proposes to erect a military pack train for the numerous expeditions which we are obliged to undertake against the native tribes, who live now in moors, now in mountains, I should like very much to make myself useful by adopting the packers' hitch, whose wonderful grip made it possible to transport even pianos on pack mules. As I presume the Western pack saddle is of particular shape, I hope you will be so kind as to give me particulars about the saddle girths, with or without clasps, and especially of the diamond hitch. If you could find time to send me a sketch of the hitch, or if possible to send me a hitch in rope, you would greatly oblige me. Also some information about the medium between back and saddle and how sore backs and loins are prevented."

I continually get interesting letters like the above, and wish it were always possible to answer them in a practical way. Of course, any Western man, or any man who ever used or saw used the diamond hitch, knows that it is practically impossible to answer this letter in such a way that the reply will be of any practical service to the writer. The diamond hitch is a very complicated matter, and is thrown in any one of three or four different forms. I doubt if it can be fully understood, even from any drawing, and of course I cannot very well send through the mails a loaded pack mule with the hitch properly adjusted. Thus troubled over the matter, I betought myself of a series of articles published in the FOREST AND STREAM some years ago by "Yo," which showed some pictures of the diamond hitch and the method of throwing it. If we can get these papers, perhaps we can do Lieutenant de Waal some good, for the description in these papers was done better than I can do it and probably explains the matter as well as can be done in print. If FOREST AND STREAM can fix up the Dutch army in Java with that noted instrument of civilization, the diamond hitch, perhaps it will have done something in extending the cause of civilization, for it will certainly enable the army to get closer and more comfortably up to their friends, the enemy, whether in the moors or in the mountains.

From Kansas.

Col. O. S. Woodward, of Neosho Falls, Kan., paid this office a very pleasant call yesterday. Colonel Woodward lost a leg in the Wilderness as a member of a famous Pennsylvania regiment in the Civil War, yet handicapped thus he has always been able to get a great deal of pleasure out of the sports of the field. When he first moved to Kansas a fence was unknown and he drove as he liked over the prairies in his prairie chicken shooting. He had his dogs trained to do pretty much all the work but the shooting. They found the birds for him and he drove up and shot them from his buggy. Having killed a bird, his dog would retrieve it and hand it up to him as he sat in the wagon. He had very fine sport shooting prairie chickens in this way and regrets that the good old days are over.

"Do you know what fish I think is about the best game fish that ever was?" asked Col. Woodward of me. "Well, I will tell you. It is the catfish; not the blue cat, but what we call the channel cat out on the Neosho river. We caught them out there up to five or six pounds in the shallow ripples, and I want to tell you that there is no fish which strikes the bait any harder or which fights any faster after it is hooked. Moreover, you will not find more than one or two species of fish which are better eating than Mr. Catfish. I mean, of course, the channel cat. He is a long, slim, trim-built fellow and game as a pebble."

Col. Woodward is on his way, with his brother-in-law, Mr. Hagerty, for a try at the big bass of the Fox Lake country this week.

Cave Dwellers of St. Louis.

That well-known sportsman, Mr. Horace Kephart, of St. Louis, has developed a new line of sport, which is having a great vogue at present in Missouri. He writes: "For recreation I have turned cave hunter, and find it great sport. Two years ago, while hunting turkeys in Snell Hollow below Brickey's Mill (forty-six miles south of St. Louis), I came across a small hole in the ground, from which issued a blast of cold air. Last summer I noticed that the hole had enlarged so that a man could enter it. Below was a crack in the rock that looked as if it had been split open by an earthquake, and I believe it was. This crack was too narrow in places for a man to descend, but I enlarged it with a cold chisel until I could slip through by turning on my side. Then a companion and I procured a rope and wiggled down through the crack. After twenty feet of steep incline, twenty-five feet vertically, and a crawl of several yards, we found ourselves in a chamber from which galleries ran in every direction. We followed one of them for about an hour, discovering more chambers, and getting down, I think,

below the level of the Mississippi. We were stopped by a deep gulf.

"Last Sunday nine of us, well equipped with rope and acetylene lanterns, tried to explore the cave. To the credit of the party, not a man flunked, though the entrance through a very narrow crack is what a darkey would call 'juberous.' We followed three galleries in all, but did not get to the end of either of them, nor did we get down to the drainage level. The cavern is evidently large. It is a labyrinth, and we had to use a guide line. We will try it again. Were in the cave seven hours, took some photographs, and had a good time; but were almost worn out when we emerged. One trophy of the trip is a four and one-half foot rattler, killed outside the cave. The newspapers told a cracking yarn about our fight with a rattlesnake far within the cavern, but it is a fake."

In a story to a local newspaper Mr. Kephart tells of more caves in Missouri than one would ever dream existed. You couldn't really blame certain of her leading citizens for going into the bandit business. It makes a fellow feel kind of robberish just to read about it.

Moving West.

Mr. W. H. Mullins, the well-known metal boat manufacturer of Salem, Ohio, paid this office a visit this week. Mr. Mullins is at present on a Western trade trip, but is arranging for his annual shooting trip in the West. That is to say, the annual trip which we all of us plan, and which we take every six or seven years or so.

Grizzlies Out.

Jack Monroe wrote three weeks ago that there was grizzly sign in the St. Mary's country of Montana, and last week Collins Anderson wrote from Midvale, Mont., that there is more bear sign this spring in my Two Medicine country than there was last spring. I have not heard whether anyone went out for a grizzly this spring or not, but believe he would have a good chance there.

To-day a friend from Utah came into my office and calmly announced that he had my grizzly located and waiting for me, about twenty miles from the railroad, out in Utah; this being the advice he had from a friend out there. I am sorry I cannot get him, but we may do some business with him next year.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The Arms Used at Santiago.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In last week's number of FOREST AND STREAM I found an article by William H. Avis, entitled "Free Ownership of Guns." Most of this article is excellent, and will be heartily indorsed by all who think on the subject, but two statements by Mr. Avis are so contrary to fact, I am sure he will not resent my calling his attention to them.

I quote that part of the article entire, so that there can be no misunderstanding my meaning:

"Well-disciplined troops are a difficult proposition for an enemy to overcome. But it has recently been demonstrated that an army not so well disciplined, but composed of better shots, prove far more formidable, numbers equal, than the most perfectly disciplined troops who cannot shoot as accurately. This was proved when our 23,000 comparatively new recruits, armed for the most part with obsolete breechloaders, carried entrenchments and forts manned by 30,000 veterans, armed with modern repeaters, at Santiago."

The Fifth Army Corps did the fighting in Santiago. It was composed almost entirely of U. S. regulars. The term "comparatively raw recruits" does not apply to them. Only three volunteer regiments got into the fighting. The First U. S. Volunteer Cavalry (Rough Riders), said by the regulars to have done well; the Seventy-first New York, of which only the battalion under Rafferty got into action, and the Second Massachusetts, which did little at Caney on account of black powder.

Now, as to the "obsolete breechloader" which Mr. Avis says our troops were armed with. The troops that did the fighting, the regulars, were armed with '98 issue of Krag's, the infantry with the "long-tom," the cavalry with the carbine. This is a modern, high-power magazine gun, differing from the Mauser only in being of larger (30 degree) caliber, the Mauser being 27 degrees, and therefore having more "shocking" power, and in loading into the magazine, instead of from a clip as does the Mauser. The range and power are the same. The powder was smokeless.

The First U. S. Volunteer Cavalry (Rough Riders) were armed with the same Krag carbine as the regulars.

Therefore, of the troops who "carried the entrenchments and forts," only three regiments could be termed "comparatively raw recruits." Two of these, the Seventy-first New York and the Second Massachusetts, were armed with an "obsolete breechloader"—the Springfield.

For any effect these two regiments had on the result, they might have just as well been left at Tampa.

HENRY H. THORP, M. D.,
Late Trooper and Acting Asst. Surg.
1st U. S. Vol. Cav.

The President Invited to Hunt with Bobo.

NEW ORLEANS, June 1.—An invitation has been extended by Governor Longino, of Mississippi, to President Roosevelt on his contemplated Southern trip to visit the State and take part in a grand bear hunt in the Yazoo canebrake, covering a large part of Sunflower, Coahoma and Tallahatchie counties. This district is famous for bears and is said to be the best bear hunting region of the country.

The Hon. R. E. Bobo, of Bobo, Miss., will be master of ceremonies if the President accepts. He is a wealthy planter with a fine pack of dogs, has a hunting lodge in the canebrakes and has devoted all his spare time since 1867 to bear hunting. He has a record of forty-eight bears for last year and a total of over two thousand. He hunts with a hundred or more dogs and his bear hunts are the most important events in that part of the Delta.—New York Sun.

A Sensible Way to Put It.

CANANDAIGUA, N. Y., May 31, 1902.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Reading in your issue of May 31, the editorial comment on the uncertainty of the construction of the game law generally and particularly of section 33, I take liberty to suggest something that has been on my mind for some time.

If we may take it for granted that in the beginning it was lawful to take any bird at any time, and that bird protection has grown gradually through express statutory enactment providing for close seasons in certain instances, we will see that for many years the open season for wild and game birds was the rule, and protection or a close season was the exception. Under these circumstances, and especially while the exceptions were comparatively few and unrelated, it was proper and sufficient to regulate such close seasons by special enactment for each case.

But now it seems to me that the conditions are reversed. If I am not mistaken bird protection has grown to such an extent that the close season is now the rule and the open season the exception. If this is a fact it is not possible that the situation calls for a reversal of the order of legislative enactment. Why would it not be logical now to start with some clause as this: "No game or wild bird shall be killed, taken or possessed at any time, except as hereinafter provided," and to follow with express provisions permitting certain birds to be killed, taken and possessed at times and under conditions specified.

The scheme seems simple and the idea may not be new. It is possible that it has been considered and rejected, but I have thought of it for a long time and I can see no serious flaw in it.

C.

A Rosy Report from Iowa.

EDGEWOOD, Ia., May 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The first brood of young quail are reported to-day.

My informant said there were twenty in the brood. Quail are numerous and prospects right good.

Six or eight flocks, varying in number from twenty-five to 100 of the old-time passenger pigeon, were seen flying over here this spring. I myself saw three flocks. They were flying low and were easily identified. There is no doubt as to what they were. No shooting done, thank fortune.

I have not for twenty years seen such a flight of wild fowls as we had here this year. I do not approve and have never practiced spring shooting, but the temptation was too strong to resist and I took out the gun and went to the stream and killed two, enough for a mess. As I have not killed a spring duck before in twenty years and was very moderate this time, I hope no one will jump up and crack their heels together. Honestly, there were so many of them I couldn't help it.

Prospects for prairie chickens seems to be better than usual. Farmers report them numerous and no poaching out of season.

We have some partridges left, but they have a hard struggle to hold their own on account of timber being cleared off.

Squirrels are plentiful here, as it has become unsportsmanlike to shoot them. They are too pretty to kill.

No one shoots doves, larks, robins, or anything of that kind.

H. E. JAMES.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Adirondack Fishing.

THERE has been excellent trout fishing in the lakes and streams of the Adirondack region this spring and it is expected there will be a few weeks more of the sport before the speckled beauties finally retire to deep water and the cold beds. The large lakes have yielded many trout, and anglers are still meeting with success in these waters, but on the smaller lakes the best fishing was found very soon after the ice went out. The brooks and creeks of medium size have given up many fine creels of fish and there are more left. Some good catches have been made in the rivers and big creeks, but it is anticipated that the liveliest sport on these streams is yet to come. During the first four or five weeks of the open season comparatively little rain fell in the Adirondacks, and, as a consequence, after the snow water disappeared, the streams became quite low. The frequent heavy rains of the past week, however, have swollen them considerably and it is probable that several days will elapse before they subside to their natural level. It is believed that when they do begin to run down and are approaching their normal volume, the rift fishing for speckled trout will be at its best. We have had a great deal of cool weather of late, which has probably had a tendency to make the trout somewhat backward about getting on to the rifts in force, but they may be expected as soon as it warms up a little. On May 28 a heavy snow storm prevailed in the Saranac country and there was quite a fall of snow in other parts of the woods. In fact, Crow Hill, a few miles south of Utica, was white with snow one morning this week, and the mercury in this city was down to 40 degrees, while in the Adirondacks it dropped a number of degrees lower.

Several Uticans have recently returned from fishing excursions to different portions of the great northern wilderness, and all agree in the statement that on the whole the trout have furnished fine sport this spring. Particularly good catches have been made on Big Moose Lake, in Piseco Lake and neighboring waters, Beaver River, Bog River and in the Oswegatchie region. Several remarkably large speckled trout have been taken in these localities. One Utican caught a specimen weighing 4¼ pounds in Beaver River, and a catch of thirty-two

trout, weighing in the aggregate fifty-four pounds, is reported from the same place. A Utican returned from Big Moose Lake bringing twelve trout that weighed twenty-four pounds. G. Fred Ralph, F. E. Howell, J. F. Calder and Ed. Munson, of this city, are home from a trip to the West Canada Lakes, and they report good success. They caught all the speckled trout they wanted to eat during their stay and brought home about twelve pounds apiece. In the Saranac and Lake Placid region, the Chateaugay country, the Tupper Lake district, and at Long Lake, Raquette and Blue Mountain lakes, there has been good sport, and more may be expected. Many fine salmon trout have been taken this year. The largest specimen captured by a Utican this season, was caught by Hobart Roberts, at South Lake, and its weight was thirteen pounds. Only one larger fish, a 15-pounder, has been taken there this year, although in the past they have been caught weighing from twenty to thirty pounds.

The Pine Lake Club, which was formed several years ago and incorporated in 1894, has one of the most desirable hunting and fishing preserves in the Adirondack region. The territory owned by the club is not very large, as it comprises only 1,200 acres, but included therein are two splendid trout lakes and half a mile of the east branch of the West Canada Creek, which is a famous trout stream, so that the members have the best kind of fishing. It is heavily wooded and is a good locality for deer, so there is excellent hunting in the fall. The preserve is situated in the eastern part of the Arthurboro Patent, in the town of Morehouse, Hamilton county. Pine Lake, after which the club was named, is a beautiful sheet of water upward of a mile in length and from a quarter to half a mile in width, fed by springs and spring brooks, and well supplied with both speckled and salmon trout. There are four pretty islands near the lower end of the lake and the shore line of the latter is broken up by numerous little bays. On the western shore a neat and conveniently arranged club house has been erected. The other lake in the preserve is known as Snowshoe, or Little Pine, and is not as large as the other, but is justly celebrated for the big speckled trout which it produces. It is a curious fact that so far as is known there were never any fish in Snowshoe Lake until it was stocked with speckled trout soon after the club was organized. The members have now been catching trout there for nine years, and for eight years the fish caught averaged one pound in weight, and there were a good many of them. This year they have fallen a little short of that average. The first fish ever caught in Snowshoe Lake was taken by Judge Watson T. Dunmore, of Utica, in May, 1893, and it was a speckled trout weighing 3¼ pounds. Since then a number, weighing plump 3 pounds apiece have been captured there, but none quite up to the first specimen taken. The first time that Egbert Bagg, the present secretary of the club, ever fished in this lake he caught two speckled trout in successive casts, each of which turned the scales at precisely 2¼ pounds. The aggregate annual catch of trout in Snowshoe Lake for the years the club has been in possession, has been as follows: In 1894 there were 147 trout taken weighing 150 pounds; 1895, 79 trout weighing 72 pounds; 1896, 28 trout, weighing 38 pounds; 1897, 9 trout, weighing 16 pounds; 1898, 18 trout weighing 29 pounds; 1899, 24 trout, weighing 36½ pounds; 1900, 83 trout, weighing 85 pounds; 1901, 175 trout, weighing 124 pounds. The total number of trout taken by the club members in both Pine and Snowshoe lakes from 1894 to 1901, both inclusive, was 1,532, the aggregate weight being 1,279 pounds. Pine Lake produces fine speckled trout, but thus far the club members have caught their biggest specimens in Snowshoe. It is said that John French, many years ago, captured a speckled trout in Pine Lake which weighed 7 pounds, and about 1868, Dr. M. M. Bagg, of Utica, brought to creel one on that lake which tipped the beam at the 4-pound notch. Salmon trout, or lakere, as they are commonly called, have been caught in Pine Lake weighing as high as 7 or 8 pounds. Judge W. T. Dunmore, Dr. C. M. Hitchcock, A. B. Gardner and Wm. E. Owen all of Utica, purchased the Pine Lake property originally, and were the founders of the club. The present officers of the organization are: President, Hon. Watson T. Dunmore; Vice-President, Dr. James G. Hunt; Secretary, Egbert Bagg; Treasurer, Jeremiah Gomph. A party consisting of the following named gentlemen have recently returned from a successful fishing trip to the club preserve: Dr. C. M. Hitchcock, Dr. James G. Hunt, Robert Hunt, W. E. Owen, Jeremiah Gomph, A. T. Whiting, Frank H. Clark, all of Utica; Philip Gomph, of Albany; W. S. French and W. M. French, of New Hartford. During their stay they employed Theodore and Fred Remonda, of Morehouseville, as guides. The party report that the fishing was good and they made an excellent catch, the trout being of nice size. In the first week's fishing they took 135 pounds of speckled trout. The fishing in Pine Lake has been better than usual this spring. It has been observed that in years when the best fishing is enjoyed the trout run smaller than they do in the years when a less number of fish are taken. It is only about seven miles from Pine Lake to the famous Walton Falls on the outlet of T Lake, about the same distance to Piseco Lake and five miles to Matteson's Mountain Home. G Lake, which is in another preserve, is 1¼ miles distant. W. M. French, who is a veteran angler, fished in Pine Lake forty years ago and has always considered it one of the best lakes in the Adirondacks for big trout. He says that many years ago he caught speckled trout there weighing from 5 to 6 pounds. He and his brother went there one day many years since, and caught a pack-basket full of trout. There was some snow in the woods at the time and they buried the trout in a bank of it, leaving them there while they paid a visit to G Lake. They had good luck at the latter place also, and filled another pack-basket with trout. It was all done in one day, early in the spring, soon after the ice had left the lakes. The brothers probably had from 120 to 150 pounds of dressed trout to show for their day's fishing.

W. E. WOLCOTT.

UTICA, N. Y., May 30.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Random Notes of an Angler.

A Few Words of Explanation.

In my last paper I named certain qualities which are essential in the salmon fisherman. I said or endeavored to say that "A puny man with weak heart, small lung capacity and poorly developed muscular system, particularly of the arms and legs, would not last long on some of the wild Canadian rivers," etc.

By some accident, the word "lung" was dropped out and so my meaning is very vague. I hope I did not omit it in my copy, for I should dislike to find I am growing careless, and I wonder what those who read the paper thought I was driving at. "Small capacity" means a good deal in many ways.

For example, many who go out with rod and reel have a large capacity for certain lines of wet goods, and perhaps some of those who read the article believed that I meant that all anglers should be like them in that respect. No, that was furthest from my thoughts, and, *en passant* I will say that it is not always those who absorb great quantities of their favorite brands are successful salmon anglers.

Habits of Fresh-Run and Long-Run Salmon Compared.

I have stated that a fresh-run salmon will rise to the fly much more freely than will the fish which has been in the river a fortnight or more. In fact, the fish which has just come in from the sea will rise to almost any fly, and will, I am assured, even take the shrimp and sand lance if used for bait. It has but lately left its feeding grounds and its desire for food has not left it.

But after it has sojourned a few weeks in the river its habits change; all food is rejected, its form and color undergo a transformation, and the graceful fish which was erstwhile of a silvery brightness, becomes a dirty brown, spotted, ugly shaped creature, the males particularly so, with their elongated hooked jaws and general rakish outlines.

The longer the fish is in the river, the less valuable it becomes for food, the fatty curd being absorbed for its nutrition and the quality of the meat being considerably impaired in taste and texture.

Together with this it loses a good share of its gamy qualities, although it is until the end of the season able to put up a good fight, though the struggle is more of a dogged exhibition of strength and stubbornness than the brilliant dash, the fiery *elan* which the new run fish always displays.

Its character changes in other ways. When just in from the sea the salmon gets about in a lively, devil-may-care, "here-we-are boys" way that is the delight of every angler; but after it has been in the river a while, it becomes morose in a way, indolent and very suspicious of any advances that an angler may make.

There may be fifty salmon in a pool, and though the angler may offer all sorts of flies and with all degrees of patience and perseverance, he may fail to get a rise sometimes for an entire day, particularly if he has incautiously exposed himself to the view of the quarry he seeks. A careless splash of the line will often cause the fish to sink to the bottom, where they will remain as motionless as so many sticks of wood. I have known this to happen many times.

I will let a single example suffice:

How to Make Salmon Shy.

Quite a number of years ago I used to occasionally fish that beautiful New Brunswick river the Nepisiguit. I had satisfactory success in most of the pools which were then available to me, but in the noble pool below the Pabineau Falls, which sometimes contained a hundred or more salmon in plain view, I never could get a rise.

At first I thought this strange, for clambering up on the high rocks which guarded the pool and looking down into the deep, clear water, I could see very great numbers of the fish, all lying motionless near the bottom; but a few words of explanation from my canoe man soon caused my wonder to cease.

On the rocky cliff which rose on the other side of the great pool an old fellow, who had been nicknamed "Sitting Bull," had erected a shanty, in which he lived a month or two in the best of the salmon season. From his lofty height he had full view of the river up and down, and when an angler approached the pool he had ample time to settle the salmon down comfortably before the intruder arrived. A few swishing casts in just the right way and place, and the pool was ruined for the day.

I wonder if the old duffer is still in the flesh, and if not, I wonder if the scores of maledictions which were heaped upon his head by desperate anglers had any effect in the final "summing up."

Long-Run Salmon Shy and Suspicious.

Yes, the long-run fish is suspicious of man and cares but little for his feathered lures; and it takes more than a 'prentice hand to deceive him.

A salmon lying in a summer pool in which the water is bright and clear, can often discern the approach of an angler long before he is within casting distance. Of course, as already stated, in the early part of the season when the water is high and dark or after a heavy rainfall, one needs not to be over careful in approaching the pool, but later, I have had my best success when I kept as much out of sight as possible and made long casts with smaller sized flies than those used on darker, deeper water.

In no other field sport are judgment and constant study of existing conditions more essential.

How Not to Rise a Salmon.

I once saw a couple of fishermen on the Big Plaster pool in the Margaree River, Cape Breton, trying to wile from its translucent depths one of the fine salmon which the pool undoubtedly contained. It was mid-summer, and the volume of water running was small, so small in fact that if a salmon reached a pool he was obliged to stay there until rain came and raised the river. It was quite shoal around the edges and the fishermen therefore lost no time, but boldly waded in and after thus giving the

pool a nice stirring up, they began casting with the brightest and largest salmon flies that ever emanated from a Halifax tackle store.

Well, did they expect to get a fish? Of course they did, and wondered after they had for a couple of hours slashed and splashed over the smooth surface of the pool, why they did not get a rise.

Rise! Instead of rising, the salmon were, no doubt, making their utmost efforts to get down under the bottom of the pool, away from such foolishness. After watching them awhile and seeing that their pertinacity was good, but their judgment was bad, I left them and moved down the river.

On the next morning, however, I repaired to the pool which was a favorite one with me, and, making long, light casts with as small flies as I dared to use, I rose a nice 10-pound fish and killed him, and later rose and hooked a larger one, which, after a few minutes' play, I lost, the small hook tearing out of the tender mouth on account of the barb being very short.

Why Does the Salmon Come to the Fly?

The salmon in fresh water is a sociable fish; it loves company, and the more there are together, the better they seem to like it. I have seen as many as fifty lying together in a large pool, and their movements were timed together. They moved up or down, to the right or to the left as if they were one fish; with such concert of action it well may be seen that it is difficult to move one from its mates with a feathered lure, no matter how well it may be presented. Why they come to the flies at all I confess I am still in doubt, and I have studied them for years to be able to form a decided opinion.

Not only this, but I have made it a point to get the views of other anglers and guides, and have tried in every way to draw out what knowledge they possessed.

I found that among them there seemed to be a prevailing opinion that the salmon comes to the fly in sheer play, although many have expressed the belief that the bright colors attract the fish something in the way the red rag excites the bull and some other animals.

If flies of gaudy color only were cast there might be something in this theory, but the fact that grays and other sombre colors and even blacks are used quite as frequently, to all of which salmon in their caprices rise, would seem to render the theory valueless.

By Nature Cruel.

The fact is, all rapacious fishes are by nature cruel, and anything that has the appearance of being about to escape from them they strive to seize. Often have I seen a salmon rise to a curly bright dead leaf which had fallen into the river, and which after drifting down into the pool was quietly wafted across its surface by the breeze. At a particular juncture a salmon saw it moving and recognized it as something that seemed likely to escape it and so seized it; not for food, for the fish was not feeding, but simply to gratify a natural desire to kill.

I once saw a small snake, less than a foot in length, lying on the warm pebbles on the edge of a salmon pool. It took alarm at my approach, although it undoubtedly had never before seen a human being, and sliding into the water, it started to swim across the pool. I watched it with interest during the passage and wondered if it would reach the other side.

When it reached the middle of the pool, I saw, greatly to my surprise, a salmon rise, seize the snake and drag it down.

No, it was not a large sea trout, for I saw it distinctly, and saw it was a salmon; beside, there were no sea trout in the pool whatever, it being a small one and well up the river.

Now the salmon did not want it for food, but simply seized it because it was something that was getting away. And I believe that a fly is taken very often for the same reason.

You may drag it many times across the pool in every direction and it will fail to attract the attention of the salmon, but at last you give it a certain motion at just the right spot and in the right glint of light, and the lure is taken.

That the snake above referred to was not eaten I proved in less than half an hour by killing the salmon that had dragged it down, and which happened to be the only fish in the pool. This propensity in rapacious fishes for seizing things which seem to be on the point of escaping from them is well marked, and it may easily be studied in that valuable educational institution, the New York Aquarium.

Let the observer take a position near one of the big glass tanks in which there are a number of large trout—and there are a good many large and handsome ones—at feeding time in the afternoon, and he will have a good opportunity for study.

Fifty or more good sized minnows are thrown into the tank and for a few minutes the trout keep themselves quite busy.

I have watched them closely, and though it may seem incredible I could easily detect a cruel expression come into the eyes of the fish and almost fancied I could see a frown on their foreheads.

Well, after those trout have disposed of a number of minnows they become quieter, and some of the minnows, instead of remaining at the surface of the water in their wild yet hopeless endeavors to escape, settle down into the water and even swim among their monster enemies. If they move quietly they will attract no attention, and I have seen them get down to the bottom and stay there hidden among the stones.

But if one of them makes a hurried movement, a little quick dart as if to get away to safer quarters, it is seized in an instant, even though the trout that captures it may be full to repletion.

I have seen this occur time and again, both among brown trout, rainbow trout and the common spotted trout. It is invariably the attempt to escape which attracts attention, and as all these are structurally almost identical with the salmon and consequently have similar habits and instincts, the inference is obvious that they will all act the same when they are feeding.

EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Maine Fishing.

UPPER DAM, Me., May 31.—There are a number of fishing guests here, and about as many disappointed have left. All agree that the weather is something abominable. Cold for the season is no name for it. It has rained about all the time for a week, but Thursday morning clapped the climax. The mountain tops were white with snow, fallen during the night. The wind blew down the lakes a gale, loaded with snow squalls. The great fall of rain has raised the lakes to an uncommon pitch. Two gates of the dam are open and the pool is feather white with foaming water. But after all, some fishing is being done above the dam, and two or three boats have ventured to anchor in the pool below. Mark Hollingsworth, of Boston, has taken a 4-lb. trout. A. C. Manson and his son, of Boston, got a few small trout Wednesday, but gave up in disgust and went to Richardson's Ponds, accompanied by E. C. Crosby and son Carl, of Bath, Me. There they caught more cold weather and snow squalls than trout. Friday morning they came down the lake three miles in a stiff, northwest gale, landing here in season to take the 6 o'clock boat for Bemis and Boston.

J. H. Cockey, of Lynn, Mass., got a big salmon Wednesday, and sent it to a taxidermist to be mounted. Mr. Daggett, of Washington, D. C., who is managing the making and printing of the postal cards for the Government, under the big Rumford Falls contract, caught another large salmon Wednesday. It will be remembered that this season is the first of Mr. Daggett's fishing in Maine. He says that he hopes it is far from the last.

Prof. J. F. Moody, of Auburn Edward Little High School, has had good luck trout fishing.

W. T. Farley, of Boston, caught thirteen trout Thursday. H. C. Day, of Auburn, Me., is playing him a good second on that line.

Mr. and Mrs. Harriman and Miss Jane Coombs, of Bath, Me., and Harry Coombs, of Lewiston, are at the Midway. Mrs. Harriman has caught a good salmon, but the weather has made it almost impossible for ladies to be out.

Dr. S. W. Jenkins, of Williamsport, Pa., is here for his third trip. Says he shall fish "every minute" while he stays. He caught three trout soon after getting off the steamer.

W. K. Moody has caught two salmon, one of 4¾ pounds, and one of 3 pounds, and 18 trout.

With good weather and the water down 2 or 3 feet, the fish in the whole Rangeley region would be much improved. But altogether the spring fishing season in northern Maine has been the coldest and roughest ever known. C. P. Stevens, of Camp Vive Vale, at the Narrows, who has fished these lakes for 21 years, declares it to be the worst ever experienced. SPECIAL.

Fish and Fishing.

Late Salmon.

The Inspector-General of Fish and Game for the Province of Quebec appears to have solved the mystery surrounding the apparent refusal of the salmon of many of the far northern rivers of Labrador to take the fly. He claims that they are sought too early in the season and that their inclination to seize the lure of the angler seldom makes itself apparent until the very end of the open season. He avers that nowhere in the Dominion of Canada is *Salmo salar* more eager for the fly, less shy, or more numerous than in the rivers of the Labrador coast, and very considerably remarks that these fish cannot be blamed for heeding the fly at such time only as the conditions of their habitat have accustomed them to look for it. The run of the salmon in these rivers is so late that Mr. de Puyjalon states that few nets are set by the fishermen at the mouths of the streams and in the adjacent bays before the 10th of July, and that though an occasional fish may be taken by the fly in that month, the best of the sport is only to be had in August. As the season ends on the 15th of August, he strongly urges that it should be extended, for the north shore rivers, to the 15th of September, at least so far as the coast of Labrador is concerned. If his premises are correct it is of course only reasonable to suppose that anglers will not go to the expense of visiting these distant streams, while the season remains closed to them from ten to fifteen days after the fish first take the fly. On the Washecootai River, forty-six miles to the east of the Natashquan, Mr. de Puyjalon found that the fisherman who leases the right to set his nets at the foot of the Falls, had not yet arrived there for the season on the 25th of July, and that the fly-fishing does not commence there before the end of the month, at which date the best of the sport in the south shore streams is over. The Cocoshepee, or Leander River, offers no fly-fishing before the end of July or beginning of August, and the best results are obtained from the middle of August to the middle of September. The inspector declares that the failure of the many attempts made by anglers in recent years to take the salmon of the St. Paul or Eskimo River with the fly is due to the fact that they were nearly a month too early upon their fishing grounds, and he illustrates this fact in a recent report by showing that Mr. Simard, a surveyor, who was there much later, caught ten fish in a very short time. This river is now leased by Mr. James Hill, the well-known railway man. It issues from a large lake, which very few white men have ever visited, and in former times fairly teemed with salmon, so much so that the nets at the mouth of the stream frequently yielded from 700 to 800 barrels of the fish every year. Their present yield is from fifty to seventy barrels, less than 10 per cent. of what it was. There is no doubt that the large numbers of salmon taken in these nets is rapidly tending to the depletion of the river, but the local netters refuse to see it in this light, and lay all the blame for the diminution in the number of fish at the door of their Newfoundland neighbors, who are also making undoubted encroachments upon the fish supply of Labrador by their excessive use of trap-nets.

Close Seasons.

Ouananiche fishermen have long been under the impression that the close season commenced too early, and this idea has been largely borne out by recent experi-

ments at Lake St. John, in the artificial reproduction of the fish. It has been clearly established that the ouaniche are quite as late spawners as the brook trout, and anglers are of opinion that the Dominion law should be so changed as to allow them to fish for the former mentioned to the end of the open season for trout.

On the other hand, there is no doubt that the close season in Canada for lake trout (namaycush) and whitefish, commences too late, and that in consequence there is a great loss of spawn. In Ontario much attention is now being directed to this matter. Fishery Overseer Terry of Queensville, writes: "I call your attention to the needed change in the close season for lake trout. The principal part of the spawning is done during October, and nearly all the eggs are deposited before the first of November, when the close season begins. This season should extend from the 10th of October to the 1st of December. As the law now stands, trout filled with spawn are actually sold during the month of October and it cannot be prevented, persons having them in their possession claiming that they were caught by trolling."

In regard to whitefish, Fishery Overseer J. K. Laird reports as follows: "I would strongly urge the shortening of the fishing season in the fall, for the reasons that the close season is at present no protection at all to whitefish and herring. I have stated in former reports that the whitefish had not done spawning by the end of November, which is the close season for these fish. In fact, last year very few of them spawned in that month. Spawning fish were caught as late as December 20, and as the herring spawn about the same time, I should say that it would be a better protection to these two important fishes if no fishing for them was allowed from the 10th of November until the 1st of April, in the following year."

Basing his recommendations to his departmental head upon these representations, Mr. S. T. Bastedo, the efficient Deputy Commissioner of Fisheries for the Province of Ontario, is urging that steps should be at once taken for the prevention of a portion at least of the serious loss of spawn caused by the present inadequacy of the close seasons. He admits that in Lake Superior the Lake trout begin spawning about the 28th of September and finish by the 10th of October, and that therefore the spawn of all ripe fish taken previous to the 1st of November is a total loss. He urges very strongly the adoption of the method pursued in some of the neighboring States, where, during the gravid period, men are placed upon the fishing tugs to take the eggs of all the female fish captured and to impregnate them with the milt of the male. The eggs are then carefully planted on the natural spawning beds, while the fishermen return their nets to the water. After citing the Wisconsin law on the subject, which provides severe penalties upon those fishermen who fail to save the spawn of all the fish they take and to return it to the water after proper impregnation, Mr. Bastedo very reasonably claims that the fishermen might well be expected, in their own interests, to adopt these very necessary precautions for the maintenance of the present supply of fish in the Great Lakes, but with a due regard for the innate selfishness of human nature, he wisely points out that his department might undertake the comparatively small expenditure of placing an experienced man on each fishing tug for a period of a fortnight or so each year. The action of the Ontario authorities upon Mr. Bastedo's admirable suggestions will be looked for with deepest interest by people upon both sides of the international dividing line, who are interested in the preservation of the fish food supply of the Great Lakes. Unless this action be prompt and favorable, it will assuredly be the duty of the Federal authorities to revise the present duration of the close seasons for fish in Canada.

A Big Trout.

One of the largest, if not the largest speckled trout known to have been taken out of Lake Edward, was brought to town this week. It weighed over seven and a half pounds and was taken by Mr. Dussault, of this city. The fishing has not yet been at all good in the lakes along the line of the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway, and only within the last few days have the trout risen at all freely to the fly. There had been a few very large catches as reported last week, but bitter cold weather has prevailed almost ever since with heavy rains, which brought down a large quantity of snow water from the woods, and raised all the lakes to an abnormally high level. There is, consequently, every reason to believe that the best of the spring trout fishing, which is usually had here in the latter part of May and beginning of June, must be looked for this year in the middle and latter part of the present month. Numbers of American anglers returned home last week disgusted with the weather and the condition of the water, and some of them will wait a month before returning here.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

An Ancient Salmon Angler.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I called on Walter M. Brackett, the Boston artist and noted painter of exquisite salmon portraits, at his studio at No. 41 Tremont street, on last Wednesday, and found him apparently as vigorous and full of "git" as he was when I called on him forty years ago or so. He has occupied this same studio for forty-four years, and is now disturbed because he must vacate for a "sky-raker," which is to go up immediately on the old site. He had four inimitable salmon pictures on view when I called, of which one was on the easel, awaiting finishing touches. His age is seventy-nine years and he never misses a season on his favorite river, the Ste. Marguerite, which is a tributary of the Saguenay. He says he can handle a salmon with as little fatigue as he ever could. He is anxious now lest his change of domicile shall prevent his going to Canada this year, but if disappointed, perhaps he may be able to go ten years hence. *Quien sabe?*

It will be remembered that Mr. Brackett's famous quartette of salmon pictures entitled "The Rise," "The Leap," "The Struggle" and "Landed" brought \$4,000 from an English gentleman in 1879. Both the artist and his studio are Boston landmarks, which will be missed when they pass away. Of the two, we note now the survival of the fittest, anyway.

C. HALLOCK.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Decoration Day Exodus.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 30.—The regular Decoration Day angling exodus was very much in evidence here to-day, and not in many years has the number of outgoing anglers been so great as it has been this week. It is impossible to tell just how many of our anglers took trains for the north, south, east or west to-day, but some inkling of the extent of their operations may be gathered from the fact that one firm sold to-day 405 dozen frogs for bait. This breaks even the record which was made a week ago and reported in these columns, and is perhaps the greatest number of bait frogs ever sold in one day, or rather one-half day in this city. When we remember that a great many fishermen do not use frogs for bait and that a great many others depend upon catching their frogs upon the ground, so to speak, we may form some idea of the extent of the angling traffic upon a day like this. The weather has been beautiful, just warm enough, bright, inviting, in short, the very sort of weather which makes one long to lay down his tools and books and take up his fishing tackle. There was many a good man to-day who had \$2 saved for new shoes for the baby and who went against the tackle case this morning and lost his \$2.

Among others who started for different points to-day, mostly for the better known localities in the Fox Lake Chain, were the following: Messrs. H. A. Newkirk, L. D. Morse, L. H. Babcock, N. D. Soper, G. Laugguth, W. H. Haugh, Sid Wright, O. A. Lewis, Henry Doyle, John Nahser, H. Miner, Charles Lawrence, T. Ambrose, J. T. Hastings, and their friends Anderson, Browning and Du Bois. H. C. Calmer and his friends Boomer and Lincoln went to Camp Lake, Ill.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

Among the members of the Chicago Fly Casting Club who started for the scheduled trip to the Lauderdale chain of lakes on the Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad, were Messrs. Peet, Chadwick, Letterman and Salter, all of whom outfitted for both bait and fly fishing. These gentlemen ought to strike it about right and will no doubt have a highly enjoyable trip.

After the Big Muscallunge.

The report printed tentatively in these columns a couple of weeks ago, stating that a 102 pound muscallunge had been taken by the Wisconsin State Fish Commission in Minocqua Lake and an 80 pounder in Tomahawk Lake proves to be entirely true, and the fact that both of these fish were released in their native waters has started out all sorts of parties who are bent upon catching these big fish once more. Among those who outfitted to-day for Minocqua are Mr. Oswald Von Lengerke and Byron Veatch. They express confidence in their entire ability to lure out even the big 102 pounder, which is the record fish of Wisconsin. By the way, this is the record muscallunge of the West, so far as I am advised. I once saw the head of a St. Lawrence River muscallunge which was stated to have weighed 84 pounds. I have never heard among all the guides of Wisconsin of any muscallunge which really weighed over 55 pounds. There seems to be no doubt at all of the authenticity of the story of this big fish taken by the fish commission. It surely was a monster.

Good 'L'ange Fishing

There has been fairly good muscallunge fishing in the neighborhood of Minocqua during the past week. Mr. C. H. Lester, who has been fishing there, sent down word that in one day he caught fifteen muscallunge and thirty black bass. Although he had no muscallunge weighing over fifteen pounds, he might perhaps be stated to have enjoyed a very decent day's sport. Mr. Lester adds that the weather was cold at his writing and that he hopes the fishing will be better pretty soon.

After Trout.

My regular invitation comes down from Mr. John D. McLeod, of Milwaukee, to join him and Mr. Miller at their preserve on the Pine for a couple of days at the week end. Mr. McLeod reports the prospects excellent, the water at the right stage and the weather promising to be good. Two days would be good, but one day is better than nothing, and perhaps I may mix up with some of the trout on the Pine for that length of time. Mr. McLeod states that the last time they were up on the Pine the water was very high, the stream going out of its banks, so that the anglers had to wear rubber boots in fishing from its bank. This unusual state of affairs might have been supposed to ruin the fishing, but upon the contrary, it started the big fellows out of their accustomed haunts under the logs and banks. Mr. Miller, very much to his own surprise, made a splendid basket, almost altogether of heavy trout. Score one more item in the never-learned lesson of the habits of the brook trout. This is the stream where I caught ten beautiful trout in the middle of a snowstorm. Mr. McLeod adds that they had a novice out from Boston one day recently on the stream. He had never been trout fishing in his life, and about the first cast he made he caught a seventeen-inch trout. It seemed a very easy game to him to catch big trout, and as a matter of fact he landed one or two more of a similar size before he got through.

Mr. C. H. Davis, of Saginaw, and party are back from a successful trouting trip in Northern Michigan. They took 170 nice trout between them.

Salmon.

Mr. W. B. Mershon, of Saginaw, with his friend, Mr. Tom Harvey and two sons, start for Mr. Mershon's fishing on the Cascapedia River next Monday for a two weeks' trip.

Mr. C. H. Davis and Mr. Watts Humphrey start at the same time for the Little Pabos. Very fortunate anglers, these Saginaw gentleman, and if there is anything in the way of a good time getting past them, no one seems to be aware of it.

Mississippi River Bass.

I heard this week of a few bass being taken above La Crosse on the Mississippi River, but am disposed to believe that it would be better to wait until about the middle of June. Mr. Albert Brunning, at present of the Julia Marlowe Theatrical Company, with his wife, will spend the summer months on Lake Minnetonka, and among the side trips which Mr. Brunning proposes is one to the fishing grounds of the Mississippi River, in which latter he shows wisdom.

Wants Muscallunge Fishing.

Mr. H. S. Bacon, of Minneapolis, wants a lead pipe cinch on muscallunge, preferably at some Wisconsin locality. I have sent him to John Hebdens place on Squirrel Lake, not far from Minocqua, where my friend, H. L. Stanton, and Frank Willard have usually been able to take muscallunge in all their trips. The fish there do not seem to run very heavy, but there was no trouble in doing business with 'lunge up to ten, twelve, or fifteen pounds. Of course, every fisher understands that this is subject to wind, weather and caprice on the part of the fish.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Taking Bass with a Skipjack.

THERE are those who use a rod and gun, few however, as they may be, who will use any means, fair or foul, to bag more game and take more fish than their neighbor sportsman. The satisfaction to them of being high count is so great as to make any means of securing that end permissible. To come home with a gunny sack crammed full of bass, while others had but meagre strings of two or three to show, simply demonstrated on the surface that one man knew how to fish and where to fish better than the others. And the men who had little to show would wonder and wonder still why skill and luck should be the combined lot of any one fisherman above all the rest.

Like the jug that goes too often to the well and gets broken, so has the secret of the way it was done at last leaked out, and here it is: The reader can judge for himself and decide as to whether it should go under the head of angling or pot-fishing:

A pine board 3 feet long and 8 inches wide and 1 inch in thickness. This is sawed in twain—crosswise—and a pair of strap-hinges put on and a small bolt on the opposite side. This strap-hinge idea is simple along the lines of portability. Into the side edge of the board 5/8-auger holes are bored and into same molten lead is poured. This is so adjusted as to sink the skipjack, for so it is termed, about 3 or 4 feet under water. Two lines or traces run from the board to a main line, which main line may be 30 to 100 feet long, the loose end terminating in the "sportsman's" boat. Rigged upon this main line are short lines and baited hooks to any desired number.

The skipjack deposited in the lake and the hooks baited with frog or minnow, the line is tied to the boat and the oarsman steadily pulls his boat, the skipjack keeping pace and the line of baited hooks covering a great area.

On the approach of other boats assiduous rod casting, of course, was kept up, and no matter how hard a freshly hooked bass tugged at the skip-jack line no attempt was made to haul him in until the coast was clear. The submerged board and trot line were unobserved by the others who might pass that way, and nothing took place to mar the phenomenal catch being made. And when train time approached, the line was drawn in, the skip-jack lifted up, folded and securely tucked away in the bow of the boat, and with rod and minnow pail in one hand and heavy string of bass in the other, the fisherman would step upon the landing stage the envy of a score of less, far less, successful fishermen.

This one can imagine to be a simple and successful method to be employed by a market fisherman, but to secure a catch of fish this way and pose as a rod fisherman at the same time, is akin to getting fish under false pretenses and transgressing the law at the same time. To know a thing is one thing, to prove it is another, and I presume the skip-jack fishermen will ply their trade until caught red-handed by a fish warden and then will the reputation of the man with the rod vanish forever, coincident with his being fined in the police court for illegal fishing.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

MEDAL contests, series 1902, Saturday, contest No. 6, held at Stow Lake, May 24. Wind, west; weather, cloudy:

Event No. 1.	Event No. 2.	Event No. 3.		Event No. 4.
Distance, Feet.	Accuracy, Per cent.	Acc. %	Del. %	Lure Casting %
W. Mansfield....	95.8	92.4	85	88.8
T. Brotherton...130	90.4	88.4	79.2	83.9
W. E. Brooks....	89	84	78.4	81.2
E. C. Kierulff... 74	89.4	83	78.4	80.8
T. A. Mocker.... 93	89	81	79.2	80.1
G. C. Edwards.. 92	93.4	78.4	76.8	77.6
P. J. Tormey....	89.4
H. Battu..... 92	90	78	80	79
H. E. Skinner....	89	86.8	75	80.10
Reed..... 91	90.8	80.8	73.4	77

Judges, Battu and Brotherton; referee, Brooks; clerk, Wilson.

MEDAL contests, series 1902, Sunday, contest No. 6, held at Stow Lake, May 25. Wind, southwest; weather, cloudy.

P. J. Tormey....	70	85	90.9
C. G. Young....	..	93.8	93	82.6	87.9
F. M. Haight....	87	87.4	84	74.2	79.1
C. R. Kenniff....102	88.8	88.4	74.2	81.3	96.5
C. Huyck..... 93	93	80.8	75.10	78.3	..
J. B. Kenniff....115	95.8	85.8	71.8	78.8	90.4
J. C. Kierulff... 75	89.4	80.8	75	77.10	..
H. Battu..... 95	92.8	88.4	73.4	80.10	84.7
F. Reed..... 92	89.8	83	75	79	..
E. Everett.....118	90.4	87	79.2	83.1	..
F. Daverkosen..113	88.4	84.8	76.8	80.8	..
T. Brotherton..117	94.4	92	78.4	85.2	92
W. E. Brooks....103	96.8	85.4	76.8	81	..
E. A. Mocker.... 95	89	88.4	76.8	82.6	86.1
A. M. Blade.... 72	70	81	76.8	78.10	..
W. Mansfield....	96.4	86.4	83.4	84.10	..

Judges, Brotherton and Daverkosen; referee, Kierulff; clerk, Wilson.

A Letter from an Angling Friend.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Here is a letter from a friend which has in it something your readers will enjoy, so I send it to you for FOREST AND STREAM.—CONNECTICUT.

Dear Friend:

I've been fishing! Will tell you how it came about. I've got a friend living at Portsmouth, who knows how weak I am in a certain direction—and thinking perhaps that this season of the year would be a good time to put temptation in the way, he got word to me that there were some trout down there—and that they were biting. Now, I want to say right here, that I'm not afraid of any trout that ever wore spots, and that statement didn't scare me a little bit. To prove it, I took Annie, and we just got a few things (including my "armor") into a grip and started for Portsmouth, where we arrived in due season.

The alarm attachment on my friend's old eight-day timepiece got in some work at an early hour next morning, and I got inside that "armor" suit "right smart." You remember it, the same old suit I have worn for years when I go on the "war-path," or sail the "seas" in quest of victories. I'll admit I've seen handsomer costumes, but I love it for the sake of old times. I've left samples of it on wire fences, and along the rough and thorny paths. I've wet certain portions of it by sitting down suddenly in the middle of a brook. The pockets could tell tales of blood and feathers that would make a member of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals turn white. The buttons have reflected many a beauty-spot that memory recalls with great pleasure. They have held me together, also, when I've nearly busted the whole "shooting match" by "swelling up" over some little incident—such as getting a "dandy" after a hard struggle or dropping a bird with a lucky shot—so I love the old suit. It never laughs when I come home "skunked," but always feels better when I have had a glorious day's sport, as I had that trip. When we quit fishing, we were guilty of having ended the suffering of 48 speckled beauties—a fine average size, from 7 to 9 inches, and one good plump pound and a quarter to "top off." My friend is not a fisherman, but he caught a few and enjoyed it, but not as an enthusiast would. He is all right, and I owe him for a fine outing.

The brooks down there are not fished hard, as the owners object to it, but he got permission for me and you know about how I feel toward him. H., I wish you had been there; some parts of one of the brooks would make you want to just sit down and feast your eyes on their beauty. I wonder why God makes such places and hides them in the forest, or rocky gorges, beside some singing brook, out of sight of the masses of the people, and fills them with wild flowers and singing birds. I get just a bit poetical in such places and if I could say what I feel I'm afraid some of our authors and writers would take a seat away back.

Fishing in our local brooks is not at all good unless you want to make a "big catch" and go in for a lot of little fellows—no sport.

Do you realize, old man, how fast we are growing old? Not that you and I are old—but people generally. We are past the summit and looking down the short side—mile-stones come along fast—just around the turn—and the churchyard will tell the rest. Don't seem very long ago when we were living in P., with a little one coming along now and then; some to stay and some to stay just long enough to almost tear our heart out when they were taken away—now little ones grown up and little ones of their own. God bless you, dear old grandpa. I've got as far as the third generation and think I'll stop.

There is in that letter something of the spirit of the last two verses of "Ben Bolt":

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
With the master so cruel and grim,
And the shaded nook in the running brook
Where the children went to swim?
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
The spring of the brook is dry,
And of all the boys who were schoolmates then
There are only you and I.

There is change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt,
They have changed from the old to the new;
But I feel in the depths of my spirit the truth,
There never was change in you.
Twelvemonths twenty have past, Ben Bolt,
Since first we were friends—yet I hail
Your presence a blessing, your friendship a truth,
Ben Bolt of the salt-sea gale.

Michigan Trout Streams.

SAGINAW, Mich., May 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose herewith an editorial from the Saginaw Evening News, which seems to me to be the most common-sense one I have read in a long while. But the practical fishermen tried to shape game legislation last year, and failed in it, which is always so. The selfishness of mankind crops out and common sense and moderation are not permitted in the protection of game and fish and the propagation thereof. The limit should be seven inches, and not six, in Michigan; on the Au Sable and its tributaries, it is eight inches. The number of fish that can be taken in any one day or taken from any one stream should be limited, and I would be in favor of a non-resident license, say \$5 or \$10 per rod, for the year, and have that license entitle the holder thereof to take with him from the State a moderate number of fish of his own taking. But best of all, have some means of enforcement of the laws. While our present State game warden system is better than nothing, it is a good deal of a farce after all.

On our recent trip, our driver told that at the lumber camp where he spent the winter, there was a dam and all winter long they took sufficient trout from the waters of that dam to supply the camp. At least fifty fishermen were fishing on the North Branch of the Au Sable the last time I was there, and I do not believe that fifty per cent. of them observed the law as to the length of the fish, and six and seven inch trout were put in baskets, or

more frequently in bags, and gotten out of sight as soon as possible.

It cannot be expected to be otherwise, with the moderate pay accorded to the game wardens, who actually do the work, not those who occupy the high positions and merely run up an expense account, but the pay that the real workers get is so small and there are so few of these real workers, that I say our present game warden system needs overhauling. It is looked upon now as merely a political job to be grabbed and held by a politician, and not a game protectionist, and the deputies are no good unless they are part of the political machine to devote their energies to lining up caucuses and fixing things solid for their boss with mighty little regard for the purpose for which the law intended their appointment.

W. B. MERSHON.

It is stated that at the next session of the State Legislature, a move will be made to close by law, some of the principal trout streams of Michigan, for a period of three years. The proposition has its good features. There is no doubt that the Michigan streams are overfished—not by the true sportsmen, and perhaps not altogether by the people of Michigan themselves. But there is a kind of fisherman, a libel on the true angler, who, on all occasions when opportunity presents, "hogs" it. His main object in life seems to be to kill all the fish he can, and to establish a record for big catches. He is of a worse type than the man, who illegally catches all the trout he can, for the purpose of marketing them "on the quiet." The latter is often driven by necessity to such work, but the "hog" fisherman seems to have no reasonable excuse whatever, as he is inspired solely by the porcine instincts which give him his name. However, the combination of these two, with the annual invasion of the State by thousands of outsiders, all tends to the depletion of the trout streams, and the destruction is so rapid that the best efforts of the fish commission cannot keep pace in the direction of restocking. Under the circumstances, the rest cure seems to be about the best that can be tried, and The News, which has always taken an interest in these matters, would cordially indorse the proposed legislation, if it is obtained under certain conditions.

It would be, for instance, a proper thing to call into consultation with the legislative committee having the proposed measure in charge, a number of the representative anglers of Michigan. These gentlemen could easily be selected among themselves, for, although their numbers are large, they are well known to each other, as well as to the public generally. They are in the ethical sense an association, and their code is that no man of their number shall exceed a reasonable limit in trout fishing, and shall do all in his power to preserve the streams in the general interests. Such men, having expert knowledge of all Michigan streams worthy of name, can give invaluable advice and practical suggestion to the legislators, and with their assistance, there is no doubt much effective work can be done for the preservation and increase of the trout. It is a work in which most of these true sportsmen take a live and abiding interest, and there is no doubt they would cheerfully give their assistance in devising such legislation as would be most practical, and follow it up by their hearty co-operation in securing the enforcement of the same.—Saginaw (Mich.) Evening News.

Angling Near New York.

Salt water angling in the waters around New York is steadily improving. The continued warm weather of the past few weeks has had much to do with this. The more desired of the salt water fish, weakfish and striped bass, are taking the bait, the weakfish in goodly numbers, while striped bass have been taken in sufficient numbers to prove their presence hereabouts. In a few weeks this finest of all salt water fish will be furnishing good sport for the angler.

Reports from Jamaica Bay indicate that the weakfish are very plentiful. Large catches are reported daily, the fish being of good size. Fluke have also begun to bite. A party of Brooklyn anglers caught a mess of fluke at the Rockaway Inlet on Sunday. It is yet a little early for this fish, but with a continuance of the warm weather they will soon be numerous. Blackfish are still biting.

At Long Beach, Long Island, the weakfishing is good, and blackfish are also taken. Striped bass have not yet been caught to any extent, although a few have been brought in.

Striped bass, weakfish and flounders are being caught at Glen Head, Long Island. A party of Brooklyn anglers took five striped bass and a large number of flounders one day last week.

Salt water angling may now be said to be fairly started and good sport is in store for those who follow this branch of sport.

G. F. DIEHL.

Trouting in North Carolina.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., May 27.—I have never known the fishing to be better in the mountains of the old North State than it is this year, especially in the Sapphire country. While I was there Mr. J. F. Hays, manager of the Sapphire Company, caught a California trout in Sapphire Lake, which weighed 3lbs. 2oz. There were also several speckled trout caught, which weighed 2¼ to 2½lbs. Personally, I did not fish in the lake, but caught my usual twenty in about four hours' fly-fishing on the Whitewater stream below the falls. I believe that Mr. Hays now holds the record for both the largest California and speckled (*fontinalis*) brook trout ever caught in the South.

The "American Ambassador."

Messrs. William Mills & Son, of this city, have received one of the American Ambassador flies, an exact copy of the one given to Mr. Choate at the Fly Fisherman's dinner in London. It is said to be a very interesting and beautiful fly.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures, 1902.

Secretaries and members of race committees will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list and also changes which may be made in the future.

JUNE.

7. Knickerbocker, annual, College Point, L. I. Sound.
7. Boston, Cheney cups, City Point, Boston Harbor.
7. Atlantic, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, N. Y. Bay.
7. Knickerbocker, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, College Point, Long Island Sound.
7. Manhasset Bay, club raceabouts, Port Washington, L. I. Sound.
7. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
7. Corinthian, club, Essington, Delaware River.
7. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
9. New York, annual regatta, New York, Lower Bay.
14. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
14. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club race for Centre Island Cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
14. New Rochelle, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
14. Bayswater, J. B. Y. R. A., open, Jamaica Bay.
14. Kennebec, club, Bath, Maine.
14. Quincy, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
14. Beverly, club, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
14. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
14. Columbia, race to Michigan City, Lake Michigan.
14. Corinthian, open, Essington, Delaware River.
14. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
14. Boston, cruise, racing run, Boston to Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
- 14-17. Boston, cruise, City Point, Marblehead, Gloucester and Hull.
15. Boston, cruise, racing run, Marblehead to Gloucester, Massachusetts Bay.
15. Bergen Beach, J. B. Y. R. A., open, Jamaica Bay.
15. Gloucester, annual, Delaware River.
16. Boston, cruise, racing run, Gloucester to Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
17. Quincy, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
17. Atlantic, annual, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
17. Boston, cruise, racing run, Marblehead to Hull, Mass. Bay.
17. Hull-Massachusetts, Y. R. A., open, Point Allerton, Boston Harbor.
17. Beverly, open, sweepstake, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
17. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
19. New York, annual, New York, Lower Bay.
21. Winthrop, M. Y. R. A., open, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
21. Corinthian, club, Essington, Delaware River.
21. Duxbury, club, Duxbury, Massachusetts Bay.
21. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
21. Norwalk, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, South Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
21. New Bedford, cruise to Marion, Buzzard's Bay.
21. Larchmont, spring regatta, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
21. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club race for Centre Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
21. Brooklyn, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, N. Y. Bay.
22. Wollaston, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
23. Eastern, open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
24. New York, club, Glen Cove, Long Island Sound.
- 26-28. Seawanhaka Corinthian, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
28. Beverly, club, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
28. New York C. C., Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
28. Quincy, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
28. Kennebec, club, Bath, Maine.
28. Indian Harbor, club, Greenwich, L. I. Sound.
28. Corinthian, club, Essington, Delaware River.
28. Duxbury, club, Duxbury, Massachusetts Bay.
28. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
28. Boston, Y. R. A., open, City point, Boston Harbor.
28. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
28. Wollaston, Y. R. A., open, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
28. South Boston, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
29. Old Mill, J. B. Y. R. A., open, Jamaica Bay.
30. Bridgeport, Trial races for selection of representative for Seawanhaka cup contest, Bridgeport, Long Island Sound.

For Cruising Yachtsmen.

WITH the purpose of stimulating the interest in cruising, and the keeping of a detailed log by cruising yachtsmen during the season of 1902, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer prizes for the best stories of cruises submitted to be published in FOREST AND STREAM. It is believed that these will form not only entertaining records of pleasant summer days spent afloat along our coasts and waterways, but will furnish information of practical value to other yachtsmen making subsequent cruises on the same waters.

Prizes will be awarded to the three best stories as follows:

- First prize, \$50.00.
- Second prize, \$30.00.
- Third prize, \$20.00.

Contributions are invited under the following conditions:

1. The cruise must be made in waters of the United States or Canada in the season of 1902.
2. The cruise must be made in a sailing yacht, power to be used only as an auxiliary, if at all.
3. The story must be prefaced by a description of the boat. Cruises should be treated in as interesting and readable a way as possible, but should be practical and contain all possible information and data that would be of value to men going over the same route. A description of the handling of the ship in all weathers will be regarded very favorably in making awards, and it is suggested to writers that an accurate account be kept of all incidents happening while under way.
4. An outline chart suitable for reproduction, showing the course taken, must accompany each article. When possible, articles should be accompanied by amateur photographs taken on the cruise, including one of the boat. Good photographs will be considered in making the awards.
5. The story should contain about seven thousand words, written on one side of the paper only, and must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York city, on or before Nov. 15, 1902.

Mr. T. C. Zerega has very kindly consented to act as judge and to make the awards.



SUPPLEMENT TO FOREST AND STREAM, June 7, 1902.

THE FORESTER'S HOME.

From the painting by Knauth in the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington.

Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C. Designing Competition.

First Prize Design.

We publish in this issue the plans submitted by Mr. Allen D. Woods, of New York city, which took first prize in the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C. designing competition. The design is the work of a capable draftsman and the boat's good points speak for themselves.

The boat's dimensions are as follows:

Length—	Over all	2ft.	6 in.
	L.W.L.	14ft.	6 in.
Overhang—			
	Forward	3ft.	5¼in.
	Aft	3ft.	6¾in.
Breadth—			
	Extreme	5ft.	11in.
	L.W.L.	5ft.	3in.
Freeboard—			
	Forward	1ft.	9in.
	Aft	1ft.	3½in.
	Least	1ft.	1½in.
Draft—			
	Extreme	3ft.	7½in.
	To rabbet	1ft.	8½in.
Sail Area—			
	Mainsail	237	sq. ft.
	Jib	61	sq. ft.

Total	298 sq. ft.
Weight of hull	95lbs.
Weight of lead	95lbs.
Weight of rig	150lbs.
Weight of outfit	50lbs.
Weight of crew	300lbs.

Total	2,400lbs.
Displacement	2,410lbs.
C.B. from fore end of L.W.L.....	7.93ft.
C.G. of lead from fore end of L.W.L....	8.42ft.
C.E. from fore end of L.W.L.....	7ft. 9½in.
C.L.R. from fore end of L.W.L.....	8ft. 7 in.
Area of greatest immersed section.....	6.33'sq. ft.

English Letter.

It is stated that Meteor III. will take part in the return match from Heligoland to Dover for the prize presented by Mr. Carl von Buch, of the Royal London Y. C. Although they will thereby miss many of the Baltic regattas there are already ten entries for this race. The prize is a silver cup of the value of £600, and a second prize is presented by Sir H. Seymour King, the third being provided by Mr. Lorne C. Currie, of International fame. The match is open to yachts of German ownership only, so that, much as it might be wished, Meteor will not compete with the new Fife schooner, building for Mr. Cecil Quentin, in either the outward or the homeward race. The distance from Dover to Heligoland is about 500 miles—a grand course for Meteor to do some record breaking.

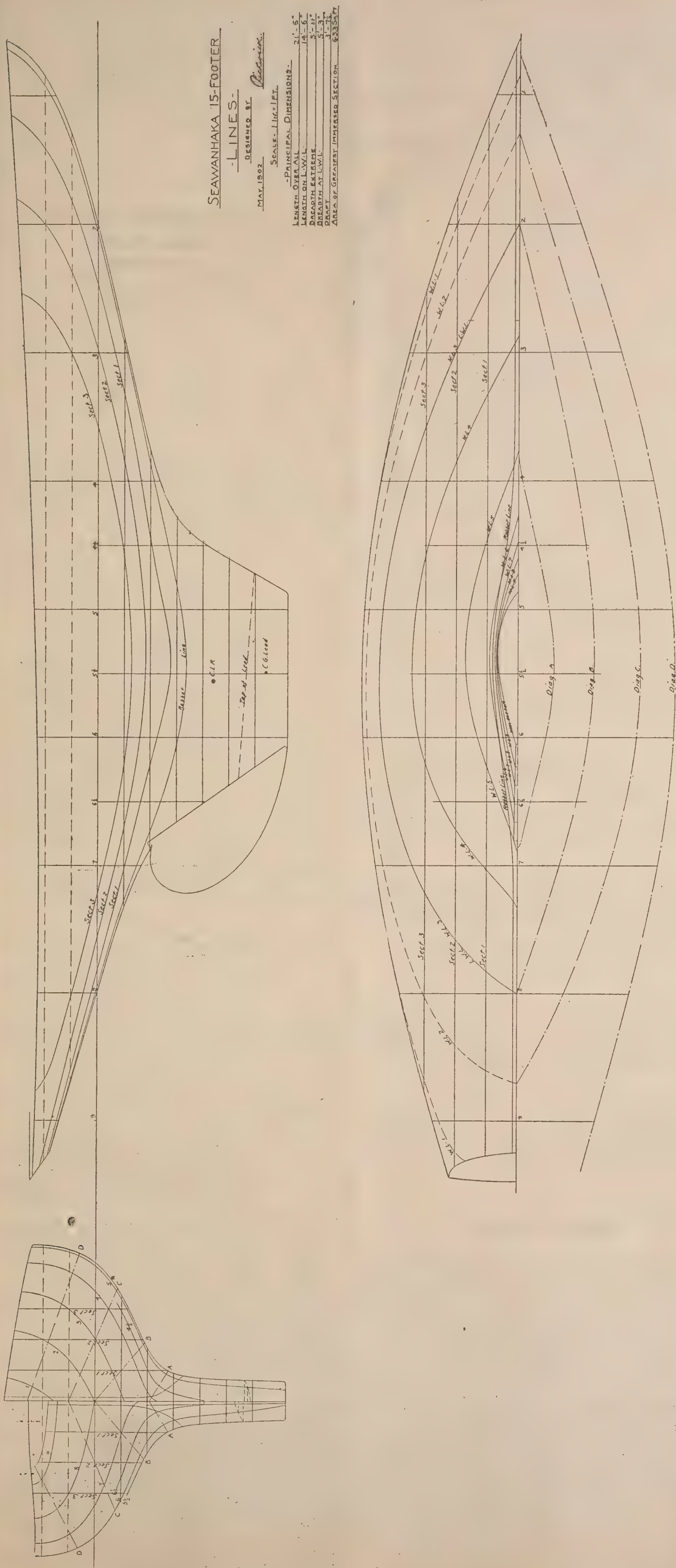
On Saturday, May 17, one of the new Fife 36-footers sailed her first race in the Solent. This is Capt. J. Orr-Ewing's Nyama, and for her only opponent she had Cuckoo—built by Sibbick last year, and only a very moderate success. It blew very hard, which is supposed to be all against the Sibbick craft, yet the new boat only beat her by two minutes, Cuckoo actually gaining 18 seconds on the second round. Cuckoo is a very hollow sectioned boat as compared with the Fife craft. On the same day Mr. R. E. Froude sailed his first race with his new 24-footer, Campanila, and won it, all the others giving up through accidents or other causes. Mr. Froude's boat was getting beaten, when the leader fouled a mark and retired. One cannot judge from first races, and Campanila ought to turn out well, for Mr. Froude designed the terror of the 18ft. class, in the little Larkspur. He is in charge of the Admiralty model testing tanks at Portsmouth, and, so far as such tests go, has probably more information at his command than any professional designer. He was the chief advocate of our new rule.

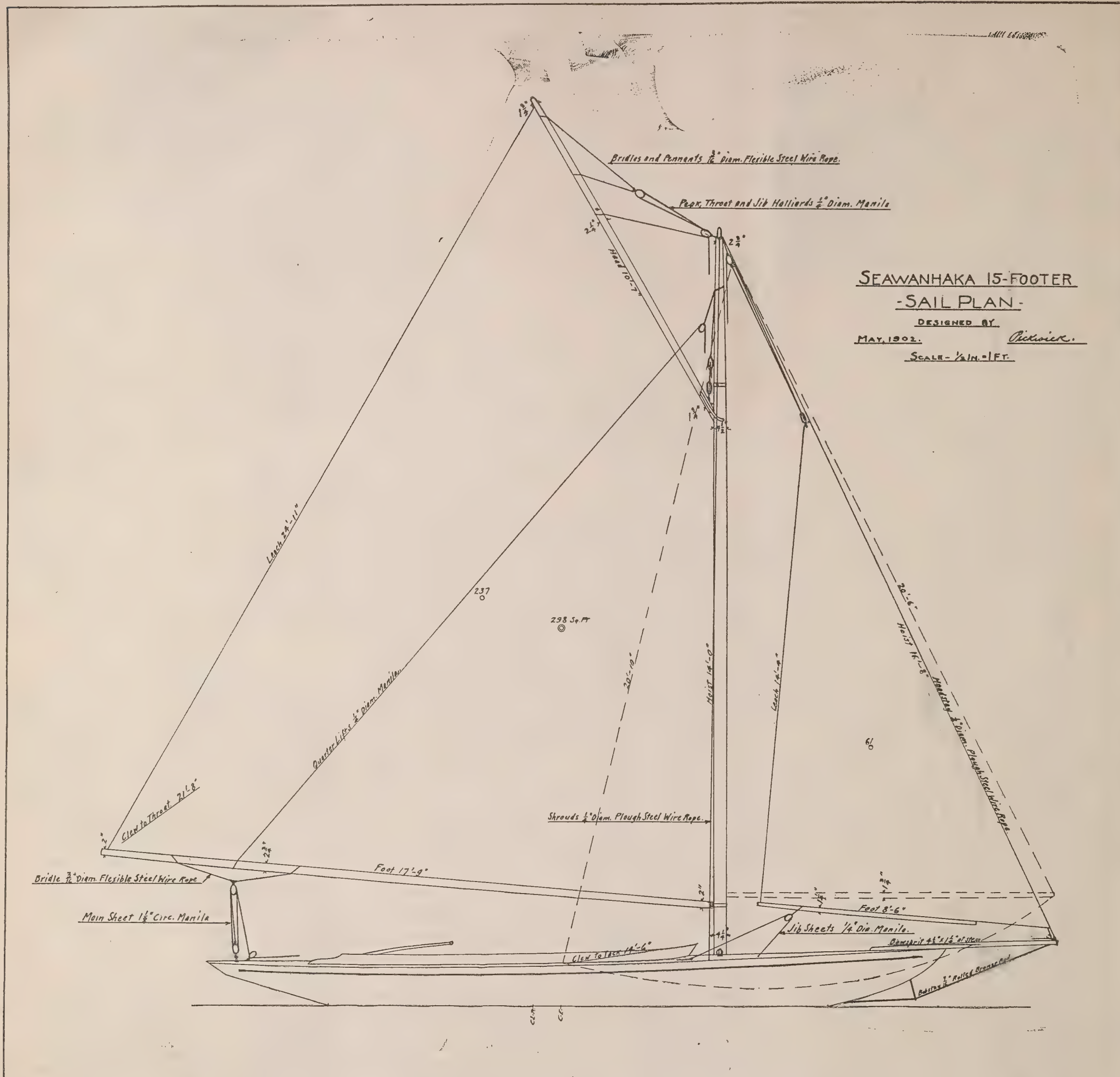
Now far the Solent classes—the forcing house of small Y. R. A. small-class racing—bid fair to be rather poor this year. “Thalassa” gave you some reasons a few weeks since for the attenuation of open racing, and the following will serve to show what needless expense has become fashionable among these little boats. If we take a 30-footer (a boat of some 28ft. water-line): Her first cost would not be less than £500 and a very moderate estimate of the season’s expenses would be £250 more. It is the custom to haul these boats up at least every week-end, and when a few idle days come together, she is pulled up in a cradle, sandpapered and polished, and launched again on the morning of her next match. Knowing, as I do, how mysteriously a builder’s bill runs up at Cowes, when designed on the materials and time principle, the cost of this procedure must be enormous. Compare this boat with one of the Solent one-design class. The latter is a far more comfortable or useful boat, costing £280, having just the same number of races, and involving one-third the working expenses of the other, beside being saleable at any time for at least half her first cost. I can easily imagine anyone who designs his own boat selecting the open class, but for pure sport and pleasure the O. D. C. is far ahead.

Kariad arrived last week from the Mediterranean flying a string of twenty winning flags. She had a very rough voyage home across the bay of Biscay. Indeed, the weather in Europe has up to the present time been colder than it often is in the depth of winter.

The designing competition of the Royal Canoe Club for "canoe-yachts" of 24ft. L. R. attracted very few entries. The winning design was by Mr. C. P. Crossley, of the firm of Linton Hope & Co. The conditions of the affair must have made judging a somewhat difficult matter, for, though the boats were supposed to be designed under a racing rule, as many points were to be

SEAWANHAKA CORINTHIAN Y. C. DESIGNING COMPETITION--FIRST PRIZE DESIGN--SUBMITTED BY ALLEN D. WOODS, NEW YORK CITY.





SEAWANHAKA CORINTHIAN Y. C. DESIGNING COMPETITION—FIRST PRIZE DESIGN—SAIL PLAN,
Submitted by Allen D. Woods, New York City.

awarded for accommodation as for the qualities of speed. It is a pity the R. C. C. ever heard of the rating rule. I am sure they could have devised for themselves something better suited to their wants. I firmly believe that such a thing as a bad boat never existed, but I am also told that this R. C. C. class will never exist either.

A new steam yacht was launched by Messrs. Day, Summers & Co., at Southampton, a week ago. She is a vessel of 255 tons, designed by the firm, and built to Lloyd's highest class. Vanessa, as she was christened, is 137.5 ft. between perpendiculars, 19.5 ft. beam, and 13 ft. depth. The engines are triple expansion, surface condensing, and the cylinders being 13, 20½ and 33 inches in diameter. The steel return tube boiler is of 12 ft. diameter, 9½ feet long, and there are three furnaces. There is a complete electric light installation. Vanessa will belong to the Royal Yacht Squadron fleet.

Another recruit for the R. Y. S. is the new steam yacht Ombra, now almost completed for sea by Messrs. D. and W. Henderson, Clyde. She is of 267 tons, and has two sets of triple expansion engines, with cylinders of 10, 16 and 26½ in. diameter, the piston stroke being 18 in. Her owner is Baron W. von Schröder, Nantwich. The dimensions are: Length, L. W. L., 140 ft.; beam, 20 ft., and depth, 12½ ft. (moulded).

Sea Fay is another new steam yacht almost ready for sea. She is building for the commodore of the Royal Corinthian Y. C., Mr. James Weston Clayton, who, by the way, had a steam yacht of about the same tonnage built and completed a few years ago in six weeks. Messrs. Lobnitz & Co., Renfrew, are the builders of this vessel, which will be of 211 tons. She is 128 ft. b. p., 19.1 ft. l. w. l., and of 10.2 ft. moulded depth.

Our racing season proper will open next week with the Royal London Y. C.'s regatta on the Thames. This club also gives a good regatta at Cowes in August, on the day before the Royal Yacht Squadron begins its

proceedings. All the clubs are providing plenty of handicap racing, and as years go on, we are getting some splendid examples of fast cruising yachts (as opposed to outclassed racers) into all these classes. Is this the beginning of the end of open racing?

E. H. HAMILTON.

Boston Letter.

Boston, June 2.—The two Burgess designed Seawanhaka cup boats, Monsoon, owned by Mr. Hollis Burgess and Mr. T. K. Lothrop, Jr., and Filibuster, owned by Mr. Frank B. Crowninshield, have been launched and have had trials, although they have not yet traveled in company. Both are good looking boats. Monsoon was down at Hull Saturday and went around to leeward of the 21-footers, but not much of a line could be got on her abilities. It is said that both are good weather boats. The best of handling may be looked for in Filibuster. Hollis Burgess does not believe in carrying any extra weight around with him and for this end Monsoon has no signs of paint or varnish on her hull.

The Eastern Yacht Club has completed the details of the annual cruise to be held in June. The fleet will rendezvous in Marblehead harbor on Friday, June 27, when the commodore's cups will be raced for. On Saturday, the start will be made to the eastward. The runs, weather permitting, will be from Marblehead to the Isles of Shoals, Isles of Shoals to Wood Island, Wood Island to Boothbay, Boothbay to Islesboro, and Islesboro to Bar Harbor. The full list of fixtures for the season, as arranged by the regatta committee, is as follows:

June 14, Saturday—Run to Gloucester, cruising trim.
June 23, Monday—Open race for special classes.
June 27, Friday—Commodore's cup races.

June 28, Saturday and succeeding days—Annual cruise to Bar Harbor.

July 4, Friday—Open race for special classes.

July 5, Saturday—Open race for special classes.

July 12, Saturday—Run to Gloucester, cruising trim.

July 19, Saturday—Open race, racing trim.

July 26, Saturday—Run to Gloucester, cruising trim.

Aug. —Annual regatta and race for New York yacht club's fleet.

Aug. 16, Saturday—Run to Gloucester, cruising trim.

Sept. 1, Labor Day—Regular open regatta, racing trim.

Sept. 5, Friday—Open race for special classes.

Sept. 6, Saturday—Open race for special classes.

Sept. 8, Monday—Open race for special classes.

The regatta committee of the Quincy Yacht Club has arranged the following list of fixtures for the season:

June 14, Saturday—Club handicap.

June 17, Tuesday—Club handicap.

June 28, Saturday—Club handicap.

July 10, Thursday—Ladies' day.

July 26, Saturday—Club handicap.

Aug. 2, Saturday, and following days—Club cruise to Quincy cup races.

Aug. 9, Saturday—Club handicap.

Aug. 23, Saturday—Club handicap.

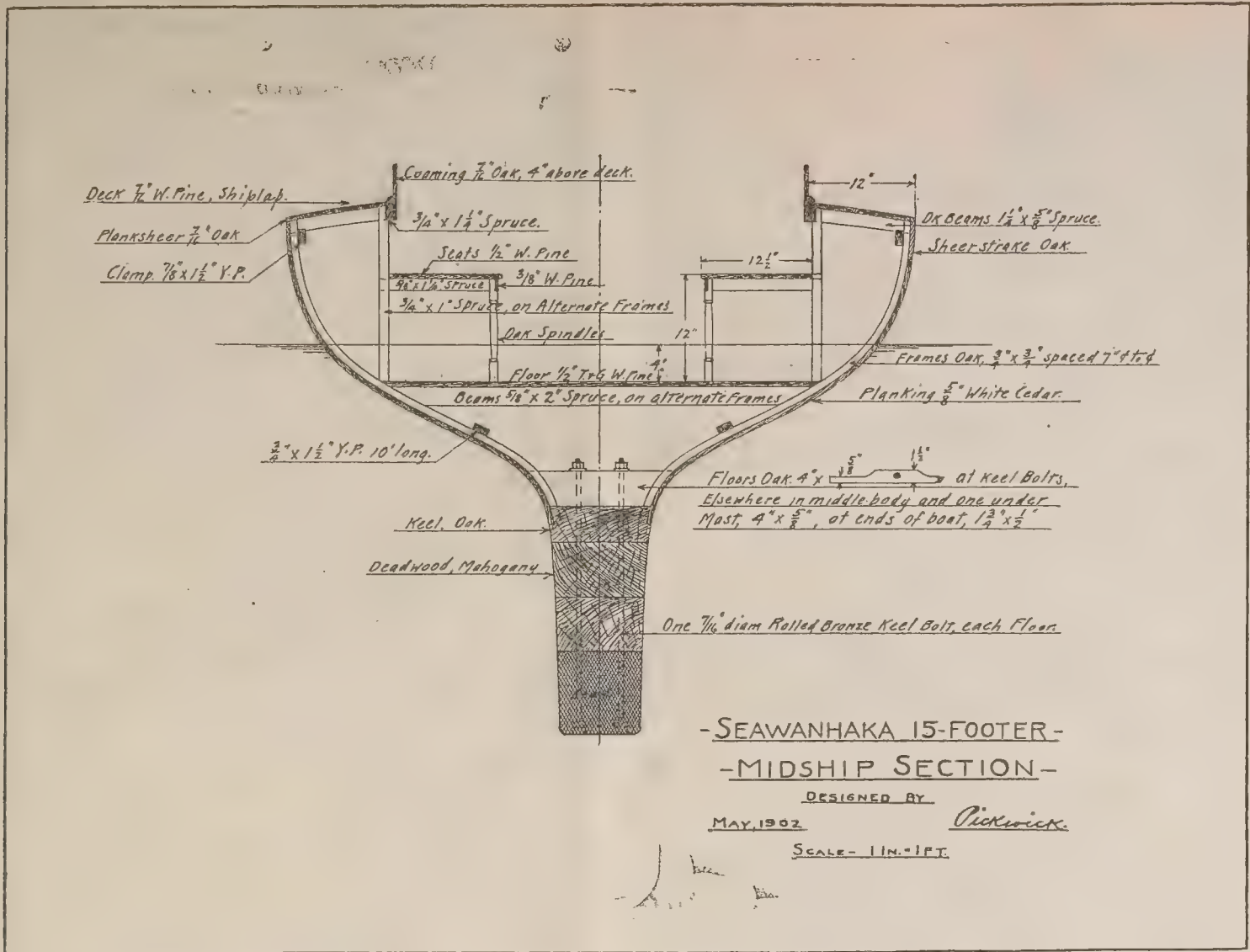
Sept. 1, Labor day—Club handicap.

Sept. 6, Saturday—Y. R. A., open.

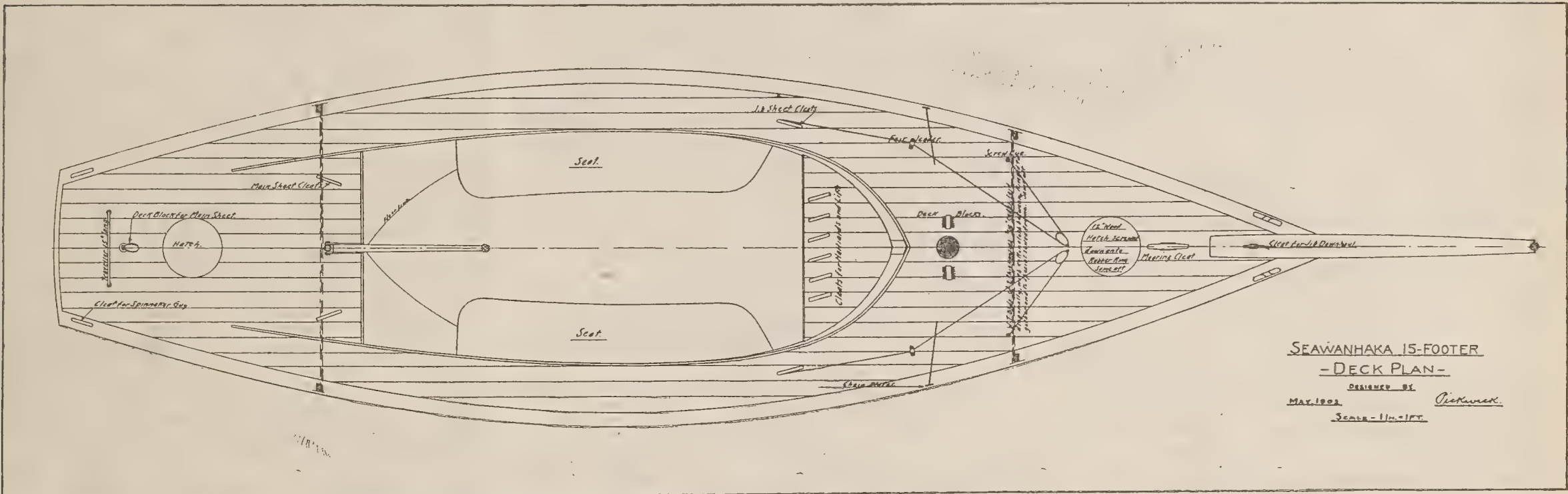
On Tuesday, June 17, while the larger classes of the Y. R. A. are being taken care of by the Hull-Massachusetts Yacht Club, the Dorchester Yacht Club will give races for the 18-footers, unrestricted, 15-footers, Dorchester Y. C. one-design dories, Savin Hill Y. C. one-design sailing tenders and South Boston Y. C. sailing tenders. The regatta committee has arranged the following fixtures for the season:

June 14, Saturday—One-design dories.

June 17, Tuesday—Y. R. A., 18 and 15-footers and



SEAWANHAKA CORINTHIAN Y. C. DESIGNING COMPETITION—FIRST PRIZE DESIGN—MIDSHIP SECTION. Submitted by Allen D. Woods, New York City.



SEAWANHAKA CORINTHIAN Y. C. DESIGNING COMPETITION—FIRST PRIZE DESIGN—DECK PLAN. Submitted by Allen D. Woods, New York City.

special classes.

- June 21, Saturday—One-design dories.
- June 28, Saturday—One-design dories.
- July 12, Saturday—One-design dories.
- Aug. 9, Saturday—One-design dories.

It is expected that the Weetamoe will be launched at Lawley's this week. The basin is pretty well cleared of yachts and there are very few in the yard. As soon as the Weetamoe is launched the 46-foot auxiliary yawl and the 33-foot yawl, designed by Binney, will be sent out of the shop. In the east shop Ramea, designed by Mower for Mr. H. H. Robinson is ready to launch.

The following fixtures have been arranged by the regatta committee of the East Gloucester Yacht Club:

- June 11, Wednesday, evening race.
- June 17, Tuesday, club race.
- June 18, Wednesday, evening race.
- June 25, Wednesday, evening race.
- July 2, Wednesday, evening race.
- July 4, Friday, club race.
- July 9, Wednesday, evening race.
- July 16, Wednesday, evening race.
- July 21, Monday, club race.
- July 23, Wednesday, evening race.
- July 30, Wednesday, evening race.
- Aug. 6, Wednesday, evening race.
- Aug. 7, Thursday, Y. R. A., open.
- Aug. 13, Wednesday, evening race.
- Aug. 20, Wednesday, evening race.
- Aug. 27, Wednesday, evening race.

On the first run of the Boston Yacht Club, in its annual cruise, Saturday, June 14, the new station at Marblehead will be officially opened. There will be a reception by the flag officers in the evening, followed by a concert and luncheon.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Colonel Francis L. Leland has chartered his steam yacht Safa-El-Bahr to Mr. Charles M. Schwab. The yacht was designed and built by Messrs. A. & J. Inglis at Glasgow in 1894. She is 22ft. 6in. over all, 187ft. water-line, 27ft. breadth and 15ft. deep. The yacht is built entirely of steel and has two decks and five water-tight bulkheads. Safa-El-Bahr will be brought to this side at once.

Navahoe, the American yawl now owned by Mr. A. W. Watjens, which sailed from Newport, R. I., on May 1, arrived at Bremerhaven on May 25.

Yacht Racing Association of Gravesend Bay.

The Yacht Racing Association of Gravesend Bay was formed last year. It was the outcome of the desire of the larger clubs on Gravesend Bay to improve racing conditions on that body of water and to arrange a schedule of non-conflicting dates. The organization was made up of the Atlantic Y. C., Brooklyn Y. C., New York C. C. and the Marine and Field Club.

The first year of racing was marked by signal success. Fifteen regattas were held, in which upward of forty craft competed. Good racing was brought out with a spirit of healthy rivalry, the effect of which can be readily seen in preparations for the season of 1902, which opens on Saturday, June 7, with the initial race under the auspices of the Atlantic Y. C.

There are few material changes in the conditions under which the regattas are to be held this year from those in 1901, the sponsors of the association feeling that few restrictions will have a beneficial effect on the list of entries.

Innovations of this year are a general rule by which the different classes will be started on three minute intervals and the designation of a new course for the larger boats in classes K, L, M and N, which will send them out as far as West Bank Light from the starting point in Gravesend Bay, the course to be covered twice.

With the assurance that nearly all of the consistent campaigners of last season will struggle for honors once more, the minds of yachtsmen interested in the organization naturally turn toward the possibility of new-comers in the races of 1902.

Additions to classes P, Q and R are already assured, as is also the entry of a number of craft which did not compete last year, although moored in Gravesend Bay and flying the burgee of one of the associated clubs.

A stranger in class P this year is the knockabout, Karma, recently purchased by J. C. Erskine of the New York C. C. Karma is one of the boats built several years ago for the Philadelphia Corinthian Y. C. after the lines of the Seawanhaka knockabouts turned out for the Oyster Bay organization at about the same time. She was designed by W. B. Stearns, of Marblehead, and built by Lawrence Jensen, of Gloucester, who constructed all of the five boats going to the Quaker City yachtsmen.

Karma is superbly clothed with two suits of racing canvas, one turned out at the Herreshoff lofts, Bristol,

R. I., and a new spread made by Wilson & Silsby, of Boston. The boat had an excellent record in Philadelphia, where she was sailed by her owner, Capt. W. B. Henry, a clever Corinthian.

Corona, designed by T. E. Ferris and built by Townsend & Downey last year for J. E. Beggs, a member of the Atlantic Y. C., is also expected to compete.

A new entry in class Q in the knockabout, Flying Fish, belonging to I. M. Dean, of the New York C. C. The craft is of a one-design class created last year, for the Rhode Island Y. C. on lines of F. S. Nock and built by the Holmes Ship Building Company, of West Mystic, Conn. Very little opportunity was given these boats to show their true speed last year. In trial spins on Gravesend Bay the boat has shown up well. Baby Roger, another boat of the same class, owned by George Boehme, of the Brooklyn Y. C., was expected to be a competitor. Her owner, however, will keep the boat at Bayonne, N. J., most of the time, and it is doubtful if he will be seen in the association races this year.

Trouble, another stranger, belonging to W. H. Childs, of the Marine and Field Club, is the craft over which the other members of the class are a bit worried. She was designed by F. D. Lawley, of Boston, to fit the Massachusetts Yacht Racing Association eighteen-foot knockabout class, and was built by Shiverick, of Kingston, Mass. The boat was raced but little last year. In a few contests down Duxbury way, she established a good record and defeated boats of the Duxbury fleet, of which Malillian, champion of the Massachusetts Yacht Racing Association, was a member.

In class R, has strayed a craft which is liable to make things exceedingly lively. It is none other than the speedy little Opossum, which, under the management of H. M. Raberg, won the championship of the 18-ft. class last year in the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound. Opossum is now owned by ex-Vice Commodore Robert P. Doremus, of the Atlantic Y. C., one of the best skippers in the Sea Gate organization.

Four of the older type of boats, all comfortable cruising craft in the best sense of the word, have agreed to go through the season of racing in cruising trim, except

ing that small boats will not be carried. Sunol, John Abbey; Bonito, Haviland Brothers; Kangaroo, C. H. Humphreys; and Narika, F. T. Cornell, are the boats and owners to make up this class of which much is expected.

The boats have all been thoroughly overhauled and the addition of new sails makes them well equipped for the season's work. By common agreement each race missed will cost the craft not starting, a small forfeit.

It is this class of racers that the association is trying to encourage. There are many big, roomy boats on the bay, whose owners do not feel like stripping their craft every time a race is on. These, the enthusiasts are trying to induce to become competitors. The Yacht Racing Association of Gravesend Bay stands ready, at any time, to create a class for boats of any style or dimensions in which there are at least two starters.

There are to be but nine races this year—a fewer number than in 1901—and because of the reduction it is felt that interest will increase. All sorts of rumors are current regarding prospective starters, the truth of which cannot be verified until the boats come to the line for the preparatory gun at 3 o'clock, next Saturday. A list of the almost sure starters in the association contests, with their owners and the club under whose colors they will compete, follows:

Sloops—Class M—Special.	
Sunol, John Abbey.....	Brooklyn
Bonito, Haviland Brothers.....	Canoe Club
Kangaroo, C. H. Humphreys.....	Brooklyn
Narika, F. T. Cornell.....	Brooklyn
Sloops—Class N—25 to 30ft.	
Vivian, S. E. Vernon.....	Atlantic
Squaw, H. J. Heath.....	Brooklyn
Sloops—Class P—21 to 25ft.	
Song and Dance, E. F. Luckenbach.....	Atlantic
Cockatoo, Hendon Chubb.....	Atlantic
Karma, J. C. Erskine.....	Canoe Club
Corona, J. G. Briggs.....	Atlantic
Sloops—Class Q—18 to 21ft.	
Wraith, Calvin Tomkins.....	Canoe Club
Spots, D. D. Allerton.....	Canoe Club
Wink, W. A. Barstow.....	Canoe Club
Broncho, F. C. Moore.....	Canoe Club
Flying Fish, I. M. Dean.....	Canoe Club
Trouble, W. H. Childs.....	Marine and Field
Sloops—Class R—15 to 18ft.	
Pebble, R. W. Speir.....	Canoe Club
Peanut, Calvert Brewer.....	Canoe Club
Pickaninny, L. R. Connett.....	Atlantic
Opossum, Robt. P. Doremus.....	Atlantic
Marine and Field—Special Class.	
Kelpie.....	W. K. Brown

Jig-a-Jig.....W. A. Hutcheson
Quinque.....L. H. Smith
Viven.....Mahoney and Chandler
Stinger.....A. P. Clapp
Flying Fox.....Cone and Buckman

Brooklyn Y. C.

BENSONHURST, GRAVESEND BAY.

THE Brooklyn Y. C. is contemplating a season of unusual activity. New members are coming in continually, a great many being boat owners attracted thither by the prospect of a real season of live yachting.

There will be no annual regatta this year. The annual cruise starts on July 12, the rendezvous being off the Manhasset Bay Y. C., Port Washington, L. I. All the prominent harbors on Long Island Sound will be visited during the cruise.

Fort Pond Bay, just inside of Montauk Point, will be the eastern terminus. From there the yachts are to have an ocean race homeward to the anchorage in Gravesend Bay for cups given by the flag officers.

A number of two-day cruises have been arranged, which promise good sport. Cups are also offered by the flag officers for the craft getting the greatest total mileage made in cruising trim during the months of June, July and August. One prize is for yachts under 30ft. sailing length, and the other for boats over 30ft. and under 50ft. sailing length. The measurement rule in this competition will be the water line plus one-half the overhang, there being no restrictions as to sail area. The cruising schedule of the club for the present season follows:

June 14 and 15.—To Horseshoe at Sandy Hook on 14th and remain there over night. On the 15th to Keyport, N. J.; thence along south shore of Staten Island, passing south of Orchard Shoal lighthouse to club anchorage.

July 6.—To and around Staten Island, under command of the vice-commander, C. H. Humphreys.

Annual Cruise, July 12 to 20.—July 12, rendezvous at Manhasset Bay. 13th, run to Sea Cliff, L. I. 14th, run to Black Rock, Conn. 15th, run to Morris Cove, New Haven Harbor. 16th, run to Thimble Islands; water sports in the afternoon. 17th, run to Shelter Island. 18th, run to Fort Pond Bay. 19th, start of ocean race to club anchorage at Gravesend Bay. 20th, probable finish of ocean race.

Aug. 10.—Sail to Keyport, under command of Rear-Commodore Henry J. Heath.

Aug. 16 and 17.—To Horseshoe at Sandy Hook on the 16th, remaining over night, larger boats going outside on the morning of the 17th, to and around Sandy Hook Lightship, passing same on starboard hand, returning to westward of Southwest Spit and Romer Shoal Lighthouse, to anchorage. Smaller boats will leave Horseshoe, accompanying larger boats to point off Sandy Hook; thence to westward of Southwest Spit and Orchard Shoal Lighthouse, to club anchorage.

Sept. 1.—Clam bake at Horseshoe, Sandy Hook.
Sept. 6 and 7.—Sail to Atlantic Highlands on the 6th; thence to Tottenville, returning to southward of Orchard Shoal Lighthouse and Swinburne Island, to anchorage, off club house.

Sept. 13 and 14.—To Horseshoe, Sandy Hook, on 13th; thence on 14th to Keyport, N. J., returning to southward of Orchard Shoal Lighthouse and Swinburne Island, to club anchorage.

South Boston Y. C.

CITY POINT, BOSTON HARBOR.

Friday, May 30.

At last the yacht racing season has been opened in Massachusetts Bay. The opening race, given by the South Boston Yacht Club, was sailed off City Point on Memorial Day and there was plenty of wind for all. There was perhaps a trifle more breeze than might have been desired by the owners of the new Y. R. A. boats, and those which had been delivered only a short time before stood an excellent chance of having their sails stretched out of shape. There were not quite as many of the new boats of the restricted classes as might have been desired, but the classes, on the whole, were very well filled. In the restricted 25-foot class there were two of the new keel boats, Sally VI., designed by Fred Lawley for L. F. Percival, and Chewink II., designed by Crowninshield for F. G. Macomber, Jr. The strong, puffy westerly breeze was much to the liking of the centerboard, Calypso, last season's champion, and the race in this class was most noteworthy on account of the trimming she gave the keel boats. There was not a moment after the start that they were in it with her.

Two of the new ones showed up in the restricted 21-footers, Little Haste, designed by Burgess for T. K. Lothrop, Jr., and Perhaps II., designed by Jefferson Borden for J. E. Robinson. Little Haste is a centerboard boat of extreme type, a perfect slab, and was intended for just the kind of weather that prevailed during the opening race. Perhaps II. is also a centerboard, but is not so extreme and is not so long on top. Perhaps was sailed very well. She got the best of the start and it looked as though she would make a strong bid for first place, but she had only been delivered to her owner a short time before the race, and in the heavy breeze her reefed mainsail was pulled all out of shape. This did her no good, although it is likely that, under the conditions, Little Haste would have got away with her anyway. From the turning of the second mark the race was all Little Haste's. Tabasco III., one of last season's boats, designed by Lawley, made a good showing, getting by Perhaps II. and finishing in second place.

Three of the new 18-foot knockabouts showed up, Malillian, designed by Crowninshield for B. S. Permar; Tokolon, designed by Small Bros. for R. J. Randolph, Jr.; and Lobadoba, designed by Burgess for Carroll Brown. Malillian took the start and led all over the course. Tokolon made a good showing and finished a close second. The most exciting race of the day was between Thordis and Bobs in the unrestricted 25-footers. They were together from start to finish, only one second separating them at the end. Thordis is a Cape cat, designed by Hanley, and Bobs is one of the Bar Harbor 25-footers, designed by Crowninshield. The Dorchester Y. C. one-design dories showed up well in their first race and sailed close throughout. The summary:

Class C—25-footers.

	Elapsed.
Thordis, C. A. Heney.....	1 33 57
Bobs, Edgar Harding.....	1 33 58
Addie, G. N. Williamson.....	1 41 07
Hustler, Robbins and Whittemore.....	1 47 20
Anita, H. C. Sargent.....	2 10 05
C. B.....	Did not finish.
Black Hawk, P. F. Shevlin.....	Did not finish.

Class D—Restricted 25-footers.

Calypso, A. W. Chesterton.....	1 25 25
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Sally VI., L. F. Percival.....	1 27 09
Chewink II., F. G. Macomber, Jr.....	1 28 17
Cyrilla, W. D. Turner.....	1 34 41

Class S—21-footers.

Little Haste, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.....	1 29 10
Tabasco III., H. H. Wiggin.....	1 32 33
Perhaps II., J. E. Robinson.....	1 34 55
Apache, L. C. Wade.....	1 39 40
Rambler, W. L. Learned.....	1 40 12

Class I—18ft. Knockabouts.

Malillian, B. S. Permar.....	1 34 19
Tokolon, R. J. Randolph, Jr.....	1 35 05
Bohemian, A. B. Holmes.....	1 37 20
Lobadoba, Carroll Brown.....	1 40 39

Dory Class.

Anita, N. Cutter.....	1 06 42
Boomerang, G. Cleary.....	1 07 07
San Toy, J. Hendrie.....	1 09 56
Lurline II., J. Mead.....	1 10 00
Hobo, T. E. King.....	1 10 41
Vera, H. J. Lundeburg.....	1 10 42

Sailing Tenders.

Eugene Merrill.....	1 03 25
Sullivan.....	Withdrew.
Colson.....	Withdrew.

Atlantic Y. C. Race.

SEA GATE, GRAVESEND BAY.

May 30, 1902.

THE Atlantic Y. C. held its first club race on Memorial Day. The yachts sailed twice over the smaller association course, aggregating a distance of approximately six miles. The winners were Cockatoo, Song and Dance and Opossum.

Starting from a line between a stake boat anchored off the club station and the shore, the boats proceeded to a buoy off the Brooklyn Y. C., thence to the Government buoy off Fort Hamilton, and from there to the starting line.

During the race the wind was piping strongly from south-southwest, making reefing advisable. The course covered gave almost no windward work. It was a reach to the first mark, a close reach to the second and a broad reach home.

The crack little Herreshoff flyer, Vivian, sailed a match race with Hendon Chubb's Cockatoo on time allowance left to the judgment of George Hill, chairman of the regatta committee. This allowance turned out to be six minutes for the six-mile course, almost twice the time if figured under usual conditions.

During the first round of the race, Cockatoo had some trouble with her jib, which set her back materially. In spite of this, however, she covered the course fast enough to win by 1m. and 5s, corrected time. In justice to the Bristol built boat it must be said that her strong point is going to windward, a feature almost entirely lacking in the whole contest.

In the regular class P, the old rivals Song and Dance, and Cockatoo, competed. The accident to the jib of Cockatoo injured her chances and Song and Dance was the victor by a good margin.

Pebble and Opossum started in class R and the latter won the race by 38s. The boats kept together throughout the struggle. Although Opossum was handicapped over a minute by a poor start, she managed to take the laurels in her maiden race on Gravesend Bay. Opossum measures 17.985 racing length, while Pebble is only 16.35. Wraith covered the course alone in good time. The summaries follow:

Match Race—Start, 3:09.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vivian, S. E. Vernon.....	4 00 57	0 51 57
Cockatoo, Hendon Chubb.....	4 05 52	0 56 52

Corrected time, Cockatoo, 0.50.52.

Sloops—Class P—Start, 3:09.

Song and Dance, E. F. Luckenbach.....	4 03 28	0 54 28
Cockatoo, Hendon Chubb.....	4 05 52	0 56 52

Sloops—Class Q—Start, 3:14.

Wraith, Calvin Tomkins.....	4 10 14	0 56 14
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Sloops—Class R—Start, 3:31.

Pebble, R. W. Speir.....	4 22 32	1 01 32
Opossum, R. P. Doremus.....	4 31 54	1 00 54

The winners were Cockatoo, Song and Dance and Opossum.

Circulars for the annual spring regatta of the Atlantic Y. C. will be sent out this week. The race occurs this year on Tuesday, June 17, two days before the fifty-sixth annual regatta of the New York Y. C. It is felt that many boats will be in New York Harbor during the week beginning June 16, and that the Atlantic race will have a good entry.

The following craft have formally entered for all of the races of the Sea Gate organization: Schooner Uncas, James Weir, Jr.; sloops, Selada, J. Fred Ackerman; Pilgrim, W. W. Butcher; Eclipse, L. J. Callanan; Eelin, F. L. Rodwald; Cockatoo, Hendon Chubb; Wraith, Calvin Tomkins; Wiliwin, Frank M. Randall, and Pickaninny, L. R. Connett.

In the contests of this year the club is to give prizes to the Corinthian members of every winning crew. These trophies are in the form of a solid silver medal, a little larger than a five-cent piece, on which rests the club flag in raised enamel and gold. From this prize hangs a silver bar upon which is engraved the date of the race. Members of winning Corinthian crews are to get an additional bar as the reward of every contest won after the first.

The usual club medallion will be given to the winning boat as heretofore. It is this year of a new design, however, the medal itself being circular, about 3in. in diameter and of silver. The center is in oxidize and represents the club seal. The club book is now being distributed to members.

Hull-Massachusetts Y. C.

HULL, BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, May 31.

The first race of the Hull-Massachusetts Yacht Club and the second of the open Y. R. A. series was sailed off Hull on Saturday in a moderately fresh to light southeast breeze. The same old contest was on among the 25-footers and this time the keel boats returned the compliment of Friday to Calypso with interest. When the breeze was strongest the centerboard had an even chance, but it cannot be said that she had any more. When it commenced to lighten somewhat, both Sally VI. and Chewink II. got away with her. Both keel boats

are very pretty sailers, Sally VI. having thus far shown up the better of the two. She is a beautiful boat in the water and handles like a top. It is safe to say that she will make a strong bid for the championship, judging from Saturday's weather, which was of the kind which mostly prevails in Massachusetts during the racing season. Three more new ones took chances with Little Haste in this race—Pilot, designed by Burgess; Opitsah IV., designed by Burgess, and Micmac, designed by Crowninshield. Little Haste again trimmed the class in a manner that left no doubt. Pilot was an easy second and Tabasco III. showed her heels to the other three new ones. The Biza, designed by Fred Lawley, came out for her first race and sailed a good one, finishing only three seconds behind Malillian. Malillian has had plenty of tuning up, while Biza was fresh from the basin. Close contests may be looked for between these two. In the handicap class Spinster III., formerly Gosling, now owned by L. M. Clark, won a good race. The summary:

Class D—25-footers.

	Elapsed.
Sally VI., L. F. Percival.....	1 50 00
Chewink II., F. S. Macomber, Jr.....	1 51 22
Calypso, A. W. Chesterton.....	1 55 55
Marion, Dr. E. W. Gahan.....	1 57 24

Class S—21-footers.

Little Haste, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.....	1 54 57
Pilot, Reginald Boardman.....	2 00 00
Tabasco III., H. H. Wiggin.....	2 02 29
Perhaps II., J. E. Robinson.....	2 04 12
Opitsah IV., S. H. Foster.....	2 10 02
Micmac, Richard Hutchinson.....	2 11 00

Class I—18-footers.

Malillian, B. S. Permar.....	1 07 40
Biza, Alfred Douglas.....	1 07 43
Nethla, Cole and Bacon.....	1 09 21
Bohemian, A. B. Holmes.....	1 12 30
Ayaya, W. P. Keyes.....	1 13 19
Tokolon, R. J. Randolph, Jr.....	1 13 22

Handicap Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Spinster III., L. M. Clark.....	1 07 30	1 07 30
Dabster, G. P. Keith.....	1 08 45	1 07 45
Hector, A. W. Hubbard.....	Did not finish.	

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Friday, May 30.

THE Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C. went into commission at 12 o'clock, noon, on Friday, May 30. In the afternoon the first race of the season was held. The Manhasset Bay Y. C. raceabouts had raced up from Port Washington in the morning and were given a class. On the run up Arizona won, beating the Mist 1m. 4s., and the Lambkin, 3m. 36s. In the afternoon race the order of the finish was reversed. The Lambkin won by 11s. The Mist was second, 34s. ahead of the Arizona.

In the raceabout class Joker made the best time, but fouled Jolly Roger, and her skipper acknowledged the foul, and the race was awarded to Jolly Roger. The race for Seawanhaka knockabouts was won by Marcia, sailed by Johnston de Forest.

The boats sailed over the knockabout course No. 2; for raceabouts owned by members of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C.; Seawanhaka knockabouts, and Manhasset Bay raceabouts. The wind was fresh from the southwest until late in the afternoon, when it veered to the northwest and flattened out.

The summaries:

Raceabouts—Start, 3:15.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Joker, W. Jennings.....	5 18 35	2 03 35
Jolly Roger, Bache Bleeker.....	5 18 54	2 03 54

Seawanhaka Knockabouts—Start, 3:20.

Marcia, Johnston de Forest.....	5 39 23	2 19 23
Vagrant, W. G. Low.....	5 40 00	2 20 00
Bobs, W. Stewart.....	5 42 07	2 22 07
Gowan, F. Stewart.....	5 42 23	2 22 23

Manhasset Bay Raceabouts—Start, 3:25.

Lambkin, S. Roach.....	6 00 00	2 35 00
Mist, J. H. Alker.....	6 00 11	2 35 11
Arizona, J. A. Corry.....	6 00 45	2 35 45

Manhasset Raceabouts—Cruising Race—Start, 11:05.

Arizona, J. A. Corry.....	2 22 04	3 17 04
Mist, J. H. Alker.....	2 23 08	3 18 08
Lambkin, S. Roach.....	2 25 40	3 20 40

Saturday, May 31.

Saturday's race at Oyster Bay was a good one, as four of the Seawanhaka Cup trial boats met for the first time. As Massasoit, the Crowninshield boat, had handily beaten the Jones & La Borde boat, Tecumseh, and Seeress had beaten Nutmeg, it was interesting to see what the two winners would do when pitted against each other.

The course was a seven-mile triangle, with the start and finish off the north point of Centre Island. The first mark was set two miles to the NNW., the second 2¼ miles E½N, thence 2½ miles SW. by S., to the finish.

It was a run with spinnakers to port to the first mark, a gybe there, and a broad reach to the next mark; thence windward work to the finish.

The day was ideal for small boat racing, the sea being smooth, and there was a nice whole sail breeze from the southwest.

Seeress was just on the line at the start, with Massasoit just under her lee. Balloon jibs were broken out and spinnakers set just after starting. All the way to the first mark it was nip and tuck between Massasoit and Seeress. When about two-thirds down the first leg Seeress's spinnaker guy parted, letting the pole run forward and the sail dropped into the water. Before the sail was again set the balloon was taken in, the boom gybed over and the spinnaker again set on the starboard side. Seeress was first around the mark, with Massasoit just behind; it was a reach to the second mark and on this leg Seeress slowly but surely drew away from Massasoit until the second mark was reached, when at this point she had a substantial lead. The last leg was the windward one and it was here that Massasoit showed her wonderful windward qualities. She did not seem to point so close as Seeress, but footed faster. On the second tack Massasoit crossed Seeress' bows and continued to draw away slowly from her until she finished. It was a very interesting and exciting race. Nutmeg and Tecumseh sailed a close race over the course, but were never in the first flight with Massasoit and Seeress. The conclusions drawn from the race are that Massasoit and

Seeress are very evenly matched in running, that Seeress is faster in reaching, while Massasoit is superior in windward work. Massasoit is a remarkably clean looking boat, with a narrow, high rig. Her sails seemed to set perfectly. Mr. Herbert Jennings, who had his leg broken when Massasoit capsized a week previous, was at the helm during the race with his foot in a plaster cast. In the raceabout class six boats started, Scamp winning after a pretty race. J. R. Maxwell, Jr.'s Pompilio was second. The Marcia won in the knockabout class, the Lambkin in the Manhasset Bay yachts class, and the Knave in the New Rochelle one-design class. Walter Kerr and Charles Leland managed the race.

Seawanhaka Cup Class—Start, 3:40.		
Finish.	Elapsed.	
Massasoit, Bridgeport Y. C. Syndicate.....	5 14 44	1 34 44
Seeress, Mower and Hunt.....	5 16 11	1 36 11
Nutmeg, Seely and Marshall.....	5 22 40	1 42 40
Tecumseh, Bridgeport Y. C. Syndicate.....	5 20 37	1 40 37
Club Raceabouts—Start, 3:45.		
Jolly Roger, T. B. Blecker.....	5 26 58	1 41 58
Snapper, A. B. Alley.....	5 28 59	1 43 59
Indian, H. W. Maxwell.....	5 27 10	1 42 10
Pompilio, J. R. Maxwell.....	5 26 50	1 41 50
Mavis, Gordon Pirie.....	5 31 40	1 46 40
Scamp, A. Pirie.....	5 24 28	1 39 28
Whistling, H. M. Crane.....	5 26 48	1 41 48
Club Knockabouts—Start, 3:15.		
Marcia, Johnson de Forest.....	6 02 40	2 47 40
Gowan, F. G. Stewart.....	6 04 20	2 49 20
Vagrant, Brown and Low.....	6 05 22	2 50 22
Bobs, W. A. W. Stewart.....	6 11 15	2 56 15
Manhasset Raceabouts—Start, 3:55.		
Arizona, J. Corry.....	5 54 17	1 59 17
Mab, Hoyt.....	5 57 55	2 02 55
Lambkin, Stephen Roach.....	5 54 15	1 59 15
New Rochelle One-Design Class—Start, 3:55.		
Caper, P. L. Howard.....	5 55 42	2 00 42
Knave, W. N. Bavier.....	5 51 18	1 56 18
Club Catboats—Start, 3:55.		
No. 1, Percy Hudson.....	5 54 20	1 59 20
No. 2, Satterthwait.....	5 57 31	2 02 31

Marine and Field Club.

BATH BEACH, GRAVESEND BAY.

THE little Wyckoff one-design boats of the Marine and Field Club will have plenty of racing this year. Three trophies are offered by members of the club. Isaac Snedeker donates one for the craft winning the greatest number of points in six races. The President, Theodore L. Cuyler, and F. W. Dauchy have presented cups which go to the winner of the best two out of three contests. In reckoning points for the Snedeker trophy, first place counts four, second three, and one point is given to every craft starting. The schedule for 1902 follows:

- May 31.—One-design class. Points on Snedeker trophy.
- June 7.—Atlantic Y. C. Y. R. A. G. B.
- June 14.—One-design class. Points on Snedeker trophy.
- June 21.—Brooklyn Y. C. Y. R. A. G. B. Points on Snedeker trophy.
- June 28.—New York C. C. Y. R. A. G. B. First leg on Cuyler cup.
- July 12.—Marine and Field Club. Y. R. A. G. B. Second leg on Cuyler cup.
- July 26.—Atlantic Y. C. Y. R. A. G. B. Points on Snedeker trophy.
- Aug. 2.—Brooklyn Y. C. Y. R. A. G. B. Points on Snedeker trophy.
- Aug. 16.—One-design class. Last race for points on Snedeker trophy.
- Aug. 23.—Marine and Field Club. Y. R. A. G. B. First leg on Dauchy cup.
- Sept. 6.—New York C. C. Y. R. A. G. B. Second leg on Dauchy cup.
- Sept. 13.—Women's race.
- Sept. 20.—Y. R. A. G. B. regatta off Atlantic Y. C.

In the first race of the season held on Saturday, May 31, Stinger, A. P. Clapp owner, was the winner. The boats covered a triangular course three times, aggregating between seven and eight miles. Stinger gets four points, Kelpie three and the other boats one each on the series for the Snedeker trophy. The summaries follow:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Marine and Field Class—Start, 3:05.		
Stinger, A. P. Clapp.....	6 06 00	3 01 00
Kelpie, W. K. Brown.....	6 08 30	3 03 30
Vixen, Mahoney & Chandler.....	6 10 00	3 05 30
Quinque, L. H. Smith.....	6 15 25	3 10 25

Harlem Y. C. Annual Regatta.

CITY ISLAND, LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Friday, May 30.

THE twentieth annual regatta of the Harlem Y. C. was held on Decoration Day, Friday, May 30. Twenty-eight boats started.

The 43 and 36ft. classes sailed a course of eighteen nautical miles from City Island Point to Matinickock Buoy, thence to Delancey Point, and thence home. The course for the 30-foot and 25-foot classes was thirteen nautical miles long, from City Island Point to Prospect Point, thence to Delancey Point, and thence home. The courses for all the smaller classes was from City Island Point to Prospect Point, thence to the north and westward of all buoys on Execution Reef, and home, a distance of nine nautical miles.

The wind was W.S.W., making the first leg a run, the second a reach and the last a beat. It blew hard at the start, but the breeze lightened up considerably as the afternoon wore on.

In the 36-foot class Anaotok had everything her own way as did Snapper in the 25-foot class. Just before the start the 15-footer, Pollywog, capsized and had to be towed into Belden's Point. The 36-foot sloop Eleanor, owned by J. H. Andrews, collided with W. P. Shearer's 25-foot catboat Lauretta, smashing in the catboat's starboard bow and breaking her own anchor and jibstay.

Aquila made the best actual time of the Harlem Y. C. boats over the course, so gets the second leg in the D. M. Williams Cup. She won her first leg in the cup last year, and if she wins it again it becomes the property of the owner.

The summary follows:

Sloops—43ft. Class—Start, 2:10.		
	Racing Length.	Elapsed.
Sunshine, Christie and Jones.....	39.8	5 58 15
Mystral, R. Evans.....	37.4	Did not finish.
Sloops—36ft. Class—Start, 2:10.		
Amatok, J. E. Martin.....	5 18 18	3 08 18
Annie, W. J. Baxter.....	6 05 00	3 55 00
Aquila, J. K. Getty.....	5 56 30	3 46 30

Cabin Catboats—25ft. Class—Start, 2:15.		
Dada, J. H. Symmons.....	20.5	5 19 28
Golden Rod, W. A. Towner.....	22.0	5 08 10
Hiawatha, Dayton and Branch.....	24.6	6 02 00
Open Catboats—25ft. Class—Start, 2:15.		
Emily, J. Wimmer.....	21.5	5 28 20
Drift, W. Glenn.....	20.6	5 45 00
Open Sloops—25ft. Class—Start, 2:20.		
Adelaide, J. J. Dwyer.....	22.7	4 57 54
Houri, J. H. Esser.....	22.7	4 59 41
Cabin Sloops—25ft. Class—Start, 2:20.		
Tammany, Muhlfeld and McCready.....	23.6	5 10 39
Snapper, A. B. Alley.....	25.0	4 50 56
Romance, W. Williams.....	24.3	4 58 29
Fortuna, A. L. Brush.....	20.7	6 01 20
Gertrude, Curtis and Morstadt.....	21.5	Did not finish.
Una, W. Scardsfield, started ahead of signal.		

Cabin Catboats—30ft. Class—Start, 2:25.		
Juanita, S. C. Hunter.....	27.3	5 05 10
Lou, G. J. Oakes.....	26.2	5 58 18

Sloops—30ft. Class—Start, 2:30.		
Revel, L. B. Bigelow.....	26.3	5 42 40
Vim, G. G. Brannert.....	27.2	5 08 12
Existence, T. Deshort.....	27.7	Started ahead signal.

New Rochells One-Design Runabouts—Start, 2:35.		
Caper, P. L. Howard.....	4 40 07	2 05 07
Knave, W. N. Bavier.....	4 39 00	2 04 00
Me Too, H. T. Foote.....		Withdrew

Winners—43-foot sloop, Sunshine; 36-foot sloop, Anaotok; D. M. Williams' Cup, Aquila; 25-foot cabin cats, Golden Rod; 25-foot open cats, Emily; 25-foot cabin sloops, Snapper; 25-foot cabin sloops, old style, Tammany; 25-foot open sloops, Adelaide; 30-foot cabin cats, Juanita; 30-foot sloops, Vim; New-Rochelle, one design, Knave.

Penataquit-Corinthian Y. C.

BAY SHORE, L. I.

MEMBERS of the Penataquit-Corinthian Y. C. of Bay Shore are planning a fine season of sport. Contests for the Lighthouse Cup presented by J. Campbell Smith in May, 1901, which proved so interesting last year, will be continued.

The conditions of the cup demand six races each year, and the trophy becomes the personal property of the member winning the series of each season three times, not necessarily consecutively.

Competition is open to class N sloops, subject to certain conditions and the point system is used in scoring each race. In 1901 Mr. Smith's crack sloop, Amy Foster, carried off the honors after a hard struggle.

John R. Suydam, of New York, has had a boat designed by Clinton H. Crane and built at City Island in an endeavor to win a leg on the coveted trophy. She is now at Bay Shore. J. Campbell Smith has been appointed fleet captain of the club and Dr. W. A. Hulse fleet surgeon. The schedule for the season of 1902 follows:

- June 28.—Spring regatta. First race for Lighthouse cup.
- July 5.—Summer regatta. Second race for Lighthouse cup.
- July 19.—Third race for Lighthouse cup.
- Aug. 2.—Open regatta.
- Aug. 15.—Annual cruise.
- Aug. 23.—Fourth race for Lighthouse cup.
- Sept. 2.—Fall regatta. Fifth race for Lighthouse cup.
- Sept. 6.—Last race for Lighthouse cup.

Indian Harbor Y. C.

GREENWICH, LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Friday, May 30.

THE opening of the Indian Harbor Y. C. on the morning of Friday, May 30, was followed in the afternoon by a handicap race for club boats and the first race for the championship of the Y. R. A., of Long Island Sound, in the raceabout class. The wind was strong from the southwest at the start, but finally hauled to the northeast and petered out to a great extent. Three boats started in the raceabout class, two were disqualified (Mavis and Scamp) for sailing over the wrong course. Cymbria won in her class. The course was of five miles and triangular, around Captain's Island. Following is the summary:

Club Handicap.		
	Start.	Finish.
Cymbria, F. C. Henderson.....	3 10 00	5 27 31
Maya, E. I. Sanford.....	3 02 00	5 31 20
Robin Hood, G. E. Gartland.....	2 50 00	5 48 48
Bantam, Francis Page.....	2 30 00	Did not finish.
Scout, H. S. Shonnard.....	2 35 00	Did not finish.
Mingo, T. L. Guild.....	2 20 00	Did not finish.
Raceabout Class—Start, 2:10.		
Pompilia, H. L. Maxwell.....		4 27 40
Mavis, G. L. Pirie.....		Disqualified.
Scamp, A. H. Pirie.....		Disqualified.

The members of the regatta committee were Frank Bowne Jones, Chairman; Charles F. Kirby, Frank C. Henderson, Charles E. Simms, and R. Babcock.

Bridgeport Y. C.

BLACK ROCK HARBOR, LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Friday, May 30.

THE race for the "Citizen Cup" was held in Black Rock Harbor under the auspices of the Bridgeport Y. C. on Friday, May 30. Four boats started, two of which, Massasoit and Tecumseh, were built for the trial races for the Seawanhaka Cup. Viper, one of Crowninshield's last year's raceabouts, was also entered. Viper was the first boat to start, but on the first leg of the course her spinnaker pole went overboard and she had to stop and recover it. While doing this Massasoit and Tecumseh passed her. Before the finish Viper overtook Tecumseh and finished second. The boats sailed over a triangular course of eleven miles. The summary:

	Start.	Turn.	Finish.
Massasoit, Bridgeport Y. C. Syndicate.....	2 30 00	3 58 00	5 02 45
Viper, Dever H. Warner.....	2 36 00	3 59 00	5 07 18
Tecumseh, Bridgeport Y. C. Syndicate.....	2 30 00	4 10 00	5 13 14
Arbeeka, Kenneth Mc Neil.....	3 36 00	4 13 30	Withdr'w

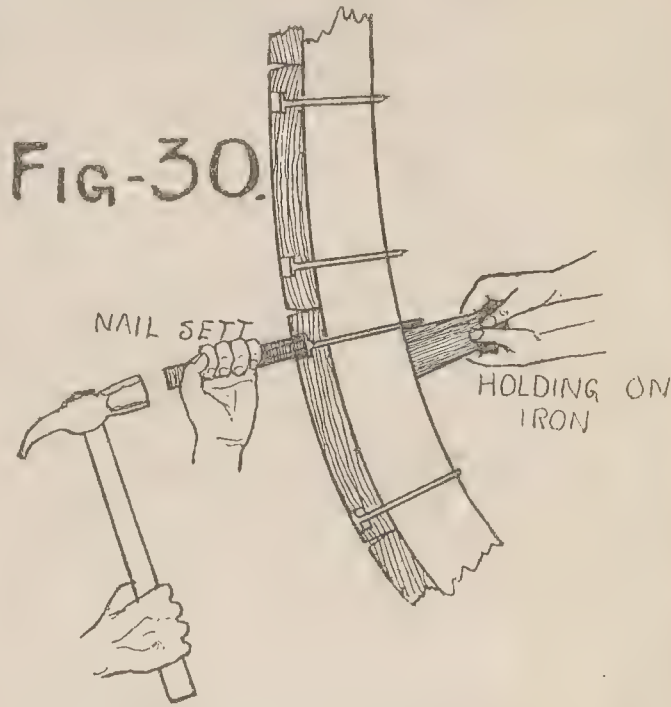
Mr. Frank Bowne Jones has made the following sales: 46-footer Sayonara, sold by the estate of Clifford B. Hendricks to Mr. John Hubbard, N. Y. Y. C.; sloop Gretchen, sold by Mr. William M. Ivins to Mr. Robert M. Ireland; the raceabout Scamp, sold by Mr. Johnston de Forest to Mr. Allan H. Pirie.

How to Build a Launch from a Set of Plans.

BY C. G. DAVIS.

Riveting Up.

If you have riveted on each plank as you went along you are now ready to caulk, plane her off, sandpaper, putty and paint her. In boat shops the planks are all gotten out, nailed on and then, when the shutter is in, the apprentice will hold a chunk of iron against the frame inside the boat while the experienced man drives all the nail heads in solid with a nail set—which is simply a short piece of steel which he holds in his left hand and holds it against the nail head, hitting it with the hammer instead of the nail, and so driving the latter in the full depth of the countersink without bruising the wood around it. Fig. 30.



When all the nails are punched in they change places—the apprentice holding some heavy piece of iron, such as the pointed end of a top maul, against the nail head that sticks through the frame, while the builder puts the burrs on the ends of the nails, tapping them on with a burr set if they fit as they should to be right—so tight you can't quite get them on by hand, cutting off the ends of the nails with a pair of cutting pincers and riveting the end of the nail over the burr, drawing the head and burr tightly up against the wood (Fig. 27). It's queer to see and hear the way these riveters work, and note the signals they use to tell each other just what is wanted—a sort of home-made telegraphy. For instance, what at first sounds like a perpetual tap-tap-tapping, you discover in reality is seven or eight tap-tap-taps followed by two quick short tap-taps; as soon as these are given you will see the apprentice move his weight to the next nail, changing every time to a new nail when he hears those two short tap-taps.

Clamps.

When all the fastenings are riveted, and before you proceed to finish up the planking, which should be the last job, put in the clamps or strip of wood similar to the sheer strake that goes along on the inside of the frames. This, in our boat, should go from stem to transom and be of oak or yellow pine 3/4 in. thick, a straight piece sprung into place and securely nailed to the frames with round wire galvanized nails. It would make a neater and stronger job, perhaps, to put this clamp in at the same time as you put on the sheer strake, and let the one fastening go clean through, riveting up on the inside of the clamp. You can do it here because this clamp follows just the same shape as the sheer strake. If you don't want to make the clamp as wide as the sheer strake, let the upper row of rivets only go through the both pieces and substitute a galvanized wire nail for the lower fastening.

As the deck is arched up in the middle, or "crowned," as boat builders call it, keep this clamp up quarter of an inch higher than the sheer strake, so when you bevel the tops off, the board that covers them up—called the "covering board" or "planksheer"—will have a slant to drain the water off over the edge of the boat.

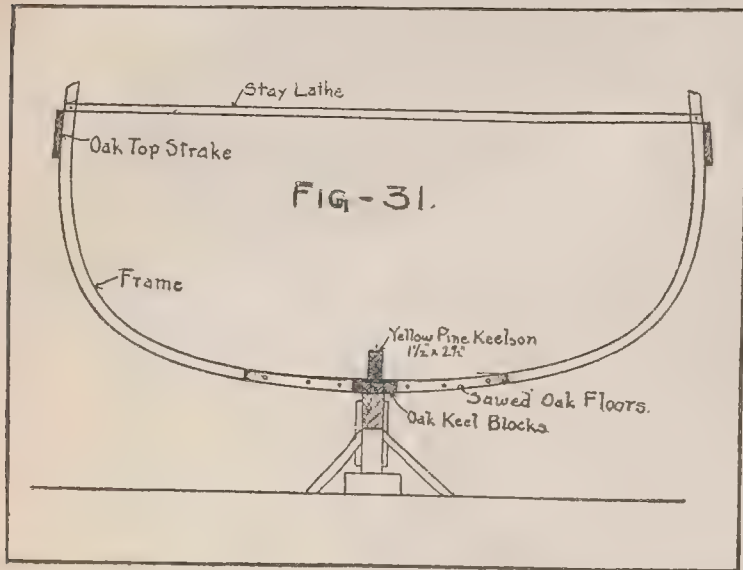
Try and make the covering board out of one length of plank on each side 2 1/2 in. wide and 3/4 in. thick. Being quite narrow you may be able to bend these around cold, but it is safer to stick the end that is to be forward into the steam box for a little while and then bend it while it is hot. A 20ft. plank 6 in. wide will make both covering boards for this little launch, but it will take a wider piece to cut the connecting piece across the stern. If you do have to use two pieces on each side, as would be the case in a larger yacht, there are several ways of making the joint. The most common way is called a butt, usually cut slanting, so one holds the other on; another way usual in large boats is to cut what is called an anchor stock scarph. One piece hooks into the other and gives great strength, as one is locked securely into the other to resist end pull. This is far more difficult to cut than the first, which is simply a straight saw cut. Do not try any halving one piece on to the other, as the sun will draw the thin end thus formed up and make it curl.

This joint is used extensively in building rowing shells and light yacht tenders where the planking is only 1/4 in. or 1/2 in. thick; it is glued and riveted with fine copper tacks, but is no good for launch work.

Keelson.

Our launch would now be quite strong, but to keep her so we will put in on top of the oak floors that cross the keel a yellow pine piece running parallel to and just over the keel called a keelson (Fig. 31) 2 1/2 in. deep and 1 1/2 in. thick. Spike it down to the stem and into each oak floor as it crosses them, ending with a couple of spikes into the after deadwood as the plans show.

To strengthen the corners where the sides join the transom, it is customary to fit in an oak knee on each side and rivet it to both shelf and transom. Measure the angle by taking two thin pieces of wood with a tack through one end, so they open like a pair of scissor



blades, or by using your bevel square, and fit them to the angle this corner makes; they lay them out on an oak knee about 1 in. thick and cut out two such knees. Riveting them to the transom, countersinking the heads, and to the shelf and top strake, filling in between the two with a piece of oak from frame to frame.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Schooner Intrepid, belonging to Frank G. Palmer, of the New York C. C., arrived in Gravesend Bay on May 29 from Colon, Colombia. The craft cleared from the South American port on May 9 and her owner reports splendid weather on his almost record breaking run.

Intrepid is the schooner designed in 1899 by H. C. Wintringham and built by J. M. Baylies & Son, of Port Jefferson. She is used for trading purposes along the west coast of South America and was originally fitted with a 25 H.P. motor.

It is on account of this motor that the craft has made the long trip northward. Mr. Palmer will have the old motor taken out, as it has proven unsatisfactory. In its place will be installed a 35 H. P. Globe engine.

After repairs are completed, which it is thought will require about six weeks, the craft will return to Colon. Intrepid is an excellent sea beat and carries a crew of five men all told. She is 67 feet on deck, 55 feet on the water-line, 18 feet breadth and 5 feet draft.

Ariadne, the auxiliary schooner designed by Messrs. Tams, Lemoine and Crane for Mr. H. W. Putnam, was launched from the yards of the builders, Messrs. Harlan and Hollingsworth, Wilmington, Del., on May 22. Ariadne is 140ft. over all, 110ft. water-line, 26ft. breadth and 14ft. draft.

The steam yacht Hanoli (which is the Hawaiian word for delight) was launched from the yard of the John R. Robins Company, Erie Basin, on Saturday, May 31. She was designed by Mr. Henry J. Gielow for Mr. F. M. Smith. Hanoli is 153ft. 7 in. over all, 122ft. 9 in. water-line, 17ft. 6 in. breadth and 9ft. 8 in. depth. The yacht is built of steel throughout. There are two deck houses, each 22 feet in length. In the forward one is the dining room and pantry and in the after one is the social hall or living room. Below decks, aft of the machinery, are two large staterooms for the owner and his wife, which extend the full width of the vessel. In addition to these rooms there are three more staterooms, a bath room, lavatory, etc. Aft of the staterooms is a large main saloon. Forward of the engine space is a mess room for the officers and staterooms and a fore-castle for the men. Hanoli is lighted by electricity. Anchors and boats will be hoisted by machinery. The engine is of the four-cylinder, triple-expansion type, four cylinders being used to secure perfect balance of the reciprocating parts. There are two boilers, of the water-tube type, built for a working pressure of 250 pounds to the square inch, and with natural draught alone will supply ample steam to drive the vessel at a speed of 17.5 miles an hour and with forced draught a speed of twenty miles an hour is expected.

The American Y. C., of Milton Point, Rye, N. Y., held their annual meeting at their club house on Friday, May 30, and elected the following officers: Commodore, Henry W. Eaton; vice commodore, William H. Brownning; rear commodore, Stuyvesant Wainwright; secretary and treasurer, William Porter Allen; fleet surgeon, Samuel B. Lyon, M.D.; measurer and consulting engineer, George W. Magee, United States Navy; trustees (class of 1904), William G. Nichols; vice J. Murray Mitchell, resigned; (class of 1905), H. De B. Parsons, Edwin H. Weatherbee, William H. Beers.

The regatta committee of the New York Yacht Club, S. Nicholson Kane, Newbury D. Lawton and Edward H. Wales, has issued the programme for the season, which is as follows:

New York, June 19.—Fifty-sixth annual regatta (in 1861 and in 1896 no regattas were sailed.) For all classes, racing and cruising trim.

Glencove, L. I., June 24 (N. Y. Y. C. Station No. 10).—Glencove cups, for all classes, racing trim.

Newport, R. I., July 10, 11, 12 (N. Y. Y. C. Station No. 6).—Newport series, for all classes, racing trim.

Fifty-seventh annual cruise (in 1896 there was no cruise).—For all classes, cruising trim.

As announced by the commodore, the rendezvous will be at New London, Conn. (N. Y. Y. C. Station No. 4), on August 4. There will be the customary prizes for the

squadron runs from port to port. The cruise will extend as far to the eastward as the headquarters of the Eastern Yacht Club, at Marblehead, Mass., the invitation of that club to visit its home waters having been accepted by the New York Yacht Club at its May meeting. Special classes will be arranged for vessels in racing trim, and according to date of construction, and also for "Auxiliaries." During the cruise the owl and gamecock colors will be rowed for, and prizes will be offered for launches. New York, Sep. 11.—Autumn Sweepstakes, for all classes, racing trim.

Cups.—Special cups, in addition to the regular cups offered by the club, will be sailed for as follows: The Bennett Club Course Cups, in the annual regatta; the Astor Cups, over the Newport course on or about Aug. 6; the Navy Challenge Cups, cups offered by the flag officers and other members, and cups offered at Marblehead—during the cruise; the Naval Academy Alumni Association Challenge Cups—in the autumn sweepstakes.

Under authority from the club, on each day of the Newport series (July 10, 11, 12), cups will be offered to the one-design class known as the "thirties," and on the same days cups will be offered to the new one-design class to be known as the "Buzzards Bay class"—but the right of entry in each class will be limited to members only.

For the annual regatta, the Cygnus (Iron Steamboat Company) has been chartered, by the committee, for the use of the members and guests of the club. Chapter XIV. of the by-laws. Facilities for witnessing other important sailing events will be announced later.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

June 13-15.—Monticello, Wis.—Annual festival of the Wisconsin Shooting Bund.

July 7-8.—Meriden, Conn.—South New England Shooting Bund's tournament, under the auspices of the Meriden Rifle Club.

Capt. James S. Conlin, famous as a marksman, and for many years professionally engaged in gallery shooting matters, died in St. Vincent's Hospital on Tuesday of last week. He had shot on international teams many years ago. Since 1866 he kept rifle and pistol shooting galleries in New York, Saratoga, Long Branch and other places. His death resulted from an injury sustained while leaving his Sixth avenue gallery for the last time a few days ago.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

June 3-4.—Fargo, N. D.—Eighth annual tournament of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association; open to all. H. E. Magill, Sec'y.

June 3-5.—Cleveland, O.—Tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League, under the auspices of the Cleveland Gun Club.

June 3-6.—Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Ill.—Twenty-eighth annual tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association.

June 4-5.—Huntington, Ind.—Erie Gun Club's annual tournament.

June 5.—Bolivar, N. Y.—Open sweepstake shoot of the Bolivar Gun Club. J. T. Care, Sec'y.

June 6-7.—Grand Forks, N. D.—Grand Forks Gun Club's target tournament. J. W. Bowing, Sec'y.

June 9-13.—Rochester, N. Y.—Forty-fourth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. F. E. McCord, Secretary, 85 Main street, Rochester.

June 10.—Ashland, Va.—Ashland Gun Club's second annual tournament.

June 10-11.—Bowling Green, O.—Amateur bluerock tournament of the Bowling Green Gun Club. John H. Lincoln, Sec'y.

June 10-11.—Sioux City, Ia.—Eighth annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.

June 10-11.—Muncie, Ind.—Indiana Trapshooters' League's annual tournament.

June 10-12.—Memphis, Tenn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Memphis Gun Club.

June 11-12.—Tiffin, O.—Tiffin Gun Club's target tournament.

June 12-15.—Denver, Colo.—Grand Western Bluerock Handicap tournament. Frank H. Mayer, Tournament Manager.

June 17-18.—Shreveport, La.—Tournament of the Mississippi and Louisiana Trapshooters' League, under auspices of the Caddo Gun Club. V. T. Fulton, Sec'y.

June 17-20.—Warm Springs, Ga.—Annual Interstate tournament.

June 18.—New London, Ia.—Annual Midsummer tournament of the New London Gun Club. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y.

June 19.—Bellefontaine, O.—Silver Lake Gun Club's annual tournament. Geo. E. Maison, Sec'y.

June 19-20.—Fort Dodge, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Fort Dodge Gun Club. C. H. Smith, Sec'y.

June 19-22.—Denver, Colo.—Colorado State tournament.

June 20-21.—Stone Harbor, N. J.—At Abbottsford Inn, W. H. Wolstencroft's target tournament, open to all. J. K. Starr, Mgr.

June 25-26.—W. Alexandria, O.—Twin Valley Shotgun Club's first annual shoot.

June 25-26.—Raleigh, N. C.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Raleigh Gun Club. Jas. I. Johnson, Sec'y.

June 26-28.—Portland, Ore.—Eighteenth annual tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest.

June 27-28.—Wellington, Mass.—Two days' tournament. On second day, New England Interstate team matches; \$60 added. H. M. Federhen, Jr., President, 558 Columbus avenue, Boston.

June 29.—Saginaw, Mich.—Merchandise shoot of the East Side Gun Club. Herbert W. Merrill, Sec'y.

June 29.—San Francisco, Cal.—Live-bird shoot of the Union Gun Club.

July 4.—Richmond, Va.—Annual shoot of the East End Gun Club.

July 4.—Towanda, Pa.—Annual tournament of the Towanda Gun Club; targets. W. F. Dittrich, Sec'y.

July 4.—Haverhill, Mass.—All-day shoot of the Haverhill Gun Club. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.

July 4-5.—Mt. Kisco, N. Y.—Third tournament of the Westchester County Trapshooting Association. J. C. Barlow, Sec'y.

July 4-5.—Houston, Texas.—Peters Cartridge Company's tournament, under the auspices of the Houston Gun Club.

July 4-5.—Beaver Falls, Pa.—Two days' shoot of the Recreation Gun Club. W. R. Kever, Sec'y.

July 8-10.—Pine Bluff, Ark.—Twelfth annual meeting and tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association. Paul R. Litzke, Sec'y, Little Rock.

July 8-10.—Pine Bluff, Ark.—Twelfth annual meeting and tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association. Targets. Added money \$300. Rose system. Paul R. Litzke, Sec'y.

July 15-16.—Charlottesville, Va.—Annual merchandise shoot of the Charlottesville and University of Virginia gun clubs. G. L. Brufey, Sec'y.

July 16-18.—Titusville, Pa.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Titusville Gun Club. T. L. Andrews, Sec'y.

July 22-23.—Greenville, Miss.—Mississippi and Louisiana Trapshooters' League target tournament. C. W. Walton, Sec'y.

July 28-Aug. 2.—Atlanta, Ga.—Peters Cartridge Company's tournament.

Aug. 5-8.—Asheville, N. C.—Tournament given by Col. J. T. Anthony and Maj. E. P. McKissick.

Aug. 6-7.—Marietta, O.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Columbian Gun Club. Chas. Bailey, Sec'y.

Aug. 12-13.—Birmingham, Ala.—Third annual Alabama State target tournament, under the auspices of the Birmingham Gun Club. R. H. Baugh, Sec'y.

Aug. 13-14.—Brunswick, Me.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Brunswick Gun Club. L. C. Whitmore, Sec'y.

Aug. 14-16.—Hamilton, Can.—Dominion Trapshooting and Game Protective Association's tournament.

Aug. 19-20.—Vicksburg, Miss.—Mississippi and Louisiana Trapshooters' League target tournament. C. W. Walton, Sec'y, Natchez, Miss.

Aug. 20-21.—Ossining, N. Y.—Two days' shoot of the Ossining Gun Club; first day, handicap and R. I. clam bake; second day, regular programme.

Aug. 26-29.—Okoboji, Ia.—Amateur shooting tournament, under management of Messrs. C. W. Budd and E. C. Hinshaw.

Aug. 27-28.—Haverhill, Mass.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Haverhill Gun Club. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.

Sept. 3-4.—Nappanee, Ind.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Nappanee Gun Club. B. B. Maust, Sec'y.

Sept. 3-5.—Erie, Pa.—Erie City Rod and Gun Club's handicap tournament at targets. Open to all; \$200 added. A. N. Aitken, Sec'y.

Sept. 9-12.—Battle Creek, Mich.—Tournament of the Indians; open to the world.

Sept. 15-20.—Blue River Park, Kansas City, Mo.—Twenty-fifth tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. Targets and live birds. Paul Franke, Sec'y.

Sept. 23-25.—Cincinnati, O.—Second annual handicap target tournament of the Cincinnati Gun Club. Charles F. Dreihls, Sec'y.

Sept. 29-30.—Lewistown, Ill.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Lewistown Gun Club. H. H. McCumber, Sec'y.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot, every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's target shoot, every Saturday afternoon until October. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

First Saturday of each month for a year, Burnside.—Contest for the Troisdorf live-bird and target medals; 10 live birds; 25 targets; open to all. First contest, March 1.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The programme of W. H. Wolstencroft's target tournament, to be held at Stone Harbor, N. J., June 21 and 22, provides like events for each day. There are ten events, of which four are at 15 targets, \$1 entrance; five at 20 targets, \$1.50 entrance, and one at 30 targets, a distance handicap, 12 to 22yds.; \$50 guaranteed; six moneys, Rose system. Those who so desire may shoot for targets only. Mr. J. K. Starr, who is eminently expert in all the details of tournament management, will act as manager. Mr. Wolstencroft, as is well known, was one of the most skillful of America's trap shots, which is equivalent to saying that he was one of the best in the world. He is now the proprietor of Abbottsford Inn, Stone Harbor, situated on one of the small islands on the lower coast of New Jersey. The Pennsylvania R. R., West Jersey Division, runs through trains from Philadelphia direct to Stone Harbor. There is good bathing, fishing and bay bird shooting on the island. Ship guns, etc., to Mr. Wolstencroft, who also will furnish any information which may be desired. The programme specially states: "The special feature on the programme will be a team match, open to all under the following conditions: Teams of four men, the members of each team to be members of the same club, 30 targets per man, distance handicap, 12 to 22yds. The entrance fee will be the price of the targets, with an optional sweep of \$2 per team. With four entries the purse will be divided into two moneys, 60 and 40 per cent.; five to seven entries, three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Over seven entries, four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. High guns, not class shooting. The prize for the team match will be a sterling silver cup, valued at \$50, donated by W. H. Wolstencroft. The team match will be continued through both days, one-half being shot each day. The match will be shot over the Sergeant system, with a fourth trap placed 80yds. from the 16yds. mark, from which incomers will be thrown. As an advance entry, for the trophy event will lighten the labors of the handicappers, it is desired that the same be sent to J. K. Starr, P. O. Box 295, Philadelphia, Pa. Entries may be made up to the commencement of the event. Leave Market street wharf, Philadelphia, via West Jersey & Seashore R. R. 9 A. M. and 4:20 P. M., arrive at Stone Harbor 11:13 A. M. and 6:22 P. M. Leave Stone Harbor for Philadelphia, 6:53 A. M. and 4:32 P. M."

The first annual Grand Western Handicap tournament at targets given by the Denver Trap Club, June 12-15 has \$1,000 added to the programme. There are nine events each day, of which eight are alike; that is, 25 targets, \$2.50 entrance, \$15 added to the first and \$20 to the others. The ninth event on the first day will be the Denver Trap Club Handicap, 100 targets, \$5 entrance, \$50 added. The Colorado Handicap is the ninth event of the second day, 100 targets, \$5 entrance, \$75 added. The ninth event of the third day is to be at 100 targets, \$10 entrance, \$200 added. In addition to first money, the winner will receive a sterling silver trophy, \$50 of the net purse being reserved to purchase same. The fourth day is for amateurs only. Ten events, 25 targets, \$1.50 entrance. The handicap events are open to all. Interstate rules will govern in the absence of special provisions. Rose system will govern the division of the moneys in the handicap events; in the regular events the Bennett-Rose system will govern. The latter provides that each shooter recovers from his entrance fee 5 cents for each bird he breaks, whether he shoot into the ratio money or not. Guns, etc., shipped to Secretary Denver Trap Club must be prepaid and plainly addressed to him at 1537 Arapahoe street. In other than handicap events, manufacturers' agents may shoot for targets only. Targets 2½ cents. Handicaps 14 to 25yds. Lunch served on the grounds. Shooting commences at 9:30 each day. Mr. Chas. E. Younkman is the secretary.

The programme of the eighth annual tournament of the Soo Gun Club, of Sioux City, Ia., has \$300 cash added. On the first day there are twelve events on the programme, eight of which are at 15 and four are at 20 targets, \$1.50 and \$2 entrance, \$10 added to each event. The second day's programme is similar to that of the first, except that No. 7 is the Interstate championship contest, for a silver cup, which goes to the high gun, 25, 30, 20 and 15 per cent. to second, third, fourth and fifth high guns. There are six prizes of \$5 each to the six high guns, and eight prizes of \$5 each to the low averages. The dates are June 10 and 11. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. The Soo Gun Club's park is within walking distance of the business center of Sioux City. Meals served on grounds. Two sets of traps, Sergeant system. Ship guns, etc., to J. W. Boyd, 506 Fifth street, and they will be delivered on the grounds free. Open to all amateurs. Professionals and manufacturers' agents are barred from purses, but are invited to display goods. Targets 2 cents. Grounds open for practice on June 9. The secretary is Mr. W. F. Duncan. Field captain, John Otten. Executive Committee: J. J. Schlawig, W. F. Duncan, C. C. McKee, John Otten, J. W. Gray, H. H. Hawman and C. C. Ellis.

The fifth annual Southern Interstate shooting tournament, to be held at Warm Springs, Ga., June 17-20, has a programme of two days at targets, two days at live birds; open to all; \$250 added money. Targets, 2 cents. Target handicaps from 14 to 22yds. The target programme is alike for each day—eleven events; five at 15, five at 20 and one at 25 targets; added money \$7.50, \$10 and \$12.50. On the third day the first event is at 7 pigeons, \$7 entrance, two moneys, 60 and 40 per cent. Second event, 10 pigeons, \$10, three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. class shooting, all at 30yds. Miss-and-outs if time permits. On the last day, the event is the Warm Springs annual handicap at 25 pigeons, \$25 entrance, birds, extra; \$500 guaranteed; high guns, handicaps 25 to 23yds.; also a handsome trophy to first. One and one-third fare on the certificate plan. Guns, etc., shipped to Chas. L. Davis will be delivered on the grounds free. Lunch served on the grounds. June 16 the grounds will be opened for practice. The members of the handicap committee are Messrs. W. T. McCormick, Tuscaloosa, Ala.; F. C. Etheridge, Macon, Ga.; F. H. Woodworth, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Col. J. T. Anthony, Charlotte, N. C., and Col. Thos. Martin, Bluffton, S. C.

Mr. John M. Lilly, of Indianapolis, Ind., has taken up the matter of organizing a National Gun Club, a body which has been needed in trapshooting interest these many years past. He is diligently elaborating the formative stages of organization, and with

his well-known energy, popularity and ability, there is no doubt of his ultimate success. The trapshooters of America to a man should rally to his support in this movement, an advance for the benefit of all. When it is considered that trapshooters, of all the sportsmen who have any importance of numbers and dignity of action, are the only ones who have not a representative national association, pride of guild, personal interest and a desire to progress should actuate each shooter to heartily support Mr. Lilly's efforts.

The programme of the Interstate Association's trapshooting tournament, given for the Raleigh (N. C.) Gun Club, June 25 and 26, provides ten events each day, alternately at 15 and 20 targets, \$150 and \$2 entrance. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Send guns, etc., to the secretary, Mr. R. T. Gowan, Raleigh, and they will be delivered on the grounds free. Targets 2 cents. Contestants who so desire may shoot for targets only. Rose system will govern the division of the moneys. Lunch will be served on the grounds. To reach the grounds take Fayetteville car to Confederate Monument; transfer thence via Hillsboro street to the grounds. Mr. Elmer E. Shaner will manage.

Mr. E. Hough, in "Western Traps," mentions that the Illinois State shoot will be held this week, rumors to the contrary notwithstanding. It is to be regretted that the Chicago trapshooters did not push to a conclusion the issue on live-bird shooting recently raised. With a definite and final ruling on the matter, the present state of harmful uncertainty would be dissipated. The Chicago motto "I will," seems to be mildewed in spots in matters of trapshooting as they relate to opposition.

At a meeting of the Enterprise Gun Club, held May 20, the following list of officers was elected: Leroy W. Cannon, President; H. B. Bradshaw, Vice-President; Geo. W. Mains, Secretary; J. F. Calhoun, Treasurer; Robert Knight, Captain. Executive Board: Chas. H. Baird, G. W. Mains, L. W. Cannon, Robert Knight, Geo. G. Taylor.

A four-cornered match has been arranged to take place on Smith Brothers' grounds, Newark, on June 6, \$50 per man, between Messrs: G. E. Loebel, who will stand at 33yds.; J. Hainhorst, 29yds.; H. Pape, 28yds., and W. Sanders, 27yds. Winner to pay all expenses.

Mr. G. L. Bruffey, secretary, informs us as follows: "The Charlottesville, Va., and University of Virginia gun clubs will give their annual merchandise shoot at their grounds, July 15 and 16. For further information address H. A. George, Charlottesville, Va. Programme ready about July 1."

The Westchester County Trapshooting Association has made its third shoot a two days' affair instead of one day, as heretofore announced, the added day being July 5. It will be held at Mt. Kisco, N. Y. Mr. A. Betti, of that place, will act as manager.

The nine-man team shoot between the South End Shooting League and the Clearview Gun Club on the grounds of the latter at Darby, Pa., on Saturday of last week was won by the Clearview Club; scores, 191 to 175. Each man shot at 25 targets.

The forty-fourth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game commences next week on Monday and ends on Friday, under the auspices of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

In our trap columns, elsewhere, Mr. C. M. Stark, of Dunbarton, N. H., offers to arrange a two-man team race at 100 bluebirds per man, from \$50 to \$100 a side, age and State limit restrictions.

The East Side Gun Club, of Saginaw, Mich., will give a merchandise shoot on June 29, and in view of past successes, a very large attendance is anticipated.

In the cup contest of the Keystone Shooting League, a 10-bird event, held at Holmesburg Junction, Pa., on May 31, Mr. I. Budd won with a score of 9.

Mr. W. F. Dittich, secretary of the Towanda, Pa., Gun Club, writes us that his club will hold a target tournament on July 4.

The Fort Dodge (Ia.) Gun Club has fixed upon June 19 and 20 for its annual tournament. Mr. C. H. Smith is the secretary.

The Oradell Gun Club.

Oradell, N. J., June 2.—Herewith find the scores made on May 30 by the Oradell Gun Club and Spring Valley Rod and Gun Club; the Oradell Gun Club and the Fairview Gun Club, this being the first of a series of three shoots. The next shoot takes place July 4, in the forenoon, on the Fairview Club's grounds:

Oradell Club.			
Hasbrouck	11001111111111111111	20	
M J Vreeland	11001111111111111111	18	
E W Lundy	00111101111111111111	19	
A Ackerman	01111101111111111111	19	
J W Winters	0000110101110000111001	11	
C Post	11111011111111111111	19	
Gruman	11111111111111111111	24	
Van Buskirk	10111111111111111111	20	
J Bohr	01111111111111111111	18	168

Fairview Club.			
Hall	11111111111111111111	25	
Con Sedore	1000101010001011101011001	12	
Annett	11100111111111111111	19	
H F Brinkerhoff	11101111111111111111	19	
Townsend	11111111111111111111	20	
C H Sedore	10101011111111111111	16	
Lambrix	11000011111111111111	15	
Hurley	01111111111111111111	17	
H G Brinkerhoff	110110001011010110000100	11	155

Spring Valley Club.			
Smith	11011100111111111111	17	
J Bohr	11011110101111111111	20	
Singer	00011101011111111111	15	
Addis	11001111111111111111	19	
Geiger	10000111111111111111	12	
Mapes	00110011111111111111	13	
Fisher	11111111111111111111	21	117

Oradell Club.			
M J Vreeland	01110110011111111111	17	
JF Ackerman	01100110101111111111	14	
Lundy	01011111111111111111	16	
A Ackerman	11111111111111111111	20	
J W Winters	11100111111111111111	18	
C Post	11100111111111111111	18	
C H Pauly	00100010011111111111	8	111

C. P. Post, Sec'y.

Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club.

FITCHBURG, Mass., June 1.—Herewith find trap scores of the Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club's all day shoot, held Friday, May 30. The scores were very good, considering the high wind. Six members participated in the Damon & Gould cup handicap:

Events:											
Targets:											
Roby	11	10	6	4	8	11	9	8	10	10	10
Ashton	8	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
Converse	10	12	7	9	8	15	11	9	8	8	8
Russell	6	3	4	6	8	11	9	4	6	6	6
Ball	3	6	6	9	9	4	4	6	6	6	6
Cutler	8	8	8	7	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
Dwight	7	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
Donovan	6	6	3	4	10	9	5	6	8	6	6
Dix	10	5	4	6	9	8	6	8	6	6	6
Estey	10	4	4	8	3	9	10	8	8	8	8
Taylor	7	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8

Damon & Gould handicap, 30 birds: Donovan 21, Roby 25, Ashton 19, Converse 23, Russell 23, Estey 23.

E. W. GILSON, Sec'y.

FOREST AND STREAM.

Westchester County Trapshooters' League.

ON Decoration Day, May 30, the second shoot of the Westchester County Trapshooters' League was held at Ossining, N. Y. Altogether forty-two shooters laced the traps. The skirmish line was thrown out at 9:30 A. M., and the fun was continuous till 6:30 P. M., when the light got poor.

The trade representatives present were Edward Banks, Secretary of the E. C. and Schultze Powder Company, who got high average for the day with .93 per cent; Haze Keller, Jr., of Peters Cartridge Company, and G. R. Schneider, of Schoverling, Daly & Gales, who shot in good form.

The targets were thrown about 55yds., which made it very difficult for the slower shots.

The out-of-town shooters who shot through most of the programme were I. Tallman and E. Foster, of South Millbrook; A. L. Burns, Marmaroneck; G. Creighton, Nyack; R. Gorham, A. Betti, G. Sutton and H. Hoffman, of Mt. Kisco; J. Carpenter, C. Barnard and E. Fliewellin, of Kensico; L. Schortemeier and J. Jones, of New York; Mike Schortemeier tied with C. G. Blandford, of the Ossining Gun Club, for high average money, with .875 per cent, which was divided.

The cashier's desk was very ably looked after by A. Bedell. The scoring was done by W. S. Smith, who was relieved at times by Dr. E. B. Sherwood and Mr. D. F. Pride, of Field and Fancy. W. P. Hall made up the squads, and very ably assisted in the running of the shoot. The handicap medal competition, which has been running since November, 1901, was closed out to-day. The first prize, a gold medal, was won by Mr. I. T. Washburn, with a clean score of 150; C. G. Blandford was second with 147, winning the silver medal; E. D. Garnsey got the bronze medal with 138. The entries in this series were not limited to any number. The next shoot of the league will be held at Mt. Kisco, July 4 and 5, when there will be the usual good turnout. Following are the scores made Decoration Day:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Av.
I Tallman	13	15	14	12	14	14	11	11	11	11	11
E Forster	14	10	10	7	10	9	11	11	11	11	11
A Burns	11	12	10	13	13	12	11	11	11	11	11
G Creighton	13	13	7	11	9	12	13	10	11	11	11
Mike	13	14	11	15	14	14	14	12	12	12	87
J Jones	9	12	14	8	11	12	11	11	10	10	10
W Hall	13	12	11	14	13	12	13	14	13	11	84
R Gorham	12	10	11	12	8	11	11	11	11	11	12
A Betti	11	13	12	13	10	11	8	10	12	12	74
G Sutton	12	12	12	5	11	13	9	12	11	11	11
Hasbrouck	11	10	9	7	10	10	11	11	11	11	75
I Washburn	11	11	11	11	13	14	13	10	9	11	11
T O'Rourke	11	11	8	10	8	8	11	11	11	11	9
C Blandford	12	15	12	13	12	15	14	11	13	13	87
J Carpenter	12	11	10	12	11	11	11	12	11	11	11
E Banks	11	14	15	15	14	14	14	14	14	15	93
Keller, Jr.	8	11	12	9	10	10	15	11	8	11	11
J C Barlow	13	15	11	12	12	12	11	9	7	8	73
W Clark	13	10	11	9	7	10	11	11	9	11	11
Fred	6	5	8	8	6	8	11	11	11	11	11
W Gaul	6	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
W Coleman	12	11	13	13	12	10	8	9	7	13	72
H Hoffman	11	11	11	11	9	7	9	9	11	11	11
G Stengel	8	12	12	8	8	8	13	11	10	9	66
G Edgers	6	6	7	11	8	9	7	12	11	12	59
Hauschen	8	10	10	11	10	9	9	11	11	11	11
G R Schneider	12	11	10	9	12	10	10	10	8	11	68
Dr E Sherwood	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
E Fliewellin	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
J Foley	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Cab	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
E N Garnsey	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
R Kromer, Jr.	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
A Walker	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Dr Shaw	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
A Sutton	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
A Hoyt	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
D O'Connor	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
A Rohr	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
E D Garnsey	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
T Acker	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11

C. G. B.

West Branch Gun Club.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa.—The two days' shoot of the West Branch Rod and Gun Club, May 28 and 29, was well attended. Messrs. Hull, Colville, Waters and Appgar, respectively representatives of Parker Brothers, Dupont Powder Company, Lafin & Rand, and Peters Cartridge Company, were the trade representatives in attendance. The totals of the first day were as follows:

Shot			
at.	Broke.	Av.	
Roach	60	56	.933
Dimick	115	103	.899
Parker	100	89	.890
Deniker	115	100	.869
Stroh	115	96	.835
Trego	115	96	.835
Ely	115	95	.826
C Flock	115	95	.826
Farrington	105	86	.819
Everett	115	94	.817
Kreuger	115	94	.817
Jones	60	49	.817
Beach	115	92	.800
Watson	115	92	.800
Frontz	85	68	.800
Trommetter	60	48	.800
Piatt	115	91	.790
Lettan	115	91	.790
Feerar	100	79	.790
Datesman	70	55	.786
Johnson	115	90	.783
Doyle	60	47	.783
Talley	115	89	.774

The totals of the second day were as follows:

Shot			
at.	Broke.	Av.	
Parker	240	216	.900
Roach	152	133	.875
Kreuger	207	178	.860
Deniker	207	174	.841
Stroh	247	207	.838
Trego	207	174	.826
Dimick	272	224	.824
Jones	60	49	.817
Spicer	123	105	.813
Trommetter	60	48	.800
C Flock	278	222	.799
Farrington	165	131	.794
Bailey	91	76	.792
Shipman	107	76	.784
Everett	254	198	.780
Lettan	178	138	.780
Watson	122	95	.778
Frontz	155	119	.768
Goodman	60	46	.767
Beach	270	207	.767
Talley	260	197	.758
Johnson	207	157	.758
Lane	85	64	.753
Voelker	85	64	.753
Brand	105	79	.752
A B L.	97	73	.752
Piatt	272	203	.746
Ely	263	197	.745

The four professionals, during the two days' shooting made the following scores: Waters broke 109 out of 115, Appgar broke 209 out of 230, Hull broke 201 out of 230, and Colville broke 190 out of 230.

Champlain Gun Club.

CHAMPLAIN, N. Y.—One of the most successful tournaments ever held in northern New York, was held Friday, May 30, on the grounds of the Champlain Gun Club, Champlain, N. Y. About sixty shooters gathered there from all the surrounding towns. Montreal, Can.; Sherbrooke, Que.; Montpelier, Vt.; Swanton, Vt., each had five men there.

A beautiful and airy club house of log cabin design was informally opened, and "warmed" yesterday. The club house is situated about five minutes' walk from the railroad station, and is certainly a credit to the club. Everybody was welcome, and Mr. Frazer, the "Jolly Parson," was squad hustler, blackboard man,

in fact he flew around like a pea on a bass drum, and it was largely due to his efforts that the tournament was the success that it was.

About noon a bountiful supply of goods things to eat were served by the lady friends of the club members. The shooting was done from three sets of traps. The magatrap series consisted of ten events, open to all, distance handicap. Le Roy was high gun with 133 out of 150. Barrett, of Montpelier, was a good second.

Several events were shot by the amateurs from the Sergeant system, and a merchandise event from one trap, 18yds. rise, fooled most of the boys. Kennedy, the clever expert from Montreal, managed to score a clean 10, and had first choice from the long list of prizes.

The principal event of the day was the International team race—five-man teams, 20 targets each. The Robin Hood team from Swanton, Vt., and the Champlain team trotted a fast clip, the Robin Hood team winning by a nose, or by one bird only. It was a most exciting contest, and the result was in doubt to the very last shot.

The trade was represented by Doremus, of the L. & R. Powder Company, who kindly assisted by scoring and refereeing. The Robin Hood Powder Company by Fort, White, Richardson, and the Dupont Powder Company by Le Roy.

The Champlain boys are all right. I hope they will give

A National Gun Club:

which, with a heavy head wind, kept the scores down below normal. P.

Maryland County Shoot.

BALTIMORE, Md., May 21.—The three days' Maryland county shoot was a success. The programme as devised by the promoters of the shoot met the approval and support of a large number of shooters, whose names appear infrequently in the lists of tournament competition.

May 21, First Day.

About 16,000 targets were thrown, and though diligent activity was shown, the programme of the day was unfinished. The county three-man team contest was of the unfinished competition.

Open events; events open to the shooters of the world:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15
Elliott	12	19	12	20	14	15	14	18	14	19	..
Fox	9	17	10	11	13	14	11	14	13	17	35
Collins	11	12	11	13	10	17	11	16	9	12	30
Waters	13	20	14	19	14	17	13	16	12	20	33
Eick	13	17	13	20	14	17	13	17	13	19	43
German	13	16	14	19	12	18	14	19	11	19	40
Dupont	10	16	10	15
Lupus	13	20	14	18	..	16	12	16	10	18	46
Burke	13	17	9	17	14	17	13	16	12	12	..
J E Keller	12	15	10	11	10	13	8	14	11	11	26
Hicks	13	18	13	17	13	15	11	16	13	12	38
Malone	13	20	11	18	12	16	13	18	14	17	41
Storr	14	19	13	19	14	17	15	17	14	19	44
Bond	10	14
Stearns	11	16	11	17	13	16	12	13	10	19	39
Leland	11	16	12	17	13	18	15	11	9	16	39
Henderson	12	17	12	15	13
Chew	12	15	12	16	12	14	10	16	8	10	38
Burroughs	..	18	41
C W C	13	14	15	13	31
Reif	10	7	12	7	12	23
Parks	18	13	17	10	18
Mrs Park	18	13	15	8	16
Dixon	11	..	35	..
Watts
Mack
Strange
Gent	12	30
George	46
Hart	43
Boyd	42
Levy	42
Tracey	42

County Sweepstakes.—Sweepstake events open to county shooters and amateurs only:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20
Hopkins	12	12	17	11	13	19	T Davis	10	10
Booker	14	11	14	17	12	16	Williams	7	9	12	9
Godwin	14	11	11	14	12	15	R Schaeffer	13	11
George	12	15	15	12	11	17	Griffin	9	10
E Nelson	10	10	13	16	Evans	12	11	11	12	10	..
Tydings	9	13	17	10	11	13	Kaiser	10
Basil	13	14	17	12	13	18	Harrison	8
Boucher	12	7	14	7	13	17	Fulton	5
J W Bond	5	..	8	4	12	..	Baldwin	10
Enser	9	13	13	8	9	16	Walter	14	12	15	12	12	20
Smith	12	10	11	J Kelly	6	8
R Barnes	11	7	10	7	8	14	Levy	12	13	13	12
Worthington	12	14	13	11	13	17	Marley	9	9	15
Owings	9	12	14	8	10	15	F L Thomas	14	14
C Kirk	6	13	12	9	10	16	Arnniger	7
W Miller	13	13	14	11	9	12	Cox	8	..	9
Spark	12	10	14	11	12	15	Lilly	2	..	6
McCush	9	9	17	10	12	15	Robertson	14	13
Cole	14	12	18	11	12	17	David	11	..	11
H D Jackson	15	12	12	13	14	15	Medinger	13	14	16
J H Boulden	13	9	15	13	9	15	Heintz	12
Hart	8	14	17	14	12	16	Fisher	7	..	11	10	7	12
Kroh	12	5	13	Wetherold	11	15	11
X Davis	13	11	..	12	Mackey	3
Richards	11	..	10	Sinskey	15	14	11	10	18	..
H White	14	11	..	12	Watts	10
L Shaab	11	13	20	12	14	19	Strange	10
Burroughs	13	10	14	8	13	15	Foster	7
J Nelson	9	8	15	Pierce	8
J T Moore	4	7	13	11	7	15	Dogherty	13
Offutt	9	6	13	13	16	15	Allen	3
Gifford	12	14	15	8	11	15	Penn	7
England	10	14	15	12	8	15	Chance	7	..	8
Brady	11	9	15	12	16	16	Kelly	9
H N Barnes	13	9	15	14	12	14	Molesworth	8
E W Jackson	13	12	15	15	13	14	Carson	11	..
Little	6	6

Intercounty Contests.—In the last few weeks the Queen Anne's County and Anne Arundel (Annapolis) teams have been shooting a series of races. Each team won one race on its own grounds. To-day these teams shot their final race, and the Queen Anne's county team won the contest and championship as between these counties. Each man shot at 50 targets. The scores were as follows:

Queen Anne's Team.	Annapolis Team.
George, captain	38
Booker	44
Seward	41
Godwin	33
Smith	39
Sudler	39
Brown	36
Wallace	36—311
Tydings, captain	41
Boucher	30
Levy	41
Coffin	33
Basil	42
R Smith	34
Candee	30
Watts	23—289

Three-Man Team Race.—Race for teams of three shooters each, of county clubs only, no Baltimore city shooters allowed to compete, to decide the county team championship of Maryland; 50 targets per man (unfinished):

Anne Arundel No. 1.	Queen Anne's No. 2.
Tydings	41
Boucher	36
Levy	38—115
Cecil No. 3.	Cecil No. 4.
H Worthington	38
H Wise	35
N England	37—110
Anne Arundel No. 2.	Montgomery No. 1.
T Strange	37
R R Smith	37
A Knackstedt	23—97
Anne Arundel No. 3.	Prince George's No. 1.
E Basil	40
J Watts	44
T Heintz	31—115
Anne Arundel No. 5.	Baltimore No. 4.
Roe	35
Clarson	22
Jones	25—82
Queen Anne's No. 1.	Carroll No. 1.
George	40
Booker	39
Seward	42—121
J Kelly	37
Marley	36—107
J Daharty	35
J Allen	37
E Penn	35—107

May 22, Second Day.

The unfinished team race of yesterday was resumed to-day, and Baltimore county team No. 1 came out the victor. Queen Anne county was a close second. The individual championship was won by H. D. Jackson, a member of the Perryville Club, of Cecil county. Six teams shot yesterday. The remaining fourteen made scores to-day as follows:

Cecil County No. 3.	Montgomery No. 2.
H L Worthington	38
H White	35
H England	37—110
Cecil County No. 4.	Cecil No. 2.
E W Jackson	38
S E Clayton	37
Gifford	32—107
Montgomery No. 1.	Prince George's No. 2.
H B Wetherald	28
T H Robinson	43
F L Thomas	38—109
Prince George's No. 1.	Baltimore No. 2.
Baldwin	31
V Kaiser	30
E Fisher	16—86
Brady	38
Marley	40
Hullihan	44—122

Baltimore County No. 4.	Baltimore No. 1.
Offutt	34
J Kelly	37
Marley	36—107
Carroll County No. 1.	Cecil No. 1.
J Daherty	35
J Allen	37
E Penn	35—107
Carroll County.	Calvert No. 1.
R Barnes	30
J Owings	36
N H Richard	34—100
Armiger	38
Cox	24
Lilly	22—84

The open events resulted as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20
Elliott	12	13	13	17	12	17	12	16	15	17
Eick	10	16	9	16	12	13	12	16	14	15
Fox	14	18	10	17	13	14	12	15	11	16
Storr	12	16	10	20	11	15	12	14	12	15
Collins	7	12	9	15	10	9	8	13	9	15
Hicks	12	20	12	13	9	15	8	11	12	13
Malone	13	18	11	16	11	17	14	16	11	14
Lupus	11	14	8	14
German	14	14	12	10	11	16	13	17	15	19
Burke	11	15	11	17	12	15	11	16	11	12
Kellar	11	11	8	12	7	14	7	20	10	14
Chew	11	16	11	14	9	15	11	18	12	15
Leland	10	13	11	15	13	18	14	14	12	17
Seitz	9	11	11	17	10	14	10	14	9	13
Stearns	14	17	15	13	11	15	14	15	13	18
Enser	10	13
Sparks	12	16
Pennsy	9
Burroughs
Tracey
George

The 100-target amateur county championship results are as follows:

Shaab	75	Brown	71
Tydings	76	George	82
Hopkins	87	Knackstedt	83
Levy	83	Booker	88
Sparks	73	E Smith	85
Basil	87	Seward	72
Morgan	47	W Wallace	74
Gifford	73	E W Jackson	80
England	70	Kroh	80
H Barnes	65	Alexander	66
Worthington	80	Dr Boyd	80
Pennsy	69	Gill	55
White	69	Silver King	60
C W Hart	78	Prospect	55
Walter	87	Brady	78
C Kirk	65	Cole	88
Godwin	61	Alberger	71
Owings	56	M Miller	61
R Barnes	62	Smoky	73
Rawlings	67	McCush	77
Baden	50	W S Keech	52
Meddinger	53	Offutt	76
R R Smith	81	H F Jackson	91
Burroughs	81	A F Fisher	52
Enser	56

The events open to county amateurs only resulted as follows:

Dubuque Gun Club Tournament.

DUBUQUE, Ia., May 28.—The third annual tournament of the Dubuque Gun Club closed to-day. The attendance was fair, forty-seven taking part the first day, and thirty the second, while twenty-one finished the entire programme.

The weather on Tuesday was quite cool, but on Wednesday was warm and pleasant.

The shooting was done from two magautraps at bluerock targets, thrown about 50yds.

The programme called for twelve 15-target events each day; \$5 was added to each event; \$80 was given to the sixteen high guns in \$5 packages.

The shooting commenced promptly at 9 o'clock each day, and the programme was finished at 3:30, giving the shooters ample time to see the sights of Dubuque by daylight.

A nice lunch was served each day in a large dining hall just across the street from the club grounds.

The Dubuque Gun Club has a membership of forty-two. The officers are: J. O'Brien, President; A. J. Schmid, Secretary and Treasurer; F. M. Jaeger, Captain; Dr. J. L. Taylor, Vice-President; A. F. Heeb, Corresponding Secretary; Nic. Glab, Assistant Captain. The Reception Committee was composed of James O'Brien, A. F. Heeb, Nic. Glab, W. Bonson, H. Kaep and A. J. Schmid.

The first on the programme was a carriage ride over the city. The works of the Iowa Iron Works Company were visited, and many very interesting things in boat-building were explained by Mr. Bonson, the manager. Among the most interesting sights was a duck boat; presented to Mr. C. W. Budd by Mr. Bonson. Fred Gilbert took a great interest in this boat, and took all measurements.

On Wednesday evening the visiting sportsmen gave a dinner to the members of the Dubuque Gun Club. Mr. Tom A. Marshall was toastmaster, and a pleasant evening was enjoyed by all present. I wish to say to sportsmen who have never attended a tournament given by the Dubuque Gun Club, you do not know what you have missed. When their next annual is held, try and be with them, as no trouble or expense is spared by them to make your visit a pleasure to be remembered.

Manufacturers' agents were barred from sharing in the purses, or average prizes.

Mr. J. M. Hughes, of Palmyra, Wis., shooting Ballistite powder and U. M. C. shells, won first average, breaking 346 out of 360. Mr. T. A. Marshall won second with Dupont powder and U. M. C. shells, "scoring" 321 out of 360. Fred Gilbert was high in the manufacturers' class, scoring 351 out of a possible 360. Mr. J. M. Hughes on Tuesday made a new record for long, continuous breaks on this club's grounds by making a run of 82 straight.

Mr. F. C. Whitney had charge of the cashier's office, which assured prompt and accurate payment of the purses. C. W. Budd managed the tournament, and with the assistance of the club members and the Indians had but little trouble to keep things moving nicely.

May 27, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Bonson	11	13	11	11	11	13	9	15	12	13	12	14
O'Brien	9	13	11	10	11	11	12	7	13	10	14	15
Kaep	11	8	6	11	13	8	13	11	12	14	15	11
Schmidt	10	13	15	13	14	14	15	11	12	13	14	14
Heeb	12	9	13	14	15	11	15	14	13	12	15	12
Storm	12	8	13	8	12	12	7	10	11	12	12	12
G Hughes	8	12	9	11	14	15	13	14	13	12	13	12
Hageman	15	8	12	8	10	14	11	9	13	12	14	11
Steege	11	14	12	11	13	12	14	9	12	10	12	12
B. L. F.	13	11	11	15	11	12	13	10	9	11	13	13
Taylor	15	8	13	13	15	11	12	15	13	11	11	15
Densel	13	12	14	13	12	13	10	12	9	7	12	8
Hoon	12	9	13	11	14	14	8	11	12	14	11	11
Glab	9	9	9	13	11	13	11	7	12	11	12	11
Westgate	7	6	10	7	10	12	9	12	11	11	9	10
Marshall	15	14	9	13	15	14	12	14	13	11	13	10
Gilbert	14	15	14	15	15	15	14	15	15	15	15	13
Burnside	15	13	11	15	13	12	13	15	14	13	14	14
J. Hughes	12	15	13	14	15	15	15	15	13	13	15	15
Hirschy	13	14	14	15	15	14	15	14	14	11	15	15
Adams	12	11	11	12	15	15	14	14	12	14	15	11
Roll	14	15	9	12	14	12	11	13	10	10	10	13
Vance	13	8	12	12	13	13	14	14	10	11	15	13
Pollard	14	7	12	11	10	9	10	8	10	12	13	13
Abbott	13	13	11	13	13	11	11	11	14	9	14	15
Busch	11	8	5	5	11	10	10	10	10	11	12	12
Brown	13	12	13	7	12	11	12	12	12	14	11	12
Carter	10	10	15	11	11	13	10	11	14	12	13	9
Fredette	10	12	10	11	12	13	14	12	13	8	11	12
Ford	12	15	11	13	13	14	14	13	11	13	15	14
Hamblin	12	10	11	9	12	9	14	12	10	11	12	11
Schemel	12	8	7	7	13	10	6	10	10	9	5	5
White	9	9	7	8	11	10	14	13	13	7	11	11
Eadie	11	11	9	10	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Morrisson	14	14	11	11	11	12	10	9	12	8	11	9
Cleveland	12	12	11	9	14	14	13	11	11	11	12	12
Schwind	12	10	13	11	11	11	12	9	13	13	13	13
Kiener	12	7	11	12	9	12	9	14	10	10	10	10
Michel	13	13	10	12	8	10	7	10	10	10	10	10
Jaeger	11	14	10	11	11	10	9	10	11	9	13	13
Von Lengerke	13	13	12	13	12	10	14	9	11	7	10	10
Piffner	15	13	12	13	11	11	12	10	14	9	11	7
Kittoc	13	13	12	13	11	11	12	10	14	9	11	7
Lowry	7	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Childs	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14
Ryan	3	9	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4

May 28, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Schmidt	13	14	15	15	12	12	14	14	13	14	13	13
Heeb	13	12	13	15	13	14	14	15	13	13	14	13
Kaep	9	13	13	10	9	8	11	12	10	10	13	15
O'Brien	12	14	14	14	13	12	13	13	10	12	14	14
Bonson	12	12	14	14	13	14	12	12	12	12	13	13
Ford	14	11	14	14	12	13	13	10	13	13	15	15
G Hughes	14	11	14	9	14	11	12	12	14	14	14	13
Adams	13	13	13	12	13	15	14	13	14	14	14	14
Vance	14	12	9	14	12	13	13	12	13	15	13	13
Taylor	13	14	11	11	15	9	13	11	12	13	14	12
Roll	13	13	15	14	14	12	14	15	13	13	15	14
Densel	12	11	11	10	8	11	11	11	12	10	12	12
Glab	13	11	12	10	12	10	13	14	11	12	10	12
Abbott	14	15	9	14	15	12	15	13	13	14	15	14
Westgate	12	11	7	11	10	11	11	8	11	13	11	13
Marshall	15	14	10	13	15	14	15	14	14	15	14	15
Gilbert	15	15	14	15	15	14	15	14	15	14	15	15
Burnside	13	14	12	11	11	11	14	14	14	13	15	15
J. Hughes	15	14	14	15	15	15	14	15	14	15	15	15
Hirschy	14	13	14	12	14	15	14	14	12	15	15	15
Rossbach	13	9	10	9	9	8	12	10	13	8	8	13
Cleveland	15	13	12	13	11	12	14	13	13	13	13	13
Von Lengerke	13	11	13	9	15	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Hamblin	12	10	13	11	11	10	11	9	10	12	11	13
Van Vleck	8	11	12	11	12	14	14	14	14	14	14	14
Wise	13	13	11	13	13	10	11	12	11	12	12	12
Kiene	9	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12
Kramer	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14
Jaeger	13	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Loeser	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4

Averages of the Two Days.

	May 27.	May 28.	Total.
J. M. Hughes	170	176	346
Marshall	153	168	321
Burnside	161	159	320
Adams	157	162	319
Schmidt	156	162	318
Heeb	155	162	317
Ford	153	155	308
Abbott	148	163	311
Roll	143	165	308
Taylor	155	148	303
Vance	148	152	300
Bonson	145	153	298
G Hughes	146	152	298
Cleveland	142	156	298
O'Brien	136	155	291
Glab	128	140	268
Kaep	133	133	266
Hamblin	133	133	266
Westgate	114	129	243
Manufacturers' agents' averages:	175	176	351
Gilbert	169	164	333
Hirschy	169	164	333

HAWKEYE.

Trapshooting in New Hampshire.

DUNBARTON, N. H., May 27.—There are a fair number of gun clubs in this State, and no doubt each club can produce some pretty good trap shots. Nevertheless, about all of them are content to show their skill on home grounds.

Last year three prominent clubs subscribed and put up a trophy for a certain number of contests. I understand that at first it was called "for the State championship." It was evident that there was a string tied to this trophy. Two other clubs in equally as good standing applied for admission of teams. For some reason, never clearly understood, their request was refused.

When the Exeter team won this trophy, their captain made a speech. (He is a good fellow in every way, and if he could make as good a score at the traps as when making a speech he would be about perfect.) He said: "This trophy is now open to the State or to the world." The world did not respond; the Concord Club did, and here was evidence of a very strong string.

The Concord club challenged (or offered to put in a challenge) and it was declined, for the reason that one of its members lived a few miles outside of the city limits. I do not know that the Concord team could have won this trophy. I am sure that I do not know of any use it would have been to them. Yesterday the Concord club did a little shooting. Leroy, the expert, of Massachusetts, was there, and at 16yds., at easy targets from a magautrap, he missed four out of 120, and part of them doubles. Now, Leroy is a good fellow, both with his mouth and the gun and powder he represents. He said to me, "You want to stir up your New Hampshire trapshooters." I tried to last year and was not over and above successful. I have had about all the trapshooting I care for, but I will make one more proposition to the trapshooters of this State. I am fifty-four years old, and I will name for my partner a man who has never (as I think) shot outside of this State at the traps, and who has passed sixty years. We will shoot the following match or matches against any two men who have been legal residents of this State six months prior to date, and whose combined ages aggregate within five years of ours, as follows: One hundred bluerock targets per man from a magautrap, targets to be thrown under rules, for from \$50 to \$100 a side. The first match to take place on the grounds of the Concord Gun Club. In case we win this match, a return match to be shot on the grounds of the challengers, should they ask for it.

Now if any of your New Hampshire trapshooters want to take this up, send 25 per cent. of the amount to F. W. Sanborn, secretary of Concord Gun Club, Concord, N. H., and I will cover it and name the date, which, if reasonable, we will agree to. We will try and make you shoot to win the first match. Do not wait too long. Both of us are old and may die.

C. M. STARK.

Colt Hammerless Gun Club.

HARTFORD, Conn.—At the Memorial Day shoot of the Colt Hammerless Gun Club, May 30, the attendance was not as large as was expected, owing, no doubt, to the many other attractions, and the fact that all the neighboring clubs held shoots on their home grounds that day. Of the seventeen shooters present, only four shot out the entire programme. Some very good scores were made.

Conditions: All events at singles, 16yds, rise, unknown angles, class shooting, Interstate rules. The scores:

Class shooting, intricate rules. The scores.												
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	10	15	10	10	25	10	10	15	10	10	10
Hermann	10	9	13	9	10	22	9	9	9	13	10	10
McFetridge	8	7	13	6	7	25	9	7	6	13	9	9
Hollister	9	7	14	8	8	21	10	6	10	10	8	7
Bradley	7	7	13	8	8	20	9	9	6	12	10	8
Purinton	9	6	3	3	20	8	2	6	7	5	7	7
Alger	6	9	21	7	10	11	7	10	11	7	7	7
*Evans	6	8	8	5	4	3	9	8	10	11	7	7
Hubbell	17	7	10	8	11	7	7	10	8	11	7	7
Cook	7	9	13	7	10	8	10	11	11	11	11	7
Nichols	11	11	9	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
*Stone	4	7	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
Hyde	7	7	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
Lehmann	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	17
Warner	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9
*Enders	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9
La Place	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	17
Adams	6	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7
* Birds only.												

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RICHARDSON IN THE NORTH.

By far the most important of the earlier works on the natural history of northern North America is the *Fauna Boreali-Americana*; or the *Zoology of the Northern Parts of British America*: by John Richardson, M. D., assisted by William Swainson, and the Rev. William Kirby. It is in two volumes, quarto. The first volume, occupying nearly 300 pages, deals with the mammals, and is by Dr. Richardson alone. It was published in 1829. The second, treating of the birds, is by William Swainson and John Richardson, and was published in 1831.

Richardson, an eminent man, and a member of many scientific societies, was surgeon and naturalist to the expedition headed by Sir John Franklin. He passed over a great area of the northern country that had never previously been visited by a trained naturalist, and made vast collections in natural history, a large part of which were lost by the incidents of travel, and the hardships to which the collectors were exposed.

When it is remembered that the collecting of natural history material was only a subordinate object in an expedition like that of Sir John Franklin, we may well feel astonished at the importance of the work which Richardson carried through.

No one was more sensible than the author of the difficulties under which he worked, and the failures he made, and while the title page of the work bears the word "Fauna," Richardson, in his introduction, declares that it might more properly be called, "Contributions to the Fauna of the British American Fur Countries." These fur countries comprising that portion of America which lies to the north of the forty-ninth parallel of latitude, and to the east of the Rocky Mountains.

The expedition landed in New York, journeyed up the Hudson to Albany and Niagara, and reached the northeast arm of Lake Huron in the month of April, and York Factory, in Hudson's Bay, in August, 1819. They wintered at Cumberland House, and in June, 1820, set out by canoe for Fort Chepeyan, which they reached in July, 1820; thence, descending the Slave River, they crossed Great Slave Lake, and ascended the Yellow Knife River, reaching there in August. There, they wintered in buildings, named Fort Enterprise, and in June, 1821, started northward. Baggage and canoes were dragged over ice and snow, for a hundred and twenty miles, when they came to the Coppermine River, on July 1, and floating down it, reached the Arctic Sea on the 21st. A rapid voyage along the coast brought them to Point Turnagain, in August, when the approach of winter obliged them to set out to return to Fort Enterprise. Early in September winter overtook the party, which suffered all the horrors of cold and famine, and a majority of them perished. Those who survived were saved by the appearance of Indians, bringing supplies of provisions, who conducted them to Fort Providence, the nearest Hudson's Bay Company post.

Practically, all the collections made on this expedition were abandoned. The winter of 1821 and 1822 was passed at Fort Resolution, on the south side of Great Slave Lake; and in the summer of 1822 they returned to York Factory, where they embarked for England.

The second, or last northern land expedition, left Penetanguishene, on Lake Huron, the same point from which the other had started, in April, 1825. It proceeded along the northern shore of the Lakes, to Fort William,

on Lake Superior, and thence in a westerly direction to Rainy Lake, Lake of the Woods, Lake Winnipeg, and up the Saskatchewan; then by the route already described, to Fort Resolution, on Great Slave Lake.

At Cumberland House, however, Mr. Drummond, the assistant naturalist of the expedition, was sent up the Saskatchewan, to examine the plains and eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains, near the sources of Peace River. Dr. Richardson, with the main expedition, went down the Mackenzie River as far as Great Bear Lake, where buildings were erected, called Fort Franklin. Explorations were made on the Mackenzie and about Great Bear Lake, so long as the water was open, but on September 5, the whole party were assembled at their winter quarters.

In June, 1826, winter quarters were left, and the Mackenzie was followed down to the sea. Here the party divided; Sir John Franklin proceeded to the westward, and Dr. Richardson to the eastward as far as the mouth of the Coppermine River. There, Richardson left his boats, and traveled on foot to the northeast end of Great Bear Lake, and proceeded thence, by canoe, to Fort Franklin. The party returned to Canada and New York in 1827.

The ground covered by the expedition, including Mr. Drummond's journey to the Rocky Mountains, Sir John Franklin's voyage down the Mackenzie to the sea, and the tour of Great Bear Lake, by Dr. Richardson, exceeded 6,000 miles.

The side trip made by Mr. Drummond covered the country from Cumberland House to Edmonton House, thence to the Rocky Mountains, where he passed the winter, enduring a great deal of hardship. The following summer he went to the head of Peace River, and intended to cross the mountains to the banks of the Columbia, when he was recalled by letters from Sir John Franklin.

Dr. Richardson's introduction to the volume on mammals gives a very concise, yet complete, description of the country over which he passed, and the list of the various mammals which inhabit them. At that time the sole white inhabitants of the region under discussion were the few Hudson's Bay factors and traders, engaged in collecting, and shipping toward the sea-coast, the furs gathered by the Indians. Travel, except in the Saskatchewan country, was by canoe in summer, and dog-sledge in winter. If journeys had to be made on foot, the amount of provisions, or other baggage, was limited to what a man could carry on his back. In many places game was abundant; in others, it was not depended on; and, since means of transportation were often lacking, starvation was a danger that might have to be faced at any time.

Richardson's volumes were of the very highest importance, and Dr. Coues, speaking only of the birds, says: "The influence which this work exerted cannot well be overstated." The same is true of the volume on the mammals. It has always been the work most quoted on the fauna of the northern country. The work is rather scarce, and while found in very large libraries, is not accessible to most readers. For this reason we have thought that Richardson's comments on some of the larger mammals of the country he traversed would be welcomed by our readers; and in our Natural History columns to-day we begin the publication of a series of extracts from the volumes.

A BETTER WAY.

WITH each new year an increasing host is learning a better way of spending the summer months. The time was not so long ago that the elders may not recall it when there was no general summer visits from town to country. Then came the era of summer hotels and boarding houses and farmhouses temporarily converted into stuffy dormitories for the outpouring multitudes from the city. This has grown to enormous proportions and will last. But a new mode of summer living is rapidly coming into favor, and has already reached such proportions that it may have recognition as one of the well-defined social customs of the times. The new way is to have one's own summer home in tent or shack or cottage under conditions which will secure the maximum freedom from care, and yet have such provision for comforts as to avoid at once the burden of housekeeping and the hardship of roughing it. People are learn-

ing more and more fully and appreciatively the fact that there is satisfaction in getting nearer to nature—returning, that is to say, not only to the open air country surroundings, but to the simpler and more primitive modes of living of the natural man.

Go where we may over the broad land—in the mountains, by the lakes, on the coast, in the very heart of the forest—we shall find these summer homesteaders in snowy tent, log cabin and cottage, delighting the eye with the beauties of the outdoor world, delighting the ear with the song of bird, and the lapping of the wave on the shore, and delighting their souls with the restfulness and repose and quiet joy of a return to nature.

As sportsmen who thus find our wilderness invaded, our favorite camping sites pre-empted, ourselves shut out from the Edens we had fondly imagined our own, we may protest against the new order, even though with more generous instinct we must applaud it. Only a dog-in-the-manger spirit could resent the sharing thus of nature's blessings, which in the sharing do not grow less. For us remains the proud consciousness that to the men of the rod and the gun belongs the credit of having been the pioneers first to make discovery of what the forests and the streams hold in store for those who may seek them out.

FORESTRY INTERESTS IN CONGRESS.

As the end of this session of Congress approaches, interest is strong in the two forestry measures, one to set apart the Appalachian National Forest Reserve, and the other to make certain of the present forest reserves game preserves, and to place them under the control of the Department of Agriculture.

The bill relating to the Appalachian Reserve was advocated in the Senate last Saturday in a set speech by Senator Depew of New York, who said that the proposed setting apart of the area was an undertaking that interests many States, and in a large sense concerns the whole people of this country. Senator Hale also made an intelligent argument in favor of the bill.

The forest reserve bill came up in the House on Monday of this week, when Mr. Lacey made a strong plea for its adoption as a measure embodying the growing public interest of the country in game and fish preservation, and the conservation of the forests as storages of the water supply. Opposed to the bill were Mr. Mondell, of Wyoming, who objected to the transfer of the forest reserves from the Interior Department to the Agricultural Department as being likely to lead to friction between the two departments. Mr. Shafroth, of Colorado, also spoke in opposition, basing his objection upon the allegation that the Forestry Bureau of the Agricultural Department had no practical experience in the management of forest reserves. Mr. Bell, of Colorado, contended that the adoption of the bill would work injury upon thousands of homesteaders, who had taken up land in the vicinity of the forest reserves, because there they could secure free grazing for their cattle and horses. Mr. Kleberg, of Texas, spoke in favor of the measure; and the debate was closed by Mr. Perkins, of New York, who declared that the opposition came almost entirely from cattlemen, who wanted to use the forest reserves for free pasturage.

SNAP SHOTS.

When the District of Columbia fishing law was amended some time ago, the 29th day of May was named as the last day of the close season for black bass, in order that on Decoration Day, May 30, "laboring people, who have but little opportunity for recreation" might have the privilege of fishing in the Potomac on that holiday. By some error this provision was omitted from the law as worded; and now a bill is before Congress to restore the Decoration Day fishing. The District Fish and Game Association favors the change, and there is every reason why it should be made.

Mr. Samuel L. Boardman, of Bangor, Me., is engaged in the preparation of a memoir of the late George A. Boardman, the Maine naturalist, and invites from the friends and correspondents of Mr. Boardman reminiscences of him, and letters written by him, to be copied and returned. The memoir will be printed as an introduction to Mr. Boardman's lists of Maine birds, fishes, reptiles and mammals.

The Sportsman Tourist.

My First Sight of the Sea.

I was fifty years of age the very month that I got my first sight of the ocean. In these days of rapid transit and cheap rates of travel, it may seem strange to some that a man living within 400 miles of the sea should have reached that age without ever seeing the ocean. But the facilities for visiting the seaside were not always so excellent as now; but as it is, I imagine there are a good many people fifty years old living within 400 miles of the ocean who have never beheld that sublime object. I have been at the seaside more than once since, but I shall never forget my first sight of the sea. It was in the late afternoon of a glorious July day that I walked out of the railroad station at Cape May, and came full upon the Atlantic, that lay broad and high and illimitable before me—the image of eternity.

I had always from my childhood a passionate desire for the sea. The first book I ever read, at least the first book I ever read through, was Robinson Crusoe. I was a little fellow of only nine or ten years, when a small copy of that immortal romance came into my hands. It was an adaptation of the work for juvenile readers—an edition that I have never seen since, unless it was once—but it was enough to fill my childish mind with objects and associations that never left me. It revolutionized all my previous ideas, and the ambition to be a stage driver, which had formerly occupied my thoughts, gave way to the determination to be a sailor. But to show how little one is the architect of his own fortunes, instead of being a sailor, I have never been on a ship, and so far from manipulating the ribbons over the backs of four fiery steeds, I could not be safely trusted to drive a huckster's cart. So melt away the dreams of our youthful days.

But to get back to our subject. Somebody told me that Alfred Matthias had a "big" Robinson Crusoe. Alfred Matthias was a young gentleman connected with our village newspaper, the Appalachian, of which he was afterward for some years editor and proprietor. I was a little boy and he was a young man; but my desire to read the "big" Robinson Crusoe was so great that it overcame my awe of him, and I went to the printing office to ask him if he would lend it to me. I remember he asked me my name, smiled pleasantly on me, and lifting up the front edge of his "case" he reached in and drew out the book. It was quite a large book, and I marched off with it, full of happiness. Alfred Matthias afterward served his country gallantly through the great civil war. He has been dead a number of years, but I have not forgotten him. He treated me with kindness and respect when I was a little boy, and that is why I write his name here now, more than fifty years afterward.

The big Robinson Crusoe duly dispatched, it was speedily followed by Peter Wilkins, Sinbad the Sailor, Jack Wilson, the Cabin Boy, Don Ramon, the Rover, Robbins' Journal and such other sea literature as was available in a country town. All this and much more of the same kind lay fructifying in my mind for forty years, so that I was well prepared to be enthusiastic at my first sight of the sea. It would not have been possible to have ordered that first view more favorably. The glorious afternoon sun fell over land and sea. The tide was out and the broad, sandy beach alone lay between my feet and the water. Beyond the great sparkling ocean spread off to the horizon, and rounded up in a manner that surprised me; and as if no desirable detail should be wanting, a large three-masted ship with all its snow-white sails set, stood afar off on the very sky-line, verily like a "painted ship upon a painted ocean." A more attractive picture I think the eye of man never beheld.

An hour later my wife and I walked down to the beach. I made a little depression in the sand at the water's edge, and when it had filled, I scooped up a handful of the water and put it to my lips—my first taste of the ocean brine, of which shortly afterward I got plenty. My first view of the ocean, as I could have wished to see it, was when it was in a placid mood; but the next day came up a fearful storm. Nothing could have pleased me more. I wanted to witness a storm at sea. I walked down to the shore. The thunder boomed across the water and the white-crested waves came rushing in like racers to the goal. Some vessels, stripped of their sails, I could dimly see through the rain staggering along away in the offing. My first visit to the seaside would have been lacking in one feature of great interest without this thunderstorm.

At Sewell's Point, three or four miles away, a hulk lay up against the sand. A part of the masts and rigging remained. You could see it from the pier at Cape May. It was the wreck of a brig driven in there by some storm a good while before. My wife and I went up to see it. It lay with the bow to the shore. The sand had drifted around it until scarcely one-half of its hulk was in sight; yet it was too high to climb into. Some frayed rope-ends were swinging in the breeze. The waves lapped against the stern and sides. Gulls were flying about it, their white wings glancing in the sunlight. It was a wreck, sure enough, and as I approached it, I half expected to see Robinson Crusoe clambering up by means of a piece of rope that "hung down by the forechains," as in his immortal story, or lowering over the side "two or three bags full of nails and spikes, a great screw-jack, a dozen or two of hatchets, and, above all, that most useful thing called a grindstone." O, the illusions of youth—how they hang about us even in our advanced years!

All this must seem very trivial to my readers, and no doubt is so, but to me it was a matter of vast import. It was the realization of the dreams and imaginings of forty years. Every detail of those first ten days by the seashore was all that could have been asked. They were halcyon days, never to be forgotten. And so now, sitting in the gathering twilight, I look up at the picture of the ships in Calais Harbor, that hangs against the

wall, and drop into reverie, and thence, like Silas Wegg, "into poetry," to this effect:

The Ships.

The ships have come across the sea;
I see them at their anchors ride
Upon the harbor's peaceful tide;
The jocund sailor gaily sings
While folds the ship her snowy wings,
As glad in harbor safe to be.

From Borneo's spice-scented shores,
Or vine-clad slopes of far Azores,
From cocoa-bearing Friendly Isles,
Where everlasting summer smiles,
From cities opulent and gay
Of further Ind' or old Cathay,
With precious cargoes home they haste
Across the ocean's trackless waste.

O waft, ye winds, across the sea
The ship I freighted long ago
With golden hopes—for well I know,
That somewhere on the underworld
She hastes with all her sails unfurled
And flying pennons back to me.

Her hold is filled with precious stores,
With rarest gems and richest ores—
The sacred trusts of Memory—
And some day shall my argosy,
Careering o'er the dimpled seas
With all her canvas to the breeze,
Into the haven smoothly glide,
And rest at anchor on the tide.

T. J. CHAPMAN.

To the Snow Line of the Himalayas

(Continued from page 448.)

We started from Mussourie with some food ready cooked, but, excepting within two marches of that station, our shotguns and rifles supplied all the meat required during the whole journey. We went the first day through Landour, along a good Government road to Teree, a native state ruled by a Rajah. A road branches thence and leads to the source of the river Ganges called Gangoutree, a very sacred spot, visited annually by thousands of Hindoo pilgrims. It has a temple, the priests of which reap rich harvests from the offerings of the worshippers. We crossed the Ganges at Teree by an iron suspension bridge of European manufacture, and diverged from the main road into a path which led to the northeast into the mountains. The heat in some of the deep, narrow valleys was very oppressive and in one of them S— was obliged to lie for a time in the shade of a bush, being too exhausted to walk. The paths were toilsome, being very narrow and steep, beside being covered in many places with loose stones. We agreed to shoot birds as the opportunity occurred, but that each would in turn have the first shot at any large game that might be seen.

During the second day's march a gooral was seen on the side of a mountain above our path. S— did not care for the climb, so I went, accompanied by Jahtroo. The ground was very steep and rugged and we were some time in reaching the spot where the gooral had been observed. Suddenly on raising our heads over a rock we looked into a shallow valley where four or five of the animals were grazing. They seemed to have noticed us, and instead of waiting a few moments, I foolishly leveled the Purdey rifle while still panting for breath, and fired at the shoulder of one about 60 yards distant. The foresight was describing figures of eight all over his body and I missed. While they were moving off among the masses of rock with which the valley was covered, I snatched the two groove rifle from Jahtroo and fired both barrels, missing again. It was very annoying, losing such a chance through being in too great a hurry. I could not tell whether the goorals had been alarmed by Jahtroo's head or mine, but have always been more successful in stalking game alone, with a coolie some distance behind, than when accompanied by a native hunter.

The gooral, often called the Himalayan chamois, is about the same size and shape as that animal, but with hair of a gray color and slightly tinged with brown. Under the throat it is white. The horns are nearly black, five or six inches long, with rings at the base. They curve backward to sharp points, but have no hooks like those of the European chamois. Unless very close to gooral it is difficult to distinguish the bucks from the does.

Their favorite resorts are the steepest side of rocky hills and they can be found feeding on the narrow grass-covered ledges which project from the faces of perpendicular cliffs. When alarmed, they make a short, loud hiss. Their flesh is stated in books to be always tough, but we did not find it so in two, which were subsequently killed.

A day or two afterward we were walking in single file along the side of a mountain near its base, a small stream running about 100 yards below the path. The next mountain rose steeply from the stream, and on its slope, exactly opposite where we stood, we noticed a "kalkur," or barking deer, feeding.

S— was one of the best judges of sporting distances that I ever met, and we both agreed that the deer could not be more than ninety yards from where we stood. He fired with the 100 yards sight and I saw some splinters of rock knocked up by the bullet, apparently only a few inches behind the fore feet of the deer. The latter evidently mistook this for a fragment of rock falling from above. He was not much alarmed, and after a short rush, moved on at a fast walk. I exclaimed "By Jove! he must be one hundred and fifty yards away, and raising the leaf sight for that range, I fired with the Purdey rifle. The bullet struck rather too far behind the shoulder and the deer ran about fifty yards before dropping. Jahtroo crossed the ravine with two coolies and brought back the carcass. We cut off sufficient from one of the haunches for our dinner that evening and gave the remainder to our men. The flesh was

fairly tender, but had a slightly rank flavor, which the Worcestershire sauce corrected, so that we enjoyed it very well.

Judging distance in mountains is often difficult. Across undulating ground game appears, I think, further away than it really is—while it seems much nearer across deep valleys.

Sometimes when walking along ravines I have thought that a stone could easily be thrown to the opposite bank, but on trying it, have usually seen the stone drop on my side of the stream, which flowed at the bottom.

The kalkur, "barking deer," "ribfaced deer" (*Cervulus aureus*) is a variety of the "muntjac." It frequents the wooded parts of the Himalayas up to 8,000 or 9,000 feet above the sea and is also found on the Nilghiri mountains in Southern India and in Ceylon. The hair is of golden red color, but white under the throat, abdomen and tail. On the top of the buck's head are two cylindrical columns of bone, covered with skin and hair, which in a full grown animal are four inches high and three-fourths inch in diameter. The parts of the antlers which are, at times, shed, grow from the tops of the columns to a length of five or six inches. The buck has two canine teeth about two inches long, projecting downward from the upper jaw, and used, as well as the horns, for defensive purposes. Sir Samuel Baker stated that dogs attacking these animals sometimes received rather severe cuts from the tusks.

A full grown deer is two feet high at the shoulders. Its name is derived from a habit of uttering, when alarmed, a succession of short, loud barks, resembling those of a medium sized spaniel. During the whole march to the snows and back, which occupied six weeks, we shot a sufficient quantity of feathered game to supply all the flesh meat we required, and gave all the four-legged animals to our men, excepting enough for one meal from each. We killed numbers of green fruit eating pigeons (*Crocopus phoeniceo-opterus*) black partridges (*Francolinus vulgaris*) and various pheasants, chiefly the kind called by the natives kahleej. There was also a pigeon about twice the size of a blue rock and of a light gray color, the name of which I could not find out. The green pigeons were delicious in flavor, when they were roasted or made into curries. The kahleej pheasant is as large as a barn-door fowl. The plumage is composed of both black and white feathers, the latter predominating. Around the eye is a ring of very minute scarlet feathers. In the breeding season the cockbird makes a drumming noise with his wings, resembling that of the ruffed grouse. They are fond of roaming in the woods near the cultivated fields, so we usually shot them when strolling in the evenings one or two miles from our camp.

The green pigeons and black partridges were mostly found while actually on the march. I generally walked a few yards in front, with a rifle, while S— kept a coolie carrying his shotgun behind him. The rapidity with which he would seize this, raise the hammer to full cock and fire, was almost like a feat of legerdemain. The black partridge, when startled, springs from the ground to a height of ten or twelve yards and then swoops in a long downward curve to the opposite side of the valley. On various occasions during our marches a bird rose in this manner from a bush in front of me and every time, without one failure, just as he reached the end of the upward spring, I heard the gun explode, saw the feathers driven aside by the shot and the partridge falling dead through the air.

Sometimes when we saw pigeons flying among the trees, or when the ground we were crossing was fairly level, we both carried the shotguns and walked in a line with the coolies, ready for any small game that presented itself. Frequently the partridges were heard crowing on the side of the mountains above our path. S— did not care for any unnecessary climbing, so I used to send one of the coolies to put up the bird while I walked in a line thirty or forty yards below him and fired when the partridge passed over my head. In this manner we never failed to have plenty of food for each meal.

After several days' march we descended the side of a mountain (the upper part of which was covered with a forest of trees like the Scotch fir) into the valley of the Billung river, a tributary of the Ganges, which flows into the latter near the town of Teree.

The Billung, where our path joined it, was sixty yards wide and crossed by a suspension bridge made almost entirely of bamboo. A quantity of this, split into fibres, was twisted into two large ropes, the ends of which were tied round enormous pieces of rock. These, at one extremity of the bridge, rested in a cavity which had been excavated on the side of the mountain. At the other extremity they were laid on the ground, the ropes having been first passed over a pile of rocks, to raise them to a sufficient height.

The foot path of the bridge was made of pieces of bamboo about four feet long and three inches diameter, each piece being slung to the large pair of ropes by a couple of bamboo fibre ropes as thick as a man's thumb.

Fig. 3 is an Indian ink copy of a water color sketch which I made of the bridge. I was surprised at seeing one of the coolies, although a native of the mountains, become so nervous when half way across, that for some time he was unable to move. There was really no danger so long as a man held the ropes tightly and did not become dizzy by looking at the water rushing underneath.

Bamboo bridges of similar construction are common in the Himalayas. In some places they are made of nothing more than three ropes—two for a traveler's hands and one lower down for his feet. On bridges like that in the illustration, ponies and sheep are able to cross if the footpath be covered with masses of reeds and earth, but, of course, this is only done with animals reared in the mountains. The native name for a bridge is jhoola, a word meaning, literally, a swing. A few marches further up the valley we crossed the river again by stepping or springing from rock to rock at a place where it was only forty yards wide, and some days afterward our path led back to the right bank. Here we crossed another bamboo bridge, which was slung between perpendicular walls of rock, through which the

river rushed at a tremendous pace, forty feet below. The bridge was fifty yards long and the path leading on to it was across a sloping rock worn so smooth by the feet of travelers that we were obliged to take off our boots in order to avoid sliding down into the river. A man doing so would have no chance of escape; for the rocks rise straight up from the water like walls for a long distance, and the current is so strong that no swimmer could contend against it.

During the whole of the march we had risen at day-break and, before starting, had taken some tea and the native cakes called chu patties. These are made by merely mixing flour and water, patting the dough between the hands until it is as thin as a pancake, and baking it in a frying pan or on a piece of sheet iron. If eaten hot, with a little butter spread on them, they are digestible and pleasant in flavor. In subsequent years, circumstances obliged me to eat them for months at a time, and I liked them better than ordinary baker's

rollers, and on each side the whirl of great eddies. I went into the left hand one end on. The upstream rush of the eddy caught my boat, and it went round and around, but, fortunately, horizontally, instead of vertically. It was into one swirl out of another half a dozen times, then, all a-tremble, I sent the boat out into the midstream away from the contest of the eddy waters. For a while, the river seemed a lonelier place than ever. I even went ashore and at a house asked to stay over night, thinking to recover my nerve in the meantime, but there wasn't an unoccupied bed in the house at night, the man said, so I went on again. I stopped again a mile or so below at Savannah Island. And there a kindly old man made me welcome.

The house was far up the side hill it seemed to me, but the water had been over the front fence only a few feet below the porch level. The reason Eck McNabb, the old man, had purchased that house, was because of the opportunities to get drift wood at it. The founda-

Ducks now began to appear in numbers. Every few hundred yards a bunch would get up. Miles down stream I stopped at Pryor's Landing, where there was a wagon, several mules, some boys, a negro and four white men. A river tramp, I now found myself an object of suspicion. Not that anything was said—they minded their own business—but it was hard to get a direct reply to any sort of question as to distances, towns, hotels and stopping places—there was nothing to be learned there. But I did gather that there was a ferry called Hale's to the left of Oate's Island, a mile or less down stream. I went for it. As I cleared the landing a flock of geese came along, and at the head of the island there were half a dozen bunches of mallards.

There was a man at the ferry, who told me that "I could get to stay with him." I ran my boat in among the trees and made fast. Then sat down to wait for the Forrest, which was due. The steamboat came along and having only one passenger to land, the ferryman ran out to get him. Mate McKee had a wave of the hands for me, as did several of the roustabouts. They were soon gone. Then we went up to the house on the side hill out of reach of the water. The wind had been against me all day, and that supper of fried pork, pot stewed beef, milk and coffee, wheat biscuit and cornbread was something to please and to appreciate. In the morning, soon after day-break, I started on, after looking at a cave spring house in which milk and butter were cooled in summer. There were three distinct spoutings of water in a space of a couple of square yards, all walled in. This reminded me that not far away as Nick o' Jack Cave, and that during the day I would reach it.

The water had raised only a few inches during the night, against four feet of the day before, but the current was swift, and a fast run was likely for the day. But I left the water a few hundred yards down on the far side and sneaked back long enough to shoot a mallard duck which was one of a flock of half a dozen, convenient to some cane and tree thickets. There were many ducks on all sides, die-dappers, mallard and black ones, but I was hurried now and anxious to make the mouth of the river, so I hunted but little. My rifle was not suited for that kind of work, but with a sixteen-gauge shotgun, many a wing shot could have been taken.

This morning—February 26—was one of the most beautiful I ever saw. The broad, oily surface of the river, clear reflections, great hills, rocky cliffs, the green of cane brakes under the purple of the leafless forest, combined with the diffused sunlight—a misty stillness, as it were—and the distant flocks of ducks to give wakefulness to the scene—it was worth a thousand miles of hardship to get to such a day as that. But there were going to be more such days as that in the near future, with a sharp contrast to vivify their effect.

At 10 o'clock I left the river at Shellmound to go across the bottom to Nick o' Jack Cave, named after an old Indian chief who lived there back in the days of the Revolution. Later, robber bands dwelt there and held up the flatboats to get the riches and liquors necessary for their life. Now the flocks of sheep that range the ridge find shelter in it from inclement weather. The opening is a right angle triangle, the right angle being in the upper right hand side. At the lower right side a stream of water several feet wide and several inches deep issues forth—the color bluish like that of most lime water, as if stained with milk. The top of the entrance was a horizontal slab of rock, fifteen feet thick and about a hundred feet across, I thought, while the drop from the top of the water was nearly thirty feet. Only a little way back, the gloom was intense, but I did not go far into it. It was too like climbing along the face of a mountain upside down. Around the entrance I picked up some arrow tips and bits of flint.

I went to the boat and paddled down the creek, up which I had run, and after buying some grub at the Shellmound store, and admired the artistic effect of the lemon yellow of the railroad station, the watering tank, etc., started down stream with the boat choosing its own course, usually broadside to the current. In the mid-stream there was no sense of motion, and along the bank, the rustle of the water and the passing of the trees alone told of moving. Though one goes faster in midstream, it was so deadly dreary and lonesome there that I kept close to the shore for the company of the rustling water and the life in the trees. Sometimes I could see a bird, which was company. Often I went ashore, once to climb a large mound, of which there are many along the river. After a while I came to South Pittsburg, an aggregation of iron furnaces, lovely in the distance. A little later I reached Long Island. On a mound was built a house in which a family lives, secure from almost any rise of the waters. A mile below on the same island I stopped at a renter's home, I thought only for a night. Corn bread and pork scraps and sweet milk constituted my next five meals, save a shy at the duck (boiled to pieces, but not par boiled). Low-hanging, rain-weeping clouds, a shanty, swept by every chilling breeze, babies that cried or laughed alternately, a man who told of crop failure and hard times, a woman who—but no matter. Half sick with a cold, I was in no mood to see the cheerful side of things. Save when I slept, the hours dragged by till thirty-six were gone, then on Friday morning, in spite of a gale of wind, I went away. Fortunately the river was narrow there, and I was able to get to the lee or western bank. At the railroad bridge I left the river to get some eatables at Bridgeport, then started on again.

Till 10 o'clock, I kept to the right hand bank, but it was slow going, for the river bore more and more to the west, from whence the wind came. My boat dived and reared, and tossed more and more. I liked the sport, but after a while I noticed that the bow was rising higher than the level of my eyes on the waves. That was along the lee bank, and as just ahead there was another sweep to the west, where the wind had full play, I ran into the land, took my duffle up to the bottom level, and with my canvas duffle cover wrapped around me, sat down to watch the play of the wind. A steamer was driven to the bank on the far side of the river, but it was so far away that it was no comfort to me. I sat there for hours, then took my rifle and hunted for more hours along the oak ridges back from the river half a mile. My first day in Alabama was not a comfortable one, though it was interesting. Back at the boat I found that the water was rising very rapidly, and that when I finally did get



THE BILLUNG SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

bread. On arriving at each fresh camping place we bathed in the river before taking the regular breakfast of the birds we had shot, together with more chu patties and tea or coffee. The water of the Billung, formed entirely of melted snow, was icy cold, and a group of villagers, men, women and children, always collected on the bank to see us bathe. One day I asked Jahtroo why they did so. He replied: "They say they never saw such people as the Sahibs; they are always washing." "But, Jahtroo," I remarked, "how often do you wash?" He answered: "Sometimes once in three months, sometimes once in six months, sometimes once in a year."

I was then able to account for a disagreeable smell I had often noticed during the journey, and attributed to an animal of the weasel or polecat tribe lurking in the rocks near us. All the hill people avoid washing, and it is a safe plan to keep as much as possible on the windward side when traveling with them. The Hindoos of the plains, on the contrary, bathe daily as a religious duty.

J. J. MEYRICK.

ENGLAND.

A Walk Down South.—XXXIII.

A dull, threatening fog rested on the town and close to the surface of the water as my boat drove clear of the house-boat at which I had left my duffle during my stay in Chattanooga. It looked like rain and felt like it, but I was in hopes that the sky would lose its sombre shade before long, since it was then not yet 10 o'clock. But in this I was disappointed, for in less than an hour a heavy mist fell in intermittent showers. I was then at the foot of Lookout Mountain, a noble sight the great historic mass made. As I looked at the mountain, the steamer Avalon came along. Its wake did not seem fearsome till I was in it, and then the way my little boat went dancing up and down was literally a caution. A few minutes later the bend at the Suck was in sight, and I went to an abandoned turtle-like house boat, to wait for the rain which was falling, to go by. Perhaps no other hour on the trip was so bad as that one there in the cabin, with the river dragging by, the roof leaking, the gloom of a low-hanging rain cloud all around and the rush of swift, tumbling waters only a few rods downstream through which I must pass before I reached the wide stream below.

The rain ceased. The clouds lifted a little, and then I took down the tent which I had spread under the leaky roof to keep me dry, loaded my boat, and went afloat to take the water as it came. The Suck was easy. But I drew a long breath after I was through the place, for the water was swift and rather rolly just below the chute. I thought that I was out of the worst of it, but a few minutes later I was at the Boiling Pot, the danger of which I did not know until I went in to it. Somebody had told me to hug the left hand side as close as possible. This I did. The water darted down grade, as in the chute of the Suck; in the middle were white cap

tion of the house was a nub of rock, a sort of cape, and when high water came, the drift stuff swept around the bend and as it bore to the left, lodged against the rock.

"I get all my firewood right there," he said. "I tell you it is quite a sight to stand here and see all the drift coming at the house. It looks like it would tear us up."

I did not fully appreciate the meaning of "drift" then. In the morning, the river showed that it was rising by the surge on its surface, and an eager kind of swirl, when a jet of water thrown from the bottom came boiling to the surface. And there were fragments of stuff, bits of stick and bark, scattered along the surface in a way that was an unread promise.

Fried eggs and air-dried and salted pork, biscuit and coffee was the supper. "We don't have no cream yere, nor sweet'nin', nuther," the man explained, but one would not have missed them, with such a food supply. There was a difference between the country cooked meals and those of the city that I had just left. The talk, too, ran in channels closer to nature, than at the lodging house. Up on the mountain behind the house, the man said, the skeleton of an Indian had been found a few years back. On either side of it were pots of earthen ware, and several of these were sold at Chattanooga for five dollars. The people in that section were of novel habits of thought. The old man wished to know if I had any faith in the art of finding gold and silver by means of divining rods, and if I thought the Indians hadn't hid lots of money somewhere, and what did I think of the luck of those who had found large fortunes that had been hidden in pots? Perhaps the purchase of that house because of the drift which the river brought to it was significant of the trend of the minds thereabouts—there was a large hope of unearned wealth in their thought.

Before I came away I was asked to read a letter which had come from a neighbor who had moved to Texas. The neighbor had cleared \$1,000 from his cotton alone in the previous year. None of the family could read. They were thinking what to say in answer to the letter. That would take some time, and then a neighbor would write the answer for them. They asked if I had come more than a hundred miles, and thought that such places as New York were more "than a hundred miles away," and Mussel Shoals was also "bout a hundred miles away." A hundred miles was, to them, a vast distance.

My night's rest was a fine one, and it was with good heart that I started on in the morning. A mile or so below was a coal landing. I stopped there and got a quart of molasses, some crackers and had a little talk with a man who had been a passenger on the Forrest on the trip down stream. I partially satisfied his curiosity and went on down stream. The wind was raising some, and I had to run to the bank to eat my lunch of potted ham, bread and molasses. I ran among the willows that lined the stream bank, for the water was about their trunks. Soon after starting on half a mile below the mines, near which I ate, I went ashore to look for relics, but found only bits of pottery, and baked shells.

started, it would be on a high tide. To one who had read of the yellow surge of the muddy, flooded Mississippi, the prospect was not unpleasant on a movable day. Toward night I sought a house I had seen during the day, up a hollow in the ridges. I was welcomed. Glad I was to get out of sight of the yellow froth which caps the waves of the flooded Tennessee. I wanted still days.

The man's name was Jones, a miller and basket maker by trade and occupation. He said the only trouble there was that "the house drew better than the fireplace." My Adirondack basket was a novelty to him, and he examined it with a view to making one for himself. Some day perhaps a tourist from the Adirondacks will wonder how Alabama mountaineers came to get pack baskets like those of his home land. Jones played his fiddle, and I my French harp for hours that night. In the morning at break of day, I made my way down to the boat—it had been drawn out of the water the night before, now it was afloat again, for the river had raised three or four feet since I left the bank. I embarked, and started away on the widest, yellowest, most dignified stream I ever saw. Every time I glanced down the stream I saw five or ten miles, and it was no less in distance because I could see the whole way. To see an island begin to break from the main land at noon and reach it sometime in the middle of the "evening" was something to give one an idea of the dimensions, especially as all the meantime, the bank had been gliding past at from five to seven miles an hour.

I was hurried now—I thought to go further than I really did before ending the journey, so when I left Jones I resolved that I would not leave the river until night, come what might in the way of lures. But I didn't know 'coons up a tree. I was coming down about three rods from the nearest of the trees that jutted out of the water, when I glimpsed the sheen of sunlight along wind-blown fur high up a sycamore tree on a limb. I looked sharply at that and was in time to see a gray lump of a 'coon gliding into a hole left when a limb rotted away. I went 'coon hunting at once. The tree was standing in six feet of water, but I could build a fire in the hollow on a raft. I smoked the hollow for an hour, but the 'coon refused to come out. Had there been land to stand on I would have felled the tree, but tree felling from a boat is not to my taste. So I made more resolves and went on again. Not even flocks of ducks lured me, but at two-twenty o'clock a flock of geese did take me ashore, and then finding myself stepping on arrow heads and spear points, I left goose hunting to gather them.

Toward night I came to a house boat moored among the trees. There I stopped for the night. It was a migrating family, bound for Missouri, but not going fast for fear of tearing up in high water and running aground in low. Food supplies were getting short because the crops thereabout had failed for three years back, and corn, the staple of diet, none had to sell. The wife was not contented, the children were morose, the husband sullen, but they were glad to have a stranger come to break the monotony of a dozen days hitched to an overflowed bottom land, waiting for a day without wind, and water that didn't suckle and drag through the tree trunks like a thing of life. In the morning I left them there.

The delight that I had felt in the rising of the water, and the rush of the wind, was not felt by all along that stream—I saw two house boats that had been capsized, and heard of deaths that result from such accidents. Soon I was to learn something about those matters myself—but for the time being—for so my mood changed—the wide river was a place of limitless pleasure and seemingly, probably really, a friend which, when appreciated, would prevent the least touch of lonesomeness. That it hailed and sleeted and rained and the wind blew me off the water for an hour or so were matters of small consequence to me on March 2. The charm of the river had me fast. The blue heron that flew overhead, the black ducks that protested when I came close to them unseen, the great wind-swept clumps of live green cane brake, the purple of the wooded ridges, the rock clefts and gray ledges above all that vast expanse of surface—these all seemed to say that now I could dwell with them, live their lives of restlessness, wildness and isolation. I took the back channel rather than pass too close to Gunter'sville, where the Tennessee starts north again, and a few miles below I ran into the left bank, under a comforting ledge of rocks, and among the trees tied up the boat, spread the long wide canvas over hoops of cane, and made ready to sleep there. All fixed, I sat down on a log, and for a while watched the drift go by—sticks and logs and fence rails, chuckling a little bit to think what a master thief my pardner, the river, was. Overhead circled the buzzards, some of them coming down to take a look at me, as if wondering what I had to do with their business, which just then was beginning to be looking and being as attractive as possible, for it was mating time.

The sunset was beautiful, the night came slowly in waves of shadow. At last I crawled under, and after reading a few lines of poetry, blew out the lantern light, and with such peace as I had never dreamed of, crept away into sleep.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

Natural History.

Wild Animals of the North.

The Black Bear.

From Richardson's "Fauna Boreali-Americana; or the Zoology of the Northern Parts of British America."

"This bear, when resident in the fur countries, almost invariably hibernates, and about one thousand skins are annually procured by the Hudson's Bay Company, from black bears destroyed in their winter retreats. It generally selects a spot for its den under a fallen tree, and having scratched away a portion of the soil, retires to it at the commencement of a snow storm, when the snow soon furnishes it with a close warm covering. Its breath makes a small opening in the den, and the quantity of hoar frost which occasionally gathers round the aperture serves to betray its retreat to the hunter. In more south-

ern districts where the timber is of a large size, bears often shelter themselves in hollow trees. The Indians remark that a bear never retires to its den for the winter until it has acquired a thick coat of fat, and it is remarkable that when it comes abroad in the spring it is equally fat, though in a few days thereafter it becomes very lean. The period of the retreat of the bears is generally about the time when the snow begins to lie on the ground, and they do not come abroad again until the greater part of the snow is gone. At both these periods they can procure many kinds of berries in considerable abundance. In latitude sixty-five degrees, their winter repose lasts from the beginning of October to the first or second week in May; but on the northern shores of Lake Huron, the period is from two to three months shorter. In very severe winters, great numbers of bears have been observed to enter the United States from the northward. On these occasions, they were very lean, and almost all males; the few females which accompanied them were not with young. The remark of the natives above-mentioned, that the fat bears alone hibernate, explains the cause of these migrations. The black bears in the northern districts couple in September, when they are in good condition from feeding on the berries then in maturity. The females retire at once to their dens, and conceal themselves so carefully that even the lyncean eye of an Indian hunter very rarely detects them; but the males, exhausted by the pursuit of the female, require ten or twelve days to recover their lost fat. An unusually early winter will, it is evident, operate most severely on the males, by preventing them from fattening a second time; hence their migration at such times to more southerly districts. It is not, however, true that the black bears generally abandon the northern districts on the approach of winter, as has been asserted, the quantity of bear skins procured during that season in all parts of the fur countries being a sufficient proof to the contrary. The females bring forth about the beginning of January, and it is probable that the period of their gestation is about fifteen or sixteen weeks, but I believe it has not been precisely ascertained. The number of cubs varies from one to five, probably with the age of the mother, and they begin to bear long before they attain their full size.

"The black bear inhabits every wooded district of the American continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Carolina to the shores of the Arctic Sea. They are, however, more numerous inland than near the sea coast. Langsdorff observes, that 'the valuable black bear, the skins of which form part of the (Russian) Company's stock, are not the produce of the Aleutian Islands, but of the continent of America, about Cook's River, Prince William's Sound, and other places.'"

The respect in which the bear was held by the Indians of the north, is well set forth in the journal of Mr. Alexander Henry, one of the first Englishmen to penetrate into the fur countries, after Canada came into the hands of the British. This Alexander Henry was the uncle of the Alexander Henry whose journal, edited by the late Dr. Elliott Coues, was published in 1897, by Francis P. Harper, of New York. The elder Henry was the author of "Travels and Adventures of Travel in the Indian Territory, between the years 1760 and 1777," and his book is well worth reading. This is what he said about the black bear:

"In the course of the month of January (whilst on the banks of Lake Michigan), I happened to observe that the trunk of a very large pine-tree was much torn by the claws of a bear, made both in going up and down. On further examination, I saw that there was a large opening in the upper part, near which the smaller branches were broken. From these marks, and from the additional circumstance that there were no tracks on the snow, there was reason to believe that a bear lay concealed in the tree. On returning to the lodge, I communicated my discovery, and it was agreed that all the family should go together, in the morning, to assist in cutting down the tree, the girth of which was not less than three fathoms. The women, at first, opposed the undertaking, because our axes being only of a pound and a half weight, were not well adapted to so heavy a labor; but the hope of finding a large bear, and obtaining from its fat a great quantity of oil, an article at the time much wanted, at length prevailed. Accordingly, in the morning, we surrounded the tree, both men and women, as many at a time as could conveniently work at it; and there we toiled, like beavers, till the sun went down. This day's work carried us about half way through the trunk; and the next morning we renewed the attack, continuing it till about two o'clock in the afternoon, when the tree fell to the ground. For a few minutes everything remained quiet, and I feared that all our expectations were disappointed; but as I advanced to the opening, there came out, to the great satisfaction of all our party, a bear of extraordinary size, which, before she had proceeded many yards, I shot.

"The bear being dead, all my assistants approached, and all, but more particularly my old mother (as I was wont to call her), took his head in their hands, stroking and kissing it several times; begging a thousand pardons for taking away her life; calling her their relation and grandmother; and requesting her not to lay the fault upon them, since it was truly an Englishman that had put her to death. This ceremony was not of long duration; and if it was I that killed their grandmother, they were not themselves behind hand in what remained to be performed. The skin being taken off, we found the fat in several places six inches deep. This being divided into two parts loaded two persons, and the flesh parts were as much as four persons could carry. In all, the carcass must have exceeded five hundred weight. As soon as we reached the lodge, the bear's head was adorned with all the trinkets in the possession of the family, such as silver armbands, and wristbands, and belts of wampum; and then laid upon a scaffold, set up for its reception within the lodge. Near the nose was placed a large quantity of tobacco.

"The next morning no sooner appeared, than preparations were made for a feast to the *manes*. The lodge was cleaned and swept; and the head of the bear lifted up, and a new stroud blanket, which had never been used before, spread under it. The pipes were now lit; and Wawatam blew tobacco smoke into the nostrils of the bear, telling me to do the same, and thus appease the

anger of the bear, on account of my having killed her. I endeavored to persuade my benefactor and friendly adviser, that she no longer had any life, and assured him that I was under no apprehension from her displeasure; but the first proposition obtained no credit, and the second gave but little satisfaction. At length the feast being ready, Wawatam made a speech, resembling, in many things, his address to the manes of his relations and departed companions; and we then all ate heartily of the bear's flesh. It is only the female bear that makes her winter lodging in the upper parts of trees, a practice by which her young are secured from the attacks of wolves and other animals. She brings forth in the winter season, and remains in her lodge till the cubs have gained some strength. The male always lodges in the ground, under the roots of trees. He takes to this habitation as soon as the snow falls, and remains there till it has disappeared. The Indians remark, that the bear comes out in the spring with the same fat which he carries in in the autumn; but, after the exercise of only a few days, becomes lean. Excepting for a short part of the season, the male lives constantly alone."

Richardson's Bear.

Richardson's barren-ground bear, which he called—with an expression of some doubt—the American form of the brown bear of Europe, was for many years a puzzle to naturalists, since few or no specimens fell into their hands, and they had no material to compare with the bears that they knew well. Of this bear, Richardson says: "The barren lands . . . lying to the northward and eastward of Great Slave Lake, and extending to the Arctic Sea, are frequented by a species of bear, which differs from the American black bear in its greater size, profile, physiognomy, longer soles, and tail; and from the grizzly bear also, in color and the comparative smallness of its claws. Its greatest affinity is with the brown bear of Norway; but its identity with that species has not been established by actual comparison. It frequents the sea coast in the autumn in considerable numbers, for the purpose of feeding on fish.

"The general color of this bear is a dusky (or sometimes yellowish) brown, but the shoulders and flanks are, in the summer season at least, covered with long hair, which is frequently very pale towards the tips. The Indians and interpreters, who are not very precise in their application of the few terms they have to express varieties of color, often denominate them 'White Bears.' Hearne calls them 'Grizzly Bears,' and some confusion has been produced by late writers having applied the same name to Lewis and Clark's *Ursus ferox*. Pennant, who describes them as a variety of the American black bear, considers them at the same time to be of the same species with the 'Silver Bear' that inhabits the north of Europe. It is indeed, very probable, that the brown bear which Captain King informed Pennant was an inhabitant of Kamskatka, is of this species, which may, in fact, extend all along the north of the old continent; but this, in the present state of our knowledge, is mere matter of conjecture. Mention is made in the narrative of Cook's third voyage of bears of a brown or sooty color inhabiting the American coast near Cook's River. Langsdorff also informs us that brown and red bears are abundant on the Aleutian Islands, where the black bear does not exist. These authors do not furnish us with any details whereby the species may be determined; but the bears they mention live in similar districts with the barren-ground bear, and differ in that respect from the *Ursus ferox*, which exists principally, perhaps only, in the buffalo districts.

"The Indians dread the barren-ground bears, and are careful to avoid burning bones in their hunting encampments, lest the smell should attract them. Keskarrah, an old Indian mentioned in the 'Narrative of Captain Franklin's First Journey,' was seated at the door of his tent, pitched by a small stream not far from Fort Enterprise, when a large bear came to the opposite bank, and remained for some time apparently surveying him. Keskarrah considering himself to be in great danger, and having no one to assist him but his aged wife, made a speech to the following effect: 'Oh, Bear, I never did you any harm; I have always had the highest respect for you and your relations, and never killed any of them except through necessity. Go away, good Bear, and let me alone, and I promise not to molest you.' The Bear walked off; and the old man, fancying that he owed his safety to his eloquence, favored us, on his arrival at the fort, with his speech at length. The Copper Indians often cautioned us against these 'White Bears' of the barren lands, which they said would attack us if they saw us, but we received no such caution in traveling through the districts frequented by the Black Bear. It does not, however, possess the boldness of the *Ursus ferox*, as all the individuals we saw fled at once. The Barren-ground bear resorts to the coast of the Arctic Sea in the month of August, and preys indiscriminately upon animal and vegetable matters. In the stomach of one which I opened there were the remains of a seal, a marmot, a large quantity of the long, sweet roots of some astragal and hedysara, together with some berries, and a little grass. Many long white worms adhered to the interior of the stomach, which held this farrago. Hearne has given the name of Grizzly Bear Hill to an eminence which had been much ploughed up by the bears in quest of the *Arctomys parryi*, termed by him 'Ground Hog.' The appellation of 'grizzly,' first used by Hearne to designate this bear, being also applied by the traders and American authors to the *Ursus ferox*, I have given this one the ad interim name of Barren-ground bear, until its difference from, or identity with, the *Ursus arctos* of Linnæus be fully established."

Richardson's bear, under the name of *Ursus richardsoni*, is now known to be a perfectly good species, distinct from the brown bear of Europe, as it is from the various forms of the grizzly, and all other bears.

The Grizzly Bear.

The ferocity of the grizzly forms the theme of many of the old writers, and the tales told by Lewis and Clark, and those who followed them into the Northwestern country, have become familiar by much repetition. It took a long time for the grizzly to learn to be

afraid of man, and it is interesting now to read these tales of their early prowess.

"The strength and ferocity of the grizzly bear are so great that the Indian hunters use much precaution in attacking them. They are reported to attain a weight exceeding 800 pounds, and Lewis and Clark mentioned one that measured nine feet from the nose to the tail, and say that they had seen a still larger one, but do not give its dimensions. This is far above the usual size of other land bears, and equals the larger specimens of the polar bear. Governor Clinton received an account of one fourteen feet long, from an Indian trader, but even admitting that there was no inaccuracy in the measurement, it is probable that it was taken from the skin after it was removed from the body, when it is known to be capable of stretching several feet. The strength of this bear may be estimated from its having been known to drag to a considerable distance the carcass of a buffalo, weighing about 1,000 pounds. The following story is well authenticated. A party of voyagers, who had been employed all day in tracking a canoe up the Saskatchewan, had seated themselves in the twilight by the fire, and were busy in preparing their supper, when a large grizzly bear sprung over their canoe that was tilted behind them, and seizing one of the party by the shoulder, carried him off. The rest fled in terror, with the exception of a metif, named Bourasso, who, grasping his gun, followed the bear, as it was retreating leisurely with its prey. He called to his unfortunate comrade that he was afraid of hitting him if he fired at the bear, but the latter entreated him to fire immediately, without hesitation, as the bear was squeezing him to death. On this he took a deliberate aim and discharged his piece into the body of the bear, which instantly dropped its prey to pursue Bourasso. He escaped with difficulty, and the bear ultimately retreated to a thicket, where it was supposed to have died; but the curiosity of the party not being a match for their fears, the fact of its decease was not ascertained. The man who was rescued had his arm fractured, and was otherwise severely bitten by the bear, but finally recovered. I have seen Bourasso, and can add that the account which he gives is fully credited by the traders resident in that part of the country, who are best qualified to judge of its truth from their knowledge of the parties. I have been told that there is a man now living in the neighborhood of Edmonton House, who was attacked by a grizzly bear, which sprung out of a thicket, and with one stroke of its paw completely scalped him, laying bare the skull, and bringing the skin of the forehead down over the eyes. Assistance coming up, the bear made off without doing him further injury, but the scalp not being replaced, the poor man lost his sight, although he thinks that his eyes are uninjured.

"Mr. Drummond, in his excursions over the Rocky Mountains, had frequent opportunities of observing the manners of the grizzly bears, and it often happened that in turning the point of a rock or sharp angle of a valley, he came suddenly upon one or more of them. On such occasions they reared on their hind legs and made a loud noise like a person breathing quick, but much harsher. He kept his ground without attempting to molest them, and they on their part, after attentively regarding him for some time, generally wheeled round and galloped off, though from their known disposition, there is little doubt but he would have been torn in pieces had he lost his presence of mind and attempted to fly. When he discovered them from a distance, he generally frightened them away by beating on a large tin box, in which he carried his specimens of plants. He never saw more than four together, and two of these he supposes to have been cubs; he more often met them singly or in pairs. He was only once attacked, and then by a female, for the purpose of allowing her cubs time to escape. His gun on this occasion missed fire, but he kept her at bay with the stock of it until some gentlemen of the Hudson's Bay Company, with whom he was traveling at the time, came up and drove her off. In the latter end of June, 1826, he observed a male caressing a female, and soon afterward they both came towards him, but whether accidentally, or for the purpose of attacking him, he was uncertain. He ascended a tree, and as the female drew near, fired at and mortally wounded her. She uttered a few loud screams, which threw the male into a furious rage, and he reared up against the trunk of the tree in which Mr. Drummond was seated, but never attempted to ascend it. The female, in the meanwhile retiring to a short distance, lay down, and as the male was proceeding to join her, Mr. Drummond shot him also. From the size of their teeth and claws, he judged them to be about four years old. The cubs of the grizzly bear can climb trees, but when the animal is fully grown it is unable to do so, as the Indians report, from the form of its claws. Two instances are related by Lewis and Clark, and I have heard of several others, where a hunter having sought shelter in a tree from the pursuit of a grizzly bear, has been held a close prisoner for many hours, by the infuriated animal, keeping watch below. The black and brown or even the polar bear ascend trees with facility. Some interesting anecdotes of contests with this bear, selected from the narratives of Lewis and Clark, Major Long, and others, are related in Godman's Natural History, to which the reader is referred.

"The grizzly bears are carnivorous, but occasionally eat vegetables, and are observed to be particularly fond of the roots of some species of psoralea and hedsyrum. They also eat the fruits of various shrubs, such as the bird-cherry, choke-cherry and *Hippophae canadensis*. The berries of the latter produce a powerful cathartic effect upon them. Few of the natives, even of the tribes, who are fond of the flesh of the black bear, will eat of the grizzly bear, unless when pressed by hunger. Say and Gass mention a method which the Shoshonee or Snake Indians have of baking bear's flesh in a pit filled with alternate layers of brushwood and neat, and covered with earth, which is nearly similar to the way in which the natives of the South Sea Islands prepare their dogs and hogs.

"The grizzly bear inhabits the Rocky Mountains, and he plains lying to the eastward of them, as far as latitude 61 degrees, and perhaps still farther north. Its southern range, according to Lieutenant Pike, extends to Mexico. There is a brown bear on the Andes of Peru, but whether it is of this species or not is not

known. Lewis and Clark could not ascertain that the grizzly bear at all inhabits the country between the western declivity of the Rocky Mountains and the sea-coast, and remark that those which they saw about the great falls of the Columbia were more variegated in color, and of a milder disposition than those near the sources of the Missouri, but certainly of the same species. Mr. Drummond observes that the grizzly bears are most numerous in the woody country skirting the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains, particularly in districts which are interspersed with open prairies and grassy hills. They vary, he says, much in color, from a very light gray to a dark chestnut. The latter variety is common about the sources of the Peace River, and, according to the Indians, is more ferocious than the gray one. The black bear, which inhabits the same districts, and frequently varies there to a cream color, never associates with the grizzly bear.

"The young grizzly bears and gravid females hibernate, but the older males often come abroad in the winter in quest of food. Mackenzie mentions the den or winter retreat of a grizzly bear, which was ten feet wide, five feet high and six feet long. These dens are named watee by the Indians. As this bear comes abroad before the snow disappears, its footmarks are frequently seen in the spring, and when there is a crust on the snow, the weight of the animal often causes it to crack and sink for a yard or more round the spot trod upon. These impressions, somewhat obscured by a partial thaw, have been considered by the inexperienced as the vestiges of an enormously large quadruped, and the natives, although perfectly aware of the cause of the marks, are prone by their observations to heighten the wonder they perceive to be excited by them. Many reports of the existence of live mammoths in the Rocky Mountain range, have, I doubt not, originated in this manner. Necklaces of the claws of a grizzly bear are highly prized by the Indian warriors as proof of their prowess."

It is interesting to-day, when reports of the existence of live mammoths in Alaska are so frequently printed, to find in this volume, published in 1829, the possible explanation of the origin of the reports in those days.

Another Rendering of the Bobolink's Song.

THE bobolink, so little regarded in the South, in his autumnal migration, is one of the most captivating songsters we have in New England at this season. He animates every bit of meadow with his carols, and as he rises to the top of a last year's hardhack or mullein stalk, he reels off his ejaculation in a lot of mellifluous syllables and catch words with a tinkling ripple which sounds like liquid gurgling from a vial. Lovers of bird song will wantonly attempt to imitate, but his ragtime ditties are quite beyond human vocalization. And they seem never to be twice alike. As I hear them they sound something like this: "Okelee! Lee! Here I be, turalloo, tink-a-link, titterwit, link-link, peewee, quit, quit, willy, willy; that's me; quit, quit; twice as sweet-sweet—that's all!"

Then he plumps down into the grass out of sight.

C. H.

Good Deacon Jones was crossing a muddy street car track. Good Deacon Jones, he slipped and fell upon his back. "Blank! Blank!" screamed a parrot in a cage across the way. "Thank you, my friend!" good Deacon Jones was heard to say.—Chicago Tribune.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Another View of It.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In April 19 issue of FOREST AND STREAM, appeared an article by Didymus, headed "Every One to His Own Taste."

I have waited several weeks, believing some big-game hunter would gently remind Brother Didymus through these columns that he is claiming for himself a right which he would deny to others, and his remarks would seem inconsistent from the standpoint of one whose chief interest is in big game. In speaking of Fred Mather and his writings, he says:

"He seemed to entertain no love for the big game hunters, in which I heartily agree with him; their communications are the ones I skip. A bloodthirsty disposition seems to have taken possession of scores of men who are ready to go through any amount of hardship week after week, hoping for a shot at a moose. If these men had even a touch of feeling they would hesitate to fire at such a noble beast without a feeling of certainty that the shot would be fatal. * * * Mather said the pleasure of stopping a partridge in his wild career through the woods, or a woodcock as he sped on his whistling way through the bushes, would be far greater to him than putting a murderous bullet through a moose—in which I fully agree with him."

Now here is where the inconsistency appears, from the standpoint of the moose hunter: putting the "murderous" bullet through the moose, and "stopping" the bird in its flight.

From the moose hunter's point of view we would ask, is not the bird as susceptible of pain as the moose? Is not the grain of shot piercing through the vitals of the bird just as "murderous" as the bullet going through the moose? Then he speaks of the wounded moose escaping to die an agonizing death.

The moose hunter might ask: Is there not just as large a percentage of birds escaping to die of their wounds as there is of moose or other big game? In the case of the bird, when shot at while flying, if it is not killed on the spot or winged, it passes so quickly out of sight and reach that there are not the painful evidences of its wounded condition as appears in the case of big game, and the shooter can find solace in supposing that it was a clean miss, while the big game hunter knows for a

certainly when he wounds his game. If Didymus thinks for one minute that big game hunters are "bloodthirsty" persons without a "touch of feeling," he doesn't know us all. Just why a hunter who kills big game should necessarily be without feeling any more than the killer of innocent birds is a hard one to figure out. No true sportsman will, and I dare say very few sportsman do, leave big game animals to die in the woods without first using every possible means to get them, and failing to do so, will have a remorse of feeling and regret which would be a stranger to the bird hunter.

It has been my good fortune to allow very few wounded big game animals to escape, although sometimes averted only by long and tireless effort, when all chances seemed against me; but when unfavorable circumstances have compelled me to abandon the pursuit of wounded game, my regret has been so deep as to keep me awake half of the night thinking of it. The few regrets of this nature which I can recall are the only unpleasant recollections connected with big-game hunting which occur to mar the otherwise pleasant reminiscences of past hunting experiences.

Human natures differ so widely in their likes and dislikes that for all of us to think and feel alike is impossible.

Knowing this, it should be the aim of all to allow liberty of thought and feeling without undue censure.

While Didymus expresses himself as "entertaining no love for the big-game hunter" and skipping their communications I, to be equally plain spoken, skip all, or nearly all communications from bird hunters and fishermen, and pass on to that pertaining in some way to big game and its interests; not because I have not as much love for the bird hunter and fishermen, nor because I do not regard their sports as manly and proper, but simply because nature has not inclined me to that kind of sport, and I am, therefore, not interested in it. In support of the big-game hunter it might be truly said that to successfully hunt big game calls forth more of the sturdy and enduring qualities of man than does the hunting of birds; and for the person who loves nature where it has been undisturbed by man—the wild forests in their virgin state, the surroundings of the bird hunter, which are for the most part in cultivated localities, seem very tame and unsatisfactory.

Didymus seems to think it queer that scores of bloodthirsty men will go through any amount of hardship week after week in the hope of getting a shot at a moose.

Not having any of the big-game hunting proclivities himself, perhaps he does not know that the hardships attendant upon big-game hunting are a part of the attraction, without which it would lose much of its charm.

To go by railroad to a first class hotel, from which the moose hunter might go out a mile or two on a fine day and kill his moose without undergoing any of the hardships would be to the true big-game hunter like eating meat without salt. Something would be lacking to make it a trip pleasant to recall.

Could Didymus experience the wild, uncontrollable yearnings of the writer, not specially to kill something, but just to get away in vast unbroken forests where the big game lives, and be with them, he would not skip the correspondence of big-game hunters, which savors so strongly of the wilderness, and is the very essence of life to one possessed of such a nature. We can cultivate our tastes and inclinations to some extent, but these distinctive characteristics which are born in us, and which develop unconsciously, will not bend to cultivation, but must have their free course.

In talking to a neighbor once who was reading FOREST AND STREAM every week I mentioned something concerning a recent interesting account of hunting, and he said he knew nothing of it, as he never read anything only fishing news and accounts, while I never even glanced at anything pertaining to fishing. For either of us to try by cultivation to acquire each other's tastes to the exclusion of that which nature intended for us, would be a vain effort. Thus has nature afforded us big game, small game, birds and fishes, to suit all tastes and inclinations of sportsman, and why has it been provided if not to be hunted and killed: the moose as well as the bird.

It is probably as difficult for one not interested in big game and its pursuit to understand the feeling which prompts a man to go through the attendant hardships of a big-game hunt, as for an artist whose whole mind is wrapped up in art to understand the interest with which the live merchant will read the Boot and Shoe Recorder, or the Dry Goods Economist. What is intensely interesting for one to read, may be like so much blank paper to another, and yet the two may be equally intelligent.

So, brother big-game hunters, don't be discouraged or feel slighted just because friend Didymus does not have any love for you, and skips your communications, for here is one—and scattered all over the land are hosts of others—who look eagerly for your communications each week, as the good old FOREST AND STREAM comes around. It is several years since I have been among big game and probably may not be among it again; certainly not as I have been; and all I have now to fill the vacant place is to read of others who are more fortunate than myself, and can report from time to time what is doing in the big woods.

EMERSON CARNEY.

Thomas W. Fraine.

PATERSON, N. J.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There died in Rochester, N. Y., early in May, a man who was widely known and beloved, Thomas W. Fraine, taxidermist and sportsman. As a taxidermist it is not too much to write of him that he was without an equal in his profession; he devoted his life to the study of his work, knew his subjects in life and reproduced them true to life. A finished work of his was as true to nature as it was possible for human skill to accomplish. At the Sportsmen's Show in Madison Square Garden his exhibit always elicited admiration and praise. No less an authority than President Roosevelt complimented Fraine upon the excellence of his work. Many went to the last Sportsmen's Show and turned away in disappointment because Fraine was not there. His one idea was the elevation and advancement of sportsmanship. He visited the woods, fields and streams to study nature, which he loved, never seeking to bag game for the sake of quantity;

his aim was to protect, not to exterminate. Who that ever accompanied him on a trip afield could forget this charming, kindly, genial, lovable man? Who of all his many friends cannot say in recalling him, that he lent charm and pleasure to their lives? It was a privilege to have known Tom Fraine; it ever will be a pleasure to remember him.

WALTER S. LAMBERT.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Dakota Buffalo Herd.

CHICAGO, May 30.—Mr. George Bird Grinnell, of New York, who is in this city to-day after a trip of some weeks' duration in South Dakota, reports the sale of the formerly well-known buffalo herd of Dug Carlin of South Dakota to Scotty Phillips, a big cow man of the Cheyenne River Indian reservation. This sale includes forty-seven head of full blood buffalo. Nearly the same number of half breeds are retained by Carlin, so that it may be seen that there is quite a flourishing little herd in the Missouri River country of Dakota, of which very little mention has crept into the public prints. This herd was originally the property of the Dupuis estate and was based on some calves caught as long ago as 1883. The last big summer hunt of the Sioux after buffalo was made in the summer of that year, and the species became practically extinct thereafter in that vicinity. This little herd, the sole remnants of the great numbers which once ranged that country, have been guarded jealously ever since that time with what seems, under the conditions of to-day, a very great measure of success. Mr. Grinnell says that once in a while one of the old bulls of this little herd would stray off to the northward up on the Indian reservation above mentioned. The Sioux seem not to share the murderous proclivities of the Crees, but have, in cases like the above, left the old bulls alone, in many cases making pilgrimages of many miles just for the sake of seeing the buffalo once more. It is much to be hoped that they will have the privilege of seeing the buffalo on this reservation for many years to come.

The Allard herd on the Flat Head reservation is also reported to be in very flourishing condition. Granted any proper sort of chance we might yet feel sure that the buffalo is not doomed to extinction, although permanently retired from circulation as a means of sport for the American people.

Experienced Big-Game Hunter.

Mr. A. B. F. Kinney, of Worcester, Mass., paid this office a very pleasant visit this week on his way back home from a trip out in California. Mr. Kinney, as is well known in Eastern circles, is a big-game hunter of extended experience, and his collection of trophies is a large and valuable one. I was a little bit surprised when he asked me what had become of the big sheep head which Billy Jackson gave to me at the first sportsmen's show in New York some years since. I told him that the big sheep head was now adorning the walls of my dining room, the place on earth for it. He then asked me to place a price on it, but I told him that I could not do so unless the times got harder than they are at this writing. I remember very distinctly the conversation Mr. Kinney had with Billy Jackson, soon after Billy gave me this big head. He offered Billy what must have seemed a very large sum of money to the latter, but Billy was calm and explained that he had given me the head and hence would not sell it for any figure. Under such circumstances I could not, of course, myself sell the head for any figure. It will probably after my death turn up in some museum of natural history, if I can pick out one good enough to receive it.

"You have, without any question in the world," said Dr. Kinney, "the biggest sheep head in existence. The reason I want it is because I have the next biggest head myself. It measures 17½ inches, but I am satisfied from the measurements I made of this Jackson head which you now have that you have or did have, a full 19-inch head. I wanted to put this head in a collection which I am arranging for an Eastern museum. I do not care for anything in my personal collection which I have not myself killed."

If anybody in the whole wide world has a sheep head which he thinks is a pretty good one, I will have to bet him a little money at the start that I have got him beat right now; and after that I will tell him where he can sell his sheep head if it is anything like as good as mine.

Biggest Grizzly.

Mr. Kinney tells me that when he was out in Portland, Ore., he saw a very large grizzly bear skin which was owned by the Hudson Arms Company, I think, of that city. It was a very poor hide, patchy and bare and really not worth a dollar. Mr. Kinney asked the owners what they would take for the hide and they said \$100, which he dug out of his clothes the next moment, thereby becoming the owner of the bear skin. "It was the biggest grizzly bear hide I have ever seen," said he. "As to its real value, it had none, for the coat was wretched, but it was 10½ feet long and 12 feet across the forearms. You may see it was not stretched long. I had the history of the old fellow at the time. He was a well known citizen in a certain part of the mountains, and got to be pretty much dreaded by all the miners and settlers of that country. There was a half breed Indian who one day, when he was pretty well loaded with fire-water, announced that he was not afraid of that bear or, in fact, any other bear. The boys encouraged him in this belief and sent him out into the country after the bear. The half breed had a .44 rifle with him, and pretty soon the boys down at the cabin heard him fanning his .44 good and fast. The next day they found him and the bear, both dead, and they said there was not a sound bone in the half breed's body. They took off the skin of the grizzly and marketed it in Portland. This skin I took East with me and kept for a time, simply on account of its tremendous size. One day a friend came along and asked me what I wanted for it. I told him I wanted \$100 and he counted out the amount, which was exactly what I had given for it. This is the history of the biggest bear skin of which I ever had any track in the West."

I think these figures, read simply as figures, would not impress one sufficiently. The thing to do is to measure them out on the floor and then stack up against the measurements the bear hides of which one has had any personal experience. He will find that most of his black bear skins, and indeed most of his grizzly skins to-day will rarely go over the six or seven-foot mark. Mr. Kinney is a firm believer in the theory that the grizzly and the black bear will cross. I told him about the red bear which I killed last spring, and he thought that in all likelihood it was a cross between a grizzly and a black bear. Scientists commonly do not entertain this idea, but scientists every once in a while run across something in the bear family which sets them guessing. Perhaps Mr. Kinney is right, perhaps not. Only bears and the stars can tell.

The President's Mississippi Bear Hunt.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 6.—Anent the possible bear hunt of President Roosevelt in the State of Mississippi, which was mentioned in last week's *FOREST AND STREAM*, it is sad to add anything but words of encouragement in the matter, yet the statement printed needs somewhat of qualification. There are bears yet to be had in the canebrakes of Mississippi, and there are good bear packs to be had, but it is doubtful if, even plucky a man as he is, our dear friend Rob Bobo would be able to join in even this notable bear hunt. Less than two weeks ago Bobo left the town of Champaign, Ill., for his own home, after some weeks spent at Champaign, under the hands of a specialist who was trying to relieve him of the malignant tumorous growth which has destroyed one eye for the old bear hunter, and taken away nearly all of one side of his face. Bobo has been, and no doubt now is, in a critical condition. He is a man of splendid courage and iron nerve, as I can testify from having seen him both in the field and under the surgeon's knife; yet it would be little short of a miracle if he were able now to take the saddle for even a day or so of his beloved sport of bear hunting.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Arms Used at Santiago.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

In the matter of "The Arms Used at Santiago," before Rough Rider Surgeon Henry E. Thorp, I cheerfully stand corrected. My information was gained entirely from newspaper reports. These led me to believe that a very small percentage of our troops were armed with modern rifles, and that even most of the regulars were armed with the old Springfield breechloader.

There can be no question that our regulars are as well disciplined as the soldiers of other nations, but the term "raw recruits" was intended in the sense that our troops, on the whole, were new in battle. True, there were some veterans of the Civil and Indian wars there, but I think Surgeon Thorp will agree with me in the fact that our Santiago regulars had never experienced modern battle before the Spanish war. Inasmuch as the Spanish army had seen more or less fighting against the Cuban forces, therefore had gained some actual experience, our troops must have been "raw" in fighting comparison. Then it appears to me that all the greater credit and glory is due our comparatively inexperienced soldiers. Also that the best shots must have been on our side. I'm proud of 'em—Surgeon Thorp and all.

WILLIAM H. AVIS.

HIGHWOOD, Conn., June 5.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in *FOREST AND STREAM*.

Taking Your Boy Fishing.

I SPENT my summers as a boy in the country. There were no trout streams near by nor were there any adjacent lakes where bass were to be found. Salt-water fishing, with its attendant risks, was crossed off my programme, and there was but one thing left, fishing for eels and gold and silver fish in a large, well-stocked pond on a neighbor's farm. The pond was closed in by giant chestnut trees, and was a beautiful spot on a warm summer afternoon. An alder pole, cotton line, barbless needle-hook and a baking powder tin filled with good stiff dough for bait completed my outfit. I carried a tin pail, which, after filling with water, served to keep my catch alive.

My chum and I would select a flattened boulder protruding from the water, and well shaded by the overhanging trees, and there we sat and patiently fished, never for a moment taking our eyes from the gaudily painted floats.

We paid the penalty of carelessness once, for having laid down the pole to wander along shore, when we returned the pole was moving upon the surface of the pond, being dragged hither and thither by some unseen agent. We swam for it and in due course landed a good-sized, squirming, dough-hungry eel, and only after an operation called vivisection did we succeed in recovering the hook from his "inwards."

And from catching eels by day we tried bobbing for them by night. We laboriously, longitudinally and inwardly threaded yards of these earth borers, and then tying some into convenient knots, our bait was ready. Securing the collected worms to a stout string attached to a springy pole, we were ready for business when night-fall came. It was great sport yanking the hungry eels high upon the sloping, grassy bank, and then with lantern in one hand and stout hickory switch in the other, breaking their spines and instantly killing them before they had wormed their way through the grass back to water again.

And now my own boy wants to go a-fishing. Other than trolling from a boat with hand line and taking a pickerel or taking the greedy sunfish from the bridge, fishing to him so far has been a closed book. I am going

to take him fishing, and I propose to fish by proxy. I shall rig for him my own tackle and shall take none for myself. He will fish with my best bass rod and reel, and will have a fresh casting line and freshly snelled hooks. Rotten line, weak rod and poorly snelled hooks shall not mar his pleasure.

I will take him where the small-mouthed bass gather in numbers, and where it will not be a long time between bites. He will be taught to place his minnow properly upon the hook, and to allow his line to drift down stream. He will soon learn that the merest wavering of his line means a strike, and will learn that patience, until the bass has gorged the bait, is a *sine que non*. He will let the fish run, and after ample time has elapsed he will thumb his reel and strike.

And, oh! for a kinetoscope when that boy sets his hook into his first four-pound small-mouthed bass! The tugging at and bending of the rod; the screeching of the reel, the handle of which has very likely soundly rapped his knuckles in its mad revolution; the breaking of the bass from the water into midair as it desperately vibrates its hook-laden jaws, all these things will happen to the boy and—well, he will be very apt to get dreadfully excited and may break his line by failing to promptly give the reel play during one of the surges of the fish. Very well; that's a matter only of a fresh hook and another minnow, and a valuable lesson in experience. And if that happens on his first bass, that particular bass will be photographed upon his brain, and if he lives a hundred years and fished every season, he will never look upon such a fish again.

What a pleasure it will be to coach that boy through the intricacies of his first tussle with a bass! And when that particular fight is over and the bass is gasping within the meshes of the landing net, will not that boy's cheeks flush with exultation, and will not his eyes sparkle with pride! How he will scrutinize the indicator of the scale as the bass is weighed, and as long as he lives will he ever forget that the first bass he ever caught in his life weighed three and a half or four pounds, as the case may be? And when he has begun to understand the workings of rod and reel, his lesson in bait-casting will be given him. The bass are but fifteen or twenty feet from the boat, so his tyro casts are apt to prove successful even though bunglingly made. He forgets his thumbing, the reel overruns, and he has a snarl to unravel that takes him a precious quarter of an hour, which waste of time is so vividly impressed upon him that the next cast finds him locking the reel with his thumb and snapping off the minnow.

How keenly he watches the minnow come in after his cast, finding it difficult to watch his bait and evenly guide the line upon the spool at the same time!

The morning fishing over, we rest up during the heat of the day under the spreading shade of a giant cottonwood, and we watch the loggers raft their logs down stream. We stroll through the woods and watch the squirrels as they go scampering up the trees, chattering back upbraids because of our intruding upon their domain. The violets are underfoot, and the trees are now almost in full leaf, and every tree seems to have its own bird orchestra tuning up.

It is nearing 4 o'clock, and the slightly clouded sky and rippling water would lead one to hope for some luck with a fly at the end of the wing dam where the water swirls and boils in its efforts to hurry down stream.

I have brought a trout rod with me and a few bass flies, so we rig it up and for the time being lay the bass rod aside and pay no attention to the minnow bucket. Before we go near the bass convention in the eddy, the boy spends half an hour swishing the flies through the air, incidentally snapping off the tail fly. But after a while he manages to drop the flies in a more or less bungling manner twenty feet away upon the water. A few more tries and we move out toward the eddy, and when at the proper distance the first cast for business is made. It lands in the swirl and is carried to the eddy, but not before a bass has arisen, taken the fly, and, detecting its spuriousness, ejected it. That rush and the exposed head and shoulders of the bass riveted the boy's attention, and his instructions to strike instantly the slightest disturbance appeared upon the surface near his flies was forgotten. Chagrined and disconcerted over the mishap, his following casts are failures, the line finally wrapping around the tip and the flies and leader becoming more or less snarled. It takes some time to straighten things out, the boy recovers his self-possession and again begins to cast, and this time he gets a rise, strikes and hooks his fish. The change to underhand reel at first bothers him, but he manages to avoid giving a slack line to the bass, in which he is assisted by the masterly rowing of the guide. The fish is a fighter, and the boy has his hands more than full. The rod is frequently bent double, but the tackle is good, and it stands up to the strain.

It is worth a fortune to see that twelve-year-old boy fight that fish. Admonitions to keep cool do much to assure the boy; these, accompanied with instructions about keeping the tip of his rod out of the water and being on the alert for the jumping of the fish, all this supplemented by the interested and experienced guide at the oars ready for any emergency, finally result in the landing of the fly-hooked bass safely within the net.

It has been a strain on the boy, and he draws a sigh of combined satisfaction and relief when the strain is off the rod. I tell him to rest and watch as I take up his rod. And I cast away from the eddy and explain the whys and wherefores for the line, leader and flies doing certain things; simply a lesson in casting. And then I turn and drop my flies and get a double rise, the bass in their eagerness taking the fly an inch or two above the surface. I certainly was up against it, for I wanted to save both those fish, and yet they were apt at any moment to work both ends against the middle and one or the other break the snell loose from the leader. Once they both broke water at one and the same time, and I can imagine my boy's eyes as wide as saucers. Gradually we worked around into deep but still water, and then we fought the battle out and saved the fish.

The wind was coming up, and clouds appeared a shade darker, and taking it all in all, we could ungrudgingly go ashore and prepare for home and the coming of the train.

Inasmuch as I have, on paper, taken my boy fishing and in a way anticipated results, it now remains to be seen

how nearly reality will approach anticipation. That boy, however, is going bass fishing, and just what he will do remains to be seen. He is looking forward to the trip with only that enthusiasm to be found in a boy, and I and thinking of the good time I will have just sitting there coaching that boy and enjoying the fishing by proxy.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

The Ohio River Shad.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The publication in your issue of the 24th ult. of Dr. Evermann's announcement of the discovery of a new species of shad in the Ohio River is of great interest. Commercially, the discovery of shad in the rivers of the Mississippi Valley may not prove to be of great importance, for, as soon as their existence becomes generally known, the hand of every market fisherman will be against them, and through every mile of their long journey they will run the gauntlet of destruction. To me, and perhaps to many others, the question of dominant interest is as to their derivation. How is it that they have traversed nearly two thousand miles of the main and tributary rivers to escape observation until recently, and finally, what occult attraction has drawn them from the far-away Gulf to the mountains of West Virginia? Why passing by scores of intervening streams should they arduously stem so many hundred leagues of rapidly flowing water to at last attain a spawning ground in a remote and secluded valley of the Blue Ridge? I should premise at the outset that I do not for a moment suppose that the so-called Ohio shad are the descendants of primitive occupants of that stream; on the contrary, I believe them to be of recent introduction. It is unreasonable to suppose that so conspicuous a fish could frequent a great river system, traversing a well-populated territory, passing through large cities and towns and yet remain long undiscovered. The aboriginal Indians held the shad in the highest appreciation; the importance of the fishery was also fully recognized by the white pioneers, and played an important part in the development of some of the early settlements. I quote some observations of mine upon this subject with reference to the Wyoming Valley, appearing in the Popular Science Monthly, April, 1895:

"The dreary winter of seclusion and solitude, of cold and privation, of coarse and scanty food, had passed and gone, and the gladdening rays of the returning sun had quickened the face of nature into joyous life. In their long deprivation the isolated community hungered for the coming fruits of the earth. Of fresh food there was little or none, and toil and hardship, unsustained by proper nutrition, told hardly upon the weaker members of the lone and distant settlement. Then it was, in the time of their stress and suffering, that the ocean's bounteous harvest was borne against the fierce current of the swollen river, to diffuse joy and gladness in remote and difficult wilds. Not only did this manna of the wilderness tide over the waiting interval between seed time and harvest, but, salted or smoked, afforded a winter supply of nourishing food that, during the felling of the forest and the clearing of the land, sustained the strength of the hardy pioneer."

I am not in entire accord with Dr. Evermann's contention that shad might be present in abundance, and yet remain forever unknown as long as present fishery methods are continued. Shad unmolested tend to rapidly multiply, and to disperse themselves, occupying every available spawning ground. Many, probably most of the tributaries of the Ohio, are as favorable to their increase as were Eastern streams in primitive times. What that abundance was we know from the colonists' practice of using them as manure, as did also the Indians before them. The early settlers of the Ohio Valley were familiar with the shad, their knowledge of its teeming abundance in the rivers of the East would certainly, upon their occupation of virgin territory, have inspired the keenest quest for a fish of recognized value.

I regard, therefore, the apparent paucity of the Ohio shad as an additional evidence of its recent introduction. Nowhere apparently have they been observed in such numbers as in the Kanawha River of West Virginia, where they were first noticed in 1896. There can hardly be any doubt upon this point, for in 1875 the Federal Government began a systematic improvement of the navigation of that stream, expending millions in the construction of a number of locks and dams along its course, the work continuing until about 1890, during which time, it is evident, the shad, if present, could not have escaped detection. Discovered in the lower Ohio in 1876, it evidently took the fish twenty years to attain the Kanawha, a river of comparatively meager volume and size, barricaded with a number of locks and dams, which, in connection with the busy traffic sustained, could not have failed to have at once betrayed their presence.

The distinctive appearance of the Ohio shad, sufficient, in the opinion of Dr. Evermann, to establish it as a separate species, is no valid argument in favor of its immemorial existence. A change of location often effects a speedy modification of the form, appearance and habits of a fish, as divers antipodean and trans-Pacific plantings have shown. The most marked characteristic of the new variety is its slender and more graceful form; it is built upon finer lines; it is a clipper, so to speak. Trout inhabiting swift streams are observed to be lithe and slender, to be better modeled for speed, with a body tapering more like that swift and agile courser of the deep, the mackerel. Trout tenanted lakes are more chunky in contour, and the same variations in outline are presented by the salmon of different streams. Not many generations of contributing conditions would probably be needed to transform the short, chunky and high-arched shad of the Atlantic into its slimmer and speedier brother of the Ohio, and it is a consideration of these conditions that is the object of this paper.

In all that I have written upon the subject of fish migration, it has been my contention that the far-voyaging pilgrims are guided by a mysterious perception of their bourn, and that this perception may be a telepathic cognizance, not only of the locality sought, but also of such of their kindred as may at the time be in its vicinity. Except upon the assumption of the existence of such

hereditary faculty, it is impossible to account for the accomplishment of many species of widely wandering fish. These creatures, in most cases, must certainly be directed by an impulse that has actuated thousands of antecedent generations, each, in its turn, visiting, season after season, one particular locality, and an impulse of local direction established by the successive effort of a myriad individuals cannot be eradicated in the lifetime of one. This singleness of action in the fish colony, its firm cementation, has long been recognized, as will appear from the following:

"Many fresh-water fishes seem to have as strong an instinct for locality as have birds and mammals. It is tolerably evident that the shad possesses the same disposition to find its way back to familiar waters. Observation of the shad brought to the large markets show considerable differences in the physiognomy and general contour of those from different rivers. The suggestion is natural that they are distinct and separate colonies of the same species, and thus slight characteristics are perpetual because they breed in and in, and do not mix with those from other rivers."—U. S. Fish Commissioners' Rep., Part III., 1874, page 323.

It is therefore to be assumed that the progeny of the Atlantic shad, turned adrift upon the vast network of the Mississippi Valley waters, would, upon their seasonal return from the deep, essay to attain the cradle of their race. Unfitted by reason of physical endowment to accomplish their mighty fluvial journey at a single stretch, the task was prosecuted in successive stages by successive generations, each probably spawning at a higher elevation than the other. It certainly must have been the speediest that most seasonably attained the best spawning grounds, and consequently became those that contributed most to the development of the so-called new species. Not improbably, it was thus that, in the course of time, a distinctive fish, speedier and more shapely, came into being, capable of cleaving a three-mile current throughout its long voyage of eighteen hundred miles to its point of ultimate attainment in the upper waters of the Kanawha, not unlikely passing in its effort through four or five thousand miles of water. Nevertheless, the question remains, what impels the fish, out of the multitude of the tributaries of the Father of Waters that it passes in its prolonged and arduous journey from the ocean, to select one particular stream buried in the recesses of a remote mountain chain? And to this question I will hazard a conjectural answer.

Feeling assured that the Ohio shad are of recent introduction, I herewith present a statement of the various plantings of the fry of that fish made in the Mississippi and its tributaries in the years 1872, 1873, 1874, 1875 and 1876, or prior to the first authentic appearance of the so-called new species in 1876. Dr. Evermann is in error in his assumption that the first plantings were made in 1874. In 1872, beside others the same year in the great valley, two were made at Salamanca, N. Y., on the Allegheny River, one in June, the other in July, and it was to these latter that Prof. Baird, then United States Fish Commissioner, ascribed, six years later, the origin of the Ohio shad.

Arkansas, White River.....1	Pennsylvania, Monongahela, River.....1
Colorado, Platte River.....1	Ohio, Buckingahela River.....1
Illinois, Rock River.....2	Ohio, Scioto River.....1
Indiana, White River.....3	Ohio, Black River.....1
Indiana, Wabash River.....2	Ohio, Huron River.....1
Iowa, Des Moines River.....4	Ohio, Muskingum River.....2
Minnesota, Mississippi River.....2	Tennessee, Holston River.....2
Mississippi, Pearl River.....2	Tennessee, Cumberland River.....2
Mississippi, Yazoo River.....1	Tennessee, Eastanabee River.....1
Missouri, Black River.....1	Tennessee, Forked Deer River.....1
Missouri, Chariton River.....1	Tennessee, Tennessee River.....1
Missouri, Meramec River.....1	Tennessee, Big Hatchee River.....1
Missouri, Missouri River.....1	Virginia, Kanawha River.....1
Missouri, Karr River.....1	West Virginia, Kanawha River.....1
New York, Allegheny River.....2	

It is a significant fact that all the forty-two plantings enumerated above were of shad fry from New England. New York or Pennsylvania rivers, excepting the two last in the list, which were from the Potomac. The first of these two plantings was made June 6, 1873, at Roncerverte, W. Va., in the Greenbrier River, an upper tributary of the Kanawha; the second was at Central Station, Va., in the New River, also a Kanawha tributary, and from these two plantings the Ohio River shad have, in all probability, sprung. It will be observed by a reference to the map that the headwaters of the Kanawha intertwine with those of the Potomac, the river from which the former stream was stocked. Therefore, the headwaters of each of the two streams, the one flowing toward the great Gulf, the other toward the Atlantic, percolate through the same land areas, they thus hold in solution, or at least absorb in some way, a suggestion, a distinctive flavor, so to speak, of that particular locality. When the tiny shad fry, by virtue of an inherited instinct, surrendered itself in the fall of 1873 to the hurrying current of the Kanawha, it found itself at the conclusion of its protracted voyage launched upon the Gulf's broad bosom. The ancestral place of marine resort was unattainable, the Floridian peninsula barred approach to its kindred, but it evidently found a home and the conditions of its full growth and development in the waters of its alien abode. Attaining adult age, there was awakened the parental instinct, and with it a craving for the cradle of its particular race or colony. Approaching the land it perhaps recognized in the airborne current of the mighty Mississippi a subtle suggestion of the locality it sought, and it followed in the track of the mysterious impartment until the limit of its physical effort was attained, when it either failed of its mission or fulfilled it in the most available locality. Generation after generation the ancestral home-hunger persisted, generation after generation bodily modifications admitted of further attainment, for there was ever wafted down the current so indomitably contended with faint reminders of the longed-for bourn, and thus, unceasingly stimulated, the fish, after twenty-three years of effort, reached it in 1896.

The modification of the contour of the descendants of the planted shad, its acquirement of a form more adapted for speed was not the only factor contributing to the final accomplishment of their goal. Physiological as well as merely physical changes enabled the Ohio shad to ultimately deposit their spawn in the far-away mountains whose crests overlooked the probable cradle of their race. The tiny fledglings that first wandered down mighty waters, not unlikely, upon their maturity, returned to

the river's mouth with spawn at the stage of development, at which the ancestral fish were accustomed to begin their fluvial journey. This naturally will vary with the shad of different rivers. Those of the Hudson quit the ocean's brine with well-developed roes, for their highest spawning grounds are less than 150 miles from Sandy Hook. The shad passing the latter point bound for the Shrewsbury River may accomplish their vital errand with an excursion of but a dozen miles, while a voyage of three or four hundred may be the allotment of those of the Susquehanna, after passing the capes of the Chesapeake.

It cannot for a moment be supposed that the little wanderers during their long descent of mighty rivers hitherto unvoyaged by their kind, could have calculated the time necessary to regain, upon the return journey, their starting point, so that they might there arrive with ripe spawn ready for deposition, as was the accustomed habit of their forbears. For ages the pilgrimages of the ancestral fish of the Ohio had been between definite points in ocean and river waters, and a proper adaptation of their spawn to the requirements of the voyage must have been their hereditary endowment. With their transplanted descendants, such belated fish as were precluded from spawning in proper waters would, not improbably, set out the next season more seasonably. Those of each generation that effected the most timely departure, that most conserved the development of the quickening life within, and finally, those that were the most expeditious of movement, were those that became the founders of the new race.

Nevertheless, it seems probable that the shad attained the falls of the Ohio, fourteen hundred miles from the Mississippi's mouth, in 1876, three years after being planted in the upper Kanawha. It seems impossible in view of this, as well as divers other phenomena of bird and fish migration, to resist the conclusion that, apart from their sense of the direction of the locality sought, the far-wandering pilgrims have an approximate perception of its distance. Electricians can, very nearly, determine the distance of a break in an oceanic cable, and it is proper to assume that, under the stress of vital need, nature can develop in migrating animals susceptibilities even more delicate than those incident to man's most cunning handiwork.

The presumption of Prof. Baird, already referred to, that the Ohio shad were the progeny of the Allegheny River plantings in 1872, I deem improbable for two reasons: First, the Allegheny was stocked a year before the Kanawha, and seems to be yet unvisited by shad, although the shad of the latter appeared six years ago. Second, the two plantings alluded to were of Connecticut and Hudson River shad respectively, each of which drain a territory totally distinct from that of the Mississippi, and which at no point touch upon the latter's watershed. In the vast volume of sediment that is borne to the Gulf there is not a single grain of soil derived from the Hudson River or Connecticut basins, or from the margins thereof; but the underground waters of the Blue Ridge bears its substance toward the setting as well as toward the rising sun.

Upon the theory of the persistent operation of an inherited instinct, it would follow that no matter where in the valley of the Mississippi any Potomac River shad were planted, they would revert to the neighborhood of the ancestral abiding place. After those of the Kanawha no such plantings were made in the great valley until seven years later in 1880, when several hundred thousand were deposited in the famous Salt River of Kentucky, but unlike the defeated politicians of yore, it does not seem that the presumably resulting fish have since gone up that lethean stream. It is possible, however, that they may yet do so, in which case it would discredit the theory I advance. Of those who may be inclined to deride that theory, I have to ask why were the forty plantings enumerated in the table herein presented, effected at different times in twenty-seven different rivers, all seemingly barren of result? Evidently special conditions effected success with the Kanawha plantings, and the only exceptional conditions appear to be those I have mentioned. I am aware that shad have been reported in other Ohio tributaries than the Kanawha, but the reports appear to lack confirmation. After the stocking of a multitude of Atlantic and Gulf rivers with Pacific salmon a number of years ago, captures of alleged resulting fish were announced from the Passamaquoddy to the Rio Grande, but they were all ghosts, and the only Pacific salmon to be found to-day in the flesh are those that thrive in Western waters.

A. H. GOURAUD.

Angling Near New York.

FISHING in the waters around New York continues to be generally good. In most localities there is a steady improvement, which is most satisfactory to local anglers. The weakfish are taking the bait plentifully, and sea bass have also begun to bite. Striped bass are yet scarce, but blackfish and ling continue to be caught in large numbers.

In the Staten Island waters the weakfish are numerous and of good size. At Giffords Station, one of the favorite points, the fish are biting freely. On Friday of last week J. J. McCarrick and H. Wellbrock took twenty-one weakfish, averaging three pounds each. Reports from other points on the island show a similar condition.

Large catches of weakfish are daily reported from Jamaica Bay, one party of four anglers bringing in almost fifty weakfish and a number of herring last Thursday. Last Tuesday two New York city anglers took a dozen weakfish and fifteen herring. They also caught what was probably the first porgy of the season in these waters. At Far Rockaway a few striped bass have been caught.

Passengers on the steamers which run to the Fishing Banks have brought in good catches of sea bass, blackfish and ling, the ling in great quantities. Sea bass, the favorite fish of the deep-sea anglers, are not as plentiful as they will be a few weeks later. However, some good messes have been taken on the Banks. At Long Beach, Long Island, the sea bass have just begun to bite; the first to be taken there this season were caught last week.

G. F. DIEHL.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company.

Random Notes of an Angler.

Moods and Caprices of Salmon.

THAT salmon rise to the artificial fly as capriciously as do their cousins, the trout, is a fact concerning which there can be no dispute, and that they will rise at all is something for which anglers have good cause for congratulation.

They have their moods and whims, and sometimes they will come, and oftener they will not, but when they are inclined to accept the angler's offerings they furnish him more real sport in a given length of time than will any other fish, and if they are handled properly and the tackle is all right, there is no reason why a large percentage of those which are hooked and played may not be saved.

Concerning the Tackle.

Without wishing to attempt to teach, I believe that a few words concerning the angler's outfit will not be out of place here.

First the rod. We all used to believe that nothing could ever displace the greenheart with spliced joints and lancewood tip. I don't know that, on the whole, it is not very nearly as serviceable as are some of the other rods which have become favorites in the present generation.

Merits of Spliced Joints.

In the first place, I am a firm believer in the spliced joints, for if the splicing is properly done it gives a uniform sweep to the rod which ferrules cannot possibly supply. Of course, uniformity of action cannot be obtained unless the wood of the rod is evenly tapered and turned. If there is anything perfectly detestable, it is a rod which is either top-heavy or which has a double action in the middle, or has "a kick in the butt." I suppose that there have been more salmon lost by such imperfections, and more "language unfit for publication" used, than from almost any other cause.

Given three joints perfectly spliced, making a rod sixteen to eighteen feet in length of uniformly tapered wood, and you have an ideal rod for hard work; but if you cannot obtain this, and you may search long before you can, the perfected split bamboo comes the next nearest to perfection.

Merits of Split-Bamboo Rods.

I have had thoroughly satisfactory success with these rods, and now have grown to prefer them to all others. They deliver a fly well on a long cast, and they are generally to be relied on when one is playing a large fish. The weak points of a split bamboo have always been at the ferrules. Time and again have I had my rod snap like a pipe stem in playing a fair-sized fish, and I have for this reason been obliged to carry two sets of interchangeable joints with me when I have been long trips away from camp or headquarters.

The action and sweep of a split bamboo is superb, for it is built and tapered by the nicest adjusted machinery, which must give uniformity; but it is weakened at the points where it enters the ferrules, and the hard usage it gets from long continued casting and in the playing and landing of strong, heavy fish, almost invariably in time bring it to grief.

I have been informed that one of the manufacturers, I do not know whom, has succeeded in producing ferrules which instead of weakening the rod at important points, actually strengthen it, and that without producing an undesirable stiffness at those joints. If it is a fact that all the old-time imperfections have been overcome, the fact should be well advertised in *FOREST AND STREAM*, for there are many anglers who would be glad to have their favorite rods rejuvenated.

Avoid a Too Pliable Rod.

Next to the rod with a "back-action kick" in it to be avoided, is the long and excessively pliable one. We used to see in quite common use rods of twenty feet in length and almost as limber as a trout rod. Such great length has several disadvantages, and but a single point in its favor. In racing with a salmon down quick water, or in playing it in a shoal, rocky pool, by holding the rod up perpendicularly the angler can keep the line freer from obstructions than he can with a shorter one; but in order that he may do this, the rod must have sufficient strength (backbone) to bear the strain; otherwise it is no better than, nor so good, as is the other.

The chief objection to a long rod, no matter how perfectly it may be constructed, is the great amount of unnecessary labor which its use entails.

Casting for salmon is not child's play, though many make harder work of it than they need to, and to keep it up steadily day after day is trying to one's back. To be sure one becomes accustomed to it, and soon glories in the development of muscle which follows it; but when one can get out all the line he wants to and can handle his fish comfortably with a rod sixteen feet in length, what is the sense in using a longer one.

Line Guides.

The line guides on the rod should have openings sufficiently wide to permit the line to run freely. Rings I have entirely discarded, for they bind or hold the line sometimes to an exasperating degree, particularly if it had become soft and somewhat roughened by long use. In treating of this, Norris, in the "American Angler's Book" says:

"The advice of English authors to have the rod rings very large, that the line may pass through freely, shows a want of proper consideration; for if there should be a knot or kink in the line, it would be certain to catch in passing through the wire loop at the end of the tip. The large size of the rings, therefore, would not provide for the contingency, while they are awkward and rattle in the wind, augmenting the resistance to the air in casting, and increasing the leverage on the rod when killing a salmon. In making a couple of salmon rods for my own use, I went in direct opposition to this antiquated notion, and put on metallic guides like those on American bass rods, but lighter, and find them far preferable to rings."

The salmon in his wild runs moves with more than the

speed of the fastest express train, and the line should therefore be permitted to render as freely and with as little friction as possible.

Let those who still continue to use guide rings examine them closely and they will find that, if the rod has been much used, the rings are nearly worn through.

With properly beveled stationary guides and cornelian tip, the degree of friction is reduced to the minimum.

A business concern (of New York and Philadelphia) a year or two ago was preparing to put on the market salmon rod guides which promised to prove a great boon to salmon and bass anglers. They sent me specimens of these guides, and I was so pleased with them I wrote as high a testimonial of them as I could.

They were made of cornelian or something similar, were perfectly beveled and so smooth that they offered no friction at all. They were in every way far superior to any metallic ones I have ever seen. I hope the makers have succeeded in interesting sportsmen in these guides, for they are certainly most meritorious. An advertisement in *FOREST AND STREAM* would undoubtedly be of benefit to them.

How Much Pull is there in a Salmon.

Now the sheer pull at the reel of a salmon in the water when opposed to the upright, or rather perpendicular, spring of the rod is not nearly as great as most people imagine it to be. (If the rod, however, is by carelessness or accident allowed to become horizontal or nearly so, the pull of the fish is vastly greater, and I doubt if anything weaker than a cod line could hold him.) Repeatedly have I asked for the opinion of anglers in relation to this, and their guesses have run all the way from ten to forty pounds. Of course a forty-pound pull or anything like it is quite out of the question, for no casting line is strong enough to stand it.

Ten pounds is nearer the right figure, and this may be easily demonstrated by fastening a spring balance on the lawn, to the ring of which hitch the casting line and lift the rod perpendicularly; by winding the reel the line is tautened and the rod begins to bend, and if this is continued until the rod describes a half-circle or as great a bend as any salmon at any time could give it, the experimenter will be surprised to find that the scales show a pull of no more than eight or ten pounds, and very pliable rods will circle at even a less strain.

Now I know very well you will say that a ten-pound live pull is quite different from a dead one. Of course it is, but your casting line will stand only a given strain, "be it alive or be it dead," and it behooves the angler to "take due notice thereof and govern himself accordingly."

Lots of good fish have been lost by the butt being given too freely in a moment of excitement.

As to Reels.

There are scores of reels on the market of different patterns and degrees of utility and cost, but the plain, revolving plate click reel has not yet been excelled in value.

You must remember that simplicity and strength are absolutely necessary to stand the very rough usage a salmon reel goes through, even in a single season. It gets more hard knocks and banging about than a little, and as the angler's success depends very largely on the condition of his reel, it is obvious that no matter how much knocking about it receives, it must be able to "stand the racket."

Now I have in my time handled a great many reels, and have tested them thoroughly, and with this experience I have settled down to the conviction that none can excel the reel which has rendered me perfect service for many seasons, and is now as good as it was the first day I used it. It is made very strongly, and weighs with seventy-five yards of oil-boiled or varnished line on the spool, twenty-two ounces. The outer plate on the left side is vulcanized rubber, and is four inches in diameter. This is rigidly fixed in a strong brass frame, which is attached to the frame on the other side by four strong braces or bars, and the heavy brace at the bottom which holds the rod attachment. The plate on the right side is made of heavy brass, in which a smooth, somewhat conical handle for crank is fastened, by which the line is reeled up. This plate lies against another one of hard rubber, and so accurately is it adjusted it runs as smoothly and as free from any lateral play or motion as do the works of a watch. There is absolutely nothing about the exterior of the reel which can possibly catch or foul a running line. The line spool runs in an opening about an inch and three-quarters in width, and will hold from 75 to 100 yards of well-packed line.

The reel is contained in the spool, and in its construction is simplicity itself. Its resistance is not very great, a tension of six or seven ounces being great enough to permit the line to run, but even that is amply sufficient.

To be sure, the experienced angler keeps his thumb on the revolving spool, as an additional check when playing a strong, lively fish, but ordinarily the click furnishes sufficient resistance to any tendency to overrun.

As for multiplying reels, no one in this enlightened age would think of carrying one out to the wilderness to be used on a salmon river. No matter how elaborately gotten up they may be, they cannot stand the hard usage to which they would be subjected. Not only that, but the obtrusive handle or crank offers a constant invitation to the overrun line to "come and get hitched." No, you don't want to take a multiplier on a salmon stream, and yet I have seen good work done with one, but it was in the hands of an expert who knew exactly how to handle and humor it.

As for a line, the best plaited oil-protected is the only one I can recommend. Seventy-five yards will probably be long enough, but one hundred yards are safer to have along with you.

Casting Lines.

Strong and perfect leaders or casting lines have always been a hobby with me. I used to buy them in the tackle stores, but they proved so unsatisfactory I determined to tie my own. In one outing I had a dozen "store leaders" go to pieces with me and leave me almost bereft. They were so worthless they could not stand a tension of even five pounds. Whether the gut was weakened by age or not I never knew. On other occasions, also, I have, from the same cause, met with disappointment, chagrin

and defeat. And so in later years I have tied my own leaders, and you have no idea how much pleasure I have derived from the work, for in every knot I have tied I pictured in my mind a leaping, silvery beauty, and as I put the straining test on every strand, I knew that my fish could not break it away.

Although it probably costs no more to tie one's leaders than it does to buy them, there is no economy in it, though a trivial saving is of no importance, for I select only the very choicest and most perfect strands of heavy gut obtainable, and those with even the smallest imperfections are rejected. By all means, if you want to feel safe, tie your own leaders, and my word for it you will bless me for advising you to do so the first time you are fast to a big fish.

Yes, the best tackle, and only the best, should be used in salmon fishing, for one has not only to contend with the strongest and gamest fish, for its size, that swims, but one also that is so full of crafty expedients to escape that I have often thought its reasoning powers are abnormally developed.

A fish that will try to spring a hook out of its mouth by rubbing it against a rock, and when this expedient fails, will deliberately wind the leader around a submerged snag or rock, so as to secure a resistance against which a strong, quick pull will either jerk the hook out or snap the leader like a piece of pack thread, has certainly something more than mere instinct to guide its movements.

EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Splendid Fishing in Wisconsin.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 6.—It seems to be the general belief here that this is the best fishing season in the State of Wisconsin which has been known for ten years or more. This applies to muscallunge and trout fishing more especially. There has been splendid muscallunge fishing in the Minocqua chain of lakes in Wisconsin for the past two weeks. C. H. Lester, of this city, has, during his stay at Minocqua, taken in all seventy-two muscallunge, nothing heavier than twenty-four pounds, yet a continuous run of good fishing. Messrs. Veatch and Von Lengerke, who went to Minocqua this week, had a taste of this same sport. The latter took one muscallunge in Arbor Vitae Lake which weighed eighteen pounds, Mr. Lester having one of twenty-four pounds the same day. Mr. Veatch was not so fortunate. The party got thirty "lunge" in all. A lot of smaller fish were returned to the water.

Good Trip.

As to the bass fishing, the stories are similarly convincing. By the way, in speaking of bass fishing, I must ask my friends to bear in mind the White River of Wisconsin, which is now accessible by the new Marshfield branch of the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad. Go in at Nakooska, via Fond du Lac. There is a dam on the White River at Nakooska, and the best of the bass fishing lies down the river from that point. Write to Carl Bartle, Princeton, Wis., who will furnish a boat and guide on down the river to the good bass fishing. July or late June is reported to be the best time for this floating trip. The stream is not a large one, but runs deep and very clear, and with great opportunities for fly-casting from the bank, as much of the country is meadow through which it runs. The bass are small-mouthed bass, and at times they take the fly beautifully. This is one of the little trips which I should myself like to take. It is mentioned very highly by Mr. G. A. Buckstaff, a well-known sportsman of Oshkosh, Wis. The White River is a trout stream—a stream which Mr. Buckstaff and his friends used to drive forty miles across country to reach before this new railroad was built in. The trout in this stream run very large, some of them being rainbow trout. The stream is deep even well toward its source, a bright water, and bordered in great part by meadow banks.

Many Good Trout Streams.

A good place to go trout fishing is at Benjamin's siding, just below Wautoma. Go to Benjamin's farmhouse close to the stream and you will receive good accommodations and good care, and be directed as to the trout fishing on the White River, which is good close to that point. This is one of the best tips I know of.

One could also go to Wautoma and fish in the east branch of the White, which is also known as Wautoma Creek. There have been good trout in this stream for a long while, and it is not even yet fished out.

Yet other good trout waters in that immediate vicinity may be had. For instance, there is McCann Creek, which can be reached from Princeton. This is a good stream, and is not hit too hard, for that country is comparatively new.

Willow Creek, accessible by way of Wild Rose, also on the Northwestern Railroad's new branch, is perhaps the second stream in the State of Wisconsin in the way of natural food for brook trout. Go to Billy Patterson's place, or to Geo. Campbell's, asking instructions at the Wild Rose livery stable.

Duck Creek, reached by way of Bancroft, is another good trout stream to bear in mind. Get advice there for Ed. McIntee's place. The latter will take care of you.

The above information is valuable to any one wanting a trout fishing trip. The railroad has not been through that country very long. Of course the streams have been fished to some extent, as has the once famous Roche à Cri Creek, but the trout have been planted there for some time, and the streams are highly favorable to their growth. Some of these streams are not to be fished with the fly throughout their length. Personally, I should prefer the trip to the White River, and a combined trip for trout and bass fishing, say from Wautoma to Princeton, would be my notion of a beautiful way to spend a week. The fishing along the older line of railroad is apt to be cut down in the course of time. I have been hearing of the White River for a number of years, but never was near it before this week—that is to say, in such fashion as to know something of its resources. It is a fly stream, and holds good trout. Handle it gently if you go, for it will

not stand much harder hammering than it is having already. The White is not a great river. As seen from the car window it appeared to be not more than thirty feet or so in width.

For Colorado.

Mr. Wm. H. Bartlett, of this city, goes this week to Lyons, Colo., heavily outfitted for a trout fishing trip of some duration.

For Michigan.

Mr. Everett Sisson, business manager of the Interior, of the city, starts to-day for a trout fishing trip with some Saginaw friends, and I had the pleasure of helping him select his outfit, as he is going to fish a stream with which I am familiar, and where he may hope to have very good sport, unless it has been hit too hard within the last two weeks or so.

For Minnesota.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bruning, of New York, theatrical people and late members of the Julia Marlowe Co., start to-day for Lake Minnetonka, Minn., where they will spend the summer at the cottage of a friend. Mr. Bruning has always gone into Quebec, Ontario or New Brunswick for his summer outings, and he may think the fishing of Minnesota a bit tame after the grand sport with brook trout which he has enjoyed, yet he may find the black bass of the streams of Minnesota comparing very favorably with their congeners of the Eastern waters.

Will Back the Law.

In the year 1898 one Muel was arrested for having five fish in his possession in violation of the law. He was fined \$20 and costs in the Circuit Court of Cook county, Ill., and took the case up to the Supreme Court, where it came up this week in the filing of a motion for a supersedeas in the case of Muel vs. The People. His attorneys attacked the constitutionality of the game and fish laws, on the ground that the law deprives the Governor of the power of pardon. On June 3 the Illinois Fish Commission held a meeting at Springfield, and instructed all their wardens to stand on the constitutionality of the law and to enforce it to the letter. This is the latest chapter in the history of our famous Illinois fish and game laws, which do not protect quail or woodcock, and which, in the opinion of some of our friends, are not to be held to protect anything. We trust it is not so bad as these latter gentlemen would have us believe.

For Wisconsin.

Mr. John G. Mott, of Michigan City, Ind., writes: "I am going to the divide between Upper and Lower Turtle lakes, Wisconsin, with W. H. Matthews, of Chicago; Mr. E. W. Abrams, of Menard, Ill., and Mr. E. B. Hatcher, of Columbus, O., on Saturday night, to be gone about ten days. Our man writes me that the bass have begun to bite in fine shape, and that we will probably have a very pleasant trip."

Successful at Lauderdale Chain.

The members of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club who went up to the Lauderdale chain of lakes, via Elkhorn, Wis., on the Milwaukee & St. Paul road, on Decoration Day, report very good success during their two days' stay. They averaged twenty-five bass to the rod for the two days, which means a very good catch these days, as any angler will agree.

Luck at Pelican Lake.

Mr. Louis Kumpfer, just back from Pelican Lake, Wis., states that he had fine sport there, taking one "lunge" which weighed 14½ pounds, and a lot of bass and pike.

Mr. Kumpfer says that the residents of the Pelican country are paying but little respect to the deer law. He was told that no one hesitates to kill a deer whenever he felt like it, and on one night saw five men of Pelican starting out to shine deer. The men who have hotels thereabouts are divided, but at least one resort keeper wants a game warden up there, and wants him quick—one who is not afraid to make an arrest, and who will not be bluffed. It should not be difficult to get plenty of evidence there. I can advise a warden where to start in if he really wants to make an arrest.

Luck at Mukwanago.

Mr. Jas. Maloney came into town the other day with two baskets of bass. One basket was full with only four bass in it, and of these one fish weighed five and three-quarter pounds, and the smallest went over four pounds. His other basket was full of smaller fish, one to three pounds. He took these fish at my own old fishing ground, Mukwanago Lake, Wis., the mill pond where I think there are more big bass than in any water of Wisconsin. I fished these waters for eight years with a very dear companion in the past, and we always managed to get the heaviest fish brought down the road. This is via the Wisconsin Central road, eighty-five miles from Chicago, and in a country which would long ago have been exhausted but for the great fertility of that water as a breeding ground.

Starting Out To-Day.

Among the Chicago anglers who are starting out to-day for the Fox Lake chain are Messrs. S. W. Adams, C. Jarvis, C. C. Ingraham, W. P. Riley, A. D. Wiggins, T. Ambrose; all good men and true, who are not afraid, even though it does look a little like rain this afternoon.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Black Bass Fishing.

THE open season for black bass is near at hand, as it begins Monday, June 16, in all the waters of New York State which are not governed by special acts of the Legislature, and there are comparatively few such. For a portion of Salmon River and a part of St. Regis River the season began May 2, and in the St. Lawrence River and the waters of Jefferson county, bass fishing will be legal on and after next Tuesday, June 10, whereas in Lake George and Schroon Lake the season does not open until Aug. 1. The black bass fishing in this State is rapidly improving, and it is from year to year growing in importance as a means of furnishing sport for the angler and food for the people. The bass are not only making their appearance in waters where they have hitherto been unknown, but are multiplying very fast and increasing in size at a surprising rate. As a rule comparatively little attention is paid by fishermen to the laws which relate to the size and number of bass which can be taken, but the provisions are unquestionably wise, and should be lived up to. The game laws state explicitly that black bass less than ten inches in length shall not be intentionally taken, and if taken, shall without injury be immediately returned to the waters where taken. No person can legally take more than twenty-four black bass in one day, and whenever two or more persons are angling from the same boat, they are not permitted to take more than thirty-six bass in a day. On the St. Lawrence River no person is allowed to take more than twelve black bass in one day, and whenever two or more persons are angling from the same boat, they cannot take more than twenty-four bass in a day.

Although it is believed that a century ago no black bass existed in any of the interior waters of New York State, it is probable that at the present time every county has certain lakes or streams which contain them. In nature's apportionment of black bass, the State of New York was evidently left out, save so far as the waters having connection with the Great Lakes or the St. Lawrence River were concerned. When the Erie Canal was constructed, however, the bass found their way through it from Lake Erie to various waters in the central part of the State connected therewith, and eventually to the Hudson River. From the latter river black bass were taken to Saratoga Lake, which afterward became a kind of distributing locality, from which the fish spread well over the northeastern portion of the State. The Black River Canal, which joins the Erie at Rome, contributed its full share toward spreading bass through Oneida and some of the neighboring counties. Black bass from Saratoga Lake were planted in Effner Lake, Saratoga county, and from there they were subsequently taken to Schroon Lake. From the latter point they spread to Paradox and Brant lakes, and the upper Hudson River. The fish have long been known to exist in Lake George, where it is believed they found their way from the St. Lawrence River via Lake Champlain, at a very early period. Long Pond, otherwise known as Glen Lake, Warren county, now one of the best bass waters in that part of the State, was stocked with thirteen little fish, which were carried there from Lake George in a bait pail.

Between thirty and forty years ago sixty adult black bass were placed in Raquette Lake in the Adirondacks, from which point it is understood they subsequently spread to Big and Little Forked lakes, Shed Lake, Brown's Tract ponds, Utowana, Eagle and Blue Mountain lakes. A few years since bass made their debut in the Fulton Chain of lakes, greatly to the disgust of trout fishermen, and they have multiplied with great rapidity. It is said that an old woodsman, who was displeased because somebody complained of his having trout or venison in his possession out of season, brought some bass from Raquette Lake waters in a pail and placed them in one of the Fulton Chain lakes, from which they spread to the others. Black bass weighing from 1½ to 3 pounds were taken in Fourth Lake last season. Many waters have been stocked with bass supplied by the State Commissioners, including the Hudson, Mohawk, Genesee, Canisteo, Delaware, Chenango, Allegany, Chemung, Cohocton, Otsego, Oswegatchie, Walkill, Hoosick, Little Salmon and Unadilla rivers; Saratoga, Schroon, Paradox, Schuyler, Seneca, Big Tupper, Hemlock, Sand, Cattaraugus, Mahopac, Crooked, Loon, Cassadaga, Bonaparte, Pleasant, Henderson, Silver, Arbutus, Trout, Lathrop, Glen, Luzerne, Orange, Bashaw, Monagan, Mud, Cooper, Echo, Cuba, Round, Highland, Rockland, Madison and Cazenovia lakes, Lake George, and numerous other lakes, as well as ponds and streams.

It is a lamentable fact that wherever black bass are introduced the trout fishing suffers, and in most instances is eventually ruined. This being true, too much care cannot be exercised in guarding against the introduction of the fish in waters inhabited by trout, for when they once become established in a lake or stream, they are there to stay, and there is no way of getting rid of them. It is not only extremely injudicious to place bass in any lake or stream where there are trout or in those having connection with trout waters, but there are men who are well up on fish matters who assert that it is unwise to put them in waters in which it is desired to perpetuate any other kind of fish, even though it be pickerel.

On the St. Lawrence River black bass are found everywhere along the rocky reefs or rocky, sandy bottoms. There are thousands of such places, and of course the guides know just where they are. Some of the biggest catches of black bass recorded have been made on the St. Lawrence River. The best localities are in the vicinity of Cape Vincent, Carleton Island, Grindstone or Wolfe islands, or around the lake at Pillar Point. At Henderson Harbor, Ray's Bay and other points on Lake Ontario splendid fishing is to be had in season. The fact is well known to anglers that two species of the black bass inhabit the waters of this State, the small-mouth, which loves clear water, gravel or rock bottom, and the large-mouth, erroneously called the Oswego bass, which is fond of weeds, and tastes and smells of the muck. The former excels as a game fish, having superior fighting qualities, while the latter attain greater weight.

The following outfit has been suggested as a desirable one for black bass fishing: An 8-foot rod, weighing from 5 to 6 ounces; 50 yards of Cuttyhunk bass line, No. 12 thread; any sort of reel that the angler may be partial to;

half a dozen 3-foot leaders of salmon gut; 2 dozen crystal hooks, No. 4, and a few sinkers. Other anglers prefer a 10½ or 11 foot rod, weighing 8 or 9 ounces, and there are some who like a rod which weighs from 10 to 15 ounces. Minnows are largely used for bait, as are also crayfish, and a bit of pork rind surmounted by a small spoon, is excellent for occasional casting. Grasshoppers, crickets, small frogs, angleworms and the larvæ of insects which live under the water before they are transformed into flies, also make good live bait.

Early in the season black bass sometimes rise to artificial flies and afford great sport for the angler. As a rule they show a preference for large flies, and the latter should be tied on No. 3 or 4 hooks having good sharp points. Among the flies which have been found successful in taking bass are the following: Montreal, silver-doctor, grizzly-king, professor, scarlet-ibis, royal-coachman, orange-miller, Lord-Baltimore, Governor-Alvord, Seth-Green, shad-fly, white-miller, Henshall, polka, oriole, premier and king-of-the-waters. The dark flies are best for bright days and clear water, the brighter ones for dark days or high water, and the lightest ones, such as the coachman, premier, white-miller and ibis after sundown. Ordinarily the best time for fly-fishing is from an hour before sunset until dark, though bass will sometimes rise to the fly at almost any hour of the day. The angler should keep out of sight of the bass and not allow the fish to see his shadow or that of his rod. It should be remembered that bass will rise to the fly only in comparatively shallow water, rarely where it is to exceed six feet in depth. Not more than two flies should be used, and they should be allowed to sink beneath the surface of the water.

Black bass like to rest on the rocky bottom in water of some depth, and when the angler is using bait there is the place to seek them. But their feeding grounds when in pursuit of small fish and insects are in shallow water along the shores, on muddy bottom, and among the sedges, rushes and lily-pads. It is well to fish for them after sundown and at twilight along the edges of rocky reefs and close to the lily-pads, also along a shore where the water is shallow and overhung with bushes, casting well toward the bank and drawing the fly rapidly away. When you succeed in hooking a fish, do not be in too big a hurry to land it, but keep the line from becoming slack and treat the captive gently, but firmly. It is expected that there will be excellent bass fishing this season in the waters of central and northern New York.

W. E. WOLCOTT.

UTICA, N. Y., May 6.

The Guide and the Fish.

BOSTON, June 7.—There are accounts of excellent bass fishing in Lake Cobosseecontee, Me. Mr. Howard Wade, with some Boston friends, including C. F. Riordan, were fishing there last week, and caught about all the bass they cared for. Mr. Wade tells of an enormous bass taken, and one or two that got away. He is particularly pleased with the location, because it is so easily reached from Boston by boat at night to 'Hallowell, at a fare of \$3 for the round trip. Thence they go by team to the lake, at a cost of 50 cents for a most beautiful drive. The entertainment at the lake is good, at the moderate cost of \$1.50 per day. Belgrade bass fishing also begins to be "cracked up," and the fishing of that sort in the Belgrade lakes is truly excellent. A bass, weighing five and a half pounds was shown in Dame, Stoddard & Co.'s window on Wednesday, caught by Miss Anna Held, the actress. Returning sportsmen also say that they have had good bass fishing at Annabesecook Lake, Winthrop, Me.

Salmon fishing at Sebago Lake is proving rather unsatisfactory to Boston fishermen, though Portland and local fishermen occasionally get a strike and land a good fish. Richard O. Harding, whom almost everybody knows as manager of the fish exhibits at the Boston Sportsmen's Show, with Edward Brooks, J. M. Grosvenor, Jr., and A. M. Stickney, has just returned from a fishing trip to Sebago. They trolled three or four days, under a broiling hot sun, and caught no fish. Other parties have had about the same luck. Lake Winnepesaukee continues to furnish good fishing. The season is turning out to be a remarkably good one, in fact. John Segur, of Somerville, came home the other day, from that lake, with seven handsome lake trout, the string weighing thirty-five and three-quarter pounds. Willoughby Lake, Vt., is being noted for its lake trout fishing this season. W. C. Mentzer, of Boston, was up there last week and caught a couple good ones, with very little trouble. He found other fishermen having good sport. Lake Dunmore, Salisbury, Vt., is turning out a remarkable showing of lake trout for those who know how to angle for them. Felix Taussig, E. C. Stevens and Edric Eldridge, of Boston, went up to Dunmore last week and had remarkable success with the big fellows. Mr. John E. Cloise, of Salisbury, fished with them a part of the time, and knowing the lake well, much of their success may have been due to their guide. They brought home a string of twenty-eight lake trout, the largest weighing six pounds. The trout were displayed in the Broad street window of Messrs. Taussig & Stevens' office, and attracted a good deal of attention from merchants and friends.

Mr. James R. Gormley, of Boston, who has fished at the Upper Dam, Me., for many seasons, brings home a good salmon story, and one that involves something of the relations between guide and fisherman. Monday morning the fishing was not up to expectations, and the gentleman who was employing the guide in question left the Upper Dam by the 11 o'clock boat. This left the guide at leisure, and he said afterward that he was under pay to the gentleman till night. Mr. Gormley was alone, his fishing partner being out on the lake with their guide. As the guide whose employer had left was going to troll up to the head of the lake, Mr. Gormley suggested that he get in the boat with him, expecting to pay him, though no definite statement to that effect was made. The guide was agreeable, and they started, trolling out around the mouth of the river, below the Pool, the guide rowing, with his own rod braced over the side of the boat beside of his feet. Mr. Gormley had a strike and landed a five-pound salmon, at which he was much pleased. After netting the fish the guide commenced baiting Mr. Gormley's hook, that gentleman holding the guide's rod, to

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of FOREST AND STREAM. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

keep the hook from the bottom. Suddenly there was a big strike on the guide's rod, which Mr. Gormley was holding. The fish proved to be a big one, and gave Mr. Gormley a great tussle to bring him to the net. At last he was landed, and it proved to be a salmon of 12½ pounds, the biggest ever landed below the Upper Dam. Immediately the guide disclaimed all notion of having been employed by Mr. Gormley, and claimed the salmon. Mr. Gormley is at a loss to know whether the guide would not have accepted pay for the day from him if the salmon had not been taken.

BOSTON, June 9.—Fish and Game Commissioner Carleton, of Maine will be a delegate from Maine to the International Fishery Congress, which is to assemble at Vienna Sept. 6, and also to the Eighth Annual Austrian Fishery Congress, which will be held at the same time.

Mr. Charles S. Cook, of Boston, who has obtained control of the hunting and fishing rights of 350,000 acres of wild lands in the vicinity of Holeb Lake, Me., says that his object is to form a first-class sporting club, made up of the lovers of such sports. He denies that he is to build a big summer hotel at Jackman. He proposes to limit the membership in his club to fifty, and has already a number of business men, who are enthusiasts in hunting and fishing, ready to unite with him.

Lake Auburn has recently been turning out some good catches. Over forty fish, trout and salmon, were taken on one of the best days, some of the fish of great size, including salmon up to eight pounds, and trout of five pounds. Sportsmen also claim to have seen salmon in that lake that would weigh well up to twenty pounds, but no form of bait or artifice has seemed to tempt the big fellows. There are complaints from reliable lovers of angling that the big trout and salmon are constantly passing over the dam and out into the Androscoggin River, and they believe that the Commissioners should furnish the gateways with suitable screens to prevent the escape of the fish. They claim to have watched and seen a good many large fish pass over the dam, and have found one salmon dead, below the dam, estimated to have weighed twelve or fourteen pounds.

Good catches of trout are being made at Moosehead. P. Carey, of Boston, stopping at Kineo, took over thirty trout on the fly in two days last week, the largest four pounds, a big one for that lake. Frank H. Patrick, of Cambridge; W. F. Perkins, of Boston, and H. S. Farmer, of Arlington, Mass., have been making good catches there. Very good catches are recorded at the various Rangeley resorts, including a salmon of 6½ pounds to the credit of Mrs. S. Boothby, at Bald Mountain camps, Haines Landing; a 3½-pound salmon to Mr. M. J. Quinlan, of East Hampton, Mass., at Pleasant Island Camps; at the same camps a 6½-pound salmon caught from the wharf, by Mr. M. A. Dickinson, of Amherst, Mass.; a 3½-pound salmon by Mrs. Robert B. Low; a 5-pound trout by Mr. Robert B. Low; Mrs. William Weaver, Rumford Falls, Me., a 4½-pound salmon; Dr. J. C. Caldwell and Mr. J. A. Lawson, of Buckfield, Me., eleven trout, weighing from 1 to 3¾ pounds; Mrs. Edward L. Adams, New York city, a 4-pound salmon, from the wharf; Mrs. C. H. Beaton, a 6-pound trout, taken at Toothaker Cove. At the Birches, Mooselucmagantic Lake, some of the recorded catches have been a 5-pound salmon and a 3-pound trout to R. N. Burns; to the Jolly Four, consisting of L. T. Saunders, Costello Lippett and N. S. Lippett, of Norwich, Conn., and T. W. Riley, of Mystic, a 6-pound trout, with about thirty others of good size; Mrs. Dr. Stillings, a 3 and a 4 pound salmon; Mr. W. H. Chase, of Leominster, Mass., a 7-pound salmon; J. D. Picklesy, New York, salmon of 6, 3 and 4 pounds. At the Upper Dam, Hon. Albert Daggett takes the credit of the 12½-pound salmon, already noted in this article, as having been taken on the guide's hook, with Mr. James R. Gormley in the boat and hooking the fish. It seems that the guide, George Thomas, was in the employ of Mr. Daggett, who had gone to Rumford Falls for the day. Not every sportsman cares for credit of that sort. At the same resort Mr. Eugene Lynch, of Boston, has continued taking trout and salmon on the fly, landing up to 5½ pounds weight. L. E. Croix has taken a salmon of 6¼ pounds, and one of 3¾ pounds. Mr. Charles Goodridge has caught a trout of 6½ pounds; Mrs. W. K. Moody, trout of 4½ pounds.

Ex-Governor Burleigh, of Maine, has lately received word from the U. S. Fish Commission that 150,000 trout fry have been deposited in the lakes and ponds of his district, chiefly in Somerset county. The waters are Otter Pond, in Bow Town; Chase Pond, in Boscaw; Rowe Pond, in Pleasant Ridge; Mayfield Pond, Mayfield; Little Pond, Franklin; Hancock Pond and Sand Pond, in Embden. It is fortunate that the U. S. Government hatcheries have put in these trout, for the Maine Fish Commission has done next to nothing in trout hatching for the past few years, devoting all its energies to salmon hatching. Anglers declare that the waters where the salmon have been put are losing their prestige as trout waters. It is the common remark that trout are becoming scarce at the Rangeleys, while salmon are on the increase.

SPECIAL.

Fish and Fishing.

QUEBEC, Canada, June 7.—Angling and literary circles in old Quebec have enjoyed the all too brief sojourn here for the last few days of a most welcome visitor in the person of the veteran Mr. Charles Hallock. Sir James M. Lemoine, Dr. George Stewart, F. R. G. S.; Commodore J. U. Gregory, Mr. G. M. Fairchild, Jr., and the writer are only a few of the old-time friends and acquaintances of the genial sportsman-author who were delighted to meet and greet him here once more.

Some of the first ouananiche of the season arrived in town from Lake St. John while Mr. Hallock was here, and it was difficult to repress a smile at the memory of the fact that while Mr. Hallock had fished for the freshwater salmon of the Grand Discharge nearly forty years ago, and had described them over thirty years ago in his Fishing Tourist, a new generation of American anglers dreamed that they had discovered it, and an ichthyologist whose reputation should have assured him immunity from imposition upon his good faith, had been misled into accepting and perpetuating the absurd pretension.

These first ouananiche of the present season were taken in the well-known pool at the mouth of the Ouitchouan River, one of the earliest fishing grounds for the freshwater salmon. They are very fair specimens, weighing on an average over three pounds each. It is yet too early to fish for ouananiche in their chosen waters of the Grand Discharge, and as the present season continues to be very late, it will be quite time enough for anglers to reach the Discharge in the third or fourth week of the present month, in order to get the cream of the fishing.

Fly-fishing for trout still continues poor on account of the high water, and the best of it is yet to come. There has been no warm weather here since the month of April.

General Henry has returned to town from his club lakes at St. Bernard, where the annual meeting was held last week, at which the genial General was re-elected president, sixteen members being present. Several of these are remaining on the limits of the club until the fly-fishing gets good. A few good fish were taken by trolling, some of them up to nearly four pounds in weight, but very few rose to the fly.

From Lake Kenogami three trout were brought to town this week, weighing over seven pounds each.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

The Trout in the Tank.

NORTHWOOD, Herkimer County, N. Y., June 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In front of Will Light's hotel up on the West Canada Creek, there is a watering tank about fifty feet in circumference. In it he has fifteen or twenty common-sized brook trout taken out of the West Canada. People come along and look at them just the same as they look at trout in all such tanks of the Adirondack region. But for show is not the chief reason Light has the trout there. It's business with him.

I was over there one afternoon just after several sports had pulled in from Utica for a few days' fishing. One of them said: "Well, Bill, do you suppose the trout will bite good to-morrow?"

"I don't know. I'll tell you in the morning. They are biting fair this afternoon," answered the old Bisbee guide.

In the meantime Light had been looking out at the tank in front. "But what makes you think they are biting well this afternoon?" asked the fellow.

"Why," said Light, "I know by those fish out there in the tank. I tell by them the time to go fishing, just the same as you tell the time of day by your watch. When I see them acting just right, if I want a mess of trout I take my rod and I never fail to bring home a mess. If they aren't acting just right, I know there isn't any use of going, whether I want them or not."

Whereupon the sportsmen laughed heartily, while Light grinned comfortably.

Several days after I met one of the sports above the slip banks. I hadn't had very good luck, and asked him how about the watering tank that day.

"Say, by Jove, I never saw the beat of it. Day before yesterday Bill went out to the tank, watched it for a moment, came back and said: 'Well, boys, I don't believe you will have very good luck to-day. You will get a few, but not many.' We all laughed again, but when we got back we had just a few, but not many.' Yesterday Bill went out to the tank and watched the speckled beauties a while, looked up with a broad grin and said, 'Gentlemen, you're going to get a good catch to-day,' and by thunder we did!"

"What luck to-day with you, anyway?" he continued.

"Not much," said I, "only a few."

"That's just what Bill said this morning—'Not much luck to-day, boys.' Don't it beat the deuce?"

E. A. SPEARS.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Oct. 7-9.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society's show. John W. Bacon, Treas.

Oct. 21-24.—New York.—Ladies' Kennel Association of America's show. Miss M. K. Bird, Westbury, L. I., Hon. Sec'y.

Nov. 26-29.—Philadelphia.—Philadelphia Dog Show Association's show. M. A. Viti, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Aug. 19.—Emmetsburg, Ia.—Iowa Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fifth annual trials. Louis Stuehmer, Sec'y, Emmetsburg, Ia.

Aug. 26.—Salem, S. D.—South Dakota Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) third annual trials. E. H. Gregory, Sioux Falls, S. D.

Aug. —O'Neill, Neb.—Nebraska Field Trial Association's inaugural chicken trials. M. H. McCarthy, Sec'y.

Oct. 27.—Paris, Mo.—Missouri Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club), sixth annual trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y, Sedalia, Mo.

Oct. 27.—Pa.—Monongahela Field Trial Club's field trials. A. C. Paterson, Sec'y.

Nov. 3.—Robinson, Ill.—Illinois Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fourth annual trials. W. R. Green, Sec'y, Marshall, Ill.

Nov. 3.—Mich.—Michigan Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fifth annual trials. C. D. Stuart, Sec'y, Benton Harbor, Mich.

Nov. 10.—Bicknell, Ind.—Independent Field Trial Club's (member of the American Championship Club) fourth annual trials. H. S. Humphrey, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 10.—Ruthven, Ont.—North American Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club), fourth annual trials. Richard Bangham, Sec'y, Windsor, Ont.

Nov. 11.—St. Joachim, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's fourteenth annual trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.

Nov. 17.—Elizabethtown, Ky.—Kentucky Field Trial Club's (member of the American Championship Club) third annual trials. F. W. Samuel, Sec'y, Louisville, Ky.

Nov. 20.—Manor, L. I.—Pointer Club of America's (member of the American Championship Club) second annual trials. R. E. Westlake, Sec'y, Scranton, Pa.

Nov. 24.—Washington C. H., Ohio.—Ohio Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fifth annual trials. C. E. Raughn, Sec'y.

Dec. 1.—Washington C. H., Ohio.—American Championship Field Trial Club's second annual trials. Chas. B. Cooke, Sec'y, St. Louis, Mo.

Dec. 1.—Interstate Championship Field Trial Association's second annual trials. C. D. Cooke, Sec'y.

Dec. 15.—Huntsville, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's (member of the American Championship Club) third annual trials. John F. Fletcher, Sec'y, Birmingham, Ala.

—Western Field Trial Association's second annual trials. C. W. Butler, Sec'y.

Kentucky Field Trials.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., June 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Kentucky trials will be held at Glasgow Nov. 17. Two \$300 guaranteed stakes have been opened for Derby and All Age dogs. The club's addition of 50 per cent. to all money over the guaranteed value will make the stakes worth \$500 each.

SAM BROWN HAYS,
Acting Secretary.

The K. F. T. secretary has issued a circular letter as follows:

LOUISVILLE, Ky., May 28.—The Kentucky field trials will be run at Glasgow, Ky., on Nov. 17, and indications point to the most successful of all the meetings held at this hospitable old town. Reports from the resident members there indicate that quail will be unusually abundant, and every former visitor knows of the hearty Kentucky welcome to be received.

Our stakes will be guaranteed to be worth \$300 each, and will have an additional value in the distribution of 50 per cent. of all entry and starting fees over \$300. We expect each stake to be worth \$500, and believe this innovation of adding money to the guaranteed value of the stakes will be appreciated by all owners.

We trust you will honor us with your entries and that you will be present at the trials. Major J. M. Taylor, Mr. Christie Churchill and possibly Judge Zell Gaston, who were such satisfactory judges last season, will again officiate, and this is a guarantee that the best dogs will get the money.

The stakes will close on Sept. 1, and entry blanks will be sent you in due time. The two open stakes will be the Kentucky Derby, for all setters and pointers whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1901, and guaranteed to be worth \$300, and the Free-For-All, for all-aged dogs, guaranteed to be worth \$300. To each stake 50 per cent. of all money paid in over \$300 will be given. The money will be divided 60, 30 and 10.

Please send us an entry. Make check payable to the undersigned and date it Sept. 1. Send as soon as possible.

SAM BROWN HAYS,
Acting Secretary.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures, 1902.

Secretaries and members of race committees will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list and also changes which may be made in the future.

JUNE.

14. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
14. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club race for Centre Island Cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
14. New Rochelle, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
14. Bayswater, J. B. Y. R. A., open, Jamaica Bay.
14. Kennebec, club, Bath, Maine.
14. Quincy, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
14. Beverly, club, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
14. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
14. Columbia, race to Michigan City, Lake Michigan.
14. Corinthian, open, Essington, Delaware River.
14. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
14. Boston, cruise, racing run, Boston to Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
- 14-17. Boston, cruise, City Point, Marblehead, Gloucester and Hull.
15. Boston, cruise, racing run, Marblehead to Gloucester, Massachusetts Bay.
15. Bergen Beach, J. B. Y. R. A., open, Jamaica Bay.
15. Gloucester, annual, Delaware River.
16. Boston, cruise, racing run, Gloucester to Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
17. Quincy, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
17. Atlantic, annual, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
17. Boston, cruise, racing run, Marblehead to Hull, Mass. Bay.
17. Hull-Massachusetts, Y. R. A., open, Point Allerton, Boston Harbor.
17. Beverly, open, sweepstake, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
17. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
19. New York, annual, New York, Lower Bay.
21. Winthrop, M. Y. R. A., open, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
21. Corinthian, club, Essington, Delaware River.
21. Duxbury, club, Duxbury, Massachusetts Bay.
21. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
21. Norwalk, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, South Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
21. New Bedford, cruise to Marion, Buzzard's Bay.
21. Larchmont, spring regatta, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
21. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club race for Centre Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
21. Brooklyn, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, N. Y. Bay.
22. Wollaston, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
23. Eastern, open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
24. New York, club, Glen Cove, Long Island Sound.
- 26-28. Seawanhaka Corinthian, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
28. Beverly, club, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
28. New York C. C., Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
28. Quincy, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
28. Kennebec, club, Bath, Maine.
28. Indian Harbor, club, Greenwich, L. I. Sound.
28. Corinthian, club, Essington, Delaware River.
28. Duxbury, club, Duxbury, Massachusetts Bay.
28. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
28. Boston, Y. R. A., open, City point, Boston Harbor.
28. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
28. Wollaston, Y. R. A., open, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
28. South Boston, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
29. Old Mill, J. B. Y. R. A., open, Jamaica Bay.
30. Bridgeport, Trial races for selection of representative for Seawanhaka cup contest, Bridgeport, Long Island Sound.

For Cruising Yachtsmen.

WITH the purpose of stimulating the interest in cruising, and the keeping of a detailed log by cruising yachtsmen during the season of 1902, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer prizes for the best stories of cruises submitted to be published in FOREST AND STREAM. It is believed that these will form not only entertaining records of pleasant summer days spent afloat along our coasts and waterways, but will furnish information of practical value to other yachtsmen making subsequent cruises on the same waters.

Prizes will be awarded to the three best stories as follows:

First prize, \$50.00.

Second prize, \$30.00.

Third prize, \$20.00.

Contributions are invited under the following conditions:

1. The cruise must be made in waters of the United States or Canada in the season of 1902.

2. The cruise must be made in a sailing yacht, power to be used only as an auxiliary, if at all.

3. The story must be prefaced by a description of the boat. Cruises should be treated in as interesting and readable a way as possible, but should be practical and contain all possible information and data that would be of value to men going over the same route. A description of the handling of the ship in all weathers will be regarded very favorably in making awards, and it is suggested to writers that an accurate account be kept of all incidents happening while under way.

4. An outline chart suitable for reproduction, showing the course taken, must accompany each article. When possible, articles should be accompanied by amateur photographs taken on the cruise, including one of the boat. Good photographs will be considered in making the awards.

5. The story should contain about seven thousand words, written on one side of the paper only, and must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York city, on or before Nov. 15, 1902.

Mr. T. C. Zerega has very kindly consented to act as judge and to make the awards.

Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C. Designing Competition.

Second Prize Design.

THERE appears in this issue the plans of the 15-footer that took second prize in the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. designing competition. The design was submitted by Mr. Morgan Barney, of New York city. Mr. Barney took first prize in the FOREST AND STREAM designing competition for a 25ft. waterline cruising sloop that was held earlier this season.

The dimensions are as follows:

Length—	
Over all	24ft. 4 in.
L.W.L.	15ft. 6 in.
Overhang—	
Forward	4ft. 6 in.
Aft	4ft. 4 in.
Breadth—	
Extreme	6ft. 0 in.
L.W.L.	5ft. 3 in.
Freeboard—	
Forward	2ft. 2 in.
Aft	1ft. 1½ in.
Least	1ft. 2 in.
Draft—	
Extreme	3ft. 1¼ in.
Sail Area—	
Mainsail	245 sq. ft.
Jib	61 sq. ft.
Total	306 sq. ft.
Weight of hull.....	1,085lbs.
Weight of lead.....	1,300lbs.
Weight of crew.....	300lbs.
Weight of rig.....	160lbs.
Displacement	2,845lbs.
C.B. from fore end of L.W.L.....	8ft. 6 in.
C.L.R. from fore end of L.W.L.....	8ft. 7½ in.
C.E. from fore end of L.W.L.....	8ft. 3¾ in.
C.G. of lead from fore end of L.W.L.....	8ft. 10 in.

New Home of the Manhasset Bay Y. C.

SATURDAY, June 7, was the day set by the Building Committee of the Manhasset Bay Y. C. on which to turn their handsome new club house over to the members. The building, which has been described in full in these columns before, is even more satisfactory than was at first anticipated, and although the new house was erected in a very short time, still the work on the building has been most thoroughly done.

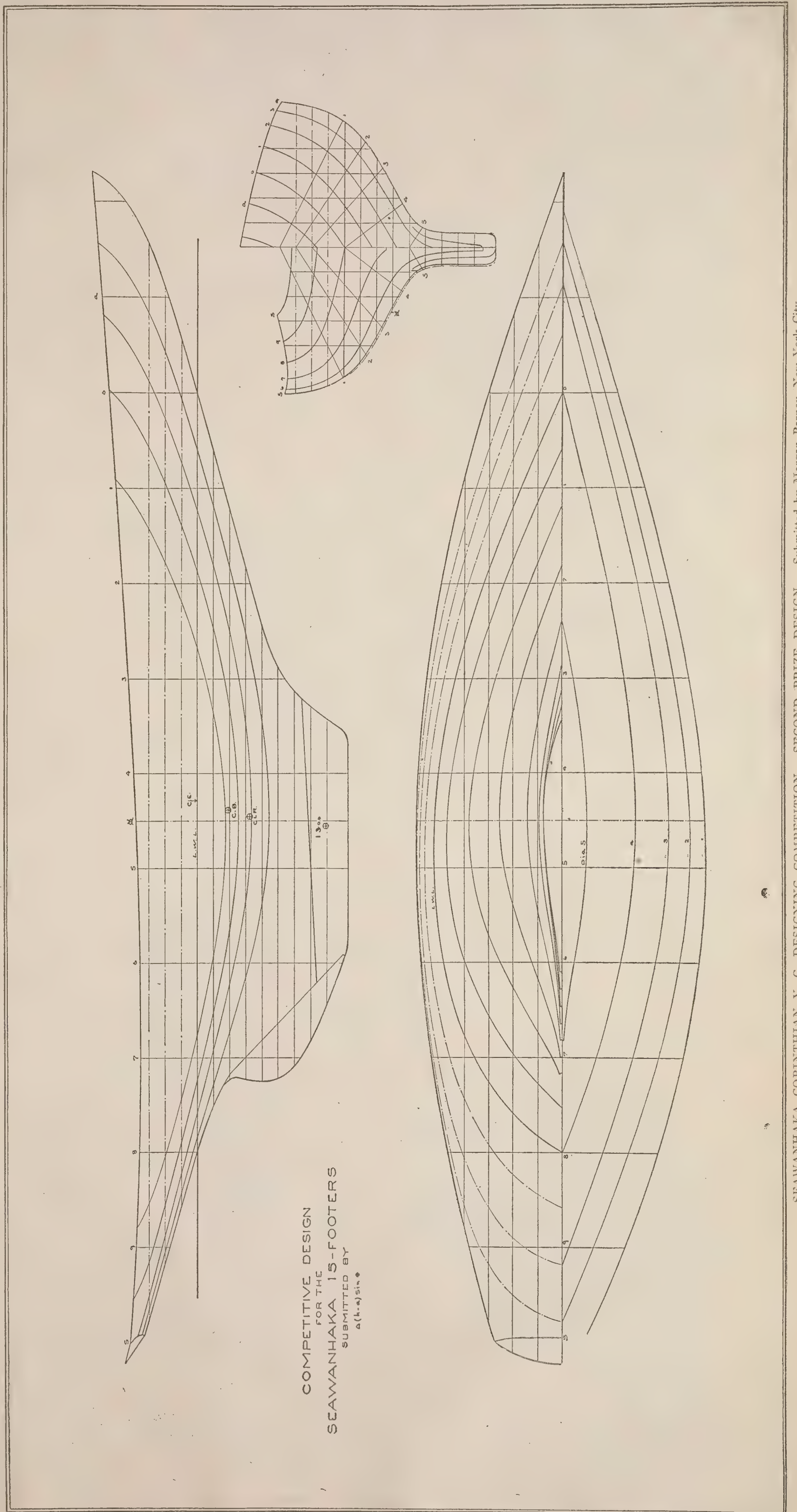
That the result is so satisfactory is due in large measure to the untiring energy of Mr. Edward M. McLellan, the secretary of the club, and Mr. Harry S. Fairchild, chairman of the House Committee. Both these gentlemen gave as much of their time and attention to the erection of the splendid club house as if it had been their own personal enterprise, and because of their unselfish interest in the matter the club has the best house on Long Island Sound.

At 2 o'clock the captains met aboard the flagship, Com. Roach's Emeline, and shortly before 4 o'clock all came ashore to be on hand for the flag-raising. Com. Roach said a few words to the members, congratulating them on their new home. Ex-Com. Clay M. Greene raised the club flag and the large fleet in the harbor dressed ship; altogether, the affair was an unqualified success.

During the evening an excellent entertainment was arranged by Mr. Clay M. Greene. He was assisted by Mr. Charles Stevenson, Mr. Fritz Williams and other well-known men.

From a small beginning, the Manhasset Bay Y. C. has rapidly forged ahead, so that to-day it is one of the strongest organizations on the coast. Its affairs have been carefully and conservatively managed, and its membership is consequently of the highest class.

We have received a copy of the Yachtsman's Guide, a most valuable book compiled by Mr. M. J. Kiley, of Boston. The volume is filled with information of value to yachtsmen, and every yacht should have a copy aboard for reference.



Boston Letter.

Boston, June 9.—This will be the best season in years for the Eastern Y. C., according to the programme issued by the Regatta Committee. Advance programmes for the season's events have been issued. The visit of the New York Y. C. fleet will be the feature of the year, not only for this club, but also for all Massachusetts yachtsmen. For the entertainment of the New Yorkers, Fleet Capt. Oliver Ames, Sec'y George Atkinson, Mr. H. K. White, Mr. Henry Howard, Mr. Gordon Prince and Mr. Gordon Dexter have been appointed a committee to make all arrangements. For the cruising races to be sailed on June 21, July 12, July 26 and Aug. 16, the classes will be divided as follows:

Schooners—Class A, all over 53ft. waterline; class B, all 53ft. waterline or under.

Sloops—Class A, all over 40ft. waterline; class B, all 40ft. waterline or under, and not less than 30ft.; class C, all over 24 and not over 26ft. waterline.

Other classes will be admitted on request, and at the discretion of the Regatta Committee.

The prizes will be pewter tankards or mugs, one for each class. The start on each day will be made off buoy 3 at the entrance to Marblehead Harbor, and the finish will be made off Ten Pound Island buoy in Gloucester Harbor. There are no restrictions as to course between the starting and finishing points. On each day the preparatory signal will be given at 2:30, and the start will be made five minutes later. Eugene Tompkins has invited the Eastern Y. C. yacht owners and their guests to a reception and entertainment on the Idalia at Gloucester after the races on June 21 at 8:30. The entertainment will be in the hands of a special entertainment committee, consisting of Vice-Com. F. Lothrop Ames, Stephen W. Sleeper and Arthur Wainwright.

For the special race for the Commodore's cups, on June 27, the following classes have been provided:

Schooners—Class A, all over 53ft. waterline.

Class B, all of 53ft. waterline or less, and not less than 30ft.

Sloops—Class A, all over 53ft. waterline.

Class B, all over 40 and not over 53ft. waterline.

Class C, all over 35 and not over 40ft. waterline.

Class D, all of 30ft. waterline or over, and not over 35ft.

Com. A. S. Bigelow has offered as prizes three cups, one for each class of schooners and one for class D sloops. Beside these, the following cash prizes will be given for sloops: Class A, \$100; class B, \$50; class C, \$35; class D, second prize if five or more yachts start, \$25. A third prize of \$15 will be given in the same class if seven or more yachts start. There will be five courses for the schooners, and classes A and B, sloops, ranging from 30 to 42¼ miles. For classes C and D, sloops, six courses have been arranged, ranging from 24¾ to 25¼ miles. The start will be made at 11:15, with course numbers shown at 11 and warning signal at 11:10.

For the special open races on June 24, July 4, July 5 and Sept. 5, 6 and 8, in which the Y. R. A. boats have been provided for, the classes and prizes are as follows:

Class D—Y. R. A. 25-footers, prizes \$30, \$15 and \$5.

Class S—Y. R. A. 21-footers, prizes \$25, \$10 and \$5.

Class I—18ft. knockabouts, prizes \$20, \$10 and \$5.

These prizes are offered for each race, it being understood that second prizes will not be given unless five or more yachts start in a class, and third prizes unless seven or more yachts start. Vice-Com. Ames has offered three championship cups, one cup to be awarded the winner in each class. With the exception of Sept. 6, all races for these classes will be started at 2 in the afternoon. On Sept. 6 the race will be started at 10 in the morning. In this case it may be possible for the yachts to attend both the races of the Quincy Y. C. and the Eastern Y. C. Courses have been provided, ranging from six to eleven and a half miles. All classes may be sent over the same course or they may be divided, according to conditions.

Arrangements have been completed for the annual cruise to Bar Harbor, commencing June 28, the following runs having been scheduled:

June 28—Marblehead to Isles of Shoals.

June 29—Isles of Shoals to Wood Island.

June 30—Wood Island to Boothbay.

July 1—Boothbay to Islesboro.

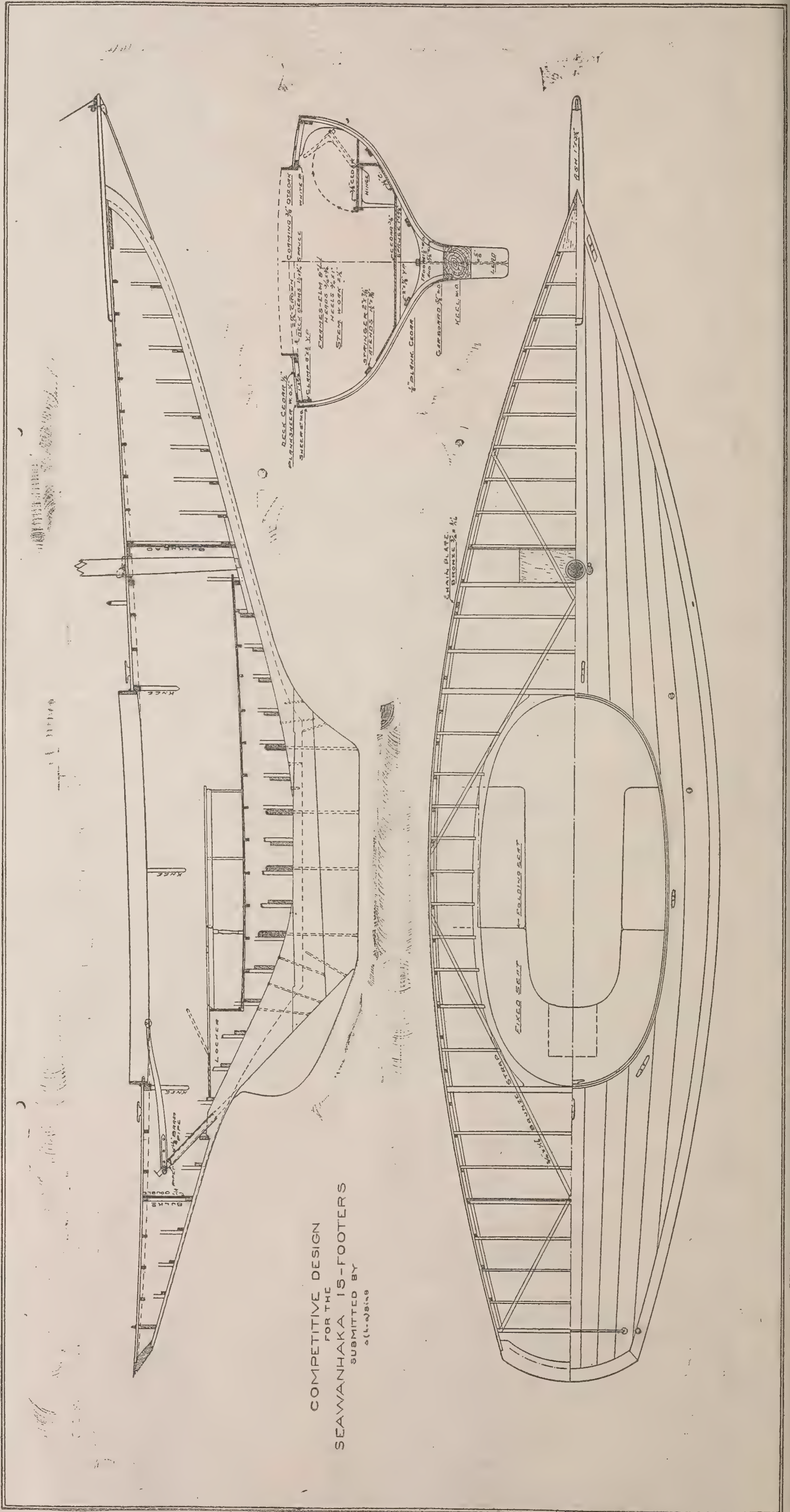
July 2—Islesboro to Bar Harbor.

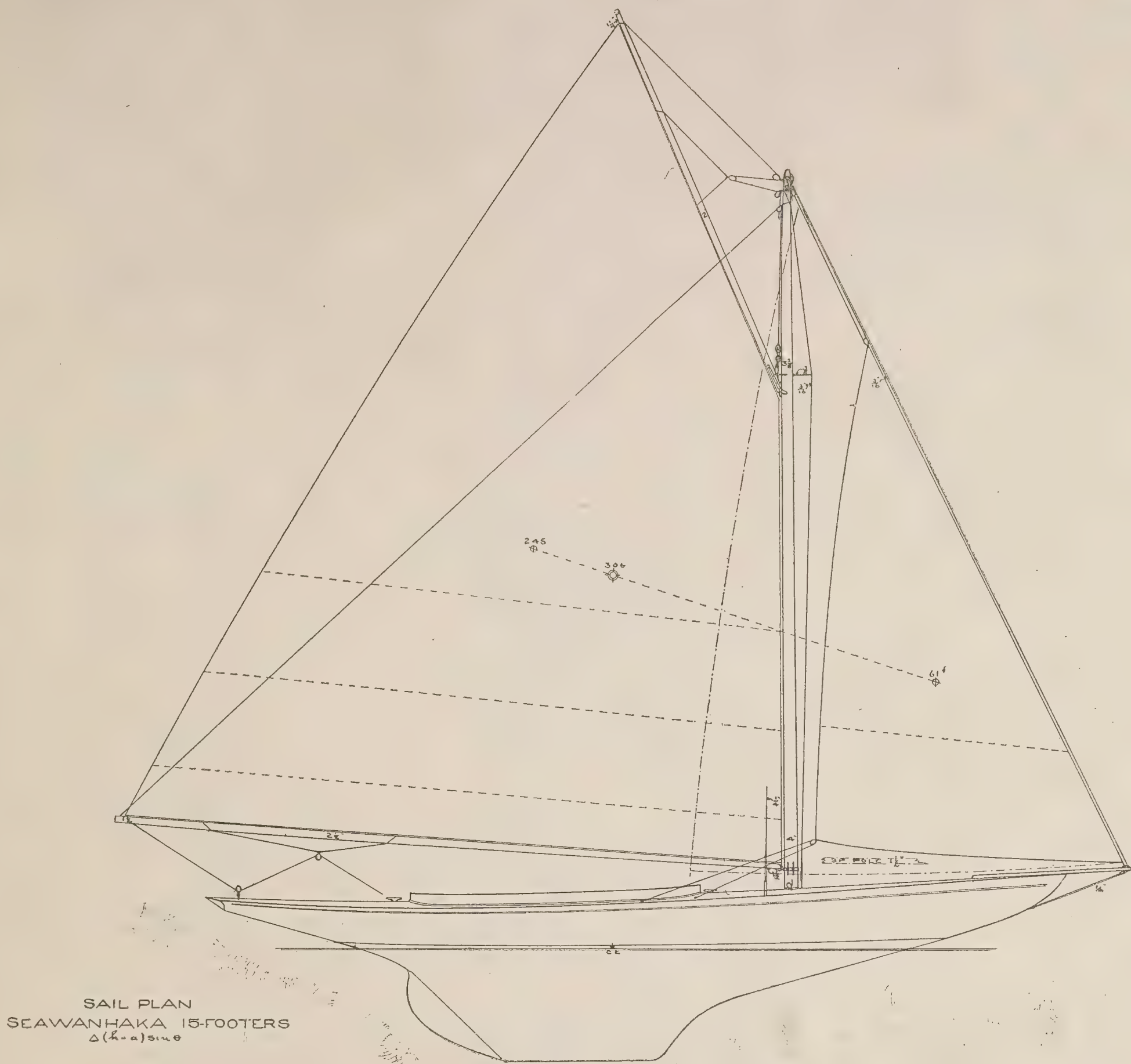
There will be two divisions of schooners and sloops. The first division of the schooners will be all over 53ft. waterline, and the second those 53ft. and under. The sloops will be classed all over 40ft. waterline and all 40ft. or under. Cups will be awarded in each division of yachts for each day's race. It is understood that no yacht of less than 30ft. waterline can be enrolled in the club.

Com. Simon Goldsmith, of the South Boston Y. C., through Fleet Capt. J. H. Corrigan, has issued orders for a cruise to Marblehead and Hull, commencing Sunday, June 15, and ending Tuesday, June 17. For the winners of the three days' racing runs, cups have been offered by Com. Goldsmith, Vice-Com. Edwin Shuman and Rear-Com. D. N. Palmer. These cups are said to be the most elaborate ever offered for any event in the club.

The Jeffries Y. C., of East Boston, will hold its annual cruise on Saturday, June 14, the first run to be made to Hull, where the remainder of the cruise will be arranged.

There is wailing and gnashing of teeth among some of the owners of the new Y. R. A. 21-footers. It is all because some of them are said not to fit in the class. Down in Manchester, Little Haste, Pilot and Opitsah IV. have been hauled out. The reason given for this hauling out at a time when valuable cups, presented by Com. B. P. Cheney, of the Boston Y. C., were being raced for, is given that they all want to get into condition for the Boston Y. C. cruise, which commences Saturday. It is understood, however, that they have been hauled out, so that they might be made to fit the class for the Y. R. A. open race of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. on Tuesday, June 17. Katherine, another of the 21-footers, was in Lawley's basin last week, and it has been rumored that she is as much as 15in. outside the class on waterline length. She took part in the Boston Y. C. race on Saturday, but went in the handicap class, for the reason, it was stated, that she did not have her new sails. All this may





SEAWANHAKA CORINTHIAN Y. C. DESIGNING COMPETITION—SECOND PRIZE DESIGN—SAIL PLAN. Submitted by Morgan Barney, New York City.

not go to show that the matter of extreme overhangs is one that will govern itself, but, up to date, it certainly looks that way.

Weetamoe was launched last Thursday, and is now in the basin being-rigged and fitted out. Capt. Harry Haff is in charge of her, and the rigging is being done by Billman. Her topsides are painted white, but there is nothing on her underbody to conceal the slickest job of bronze plating that has ever been done on a yacht.

Pantooset, the new flagship of the Eastern Y. C., owned by Com. A. S. Bigelow, arrived in the harbor last Tuesday and is now anchored off the flats, where she is fitting out. Capt. Alexander Corkum is in charge and he has for mate, William Carroll.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Yacht Racing Association of Gravesend Bay.

June 7.

THE opening regatta of the Yacht Racing Association of Gravesend Bay was a success in every particular. Twenty-five craft started and nineteen finished the prescribed courses. All would have undoubtedly completed the contest had the breeze held true and steady.

Instead of this condition of things, the southerly wind stirring was extremely fluky and unsatisfactory.

The winners were Karma, J. C. Erskine, New York C. C.; Bonito, Haviland brothers, New York C. C.; Caribou, F. Nicholson, Brooklyn Y. C.; Opossum, Robert P. Doremus, Atlantic Y. C.; Kelpie, W. K. Brown, Marine and Field Club, and Martha M., Richard Moore, Brooklyn Y. C.

Classes M and N covered a course twice out to and around West Bank Light, aggregating a distance of twelve miles. Class K boat, Mariquita, went out around Southwest Spit and return, distance about fourteen miles. The smaller classes twice covered the inside Association course, making in all about six miles. This course is in the shape of a quadrangle, with a buoy or stake boat off the station of every organization. Such an arrangement enables the same course to be used regardless of from what club the contest is started.

The breeze was in a quarter that afforded but little windward work. It was a run to the first mark off Fort Hamilton, a close reach to the next off the Marine and Field Club, then a little windward work to the spar buoy off the Brooklyn Y. C. and the New York C. C., and finally a reach home.

The larger craft sailing the longer courses outside had a close fetch and a run home.

These boats were sent away at 3:03 P. M., and the remaining classes started on three-minute intervals. The line was between a stake boat anchored off the Atlantic Y. C. and Geo. Hill's auxiliary yawl, Akista, moored a bit inshore as judges' boat.

On the first leg to Fort Hamilton, the boats on the shorter courses ran into a soft spot just before the mark was reached. The tide was on the flood and running strongly, and those who were to the leeward off the mark stayed there, just about holding their own for some twenty minutes.

Some of the starters, however, stood out more in running down to the Government buoy, and they were fortunate enough to round the mark in fairly creditable time. The new Seawanhaka knockabout, Karma, was one of these, and consequently the first craft to complete the initial round of the course. Timed at the home mark, she led the remainder of the fleet by over 4m.

Most of the craft were long in finishing, and no satisfactory line on their relative abilities can be drawn as a result of the first regatta. The little class R flyer Opossum, belonging to ex-Vice-Com. Doremus, of the Atlantic Y. C., moved up into class Q and won a victory in conditions to her liking. Trouble, the new knockabout owned by W. H. Childs, of the Marine and Field Club, was the first regular class Q craft to finish. Flying Fish, a new-ener from the Rhode Island Y. C. one-design class, belonging to I. M. Dean, of the New York C. C., did not sh.

Nearly all of the new boats showed up well. This caused a bit of sinking sensation in the hearts of many of the old stand-bys.

The special class M boats in cruising trim furnished good sport in the race outside the bay. Kangaroo, C. H. Humphreys, had an accident to her centerboard, which put her practically out of the contest. Narika, F. T. Cornell, is not yet in commission, so the struggle resolved it-

self into one between Bonito, Haviland brothers, and Sunol, John Abbey.

Sunol got an excellent start, and led around the home mark at the end of the first round. A mistake in interpreting the conditions, however, caused her to go by the judges' boat on the wrong side of the line. She was forced to come about, the maneuver giving Bonito the lead, which she maintained until the end, winning by over 13m.

The big Burgess cutters, Ondawa, Henry J. Roberts; Mariquita, H. B. Shaen, and Chispa, Charles M. Hall, all of the Atlantic Y. C., were expected to enter, but only Mariquita put in an appearance. These boats will be offered a series prize by the Atlantic Y. C., beside the regular Association trophy. They are all class K boats, with over all lengths as follows: Chispa, 56.6ft.; Mariquita, 52ft.; Ondawa, 50.6ft.

The little open catboat Martha M., owned and sailed by Richard Moore, the best skipper on Gravesend Bay, was the first craft to finish in the fluky wind, and carried off the honors for the best elapsed time. Knockabout Karma was the next to end the race.

Only three of the Marine and Field Club one-design class put in an appearance. Kelpie, W. K. Brown, champion of last year, was the winner. Quinke did not start until sometime after her gun, she being becalmed with the rest of the class on the other side of the bay.

The Herreshoff boat, Vivian, S. E. Vernon, Atlantic Y. C., had no competitor, and will be credited with a sail-over, as will Mariquita.

Winners in the regatta received the regulation trophy flags in the form of the burgee of the Atlantic Y. C., upon which was placed the date of the race. The next regatta of the Association will occur on June 21, under the auspices of the Brooklyn Y. C. The summaries follow:

Sloops—Class K—Start, 3:03.		
Mariquita, H. B. Shaen.....	Finish. 5 58 20	Elapsed. 2 55 20
Class M—Special—Start, 3:03.		
Bonito, Haviland Bros.....	5 55 45	2 52 45
Sunol, John Abbey	6 08 58	3 05 58
Kangaroo, C. H. Humphreys.....	6 41 38	3 38 38
Sloops—Class N—Start, 3:06.		
Vivian, S. E. Vernon.....	5 54 00	2 48 00
Class N—Special—Start, 3:06.		
Caribou, F. Nickolson.....	5 57 40	2 51 40
Squaw, H. J. Heath.....	5 58 28	2 52 28

Sloops—Class P—Start, 3:09.		
Karma, J. C. Erskine.....	5 41 10	2 32 10
Song and Dance, E. F. Luckenbach.....	6 24 14	3 15 14
Cockatoo, Hendon Chubb.....	6 32 17	3 23 17
Streak, C. H. Lary.....	Withdrew.	
Sloops—Class Q—Start, 3:12.		
Opossum, Robert F. Doremus.....	5 41 19	2 29 19
Trouble, W. H. Childs.....	5 43 49	2 31 49
Wraith, Calvin Tomkins.....	5 48 13	2 36 13
Broncho, F. C. Moore.....	6 32 48	3 20 48
Spots, D. D. Allerton.....	6 39 41	3 27 41
Flying Fish, I. M. Dean.....	Withdrew.	
Sloops—Class R—Start, 3:15.		
Pebble, R. W. Speir.....	Withdrew.	
Eileen, F. J. Havens.....	Withdrew.	
Marine and Field Class—Start, 3:18.		
Kelpie, W. K. Brown.....	5 47 03	2 29 03
Quinque, L. H. Smith.....	6 46 39	2 28 39
Stinger, A. P. Clapp.....	Withdrew.	
Catboats—Class V—Start, 3:24.		
Martha M., Richard Moore.....	5 40 00	2 16 00
Rascal, D. G. Whitlock.....	5 52 29	2 28 29
La Cigale, R. A. Downing.....	Withdrew.	

The winners were Bonito, Caribou, Karma, Opossum, Kelpie and Martha M. Points on series in classes sailed: Mariquita, 5; Bonito, 10; Sunol, 8; Kangaroo, 6; Vivian, 5; Caribou, 10; Squaw, 8; Karma, 10; Song and Dance, 8; Cockatoo, 6; Opossum, 10; Trouble, 8; Wraith, 6; Broncho, 4; Spots, 2; Kelpie, 10; Quinque, 8; Martha M., 10; Rascal, 8.

Boston Y. C.

CITY POINT, BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, June 7.

THE races of the Boston Y. C. for cups presented by Com. B. F. Cheney were sailed off the City Point club house on Saturday. There was a strong, whole-sail breeze from the southwest, smoky and cold. But in spite of rain and cloudy skies there was good racing, and it was noted that all of the Y. R. A. boats available entered the race, notwithstanding that a race of the newly formed Boston Bay Yacht Racing Association was being sailed close by. It was centerboard weather again, and Calypso trimmed the two new keel boats to perfection. Chewink got the best of the start, with Sally VI. next and Calypso behind having trouble with her balloon. When the leeward mark was reached Calypso had pulled up and commenced to open out. She ran away from the keel boats, and from then to the finish it was a procession. Calypso, Sally VI., and Chewink II. In the 21-footers Chloris, a new boat from the board of Small Bros., had things her own way from the start. Micmac carried away her mast. Miladi II. won a good race in the 18ft. knockabouts. She is also a new boat, and sailed her first race. Elizabeth D. won easily in the first handicap class, Apache won on corrected time in the second handicap class and Griselda won easily in the third handicap class. The summary:

Class D—Y. R. A. 25-footers.		
Calypso, A. W. Chesterton.....	Elapsed.	
Sally VI., L. F. Percival.....	1 32 58	
Chewink II., F. G. Macomber, Jr.....	1 36 45	
Class S—Y. R. A. 21-footers.		
Chloris, Cheney & Lanning.....	1 42 47	
Tabasco III., H. H. Wiggins.....	1 46 33	
Micmac, Richard Hutchinson.....	Disabled.	
Class I—18ft. Knockabouts.		
Miladi II., F. R. Adams.....	1 54 53	
Biza, Alfred Douglas.....	1 55 34	
Tokolon, R. J. Randolph, Jr.....	1 58 13	
Malilian, B. S. Permar.....	1 58 50	
Schrimp, Walter Burgess.....	Disabled.	
Class A—11handicap.		
Elizabeth D., C. H. Billman.....	1 50 11	
Cavalier, W. C. Lewis.....	1 59 18	
Class B—11handicap.		
Apache, L. C. Wade.....	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Coquette, B. D. Amsden.....	1 53 16	1 42 16
Thecla, C. W. Chapin.....	1 50 04	1 50 02
Katherine, H. C. Sears.....	1 55 32	1 50 02
Class C—11handicap.		
Griselda, O. S. Armstrong.....	1 53 09	1 47 29
Sue, T. W. Powers.....	2 06 26	1 52 56
Barnacle, Dr. G. W. Fitz.....	2 04 01	1 55 01
Brynild, E. F. Smith.....	1 57 53	1 57 53

Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C.

OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, June 7.

THE Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. held a club race over the inside course on Saturday, June 7. Tito and Papoose II. two of the new Bar Harbor 30-footers designed by Mr. Clinton H. Crane, met for the first time in a race. The boats are built of mahogany, and are far and away the handsomest boats ever turned out by Mr. Crane. Tito was sailed by Mr. Crane, and Papoose II. was sailed by Mr. Allen E. Whitman. Tito won by over four minutes, but it remains to be seen which is to be the best boat, for they have hardly been tuned up yet.

The knockabouts raced for a prize offered by Francis G. Stewart, and Lucille finished the winner.

Jolly Roger was to have been a starter in the raceabout class, but went aground just before the start. The summary:

30ft. Class—Start, 3:20.		
Tito, Walter Ladd.....	Finish.	Elapsed.
Papoose II., Everett Macey.....	5 56 10	2 36 10
	6 00 21	2 40 21
Raceabouts—Start, 3:25.		
Joker, Walter Jennings.....	6 19 58	2 54 58
Whistle Wing, H. M. Crane.....	6 20 34	2 55 34
Seawanhaka Knockabouts—Start, 3:30.		
Lucille, H. H. Landon.....	6 26 34	2 56 34
Gowan, F. G. Stewart.....	6 27 05	2 57 05
Heron, F. R. Coudert, Jr.....	6 33 37	3 03 37
Bobs, W. A. W. Stewart.....	6 36 28	3 06 28

The winners were Tito, Joker and Lucille.

Knickerbocker Y. C. Annual Cruise.

COLLEGE POINT, LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, June 7.

THE annual regatta of the Knickerbocker Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, June 7, in a good whole-sail S.W. breeze that held true throughout the race. The course for all classes was from a starting line off the club house at College Point, L. I., to and around Gangway Buoy and return. The distance was fourteen and a half miles.

In the 55ft. schooner class Miladi had everything her own way, and won the second leg for the Alcedo cup, and

it now becomes the permanent property of the owner, Mr. Stephen H. Mason. Leslie, an old type schooner, was Miladi's only competitor, and she was not in the game from the start.

In the 51ft. sloop class Humma took a sail-over. Altair unfortunately did not show up, and Humma was therefore without a competitor.

Charles Lane Poor's Mira was on hand with a beautiful new suit of Ratsey's English sails. She had the Herreshoff boat Effort against her. As Effort has a new and larger rig this year, her measurement has been changed from last season, and in consequence her old measurement could not be accepted. Effort beat Mira 3m. 39s., but as Effort will have to allow her considerably over 3m. time allowance, it will not be known who was the winner until Effort has been remeasured.

The New Rochelle one-design boats met again, and after a pretty race Knave won. This makes the fourth first prize she has taken out of four starts.

While the breeze was good throughout the race, the course was so laid out that with a S.W. wind there is very little windward work.

The regatta was in charge of the following committee: F. E. Barnes, chairman; O. H. Chellborg, Harry Stephenson, C. W. Schlessinger, Rodman Sands and J. O. Sinkinson. The summary follows:

Schooners—55ft. Class—Start, 12:05.		
Miladi, S. H. Mason.....	Finish.	Elapsed.
Leslie, James N. Norris.....	2 22 50	2 17 50
	3 45 58	3 40 58
Sloops—51ft. Class—Start, 12:05.		
Humma, H. B. Duryea.....	2 02 10	1 57 10
Sloops—43ft. Class—Start, 12:10.		
Mira, Charles Lane Poor.....	2 25 09	2 15 09
Effort, F. M. Smith.....	2 21 30	2 11 30
Sloops—43ft. Class—Cruising Trim—Start, 12:10.		
Gurnard, L. H. Zocher.....	3 03 19	2 53 19
Nautilus, J. J. McCue.....	3 05 51	2 55 51
Sloops—36ft. Class—Start, 12:15.		
Anoatok, J. E. Martin, Jr.....	2 55 54	2 40 54
Camille, Thomas Miller, Jr.....	3 23 54	3 08 54
Bertha K., F. Kaiser.....	3 17 12	3 02 12
Florence, John Schroeder.....	3 11 50	2 56 50
Aglaia, J. B. Schmetzel.....	3 38 10	3 23 10
Sloops—30ft. Class—Start, 12:25.		
Ouananiche, Rodman Sands.....	3 48 00	3 23 00
Alerion, A. H. Alker.....	3 01 35	2 36 35
Mimosa, Trenor, L. Park.....	3 03 22	2 38 22
Sloops—25ft. Class—Start, 12:35.		
Irene, Daniels & Allen.....	4 16 59	3 41 59
Zaza, P. D. Granbery.....	3 33 26	2 58 26
Josie S., O. Craighead.....	Time not taken.	
Sloops—18ft. Class—Start, 12:40.		
Bob White, George D. Pratt.....	Time not taken.	
Hope, A. Iselin.....	4 09 19	3 20 19
Special Newport—30ft. Class—Start, 12:20.		
Esperanza, H. O. Haveimeyer, Jr.....	2 52 47	2 32 47
Carolina, Pembroke Jones.....	2 48 35	2 28 35
Raceabout Class—Start, 12:30.		
Snapper, A. Bryan Alley.....	3 25 52	2 50 52
Mavis, G. L. Pirie.....	3 23 47	2 53 47
Pompilia, H. L. Maxwell.....	3 29 45	2 59 45
Cabin Catboats—30ft. Class—Start, 12:25.		
Flyaway, L. C. Berrian.....	3 42 05	3 17 05
New Rochelle Y. C. One-Design Raceabouts—Start, 12:40.		
Caper, P. L. Howard.....	4 18 25	3 38 25
Knave, W. N. Bavier.....	4 16 16	3 35 16
Me Too, H. T. Foote.....	4 16 10	3 36 10
Special 21ft. Sloops—Start, 12:35.		
Houri, J. H. Esser.....	3 42 16	3 07 16
Dorothy, L. G. Spence.....	Time not taken.	
Open Sloops—21ft. Class—Start, 12:35.		
Gazaboo, H. T. Vulte.....	3 58 21	2 23 27
Maybe, J. L. Smith.....	Time not taken.	

The winners were Miladi, Humma, Gurnard, Anoatok, Alerion, Zaza, Hope, Carolina, Snapper, Flyaway, Knave, Hourie and Gazaboo.

Shelter Island Y. C.

SHELTER ISLAND HEIGHTS.

THE coming season at the Shelter Island Y. C. promises to be the peer of any since its organization in 1886.

Contests for one-design knockabouts built up to the limit of class R will be made a feature of the racing of 1902. These boats are from the design of Theodore Brigham, and built by the Greenport Basin and Construction Company. Six from like lines were recently turned out for the Ardsley Club, and three for the Larchmont Y. C. They are 25ft. 9in. over all, 15ft. 6in. on the waterline, 6ft. beam and 4ft. draft. They will carry 1,200lbs. of lead bolted outside the keel and spread 410 sq. ft. of canvas.

These boats are to race every Saturday afternoon, beginning July 5. Three excellent trophies have been offered for competition in this class. The Commodore's cup will go to the craft winning the greatest number of points in ten races. In the system of scoring used, each craft tallies one for starting, and one for every competitor she defeats, and must enter at least eight out of the ten races.

C. P. Brigham has offered a cup to the boat scoring the best percentage of victories, and J. B. Edson, another club member, will put up first and second prizes to the value of \$35 and \$15, open to competition on the same basis. Messrs. Luning, Webber, Bancker and Edson are among club Corinthians to have the new 18-footers.

The Loehrke cup, donated by Otto Loehrke, will this year be up for competition in class N, to be won by the craft scoring the greatest number of points in five races, the same system of points to be used as in the contests for the smaller boats.

A new craft which is expected to do well in this class is Senta, belonging to Otto Loehrke, the donor of the trophy. Senta was put in commission too late last year for speed purposes, and it is not known as yet by outsiders what she is capable of doing. She is from the designs of Gardner & Cox, and built by Robert Jacob. Her dimensions are: 42ft. 4in. over all, 26ft. on the waterline, 9ft. 6in. beam and 6ft. 1in. draft.

The Crownshield boat, Flosshilde, belonging to Oscar B. Webber, will be in the class again this year. Helen, formerly Marion, will also be in racing trim after an enlargement of sail plan.

F. M. Smith's Marion will not be in commission, but Martha, belonging to Henry L. Coc, is expected to be out after laurels once more.

Mortimer Fuller, of Scranton, Pa., who summers at Manhasset, will offer a beautiful trophy under conditions and on dates to be decided later. This prize is for the winner of a single regatta, and it is quite likely that it will be offered to class L sloops.

If this be the case, the crack boats Dorwina, Clifford

V. Brokaw; the Herreshoff craft, Effort, F. M. Smith, and Mira, Charles Lane Poor, will be competitors.

The club house at Shelter Island Heights opens June 15. The schedule of fixtures, regardless of the one-design class boats, which are to compete on Saturdays, follows:

July 4—Club race. Points on Loehrke cup.

July 5—Club race. Points on Loehrke cup.

July 19—Club race. Points on Loehrke cup.

Aug. 2—Club race. Points on Loehrke cup.

Aug. 16—Open regatta.

Aug. 23—Ladies' regatta.

Sept. 1—Club race. Close of series for Loehrke cup.

Columbia Y. C.

CHICAGO, LAKE MICHIGAN.

Friday, May 30.

FOURTEEN boats started in the opening regatta of the Columbia Y. C. that was held on Friday, May 30. The race was over a fourteen-mile triangular course, the direction being south to the Van Buren street crib, thence northeast to the Carter Harrison crib, and return to the starting point, which was directly opposite the club house. In the class 6 A for open boats, Ripple and Marion were the only starters, and they sailed the short course, going twice around the breakwater.

La Reta beat Privateer 6m. 51s.; both these boats raced in the Massachusetts Y. R. A. circuit a few years ago, and they will compete in the Lipton cup races later on.

Snapshot lost her centerboard when on the second leg of the course. The judges were H. P. Simonton, M. A. Bowles, R. J. Summers, W. S. Burroughs and Henry J. Furber, Jr. The summary:

21ft. Class.		
	Start.	Finish.
La Reta.....	2 01 34	3 56 39
Privateer.....	2 01 09	4 03 08
Schooner Class.		
Nomad.....	2 01 40	4 27 53
Tarter.....	2 05 23	4 45 43
Class 6A—Open Boats.		
Ripple.....	2 01 50	3 00 00
Marion.....	2 03 05	3 28 01
Class 3A.		
Nymph.....	2 02 04	4 06 33
Eleanor II.....	2 01 52	4 59 31
Widsith.....	2 03 54	Withdrew.
Class 1B.		
Neva.....	2 01 18	3 53 10
Mawaja.....	2 07 00	5 15 00
Class 4A.		
Vision.....	2 02 19	5 09 00
Bull of the Woods.....	2 01 56	Withdrew.
Snapshot.....	2 01 45	Withdrew.

Corinthian Y. C.

ESSINGTON, DELAWARE RIVER.

Saturday, May 24.

THE second of the series races for the 36ft. class and knockabouts for the Tincum Island cups was sailed on the lower Delaware on Saturday, May 24. There was a strong S.W. breeze blowing, and there was quite a lump of a sea on.

The 36-footers sailed their race in the morning. The course was from Essington to a buoy off Claymont, Del., and return, about thirty miles. When the yachts were off Marcus Hook and well together the Paukwis carried away her shrouds and was obliged to withdraw from the race.

Bobtail and Cherokee fought a hard battle on the beat to the outer mark, first one working into the lead and then the other. On the run home Bobtail finally gained the lead and was never headed.

After the 36-footers finished, the knockabouts were sent away, three boats starting. It was blowing rather too hard for the little fellows, and when off Chester Island Raccoon and Rowdy came together and were forced to withdraw. Fareeda sailed over the course alone. The summary:

36-footers—Start, 10:30.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Bobtail, Edgar T. Scott.....	2 35 55	4 02 55
Cherokee, E. W. Clark, Jr.....	2 37 53	4 07 53
Paukwis, C. H. Clark, Jr.....	Disabled.	
Knockabout Class—Start, 2:42.		
Fareeda, Mrs. A. Van Rensselaer.....	4 26 30	1 44 30
Raccoon, R. J. Koon.....	Withdrew.	
Rowdy, Charles Longstreth.....	Withdrew.	

The points won for the Tincum Island cups are as follows: 36-footers—Bobtail, 7; Cherokee, 5; Paukwis, 2; Grayling I. Knockabouts—Fareeda, 6; Raccoon, 2; Rowdy, 1.

Boston Bay Y. R. A.

CITY POINT, BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, June 7.

THE first race of the Boston Bay Y. R. A. was sailed off City Point Saturday, June 7, in a strong southwest breeze. There was a good list of entries, but as was expected, there was not one of the new Y. R. A. boats in the lot. In the second class Thordis and Bobs sailed a very close race, until Bobs ran aground on the Sculpin Flats and was out of it. In the third class Eclipse and Addie sailed a fighting race all over the course. Addie led on the first round, but Eclipse squeezed in ahead of her on the second, and held the lead to the finish. In the fourth class Dot had an easy win. In the fifth class, which was composed of sailing tenders, there was a good race. The Leach tender led most of the way, pushed hard by the Merrill tender. The summary:

Second Class—25 to 30ft.		
	Elapsed.	
Thordis, C. A. Heney.....	1 54 40	
Romance, Loring Sears.....	2 19 28	
Bobs, Edgar Harding.....	Disabled.	
Third Class—20 to 25ft.		
Eclipse, H. A. Jones.....	1 49 00	
Addie, G. H. Williamson.....	1 49 50	
Harriet, Frank Neal.....	1 56 00	
Hustler, Whitmore & Robbins.....	1 56 27	
Tacoma, J. F. Ring.....	Withdrew.	
Fourth Class—15 to 20ft.		
Dot, F. H. Power.....	2 24 00	
Echo, Hall & Fisher.....	2 27 38	
Wawaenock, Coombs & Seymour.....	Disabled.	
Fifth Class—Under 15ft.		
C. H. Leach.....	0 31 06	
E. E. Merrill.....	0 31 49	
W. F. Scott.....	0 36 13	
F. O. French.....	0 36 29	

How to Build a Launch from a Set of Plans.

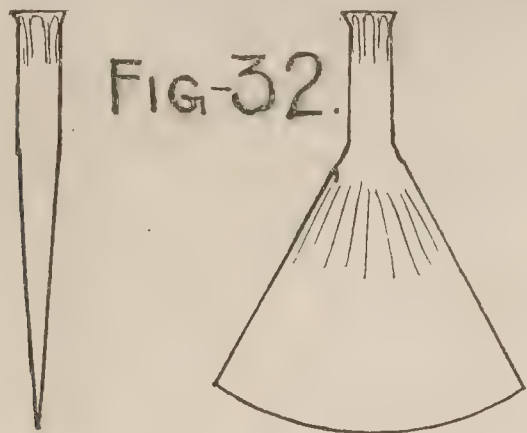
BY C. G. DAVIS.

Caulking.

Before we do any more let us finish up the planking. This is done in the following stages: Opening and caulking the seams, paying the seams, plugging the nail holes, planing off the plank, sandpapering it, giving it a prime coat of paint, filling the seams with putty, and painting the final two coats of paint.

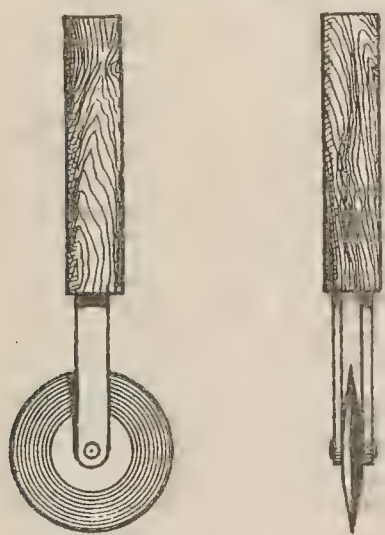
You may not need to open some of the seams; some seams the amateurs make need closing instead, but we will suppose you have made a good job of it. There will even then be places where the seam is wider than in others; to equalize this opening, some builders make a wooden wedge of oak cut with a shoulder so it can only go a certain depth, and run that along by hand, using a hammer when it becomes too tight, and so make the seam open at least the thickness of the wooden blade.

Others merely go along the seam with the iron known as the making iron, Fig. 32, used by caulkers, while

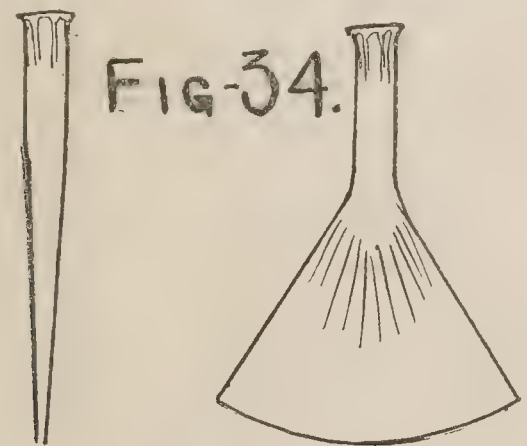


others combine the two by marking a wheel with its edge wedge-shaped, like the blade of the making iron, putting this wheel in a handle and rolling it along in the seam. Fig. 33. The three methods all accomplish in more

FIG-33.



or less length of time the same object—they wedge the two edges of the plank apart with a V-shaped seam into which the cotton can be rolled or hammered with a caulking roller or caulking iron, which differs from the making iron in the fact that it is blunt edged and drives the cotton in without cutting it. Fig. 34. It takes lots of ham-



mering to pound a strip of cotton into each seam, but patience will succeed. The roller, Fig. 35, on small boats

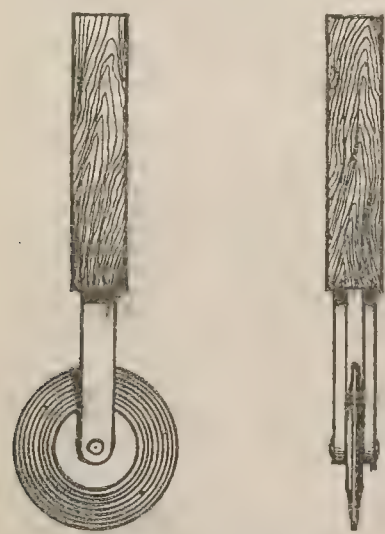


FIG 35.

is far the quicker method, but care has to be exercised or else the roller will start off and cut a score into the plank instead of keeping into the seams.

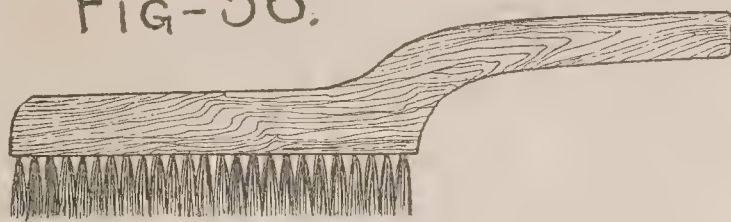
If the seams are anywhere near regular, two or three strings of cotton wicking twisted together will fill the

seam nicely. If irregular, it is better to take regular caulking cotton, which only differs from cotton batting in the way it is put up, being in strings about the size of your thumb, instead of in sheets, and of slightly inferior quality.

The caulking iron may cling to the cotton, if so an occasional dip of the iron into a rag soaked with grease will prevent it.

When every seam is caulked across the ends of planks and all, take some lead-color paint mixed quite thin and a seaming brush (Fig. 36), that is one with one set of

FIG-36.



SEAMING BRUSH

bristles set in a row, and run the paint well into the seam and on the edge of the cotton. This will not only hold the cotton in, but give the putty something to cling to.

Plugging.

To plug the nail holes in the planking requires about 1,500 $\frac{3}{8}$ in. white-pine plugs, and for the oak top strake about 150 $\frac{3}{8}$ in. oak plugs. You only need a dozen or so mahogany plugs for the transom.

Don't try and whittle round sticks and stick them in, sawing them off; they will not stay in and look badly, as the end grain finishes up blacker than the rest and looks unsightly. Buy the plugs, they cost but little, and then dip them in white-lead paint with a little varnish in to make it sticky, or in glue. The latter is better, for the oak anyway, as it don't show a white ring in the dark oak as lead might. Any one can plug, you would think, yet there is quite a little to it to learn to put the grain of the plug the same as the plank it goes into, so all will shrink and swell alike, and don't hammer them in and bruise the wood down, for when the oil of the paint touches them they will expand back, and then your plug will stick out beyond the plank. Tap them in lightly.

Planing Off and Finishing.

To properly plane off the hull so as to take down any ridges that may be caused by one plank being thicker than another, and make a smooth, rounded surface free from flat spots, requires quite a knack. You may be able to do it first time if you are careful and patient, but it is quite hard work to the uninitiated. You can feel most of the inequalities by running your hand over the plank, or see them by eye. A thin batten bent across the plank will often show up unevennesses the eye and hand could not detect. Before you sandpaper get a bucket of hot water and a sponge and thoroughly wet all the outside of the planking. This will make the wood and plugs swell out all they are going to.

Then sandpaper across the grain. I was going to say as long as you like. Few do it long enough, but elbow grease is what tells; this alone will make a launch hull look smooth and nice. Paint never can hide an uneven surface. The sunlight will expose it with shadows. Toward the last, sandpaper lengthwise, to take out any scratches that might otherwise show. Scrape all oak with a cabinet scraper to a perfectly smooth surface.

Puttying and Painting.

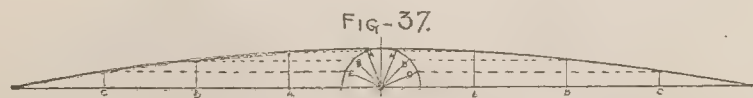
Simple as the process of putting on the half-round mouldings is, there is quite a knack in it. Not so much in the middle as at the ends, where it should be tapered off gradually, both in depth and in thickness. It looks clumsy and cheap to snub off the ends full sized. Bung the fastenings in this the same as you did the top strake. Varnish the underside of the oak mouldings before you nail it on to help hold it on and to prevent the rain water from running down and carrying a black stain across your white paint. Oak exposed to water gives out a black stain, and for this reason you should keep all oak well varnished.

Putty all the seams and any small nail holes that may show, and then paint the hull two coats of white paint above water and two coats of red lead, if for fresh water, of some anti-fouling bottom paint if for salt water, use. Green makes a very pretty finish and lasts well. The oak should have three coats of varnish, the first well rubbed in and the last a spar varnish.

Deck Frame.

When the outside of the hull is complete you are ready to frame the deck. This is always built with an arch or rounded top which boat builders call the "crown" of the deck to drain the water off. Our launch has a crown of 2in. in 4ft. Cut out a pattern or template of about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. pine, from which you can mark out your beams. To lay out this template, (Fig. 37), draw a half circle in the

FIG-37.



middle of it and divide it into eight equal parts. Divide the 4ft. template into eight equal parts also and set off the heights on the template corresponding to the heights on the division on the circle. By drawing a curve through these spots you have the sweep or crown to cut your beams by. Cut out five beams 4ft. long and $\frac{7}{8}$ in. wide by $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. deep, and two heavier ones $\frac{7}{8}$ in. wide by 3in. deep, one for each end of the cockpit.

Cut a notch in the clamp on each side, so the beams will fit down flush with the top of the side planking and nail them with one galvanized iron nail through the beam and into the clamp.

Cut the circles to make the rounded cockpit out of $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. yellow pine and spike them fast to the clamp and beams, as shown in plan, leaving them stand up high enough to make the round correspond to the rest of the deck. When you have fitted an arched piece to the transom to match the crown of the beams, and have planed the

clamp beams and all down even, put on the covering boards.

It is an excellent plan to build the forward deck so it can be removed to permit getting at the tank or taking it out any time for repairs. All that is necessary to do this is to nail a ledge piece fore and aft on each clamp under the deck that will extend out about $\frac{3}{4}$ in. beyond the covering board. Then the beams can be notched into this and yet be short enough to lift out clear of the covering board. Put the edge of the deck all down with screws instead of nails, as the rest of the deck is built, so by taking them out the deck may be removed at any time.

Wherever you want a cleat, put a reinforcing block of oak under the deck to screw them to, as the soft wood of the decks would not hold much strain. Nail right through the sides of the deck beams into these blocks, which are to be fitted snugly between them.

Decking.

For decking mahogany, costing about 17 cents per square foot, is by far the best finish. Oak will cost about 6 cents, and pine 5 cents. Get whichever you decide to use cut into strips 2in. wide by $\frac{3}{4}$ in. thick, and lay the decking in straight lines fore and aft, beginning with the middle piece and working off toward each side. Wedge each piece up very tight and be sure and have what is called a caulking seam on top, the same as in the planking of the hull. Run a shaving off the top edge of each piece with your plane, so the seam will have a decided opening at the top to take putty. Be sure the edge of the grain is on top, for if you lay the flat of the grain uppermost, it will raise up in splinters. Make neat joints in fitting the many pieces and bore a hole for a plug to cover the head of each nail. Put two nails into each piece of deck at every frame.

Flooring.

The laying of the floor is so simple it does not need much description. Cut the beam on which the floor is laid so they land on top of each (or every other frame would be close enough), and nail them fast. Leave sections of the floor loose so you can get at the bottom of the boat.

Make your seats of wide white pine cleated together on the under side with cross pieces about every 18in. and put the supports to the floor under these cleats.

Coaming.

Nothing hurts a launch's appearance more than a coaming made up of a series of angles. A neat, round coaming will often retrieve an otherwise poor looking hull. It is this the eye sees most, and hence it pays to make this part as sightly as possible. It is difficult work for an amateur I'll admit, but half the battle is won if you only begin right.

Sweep a circle on the floor the size you want your coaming, and at intervals of 6in. around the circle, lengthening to a foot, at each end nail a series of uprights braced so you can bend the coamings around them. If you tried to bend around these, each upright would bear hard and tend to break the wood; so first, as a padding, bend three or four $\frac{1}{2}$ in. flat strips, some you can easily bend cold, around the form, and then bend the coaming around on these after first giving it a good steaming in the steam box.

As the two ends are different, you will have to alter your mould to fit each. When you take them off the mould, you will not have much difficulty in fitting them into position on the launch. The straight pieces on each side will not have to be steamed. Where they join either make a square butt or else halve them and reinforce the joint with a butt block, which also does duty as a place to put the rowlock sockets into.

You find the shape of the coaming by the same method as you did the planking, by taking a "spiling." Why, it is called spiling I never could find out, unless it means you spoil or spile one piece to determine the shape of another. Take a very thin piece of wood about 3-16in. thick and 6in. wide. Bend this in as a temporary coaming, and tack it just enough to hold it while you mark or "scribe," as they call it, the line of the top of the deck. When you straighten this piece out you will find it has a decided hump or mound in the center. This is caused by the crown of the deck.

Set off with a pair of compasses this curve on the piece of $\frac{1}{2}$ in. oak you are going to make the coaming out of, and cut it out to shape, 6in. in width. When you fit this in and nail it fast, leave it standing up 4in. above the deck. Countersink and plug all the holes. Where the joints come screw them fast into the butt blocks. (Fig. 38.) Then putty the seam around the outside and bend a

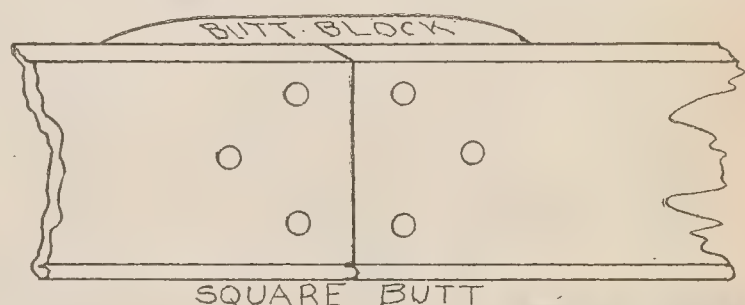
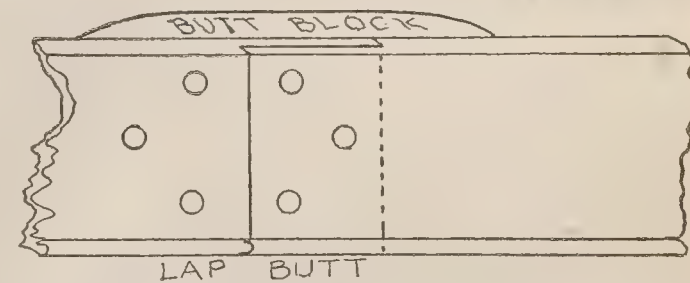


FIG-38.



quarter round $\frac{1}{2}$ in. oak moulding in the corner formed by the coaming and deck. It will take 30ft. of this moulding. Any mill will sell you half-round moulding, so purchase 15ft. of $1\frac{1}{4}$ in. and have it resawed into quarter round. If you can't buy it, take $\frac{1}{2}$ in. square strip of oak and plane it off by hand.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Launch of Neola.

NEOLA, the new 60ft. racing cutter built for Mr. George Mallory Pynchon by the Townsend & Downey Shipbuilding Co., Shooter's Island, from designs by Mr. William Gardner, of the firm of Messrs. Gardner & Cox, was launched on Tuesday, June 3. A sister boat to Neola was launched from the yard of the George Lawley & Son Corp., South Boston, on June 5. This boat is for Mr. Henry F. Lippitt, of Providence, former owner of the schooner Quissetta. She will be known as Weetamore.

Neola and Weetamore are identical in every way, except that the former has steel frames, while the latter's are of bronze. Both boats are plated with Tobin bronze. The frames are spaced 15 $\frac{1}{4}$ in. on centers and are webbed and bulbed 2 $\frac{3}{8}$ by 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. The plates of bronze are $\frac{1}{8}$ in.

Neola will have English sails made by Ratsey & Lapthorn, while Weetamore will have an American suit, made by Wilson & Silsby.

The dimensions are as follows: 88ft. 8in. over all, 51ft. 6in. waterline, 16ft. 8in. breadth, and 11ft. draft.

The interest in the racing among the larger boats will be centered on Neola and Weetamore. The boats are beautifully built, and no expense has been spared to make them as perfect racing craft as possible.

While the boats are extreme in many ways, still they have an unusually large amount of accommodations below under a flush deck. Aft is a large ladies' cabin, on the port side forward is the owner's room, while opposite is a steerage. Forward still is the main saloon, 12ft. long and extends the full width of the vessel. On the port side forward is the sailing master's room, while opposite to starboard is the galley. The forecabin is forward. Capt. R. T. Dennis will be in charge of Neola, while Capt. Harry Haff will command Weetamore. The boats will meet for the first time in the New York Y. C. regatta on June 19.

Winthrop Y. C.

WINTHROP, BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, June 7.

THE first club handicap race of the Winthrop Y. C. was sailed off Winthrop, in Boston Harbor, Saturday, June 7, in a strong breeze from the southwest. Three classes sailed, with the following summary:

21ft. Class.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mineola	1 01 14	0 46 14
Greyling	0 46 26	0 46 26
18ft. Class.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
Zetes II.	0 47 07	0 47 07
Hector	0 50 44	0 48 44
Mentor	0 51 20	0 49 20
Favorite	0 54 20	0 51 29
Henrietta	0 57 29	0 51 29
Thelma	0 56 40	0 51 40
15ft. Class.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
Oom Paul	0 36 10	0 36 10
Virginia	0 45 17	0 40 17
Charlotte	0 46 18	0 44 18
Flash	0 48 45	0 44 45

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Mr. Henry S. Burr has sold the 40-footer Nymph through Messrs. Huntington & Seaman to Mr. John Reilly.

The dimensions of the steam yacht Quickstep that was built by the Herreshoff Mfg. Co. during the past winter for Mr. Frederic Grinnell, are as follows: Length over all, 124ft.; waterline, 102ft. 6in.; breadth, 18ft. 3in.; draft, 5ft. 3in.

Mr. James Stillman has chartered the steam yacht Columbia from Mr. J. Harvey Ladew, through the agency of Mr. A. J. McIntosh.

Mr. George C. Williams, Hartford, Conn., has had James M. Bayles & Sons, of Port Jefferson, build him a cruising sloop.

Manning's Yacht Agency has sold for Mr. George Carnegie, of Dungeness, Ga., his steam yacht Wissoe to Mr. Henry P. Whitaker. The same agency has sold Mr. Whitaker's 50ft. launch Thetis to Mr. Charles B. Prettyman, of Philadelphia, Pa.

There was launched on June 3 from the yard of the Gas Engine and Power Co. and Charles L. Seabury & Co., two new power yachts. The larger of the two was Ridgemont, built for Mr. David C. Whitney, of Detroit. She is 98ft. over all, 14ft. breadth and 5ft. 9in. draft. The builders have guaranteed a speed of sixteen miles. The second boat is for Mr. W. W. Cole, of New York, and she will be used in making daily trips between Mr. Cole's country place at Oyster Bay and New York city. She is 65ft. over all, 63ft. waterline, 12ft. breadth and 3ft. draft. The boat will be known as Advance. She will have a speed of eighteen miles. The frames are of oak and the planking of teak.

Mr. Randall Morgan, of Philadelphia, has purchased through Messrs. Gardner & Cox the English-built steam yacht Waturus from H. I. H. the Archduke Charles Stephen of Austria. The yacht will be brought to this side at once. Waturus was built in 1900 by Hawthorns & Co., Ltd., at Leith, Scotland. She is 175ft. on the waterline, 27.65ft. breadth and 14.8ft. depth. The yacht has two decks and four watertight bulkheads. Her engines are of the triple expansion type. Waturus was designed by Mr. A. H. Brown.

The Beverly Y. C. one-design 30-footers promise to be one of the strongest classes ever organized. The boats are exactly the same in every particular. The names of the boats and their owners follow: Young Miss, D. L. Whittemore; Notos, C. H. Taylor, Jr., and W. O. Taylor; Evelyn, John Hitchcock; Praxilla, John Parkinson; Arabian, Robert Winsor; Quakeress II, W. F. Harrison; Wahtawah, Archibald Rogers; Pontiac, J. Arthur Beebe; Mashnee, R. W. Emmons, 2d; Zingara, E. M. Farnsworth; Larikin, Robert Bacon; Arria, Walter G. Cotton; Anita, R. T. Crane, 3d; Gamecock, Louis Bacon.

The Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. went formally into commission on Saturday, June 7. This season promises to be the most successful the club has known in years.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

June 13-15.—Monticello, Wis.—Annual festival of the Wisconsin Shooting Bund.

July 7-8.—Meriden, Conn.—South New England Shooting Bund's tournament, under the auspices of the Meriden Rifle Club.

The United States Revolver Association.

NEW YORK, N. Y., May 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Herewith are submitted the revised conditions of the annual competitions conducted by the U. S. R. A. for the year 1902; also the rules and regulations governing the competitions, as well as the methods and customs to be followed in conducting these matches. It is desirable that this matter should be published thus early so that the revolver and pistol shots of the United States may be fully informed in regard to all the details of the various matches, etc.

Arrangements have been made to conduct these matches from August 23 to September 6, 1902, at the following places: Sea Girt, N. J., simultaneously with the annual meeting of the National Rifle Association, and the New Jersey State Rifle Association; Boston, Mass., at the Walnut Hill rifle range of the Massachusetts Rifle Association; Chicago, Ill., under the auspices of the Chicago Sharpshooters' Association; San Francisco, Cal., at the Shell Mound range of the Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club.

UNITED STATES REVOLVER ASSOCIATION MATCHES—REGULAR OR OUTDOOR EVENTS.

Match A—Revolver Championship.—Open to everybody; distance, 50yds.; 50 shots on the Standard American target, 8in. bullseye, 10-ring, 3.36in. Arm, any revolver, not to exceed 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. in weight; maximum length of barrel, including cylinder, 10in.; trigger pull not to be less than 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. Shots must be open, in front of the hammer, and not over 10in. apart. Ammunition, any. The score must be completed in one hour or less from the time of firing the first shot. Entrance fee, \$5; no re-entries. Prizes: First, the championship silver cup, to be held until the next annual competition, and a gold medal; second, a silver medal; third, a bronze medal.

Match B—Pistol Championship.—Open to everybody; distance, 50yds.; 50 shots on same target as Match A. Arm, any pistol; length of barrel not to exceed 10in.; trigger pull not less than 2lbs. Shots must be open, in front of the hammer, and not over 10in. apart. Ammunition, any. The score must be completed in one hour or less from time of firing the first shot. Entrance fee, \$5; no re-entries. Prizes: First, the championship cup, to be held until the next annual competition, and a gold medal; second, a silver medal; third, a bronze medal.

Match C—Military Championship.—Open to everybody; distance, 25, 50 and 75yds.; five consecutive strings of five shots at each range, on the same target as Match A. Each string at each range must be shot within the time limit of 15 seconds, taking time from the first shot. Misfires and shots lost on account of the arm becoming disabled while firing any string will be scored zero. If a shot is fired after the time limit has elapsed, the shot of highest count will be deducted from the score. No cleaning allowed. Arm, any military revolver, or any military magazine pistol; barrel not to exceed 7in. in length; plain open sights; front and rear sights fixed, and not adjustable; rear sight in magazine pistols may be adjustable for elevation only; trigger pull not less than 4lbs. Ammunition, the full charge service cartridge. The score must be begun at the shortest range and must be completed on the same day. No sighting shots will be allowed after beginning the score. Entrance fee, \$5; no re-entries. Prizes: First, the championship trophy, to be held until the next annual competition and a gold medal; second, a silver medal; third, a bronze medal.

Match D—Military Record Match.—Open to everybody; distance, 50yds.; five consecutive strings of five shots under the same conditions as Match C. Entrance fee, \$1; entries unlimited. Prizes: First, a gold trophy, to be held until the next annual competition, the trophy to become the property of the competitor winning it three times; second, a silver medal; third, a bronze medal.

INDOOR OR GALLERY EVENTS.*

Indoor Revolver Championship.—Open to everybody; distance, 20yds.; 50 shots on the Standard American target, reduced so that the 8-ring is 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. in diameter. Arm, sights and trigger pull same as in Match A. Ammunition; any suitable gallery charge approved by the executive committee. The score must be completed in one hour or less from the time of firing the first shot. Entrance fee, \$5. No re-entries. Prizes: First, a silver cup, to be held until the next annual competition, the cup to become the property of the competitor winning it three times; second, a silver medal; third, a bronze medal.

Indoor Pistol Championship.—Open to everybody; distance, 20yds.; 50 shots on the Standard American target, reduced so that the 8-ring is 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. in diameter. Arm, sights and trigger pull same as in Match B. Ammunition, any suitable gallery charge approved by the executive committee. The score must be completed in one hour or less from the time of firing the first shot. Entrance fee, \$5. No re-entries. Prizes: First, a silver cup, to be held until the next annual competition, the cup to become the property of the competitor winning it three times; second, a silver medal; third, a bronze medal.

RULES AND REGULATIONS GOVERNING THE CHAMPIONSHIP MATCHES OF THE U. S. R. A.

I. General Conditions.—Competitors must make themselves acquainted with the rules and regulations of the Association, as the plea of ignorance will receive no consideration. The rulings and decisions of the executive committee are final in all cases. These rules are for general application, but will not apply in cases where the special conditions of any match conflict with them.

II. Loading, Firing and Cleaning.—In all revolver and pistol matches the weapon must not be loaded until the competitor has taken his position at the firing point. The muzzle must always be kept vertical or pointed toward the target. In case of an accidental discharge, or of defective ammunition, if the bullet comes out of the barrel it will be scored a shot. Misfires will not be scored except in Matches C and D. Competitors may clean weapons in Matches A and B, but no time allowance will be made for time spent in this way. All competitors will be required to finish their scores within the time limits specified, except in cases of accident, when the time may be extended at the option of the executive committee. Blowing through the barrel to moisten it will be considered "cleaning."

In revolver matches the revolver cannot be used as a single loader, or so as to use a limited number of chambers in the cylinder. The cylinder must be charged with the full number of rounds for which it is chambered, and these must be shot consecutively. If scores are shot in 10-shot strings, the cylinder shall be charged first with six rounds and then with four rounds. If the cylinder contains only five chambers, then the 10-shot strings may be shot in two strings of five shots each. In Matches C and D the arm shall in all cases be charged with five rounds.

III. Position.—The position shall be standing, free from any support; the pistol or revolver being held in one hand, with arm extended so as to be free from the body.

IV. Arms.—Any revolver or any pistol which in the opinion of the executive committee complies with the conditions specified in Matches A and B will be allowed to compete in these events.

Revolvers or magazine pistols that have been adopted by any Government for the armament of its army or navy, or such as in the opinion of the executive committee are suitable for military service, and which comply with the conditions specified in Matches C and D, will be allowed in that event. Among the arms which may be used in this match are the .38cal. Smith & Wesson military; Colt's .38cal. military; .44cal. Smith & Wesson, Russian model; .45cal. Smith & Wesson, Scofield; 45 Colt's, and the following magazine or automatic pistols: Colts, Borchard, Mauser, Luger.

V. Sights.—In "open sights," the notch of the rear sight must be as wide on top as at any part. Aperture or peep sights and any covered or shaded sights will not be allowed. The use of a notch for the front sight will not be permitted. Sights may be smoked or blackened if desired. Sights on military arms if

* These are conducted in the month of March each year.

modified to suit individuals must remain strictly open, strong and substantial and suitable for military use.

VI. Trigger Pull.—The trigger pull, as specified in the various events, shall be determined by applying a test weight equal to the minimum pull at a point 1in. from the end of the trigger.

VII. Ammunition.—In Matches C and D, where full charge ammunition is required, it may be the product of any reputable manufacturer. It must in all cases be brought to the firing point in unbroken boxes with the label of the manufacturer intact.

VIII. Targets.—The 200yd. Standard American rifle target No. 2 (containing the 4-ring), with an 8in. bullseye, shall be used in all matches, at 50yds., and at 25yds. and 75yds. in Match C. The same target, reduced so that the bullseye or 8-ring is 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. in diameter shall be used for all matches at 20yds.

IX. Marking and Scoring.—In all matches new paper targets shall be furnished for each competitor. Not more than 10 shots are to be fired on any target at 50yds., and not more than 5 shots per target at 20yds.; the shot holes in all cases to remain uncovered and left as shot.

Bullets touching or within a line on the target are to be scored the count of that line. The eye alone shall determine whether a bullet touches a line or not.

X. Ties.—Ties shall be decided as follows:

1. By the score at the longest distance.
2. By the score at the next longest distance.
3. By the fewest number of shots of lowest count.
4. By firing five shots each under the same conditions as the match, and these rules in regard to ties, until decided.

XI. Records.—The shooting for records shall, when practicable, be done on the grounds or in a gallery of a regularly organized shooting association or club, and in the presence of at least two witnesses, one of whom shall be an officer of the club.

The foregoing rules and regulations, and the conditions governing the championship matches of the U. S. R. A., must in all cases be observed and followed.

The record score shall begin with the first shot after the shooter has announced his intention to shoot for record only; the first 10 shots will apply to the 10-shot record; the first 20 shots to the 20-shot record, and so on to 50 or 100 shots, as the shooter may desire.

After finishing the record score, the targets shall be identified and signed by the witnesses, as above designated. The witnesses shall also prepare and sign a certificate of prescribed form, which, with all targets, shall be forwarded to the U. S. R. A. addressed to the secretary-treasurer. If all the conditions, rules and regulations have been complied with, the scoring correct, and if the score is higher than or equal to any previously made under the same conditions, it will be declared a new record. The score will then be entered as such in the record book of the Association, and the shooter formally notified to that effect.

FORM OF CERTIFICATE.

Name of Club or Association..... Date.....
Location.....
On....., 1902, Mr., residing at.....
....., declared his intention to shoot for record with the [revolver or pistol] at yards.
The shooting was done in accordance with the rules and regulations governing the [any revolver, military revolver or pistol] championship matches of the U. S. R. A., the details being as follows:
Target
Make of Arm.....
Trigger Pull.....
Length of Barrel.....
Sights
Distance, yards. Verified by the undersigned.
The first shot of the score was fired at the hour of..... and the last shot at

Weather conditions:
Witnesses: { Officer of Club or Association.

* Use word applying as case requires.

The following records made on the Standard American target are recognized by the U. S. R. Association:

Pistol, 50yds.	
100 shots: J. E. Gorman, May 26, 1901.....	942
100 shots: E. E. Patridge, March 1, 1902.....	942
50 shots: Thomas Anderton, Dec. 7, 1901.....	476
10 shots: C. H. Taylor, Nov. 8, 1899.....	100
10 shots: T. Anderton, May 13, 1899.....	100
Revolver, 50yds.	
600 shots: F. E. Bennett, June 9, 1888.....	5093
100 shots: C. B. Richmond, June 1, 1901.....	918
10 shots: W. C. Johnston, July 7, 1888.....	100
20yds.—Indoors.	
100 shots: W. E. Petty, March 15, 1901.....	908
10 shots: G. W. Waterhouse.....	98

METHODS AND CUSTOMS TO BE FOLLOWED IN CONDUCTING THE ANNUAL COMPETITIONS OF THE UNITED STATES REVOLVER ASSOCIATION.

When a competitor signifies his intention to shoot in any of the events, after paying the entrance fee, a regular ticket or duplicate score card (furnished by the United States Revolver Association) is filled out and issued to him, which is his receipt for the entrance fee. His score need not necessarily be shot immediately after issuing the ticket. The ticket, however, gives him his right of priority in case he wishes to shoot at a certain time, and there are other competitors who wish to shoot also at that time. Tickets not used are forfeited.

When a competitor wishes to shoot his score his arm is inspected by the officer in charge to make sure that it conforms with the rules and requirements of the event in which he enters. Competitors who wish to enter in any of the events should be urged to have their arms examined by the executive officer or committee in charge of the matches as soon as possible, so that in case there should be any exceptions made to the sights, the trigger pull or any other details there will be an opportunity to have these exceptions corrected so as to comply with the requirements when the official test and inspection is made before shooting the score.

In Matches C and D the officer in charge should have a reliable stop watch, so that the timing will be accurate. It is well whenever possible to have two men time the competitor, so as to have an additional check. A new target must be furnished for each string of five shots at each range. According to the rules, if a competitor starts to shoot a string at any range and his arm becomes disabled from any cause, those shots which reach the target within 15 seconds after the first shot will be counted as the complete score for the five shots. In the case of a disabled arm, the officer or committee in charge may allow the competitor to complete the remaining string of his score with another arm. Shots on the paper target outside of the 4-ring count 3; shots missing the paper target count zero.

All original score cards and all the targets shot in the various events are to be carefully preserved and forwarded, carriage prepaid, to the United States Revolver Association addressed to the secretary-treasurer.

In order that the conditions may be uniform, and eliminate as much as possible the special conditions in regard to wind, etc., that may exist at the different places where the matches may be held, the shooters should be protected at the firing point by a shelter. This may be either the regular shooting house of the club, or, if the shooting is done in the open, by a suitable tent or temporary frame structure having an opening in the direction of the target, the other three sides being inclosed. The building or tent should be large enough to accommodate also the officer or committee in charge of the match, so that the shooter may be at all times in sight of the officer in charge of the range at the time the score is made. A table of suitable size should be provided near the firing point for holding ammunition and for the convenience of the competitor to clean his arm in those events where cleaning is allowed. The firing point should be plainly marked and so located as to be at least six feet from any timbers, guards, ropes, tables, etc.

NOTE.

The sheltering of the shooter as herein provided is not considered a practical condition for military shooting. It is, however, in the opinion of the executive committee a necessity, in order to make the conditions uniform when the shooting is to be done in different parts of the United States.

At Sea Girt, N. J., where the military events were conducted in 1900 and 1901, the shooter was obliged to stand out in the open and shoot his score in strictly military fashion. As long as this match was conducted at one place and all the competitors were shooting under the same conditions, it was eminently fair to all, and proper to have the shooting done under these conditions. The weather conditions are, however, very different in different parts of the country where it is now proposed to hold the matches simultaneously during the first week in September. In some

Looking Backward.

PHILADELPHIA, June 7.—Mr. C. M. Stark, of Dunbarton, N. H., has favored the readers of FOREST AND STREAM from time to time with some comments on trapshooting, in general and in particular. Some of his writings, I am pleased to say, I read with much profit; I read all with pleasure.

If, however, you will permit me to offer some friendly suggestions to him I shall deem it a favor; if he will accept them, I shall deem it a happening of good luck.

First of all, he is somewhat strenuous in his insistence that he is old. There are men much older than he, accepting his statement that he is fifty-four, who shoot exceedingly well, so that as a matter of age, neither the fact nor the statement has any remarkable features.

Secondly, he betimes lays special stress on the fact that when he was younger they did things differently in the trapshooting world. That is an old, old story in every interest of life, and has been sung by every generation during the progress of the ages. However, it is unconsciously an admission that he no longer keeps up with the procession.

The ego is still kept as the true standard as old age impends, whereas the ego is no standard at all other than as it concerns the progression or retrogression of the individual.

That he should be growing old is nothing new. If he will but wait long enough, those who now, being young, do things differently and therefore erroneously, will be old too, and they will in turn have a dirgeful chant, complaining of the changes from the old ways to the new; from the better to the worse. Alas! those who are older than he will more deeply deplore differences. Alas, again!

It seems to me that it would add to Mr. Stark's vivacity of mind and evenness of keel if he would forget that he is old (for he isn't old at all); forget what New Hampshire did once upon a time; forget that he is the best old man trapshooter in the State, and instead of those conceits enter into the practical activities and sympathies of the present, believe that the sport outside of his State boundaries is as good as that within, and that human nature is no better and no worse in one place than it is in another.

Things which were failures last year, or in prior years, do not interest us much in the present. Also, the fact that one man has grown old is a matter which does not appeal to me as a talented performance, for it is a feat which is within the possibilities of all, one which indeed has been done successfully many times before Mr. Stark did it.

Looking backward is all right merely as an exclusively personal diversion, but looking forward is what interests and benefits the public. One is merely personal and reminiscent; the other is general and progressive.

To inveigh against the natural and immutable laws of progress is to confess one's self drifting away out of the march into the sequestered tall grass where the Rip Van Winkles compose involved treatises on the best manner of discovering mares' nests, and with assurances to the public that it is thereby under eternal obligations for the moral and material benefits altruistically conferred. Wake up!

ASTIGMATIC.

Champlain Gun Club.

CHAMPLAIN, N. Y.—The scores in the sweepstake events of the Champlain Gun Club's Memorial Day shoot are appended. The scores of the International team race were published in the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM. Events 10 to 14 were extras:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20
Red Fraser	11	9	14	13	12	16	11
Dr Stockwell	13	12	17	15	10	16	13	10	9	16	13	9
Thompson	13	14	15	12	10	17	15	11	8	..	12	8
Goodhue	12	7	11	10	13	13	12	10	8	11
Craig	11	12	16	10	10	15	10	10	6
Bray	12	12	16	13	14	17	14	15	..	12	8	18
B. F. Paine	13	12	17	12	10	17	15	17	14	13	8	18	13	10
Burroughs	11	13	14	9	9	13	14	8
Douglass	13	11	12	10	8	14	12	10	7	..	3	..	11	5
C. E. Worthen	5	12	14	9	7	7
Fort	14	14	16	13	12	16	15	18	13
Greenwood	12	10	18	7	14	12	11	8	8	17	12	8
Richardson	12	10	17	11	11	14	8	17
Wiseman	11	10	19	13	11	17	13	17
White	11	13	19	12	14	16	11	15	..	14	4	16	11	..
Walton	12	14	18	11	12	..	9	14	7	8	11	..
Barrett	13	14	19	12	8	19	14	17	15	12	7	13	15	9
Le Roy	14	13	17	14	15	19	11	17	13
B. A. Eastman	11	12	18	13	12	15	10	11	3
W. H. Eastman	11	11	18	8	12	14	15	18	..	14	7	15	10	..
R. M. Worthen	14	9	15	8	9	15	12	15
Prouty	5	5	11	9	5	5	4
Bennett	12	13	18	12	11	16	12	17	10	10	8	15	12	9
Kennedy	13	15	16	15	12	17	9
Hutchinson	13	8	18	11	11	17	10	5	16	10	6	..
Cleghorn	12	10	17	10	14	12	10	7
Bayfield	11	..	18
I. Bredenberg	12	10	19	12	10	13	14	18	11	10
Holcombe	13	10	16	9	13	16	11	..	7	6	14	12	9	..
Redman	12	14	16	..	12	13	15	8	14	10
F. Crook	8	13	7	10	14	8	..	1	3
C. Nye	7	10	..	5	..	4
Moore	8	10
Dr Briggs	7	8	..	6	..	12
Dickenson	9	5	..	11	..	10
J. W. Braithwait	13	18	..	12	..	14	14	11
A. E. Braithwait	12	14	17
Ward	12	14	8	..	12
Averill	10	..	10	12	..	11	..	9
Graves	5	7	..	8
Van Vleet	9	19	11	11
Doremus	..	11	6	10	..	4
A. Bredenberg	8	..	7	..	8	10
Sanborn	..	7
Head	..	13	15	12	16
A. Scriver	..	9	..	11	..	13	..	14
Branch	..	7
J. H. Paine	..	13
Everest	..	5	..	8
Dr Whitesides	..	10
Thivege	..	11	8	10

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., June 7.—The shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club was favored with fairly pleasant weather, though there were some drops of rain at midday, and later, near nightfall, a further light drizzle. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	10	15	25	25	25	15	25	15	20	20	25
Welles	9	13	18	19	21	24	24	24	23	14	12	19
Dudley	9	15	23	24	20	25	15	25	15	14	20
Henry	9	13	19	22	23	24	23	25	10	14	17	20	24	..
Wright	7	10	18	16	..	12	16	..	10	11	16	16	20	..
Hopkins	10	12	18	23	..	12	16	..	13	13	16	19	23	..
Schneider	7	12	19	18	20	22	..	21	14
Hitchcock	13	21	20	19	20	13	..	9	11	16
Thompson	5	7
Charles	8	10	18	..	19	16	..	17	14	10	8

Nos. 3 and 4 were at 15 singles and 5 pairs. No. 12 was at 10 pairs.

Rockland Military Academy.

NYACK, N. Y., June 7.—The Rockland Military Academy team visited Spring Valley and shot against the local team on the above date and won easily. Below are the scores of the match:

Spring Valley will visit the Rocklands soon and try to put on to the boys from Nyack.

Rockland Military Academy Team.

Potter	011010101101111101111—20
Crichton	11001010110100011010011—15
Moeller	11001011111100001111100—17
Lander	1100101011011111010111—19
French	010101011010100111101—15
Giison	1110101010101101001101—16—303

Spring Valley Team.

Smith	110111011111110111110—21
J. Cruickshank	011001011101011001001—15
Mapes	10011000010100010001000—9
H. Cruickshank	0010000001011010110011—12
Geiger	111010100000100010010010—10
Blauvelt	1100000101010010101001—12—79

IN NEW JERSEY.

Trap at Yardville.

Yardville, N. J., June 6.—A match was shot to-day between Messrs. W. B. Widmann and F. E. Bissett, 50 birds each, 30yds. rise, \$100. The scores of the match and other events are appended:

F. E. Bissett	2022222220222222221221202—22
W. B. Widman	2212222112211002212210212—22—44
	2222222222222222222222—22
	2222222222222222222222—25—47

Sweepstake, 2 miss-and-outs:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Belloff	00	0	0
Black	1120	120	2121120
Lamb	10	2220	1210
Widmann	11111	1221	12221
Bissett	22222	210	1222222
Reed	2220	20	110
Applegate	12122	2121	120
Smith	21210	20	122220
Hingley	22222	2220	1220
White Star	2120	20	111110
Van Hart	20	1110	30
Snyder	21220	1210	1210
Jameson	20	1220	110
Daily	0	150	1210

Hainhorst—Loeble—Page—Sanders.

Newark, N. J., June 6.—At Smith Brothers' grounds to-day the four-cornered race between Messrs. John H. Hainhorst, C. E. Loeble, Henry Pope and W. H. Sanders, 100 birds per man, \$50 a corner, was won by Mr. Hainhorst. There was pleasant weather and a light wind as weather conditions. The birds were good. Mr. L. H. Schortemeier acted as referee:

G. E. Loeble, 33	2222222201222200222222—18
	*21201110122222222200222—19
	020222201222010122222000—16
	2222200222202202222222—18—71
J. H. Hainhorst, 31	1212*221121210221212*212—22
	112221212210221222210202—22
	02101212222202222201210*2—17
	0212221212221210000102021—18—79
H. Page, 29	10110062*02001210121002—13
	1012020000120100120100*22—12
	21020122001*0020011112002—14
	211212202221002222222220—20
	020222222222222222222200—13
	0010211222222*1000002010—13
	1000000200000020111010121—10
	2112*1010*10121112112000—17—53

Miss-and-outs, 30yds, \$1 entrance; ties divided:	0	3	1
Hainhorst	0	0	8	2	0
Steffens	2	0	0	0
Kroger	0	2	6	3	5	3	2
Wallbrook	0	2	6	3	5	3	2
Meyer	2
Packard	2	0	8	2	0
Koegel	0
Loeble	0	0	1	4	4	3	4
Page	..	2	0	1	1
Sanders	0	..	0
Outwater	3	9	2	5

Jackson Gun Club.

PATERSON, N. J., June 8.—The shoot which was to have been held at the request of several out-of-town gentlemen was a failure, as far as their attendance was concerned. The only visitor was Mr. Frank Butler, the representative of the U. M. C. Co., who has visited us on several occasions, and is always glad of the opportunity to shoot at our grounds. He thinks we have one of the best-appointed grounds in New Jersey. We have always tried to make it pleasant for everybody as to entertainment and expenses. We have always thrown our targets for one cent each when shooting for targets only, and two cents when shooting in sweepstakes. As for live birds, we never charged more than was necessary to cover the cost of the birds. At our last live-bird shoot we had to pay a pretty steep price for them and we were compelled to charge 30 cents each. We were unable to get any good birds for yesterday, and we had everything ready for the targets, which were used in the few events which were shot. There were only eight shooters at the grounds, and they shot for targets only, and passed the best part of the afternoon. There were some good scores made over the magautrap.

We throw our targets fully 50 yards, so it will be seen that the men have to keep their eyes open if they expect to make big scores on these grounds.

We would like to see some of the 90 per cent. men try our grounds and traps, and see how they fare. We will give them all a chance to try the game here whenever they feel inclined to come out this way. If we don't have a shoot scheduled for any certain date, and any one or party who feels like having an outing, just let them drop us a card for any Saturday afternoon, and give us a little time to get ready. We will give them an afternoon at the traps that will make them feel as though they would like to come again. What more can we do? Everybody is welcome.

The weather of Saturday was very threatening, and that no doubt kept the shooters away. It showered here from 11 to 1:30, then it was fine the rest of the afternoon. We will try again in the near future. We would be glad to have you all attend.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Illinois State Shoot.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 6.—The twenty-eighth annual tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association closed today, or, more properly speaking, closed yesterday. Trapshooting in Chicago, so far as live-bird shooting is concerned, closed at the same time.

It looked a bit sad to one who has watched these annual gatherings of the Illinois sportsmen for the last dozen years or more, to see the old club house at Watson's standing empty, with the stand and firing line back of No. 1 set of traps silent and vacant. Far on beyond the park, at the target stands, one could hear the sounds of the guns and could see a scattered and far from numerous group of shooters struggling to keep up the interest and the honor of a fixture which has endured with credit for more than a quarter of a century.

The gates were open to the public for the first day. John Watson, however, had made up his mind to take no chances of prosecution for the shooting of live birds in his park. He announced that he would sell the birds to the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association if they cared to use them, but would take no responsibility for their handling. On the second day the Association concluded not to employ the live-bird traps in any way whatever. There was a temporary intention of holding the shoot behind closed doors. The newspaper men of the city were not admitted to the grounds except on proper credentials. It was a mistake to close the gates of the park, as will presently appear. A broader and better counsel, inaugurated, it is believed, by Mr. T. A. Marshall, of Keithsburg, prevailed on the third day of the shoot, and the gates were then thrown open to the newspaper men, including the representatives of the Chicago American, which paper has led the crusade here against live-bird shooting. Obviously, this was the wisest course possible. It boots but little to wage war against those who are bringing war in this matter. The best way is to attempt no secrecy, but to make the operations as public as possible, and to invite to the shooting grounds as many representatives as possible of those who do not believe in live-bird shooting. Sportsmen want no snap judgment in this matter. They want most of all to be right. If live-bird shooting can be proved in the eyes of those most competent to judge, and those most numerous in their following, to be an ungentlemanly sport, then assuredly sportsmen do not wish to follow it. It may be a long day before sportsmen are led to this belief, but certainly the best way to convert others to their own personal belief is to give them every opportunity of seeing that live-bird shooting is not the black and outrageous proceeding which it is charged to be. There is apparent cover of iniquity in closed gates. It was far wiser and better to throw open the gates, as was done on the third day, and to treat the representatives of the press with courtesy and good fellowship which goes furthest in the way of argument and furthest in the way of good feeling.

Arrest of C. M. Powers.

The last day's programme was not finished, for the reason that nearly all the shooters were absent in justice courts in South Chicago, attending the trial of one of their number, which had been set for that day. In brief, the newspaper which has been foremost in the fight against trapshooting here succeeded, after all, in ruining the tournament. The arrest of C. M. Powers, of Decatur, Ill., on a charge later to be proved groundless, was the focus of the affair. Let us hear both sides of this case, remembering that the grounds were closed to the newspaper men on the day in which the incident in question occurred. Hearst's Chicago American, in its issue of June 5, gives this report of the arrest and the events leading up to it:

PIGEON SHOOTER IS ARRESTED.

Slaughter of Live Birds Prevented by Sensation.

A man giving the name of C. M. Powers, of Decatur, Ill., was arrested on the firing line at Watson's Park, Burnside, yesterday afternoon, charged with assault with a deadly weapon.

Constable Otto Strand took his prisoner to South Chicago, before Judge Lewis, 9206 Commercial avenue, who released the man in \$600 bonds to appear to-morrow morning at 11 o'clock to answer to the charge. John Watson, owner of the shooting park at Burnside, was one of the sureties, and Harry Levi, a member of the Audubon Gun Club, was the other.

The complaint was made by one of the staff of American representatives, at whom Mr. Powers is charged with deliberately leveling his gun and firing two shots.

The arrest caused consternation among the members of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, who were engaged in the second day's shoot of their annual tournament, with modifications in the character of the events.

Immediately Constable Strand and his prisoner left the grounds the balance of the trapshooters ceased breaking clay pigeons for the day and returned to Chicago.

When the American representatives and officers of the Illinois Humane Society reached Watson's Park in the morning their request for admittance to the grounds was ignored by the Association. As the feature of the day's programme was to have been a live-bird shoot for the Board of Trade diamond badge, it was necessary for the newspaper men and the Humane Society officials to be in a position where they could survey the inclosure and watch the movements of the shooters and the kind of targets used without interference with their view.

To this end a truck farmer's wagon was secured and driven to a position alongside the west fence of Watson's Park. It is important to remember the location of this wagon, as the men at the traps were firing at clay pigeons, which when released from the traps sailed south, none taking a westerly course.

None of the shooters, so far as the newspaper men were able to see, save Mr. Powers, discharged his gun to the west, where they were situated, but no less than five shots were fired in the direction of the Humane Society official and the American representatives.

Across the sides of the wagon were placed three large planks. On these planks was set a large camera with a telephotoic lens, one of several which were trained on the interior of the shooting grounds. As the photographer was adjusting his camera a rain of shot struck the high board fence directly in front of him, and several stray leaden pellets hit the tripod on which the camera rested. The photographer called to his associates that he was being fired upon, but this information was needless, as the men across the street heard the impact of the shot against the fence and the camera.

Grasping a pair of powerful binoculars and a small camera they rushed to the wagon and clambered into it. One reporter took a position on the seat of the vehicle, drew out a paper and pencil and immediately started taking notes of the observations of the second reporter, who swept the interior of the field with the binoculars.

Many of the shooters were recognized and designated by name. Others were described by costume, color of hair, style of beard and complexion. This work had progressed some fifteen minutes, when the reporter with the field glasses noticed a stout man at the window of a white shed thrust a gun through it and aim in the direction of the wagon.

This man wore a white straw fedora hat and a light brown suit. His face was florid, and he evidently intended from his manner either to fire on or intimidate the newspaper men, so that they would leave their position.

Back of him, through the window, could be seen a number of shotgun stacks, apparently against the wall and resting on a bench. Two men appeared at this window and dragged the man who was menacing the newspaper representatives with the shotgun away.

About this time, Ed. Bingham, former secretary and treasurer of the Association, came over to the shed in front of this white hut, and leaning against the west side of it engaged in conversation with several men.

About six feet to the west of Bingham were two shooters leaning against some barrels. One was a tall, swarthy man, with a black suit of clothes and black hat, holding a shotgun in his left hand. The other wore a blue sweater and a light-colored felt soft hat.

Mr. Powers came from the shed, elbowed his way through the crowd and took a position directly to the right of the first described shooter. His movements were particularly noticeable in view of the fact that on his left hand he wore a dark-red dogskin glove, while his right hand was bare.

Mr. Powers broke the barrels of his gun, removed two red cartridges from them, took two cartridges from his right-hand coat-pocket and slipped them into the barrels. He deliberately raised his gun to his shoulder, according to the charges, aimed at the man with the binoculars and pulled the trigger.

The impact of the shot and the report of the gun were practically simultaneous. About half of the bodies of the photographer and reporter were visible above the top of the fence. The shot struck the fence directly in front of them and about on a level with the head of the reporter, who was taking notes as to what was happening inside of the inclosure.

Mr. Powers waited possibly ten seconds before firing the second barrel, changing his aim slightly. The impact of this shot was as

clearly heard as that of the first, and the shot struck about six feet south from where the newspaper men were standing. Mr. Powers then broke his gun, threw out the discharged shells and disappeared behind the shed. At least half a dozen men watched the effect of Mr. Powers' shot. The newspaper men remained in plain view for some minutes afterward, and then one of them and the attorney for the Illinois Humane Society went to South Chicago and made complaint against Mr. Powers.

When the constable and the complainant entered the grounds they were jeered, and after the arrest a burly man in his shirt sleeves and wearing a straw fedora hat attempted to attack the complainant. Several of his associates grabbed this individual, whom they called "Frank," and begged him not to make matters any worse. "Frank's" temper was indicated by his language.

Powers was taken at once to Justice Lewis' court in South Chicago where Constable Strand made return upon the warrant.

John Watson, proprietor of Watson's Park, and Harry Levi, one of the trapshooters, accompanied the prisoner. They went at once to the court.

Powers told Justice Lewis that he was anxious for a hasty hearing, and requested that the case be set for 10 o'clock to-morrow morning.

"Many of the men who will appear as witnesses in my behalf are not residents of Chicago, and I do not wish to delay them in the city after the Watson Park shoot is concluded," he said. "Therefore, I should like to have the case disposed of on Friday."

The court was informed that the time requested by the prisoner was satisfactory to the complainant.

"Then the case will be called at 10 o'clock (10 o'clock sharp) Friday morning," said the court. "I will ask a bond in \$600 for the release of the prisoner."

"I had no intention on my part to shoot at the newspaper men," said Mr. Powers. "The reporter who caused my arrest is certainly laboring under a misapprehension. My gun was aimed against the ground, and I fired the shots for the purpose of testing the weapon."

"While I have deplored the attitude of the American on the question of live-pigeon shoots, I had no personal animosity against the reporters. I will be able to prove by twenty witnesses that my gun was not aimed at the newspaper men when I fired the shots complained of."

No attempt was made to shoot at live pigeons yesterday. John Watson, owner of the park, informed an American representative that the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association had decided to abandon its programme so far as live-bird contests were concerned. Mr. Watson also stated that no more live pigeons would be shot in his park.

Today's programme calls for the State team shoot, four men to constitute a team and 10 birds per man. The other events call for the use of clay pigeons. To-morrow will be the last day of the meeting, if the original idea of a four days' shoot prevails.

The facts in the matter are as follows. Mr. Powers is well known to be what is popularly termed a gun crank. We have no shooter who is fonder of experimenting with guns and testing loads. He had for the tournament a new gun, and was shooting a load of his own device, which seemed to be pounding him to the extent of making his shoulder black and blue. On the day in question, and unhappily at the time when these newspaper men were trying to get a view from their wagon over the fence at the proceedings within the inclosure, Mr. Powers bethought himself to try some different loads in his gun, in the notion that thereby he might improve his shooting. He got one shell from Guy Burnside and another from Harvey Sconce. He stepped out to the corner of the target shed and fired these loaded in his quick, nervous manner, swinging the gun well off to the left at the second shot, both loads going into the ground. Unfortunately, Mr. Powers' first shot was practically in a direct line toward the wagon on which the representatives and photographers of the Chicago American were standing. The distance to the fence is 96 yards from the point where the shots were fired. The shots themselves both landed inside the boundary fence, not half way to the high-board fence of the park, the first one just 28 yards from where it was fired. Only two shot showed above the grass high enough to strike the boundary fence. Two pellets of shot were found on one of the boundary posts, near where the load struck in the grass. The direction of both of these shots was downward and not upward. The gun could not have been held in such a way as to land this charge of shot in the grass at that point and still land even a few pellets against the fence, as described in the report of the newspaper above cited.

The second shot landed further away from the shooter, but in a direction which would have cleared the wagon by probably 30 or 40 yards, even had its elevation been sufficient to carry the shot so far as the park fence.

I asked Mr. Powers what was his intention in firing these shots, and he replied that it was simply to test the recoil of the load. He stated, what hardly need be affirmed for him, that he had not the slightest idea of endangering or intimidating any human being. The charges brought against him, therefore, lacked the essential features of accuracy in statement and motive or intent.

Mr. Powers telegraphed to his attorney, Mr. W. C. Johns, of Decatur, who was present at the grounds on Thursday and who went over the situation there much as has been above developed. There was a general feeling that the arrest of Mr. Powers had so little ground in reason that the case would be dismissed. The newspaper in question, however, did not agree to dismiss the case last night when interviewed by some sportsmen. Mr. Powers, his attorney and very many sportsmen friends were on hand at South Chicago this morning. The prosecution did not have its lawyer on hand, but presently made appearance and asked a change of venue to another justice, where the case was set for 1 o'clock to-day. Meantime, the attorneys of the opposite sides got together, and the result was that the case was dismissed. Mr. Powers paid the costs, being anxious, as have been all the sportsmen hitherto implicated in these suits, to get out of the matter as quickly as possible, and with as little notoriety as might be. The day, however, was passed, and hence the shooting was not resumed in the events of the last day of the programme, the Association meet practically closing yesterday afternoon.

Mistaken Zeal.

It is generally believed that the American made a rather serious mislay in this assault upon the target shooting industry. As to the live-bird shooting, a great many sportsmen present at the grounds yesterday admitted the right of the paper to take its action against it, provided that it was animated by sincere motives. That is to say, they gave it the right to its own opinions. There may be some people who believe that live-bird shooting is cruel, who believe, indeed, that field shooting or angling is cruel. Allowing them all this ground for the sake of argument, yet certainly they have no leg to stand on when they begin their crusade against the sport of inanimate target shooting. To bring an action of this nature on evidence of this character was a move which cannot be round to the benefit of their crusade, whatever may be its motives or whatever its methods.

The Convention.

The convention was held at the Sherman House on Tuesday evening, and was rather a dismal sort of affair, compared to the hot gatherings of earlier years. The long-time Chicago apathy in shooting matters, strengthened by this recent movement against the sport of live-bird shooting, had killed in advance most of the interest in the current meeting. The Chicago American naturally came in for considerable criticism. The Association appointed a committee to draft resolutions for presentation to the City Council and the Mayor, seeking to forestall the possible ordinance preventing pigeon shooting in the city of Chicago, which may come up at the Council meeting next Monday. There was some talk of splitting the Association into two bodies, a trapshooting and a protective branch, but this carried but little weight. Both the president and vice-president of the Association were absent. Mr. E. L. Harpham was elected chairman and Eddie Bingham secretary. It was decided to hold the next annual meeting at Pekin, Ill., under the auspices of the Twin City Gun Club. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, A. C. Connors, of Pekin; First Vice-President, H. H. Fahnestock, of Peoria; Second Vice-President, T. A. Marshall, of Keithsburg; Secretary-Treasurer, G. N. Portman, of Peoria.

The Winners.

It goes without saying that the live-bird events which have so long distinguished this Association were abandoned and that the tournament resolved itself practically into a big target shoot. The Broad of Trade diamond badge shoot was not held. The L. C. Smith cup at targets was of course shot out. It was won for the second time by Harvey Sconce, of Sidell.

The New Troisdorf Powder Company had presented to the Association two beautiful solid gold trophies, one for a live-bird handicap at live birds, and one for a 25-target handicap. Both of these were perforce shot at targets, and the results may be seen in the tabulated scores of the last day of the shoot, these two Troisdorf events being the closing events of the day. The first of these

two trophies, that which would have gone to the winner of the live-bird handicap, was won by Harvey Sconce, who shot out A. D. Sperry in the tie, breaking 19 to Sperry's 14. The Troisdorf target handicap trophy was won by Mr. J. A. McKelvey, of Hendrick, Ia., strictly an amateur, but a lucky one, since he went straight alone in a good warm field. He is to be congratulated on the possession of so handsome a trophy.

It may be seen that the entry on the second day was a stiff one. We should have had a good shoot here but for the reasons above mentioned. Eddie Bingham did his work handsomely, and deserves great credit. The scores made during the three days' shooting are given below:

June 3, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Broken
Tripp, 16.....	18	18	11	17	12	17	14	17	13	17	149
Sconce, 16.....	18	19	15	20	15	20	14	20	14	18	168
Burnside, 16.....	14	19	14	19	14	18	15	20	12	19	164
Hughes, 16.....	14	18	14	20	13	19	15	20	15	20	168
Powers, 16.....	15	17	14	18	14	17	14	20	14	19	162
Gilbert, 19.....	15	17	14	20	14	18	14	15	13	19	159
Crosby, 19.....	12	18	13	18	13	20	16	15	15	19	159
Hudd, 19.....	15	19	13	18	14	20	12	18	14	18	161
Boa, 19.....	14	19	12	19	11	18	13	20	13	20	159
V F Boltenstern, 16.....	10	18	13	16	14	18	14	19	14	12	152
Miller, 16.....	12	16	14	19	13	18	15	16	13	18	152
Cool, 16.....	13	19	14	16	12	17	14	16	11	11	145
Stohl, 16.....	14	15	11	16	11	16	13	17	13	19	145
Nisbett, 16.....	11	16	14	12	14	18	15	16	11	11	160
H E Boltenstern, 16.....	11	17	10	18	14	20	12	18	12	17	160
Shafter, 16.....	13	19	11	16	12	19	11	16	14	17	157
Lord, 16.....	11	14	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	154
Stark, 16.....	12	17	7	15	11	11	11	11	11	11	153
Harbaugh, 16.....	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	156
Roll, 16.....	15	15	12	15	14	17	14	19	14	19	156
I R Graham, 16.....	11	17	11	17	12	20	14	19	12	19	156
Dunnell, 16.....	12	16	15	18	14	20	13	17	13	18	156
Rupel, 16.....	13	16	14	19	14	18	15	17	12	18	156
Riehl, 16.....	11	18	11	14	11	17	11	14	10	18	148
Richards, 16.....	11	17	13	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	148
Taber, 16.....	4	9	5	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	148
Pasman, 16.....	8	14	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	148
Richoff, 16.....	12	15	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	148
McKelvey, 16.....	15	13	18	14	16	13	17	14	17	14	147
Simonetti, 16.....	14	19	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	147
Barto, 16.....	17	13	18	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	147
Jones, 16.....	17	15	16	13	18	14	14	14	14	14	147
Bingham, 16.....	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	147
Bowles, 16.....	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	147
Park, 16.....	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	147
Vietmeyer, 16.....	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	147
Young, 16.....	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	147
W D Stannard, 16.....	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	147
Steck, 16.....	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	147

June 4, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
H E Boltenstern, 16.....	15	19	23	17	13	16	14	17	12	19
J H Hall, 16.....	14	16	11	15	10	11	11	11	11	17
Al Miller, 16.....	14	19	15	18	15	18	14	18	11	17
T J Reilly, 16.....	10	16	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
A Stahl, 16.....	13	16	13	17	15	16	19	13	13	15
Woodford, 16.....	14	17	11	18	13	19	12	11	11	11
Northcut, 16.....	12	17	12	17	11	16	11	11	11	11
McKelvey, 16.....	11	14	13	18	13	18	12	15	12	17
Lockie, 16.....	9	16	12	15	13	19	11	14	11	11
V F Boltenstern, 16.....	23	16	22	19	12	17	11	11	11	11
Cool, 16.....	14	20	14	14	13	14	11	11	11	11
Rupel, 16.....	11	19	14	19	11	11	11	11	11	11
Roll, 16.....	14	13	13	19	11	17	12	11	11	11
Park, 16.....	14	17	15	19	12	20	11	11	11	11
Tripp, 16.....	12	18	13	19	13	9	11	11	11	11
Sconce, 16.....	15	20	13	20	15	18	14	16	14	16
Burnside, 16.....	11	20	15	20	14	20	14	19	15	18
Hughes, 16.....	14	20	15	15	15	19	15	19	15	19
Powers, 16.....	15	20	13	17	14	19	11	19	15	16
Argaves, 16.....	10	15	14	20	14	16	10	13	14	15
Shafter, 16.....	15	14	15	16	12	15	14	13	11	15
Lord, 16.....	11	18	12	15	11	14	11	11	11	11
Gilbert, 19.....	13	19	15	17	14	20	15	18	14	20
Boa, 19.....	15	19	13	13	12	18	14	19	13	14
Stark, 16.....	9	18	15	15	12	14	11	14	13	13
Marshall, 16.....	13	19	14	19	14	18	15	11	11	11
Jones, 16.....	15	18	13	17	14	20	15	14	14	16
Dunnell, 16.....	14	19	14	18	14	19	12	14	14	14
J R Graham, 16.....	14	17	14	18	10	18	14	19	12	11
McGuire, 16.....	12	17	13	17	12	15	11	11	11	11
Kinder, 16.....	14	17	12	16	11	11	11	11	11	11
Fletcher, 16.....	13	16	9	13	11	9	12	11	12	11
Keller, 16.....	14	15	13	17	9	11	11	11	11	11
Lechmer, 16.....	15	17	12	15	11	17	12	11	12	11
Sperry, 16.....	13	20	11	15	11	17	12	11	12	11
Parker, 16.....	14	17	13	18	13	17	11	11	14	11
Riehl, 16.....	14	17	13	18	15	18	13	18	11	11
White, 16.....	11	11	11	11	11	19	12	11	11	11
E S Graham, 16.....	11	11	11	11	11	19	12	11	11	11
Simonetti, 16.....	11	11	11	11	11	19	12	11	11	11
Webber, 16.....	13	11	11	11	11	19	12	11	11	11
Leiter, 16.....	11	11	11	11	11	19	12	11	11	11
Barto, 16.....	11	11	11	11	11	19	12	11	11	11
Harbau, 16.....	11	11	11	11	11	19	12	11	11	11
Rickoff, 16.....	11	11	11	11	11	13	11	11	11	11
Steinberg, 16.....	11	11	11	11	11	13	11	11	11	11
Clinton, 16.....	11	11	11	11	11	11	12	11	11	11
Veitmeyer, 16.....	11	11	11	11	11	14	13	11	11	11

Steck	22 20
Edwards	21 ..
Elias	23 23
Rupel	21 24
Miller	13 ..

Go to Sioux City.

Quite a bunch of the boys will go to Sioux City, in the hope that the villains will not pursue them there quite so successfully as they do here. It is believed, however, that Iowa is in a bad fix, so far as live-bird shooting is concerned.

Favors San Antonio for the Handicap.

Mr. W. Fred Quimby, of the Western Trap and Target Company, was in town this week at the Illinois State shoot. Mr. Quimby when seen stated that he was at San Antonio two or three weeks ago, and while there took pains to inquire into the facilities claimed for that locality in the matter of the meeting of the Grand American Handicap next year. He says that there is room for a dozen or even twenty sets of traps if need be, and a good hotel directly at the grounds. He thinks that the shooters of Missouri and Nebraska and Arkansas are not very enthusiastic over Kansas City again, and is inclined to believe that San Antonio would offer the better accommodations. In the matter of live birds, it should be remembered that San Antonio would have to import these birds from some Northern point. Just how well the San Antonians understand the art of fitting live birds for the traps in large numbers remains to be seen. It is suggested that should the Texas town be lucky enough to win this great event that it would be an excellent thing to import Dave Elliott along with the pigeons and have Dave take care of the coops and tune up the birds in as good shape as they can be at any point so far to the south. This question of the handling of the birds is the most serious one which occurs as against the claims of San Antonio, nor does this seem to be a serious one in any particular.

Cripple Creek of Colorado.

Mr. C. R. Hutchison, secretary, writes as below of the rattling good shoot held last week by the Cripple Creek Gun Club:

The following are the scores made at Cripple Creek Gun Club's Decoration Day shoot, May 30. There were eight regular events, making a total of 100 bluebirds: Woodruff 45, Razee 82, Strong 69, Huff 90, Jones 92, Garrett 96, Sprague 90, Nickoli 81, King 89, McKenzie 82, Matlock 75, Tritch 71, Keller 71, L. E. Smith 94, Glover 78, Stoddard 75, Tolman 74, Cunningham 55, Thomas 87, Newcomb 64, Cameo 73, McGrude 56, Forrest 71, F. E. Smith 63, Lee 70.

First and second were 40 per cent. of the entrance; third, fourth and fifth, merchandise prizes, donated by Cripple Creek merchants. All ties on prizes decided by chance.

High averages:

J. W. Garrett, Colorado Springs, first, 96 per cent.
L. E. Smith, Cripple Creek, second, 94 per cent.
Jones, Victor, third, 92 per cent.
Huff and Sprague, fourth, 90 per cent.
L. E. King, fifth, 89 per cent.
Winchester gun, 25 bluebirds, handicap: Matlock (18) 13, Razee (18) 13, Thomas (18) 21, Huff (18) 19, Jones (18) 17, Garrett (20) 22, Sprague (18) 22, Nickoli (18) 20, King (18) 22, Lee (16) 16, Forrest (16) 21, Glover (18) 16, G. Stoddard (16) 18, Tolman (14) 20, Newcomb (14) 15, Woodruff (14) 13, Tritch (16) 19, F. E. Smith (16) 10, Roodhouse, (16) 19, H. Stoddard (16) 16, Keller (16) did not shoot, donor.

Ties shot off at 25: King (18) 22, McKenzie (18) 21, Garrett (20) 23.

Sweepstakes, 60 and 40 per cent; same handicap as Winchester gun shoot:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	25	15	15	15	25	25	Targets:	25	15	15	15	25	25
Garrett	16	14	15	13	25	24	Nickoli	14	13	12	23
McKenzie	22	13	14	14	21	..	Razee	14	12	9	24
Tritch	13	11	..	19	Glover	10	7
Matlock	17	13	12	9	18	..	Thomas	11	11
King	22	12	9	12	21	..	Stoddard	10	10
Huff	10	12	11	25	Keller	11
Sprague	12	12	14	23	Killen	11
Forrest	14	13	Tolman	9
F. E. Smith	14	13	L. E. Smith	22
Jones	14	11	12

Nos. 5 and 6 were for birds only.
Very high wind toward last of day made good scores impossible. Larry King, the general field captain, furnished a fine free lunch to all contestants. Strong, Tritch, Killen and Garrett proved themselves to be jolly good fellows.

The Winchester pump gun donated by J. W. Killen & Co., of Pueblo, was shot for, handicap rules. Garrett, McKenzie and King tied on 23 out of 25. Garrett won on shoot off, and donated the gun to the Cripple Creek Gun Club, to be shot for by club members.

E. Hough.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, June 7.—The appended scores were made on our grounds today on the occasion of the sixth trophy shoot of the first series. Dr. Meek and T. W. Eaton divided the honors by tying on scores of 24 in trophy event, Class A. After tying again twice on straight scores on shoot-off, Eaton finally won.

Dr. Huff won Class B trophy on 19, while J. McDonald won Class C on 21.

The day was about as bad a one for target shooting as one could imagine. It was very dark; a heavy mist and drizzling rain came squarely in our face. The head wind made the flight of the targets very erratic, and a very heavy rain poured down most of the afternoon. Still, in the face of all these unpleasant and unfavorable conditions, twenty-one shooters came out and took a turn at the game.

Sixth trophy shoot, 25 targets per man:

J. D. Pollard	1110111111010111111111001	—20
Dr. J. W. Meek	1111111111111111111111111	—24
Dr. J. A. Huff	1101101011111111111111111	—19
L. Thomas	1111101011111111111111110	—18
G. W. Drinkwater	11101101111111111111111010	—19
T. L. Smedley	1111111111111111111111111	—16
T. Eaton	1011111111111111111111111	—24
J. C. Kissack	1000110111111111111111111	—19
Barnard	1111111111111111111111111	—19
J. McDonald	1111011111111111111111111	—21
W. Johnson	1111111111111111111111111	—21
C. P. Richards	0011111111111111111111111	—21
R. S. Lee	1011111111111111111111111	—16
M. G. Eldred	0110111001001111111111111	—24
A. D. Dorman	1111111111111111111111111	—23
W. A. Jones	1011010100101011010101011	—14

Meek	11111	11111	10111
Eaton	11111	11111	11111

Sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	15	10	5	5	10	10	10	10	Targets:	15	10	5	5	10	10	10	10
Pollard	11	9	3	3	10	10	10	10	McDonald ..	11	8
Dr. Meek	11	9	3	5	10	10	10	10	Johnson ..	12	7	3	3
Dr. Huff	11	..	5	4	Richards ..	14	10	4	3	9
Thomas	14	7	3	2	9	6	7	..	Lee	12	5	5	3	7
Drinkwater ..	11	10	0	2	4	Eldred	3	1	1	3	..	8
Smedley	13	7	2	5	Dorman	3	4	2
Eaton	15	..	1	4	10	9	8	..	T. Eaton ..	10
Kissack	10	1	2	2	7	Jones	10	7	3	2
Barnard	13	7	3	4	8	4	7	..	Johnson ..	10

North River vs. Edgewater.

NEW YORK, May 30.—On May 24, the North River Gun Club shot a ten-man team shoot with the Spring Valley Gun Club, of Rockland county, N. Y., which resulted in a victory for the North River Gun Club by 9 birds. The following scores were made:

North River Gun Club—Eickhoff 21, C. Truax 16, Annett 19, Richter 15, Merrill 13, Morrison 21, F. Truax 14, Cathcart 17, Moushan 19, Guilbert 14; total 169.

Spring Valley Gun Club—Fisher 16, Singer 19, Smith 23, Addis 19, Barr 22, Jones 14, White 15, Green 11, J. Crookshank 19, C. Crookshank 12; total 160.

On May 21 the North River Gun Club, of Edgewater, N. J., held its monthly trophy shoot, which resulted in the following scores being made, each man shooting at 50 targets: Richter 28, Cathcart 18, Eickhoff 18, C. Truax 41, Morrison 30, F. Truax 31, Rowe 10, Coombs 4, Horner 16, Picken 4.

JAS. R. MERRILL, Sec'y N. R. G. C.

Altoona Rod and Gun Club's Tournament.

ALTOONA, Pa., June 4.—A trip to Altoona reminds one of the Wopsononock meeting, where, after many difficulties, a panting engine has landed you 2,750 feet above sea level, and targets were thrown from a precipice into space. That was a delightful spot when weather conditions and all were in your favor.

The Altoona Rod and Gun Club, while it had some splendid shoots there, endured many hardships, and each succeeding year had to renew what the former's labor and money had placed, only to be destroyed by the elements and miscreant midwinter hunters and trappers. We are informed that that famous summer resort has been entirely abandoned. But the change this popular organization has made is a good one. The present grounds are located along the line of the Logan Valley Electric Railway, near Lakemont Park, a fifteen minutes' ride by a splendidly equipped, rapid system. The house stands in a beautiful level meadow that contains a hundred or more acres and affords a light north background, as fine as a trapshooter has ever faced. Surrounding on all sides is scenery magnificent and restful to the eye.

The club house is a story-and-a-half building, 50 by 40 feet, with lounging room, office, kitchen and dining hall, where splendid dinners are served free to club guests on all occasions. Some twenty-five lockers afford convenient places for guns, shells, etc. The walls are decorated with pictures of all kinds appropriate to a sportsman's den. In addition to these, on this occasion the club had put up one of its large outing tents, which afforded additional room for lounging.

The weather was delightful, with just enough breeze fanning across the traps to put a little uncertainty into their flight.

Among the visitors were delegations from Pittsburg, Sewickley, Millvale, Gill Hall, Windber, Bedford, Cresson, South Fork, Tyrone, Harrisburg, Lancaster, Snowshoe, Kenton, O., and other points.

The trade was looked after by Neaf Apgar, of Peters Cartridge Company; Frank E. Butler, of the U. M. C. Company; Frank Lawrence, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company; Howard Sergeant, of the Laffin & Rand Powder Company; Charles North, of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company; and W. L. Colville, of E. I. Dupont de Nemours & Co.

Charlie North, with his tinkering box, was present, but Capt. Killitts, the club's jigger boss, had the magatrap in such good order that Charles was put to squad hustling, which very important post he filled as few can. With trained trappers, such as this club have, there need be no delays on account of the trap. There was not a minute lost in the two days.

Secretary Zeth had charge of the clerical end, and was ably assisted by Elvin K. Mentzer. Their work was prompt and there was not a kick on any account during the meeting. Mr. Zeth, who had been given the general management of the tournament from start to finish, deserves much credit for the able manner in which everything was conducted.

The first day's average was won by Neaf Apgar, and that of the second by Warren S. Smith, a member of the Altoona Club. The purses were divided according to the Jack Rabbit system. Entrance for 10-target events, \$1.20, and 15-target events \$1.30. Surplus in 10s, 50, 30, and 20 per cent; in 15s, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.

The attendance the second day was not so large as that of Friday, owing to the fact that many could not have reached their homes before Sunday had they remained over.

The scores:

First Day, May 30.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15
Hull	8	11	5	12	6	12	6	11	8	11	9	15
Colville	10	15	10	12	8	14	7	14	8	10	10	14
Krueger	9	13	7	13	8	12	7	12	10	13	9	14
Brewster	9	14	9	13	8	13	9	13	9	15	8	13
Apgar	10	14	9	12	9	13	10	15	8	12	9	12
Black Cloud	10	11	8	14	9	12	9	14	8	10	7	15
Roach	7	14	10	11	9	11	10	14	9	13	9	12
R. E. Parker	10	15	10	14	8	11	9	15	7	14	8	11
Watson	8	11	7	6	9	8	4	7	7	11	8	11
Thomas	7	12	6	9	6	9	6	10	8	9	4	11
Bessimer	9	13	8	14	10	14	7	9	10	12	9	13
Trego	9	11	8	11	7	11	9	14	9	14	8	13
Cochran	10	10	9	12	9	11	10	10	8	12	8	10
H. Watson	6	10	9	10	7	10	10	8	10	6	10	10
Fleming	8	15	9	11	7	11	8	13	10	14	8	13
Louis	9	12	8	9	9	8	6	12	6	10	4	11
Thornburg	9	11	6	13	7	11	7	8	6	11	6	14
Stine	9	15	8	10	6	10	7	9	7	11	8	12
Mack	6	13	6	6	6	8	6	9
Clover	6	12	7	12	9	14	8	12	9	12	6	15
Holderbaum	9	11	10	12	9	13	7	13	9	14	9	13
Rhoades	9	12	10	12	7	13	10	11	10	11	6	12
Long	10	11	10	10	8	8	8	12	6	11	9	10
McMullen	8	9	9	10	9	8	9	7	6	8	6	..
Kottly	6	10	10	9	4	10	..
Butler	3	8	6	12	7	11	7	10	7	6	6	9
Murray	7	9	9	7	7	7
Spanagle	3	4	9	6
Dipner	5	7
Doyle	9	11	7	5	6	12	7	6	7	9	7	10
Killitts	6	12	6	7	8	10	6	12	4	11	3	11
Gaines	8	8	6	11	6	..	6	10	9	9	7	..
Franklin	8	9	6
McKendrick	6	13	8
Clark	8	12	8	11	8	9	7	10	4
Shettig	3	..	1
Alex	3
Choon	5	11	7	11	9	10	7
W. Parker	11	11	9	11	5	11	7	11	6
Ickes	6
Acker	5
Kellerman	6
Denny	2	11	5	9	7	7	3	11
Empfield	6
W. Smith	9
Weil	5	2	5	..	6
Brindle	5	4	7	9
Honeck	5

FOREST AND STREAM.

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SUBSCRIPTIONS.

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THE DOG AS PROPERTY.

By mankind the dog, both for reasons of sentiment and utility, has always been held in high esteem as an inferior servant and companion. On the whole, he fills a large sphere in social economics. In some countries, as the Arctic regions, Holland, etc., he is generally and most usefully employed as a draft animal. In all civilized countries he finds a general field of usefulness as an important assistant to the shepherd and the hunter, though as such assistant his performances are far from faultless, since he on safe occasion is betimes more mindful of satisfying his own appetite than of safeguarding his master's interests. He finds a still broader and less responsible field in domestic life in general as an appendage, a deferential companion, a playmate of children, and a guardian of the home, though in respect to the latter he is more of a sentinel, which merely sounds an alarm, than of a forceful defender. He gives notice of invasion, but he does not repel it. As a rule, he is a valiant barker and a discreet biter. There are exceptional cases in which the watchdog will both bark and bite when emergency requires, but the individual character so displayed is not a trait of the race.

Within the past twenty years in the United States, from the social viewpoint, the well-bred breeds have increased enormously in public esteem, influential ownership and financial value; in the eye of the law, they hold about the same status now that they held throughout past ages—that is to say, they have only a nominal property value, or none at all. It is a peculiar feature of our jurisprudence that, in most sections of this country, if a man steals a dog worth several hundred dollars to his owner, he commits no legal offense thereby, while on the other hand, if he steals a horse, ox or sheep, he commits an offense so serious in degree as to warrant the imposition of a term in prison for it. The few cases wherein owners recovered damages for dogs maimed or killed are so isolated and puerile as compared to the general laws, precedents and public sentiment that they need not be taken into account.

The reluctance of our lawmakers to legally recognize dogs as property, and the reluctance of judges to view dogs otherwise than in the light of precedent—which after all embodies the wisdom of the ages—have been insurmountable obstacles to the dog's recognition as an article of property. There are many good reasons why the public—and dog owners themselves belong to that august body—maintains such persistent discrimination against dogs in a legal way. First of all, the owner's control of his dog is imperfect, if it exists at all. The dog may prowl about in a vagabond way, though making his home with his master. He may be in company with his master, and still be under imperfect or no control. He may be of value to his master and of no value to the public. Sheep, horses, cattle, etc., have a fixed market value, which does not fluctuate by a change of ownership. The dog's value to his owner may be entirely fanciful. There are so many curs, far outnumbering the well-bred dogs and admittedly worthless, that to recognize them legally as property would be farcical. Yet the cur may be quite as good in the fanciful valuation of his owner as is the well-bred dog in that of his owner. The dog, unlike cattle, etc., has no recognized food value, so that, at death, he is a total loss. Owing to his predatory habits, his ownership is more or less vague and imperfect. His natural proclivities and formidable weapons make him a dangerous animal in his attack and therefore one requiring extraordinary measures at times to guard against. He propagates his species so rapidly that, were he protected with all the safeguards of property rights, he by numbers alone would soon become a public nuisance. It will thus be seen that the arguments sound and good for the legal recognition of other animals as property, are not *pari passu* applicable to the dog.

In England, however, the law seems to view the subject with much greater common sense, since, while recognizing the dog as property within liberal limitations, it imposes special responsibilities on his owner. His dog is protected as property if in actual possession, and the

owner is responsible for all damages caused by his dog while out of his possession, even if the dog is but a passive factor therein. Indeed, it is held as good law in England that a dog unaccompanied by his master, or master's agent, on the highway, is a trespasser. He has no business there on his own account. He is in the same category then as a stray horse, sheep, ox, etc. Even when the dog accompanies his master or master's agent, the dog becomes a trespasser when he is beyond the control necessary to direct his movements and prevent his interference with people who may be using the highway. Even when a dog gets in the way of a bicycle or automobile and gets hurt or killed, he is the offending party, and his owner is responsible for his misdeed. This view of the case of dogs on highways would upset nearly every decision in the United States, in cases where owners recovered damages from railroads or street car lines for dogs maimed and killed. With these cases would go nearly all the good legal precedents which owners in the United States have to show that dogs are even remotely considered as having property value. However, so long as curs greatly outnumber the well-bred dogs, so long as owners permit their dogs to roam lawlessly about, so long as dogs in the city bark of nights and violate all laws of sanitation, so long as the sheep industry is impaired or ruined in sections, just so long will owners need to expect that their dogs will have none other than the present status as property in the eye of the law.

NEW YORK'S NEW PROTECTORS.

THE Legislature of New York at its last session passed an act increasing the number of game protectors from thirty-eight to fifty, a measure which is believed to be wise, and one which is heartily approved by every one who is really desirous of having the statutes in regard to the preservation of forests, fish and game properly enforced. The bill became a law some time ago, and the friends of protection would be glad to see the additional twelve protectors appointed without unnecessary delay. There is no sort of doubt that their services are sorely needed, and there seems to be no good and sufficient reason why the appointments should not be made at once. The new law, which provides that the Forest, Fish and Game Commission shall appoint fifty protectors, specifies that one shall reside in each of the counties of Essex, Clinton, Franklin, St. Lawrence, Jefferson, Lewis, Herkimer, Hamilton, Warren and Washington, and the next eight protectors shall be appointed from those counties.

The New York State Fish, Game and Forest League and other organizations of sportsmen have long advocated an increase in the force of protectors, and the addition of a dozen officials is believed to be none too large. In the past most of the protectors have had to cover something like two counties, which is altogether too much territory to assign to one man, no matter how competent and experienced he may be. There are several counties of the State, notably those of the Adirondack region, and Oneida county should be included, where at least one protector is needed in each. As a matter of fact, two or more officials could find plenty to do in almost any of these counties during the greater part of the year. Hunters who abide by the laws of the State were disheartened and disgusted at the open manner in which the hounding of deer was carried on in the Adirondacks last fall. The friends of the song birds in more than one district are grieving over the unrestricted slaughter of the innocents which has been in progress for a number of weeks, and legitimate anglers are complaining bitterly because of the frequent violations of the fishing laws. The twelve additional protectors would have their hands full if they were assigned to enforce the game laws in Oneida county and the Adirondack region.

It is extremely desirable, and in fact essential, to the prompt and efficient enforcement of the laws in the Adirondacks that the protector should not only be a fearless, energetic and determined man, but one who has a thorough knowledge of the woods. He should be competent, if circumstances require it, to penetrate to any part of the wilderness alone and brave enough to do so. A protector of such a stamp will be enabled to discover violations of the law and catch the offenders in the act, where the official who visits only such places as are accessible by rail or wagon and has his advent heralded some hours in advance, will find no cases which demand his attention. It is sincerely hoped that the new appointees, whoever

they may be, will be men who are fully qualified for the position, and that they will be designated without unnecessary delay.

THE FOREST RESERVE BILL.

THE bill to transfer certain of the forest reserves to the Department of Agriculture and to set up on them game preserves was summarily killed in the House on Tuesday of last week. "Uncle Joe" Cannon did it. Mr. Cannon is Chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations; and his opposition to the forestry measure was founded upon the general extravagance of the Congress and the necessity of retrenchment. "I am with President Roosevelt," he said, "but this Forest Reserve bill is not a party measure, and will only add to the extravagance of an already exorbitant Congress." He proceeded to show that the appropriations were already \$51,925,128 in excess of the estimated receipts of the Government for the year; then he called on the House to vote down the Forest Reserve bill as one means of lopping off expense, and by a vote of 100 to 70 the enacting clause was stricken out.

From the outside it is plain that the House was stampeded by Chairman Cannon's outburst. Certainly the final action on the bill was precipitate and ill-considered. Congress spends, and is spending, vast sums of money recklessly and foolishly, and its extravagance should be checked. But there are gigantic jobs a-plenty in the items making up the budget, and Chairman Cannon and the members of the House would have been acting in the interest of the country if they had killed some of the jobbery instead of defeating a measure which would have been of inestimable value to the country.

The Forest Reserve bill has been killed; but its fate was due to no inherent lack of merit. The principles which were involved in it are sound. The effort to incorporate them into the law of the land and the policy of the country should be renewed at some future time, and we believe will be renewed. The interest of the country for the present, and the immediate and remote future, lies in the provisions of the measure.

THE PLANK IN CALIFORNIA.

THE sportsmen of California having seen the game decimated in some counties almost to extinction, and to depletion in all, have adopted the FOREST AND STREAM's Platform Plank, as the most feasible and efficient expedient for putting a halt to the destruction. The law has just been tested as to its constitutionality, and has stood the test. The full text of the decision of the Supreme Court upholding it is given on another page. The credit for this result is due in largest measures to the Fish and Game Commissioners, who have fought through the case in spite of the pronounced opposition of some of the most influential daily journals.

The two points upon which it was sought to overthrow the law were the contentions that it interfered with rights of property and was class legislation. This principle of the qualified property in game has been declared so often in the higher courts that no other ruling could have been anticipated than the one handed down in this latest case. Briefly, the game belongs to the State; the State may prescribe when, how and for what purposes the game may be taken; and the individual who takes it may acquire in it only such rights as the State has conferred. If the State declares that the game may not be taken for sale, or may not be sold after it shall have been taken, the restriction follows the game after it comes into possession of the individual, and he cannot acquire in it any absolute unrestricted property.

Rainbow trout from California imported into Ceylon are breeding there, and the Ceylon anglers are enthusiastic in praise of America's contribution to their resources. Some of the rivers in which the fish have been placed are described as ideal trout streams; and there is reason to believe that the new comers may be permanently established.

We print elsewhere the regulations adopted by the Department of Agriculture to control the importation of game bird eggs. Now that the way has been opened to admit the eggs of desirable species into this country, we may expect to see the importation of partridges and other birds which have been shut out because of an extremely foolish law.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A Successful Hunt.

OUR last year's hunt was not successful. We had been over-persuaded, and had consented to take with us a third man, who was a fine shot, but could not resist the temptation to kill every living thing in sight, and would draw bead on a red squirrel or a moose bird with as much gusto as though it were a five-pronged buck. It was simply impossible to hold him in check. For instance, he would shoot at blue herons on the lake while we were tracking a moose on the bog; result, two blue herons and no moose. After a few days, finding the case incurable, we gave up and returned to New York empty-handed, announcing to all our friends that in 1901 we proposed to "go it alone," but man proposes, woman disposes. Mrs. B. objected strongly to my going so far into the woods alone, and referred me to a previous year when I had met with a severe accident miles away from any assistance but that of my guide. Accordingly, a party consisting of H. R. Comfort, John Harper and the writer was arranged for 1901. Early in the season Barney Fisher and John Henry, of Jackman, Me., were engaged as guides by Comfort and Harper, the writer having secured the services of his old guide, George Farley, the previous year. Three better guides never wore moccasins, and to them is due the success of the hunt.

Early in October the duffle was packed and a start made for the St. John River and a moose. Our objective point was St. Coire, P. Q., eighty miles by wagon road from Jackman, Me., where we left the C. P. R. For fifty miles the ride over the old Quebec stage road was delightful, but then turning eastward we entered a comparatively unsettled country, with new roads that were simply awful, though judging by the way the substantial supper was stowed away on our arrival at St. Coire late in the evening of the second day, very successful in producing a good appetite. An early start and ride of six miles the next morning brought us to the St. John River, where, much to our disappointment, we found a low stage of water, and as we still had thirty-five miles of canoeing down the river to the hunting grounds, this meant at least two days of hard work, wading and dragging most of the way. By 9 A. M. the canoes were loaded and we hoped to reach Sands' place by dark. This is a hunting camp run by Ephraim Sands and his wife, a sister of George Farley, the writer's guide, and is a favorite stopping place for hunters on the upper St. John. But we made slow progress. Reaching the boundary, we took lunch by the side of one of the iron monuments erected by the joint governments to define the line between the United States and Canada, and failing to reach Sands' place by dark, made a late camp on the bank of the river, thoroughly wet and tired.

The next morning an hour's paddling and dragging brought us to Sands' camp, where we found Mrs. Sands with her sister-in-law and little son, Hugh, in sole possession, Sands being down the river on a hunting trip. The women were very much frightened, as a panther, attracted most likely by the smell of venison in camp, had been prowling around for a few nights previous, and on two occasions had driven the dog (a puppy) to take refuge under the kitchen by its unearthly cry. They had no fear for themselves, for Mrs. Sands is a true hunter's wife, expert with the rifle, and fearless of any living thing in the woods, but feared lest little Hughey—four years old—might steal away from the cabin unobserved after dark and attempt to hold an argument with the panther, as he had threatened to do, if it "did not leave his dog alone." After an exchange of greetings between Farley and his sister, who met now for the first time since early spring, a good lunch with the family and a few minutes' romp with little Hughey, we again started down the river, hoping to make Ten-Mile Brook by dark, but the canoeing was even worse than the day before, and we made slow progress—a short paddle, then a drag over a riffle or a sandbar, the canoes frequently being fairly lifted over the stones. Our only mishap, however, was when Harper who had taken to the canoe during a short stretch of good water, attempted to aid his guide in clearing a large rock, and promptly tipped out of the canoe, but Henry, seeing that Harper was bound to go, quickly slid into the water and prevented it from overturning, so saving the stores from wetting, and a fire soon dried Harper out.

At dusk we were still two miles from the point where we proposed leaving the river, and as the stage of water was such that it was impossible to make any progress after dark, we again camped on the bank, very tired, but with the pleasant feeling that we were near the promised land and our troubles about over. By 10 o'clock the next morning we had passed Ten-Mile Brook, found a good landing, and were busy unloading the canoes, while Henry was looking up a suitable spot for a home camp. While making the trip down the river, we had seen plenty of partridges, but few deer sign were in evidence until after leaving Sands' camp, and, in fact, were not plentiful until near Ten-Mile Brook. Here, however, the banks were literally trampled up, and as our camp was to be a mile or more back from the river, and we had made an iron-clad agreement not to fire a shot while in the hunting grounds, unless at a moose, Comfort started down the river bank for some venison, while the rest were at work unloading the canoes, returning in about an hour with a fine two-year-old and a bunch of partridges. Meantime Henry had found a dry knoll, about a mile back from the river, surrounded by heavy timber, and only a few rods distant from a small brook, conditions which insured us a dry camp, plenty of good wood and water, and a cushion to break the sound of the ax. The tote was a heavy one, all hands making three trips before all the plunder was brought up, and the canoes safely stowed away in the brush, bottom up, to await our return to civilization.

By 3 o'clock we were ready to pitch the tents. First clearing the knoll of brush, the wall tent was set up, opening to the southwest. Directly opposite, and about twenty feet away, the guides built for themselves a log lean-to with a split roof. For the third side of the square a smaller tent was used for dining and storage room. This done, we turned to and gathered balsam boughs for our bedding, while the guides were busy cutting birch logs for the

fire which was to occupy the open space in front of the tents. By dark we had the things fixed pretty comfortably, and after starting a big log fire sat down to a hearty supper of broiled venison, fried partridge, slappacks and coffee, with appetites that bid fair to bull the market on those commodities for the coming three weeks. An evening pipe in the glow of the camp-fire, and then to our balsam bed, to dream of the coming hunt; at least the writer did, and had just downed a monster bull, with antlers spreading ten feet, and a bell three feet long, when the cheery voice of Farley called to breakfast.

It was yet two days before the open season, and this time was fully occupied in getting up a supply of wood, gathering more balsam boughs and policing the camp. We also reset the tents, which had been hastily pitched the first night, and Comfort went down to the river and added another buck and a few birds to our larder, being unanimously elected purveyor to the camp upon his return. A prospecting trip was also taken, and a trail bushed out to the edge of the bog, three miles from camp, where the hunting ground commenced. It was arranged to hunt in couples, each hunter with his guide taking a different direction upon reaching the bog, and under no circumstances to change sufficient to cross the other's range, unless following a wounded moose. This rule we thought necessary, owing to the extreme range of our .30-30s and the fact that the country was level and mostly open, many square miles having been burned over years ago by fires so intense as to completely destroy the life of the soil, which had never been able since that time to produce anything beyond moss and blueberry bushes, with an occasional clump of stunted willows and alders, except along the water courses, where heavy timber still stands. The bogs are covered with moss, partly hiding the fallen trees and rotten branches, and constant stepping on or over these every few steps, plunging through the moss into a hidden hole to the knees, adds greatly to "that tired feeling" which is apt to overtake the moose hunter some time during the afternoon, if not earlier.

The early morning of the first open day saw us all at the edge of the bog, where we stood deliberating on the plan for the day before separating, Comfort's guide, Fisher, a few steps in advance, meanwhile carefully scanning the bog with the aid of a field glass. At length motioning us to come to him, he said he could see a cow moose near the edge of the timber bordering a small stream nearly half a mile away, and evidently coquetting with a bull near by. With the aid of the glass we could all see the cow distinctly, but could see no bull. Fisher, however, was certain there was one in the edge of the timber, and with Comfort started to investigate, while the rest of the party quietly stole off in another direction. The cow was browsing only a short distance from the timber, and with every shoot she nipped would turn her head and glance, not toward the hunters, but in the direction of the woods. With the wind in their favor, and crawling carefully on hands and knees, taking advantage of every stump and hummock, they finally covered about half the distance, and reached a fallen log. From behind this they could see the cow still feeding quietly, but no bull in sight. Starting again, they finally reached a small hummock, only about 200 yards from the edge of the woods; the cow, a little to their right, was gradually working toward them between the hummock and the timber. Carefully scanning the woods with his glass, Comfort saw directly opposite him, and partially hidden by the brush, not one, but two bulls, one evidently a three-year-old, the other with a broad spread of antlers and a fine head. This was the one he wanted, and raising his rifle he was about to fire, when a crash in the timber between the two bulls and the cow startled him, and turning his head, there stood in the open, with erect mane and glaring eyes, a bull which he declared afterward looked as big as a barn. Quickly realizing from his attitude that if he wanted a standing shot, he had only an instant to take it, he held on his shoulder and fired, hearing the welcome thud, telling him the shot had gone home. The bull, instead of taking to the timber, ran along its edge, evidently making for a bunch of alders a short distance below, and Comfort, springing to his feet, pumped in shot after shot. "He has got his dose," said Fisher, as Comfort fired the seventh time, and as he spoke the bull pitched headlong over a stump. When they reached him he was dead, struck with seven bullets, six of them reaching a vital part.

We had all heard the shots, but coming so close together and with no subsequent finishing shot, we had concluded it was either a clear miss or a case of following a wounded bull all day, and had gone on, but after a day's tramp, seeing nothing but a cow and two calves, we returned to camp to find that Comfort had a magnificent head of twenty points, with great broad blades, and a spread of fifty-eight inches. Congratulations were in order, as we all pronounced it, in our opinion, the finest head that would be secured during the season, which were accepted with modesty by Comfort, who gave us the details of the hunt while seated around the camp-fire in the evening, and we turned in to our blankets full of enthusiasm, hoping the next day to get the larger of the two bulls he had first seen.

The next morning, leaving Comfort and Fisher in camp to attend to their head, we started for the barrens, but saw only one small bull and a cow during the day's hunt. On returning to camp late in the evening, Harper and Henry reported having killed a large bull about six miles from camp, but too late to bring in the head that night.

The next day we played a lone hand with Farley, the others going after Harper's head, which on being brought to camp was found to measure sixty-three inches—a five-inch wider spread, but not as fine a head as Comfort's, the blades being irregular, with one dropping below the other.

For several days, following we hunted diligently, seeing moose each day, but no big bulls, they evidently having taken alarm and gone further back on the bogs. On one of these days, while resting on the open bog, eating our lunch, a three-year-old bull came out of a little bunch of alders within seventy-five yards of us, in plain sight, and stood looking as though undecided about seeking a closer acquaintance. Holding the rifle on him as he stood there, we thought how little he knew it was only his youth stood between him and a .30-30 soft-point bullet, but his tender age protected him, and after satisfying his

curiosity he turned and entered the alders unharmed. There were but few deer on the bogs, feed along the water courses being more abundant, but one day while resting on a log, a fine buck and two does came out from a small bunch of alders near by, and fed up to within twenty-five yards of us, finally re-entering the alders, apparently unconscious of our presence.

Comfort and Harper had each got their head, but now it seemed as though the big ones had all left the barrens, though we hunted every day, early and late, each day covering ground more distant from camp and seeing numbers of cows and small bulls, we could not find the head we wanted, and the time set for returning to civilization was drawing near; the weather was still fine, but now we had to break the ice for the morning bath, and snow was evidently in the air. Farley, too, had agreed to return and take charge of a lumber camp on the Spencer not later than Nov. 1, but said he knew the head I wanted was there somewhere on the barrens, and if I agreed, he would stay until Christmas but what we would have it. Visions of what would happen to the treasury department if I were not back at my desk by Nov. 1 rose before me, but I replied, "Christmas it is, then," and sent Fisher down the river to the Indians at Seven Islands for a pair of moccasins, my footwear having given out. On the day originally set for our homeward journey, we left camp early, agreeing with the rest of the party that in case we did not return that night they were to pull out for home the next morning, and started for Ten-Mile Brook, twelve miles away. Though covering a good deal of ground, we saw nothing all day, and about 3 P. M., thoroughly tired, and somewhat discouraged, we sat on a log, back to back, to rest and discuss the ways and means for a night's camp. Directly in front of Farley, and distant about 150 yards, was a small growth of alders, and we had been seated but a few minutes when he touched me and whispered, "There is your moose." Cautiously turning my head, I saw standing in the edge of the alders a large bull, evidently scanning the barren preparatory to crossing. The wind was in our favor, but I knew the least move on our part would start him, either on a charge for us or back into the bush. He stood with broad side toward me, and not daring to rise from the log, I partially turned and fired one shot, then springing to my feet sent in another just as he disappeared into the alders. Running over to where he had stood, we saw a spot of blood, but only a little, and I feared I had only scratched him. We pushed our way into the alders, grown up so thick we could see only a rod or two in advance of us, and found more blood, but our progress was necessarily slow, for we feared starting him again in case he had been hard hit and stopped, and we both realized what that might mean for us. He had not stopped, however, and when we reached the open we could see nothing of him, but Farley soon found his tracks, evidently pointing to a growth of stunted spruce a quarter of a mile away. After following the tracks about half-way across the barren, we lost them again in the moss, and after a long search were unable to pick them up. At last, completely discouraged and too tired to take another step, I threw myself down on the moss, but Farley, bidding me remain where I was, said he "would find that moose if it took until Christmas," and started off toward the clump of spruce. He had but just passed out of sight when I heard a yell and sprang to my feet, the tired feeling all gone, for I knew that yell meant a dead moose, as if he had come on him alive he could have made no noise, for fear of starting him again. With an answering shout that might have been heard at the home camp, I started on the run for Farley, and found him a few rods in the spruces, standing by the side of a dead moose. Examining him, we found the first shot, a little too far back, had passed through both lungs, and the second, striking within an inch of his tail, had ranged through his body, lodging, as we afterward found, just under the skin of his breast, either wound a mortal one, yet he had run nearly a mile, not falling until his lungs had filled with blood. He had bled but little outwardly until he fell, but when Farley reached him the blood was streaming from nose and mouth.

It was now growing dark, and while Farley was busy skinning the moose, I started a fire and gathered a stock of dry wood, then cutting four stakes about six feet long, drove them into the ground before the fire, so that we might stretch the skin over them for a wind break. We got the skin off and stretched over the poles by 8 o'clock, and I laid down with my feet to the fire, probably the most tired, and certainly the happiest, man on the St. John that night. Farley skinned out the head before turning in, then replenished the fire and lay down beside me, to be awakened about 3 A. M. by a sharp flurry of snow. Throwing a few logs on the fire, we slept until sunrise, then started for the home camp, reaching it about 2 P. M., to find our party still there, having decided to wait one more day for us. The next morning we struck camp and started for home in a driving snowstorm, with the river rising, there having been heavy storms south and west of us, so that we had a good stage of water for the return trip.

We arrived in New York in due time, with the heads, measuring respectively 58 inches, with 20 points, 63 inches with 24 points, and 56 inches, with 18 points, so we think we have every reason to call this season's hunt a successful one.

CHAS. S. BROOKS.

After the French Revolution the people, by way of proving that they had at last got the power into their hands, destroyed some of the finest forests in their country because the nobility had preserved these for hunting. An improvident multitude simply put into active operation the same spirit which Mr. Cannon is encouraging by his attitude of suspicious and semi-hostile indifference. Today the French Government is spending its milliards to repair the damage done in this revolt against a policy of conservatism. It was true that the great seigneurs had used the forests for hunting; but the forests themselves had performed a noble public service nevertheless for the very commoners who insisted upon sweeping them away. It will be fortunate if, between the anxiety of Congress to practice a little spigot frugality, the slack administration of the reserves under the system of Land Office patronage, and the rapacious bent of some of the parties on the edge of the Government forests who use lumber in their business, our posterity may not repeat the costly experience of France.—New York Evening Post.

To the Snow Line of the Himalayas

(Continued from page 468.)

Many of the mountaineers have features as finely shaped as those of ancient Greek statues, and their faces would, I think, be quite as fair as those of modern Greeks if their skins were not covered with dirt. The outside dress of the men consisted of a coat made with homespun wool undyed, a pair of trousers of the same material fitting close below the knees, and a small cap. The front edges of the coat overlapped and were kept in place with a piece of cotton cloth twisted and worn like a sash. The women had coats and skirts of woolen cloth, but wore broad turbans instead of caps.

The houses were built of pieces of rock of all shapes, and had sloping roofs formed of thin irregular slabs of rock, arranged like slates. Many had an upper story, in which the owners lived, the lower part forming a shelter for cattle. There were no chimneys, so the smoke escaped by the door or small holes under the roof slabs. I suspect that the presence of the smoke in the winter season is the chief cause of the ophthalmia to which the Paharries are subject. The villages often looked picturesque from a distance, but the ground between the houses and all around them is saturated with filth, which probably accounts for the outbreaks of plague that occasionally occur. This disease, called "maha murree," appears to be invariably fatal to all who are attacked.

The surgeons sent to treat them by the British Government have utterly failed to find a remedy, and the only instance of recovery of which I have read was a case that was treated hydropathically by an English sportsman named Dunlop. When several people in a village are attacked the rest of the inhabitants desert the place for a time, and after their return there may perhaps be no fresh outbreak for five or six years. I never heard of the plague being in the plains of India until it appeared in Bombay two years ago, and there it seems to be less violent than in the mountains.

The Paharries have apricot trees round their villages and dry the fruit for winter use. That which I have tasted when ripe, but undried, was inferior in flavor to the apricots grown in English gardens.

Colonel Markham, in his book on shooting in the Himalayas, states that rhubarb, spinach and asparagus grow wild there. We were not fortunate enough to see any of these, but our men frequently brought the young shoots of a kind of fern, like bracken, which made a fair substitute for spinach. Wild raspberries and strawberries were plentiful in some places, and in deep valleys of the higher ranges we found a delicious fruit the size and shape of a blackberry, but of a rich golden color. It grew on a large bush with leaves somewhat resembling those of a raspberry. We did not meet with black or red currants, although both kinds exist in the hills. A large proportion of the cultivated land is formed into level terraces on the slopes of the mountains, each terrace being supported by a wall from three to eight feet high, built of rock. On these are grown wheat, millet and other grains. In the valleys where water is plentiful rice is cultivated. The parts of the mountains covered with grass were marked all over with narrow lines crossing each other at oblique angles, so as to form diamond-shaped patches. This was owing to the cattle while grazing walking slowly up hill, and so in course of time making actual footpaths.

The flour mills are small wooden structures in places excavated by the sides of ravines, so as to apply the water power in a manner which I have never heard of in other parts of the world. Fig. 4 shows one of which I made a rough drawing in my notebook. The lower end of the spindle and the hollow in which it rested on the block of wood were covered with iron. The upper end passed through a hole in the floor of the mill and through the center of the under millstone. It was fixed with iron clamps to the top stone, which it whirled round at a great pace. Each stone was about two feet in diameter and six inches thick. One of these mills was owned by a native Christian, the only individual of that sect whom we met in the hills. He paid us a visit and had a long talk.

I must confess that during nearly twelve years' service in India, I never found any reason to believe that native Christians are in the slightest degree better men or women, morally, than are the Hindoos or Mussulmans. The so-called converts are almost invariably from the poorest members of the community, and if they were found to be more honest and truthful than men of other religions, the Europeans in India would gladly employ them in domestic service; but, as a fact, very few of those who have lived long in the country would knowingly make an engagement with a native Christian. I speak only of the Bengal Presidency, having never lived in either Bombay or Madras. Before going to India I believed in missions. After having lived there a few years I came to the conclusion that our sending missionaries to the natives is a decided piece of impudence. From the Himalayas in the north to Ceylon in the south there can nowhere be found masses of people in the same state of degradation, physically and morally, as those who swarm in the back slums of large cities in Christian Britain, Christian Europe and (if I am correctly informed) Christian America. The religions of the Hindoos, Mussulmans and Buddhists keep their votaries straight, so why should we worry them to accept our own instead? We have societies for conversion of the Jews, Bible societies, and societies for the propagation of the Gospel, etc. I have felt for many years that the society of which we are most urgently in need is one for propagating the principle of not interfering with the religions of other people.

At some of the camping places, where there appeared a prospect of game within easy reach, we waited a day and went separately about the surrounding hills. At one place S. returned to the tent with a goral, killed at 150 yards. It was in such an awkward position that, in order to aim, he had been obliged to lie down with his head and shoulders beyond the edge of a precipice, while two coolies held his legs to prevent him from sliding over.

We had a portion for dinner the same evening, and voted the flesh to be finer in flavor than that of the barking deer.

While engaged in shooting Ralee pheasants, I lost one in a singular manner. When I fired he dropped, apparently dead, on a mass of dead leaves underneath a bush. I walked to the spot and Jahtroo was in the act of picking

him up, when he suddenly wriggled and disappeared like a spirit bird. He did not fly, and we did not see him rise on his feet, but although we searched in the dead leaves and on the ground all around, we never saw him again. A good retrieving dog would be useful in this kind of shooting if he were not almost certain to become the prey of a leopard. These brutes are both numerous and daring. They seem to prefer dogs to any other food, and are so cunning that a hunter can very rarely get a chance of shooting one. They conceal themselves in bushes close above mountain paths, and if a dog pass by, even if his owner be within a few yards, they spring upon him, and with a second bound disappear among the bushes below the road, where it is useless to follow them. I knew a dark bungalow in the hills where an Englishman had been dining late in the evening. He afterward sat in front of the veranda, when his dog, happening to stray a little beyond the circle of light afforded by the lamp, was pounced upon and carried off by a leopard.

On one march, while we were walking in single file through a forest, I saw a barking deer standing on the mountain side seventy yards above the path. His head, neck and front of the shoulder were behind a thick tree trunk, so that it was necessary to let the bullet almost graze the bark in order to hit a vital part of the chest; but I had perfect confidence in the delicate accuracy of the Purdey rifle. The bullet hit the exact spot aimed at, the deer dropped dead in his tracks and rolled down the slope to within a few yards of my feet. J. J. MEVRICK.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Walk Down South.—XXXIV.

In the bottom of the boat I had a box six feet six inches long, twenty inches wide and four inches deep to sleep on—to keep me off the wet in the bottom of the craft. It was a hard bed, which I might have softened with a couple of bags full of leaves had I thought, but the mere hardness did not interfere with my sleeping well. I was awakened by the cold once, but it was only to become conscious of an exuberant joy. I peeped out at the river and found that my boat, which I had drawn up on land, was afloat once more, and gently rolling with the swell from the pouring river. Dressed in all the clothes I had with me, I soon slept again, to awaken at the first appearance of dawn. A faint mist was on the water, and this was being torn to shreds by piles of drift that were floating silently down with the tide.

Such a morning I had never seen before. The surface of the river was smooth, the dimmed reflections lay upon it with scarcely a quaver or a wrinkle, till along came an acre of drift—piles of corn stalks, fence rails, trees from roots and twigs to saw logs, hard, dry and bony arms reaching high into the air with a streamer of mist at the tip, and water-logged stumps rolling under and the long undulations—all going so fast and still that it made me faint to watch it—and then the reflections disappeared, but to reappear again in a moment.

I built a fire and cooked some coffee, ate a hearty breakfast, unlocked the boat, and watching my chance, sent the craft into the current when there was no drift very near to crush it against the trees before I could get headway.

It was the race of the flotsam, but rather ethereal in appearance than substantial, till some of it struck trees along the edge of the current; then its rippling crash sent shudders along my back. It was an exhibition of the river's cat-like nature at such times.

In a few minutes I passed Fort Deposit, where Jackson stayed all winter with his army when he was on his way to fight the British at New Orleans at the close of the war of 1812. It was a gap in a ledge of rock that marked the place. I intended to land there, but didn't start for shore in time. Anyhow, I was more interested in the dance of some of the logs and stumps afloat—sawyers—than in past or future concerns that morning. To see a gaunt limb, or root, ten or fifteen feet long, swishing through the air, rocked apparently by a submerged river witch, was a greater spectacle in my eyes than anything I could have seen "a league inland."

One does not know what stillness is till he has been a part of it on the water. To feel it to the utmost, the water should be gliding rapidly ahead, but noiselessly. Then the eyes bulge, the ears ring and the hands go a-quiver, while the muscles weaken and ache. When, suddenly, the rip of a log in the brush breaks on the silence, it fairly lifts one from his seat, tearing up the thoughtless reverie into which one falls in a way comparable only to being dragged in two with a jerk. It was a most painful sensation, and yet one that one delighted to have again and again.

High overhead were buzzards going through an aerial dance, cutting the figure 8, rather forming that figure perpendicularly in the air, as they sailed to and fro, eleven birds in one loop ring and five in the other.

The drift made a long black line on the water, only a tenth as wide as the river itself, which was hundreds of yards in breadth. The line of drift was sinuous, sweeping first to one shore, then to the other, as the surface current was thrust and shunted from side to side by the squirmings of the shore line. Picture Rocks, famous alike in history and myth, came into view, the wide, yellow river broadening as it ran at the base, but turning to the left when it had banked up against its massive wall. It is said that the Indians used to see who could send their arrows furthest up the sheer height and come nearest to a star-shaped mark there. But the mark did not strike my eye. Still, when a hawk screamed as it left a ledge perch at sight of me, I could fancy that it had been a favorite spectacle for the beauty-loving Indians.

It was a harvest day for the crows. They rode the piles of drift all day long, and were so intent on gleaning from the debris, that they often failed to notice me till I was only a few yards from them—but the Southern crow is noticeably less shy than the ones seen in the North. They rode logs, and matted heaps and the muskrat-house-like domes of flotsam impartially, waddling around like ducks on land. Even their reflections on the water were odd and interesting.

All that sunshiny day I floated down the stream, noting that knots and knotholes are more conspicuous on Southern trees than in the North; that there were "dead-

lings," or clumps of girdled trees at intervals, as though the hasty and hungry pioneer had just begun to clear his land; and also I saw gray squirrels in numbers. Running ashore once to shoot one, but spied my first 'possum instead, stiffened against the side of a sapling. I used to think 'possuming a sort of myth, but when I saw that stiffening of the muscles, as though it had been thrown against the side of the tree and stuck there by the flaccidness of its own decay—and saw the flex of the beast's eyeball, as it filmed over—I was a doubter no longer. It seemed to me that it looked less dead after I shot it through the head than it did when on the tree.

There was a long red line of "clearing fire" at one place, mounds, too, and everywhere the overflow. It was on a "tide"—a flood that was spreading out over the bottoms, till the river was miles wide, and when I took the notion, I paddled into the woods. But it was necessary to choose the place where I went to the bank, for there were streams running out—mere overflow—as large as the Mohawk River at intervals, and to get carried out over the bottom might have meant a stay there till the flood began to ebb, for at the river side the land was usually higher than inland.

Altogether, it was a day of medley which left a vivid memory, but no detail of which is distinct, save the black crows, and the limbs that clawed the air. The note book says, "Now enjoying the luxury of river travel; no wind, a sun that warms through the clothes." Again, "A great untamable bit of nature—never was I closer to the real nature than at this moment." But all that I wrote on that day seems tame and insipid, compared to the ecstasy in which I was; it was a relief, however, from some of the sensations that had been experienced during the five months of travel which drew to a close that day.

Toward dark I ran into the left bank, behind some tree trunks, tied up to a tree, and without leaving the boat, put up the top, drew the ends shut, lighted the lantern and read for an hour, lying on my back, swayed by the river's swing. The reading in a measure broke the day, so to speak. I would like to make that plain; all day long I had been subject to sensation, utterly in the present, without a forced thought, no attempt to do other than whim suggested, careless in regard to what I saw, and paying nothing but a most cursory attention to all that was to be seen. Probably there was no more trampish a river tramp on the river than I was then. For the first time since I started, I looked forward to what I believed would be a couple of months more on the rivers without regret and with pleasure.

The place where I stopped for the night was a mile below Bluff City, and less than fifteen miles above Decatur, Ala., where I expected to get mail, and less than three hundred miles from the mouth of the Tennessee. I went to sleep, lulled by the chorus of frog music. The noise the frogs made was stunning in its volume, and seemed to carry the air in waves.

I was up at the first break of day, and found the sky covered with clouds, which threatened rain. I was tired, for I had not slept well, probably because of a reaction from the mental state of the past two days. I started as soon as I could see, and watched the day come in a flood of yellow glow to the east. At 5:35 o'clock an oriole began to call "Wake up; wake up—too quick—get up!" Out on the overflow the ducks quacked constantly, as they had been doing for days. At 7:30 I went on shore hunting for gray squirrels. I saw several, but though I shot, failed to score. The great trees, the level woods, and the absence of brush were a novel sort of forest to one from the land of the witch hoppers.

I started on again, passing a village of house-boats in the mouth of Limestone Creek, where they were sheltered from the drift and the waves which reach an astonishing height when the wind is right on the river. I reached Decatur a little before noon, and at the post office learned that all my mail had been forwarded to Chattanooga. I had left word when I was down on the Forrest that the mail should be forwarded for five days, and then held. The disappointment was severe, but I merely had to remain over for a couple of nights. And I would have had to do that anyhow on account of the weather. I tied up at the house-boat of H. W. Ford, and remained with him all the while I was in that town. Toward night of the day I reached there, it grew cold, and at dark snow began to fall, driven by a snorting gale, which blew drift against the hull and compelled the men folks to get out and shove the logs from the eddy into the main current lest they cave in the boat. To do this was no easy task from a rocking craft.

All night the wind blew, increasing its power and growing in weight—at intervals from out on the river came the sound of quacking wild ducks, while once or twice there was a flicker in the air that seemed to be made by the flight of the birds through the light rays from the windows. In the morning the river was raging, because the wind was trying to change the flow of the current from down to up. I learned that the house-boat had a secret cable in addition to those that were in sight, mooring us to the bank. Sometimes the house-boat man is cut loose by enemies, and awakens to find his craft whirling down the river, miles from where he went to sleep.

In spite of the wind, father and son of the Fords were out after drift logs that would make good fire wood, and there were many others along the river front engaged in the same economy. A long, light rope with a pair of light grabs to drive into the log was the means of towing the stuff into the shore, an ax being used to hammer the iron into the wood. A wrecked house-boat came along among other things, and it, too, was captured, and held for salvage.

With scarcely an intermission, the gale swept up the river till long after dark, but in the night it died away. In the morning my mail came back from Chattanooga, and at 10:30 o'clock I started on down stream, with the head of Muscle Shoals only eighteen miles away. I had heard that these were bad waters, but that boats of all descriptions ran them. With misgivings I watched the shore go by, mile after mile. At 2 o'clock I saw the toss of white water ahead, and the roll over a dam. I was near the head of the shoals. I hugged the left bank for a mile or so, then ran across a corn field in the boat to the land proper, and landed to find some one who could tell me about the water. I found a young

negro man, who showed his pride in being able to read the inscription on my rifle. He told me that the Shoals could be run safely as far as Lock Six, which is on the Government canal. So I went back to the boat, paddled back up stream till I thought I could go through an opening in the wing dam that shunted the water into the upper two locks (A and B), which are on the left side of the river.

The water below the dam was all swift, and a-tumbling, but it did not look too bad from the shore, being further away than it seemed. I ran out to it after hard exertion with my paddle and shot through one of the breaks into a mass of water that was jumping. I looked to see the bow of the boat go straight into the waves ahead, instead of over, noticing that on each side of me the froth—all yellow toothed—was as high as my eyes. In a few moments the water calmed into the drag of a mill race. I looked well ahead, and there were piles of drift caught at intervals on towheads, but the towheads were all under water. The main land was half a mile away on either side, while ahead, no matter in what direction I might glance, was the heaving rolls of undulating water through which I must go whether or no. I held steady for a few moments, and then I saw that one of the drift heads was coming at me like a steamship, with the froth curling up over the hung logs and sticks, and sweeping to the right and left with a wake a mile long behind it.

I drove the paddle into the water and sent the boat kittering to the right, but I had little time to spare. The drift pile loomed up larger and larger. For a moment it seemed as if I would surely go into it, but at the last the boat ran the first great wave thrown from the drift, and I went tossing and rolling over the bow waves sent from the gray-boned mass and darted clear of them far below.

The send of the current carried me close to the north shore, and in the quiet water below the First Shoal I had a chance to recover my breath. The current was swift compared to that twenty miles up stream, but it seemed slow in comparison to what I had just come through. I had little fear of the bad water that was below me, for the boat had proved its worth. But I decided that I would stop at the first opportunity for the night, as I was tired. Two or three miles below, on the right side, I saw two barrels painted white and stood on the ends of poles. It was the entrance of the main part of the canal. I came along the shore line—all the trees were up to their first branches in the water—and noted that there was a little opening between the two towheads to the left of the canal entrance. Once I started for it, but the sun was under a bank of blue haze, and so I ran into the canal, tied up to the bank, and went to a little shanty I found there. It was a trapper's and fisherman's camp with a great shell mound around it, left there by countless generations of Indians and mound builders.

I carried my duffle up to the camp, built a fire in the fireplace, laid my boat canvas over the bunk sticks—there were two—round and around, so that when I laid on it I was in a bed that would have been perfectly comfortable had the sticks along each side not slipped in and their edges cut me all that night, and I never thought to nail them fast!

In the morning, after a good breakfast of potted ham, toast and coffee, I crossed the canal and went out on a wing dam to take a look at the water after it got into the little opening through which I came near going through the night before. Perhaps I would have got out somehow, but it was much worse than that I had come past the day before. I walked down the railroad to the lock, and M. B. Jones, the keeper, told me that perhaps one who didn't know the river could get down the shoals alive, but that I would better put my boat on the government train and be carried to the lower end. He telephoned to the superintendent, Captain Preston Curtis, who said that the train would come up after me. I had a meal to remember at Mr. Jones's, and then, after noon, my boat and duffle were put on the narrow gauge car, and away we went down the line. Not only was I walking in a boat, but I was walking in a boat on a railroad train.

At Lock Six, the canal headquarters, I saw Captain Curtis, and he was the kind of a man that one likes to see. He told me that they would put my boat into the water at the lower lock (Number Nine) for me. The train went down and we unloaded. Then Captain Curtis said that it was late, and that I could find a pretty good place to stay up at Lock Six and come down in the morning, when I would feel more like tackling the river again. I took a look at the foot of Lock Nine and agreed that it did look hard for one to start out in such water. The river was very high, and the water poured against the lower end of the lock inlet, thrust by a wing dam, built to fill the lock in low water. The only way for me to get out of the lock would be to tow the boat through and carry my duffle around. That would not be easy. Captain Curtis added that he would give me a tow out with the steamer, which would have to go down a hundred yards or so below the lock to get a barge in the morning. I had roughed it for a long while, and I was glad of the chance to sleep comfortably for a night.

In the morning, on a hand car, the captain, several men and I went to Lock Nine, a fire was soon making steam in the "Kingman," the boat, and after a little I loaded my stuff on the bow of the steamer, and with my boat in tow by a line from the steamer's deck on which I was, we went backing through the boiling yellow turmoil at the foot of the lock. Below that the current went bounding down stream at ten or eleven miles an hour. The Kingman had to put on a full head of steam, and my boat was overturned and sucked under the bow of the big one. Still the line held and all was well for a few moments, then the tow line parted and away went the boat. The big stern wheel of the Kingman hit it a rap that must have split the sides.

I had one wild thought of dismay—"what could I do?" But in ten seconds I was glad of it. The Mississippi River was a wide stream, and a big one. Now I would go and see it, but in a steamer. Captain Curtis was sorry about the boat, but I wasn't. The more I think of it the gladder I am that the boat went when it did. I was thinking about going down the thousand miles of the Father of Waters. I now looked to a speedy trip home. And I had it, and on the way I saw as much

novelty as in any other similar length of time, though I went up the Ohio and have yet to see the Mississippi. One more "Walk," this time in the cabins of river steamers and in railroad trains, and then I get back home again.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

Ethics and the Sportsman.

IN every sphere of action and in every domain of thought there are extremists, and the rule holds good both in the petty concerns of daily life and the larger, more comprehensive activities of society. In politics we have antagonistic parties; in art, rival schools, and even in religion hostile cults, each of which claims to have a monopoly of truth and right.

It is natural that sportsmen should find the same state of things in their realm, and so we have the brutal spirit of the pot-hunter who mercilessly slays everything possible, and the absurd spirit of canting compassion which exclaims against the wickedness of taking any form of life. Now just as all decent people condemn and despise the human brute who wantonly kicks his dog or savagely whips his horse, so they despise and condemn the pot-hunter and any other savage who shoots merely to kill, and we may dismiss these with simple contempt and disgust. But there are people who, ignorant both of nature's laws and of the high ethics of true sportsmen, decline to make any distinction between classes which shoot, and who look upon all with a sort of affected horror. Those who are animated by this latter spirit are in truth largely women whose sentimental tenderness rests upon imperfect knowledge and supersensitive nerves, and that their compassion is very largely theoretical is amply enough proven by the fact that it is directly to their vanity that the most unjustifiable of all slaughter of animals is due. For years the killing of the most beautiful and useful song birds was carried to a most lamentable extent solely to obtain plumage for the gratification of a vulgar taste in millinery. Appeals to the minds of most women on the ground of aesthetics in the loss of life and color and song, were of little avail, as were also similar appeals to their hearts on the grounds of unnecessary cruelty used in the obtaining of such decorations as distinguish savages. Though the most efficient good work has been done of late by Audubon societies, composed largely of women, yet it was only after scientists demonstrated that the decimation of insectivorous birds meant by necessary sequence, a severe loss to agriculture that any surcease of slaughter, through legislation, was secured. An appeal to the greed of men proved more effectual than an appeal to the compassion of women. I have seen horticulturists shoot birds from their fruit trees because they found a few cherries half-eaten, when it was only by the aid of these same birds that any fruit matured; and in the same illogical way I have known a lady who wore the plumage of three cardinals on her hat to shudder and even to weep at the recital of the story of a deer hunt. But all critics of sportsmen are not so inconsistent, if they are more or less misled and mistaken.

Of late years there happily has been a very large increase of people who not only enjoy nature from an æsthetic point of view, but who have come quite rightly to think of wild animals as possessed of certain rights, and as entitled to human sympathy; but among these, there is that extreme class who regard all sportsmen as unjustifiably brutal, and as sinfully interfering with the sacred laws of a beneficent nature. Now, nothing is more certain than that the progress of biology has shown our unsuspected kinship to animals, and so has emphasized the duty of kindness toward them. But at the same time it has revealed the fact that as regards all forms of life, nature's methods of development, selection and conservation is such as, judged from the standpoint of the amenities and ethics between human beings, is unspeakably violent and cruel. Happily, it has further shown us the utter falsity of any such point of view. It has shown us that the seeming suffering of animals, even in the feral state, is probably much more fanciful than real, and that violent and calamitous as nature's processes appear, yet, properly judged in the light of science and by the ends attained, they are less cruel than kind. At any rate, no humane and enlightened person possessed of the larger knowledge can for a moment suppose that the honest sportsman who hunts lawful game in a civilized manner and by legitimate methods, is at variance with any of nature's laws. He knows that, speaking comprehensively, civilized nations are more friendly to animals as a whole than nature herself. The cry of the sentimentalists is ridiculous, and the soberer strictures of many who themselves lack the spirit and zest of adventure, are altogether unwarranted. We may sometimes even find interested considerations behind much current criticism, and since we cannot ascribe to ignorance the wail of a very popular writer who moans over man's infliction of "such long and fearful agony on a fellow creature simply because that creature does not speak his language," we may ascribe the lament to purely literary motives.

But let us in the first place look briefly at the processes and economy of this beneficent nature.

When Darwin published his theory of the origin of species through variation and natural selection, the narrow theological mind was scarcely more disturbed at his doctrine than the popular mind was amazed at his picture of the keen and savage struggle for life. The fierce battle for existence in which the vast majorities in numbers of all forms of life perished, seemed revolting and incredible. Darwin showed that flora and fauna increased in geometrical ratio, and but for this natural war in which the young and weak perished in myriads, there would result a terrible congestion upon every spot of the surface of the world. The tremendous waste of the vegetable kingdom does not much disturb the feelings, but there is the same rule in the animal kingdom, though here, because of the propensity to hide and because of being devoured by stronger animals, we are spared the evidence of the ceaseless tragedy. "We behold the face of nature bright with gladness, we often see superabundance of food; we do not see, or we forget, that the birds which are singing idly around us mostly live on insects or seeds, and are constantly destroying life; or we forget how largely these songsters or their eggs, or their nestlings are destroyed by other birds or beasts of prey. We do not always bear in mind that though food may be now superabundant, it is not so at all seasons of the year." A hun-

dred animals are often born where there is food for but one. Darwin estimated that a single winter destroyed four-fifths of the birds on his own grounds, and he says "This is a tremendous destruction when we remember that ten per cent. is an extraordinarily severe mortality from epidemics among men." Less than one-fourth of the eggs which I counted in the nests of song birds near the country place where I spent some time last spring, developed into mature birds. The eggs were those of robins, vireos, orioles, catbirds, phœbes and song sparrows, and of these some were destroyed by crow blackbirds in spite of my efforts to protect them, some were blown out of their nests by storms, in one nest the eggs suddenly disappeared in a most mysterious way, a family of phœbe fledglings died of parasites, a robin's chicks were either deserted or the two parents killed by some animal, a warbling vireo's young fell prey to a hawk; and so after various catastrophes, less than one-fifth of the eggs became song birds. One catbird nesthold and also one red-eyed vireo family, succeeded in rearing all their young without mishap. The rate of natural increase necessitates this frightful mortality. Naturalists tell us that the elephant is the slowest in breeding among animals, yet but for the savage struggle in which only the most favored survive, a single pair of elephants might have no less than seventeen million descendants in seven hundred and fifty years. "There is no exception to the rule that every organic being naturally increases at so high a rate that if not destroyed, the earth would soon be covered by the progeny of a single pair. Even slow-breeding man has doubled in twenty-five years, and at that rate in less than one thousand years there will literally not be standing room for his progeny." Huxley, who loved to bewilder the opponents of evolution, has drawn some ghastly pictures of the results of over-production and of the suffering of the countless millions of weak animals which "have been tormented and devoured by carnivores," and he has told us that were our hearing acute enough we should hear every minute of our existence, thousands of the cries of the death agony of animals. Direful as nature's methods appear, palæontology tells us that she has known more tremendous cataclysms in geological ages. Elephants were once indigenous to our continent, the horse seems to have been evolved here, yet neither left any record of their existence save in the fossiliferous rocks. Whole orders, families, genera and species have perished. In the struggle for life the competition is obviously keenest among species nearest allied, and a slight advantage on the part of one is often the means of the extermination of another. Some have thought that here lies the reason of the loss of the so-called "link" between human beings and apes. The more brutish men would fall speedily before the more intelligent with whom they come into competition and conflict. The Iroquois wiped out tribe after tribe of less advanced Indians, even after the white men came; and it is a familiar fact that many savage peoples wither and die with frightful rapidity at the touch of civilization. A slight advantage sometimes allows slow-breeding animals to multiply enormously. The bison is a familiar example. The passenger pigeon is yet another. No class has lamented the tremendous slaughter of these more than true sportsmen, yet both, like many other animals, were doomed. It is perfectly evident that in settled agricultural lands the great depredations they would have worked made their wholesale reduction only a matter of time.

But Darwin has told us how false any judgment of nature's methods from the human standpoint must be, and has pointed out that we may find consolation in the knowledge that nature's battle insured the survival of the vigorous, the useful, the happy and the healthy. Another great naturalist, the gentle Wallace, has endeavored to persuade us that after all, in the terrible competition among animals, the suffering may be insignificant. They are spared the agony we suffer in anticipation, and the vigorous exercise of physical faculties necessitated, is probably enjoyable. Even flight from would-be captors is actuated more by instinct than by dread, and the frequent sudden deaths are no doubt practically painless. Moreover, the lower the nervous organization the less the susceptibility to pain. It is not at all loss that man has gained his higher faculties. There are even many very low organized beings that may be divided, and each part will develop into a new complete whole. I may tell here a story of the Gettysburg battle ground once related to me by a Confederate colonel. He had occasion to cross a section of the field where a Union battery a few moments before had cut to pieces a regiment of Confederate cavalry, and even in the press of duty, in the surge of excitement, he was struck with the fact that horses with limbs torn off, and otherwise maimed, had calmly eaten all the grass about them that their supple necks would reach. But there is evidence enough that when death comes slowly and the ebbing of life is prolonged, animals do suffer acutely. The sportsman who shoots when there is no hope of killing is open to the severest criticism, even though nature does often suppress her superabundant life slowly. One writer exclaimed against nature, "Why is it ordained that bad should be the raw material of good? Pain is not the less pain because it is useful; murder is not less murder because it is conducive to development," and somewhere between this pessimistic lament and Wallace's rose-colored palliation, as indeed is the rule between most extremes, the truth doubtless lies.

By all this, man is certainly shown to be no violator of nature's law. On the whole, he is even, relatively, a friend of animals, and not the inflictor of long and fearful agonies upon them. On the contrary, where they have come under his protection, they are spared the war and starvation and most of the long distress and slow pain of the wild state. Science shows that those animals which have lived nearest to man and been under his care have in every way progressed. Man has aided nature's most beneficent moods, and the huntsman has been relatively a blessing. He has warred upon the savage types that prey upon the innocent, he has protected lawful game in spite of pot-hunter and market-hunter; he kills legitimate quarry quickly and without pain, and is assisting and not retarding the law of life.

The truth is, the humanizing, the idealizing of brutes, has of late reached a point where it ceases to have even a mediate moral force, and has become to all true students of nature, absurdly silly. We may read the adventures of rabbits which are great strategic engineers, of crows

possessed of philosophic intellects, of dogs with wonderful spiritual endowment, and even of wolves with strict codes of morals. The frank fables of old times were excusable and even profitable, but the mawkish sentiment of a new school of romanticists whom honest naturalists cannot but suspect to be laughing in their sleeves at popular credence, will not and cannot make for good. It may perhaps awaken some feeling where none existed, and carry some minds a few steps in the right direction. But in the main there will be the normal reaction and the fever of false sympathy will be followed by the coldest and most cruel indifference. The real kindness to animals is the kindness that springs from scientific truth and knowledge. It is not the vapid compassion of people who, while their religious sentiment is shocked by the doctrine of descent, are yet thrilled with the moral beauty of idealized brutes, nor yet of those who, untouched by the real suffering of underpaid, toil-worn, soul-darkened human brothers, are yet full of mawkish sympathy with the romantic trials of a coyote. But why do they stop here? Cannot some one write them a tale of outrage to the morale, or of offense to the aesthetics of wharf rats or cockroaches? So ridiculous and illogical is much of this sentimentality that one wonders why some of it cannot be extended to flesh flies, which actually multiply one hundred million-fold per month, and which must needs perish violently by billions; or even to the poor and, nowadays, much-abused bacteria, compared to which even the unthinkable rate of increase among flies is as one to millions.

We are told by one who is perhaps not only the leading exponent of natural selection to-day, but also the greatest of living naturalists, that "to us, the whole purpose, the only *raison d'être* of the world—with all its complexities of physical structure, with its grand geological progress, the slow evolution of the vegetable and animal kingdoms, and the ultimate appearance of man—was the development of the human spirit in association with the human body. From the fact that the spirit of man—the man himself—is so developed, we may well believe that this is the only, or at least the best, way for its development; and we may even see in what is usually termed 'evil' on the earth one of the most efficient means of growth. For we know that the noblest faculties of man are strengthened and perfected by struggle and effort; it is by unceasing warfare against physical evils and in the midst of difficulty and danger that energy, courage, self-reliance and industry have become the common qualities of the northern races; it is by the battle with moral evil in all its hydra-headed forms, that the still nobler qualities of justice and mercy and humanity and self-sacrifice have been steadily increasing in the world."

Notwithstanding, then, the multitude of people who think they could have made a better universe than the Almighty has ordained, nature keeps on her way, always evolving the better from the worse. Dire as her cataclysmic forces may seem, it is along her lines that progress is made. The low and the weak perish that the strong and the true may live. Science is nature's interpreter; by her guidance must we walk. In what untold misery old theologies, pseudo-cosmogonies steeped the world in the ages before the light of science shone on the infamy of their cruel superstitions! That science has no war with eternal religion, but is her priestess, is at last realized. For science is truth, ceaseless, universal, unalterable. It recognizes no sectarian metes and bounds.

Buddhist and Mohammedan keep their footing on this earth by gravity no less than we; water seeks its level in lands where Christian dogma has never been heard. And the laws of science govern other spheres than ours. The more we know of them the wiser shall we be, and the better and the kinder. The study of the physical sciences has delivered us from the bondage of old superstitious beliefs; the study of biology is adding daily to health and comfort; the study of psychology to justice and ethical truth. Even some of the outposts of American politics seem at last about to yield to the assaults of social science. The leaders of science are the leaders of civilization. In their train the true sportsman walks. Students and interpreters and true lovers of nature have none of the mistaken sentimentality of which we have spoken; John Burroughs pointed out nature's violent methods before Darwin formulated his hypothesis; the great Audubon carried a gun. The true sportsman shoots only savage or pestiferous beasts and edible game; he kills quickly and without torture animals which sooner or later would die a slower and a more painful death through the agency of fierce carnivores or by starvation, disease, floods or frosts; he protects legitimate game, and all forms of wild life which are of use or service to mankind. In his ranks are numbered discoverers, explorers, naturalists and artists. What a world of facts from which to generalize have scientific specialists owed to his observation! The sportsman is nature's lover—delighting in her changing moods, her waving fields, her twilight woods, her morning blushes, the prodigious glory of her sunsets, her wind-driven tears, her laughing streams, her burning suns, her whirling snows, her perils and her dangers, the colorific radiance of her autumnal woodlands, the beauty and the grace, the strength and the cunning of her wild life that tries and so often baffles his skill. And he is Hygeia's knight as well—cultivating quickness and keenness of eye, strength of muscle, steadiness of nerve, daring, energy, self-reliance, endurance, courage and all that gives virility and manliness to character.

LYNN TEW SPRAGUE.

The Yellowstone Park.

YELLOWSTONE PARK, Wyo., June 10.—The Park hotels opened on May 30. Travel has been unusually good to date, and is generally increasing as the season advances. The Northern Pacific Railway Company is extending its system from Cinnabar, Mont., to the Park line at Gardiner. It is expected that trains will be running into Gardiner in a few days.

The work of improvement of roads is temporarily suspended, as the last year's appropriation is exhausted and the new one is not yet available. An appropriation of \$250,000 is expected for this work this season.

Troops A and C of the Thirtieth Cavalry recently arrived in the Park for duty during the tourist season. One of these troops has been stationed in the Lower Geyser Basin, and the other one is in camp near Fort Yellowstone.

All of the game wintered well. The deer and elk in the vicinity of Fort Yellowstone are much more numerous and seem much tamer than ever before. It is a common sight to see a bunch of deer on the parade ground within a few yards of the quarters, and they have apparently lost all fear for man. The regulation in regard to loose dogs in the Park is rigidly enforced, which doubtless accounts for the growing tameness of these animals.

Some of the Park scouts are at present engaged in catching up young antelope and elk, which will be placed in the game corral at Mammoth Hot Springs during the summer.

The Park has been unusually free from the ravages of poachers during the past winter. The people living near the borders are quite friendly to the present administration, and co-operate as far as possible with Park authorities in keeping track of a few lawless characters that are still to be found near the Park. The good citizens of the Jackson Hole country south of the Park have organized a Game Protective Association, and are preparing to make it warm for poachers in that vicinity.

A similar association has been formed by the citizens of Gardiner and Jardine, near the northern boundary of the Park. The large bands of elk that drift out of the Park in the vicinity of Jardine have become very tame, and come almost into the streets of the town, and the people have come to the conclusion that they will see that they are not killed except as allowed by Montana State law, and are going to see that these laws are enforced in the future.

A representative of the United States Fish Commission, from Spearfish, S. D., arrived in the Park last week with 50,000 Eastern brook trout, which were planted in some of the small streams between Mammoth Hot Springs and Norris Geyser Basin. The attendants who came with the fish have established a camp on one of the small streams that empties into Yellowstone Lake, where they will remain for a month gathering eggs of the black-spotted trout for supplying the United States hatchery at Spearfish.

Natural History.

Wild Animals of the North.

From Richardson's "Fauna Boreali-Americana; or the Zoology of the Northern Parts of British America."

(Continued from page 465.)

The Badger.

UNDER the name *Meles labradoria*, Richardson speaks of the ordinary badger of the West, which he tells us he found as far north as Peace River, and the River of the Mountains, in latitude 58 degrees, south of which it is, of course, abundant, and well known to all prairie travelers. It was called by the French-Canadians *blaireaux*, or *brairo*. He speaks of the annoyance caused to horsemen by the burrows of the badger, which are especially troublesome when the ground is covered by snow. At this time, he says, "the badger rarely or never comes from its hole, and I suppose that in that climate it passes the winter from the beginning of November to April in a torpid state. Indeed, as it obtains the small animals on which it feeds by surprising them in their burrows, it has little chance of digging them out at a time when the ground is frozen into a solid rock. Like the bears, the badgers do not lose much flesh during their long hibernation, for, on coming abroad in the spring, they are observed to be very fat. As they pair, however, at that season, they soon become lean."

"This badger is a slow and timid animal, taking to the first earth it comes to when pursued; and as it makes its way through the sandy soil with the rapidity of a mole, it soon places itself out of the reach of danger. The strength of its forefeet and claws is so great that one which had insinuated only its head and shoulders into a hole, resisted the utmost efforts of two stout young men who endeavored to drag it out by the hind legs and tail, until one of them fired the contents of his fowling piece into its body. Early in the spring, however, when they first begin to stir abroad, they may be easily caught by pouring water into their holes, for the ground being frozen at that period, the water does not escape through the sand, but soon fills the hole, and its tenant is obliged to come out."

What Richardson says of the slowness and timidity of the badger is true, yet it is a well-known fact that it is ever ready to defend itself, and that if cut off from its hole it will charge a man with the utmost apparent ferocity. Old prairie men say that a sharp blow on the nose will kill a badger, but this is not entirely true, as we have more than once remarked. On a number of occasions we supposed that we had killed one of these animals by striking it on the nose, for it fell over, and, after kicking and quivering, apparently died. Once, however, I happened to remain for a time near the animal so treated, and after five or ten minutes was astonished to see the creature recover from its apparent death, regain its feet and waddle off. It appeared from this that a blow on the nose merely stunned, without doing it any serious injury.

The Wolverine.

There is perhaps no North American mammal that has so many names as the wolverine, glutton or carcajou, and certainly none that is so universally execrated by the hunters and trappers of the North. Its ingenuity in annoying the trapper, its wisdom, which enables it to avoid all his devices, its malice, which leads it to do a hundred things which defeat and discomfit him who is following a line of traps, make it one of the best-known, as it is the most bitterly hated, of all the fur-bearers of the North.

Much has been written on this subject by traders and trappers of the far North, but perhaps nothing so much to the purpose as the following account, which we take from Dr. Coues' admirable "Fur-Bearing Animals":

"The winter I passed at Fort Simpson," writes Mr. Lockhart, "I had a line of marten and fox traps, and lynx snares, extending as far as Lac de Brochet. Visiting

them on one occasion I found a lynx alive in one of my snares, and being indisposed to carry it so far home, determined to kill and skin it before it should freeze. But how to cache the skin till my return? This was a serious question, for carcajou tracks were numerous. Placing the carcass as a decoy in a clump of willows at one side of the path, I went some distance on the opposite side, dug a hole with my snowshoe about three feet deep in the snow, packed the skin in the smallest possible compass, and put it in the bottom of the hole, which I filled up again very carefully, packing the snow down hard, and then strewing loose snow over the surface till the spot looked as if it had never been disturbed. I also strewed blood and entrails in the path and around the willows. Returning next morning, I found that the carcass was gone, as I expected it would be, but that the place where the skin was cached was apparently undisturbed. 'Ah, you rascal!' said I, addressing aloud the absent carcajou, 'I have outwitted you for once.' I lighted my pipe and proceeded leisurely to dig up the skin to place in my muskymoot. I went clear down to the ground, on this side and on that, but no lynx skin was there. The carcajou had been before me, and had carried it off along with the carcass, but he had taken the pains to fill up the hole again and make everything as smooth as before!

"At Peel's River, on one occasion, a very old carcajou discovered my marten road, on which I had nearly a hundred and fifty traps. I was in the habit of visiting the line about once a fortnight, but the beast fell into the way of coming oftener than I did, to my great annoyance and vexation. I determined to put a stop to his thieving and his life together, cost what it might. So I made six strong traps at as many different points, and also set three steel traps. For three weeks I tried my best to catch the beast, without success, and my worst enemy would allow that I am no green hand in these matters. The animal carefully avoided the traps set for his own benefit, and seemed to be taking more delight than ever in demolishing my marten traps and eating the martens, scattering the poles in every direction, and caching what baits or martens he did not devour on the spot. As we had no poison in those days, I next set a gun on the bank of a little lake. The gun was concealed in some low bushes, but the bait was so placed that the carcajou must see it on his way up the bank. I blockaded my path to the gun with a small pine tree, which completely hid it. On my first visit afterward I found that the beast had gone up to the bait and smelled it, but had left it untouched. He had next pulled up the pine tree that blocked the path, and gone around the gun and cut the line which connected the bait with the trigger, just behind the muzzle. Then he had gone back and pulled the bait away and carried it on to the lake, where he laid down and devoured it at his leisure. There I found my string. I could scarcely believe that all this had been done designedly, for it seemed that faculties fully on a par with human reason would be required for such an exploit, if done intentionally. I therefore rearranged things, tying the string where it had been bitten. But the result was exactly the same for three successive occasions, as I could plainly see by the footprints; and what is most singular of all, each time the brute was careful to cut the line a little back of where it had been tied before, as if actually reasoning with himself that even the knots might be some new device of mine, and therefore a source of hidden danger he would prudently avoid. I came to the conclusion that *that* carcajou ought to live, as he must be something at least human, if not worse. I gave it up, and abandoned the road for a period.

"On another occasion a carcajou amused himself, much as usual, by tracking my line from one end to the other and demolishing my traps, as fast as I could set them. I put a large steel trap in the middle of a path, that branched off among some willows, spreading no bait, but risking the chance that the animal would 'put his foot in it' on his way to break a trap at the end of the path. On my next visit I found that the trap was gone, but I noticed the blood and entrails of a hare that had evidently been caught in the trap and devoured by the carcajou on the spot. Examining his footprints, I was satisfied that he had not been caught, and I took up his trail. Proceeding about a mile through the woods I came to a small lake, on the banks of which I recognized traces of the trap, which the beast had lain down in order to go a few steps to one side to make water on a stump. He then returned and picked up the trap, which he had carried across the lake, with many a twist and turn on the hard crust of snow to mislead his expected pursuer, and then again entered the woods. I followed for about half a mile further and then came to a large hole dug in the snow. This place, however, seemed not to have suited him, for there was nothing there. A few yards further on, however, I found a neatly built mound of snow on which the animal had made water and left his dirt; this I knew was his cache. Using one of my snowshoes for a spade, I dug into the hillock and down to the ground, the snow being about four feet deep, and there I found my trap, with the toes of a rabbit still in the jaws. Could it have been the animal's instinctive impulse to hide prey that made him carry my trap so far merely for the morsel of meat still held in it? Or did his cunning nature prompt him to hide the trap for fear that on some future unlucky occasion he might put his own toes in it and share the rabbit's fate?"

"This propensity of the wolverine to carry off traps receives confirmation from other sources. In Captain Cartwright's Journal (II., 407), a similar instance is recorded in the following terms: 'In coming to the foot of Table Hill I crossed the track of a wolverine with one of Mr. Callingham's traps on his foot; the foxes had followed his bleeding track. As this beast went through the thick of the woods, under the north side of the hill, where the snow was so deep and light that it was with the greatest difficulty I could follow him even on Indian rackets, I was quite puzzled to know how he had contrived to prevent the trap from catching hold of the branches of trees or sinking in the snow. But on coming up with him I discovered how he had managed, for after making an attempt to fly at me, he took the trap in his mouth and ran upon three legs. These creatures are surprisingly strong in proportion to their size; this one weighed only twenty-six pounds and the trap eight; yet including all the turns he had taken he had carried it six miles.'"

Many extraordinary legends have grown up concerning

this animal, and all of these were accepted by Buffon, the great French naturalist, who described the wolverine as a ferocious beast, which did not fear man, and attacked the larger animals. It was stated that it was accustomed to climb trees, and throw down the moss from them, to entice the elk and reindeer to pass beneath it, when it threw itself on the back of its prey, and held itself there until it had destroyed the animal.

As a matter of fact, the wolverine is a small beast, not very unlike a badger in shape, but larger, and with a longer tail. It is found from the Middle United States, as far north as the borders of the Arctic Ocean, and its bones have been found in Melville Island, in latitude 75 degrees. Dr. Richardson says that the wolverine feeds chiefly upon the carcasses of beasts that have been killed by accident, and Mr. Warburton Pike, in his "Barren Grounds of Northern Canada," tells us that when in the range of the musk-ox, he used to watch these beasts feeding on carcasses that had been killed, and that he was greatly impressed by the enormous power exerted by the little animals.

Dr. Richardson says: "It has great strength, and annoys the natives by destroying their hoards of provisions and demolishing their marten traps. It is so suspicious that it will rarely enter a trap itself, but beginning behind, pulls it to pieces, scatters the logs of which it is built, and then carries off the bait. It feeds also on meadow mice, marmots and other rodentia, and occasionally on disabled quadrupeds of a larger size. I have seen one chasing an American hare, which was at the same time harassed by a snowy owl. It resembles the bear in its gait, and is not fleet; but it is very industrious, and no doubt feeds well, as it is generally fat. It is much abroad in the winter, and the tracks of its journey in a single night may be often traced for many miles. From the shortness of its legs, it makes its way through loose snow with difficulty, but when it falls upon the beaten track of a marten trapper, it will pursue it for a long way. Mr. Graham observes that, 'the wolverines are extremely mischievous, and do more damage to the small fur trade than all the other rapacious animals conjointly. They will follow the marten hunter's path round a line of traps extending forty, fifty or sixty miles, and render the whole unserviceable, merely to come at the baits, which are generally the head of a partridge, or a bit of dried venison. They are not fond of the martens themselves, but never fail of tearing them in pieces, or of burying them in the snow by the side of the path, at a considerable distance from the trap. Drifts of snow often conceal the repositories thus made by the martens from the hunter, in which case they furnish a regale to the hungry fox, whose sagacious nostril guides him unerringly to the spot. Two or three foxes are often seen following the wolverine for this purpose.'

"The wolverine is said to be a great destroyer of heavers, but it must be only in the summer, when those industrious animals are at work on land, that it can surprise them. An attempt to break open their house in the winter, even supposing it possible for the claws of a wolverine to penetrate the thick mud walls when frozen as hard as stone, would only have the effect of driving the heavers into the water, to seek for shelter in their vaults on the borders of the dam. The wolverine, although it is reported to defend itself with boldness and success against the attack of other quadrupeds, flies from the face of man, and makes but a poor fight with a hunter, who requires no other arms than a stick to kill it.

"It brings forth from two to four young once a year. The cubs are covered with a downy fur, of a pale or cream color. It is found throughout the whole northern parts of the American continent, from the coast of Labrador and Davis' Straits, to the shores of the Pacific and the islands of Alaska."

A friend, many years ago, captured in Colorado, a wolverine, which he transferred, uninjured, to a stout box. It several times ate its way through the side of its prison, but was watched so closely that it never succeeded in escaping. A wager was made between the owner and an acquaintance who possessed a captive Canada lynx, each believing that his animal would be the victor if the two could be induced to fight. Finally, the lynx was introduced into the wolverine's box, but there was no fight, for the wolverine promptly proceeded to eat up the lynx, which it did during the day, having killed it with very little difficulty.

The Fauna Boreali-Americana.

NEW YORK, June 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your editorial of June 14 issue is incorrect in stating that "Fauna Boreali-Americana" of Richardson and Swainson consisted of only two volumes. There were four—i. e., "Quadrupeds," 1829; "Birds," 1831; "Fish," 1836, and "Insects," 1837; but like many out-of-date publications, separate volumes occasionally turn up for sale.

JONATHAN DWIGHT, JR.

Does the Bluebird Mimic?

I HAD always supposed that the bluebird was such a shy, retiring, sentimental bird that it was quite incapable of mimicry. Indeed, until a recent occasion, I had never heard it utter notes that were not peculiarly its own—delicious, lisp-like notes that sounded somewhat like the fretting of silk with one's fingers. On the occasion referred to, however, I received what I may properly term a shock of surprise.

I was walking in Prospect Park in the evening, just before nightfall—having it practically all to myself, for at that hour, the most beautiful of the day, with possibly the exception of dawn, our æsthetic people never think of walking abroad—well, as I was strolling along in peaceful enjoyment, suddenly *Sialia sialis* began to sing. For a few bars all went as usual, but then there was an abrupt intrusion of part of the yellow warbler's little lay, and again of the robin's broken melody, and yet again of the vireo's persistent sermon, with others not so familiar. Can it be a mockingbird? I asked myself, and began peering among the leaves. In a few moments all doubt was set at rest, for my eye rested upon an unmistakable bluebird. It did not seem to mind my presence in the least, but kept on singing and mimicking, and, as I thought, with a roguish or mischievous sense of enjoyment. Presently it stopped and made a dive within a neighboring

thicket—probably to have a word with the missus, patiently brooding her eggs—but reappeared in a little while and resumed its vocal amusement. It may be noted that the mimicry or imitation in each case was almost perfect.

Now I confess I am not thoroughly familiar with the bluebird, being, unfortunately, city pent most of the year, and especially in the spring; therefore, I do not know whether my experience was new or unusual. Perhaps some of the learned ornithological readers of FOREST AND STREAM can enlighten me.

FRANCIS MOONAN.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., June 10.

Mountain Lion and Strychnine.

KETTLE FALLS, Wash., May 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A letter from my son, Byron A. Belknap, coming from near my old home at Valley, Wash., records the action of strychnine on a mountain lion, which may be of interest to your readers.

He writes: "Julius Fisk put out some poison (strychnine) for coyotes and got instead a cougar. He had a cow die, so he took a quarter of it, dragged it down below the house and filled it with poison. Next morning they went down to harvest the crop of coyotes. But instead of finding any dead coyotes, they found that the quarter of beef was gone and the track of a cougar leading off down the cañon.

"She had lifted that quarter of beef clear of the snow and carried it about 200 yards, though she sank to her belly in the snow at every step. After eating her fill, she had gone on. They followed her trail a short distance and came to where she had become sick and vomited up what she had eaten. The next night the fool came back for another dose, and this time got a good one. They found her dead a short distance from the bait. Ellsworth Cosner said that the Indians told him you could not kill cougars with poison, for they would vomit it up, and that was all the hurt it would do; but it got this one, anyway. She measured six feet from tip to tip, and weighed eighty some pounds." His letter is dated March 9 last.

I am curious to know if others have the same difficulty in killing mountain lions with strychnine.

ORIN BELKNAP.

The Song of the Bobolink.

THE song of no song bird is more unique than that of the male bobolink. Fortunate are they who have attended the rollicking concerts of this virtuoso of feathered songsters as he hovers near his mate over dewy meadows of waving grass. He needs no scientific name nor technical description to aid in his identification. Every schoolboy knows him by his romantic, gaudy dress and wealth of joyous song. He may not know that he disguises himself by changing his apparel before his journeys to the sunny South before the approach of winter, nor that he further endeavors to preserve his incognito by changing his name, nor what ignominious fate there awaits his coming, but no bird is more quickly recognized or better known, and to no bird does he give a warmer welcome.

It is very common practice among school children in many parts of the country to imitate his roosting song, not knowing and caring less that some of the greatest minds in the world of literature have done likewise.

Turning to a fly leaf of an old school book now yellow with age, I find my youthful attempt put into words as follows:

"Will you see, will you see, here I be—early spring and me, hover over field of clover, jolly lover; that's me; that's me. See. Good by."

A list of similar attempts would prove interesting reading as showing how similarly or different the same song fell upon different ears, and the different degrees of success attained in recording its phonetic interpretation.

GEO. MCABEE.

WORCESTER, Mass.

Breeding of Scoters.

MILFORD, Conn., June 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* During the afternoon of May 30 the air was filled with "coots" (scoters and velvet ducks, presumably) flying northward. An old gunner in this neighborhood, who has probably killed more of these birds than any other single gunner in this State, informs me that he has never killed a female "coot" in the month of May. Do these birds mate before leaving our waters and the females start north for breeding a month ahead of the males? If this supposition is untenable, how can the birds find time between early June, when they arrive at their northern breeding grounds, and early September, when they reappear in large numbers in Long Island Sound, to rear their young? The period of incubation is four weeks. In September the young could be but a little over two months old. On the last day of May at dusk the air resounded with the music of the migrating "south southerly" long-tailed duck.

I caught a young ruffed grouse a week old on the 1st day of June. This seems very early.

MORTON GRINNELL.

A North Dakota Wolf.

THE Dickinson, N. D., Press says last Wednesday Col. Alf. White came in from his Cannon Ball ranch, where he had been for a few days looking after his cattle. While out Mr. White saw one of his men, Martin Nelson, ride down and rope a gray wolf. The chase covered a distance of four or five miles, and was exciting for the short time it lasted. The animal measured six feet and eight inches from the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail, and was the sixth wolf Mr. Nelson had caught on horseback during the past year.

Massachusetts Deer.

SOUTHBORO, Mass., June 3.—A remarkable sight for this part of Massachusetts was witnessed yesterday within a mile of the center of the town—two does and two fawns unconcernedly feeding with cows in a pasture. If the dogs will only let them alone, we won't be obliged to go to Maine to get a camera snap shot at a deer.

J. W. B.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Importation of Eggs of Game Birds.

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, Office of the Secretary, Washington, D. C., June 9, 1902.—An Act of Congress, approved June 3, 1902, entitled "An Act to Regulate the Introduction of Eggs of Game Birds for Propagation," provides: "That from and after the passage of this act the Secretary of Agriculture shall have the power to authorize the importation of eggs of game birds for purposes of propagation, and he shall prescribe all necessary rules and regulations governing the importation of eggs of said birds for such purposes." The object of this law is to modify the prohibition against the importation of eggs of game birds which has existed since Aug. 28, 1894, by allowing the entry of eggs intended solely for purposes of propagation or for stocking game preserves with new or desirable birds.

In accordance with the authority vested in the Secretary of Agriculture, the following regulations are hereby prescribed:

(1) Permits Required.—Permits will be required for all eggs of game birds imported under this act.

(2) Eggs Admitted.—Until further notice permits will be issued for eggs of the following game birds: The *Gallinae*, commonly known as wild turkeys, grouse, capercaillie, pheasants, partridges, and quail; the *Otididae*, commonly known as bustards; the *Rallidae*, commonly known as rails and crakes; the *Anatidae*, commonly known as swans, geese and ducks; and the *Tinamidae*, commonly known as tinamous.

(3) Form of Permits.—Permits for the importation of eggs will be issued upon application in the same form and subject to the same general regulations as those now in force for foreign birds and animals (Circular No. 29, Biological Survey). Applications should state (1) the number of each kind of eggs to be imported, (2) the port of entry, (3) the date of arrival of the shipment, (4) the name and address of the owner or consignee, and (5) the purpose for which the importation is made. In order to avoid delay at the custom house, the permit should be obtained in advance, so as to be in the hands of the collector of customs on arrival of the shipment. In case the permit is not at hand at the time of arrival, the importer will be allowed a reasonable time in which to secure one; but if the permit be not produced at the expiration of the time designated, the eggs will be destroyed or returned at the expense of the owner or consignee.

(4) Marking.—All packages of eggs imported under this act must be clearly marked "Eggs of game birds for propagation."

(5) Inspection.—Eggs, like other imported goods, are subject to inspection at the custom house and should be carefully packed, so that they can be examined readily and without injury. Officers of the customs or of this Department cannot be held responsible for any damage resulting from the examination of packages closed against inspection.

The Department reserves the right to modify the list of game birds without notice, to withhold permits for any shipment in whole or in part, or to cancel permits already issued if investigation shows that the contents of the packages or the purpose of importation are not in accordance with the statements in the application.

JAMES WILSON, Secretary.

Moose.

SEPTEMBER the ninth came and found us ready for the long-talked-of trip to New Brunswick. By considerable corresponding and telegraphing, arrangements had been made for us by R. P. Allen, the gentlemanly secretary of the Fredericton Tourists' Association, with one of the oldest and best-known outfitters in the province for two of his best guides and a cook to pilot us from Boiestown to the moose and caribou country of the little southwest Miramichi, about fifty miles north and west.

Mr. King left on the early morning train for Detroit on business, and incidentally to make the acquaintance of the custom official, into whose hands our baggage, guns and other impedimenta would pass for inspection.

We followed on a later train, and were surprised to learn that the inspection would not take place until the boat, which ferried our train over to the Canadian Pacific at Windsor, had left the Detroit dock at 11.30 P.M. No trouble was experienced in satisfying the inspector that we were good and law-abiding citizens of the great republic, who neither drank nor smoked more than we could carry in our pockets. Our Winchester and small Marlin rifle fared well at his hands, but when my Hauer-Mannlicher was brought forth, he said, "I can pass it in all right, but you may have some trouble getting it back into the States. Sometimes there is trouble in getting foreign-made guns back into the country after you have taken them out." At some one's suggestion, the numbers of the guns were added to the description on the manifest, and we did not have any further trouble. If this were done in every case, it is easy to see that much trouble and annoyance would be avoided, as the name and number of a gun furnish a positive identification of it when one leaves the country and wants the deposit back that has been made. In our case it was three dollars (\$3.00) on each gun. Our receipts were recognized by both Custom House officers between Windsor and Detroit. On our return we were instructed to send them to the chief of customs at Windsor, and our deposit was promptly returned.

It was 1 o'clock when we rolled into our berths in the elegant and commodious sleeper "Calgary," of the Canadian Pacific line. We had breakfast at Toronto, and a good one it was, too. In thirty minutes the train pulled out for Montreal. After a long and tiresome ride we reached there about 6 o'clock—the three hours' stop gave time for supper and to walk the kinks out of our legs. For some reason the sleeper from Detroit does not go further than here, while the Chicago sleeper

goes through to Halifax. We could not get berths in it, so had to change.

At 9 o'clock the long train rolled out of the beautiful new station and across the broad bosom of the St. Lawrence. We turned in for the night and slept the sleep of the just. When the sun arose we were in New Brunswick. At McAdam Junction Mr. Allen, our advance agent, came into the sleeper. "I am going to telegraph Uncle Henry that you are coming, and have him down at the station to meet you," he said. The bob train from the junction got up to Fredericton about noon, and we met Henry Braithwaite, the outfitter and noted guide of New Brunswick.

He was in for a few days from his hunting ground, and we supposed we had all arrangements closed with him for outfit, guides, cook, etc., but he had misunderstood us and had made arrangements to personally take N. T. De Paugh, of New Albany, Ind., and two steel men from Pennsylvania, one with Tom and the other, I think, with Arthur Pringle, his chief lieutenants.

On receipt of the Allen telegram, he telephoned to Boiestown and engaged Ed and Ben Norrad to take us out to their hunting territory about forty miles west and a little north, between Rocky Brook and Clearwater, in the region of the Sisters, Brown and Tehoe lakes.

We were greatly disappointed at the thought of not going out with Uncle Henry, but he said so many nice things about the Norrads and their hunting ground and the success they had the year before with the parties they had out, "and, then," he said, "their territory and mine join; if you do not find plenty of game there, just come on up into my ground." Mr. Loggie, of the Crown Land Office, said that the Norrads were all right, and that we were lucky to get them. Allen and Chestnut said the same, so we began to think things were coming our way. We found them just as represented, attentive, truthful and straight as a plumb line. Their territory, too, is easily and quickly reached, one day from Hayes'. This was very pleasing to us, as our time was somewhat limited, and we did not care to spend much of it going in and coming out of the woods. After dinner we went to John Gibson & Son and bought provisions for five men for three weeks. They have the outfitting down fine, and can tell just about what your party will need for any given number of days. One thing they should learn, however, that is to pack eggs in salt instead of sawdust, as the salt is always handy to have if any game is killed. Many of our eggs were broken on the trip to the woods, and a bear finished what were left while we were absent on Wednesday; Wilfred Norrad, the cook, returned just in time to put several .22-caliber bullets into his hide. We jokingly said the noise scared him away; he probably does not know to this day that he was shot.

At Chestnut's hardware store the subject of rifles came up. Having used an 8 mm. Hauael-Mannlicher in Colorado and New Mexico in the winter of 1895-6, I was greatly in love with the gun, and regretted having sold it to a party at Deming, N. M. When we began to plan for this hunt nothing would satisfy my fancy except another just like it. At that time it was the largest caliber of any of the high power rifles. Hauael has just gotten out a larger caliber, 9 mm. If he had made it 10 mm., a long felt want would have been filled. King finally admitted that he had come to slay the monarch of the forest with a pea-shooter, known in the States as a .30-30. We were given the laugh for bringing such small calibered guns to hunt the largest antlered game animal on the continent.

Mr. Chestnut went to a gun case and took out a Winchester .30-40 and a .45-90 that he had had made to order. "This is my moose gun," he said; "when this big bullet hits one you can see daylight through him, and it lets the blood out so fast that you can track him anywhere if necessary, but it is seldom necessary to do any tracking, they just lie down and die. Later on I will tell you our experience with this gun, King having taken it along when Mr. Chestnut kindly offered it to him.

Uncle Henry had been a good listener all of this time; he slowly drew forth from a pocket something that looked like a section of gilded gas pipe. "This is what I feed my moose gun with," he said, "and when I hit one anywhere between the ears and the tail, there is work for the packers; not a half or two miles away from where I shoot, but right there." This gun was given him by an English army officer, and I believe it is a "Snider." The caliber is .577, black powder 160 grains, and the bullet weighs from 480 to 610 grains, according to whether it is solid or hollow pointed, and the lightest gun made weighs 10½ pounds, quite a heavy piece of ordnance to carry all day. Frederick Irland, in his interesting letters in FOREST AND STREAM of last winter, has described the shooting qualities of this gun. He has made many trips with Henry into the woods and evidently knows what he is talking about and tells it in an inimitable way.

Fashion rules even in the caliber of guns, and I look to see the pendulum swing back from the 7 mm. and 7.65 mm. and even the 8 mm. to a caliber as large as can be made and used as a shoulder gun.

There is no reason that I know of in ballistics why a modern high-power repeating rifle of 10 to 12 mm. using a heavy charge of high-grade smokeless powder and a soft-nosed bullet weighing three-fourths to one ounce, with a muzzle velocity of 1,800 to 2,000 feet per second, cannot be made, and the shooter live behind it. Sixty to seventy grains of Walsrode military powder ought to do this, and the push-back with a gun weighing nine pounds ought not to be as great as the sharp, mule-like kick of the rapidly burning black powder cartridge just described. Some such gun is sure to come.

National pride makes one hope that the first one on the market will be of American make, but some recent personal experience in corresponding with our leading rifle makers shows that they are not yet ready for the innovation. A nickel steel barrel of the tensile strength of the Winchester .30-40, but heavier, screwed on to their 1886 model action, would just about fill the bill, if made to balance nicely, a half octagon barrel, pistol grip, and matted rib would add much to its appearance, and sportsmen would be willing to pay for these extras.

The Canadian Eastern mixed train, which runs tri-

weekly, left Fredericton at 3 o'clock Thursday with a carload of sportsmen, their baggage, provisions, etc., for Boieston, Doaktown and beyond. We sauntered leisurely up the valley of the Nashwack, over the old Indian portage and down the valley of the Taxis for a short distance. "Boiestown!" shouted the brakeman. Our watches showed that we had been three hours coming forty-eight miles, and we were at the end of railroad transportation.

Our things were quickly loaded into wagons, and we saw the agent to the tune of thirty dollars a piece for license to kill one bull moose, one bull caribou and two deer, if we could.

A ride of nine miles in the crisp September air, and we were at John Hayes' welcome hostelry.

Ed and Ben left, after charging us to be up early and ready to start when they came in the morning, as it is a long and tiresome day's journey to their hunting cabin.

At 9 o'clock the next morning the Miramichi was crossed and we were at the end of wagon transportation. Hastily unloading, things were securely packed on to a sled with rope, straps and chains. Sandy Green cracked the whip and Hayes' team of grays took a long and steady pull before they could move the 800-pound load, half of which was feed for the horses.

After a half hour, in which we probably made one-fourth of a mile, it was unanimously agreed that the only way we could hope to reach "Camp Norrad" was to cache part of our load and for Ed to go back to the settlement and get another team and sled. With a light load, the first section of the overland limited reached McKay's old lumber camp at Rockey Brook long after dark, having been delayed by an upset. Going down the long hill to the river, at this time I heard a most peculiar noise, it came from the ridge to the west of us, along the river, and was evidently made by some animal going at full speed. Ben and Sandy had not noticed it. I asked if there were any dogs in this country, "should say there goes one after a deer." Ben turned in the direction of the sound, and explained the unearthly noise. It was made by a bull moose chasing a cow, and the love song he was singing to her was anything but musical, as it died away in the distance. It more nearly resembled the baying of a fox hound than anything I can liken it to. We afterward learned, however, that moose can make almost any kind of a noise, from that just described to the deep guttural sound made by the bulls in answer to the horn. As the bull approaches, the phantom birchen maiden lures him on by sounds which more nearly resemble a tom-cat concert on the garden fence on a moonlight night than anything I can think of.

No words can fully describe these wild, weird sounds; they must be heard, then it's dollars to doughnuts that they will never be forgotten. We also learned that there is no orthodox sound of the horn to lure the wary bull within range. Each guide has his own call; he thinks it the real thing, and is pleased when you think as he does. I have heard five use the same horn and each had a different call; and I have heard the cows call, and none of them made just such a sound as the guides make on the horns.

After supper the events of the day were gone over, pipes were lighted and everybody took a night cap of hot lemon toddy and turned into bed, tired and foot-sore. Moccasins are not comfortable foot gear for long walks until one has become accustomed to them, and the bottom of the foot has grown hard and calloused, then nothing can at all compare with them for hunting. We were up early. The spruce boughs in the bunks were musty and hard with age. It was a relief to sit upright and rest one's back. After breakfast the caravan started up the long hill from the valley of the Rocky Brook away behind schedule time. At lunch time Max Green, superintendent of Lynch's Supply Depot, came up and had dinner with us, and later Ed, with Ed Moon's team, the second section of the overland sled limited with the rest of our duffle, caught up.

At 2 o'clock we reached "Camp Norrad" two days ahead of the opening of the hunting season.

D. W. GREEN, M. D.

DAYTON, Ohio.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A California Sale Test Case.

From the San Francisco Chronicle, June 12.

A DECISION was handed down by the Supreme Court yesterday upholding the constitutionality of the game law which was passed by the Legislature to stop the killing of small game for market. It was a test case brought by the Fish and Game Commission of California to determine finally the legality of the law, which has been found difficult to enforce, and the decision means that quail and doves on the tables of hotels and restaurants in this State will be a thing of the past unless the law is repealed. The case as decided is a distinct victory for the Commission and the amateur sportsmen whose pleasure was being spoiled by the market-hunters. Following is the full text of the opinion:

The petitioner was arrested and is held under a charge of violating Section 626 K of the Penal Code, which is, omitting parts of the section not material here, as follows: "Every person who buys, sells, offers or exposes for sale, barter or trade, any quail * * * is guilty of a misdemeanor." The sole ground upon which petitioner seeks to be discharged is the alleged unconstitutionality of the said section. It is contended that the section is violative of the Fourteenth Amendment of the Federal Constitution, and of Section 12 of Article 1 of the Constitution of this State, in that it is not uniform in its operation, that it illegally discriminates between different classes of persons, that it deprives persons of the equal protection of the laws, and interferes with the inalienable right of acquiring, holding and protecting property. The contention is not maintainable.

Wild game belongs to the whole people, and the Legislature may dispose of it as may seem to it best—subject only to constitutional limitations against discriminations. Within those limitations, the Legislature, for the purpose of protecting game, may pass such laws as to it seem most wise; and "the measures best adapted to that end are for the Legislature to determine, and courts cannot review its

discretion." (Ex Parte Maier, 103 Cal., 476, and cases there cited.) There is no question in the case at bar as to the reasonableness of an ordinance, as in ex parte Knapp, and other cases cited; the provision attacked here is a law of the State passed by the Legislature.

The law in question does not destroy a right of property. This point was correctly disposed of by the Supreme Court of Illinois in American Express Company vs. the State (133 Ill., 649). In that case the Court, dealing with a statute similar to the one here involved, and with this question of the right of property, says: "The fallacy of the position consists in the supposition that the person who may kill quail has an absolute property in the dead animals. In the Magner case, supra, it was held, as has been seen, that no one has a property in animals and fowls, denominated game—the ownership was in the people of the State. This being so, it necessarily followed that the Legislature had the right to permit persons to kill or take game upon such terms and conditions as its wisdom might dictate, and that the person killing game might have such property interest in it, and such only, as the Legislature might confer. The Legislature has never conferred an absolute property in quail upon the person who might kill the same. The killing of quail during the months of October and November was permitted, not for sale—not to go upon the market as an article of commerce—but for the mere use of the person who killed the birds. The person killing quail under this statute has but a qualified property in the birds after they are killed. He may consume them. If a trespasser should take them from him he might maintain an appropriate action to regain the possession. But the law which authorized him to kill the quail has withheld the right to sell or the right to ship for the purpose of sale, and when such person undertakes to ship for sale he is undertaking to assert a right not conferred by law. The act, therefore, does not destroy a right of property, because no such right exists."

There is no arbitrary discrimination in the law which would make it obnoxious to the Fourteenth Amendment, or to any provision of our State Constitution; there is no discrimination in it whatever. Under the law all persons have the same right to kill quail within certain limitations, and it provides that "every person who buys, sells," etc., any quail shall be guilty, and does not give to any person the right to so buy or sell. (See also Geer vs. Conn., 161 U. S., 519). The petitioner is remanded and the writ discharged.

McFARLAND, J.

We concur: Garoutte, J.; Henshaw, J.; Harrison, J.; Beatty, C. J.

While four of the members of the court concurred with the decision submitted by Judge McFarland, a dissenting opinion was presented by Judge Van Dyke and concurred in by Judge Temple. In this opinion, which is appended, the idea of class-legislation is very forcibly applied to this case. Following is the dissenting opinion:

I dissent: The petitioner is charged with selling one quail during the open season, in violation of the section of the Penal Code as amended by the Legislature at the session of 1901. The amendment in question, in my opinion, is unconstitutional. Our State Constitution declares: "All laws of a general nature shall have a uniform operation" (Art. 1, Sec. 7). And by the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, among other things, it is declared that no State shall deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law. In the slaughter house cases (16 Wall., 127) it is said: "Liberty is freedom from all restraints but such as are justly imposed by law. Beyond this line lies the domain of usurpation and tyranny. Property is everything that has an exchangeable value, and the right of property includes the right to dispose of it according to the will of the owner." The amendment to the Penal Code under consideration has made a sharply defined discrimination against selling quail or other game birds or animals, and not against the killing of them, and the purpose thereby to preserve them for the special benefit of those who may belong to gun clubs or who possess the leisure and qualifications of sportsmen, is as plain as though so written in direct terms; and this class is very insignificant in number compared with the whole people of the State. The women and children of the State and the men who have not sufficient time to hunt game, and the old and infirm, and such as are not endowed with good sight, are all deprived of any use or benefit in the wild game, unless some sportsman friend may see proper to give it to them.

He has read history to very little purpose who does not know that game laws such as this, enacted and enforced in the interest of a privileged few, have been the fruitful source of the oppression of the masses of the people, and have caused more popular discontent and resentment than almost any other subject. It were better to exterminate the game at once than to preserve it for the special benefit only of a favored few.

The wild game of the State, it is true, belongs to the people in their sovereign capacity, and it is not the subject of private dominion to any greater extent than the Legislature may see fit to make it, but, as said in Kellogg vs. King, 114 Cal., 378: "The Legislature has seen fit to prescribe the limit where public proprietorship ends and that of the individual commences, and, when within the provisions of said statute an individual is as much to be protected in the enjoyment of his rights in this species of property as in any other under the law," citing Section 656 of the Civil Code, which reads: "Animals wild by nature are the subject of ownership while living, only when on the land of the person claiming them, or when tamed or taken and held in the possession or disabled or immediately pursued." In the opinion quoted, the term "animals wild by nature," as used in the Civil Code, was construed to include game birds.

Laws for the protection and preservation of wild game are in their nature police regulations, and, as said in Foster vs. Scott, 136 N. Y., 77: "This power can be used only to promote the public good, and is always subject to judicial scrutiny." And in Colon vs. Fiske, 153 N. Y., 197, it is said: "That power must be exercised subject to the provisions of both the Federal and State Constitutions. Laws passed in the exercise of it must tend toward the preservation of the lives, health, morals or welfare of the community, and the Court must be enabled to see some clear and real connection between the assumed pur-

pose of the law and the actual provisions thereof, and that the latter tend in some plain and appreciable manner toward the accomplishment of the objects for which the Legislature may use this power." Judge Ross, in the case in re Marshall, 102 Fed. Rep., 323, says: "Laws enacted in the exercise of the police power by a municipal corporation acting in pursuance of the laws of the State, or by a State itself, must be reasonable, and are always subject to the provisions of both the Federal and State Constitutions, and they are always subject to judicial scrutiny." And as further said in the same case: "Property is everything that has an exchangeable value, and the right of property includes the power to dispose of it according to the will of the owner." Mr. Justice Field, in his dissenting opinion in *Geer vs. Conn.*, 161 U. S. P., 541, says: "When property, like the game birds in this case, is reduced to possession, it becomes an article of commerce and may be the subject of sale." Mr. Justice Harlan, in the same case, also dissenting, says: "The State, as we have seen, does not prohibit the killing of game, but permits hunting and killing of quail between the first day of October and the first day of January. The game in question, having been lawfully killed, the person who killed it and took it into his possession became the rightful owner. This, I take it, will not be questioned. As such owner he could dispose of it, by gift or sale, at his discretion." Although these are dissenting opinions, it would not be the first time in the history of jurisprudence if they contained the better law.

In *ex-parte Knapp*, 127 Cal., 101, it is said: "An ordinance intended to discriminate in favor of sportsmen and against all other persons in respect to the disposition of game lawfully killed, is not a proper exercise of police power." And to show that this rule is made applicable also to State legislation as well as ordinances of a city or county, the opinion proceeds: "The statutes of the State in regard to game, prohibit the offering for sale of game during the time it is unlawful to kill such game (Stat., 1897, p. 90). State legislation upon this subject seems complete, and restricts the rights of citizens so far as was necessary to prevent the unlawful killing of game. It was stated on argument, substantially, that the ordinance was aimed 'at pot-hunters.' I understand this phrase covers all except sportsmen. Relatively, a small part of the community only are sportsmen. A law or ordinance which would discriminate in their favor would not be a proper exercise of the so-called police power."

For the foregoing reasons I think the prisoner should be discharged.

VAN DYKE, J.

I concur: TEMPLE, J.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in *FOREST AND STREAM*.

Fish and Fishing.

The Salmon of the Far North.

THE various projects now in contemplation for the construction of railway communication with Hudson Bay are leading to a revival of interest in the wealth of fish life contained in the waters of the far north, and it is by no means unlikely that the Dominion Department of Fisheries may in the near future concede certain exclusive fishing privileges to a company which will operate in Sub-Arctic waters. Some three or four years ago a Canadian fishing company applied for a lease of very extensive fishing grounds in James' Bay, but as most of the area affected really lay within the bounds of the Province of Quebec, the Dominion Government declined to grant the concession. The application has recently been renewed by a number of Ontario capitalists, but this time for rights in waters further north, and therefore beyond the limits of provincial jurisdiction, so that there is every prospect of a favorable response. It certainly does not say very much for Canadian enterprise that up to the present time the people of the Dominion, with the exception of the Eskimos, Indians and Hudson Bay Company's employes, have made no use of their valuable fishing resources in the far north, having left them entirely to the crews of visiting whalers and other fishing craft from Scotland and the New England States.

Without taking into consideration the enormous wealth produced by the whale fisheries of Hudson Bay, these northern waters contain immense quantities of marketable fish. Fabulous stories are told of the almost incredible supply of salmon in Hudson Straits and Ungava Bay. A former agent of the Hudson Bay Company states that these salmon are the finest of the world, and just as superior to the Restigouche fish, or to those of any of the other rivers of the St. Lawrence basin, as these last are to those of the Pacific slope. Of course this difference in quality will cause no surprise to those who know how the firmness of flesh of the principal fishes of the Salmonidae is improved by a low temperature of the water and a northern habitat.

It is only within comparatively modern times that any attempt has been made to take these fish in considerable quantities for export. The plan adopted for their capture was borrowed from the porpoise fishermen of Hudson Bay, and it is doubtful if salmon or trout fishing is done in the same manner in any other part of the world. The coast of Hudson Straits is indented by thousands of small bays and estuaries into which many rivers flow. At low tide there is little water in any of these inlets, but at high tide the water rushes up into them for long distances. The tides rise twenty-five, and in some instances as much as fifty feet. At high tide in the seasons when the salmon and sea-trout are running, these fish follow with the water into the bays and rivers as far as the tide goes and swarm back with it when it ebbs. The Hudson Bay man already referred to states that he has seen the smaller rivers and streams, or rather the stream beds, perfectly filled from shore to shore with salmon or sea-trout, for the two seldom run together, struggling upwards with the tide. It is im-

possible to draw seines against such a mass of fish, and the fish wheels of Oregon would be impracticable. The simple trap copied from the porpoise hunters proves very successful. Immense nets are made from the largest and strongest twine, and of length and depth to suit the inlet to be fished. At low tide the nets are set at the mouths of the bays or inlets, and the top of the net is loosened and allowed to sink to the bottom in order that no obstruction may be offered to the fish as they pass up with the rising tide. Just before the tide turns the lines holding down the top of the net are raised, when the buoys instantly rise to the surface and the trap is set. As the tide comes back, men are stationed some distance above the nets, and with the aid of poles and brushwood, with which they beat the river, contrive to prevent the great mass of the fish from pressing upon the net and carrying it away. The salmon rush up stream again by thousands, and so panic stricken do they become at the frightful disturbance of the water that tons of fish are often left on the dry beds of the inlets by the receding tides. As many as ten thousand salmon have thus been taken at a single haul. Those who have seen them say that the marvelous salmon runs of the Oregon rivers are not to be compared to the tremendous rushes of the fish in Hudson Straits. If the latter had large fresh water rivers to explore, it is probable that they would not be massed nearly so thickly along the coasts, but the channels they seek are not sufficient to let them all in.

Cruelty to Fish.

Every honest angler believes that no more cruel injustice to a good man's memory was ever wrought than when Byron formulated his unfortunate charge of cruelty against the gentle Walton. One looks in vain to the sensual wordling, even though he be ever so richly endowed with the gift of song, for an honest appreciation of the true spirit of angling, and no injury to the reputation of any lover of the gentle art attends the assertion that "no angler can be a good man," when it drops from the pen of one who is guilty of the misstatement that "angling is the crudest, the coldest, and the stupidest of pretended sports," that "the angler merely thinks of a dish of fish," and that "a single bite is worth to him more than all the scenery around."

The pot hunter and the angler belong to two very different classes of beings. While the latter is merciful as well as gentle, the tender mercies of the other are cruel. The one may be known from the other, not only by the difference in their relative regard for the value of fish and other forms of life, but also by their treatment of the fish which they take from the water. Every honest angler sees that his fish are mercifully killed as soon as landed.

There is naturally a good deal of satisfaction in British angling circles over a conviction which has recently been obtained against a London naturalist for cruelty to gold fish confined in an aquarium. The evidence proved that the fish had been left for several days in their bowls in the shop of the accused without any care while he was abroad. Seventeen fish in thirteen bowls were found dead, and those still alive were gasping at the top of the water. Expert evidence proved that the victims had suffered a painful, lingering death, and the defendant was consequently fined £2 and £2 4s. costs.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Some Anglers' Ways.

THERE are comparatively few hunters, even among those who have had many years of experience, who do not prefer to shoot an uncommonly large specimen of the particular kind of game which they are hunting than one of average size. Anglers as a rule are constituted in very much the same way, for they are generally anxious to catch as big a fish as possible. It would be interesting if we could get at the true inwardness of this tendency and definitely determine the motive. At first thought one may be inclined to believe that there is an element of selfishness in it and that the hunter or angler in his desire to get the biggest, is but following in the footsteps of the small boy, who habitually singles out the largest apple in the pile or basket, when he is given the privilege of selecting one. It has aptly been said that "the boy is father of the man," and, perchance, the trait of choosing the largest, which is so frequently inherent in youth, is retained throughout life. Selfishness enters into so many things in this world that it is not difficult to believe it has some bearing on this matter. The lad who instinctively picks out the biggest apple often does so regardless of the fact that it is wormy and that by taking a smaller one he might get an apple which was more juicy and of finer grain and flavor. So the hunter, who is in pursuit of deer, for example, and is fortunate enough to be in a position to make his selection from a number of the cervine animals, will almost invariably level his rifle at the largest one, even though he has had experience enough to know that the flesh of the venerable buck at which he aims is certain to be tougher and of stronger flavor than that of the younger but somewhat smaller one which perhaps is standing within equally easy range. And the trout fisherman frequently sits hour after hour, and day after day, in a boat on a lake, wet through to the skin by a soaking rain or sweltering in the hot sun, endeavoring to capture at his baited buoy or by trolling, as the case may be, a few big speckled beauties, when he would be certain of catching twenty times the number of fish and at least five times as many pounds in some not far distant stream. He knows that the trout in the creek will be smaller, probably none exceeding six or eight ounces in weight, while on the lake there is always a possibility, if not a probability, of his capturing a whopper. But he knows, too, if he is an experienced angler, that the smaller trout are fully as toothsome as the big ones and less apt to be dry eating. Most people who are posted on the subject concede that speckled trout weighing from four to six ounces are more desirable for the table, being less dry and of finer flavor than those of extremely large size.

If we seek for another motive than that which has been mentioned as possibly the one which prompts the

hunter and angler to strive after "the biggest," then perhaps we may hit upon ambition as the incentive. Ambition is accountable for a good many things, and it may be that this is one of them. Ambition thus directed would mean a desire to secure something larger and more noteworthy than other hunters or anglers have taken, or, in other words, an effort to surpass the record of others. As an incentive to this there is the knowledge that the killing of some notably large game or the capture of a remarkably big trout is likely to be an event that will linger in the memory and form the basis of a good story with which to entertain brother sportsmen. This sort of ambition is in a sense commendable, or at all events it is less open to criticism than some other forms. There have been so-called sportsmen in former years whose ambition it was to see how many deer, partridges or other kinds of game they could shoot in a season, or how many trout or bass they could capture, but thanks to wholesome legislation and an educated public sentiment there is little encouragement now for such ambition. A few years ago it was considered by some to be quite an achievement for a hunter to kill a half-dozen deer on a trip, or for a fisherman to capture in a day 400 or 500 brook trout, most of which were under six inches in length, whereas now such a record maker would be amenable to the law.

Sallust does not tell us that he had in mind an ambitious angler, addicted to relating big fish stories, when he said: "It is the nature of ambition to make men liars and cheats who hide the truth in their hearts, and like jugglers, show another thing in their mouths; to cut all friendships and enmities to the measure of their interest, and put on a good face where there is no corresponding good will." In fact we cannot believe he was thinking about fishermen at all when he thus expressed himself, for the ambitious angler is usually an honest sportsman and a hail fellow well met. He despises cheating of every description save such as may be requisite to entice a wary trout. He makes friends readily and holds them in bonds of fraternal sympathy and good fellowship. He has "a good face" which invariably beams a cordial greeting to all comrades of the rod and reel, and there is no mistaking the fact that behind it is a kindly nature overflowing with hearty good will. As to his veracity, that, too, is unquestioned, for even in the absorbing occupation of narrating his experiences with big trout he will adhere to the truth as closely as it is possible to do in telling a fish story.

It is quite probable that some anglers, if questioned on the subject, would say that they like to catch big trout because there is more sport in it than there is in taking small ones. They would tell us that the larger fish are more unyielding and fight harder, and hence there is more excitement in capturing them. It would not be surprising to hear one of them declare that he had rather catch one two-pound speckled trout than a creel full of quarter-pounders. But as a matter of fact, the fighting qualities of a trout are not always proportionate to its size any more than those of a man are proportionate to his physique. The big fellow may be sluggish and inactive, while one of half his size may be full of stubbornness, audacity and fight. I have taken speckled trout weighing from two to three pounds which came in a good deal as a pickerel or sucker might, while at other times I have known half and three-quarter pounders to furnish a battle royal. All things being equal, the big fish may be expected to make a more vigorous resistance than the smaller one, but a trout weighing a pound, hooked in swiftly running water, will often fight harder and longer than one of twice the size hooked in the still and comparatively deep water of a lake. Furthermore, the angler is likely to find it requires a greater amount of patience and skill to bring the former to creel than it does the latter. It is unquestionably a good thing for the trout family as a whole that there are fishermen who devote most of their energies to trying to capture the big ones, for as a consequence many of the smaller fish are spared.

In conclusion, it may be said that whatever the motive is which prompts the hunter or angler to strive after the biggest, the endeavor seems to be praiseworthy rather than otherwise. The spirit with which he enters into the pursuit is evidently somewhat akin to that which governed him when he purchased a splendid rifle or rod, viz., a desire to possess something as good or better than others have. In other words, he desires to equal or excel, and certainly this seems commendable, but it is "ambition," so perhaps after all, that is the real secret. At any rate, this appears to be a plausible and satisfactory theory, for we are told that "ambition is not a vice of little people."

W. E. WOLCOTT.

UTICA, N. Y., May 22.

Angling Near New York.

SALT-WATER fishing in the vicinity of New York, which has so far been backward, is steadily improving, and from the various fishing stations good catches are reported. At Giffords Station, Staten Island, weakfish are now numerous. On Sunday and Monday the ebb tide yielded from eight to twelve fish to a boat, all being of good size.

Weakfishing at The Raunt, Jamaica Bay, is very good at present. Mr. George Schwind, of that place, reports that on Friday of last week one boat got sixty-two and another forty-five, while catches of from twelve to twenty-five are of daily occurrence. Fluke, sea bass and blackfish are also plentiful. Last Saturday nine fluke, the smallest weighing $2\frac{1}{4}$ pounds and the largest $8\frac{1}{4}$ pounds, were caught within five minutes' row of the boathouse. This latter fish is one of the largest fluke ever taken in the bay. Another boat, fishing one hour of the flood tide, brought in eleven sea bass, averaging a pound, and nine blackfish, one of which weighed $2\frac{3}{4}$ pounds. Last week (Tuesday) Mr. Schwind's son fished for bottom fish and caught fourteen blackfish, eleven sea bass and six fluke, one of the fluke weighing $5\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. The next day he brought in nine large weakfish, some of which weighed four pounds.

The boats leaving Sheepshead Bay report large catches of ling and whiting, but weakfish have not yet begun to bite. A few fluke are caught, but at this season there should be many of them.

G. F. DIEHL.

A Little Brown Boy with a Bent Pin Hook.

I AM looking out from my Broadway tower,
Over the lofty, crowding hives of trade;
Where hosts are striving for financial power,
Where fortunes are lost, and fortunes are made.
But my thoughts are not on the broken skyline,
Nor yet on the course "the market" took;
I'm once more afield in the land of the pine—
A little brown boy with a bent pin hook.

The Broadway noises surge up to my room—
The rattling and banging on the stony street,
The clanging bells and the motor's boom,
The forti and piano of the newsboy's greet.
But I'm not now trying these sounds to translate;
I hear naught but the music of a dear old brook,
Singing 'mid the hills of the Pine Tree State,
To a little brown boy with a bent pin hook.

Oh, he loved that brook, and each feature well knew,
From its source among the clusters of rush and flag,
Where the heron waved welcome with its pinions blue,
And the little green frog and the tadpole played tag,
Down through the pasture and meadow and wood,
Singing as it raced for each quiet nook,
Till it lost itself in the river's flood,
"I love the little brown boy with the bent pin hook."

The hills seemed less rugged when that boy was afield,
And all the wild blossoms surpassingly fair;
The big red oak, his favorite pool to shield,
Drooped its wide branches with special care;
The silvery minnows and all their kin,
Discerning his footsteps, came up for a look,
And waved a welcome with tail and fin,
To the little brown boy with the bent pin hook.

The inquisitive squirrel, "at parade" on the wall,
Chirruped a greeting ere it whisked off in play;
The kingfisher softened its piercing call,
And transferred its business to a pool far away.
The swallows, swift in their erratic flight,
And all the denizens of bush and brook,
Seemed in glad unison their friendship to plight,
To the little brown boy with the bent pin hook.

I've fished many waters, on hillside and in dale;
With delicate bamboo and whirling reel;
Had many a fight with the great square tail,
And caught monsters of the deep with chain and steel;
But though many more beauties shall gladden my heart,
And many a fighter be brought to book,
I'll doff my hat to that lover of the gentle art:
The little brown boy with the bent pin hook.

APRIL, 1902. JAIGH AITCH.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

High Water in the West

CHICAGO, Ill., June 14.—During the last few days we have had extraordinarily heavy rains over a great part of the West and Northwest, and at present the waters are out all over the country, so that fishing is not much good at this writing, and a great many anglers are remaining at home who would have gone out to-day.

Mr. Charles Cristadoro, of St. Paul, paid this office a visit this week, and he says that the Mississippi is practically out of its banks, and will probably continue thus for a week or ten days. He says it is not the time now to go to the Mississippi for bass fishing, and thinks one should wait until the water has sunk below the tops of the Government wind dams, in which case he says the fishing will be good again. Indeed, it ought to be better than ever, for it is notoriously the case in our Western streams that it takes high water to make good fishing.

A number of the regulars who go up every week to the Fox Lake Chain of Illinois for their bass fishing, report now that the lakes extend clear out into the sloughs, and that sometimes they have taken bass actually among the bushes. It is a well-known habit of big-mouthed black bass to feed in shallow waters among the rushes and grass, well on into the month of June, according to the nature of the water and the forwardness of the season. They feed in this shallow water on frogs and naturally get as near the edge of the water as possible in the pursuit of their prey. Hence the unusual situation of practically taking bass in the alder thickets and tall timber. The water is very roily, and the bass fishermen say that the sport is on that account not so good as it ought to be. The exodus to-day, although a considerable one, as it is bound to be at this season, no matter what the condition of the weather, is not so great as it would have been had the fishing prospects been reported better.

Good Tip.

As a good tip I would suggest Hamlin Lake, near Ludington, Mich., as a place well to keep in mind. A party of anglers who have been over there recently have reported very good sport with bass, and the place is not so inaccessible as to put it out of the running.

Wolf River Run is on.

More than ten days ago the white bass were beginning to run in the Wolf River. They were then just leaving Winnebago Lake, and the run ought now to be well in progress. I would suggest Gill's Landing on the Wisconsin Central line as a good place to try for white bass or black bass either. Even should one not hit the run of white bass, he can nearly always get some black bass there if he has the right bait, and if the fish are in a biting mood. I saw an angler who fished at that place recently when the white bass run was on. He did not want white bass, but their bigger and darker brothers, and he said that "when he could get his bait through the layer of white bass" on top of the water, down to where the black bass were lying, he could nearly always get a good small-mouth. The fishing on this stream is at times very highly exciting.

The Resort Business.

The summer resort business is a growing one in our Western wilderness country, so-called, and since in these good times, a great many city men are spending at least

a part of their summer in the woods, one hears of more and more resorts going up on lakes which sportsmen have known for a long time. Some of these resorts are good, and a good many of them are not. I was about to call the worst those which are most pretentious. These hotels in the woods appear to the ease-loving class rather than to the hardier element of sportsmanship which wants something different in the woods from what it finds at home. Personally, it is no argument for me to know that I can sleep on a hair mattress and springs in the summer hotel, or that I can have iced lemonade for lunch, and hot and cold water in my room. I would rather depend upon fly dope and such cooling springs as I can discover, and still remain willing to make my own bed out of the materials offered by the woods or prairies. It seems to me that we get the clearer qualities of sportsmanship under the ruder conditions. If some one will tell me of a lake or a stream which has not a hotel within a thousand miles of it, I think I, with a few select friends, would like to head in that direction. Temporarily, we could cut out the hair mattress and the hot and cold water and perhaps would be the better for it. This is getting to be an ease-loving sort of a nation, and I should regret to see even our leading citizens learning to sleep too high off of the hard ground or being too much afraid of the caresses of the open sky, not to mention the caresses of a few innocent and harmless mosquitoes here or there. Commend me to the Klondike camping of my friends, the Saginaw Crowd. We had a whole wagon load of stuff and we left it mostly on the wagon. It's a good place for it.

About Ontario.

Mr. F. L. Brown, of Cincinnati, O., writes: "The writer, in company with four other gentlemen and a guide, has laid out a trip from Ahmic Harbor, Ontario, down the Magnetawan River to Byng Inlet North. Can you give us any information or data on this subject, stating whether the trip is a feasible one, and whether it can be made in clinker built boats or whether it will be necessary to use canoes?"

Will some one well posted on the sporting country of Ontario be good enough to advise Mr. Brown through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, or by personal letter to myself?

Ought to be Strong Enough.

I notice a writer in the current issue of a monthly sporting magazine who remarks that his leader was "tested to the weight of 100 pounds." That to the ordinary observer would seem to be sufficiently strong for almost any ordinary fishing; but will the author of that somewhat remarkable statement kindly advise us where he is able to secure these somewhat remarkable leaders?

Got the Hackles.

In the course of my scientific investigations along the lines of tying artificial flies, I needed some different colored hackles, and wrote to my friend Warren Powel, down in Taylorville, Ill., knowing that he had a fine collection of fighting chickens whose whiskers are pretty much all the colors of the rainbow. I did not hear from Mr. Powel until yesterday, when I got about 4 pounds of assorted chicken whiskers from the gentleman. "I did not send these before," said he, "because I got some of them from a cock which I was training for a special purpose. We accomplished the special purpose, and it was worth a couple of hundred, so that I feel the old fellow could afford a clean shave in your behalf. I am mighty strong in the chicken business this summer." The hackles in question are a sort of golden ginger color, and considering all the circumstances involved, they surely ought to prove winners. I shall see what can be done with them.

Good Wrinkle for a Fly-rod.

My friend, Mr. McLeod, of Milwaukee, sends me a little contrivance of his own. It is a flat steel spike, dull pointed, but strongly made, built with a screw to be screwed into the butt end of a fly-rod. One who has never used a rod with one of these spikes, and especially while fishing along a meadow brook, can hardly appreciate the usefulness of the spike. Suppose your fly catches in a weed stem or thistle top back of you. You simply thrust your rod, spike downward, into the ground and go back and release the fly. When you turn about you can see your rod at once, and run no danger of stepping upon it as it lies in the grass. In meadow fishing, as we get it in some parts of the West, especially late in the summer time, when the grass and weeds have grown high, this little wrinkle is one very much worth keeping in mind, as it saves annoyance and may upon occasion save a rod.

Another little angling implement which my good friend sends me is a pair of cutting pliers, which he had made at his own factory. Not long ago I spoke of two or three accidents from fish hooks and my friend has had no less than two more accidents of that kind since I wrote. Armed with these pliers, he now simply cuts off the barb of the hook or breaks it down so that the hook imbedded in the flesh can be taken out backward without the trouble of cutting off the feathers. A pair of pliers of this kind does not take up much room in the pocket and it may save one an hour's time on almost any day, to say nothing of the annoyance of cutting a hook out.

What is the Right Weight for a Fly-rod?

I wish some good rod builder or rod user would tell me what he thinks are the right dimensions of a proper fly-rod for use in general fishing of mid-range distances, say up to 40 or 45 feet. I got two heavy rods this spring, one of 6½ and one of 5¾ ounces. I sold the latter rod, as it seemed to me too much similar to the heavier one, which was of itself a splendid tool. I want a rod which will be an easy fisher all day long, about 4½ ounces in weight. Now, how long ought it to be? Surely over eight feet, probably about nine, I should think; and in the product of the very best selected cane, perhaps just a little over nine feet if the reel fittings are built very light. Before I go and lose another bunch of money, I wish some one would come to my rescue with a suggestion based upon his own experience.

If one is to use only one good rod, I would counsel his getting one somewhere in the neighborhood of six ounces, as that will do for long distances and big fish, and make a fair showing on short-range work and small fish.

It is to cover this latter equation that I am anxious to get another rod for my battery. I want to practice William Wood's style of fishing, with the flies altogether on the surface of the water, and I find that a heavy rod makes one a little careless in that matter along about half-past three in the afternoon.

A Good Buck Tail.

A good buck tail shown the other day is made out of red and white hairs from the Virginia deer. The red or darker hairs are arranged something after the fashion of wings, the white serving as the hackle. The designer says that he has found this the best bass fly he ever got hold of, and he has enthusiastically ordered several dozen more for his sport this month. I do not know how this would do for river bass, and am disposed to think that they have been tested mostly on large-mouthed bass of the lakes of Wisconsin. I propose to try this fly on the Mississippi River presently.

I hardly need remind the attentive readers of this paper that the accepted fly for the small-mouth fishing in the Mississippi is the Onondago pattern, tied on double reinforced gut on a hand-forged O'Shaunnessy hook of square wire, in size about four 0, the whole fly being about as long as one's little finger. These flies cost pretty near six bits apiece, and I don't blame the anglers of that stream for wanting to attach them to a good stout line and by means of twisted salmon gut. One can afford to lose a bass, but to lose a bass with a 75-cent fly attached to him is something to give one pause, as they say in literary circles.

E. HOUGH.
HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

New England Fishing.

BOSTON, June 14.—The salmon anglers are starting for their rivers with promises of a good season, although the weather in the back country has been exceedingly wet and cold. It is suggested that the salmon will be slow about ascending the rivers, and the fishing may be late. Mr. John Fottler has gone to the St. John, Gaspe, P. Q., his salmon river, for a stay of six weeks. Some changes have taken place among the salmon anglers. Mr. David Blanchard, whom the FOREST AND STREAM readers will remember as having done so much to restrain salmon netting at the mouths of the several salmon rivers some years ago, has been compelled to give up his river, the northeast branch of the St. Marguerite, on account of ill health. He has sold out to Mr. Windsor, of the Philadelphia Steamboat Co., and Mr. Windsor holds out a pressing invitation for Mr. Blanchard to again fish there whenever he may feel able to bear the journey. Mr. Blanchard has been down to Lake Hebron, Monson, Me., his favorite lake, for his spring fishing trip. He found a deal of cold and wet weather; bad for a well man even to be out. But he did land a togue of 9 pounds, and some smaller fish. Mr. C. D. Sias has also been compelled to give up his salmon fishing by reason of ill health. Mr. George P. Bullard, who went down to Grand Lake salmon fishing a week or two ago, with the Hartford party, was really high line, though this is but the second year he has fished. He caught 38 fish in all, including three trout, several togue and about 30 salmon. The salmon run small in Grand Lake and Grand Lake Stream.

Late reports from the Megantic Club show that matters are making good progress. Secretary L. Dana Chapman has just received a letter stating that the fishing in Spider Lake is the best for years. Dr. Kellogg has caught two trout weighing 7 pounds, one of 4½ pounds, and one of 3 pounds. The arrivals for the week ending May 31, the opening week, were H. G. Holcomb, Conn.; S. F. Johnson, W. A. MacLeod, Benj. Phillips and J. R. Livermore, Boston; George L. Turton, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Herman Heidelberg, New York City. Since that week there have arrived Charles E. Curtis and Charles W. Whittelsey, New Haven, Conn.; Dr. A. B. Kellogg, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Morrell, Mrs. S. D. Fairbairns, J. O. Davis, O. H. Thrall, D. J. Morrell, L. B. Norton and A. H. Whitman, Hartford, Conn.; George H. Payne, D.D.S., L. D. Seaver, C. A. Phippen and Charles G. Wells, Boston.

Mr. Richard Rowe, of Boston, is back from his spring fishing trip to Grand Lake Stream. This stream has been closed to all fishing for some time. The close time expired June 1. Mr. Rowe was there and about forty other fishermen, all ready. The fishing was simply great for a week, with about 400 salmon being taken. Then it was done. Mr. Rowe is of the opinion that the close time has amounted to but little, since the reserve fish are evidently all caught out again. His idea is that some restriction should have remained. He landed doubles once or twice, which gave him great sport. Mr. Frank F. Dodge, of Boston, has made his usual spring fishing trip to his camps at Lake Barrio, Nova Scotia, accompanied by Mrs. Dodge and their eldest son. They had good fishing, but much cold weather. Mr. Dodge's guide wrote early that the ice was out and the season early. They were off the first days of May, but had to break ice in boats and water buckets to pay for their early start. Mr. Dodge says that he is never going so early again. Two friends were with him a part of the time, but had to leave early. Mr. Dodge took them "down the rapids" a short cut, on their way out, and they had great fishing, taking over fifty trout on the way down. There seemed to be a trout in almost every eddy ready to rise to the fly. Mr. Dodge himself had great sport in the pool below the dam. Mr. Wm. C. Harding, of the Boston Herald, is back from his spring fishing to Lake Cobbosseecontee, Maine. He fished five days, but caught no trout. He says that trout are scarce in that lake, and others agree with him. He caught quite a plenty of bass of good size, but wanted trout. A fine string of perch were more satisfactory than the bass to bring home.

Boston, June 16.—Mr. A. S. Woodworth, of Boston, has had a good fishing trip to the Rangeleys. He fished on Mooselucmaguntic Lake at first with good success trolling. With his friends he had good success fly-fishing at Stony Batter and at other points. One warm day, after the cold snap of late in May, Mr. Woodworth's friend took ten fine trout on the fly, with four to the credit of Mr. W. himself. They went to Kennebago and

had a good time fly-fishing, when the weather permitted. But one morning the trees were covered with snow, fallen in the night. They experienced a snow storm May 29. Catches are falling off somewhat at the several Rangeley resorts. At the Rangeley Lake House Mr. Quincy A. Atwood, of Boston, landed a salmon of 8 pounds. With his brother and a friend he has gone to Kennebago for a few days' fly-fishing. This seems to be the popular trip this season; first to the big lakes below, for trolling and big fish, then to Kennebago for fly-fishing. At the Upper Dam there are a good number of guests, but no big catches are reported. At Haine's Landing, Proprietor T. L. Page, of the Moose-lucmagantic House, landed a salmon of 6 pounds the other day. This seems to have awakened considerable enthusiasm on his part, and he has made some good catches since. On Wednesday Carl Gray, of Boston, caught a fine string of fish, the largest a salmon of 4½ pounds. The same day Oscar Nettam, of Boston, landed a 6-pound salmon. Mr. and Mrs. K. M. Gilmore, of Lexington, Mass., have been having good sport with rod and reel. They have taken about seventy-five trout and salmon, but have returned the most of them to the water.

The Maine Fish and Game Commissioners gave a hearing last week, at the Rangeley Lake House, on the question of making the open season for fishing on that lake to begin May 20, instead of when the ice is out, as at present. The commissioners declined to do anything about the matter, but referred the petitioners to the next legislature. On the matter of screening Rangeley Lake, and also that of making a fish way, so that the fish may come up from the lakes below as well as go down, a committee was appointed to look into the matter. The Union Waterpower Co. was represented at the hearing by an attorney. The company is well aware that under the existing law it would be obliged to supply fishways at all of its dams on the Rangeley system, dam at Rangeley Outlet, the one on which the hearing was had, Upper Dam, Middle Dam and Errol Dam—at a very great cost. For reasons political, or some other, the commissioners have never insisted on these fishways, and now they have thrown the responsibility off on to a committee of three. Probably the company will not find it hard to handle this committee, and no fishways will be provided. Anybody can see that they are needed, if anywhere in the world. Mr. L. O. Crane, of Boston, is absent at the Megantic preserve fishing. He writes that he has not yet taken any "big ones." His experience going in was not of the most pleasant sort. The corduroy road was overflowed and floated out of place. The horses got into the slough, and the buckboard had to be abandoned. There was nothing to do but to foot it through the mud and water for several miles.

High water seems to have stopped the salmon fishing at the Bangor pool for the present. It is expected to start again, with another good turn, before the hot weather of summer. Fishing at Moosehead is good, with some good catches the past week. Fly-fishing is good. At Grand Lake, Debsconag and Schoodic fishing is at its best. At Square Lake some good catches are being made. A Boston party consisting of H. W. Lawton, T. H. Fitch, H. E. Jealous and M. G. Baldwin has returned after a most successful fishing trip to Square Lake. Their biggest day's catch was fourteen salmon, of a total weight of 77½ pounds, the largest 13 pounds. The largest "square tail," taken at Square Lake this season, weighed 7¾ pounds, and the largest togue 17¼ pounds.

Prof. C. H. Wiswell, of the Boys' School, Boston, has completed arrangements to take a party of fifteen of his boys to the Middle Dam for their vacation trip. The time will be spent in fishing and camping at different points under the direction of competent guides. Mr. A. B. Rockwood, of Lewiston, Me., made a splendid catch at the Middle Dam last week. At Pond-in-the-River he landed, on the fly, four trout and four salmon. But not satisfied with their size, he tried again after supper. He had a magnificent strike and hooked his fish, a fine salmon, which started across the pool, taking out 25 feet of line. The salmon then came out of water a foot or two—falling with a splash. Just then a trout darted for the upper fly, a brown hackle, and was hooked. Such a catch was a test of the strength of the rig as well as the skill of the angler. Both fish were at last brought to the net and landed; the first, a salmon of 6½ pounds; the other, a trout of 2 pounds. Mr. Rockwood believes that there is no pool in the world equal to that below the Middle Dam.

SPECIAL.

Fishing in Canadian Waters.

MR. PETER BALDWIN and Mr. Arthur Baldwin, of Brooklyn, have just returned from a most successful trout fishing expedition to Lake Edward, where they actually felt compelled to stop fishing sooner than they had intended to, because of the large number of big fish which persisted in coming to them to be taken out of the water. Next year these gentlemen propose to come again with a large party of friends.

Extraordinary success in both fishing and hunting is reported by Mr. Fritz Schroeder, paper manufacturer of Golzern, Saxony, who is on a two years' trip around the world, and has been for three weeks in the country north of St. Felicien, within sixty miles of Roberval. He brings back with him the pelts of four bears, all of which fell to his own rifle. He used the .30-30, and in every instance killed his bear at the first shot. It was only after considerable persuasion on the part of friends that Mr. Schroeder, when outfitting here for his trip, consented to take rods and fishing tackle with him, having but small expectations of the angling to be had in that territory at this time of the year. Nevertheless he had magnificent trout fishing, and describes killing one pair of three-pound fish on the same cast. He also got ouananiche up to three pounds each.

There has been but little ouananiche fishing yet. The season in the Grand Discharge seldom opens till June 12 or 15, and this spring the weather continues very cold and backward, and as a consequence of this, and also because of the recent heavy rainfalls, the water in the Discharge is still reported very high. Mr. and Mrs. Louis Rhead, of Brooklyn, have wired that they are on their way here to renew their old-time acquaintance with the

ouananiche, and a party of New England anglers, bent upon opening the season in the outlet of Lake St. John have already crossed to the Grand Discharge. They have not yet returned, and no report of their success has yet been received here. There is little doubt that by the time this letter can appear in print, the fish in the Discharge will be engaged in their summer occupation of picking out the flies from the scum that eddies around in the various pools below the rapids.

I fear very much that many of the early salmon fishermen are having a rather uncomfortable time upon their rivers. My advices are to the effect that some of the north shore rivers are fully eight or ten feet higher than is usual at this time of the year. The cold rains which have prevailed with such persistency for some time past must make life in camp anything but pleasant.

Messrs. Edson Fitch and Morton Paton have left for the Trinity, and Dr. Seward Webb passed through Quebec yesterday for his salmon fishing privileges. The Chamberlain Shoals party are now on their pools in the Ristigouche, and several members of the Ristigouche Salmon Club have been for some time at their preserves. Messrs. Mershon and Harvey, of Saginaw, Mich., have passed down to the Cascapedia, and Messrs. Davis and Humphrey, of the same place, have gone to the Little Pabos, which is a recent acquisition of Mr. Davis.

In referring to ouananiche fishing I omitted to state that the summer time table of the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway goes into effect on June 16, and that the hotels in connection therewith opened for the season on the 10th.

E. T. D. C.

Cruelty to Carp.

A HUMANE decision, rendered by a competent court, on the ground of manifest justice, is always preferable to the enactment of a positive and specific law, because a criminal or penal law must always be strictly and narrowly construed, while a judicial decision must be construed to cover all cases in which the same principle is involved. That is why the law of the State of New York, which is general and inclusive in its definition of cruelty, is so much better than the best code of specific laws that the wit of man could frame; and we rejoice that the Royal Society of England has recently secured from the Marlborough Street Police Court a construction of the recent act for the protection of animals in captivity, under which, we doubt not, many forms of cruelty will hereafter be punishable. This case seems to us to be of sufficient importance to be stated in full, our authority being the London Lancet.

A fishmonger was charged by the R. S. P. C. A. with the offense of causing unnecessary suffering to several hundred carp. Early in the morning of December 23, 1901, 700 of those fish were put into a tank measuring 33 inches long by 15 inches wide, and containing water of a depth of from four to six inches. At 10 o'clock at night many of them were lying dead on the bottom of the tank. They had been brought from Holland, and on the voyage they had not been kept in water, but had been packed in trays with perforated bottoms, the uppermost being filled with ice which, as it melted, trickled down upon the fish beneath. Evidence was given to the effect that the fish had died of suffocation, as fish require a good supply of water, without which they cannot obtain sufficient air for respiration.

Counsel for the prosecution said that this was the first case under the Act for the Prevention of Cruelty to Wild Animals in Captivity, which defines an animal as any "bird, beast, fish or reptile" not included in the Acts of 1849 and 1854. Under this act an offense of cruelty might consist in permitting unnecessary suffering, and might be punished with a fine not exceeding £5, or imprisonment not exceeding three months. This defendant was fined £2 with £3 3s. costs.

In a similar case a similar fine was imposed. In the window of a "naturalist" were thirteen bowls containing goldfish, some of them being dead, and the water being dirty. This state of things continued several days, during which the place was locked up. The defendant was fined £2, with £2 4s. costs.

We congratulate our friends of the Royal Society on a decided step forward in the protection of animals which cannot be classed as "domestic" animals.—Our Animal Friends.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

MEDAL contests, series 1902, Sunday, contest No. 7, held at Stow Lake June 8. Wind, west; weather, fair:

Event No. 1.	Distance, Feet.	Accuracy, Per cent.	Event No. 3.			Event No. 4.
			Acc. %	Del. %	Net %	Lure Casting %
W. E. Brooks.....	98	93	84.4	76.8	80.6	..
C. Huyck.....	90	92	81	70	75.6	..
Daverkosen.....	106	89.4	91.4	87.6	84.5	..
H. F. Muller.....	98	91	91	75	83	..
T. W. Brotherton.....	120	91.8	91.4	82.6	86.11	84.6
H. Battu.....	98	88	80.8	77.6	79.1	77.1
C. G. Young.....	..	92	93	76.8	84.10	..
A. M. Blade.....	86	77	82	74.2	78.1	..
J. B. Kenniff.....	115	92	87.8	82.6	85.1	93.6
P. M. Haight.....	81	91.4	89.4	80	84.8	..
J. Turner.....	..	94.8	88.4	78.4	83.4	..
E. Everett.....	109	96.4	88.8	79.2	83.11	..
C. R. Kenniff.....	101	89.4	84.4	74.2	79.3	96.4
J. Lawrence.....	..	76.4	83.4	74.2	78.9	..
P. J. Tormey.....	84	88	93.8
F. H. Reed.....	105	93.4	86.4	78.4	82.4	..
H. C. Golcher.....	121	91.8	92.4	80.10	86.7	..
W. Mansfield.....	..	91.8	91.8	81.8	86.8	96.9
S. A. Heller.....	..	87.4	89.4	80.10	85.1	82.8
K. Charles.....	85	56.8	81.8	68.4	75	..

Judges, Turner and Daverkosen; referee, Brooks; clerk, Wilson.

Saturday, Contest No. 7, held at Stow Lake, June 7. Wind, west; weather, fair:

Event No. 1.	Event No. 2.	Event No. 3.	Event No. 4.
C. G. Young.....	96	90	90.8
H. F. Muller.....	102	96	90.8
W. Mansfield.....	..	92.4	94
G. C. Edwards.....	94	94.8	90.8
W. E. Brooks.....	102	92.8	84.8
T. W. Brotherton.....	124½	85.4	93
H. Battu.....	96	90.8	91.8
H. C. Golcher.....	117	91.4	88.8
S. A. Heller.....	94	89	88.4
H. E. Skinner.....	..	89.8	91.8
F. H. Reed.....	80	90.8	93.8
E. Everett.....	108

Judges, Brooks and Everett; referee, Mansfield; clerk, Wilson.

Fooling a Trout.

THE car was crowded and those who could not get straps leaned upon his fellow passenger every time the man in front turned on the current or put on the brake. It was the sardine problem applied to humanity, and no one seemed very happy over the close quarters, but my neighbor, who greeted me with a wide grin. His face showed some tan, there was a suspicion of redness around his neck, and his nose was slightly peeled. The mosquitoes had marked him repeatedly for their own. "Fishing?" said I. "Yes," said he, "and I fooled him." And he went on snickering between breaths and hugging himself in such ecstasy as one might imagine a stock broker doing who had bought 1,000 shares of N. P. at 100 and closed them out at 1,000. His good humor was as a sunburst in the midst of that crowd of disgruntled, uncomfortable passengers that had moved up toward the front until there was no more move in them. And here is about as he told it, with the joyful exclamations unfortunately left out.

"I could see him just under the bank slowly swinging his spotted tail back and forth. He was a big one, a post-graduate. Although I lay flat upon my stomach and handled my rod as if it were of glass and allowed my worm (Lord bless your soul, flies were persona non grata to the trout in that brook that day) to ever so gently float down and right over him, but no! that leader appeared to him no doubt as large as a hawser on an ocean liner, and very likely he had met leaders before. Oh! but it was tantalizing. Again and again did I arrange my worm anew, even putting on two or three great wriggling fellows, but with the same result. I imagined that fish to be laughing at me and flouting me with every swish of his tail. How I did covet that fish! Could I have walked to his lair and reaching in my hand transferred him to my creel, I believe I would have done so. I guided that wormed hook past his nose and dangled it in the air to no avail. I threw it on the bank over his head, waited patiently awhile and then slowly and cautiously drew it free from the bank, allowing it to gently drop into the water above him. Further than giving a little stronger twitch to his tail he took no notice of it. Allowing my rod to rest out of sight, I lay there and thought of many things of greater or lesser impracticability. To move to another spot and continue my fishing, leaving my wary friend for some more fortunate angler, was out of the question. But there seemed to be neither help for nor solution of the problem.

"Where I lay I had a good view of the stream, and floating down close to the other bank was a piece of sod. Like a flash I saw my opportunity. Carefully poising my rod I guided the baited hook in front of the floating sod and then allowed it to continue its course, the wriggling worm showing just beneath the floating substance. Down it floated with the leaves and twigs, slowly but surely toward my coveted prize. It seemed minutes instead of seconds. I held my breath as the moving bunch of grass and earth passed over him—and then! Well, wasn't he fooled! He missed the leader; he saw the worm struggling from the soft black grass roots and he struck, and in one gulp the worm and hook were down his gullet! I struck and jumped to my feet and at once got into the stream and to work! What a fight he gave me! Here, there, nip and tuck, up and down the stream, but I held him! Oh, but he was a mad trout! Every time I got him where I could look him in the eye he went right up into the air! I think he was mad enough to swear at me, and he certainly pronounced my success a mean, low down, deceiving trick. Ha! Ha! But I had him and I played him and I landed him! Great Scott! but I was pleased to think that I had fooled him!"

And when we left the car and we parted at the next corner, he left me laughing and exclaiming, "I fooled him! I fooled him!"

And I presume months from now when Jack Frost has glazed the streams, my friend will light his after dinner pipe as he rests in his easy chair by the grate fire and listening to the razor-like wind disporting itself outdoors, will dream of spring and brooks and mossy banks and overhanging alders, and again will he catch that wary trout and wake himself up out of his doze exclaiming, "I fooled him! I fooled him!"

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Oct. 7-9.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society's show. John W. Bacon, Treas.
Oct. 21-24.—New York.—Ladies' Kennel Association of America's show. Miss M. K. Bird, Westbury, L. I., Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 26-29.—Philadelphia.—Philadelphia Dog Show Association's show. M. A. Viti, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Aug. 19.—Emmetsburg, Ia.—Iowa Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fifth annual trials. Louis Stuehmer, Sec'y, Emmetsburg, Ia.
Aug. 26.—Salem, S. D.—South Dakota Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) third annual trials. E. H. Gregory, Sioux Falls, S. D.
Aug. —O'Neill, Neb.—Nebraska Field Trial Association's inaugural chicken trials. M. H. McCarthy, Sec'y.
Oct. 27.—Paris, Mo.—Missouri Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club), sixth annual trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y, Sedalia, Mo.
Oct. 27.—Pa.—Monongahela Field Trial Club's field trials. A. C. Paterson, Sec'y.
Nov. 3.—Robinson, Ill.—Illinois Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fourth annual trials. W. R. Green, Sec'y, Marshall, Ill.
Nov. 3.—Mich.—Michigan Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fifth annual trials. C. D. Stuart, Sec'y, Benton Harbor, Mich.
Nov. 10.—Bicknell, Ind.—Independent Field Trial Club's (member of the American Championship Club) fourth annual trials. H. S. Humphrey, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Nov. 10.—Ruthven, Ont.—North American Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fourth annual trials. Richard Bangham, Sec'y, Windsor, Ont.
Nov. 11.—St. Joachim, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's fourteenth annual trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 17.—Elizabethtown, Ky.—Kentucky Field Trial Club's (member of the American Championship Club) third annual trials. F. W. Samuel, Sec'y, Louisville, Ky.

Nov. 20.—Manor, L. I.—Pointer Club of America's (member of the American Championship Club) second annual trials. R. E. Westlake, Sec'y, Scranton, Pa.
 Nov. 24.—Washington C. H., Ohio.—Ohio Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fifth annual trials. C. E. Baughn, Sec'y.
 Dec. 1.—Washington C. H., Ohio.—American Championship Field Trial Club's second annual trials. Chas. B. Cooke, Sec'y, St. Louis, Mo.
 Dec. 1.—Interstate Championship Field Trial Association's second annual trials. C. D. Cooke, Sec'y.
 Dec. 15.—Huntsville, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's (member of the American Championship Club) third annual trials. John F. Fletcher, Sec'y, Birmingham, Ala.
 —Western Field Trial Association's second annual trials. C. W. Ruttle, Sec'y.

A Natural Retriever.

My present hunting companion is a fifteen months old English setter of good breeding and much sense. The man from whom I bought him said he was a "natural retriever," and I guess he knew.

At first he ran to old boots. It was part of my "morning's devotion" to gather up the accumulation of old boots from the lawn. After getting together quite a pile of boots, he turned his attention to collecting old hats. Where to throw the hats was a problem, so I cut off a small sapling about six feet from the ground, sharpened the end and jammed the hats down on it. This was to prevent his ringing in the same hat twice on me. Blessed if I didn't go out there one morning and find Dash on his hind legs trying to put a Derby on the pole.

His next efforts were given to tin cans, all shapes and sizes. This got to be such a nuisance that I was constrained to interview him with a switch whenever a new (old) can appeared on the premises.

One day I noticed him coming home with something in his mouth, as usual. His lips were skinned up and he wore a most disgusted expression of countenance, all caused by the fumes of a nearly new and recently smoked briarwood pipe, which he had "swiped" somewhere.

Then he brought home a muskrat, a big mud turtle whose legs were sprawling around as turtle's legs will, children's dolls, big rubber balls—in fact, everything portable that came to his notice.

One day last spring I saw him coming across the sward bringing something that looked peculiar, which proved to be a large fur cape. It seems that a neighbor in calling at a nearby house had taken off her cape and left it in the baby carriage on the piazza. Dash happened along and took a fancy to it.

Last Sunday afternoon while on my piazza lazily dreaming the time away, there came to my vision a woman trundling a rosy-cheeked baby. "The Ghost" (for so we call Dash, for short, as he is almost all white) was dancing around the outfit, first looking at the woman then at the baby in the carriage. The thought flitted through my mind that the old lady had better watch out or she would lose the baby. And sure enough, in about five minutes back came Dash toting the baby in his mouth. He had her balanced just right, carrying her by the loose folds of her dress, and without hurting her a night. He was proud as a peacock, head and tail up and stepping high. The stork had always skipped our house, although good to our neighbors, and I suppose the dog noticed the deficiency and did his best to remedy it. My, but didn't that old lady kick!

C. E. C.

Dogs all Sold, Wants to Head off Letters.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass.—I have sold all of my puppies and please take my advertisement from the paper, as it keeps me busy answering letters without being able to supply the demand. I have had an advertisement in FOREST AND STREAM ever since the paper started, and have sold over \$15,000 worth of dogs. I am entirely satisfied with the result of my advertising.

C. T. BROWNELL.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures, 1902.

Secretaries and members of race committees will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list and also changes which may be made in the future.

JUNE.

19. New York, annual, New York, Lower Bay.
21. Winthrop, M. Y. R. A., open, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
21. Corinthian, club, Essington, Delaware River.
21. Duxbury, club, Duxbury, Massachusetts Bay.
21. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
21. Norwalk, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, South Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
21. New Bedford, cruise to Marion, Buzzard's Bay.
21. Larchmont, spring regatta, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
21. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club race for Centre Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
21. Brooklyn, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, N. Y. Bay.
22. Wollaston, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
23. Eastern, open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
24. New York, club, Glen Cove, Long Island Sound.
- 26-28. Seawanhaka Corinthian, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
28. Beverly, club, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
28. New York C. C., Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
28. Quincy, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
28. Kennebec, club, Bath, Maine.
28. Indian Harbor, club, Greenwich, L. I. Sound.
28. Corinthian, club, Essington, Delaware River.
28. Duxbury, club, Duxbury, Massachusetts Bay.
28. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
28. Boston, Y. R. A., open, City point, Boston Harbor.
28. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
28. Wollaston, Y. R. A., open, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
28. South Boston, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
29. Old Mill, J. B. Y. R. A., open, Jamaica Bay.
30. Bridgeport, Trial races for selection of representative for Seawanhaka cup contest, Bridgeport, Long Island Sound.

Messrs. Huntington & Seaman have sold to Mr. Joseph R. Grismer, of New York city, the 60-foot cruising-launch *An Revor*. Her present power is a 16 horse-power International gas engine, which is being replaced with a 25 horse-power motor of the same make. This firm has also sold the auxiliary yawl *Golden Girl* to Mr. E. Remington, of New York city.

For Cruising Yachtsmen.

WITH the purpose of stimulating the interest in cruising, and the keeping of a detailed log by cruising yachtsmen during the season of 1902, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer prizes for the best stories of cruises submitted to be published in FOREST AND STREAM. It is believed that these will form not only entertaining records of pleasant summer days spent afloat along our coasts and waterways, but will furnish information of practical value to other yachtsmen making subsequent cruises on the same waters.

Prizes will be awarded to the three best stories as follows:

First prize, \$50.00.

Second prize, \$30.00.

Third prize, \$20.00.

Contributions are invited under the following conditions:

1. The cruise must be made in waters of the United States or Canada in the season of 1902.

2. The cruise must be made in a sailing yacht, power to be used only as an auxiliary, if at all.

3. The story must be prefaced by a description of the boat. Cruises should be treated in as interesting and readable a way as possible, but should be practical and contain all possible information and data that would be of value to men going over the same route. A description of the handling of the ship in all weathers will be regarded very favorably in making awards, and it is suggested to writers that an accurate account be kept of all incidents happening while under way.

4. An outline chart suitable for reproduction, showing the course taken, must accompany each article. When possible, articles should be accompanied by amateur photographs taken on the cruise, including one of the boat. Good photographs will be considered in making the awards.

5. The story should contain about seven thousand words, written on one side of the paper only, and must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York city, on or before Nov. 15, 1902.

Mr. T. C. Zerega has very kindly consented to act as judge and to make the awards.

New Rochelle Y. C.

NEW ROCHELLE, LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, June 14.

THE annual regatta of the New Rochelle Y. C. that was held on Saturday, June 14, was marked by a large number of entries, some forty-one boats starting. The prospects for a race in the early morning were rather slim, as the weather was thick and there was no air stirring, but as the morning wore on a little air came up from the E.N.E., and continued to increase in force, until it was blowing very heavy. There were no starters in the 51ft. class, but three boats turned up in the 43ft. class, Mira, Effort and Hebe. Dorwina was on hand before the race, but did not start. The 43-footers sailed three times over a triangular course seven and one-third miles in length, making a total distance of twenty-two miles. The first leg of the course was a reach, the second a beat and the third a reach back to the starting line. Effort worked into the lead on the second leg, but when she turned the home mark the first time around made a mistake. Effort came back and rounded the right way, but Mira had worked too far into the lead to be overtaken. Effort had to allow 4m. 31s., and she lost by 1m. 22s. Hebe, the third starter in the class, withdrew after going around the course once.

In the 36ft. class Empress, one of the Boston H. O. boats, designed by Hanley, sailed against Possum and Cymbra. Cymbra withdrew and Possum beat Empress by a very small margin. It was expected that in the strong breeze and lumpy sea Empress would have everything her own way, but she did not show up as well as was hoped.

Only one of the Newport thirties started, and she took a sailover. In the 30ft. class two of the new 30-footers that were built under the new rule to race at Bar Harbor and Islesboro, were pitted against the Herreshoff fin Alerion. Tito, designed by Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, carried away her mast, and was towed to Wood's yard, City Island, by the steam yacht Florence. Mimosa, the other new boat, designed by B. B. Crowninshield, lost her rudder and was forced to withdraw. Alerion was the only boat to finish in her class.

In the raceabout class Mavis (ex Merrywing), who got the championship in her class last year, won out, beating Jolly Roger, the only other boat that finished.

Four boats turned up in the Seawanhaka cup trial class—Seeress, Massasoit, Nutmeg and Tecumseh. It was thought that Seeress would not be in the race with Massasoit in the strong breeze, but to the surprise of every one she won out with a good margin to spare. Nutmeg was doing better than any race she had been in this season when she broke her boom and was forced to retire. Tecumseh had a very light metal centerboard, and when she hauled on the wind it folded up against her bottom. Seeress carried a three-reefed mainsail and a No. 2 jib, while Massasoit had in only two reefs and swung a small jib. It was a reach to the first mark, and Massasoit, with her slightly larger sail plan, got away from Seeress slowly, but as soon as the mark was rounded and sheets were flattened down, it was seen that Massasoit could not carry her sail. First she took in her jib, but that did not seem to help matters, and her skipper worked her into the smoother water under the lee of Sands' Point and tied in some more cloth. Seeress in the meantime had worked well into the lead. She carried her sail well and moved

very fast in the lumpy sea. Mr. Herbert Jennings sailed a plucky race in Massasoit, and it now remains to be seen what Seeress can do with Massasoit in light weather. It was rather an interesting and remarkable fact that such an extreme racing machine as Seeress should in a strong breeze and a heavy sea make the best time over the course with the exception of the 43-footers.

Four of the American Y. C. one-design 21ft. raceabouts came down from Rye, and after a good race Howdy won, beating Hobo by 1m. 49s.

The Manhasset Bay one-design raceabouts met for the first time the New Rochelle one-design raceabouts. The Manhasset Bay boats have considerable more power than the New Rochelle boats, and in consequence had rather the best of it under the prevailing conditions. Lambkin won in the Manhasset class, while Knave won in the New Rochelle class. Some of the boats will have to be measured under the new rule adopted by the Y. R. A. of L. I. S., and the following summary is given out with the understanding that some corrections may have to be made. The summary:

Sloops—43ft. Class—Start, 12:05.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Effort, F. M. Smith.....	2 56 24	2 51 54
Mira, Charles L. Poor.....	3 00 03	2 55 03
Hebe, H. B. Smithers.....	Withdrew.	
Sloops—36ft. Class—Start, 12:10.		
Cymbra, F. C. Henderson.....	Withdrew.	
Empress, G. M. Hecksher.....	2 55 10	2 45 10
Possum, E. S. Ballou.....	2 54 41	2 44 41
Sloops—Special 30ft. (Newport) Class—Start, 12:15.		
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.....	3 00 30	2 40 30
Sloops—30ft. Class—Start, 12:20.		
Mimosa, Trenor L. Park.....	Withdrew.	
Alerion, A. H. Alker.....	3 06 01	2 46 01
Tito, Walter G. Ladd.....	Withdrew.	
Raceabouts—Start, 12:25.		
Mavis, G. L. Pirie.....	2 59 41	2 31 41
Jolly Roger, T. B. Bleecker.....	3 04 45	2 39 45
Snapper, A. Bryan Alley.....	Withdrew.	
Pomilia, Henry L. Maxwell.....	Withdrew.	
Pampero, C. Hill.....	Withdrew.	
Seawanhaka Cup Trial Boats—Start, 12:30.		
Seeress, Mower and Hunt.....	2 37 45	2 07 45
Tecumseh, Bridgeport Syndicate.....	Withdrew.	
Massasoit, T. H. Macdonald.....	2 52 03	2 22 03
Nutmeg, Seeley and Marshall.....	Withdrew.	
American Y. C. 21ft. One-Design Class—Start, 12:35.		
Howdy, S. Wainwright.....	3 01 09	2 26 09
Hobo, Trenor L. Park.....	3 08 58	2 27 58
Cricket, Howard Willets.....	3 12 47	2 37 47
The Kid, Oliver Harriman, Jr.....	3 11 07	2 35 07
Larchmont 21ft. Restricted Class—Start, 12:40.		
Dorothy, H. T. and L. G. Spence.....	Withdrew.	
Hour, J. Henry Esser.....	Withdrew.	
Adelaide, J. J. Dwyer.....	Withdrew.	
Sloops—25ft. Class—Start, 12:40.		
Zaza, E. R. Granbery.....	3 16 48	2 36 48
Sloops—21ft. Class—Start, 12:45.		
Gazaboo, H. T. Vulte.....	1 53 42	1 08 42
Montauk, J. S. Appleby.....	1 54 27	1 09 27
Elsa II., E. R. Dick.....	Withdrew.	
Sloops—18ft. Class—Start, 12:50.		
Cricket, H. C. Pryor.....	2 11 15	1 21 15
Ola, G. H. Clark.....	2 10 49	1 20 49
Hope, Lewis Iselin.....	2 05 08	1 15 08
Catboats—18ft. Class—Start, 12:50.		
Bantano, Francis Page.....	Withdrew.	
New Rochelle One-Design Class—Start, 12:55.		
Caper, P. L. Howard.....	2 28 44	1 33 44
Knave, W. N. Bavier.....	2 26 05	1 31 05
Deuce, L. D. Huntington, Jr.....	2 27 22	1 32 22
Manhasset Bay One-Design Class—Start, 12:55.		
Lambkin, Stephen W. Roach.....	2 23 50	1 28 50
Mist, J. W. Alker.....	Withdrew.	
Bob, J. R. Hoyt.....	2 24 07	1 29 07
Arizona, G. A. Corry.....	2 31 22	1 36 22

The winners were Mira, Possum, Alerion, Esperanza, Mavis, Seeress, Howdy, Zaza, Gazaboo, Hope, Knave and Lambkin.

Quincy Y. C.

QUINCY, BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, June 14.

THE second club race of the Quincy Y. C. was sailed Saturday, June 14, in a very light easterly breeze. There was a good list of entries, and the racing was fair, considering the day. Cleopatra and Omeme sailed a very close race, Cleopatra winning by 24s. The summary:

First Class.		Elapsed.
Eclipse, Dr. Jones.....		1 17 39
Moondyne, W. H. Shaw.....		1 22 55
Ida J., C. C. Collins.....		1 24 21
Marvel, Reed & Lincoln.....		1 26 32
Hustler, Robbins & Whittemore.....		1 26 47
Argestes, Geo. H. Wilkins.....		1 27 14
Wild Duck, J. Bainbridge.....		1 27 28
Goblin, Elmer Ricker.....		1 28 15
Canicum, J. Morse.....		1 32 30
Olive, R. L. Pond.....		Withdrew.
Special Class.		
Marjorie A., Mr. Bennett.....	0 54 32	
Betty B., R. Bolles.....	0 57 15	
Special 21ft. Class.		
Cleopatra, F. F. Crane.....	1 20 39	
Omeme, W. P. Barker.....	1 21 03	
Second Class.		
Gaycup, F. White.....	1 31 36	
Kitty, John Evans.....	1 43 33	

Kennebec Y. C.

BATH, ME.

Saturday, June 14.

THE first championship cup race of the Kennebec Y. C. was sailed on the Kennebec River on Saturday, June 14, in a strong S.S.W. breeze. The course was from the starting line off the club house, north to and around lower Winslow's Ledge Buoy, then south to and around buoy off Read's Wharf, thence north to the finish line off the club house, making a distance of six miles. The summary:

Second Class—21 to 25ft.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
	Start.		
Aspenet, ex-Co. F. M. Cook.....	2 25 34	1 03 06	1 03 06
Dewey, Bonney & Farrar.....	2 26 34	1 03 03	1 02 46
Third Class—18 to 21ft.			
Swift, O. J. Ledyard.....	2 30 00	1 11 00	1 11 00
Pirate, Jas. A. Benson.....	2 30 00	1 29 02	Not meas.
Fourth Class—15 to 18ft.			
Hecla, Geo. A. Ward.....	2 28 00	1 27 14	1 27 14

The winners were Dewey, Swift and Hecla (walkover). Regatta Committee, S. Cuyler Greene, Owen J. Ledyard and Wm. F. Stevens; Judges, S. Cuyler Greene and Fred Mayers.

Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C. Designing Competition.

Third Prize Design.

In this issue we publish the plans of the 15-footer that took third prize in the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. designing competition. The drawings were submitted by Charles H. Hall, of Brooklyn, N. Y. The dimensions follow:

Length—	
Over all	24ft. 4 in.
L.W.L.	15ft. 0 in.
Overhang—	
Forward	4ft. 6 in.
Aft	4ft. 10 in.
Breadth—	
Extreme	6ft. 2 1/4 in.
L.W.L.	4ft. 11 in.
Freeboard—	
Forward	1ft. 10 1/2 in.
Least	1ft. 1 1/2 in.
Aft	1ft. 3 in.
Draft—	
Extreme	2ft. 11 1/4 in.
To rabbet	1ft. 11 1/2 in.
Sail Area—	
Jib	65 sq. ft.
Mainsail	259 sq. ft.
Total	324 sq. ft.
Weight of hull	950lbs.
Weight of lead	950lbs.
Weight of crew	300lbs.
Weight of rig and outfit	200lbs.
Total	2,400lbs.
Displacement	2,400lbs.
C.B. from fore end of L.W.L.	8ft. 1 1/4 in.
C.L.R. from fore end of L.W.L.	8ft. 5 1/2 in.
C.E. from fore end of L.W.L.	7ft. 7 1/4 in.
C.G. of lead from fore end of L.W.L.	8ft. 3 in.

Boston Y. C.

BOSTON AND MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

Annual Cruise.

THE first squadron run of the Boston Y. C., from City Point to Marblehead, was sailed Saturday, June 14, in a light easterly breeze. Nineteen yachts crossed the starting line, and there were several other yachts, both sail and steam, accompanied the fleet. The fleet was divided into three classes, one embracing the available Y. R. A. 21-footers and the other two handicap classes. There was little or no breeze at the start, and what there was came directly ahead. This, with a head tide, running strong, made the success of the run look doubtful at first. The slower handicap class was sent away first, so that the fleet might reach port as nearly as possible together. In the A class, handicap, was the new 25-footer Sally VI., and, despite the fact that she started out after the other class, it was not long before she took the lead. Quivette, a heavy cruiser, held Sally VI. and Thordis, in the class above her, for a long time, but this was entirely due to the cleverness of her skipper, Vice-Com. Walter Burgess, in working the tides. The tide was strongest when the fleet reached Broad Sound, and the breeze was very light. It hauled a point or two to the southward, however, giving all hands a chance to work through the tide. Sally VI. was out of the tide rip first, and, while the others were battling through it, she was laying her course to Marblehead Rock. All hands kept the breeze and took it down with them to Tinker's Island, where it again fell and kept some of the boats out until long after the time limit had expired. Sally VI. came in far ahead of the bunch. The summary:

Class A.		Elapsed.	Elapsed.
Sally VI.	3 38 00	Kiuna	4 27 25
Thordis	3 56 00	Griselda	4 34 58
Cyrella	4 12 45	Kulinda	4 53 35
Virginia	4 17 35		

Class B.			
Quivette	4 38 32	Cavalier	5 22 40
Apache	4 53 50		

Brynhilda, Sue, Pioneer, Tokolon, Wabasso and Georgia did not finish in the time limit.

		Class S.	
Katherine	4 20 45	Micmac	4 48 05
Tabasco III.	4 25 28		

Sunday, June 15.

The second squadron run of the Boston Y. C. fleet, from Marblehead to Gloucester, was made on Sunday, June 15. It was a most disagreeable day, smoky and raining during most of the morning and part of the afternoon. To add to the discomfort, there was scarcely a breath of air in the morning, at the time scheduled for the start, and the fleet was obliged to remain in Marblehead Harbor until the afternoon, when a very light breeze came in from the eastward. The run to Gloucester was then made in slow time. As much time was consumed on this run as would have been in running to the same port from Boston in a good chance. Sally VI. again led the fleet. The summary:

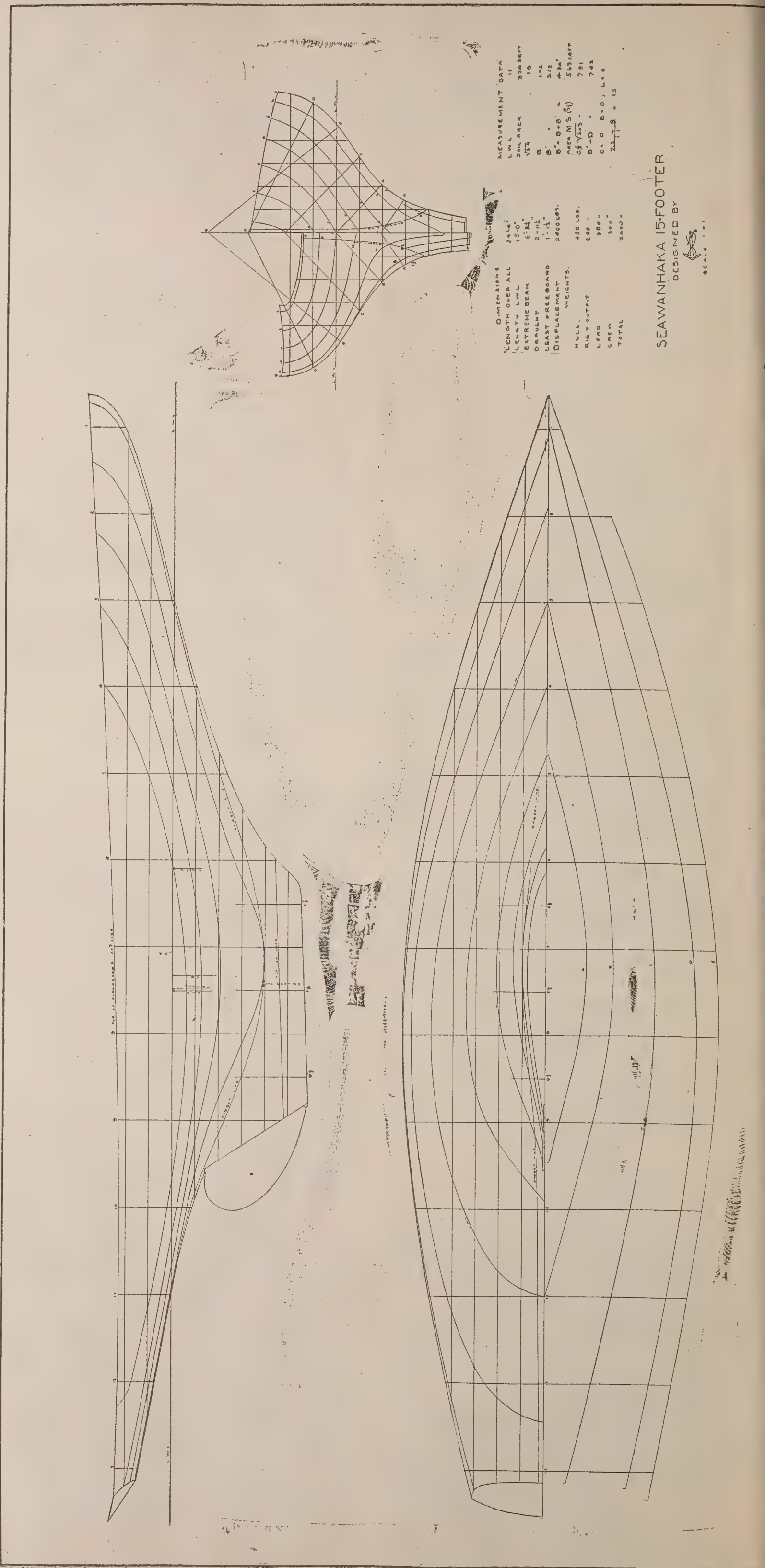
Class S—21-footers.		Elapsed.
Thecla, C. W. Chapin.....	3 50 05	
Micmac, R. Hutchinson.....	3 56 40	
Katharine, H. C. Sears.....	4 10 00	
Tabasco III., H. H. Wiggin.....	4 08 18	

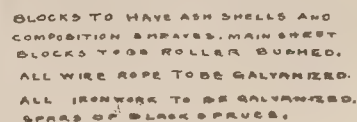
Class A—Handicap.		Elapsed.
Sally VI., L. F. Percival.....	2 57 00	
Cyrella, W. D. Turner.....	3 29 25	
Thordis, Chas. A. Heaney.....	3 35 45	
Kiuna, H. D. & A. W. Learned.....	4 06 45	
Griselda, O. T. Armstrong.....	4 38 30	

Class B—Handicap.		Elapsed.
Apache, T. C. Wade.....	3 56 26	
Aspinet, E. W. Remick.....	4 08 20	
Quivette, W. Burgess.....	4 34 50	

Brynild, Tokalon, Sue, Pioneer, Barnacle, Wabasso and Cavalier did not finish inside the time limit.

The evening of the first day's run was made memorable by the formal opening of the new station of the club at Marblehead. The yachts cruising carried full crews, and there were many who came down from Boston by train





Mr. Frank Bowne Jones has sold the 40-foot naphtha launch Gail for Dr. G. J. Helmer to Mr. J. Rogers Maxwell.

Skimabouts.

THE Syracuse Y. C. wishing to establish a one-design class a few seasons ago, had plans submitted from thirteen different firms, from which to make a selection. The design submitted by the Racine Boat Mfg. Co. was accepted, it being considered by the Regatta Committee of the club to be the best all-round boat sent in. Twenty boats were ordered, and have given the greatest satisfaction. Last year the Indian Harbor Y. C. also felt the need of a one-design class, and following the example set by the Syracuse Y. C., had three boats built identical with theirs. This season five more have been ordered, as the first three proved to be such excellent little boats.

These boats are built complete by the Racine Boat Mfg. Co., Racine, Wis., for \$200. The New York agents for this concern are Messrs. Von Lengerke & Detmold, New York city.

The dimensions follow:

Length—		
Over all	18ft.	0in.
L.W.L.	14ft.	3in.
Overhang—		
Forward	2ft.	9in.
Aft	1ft.	0in.
Freeboard—		
Aft	1ft.	3in.
Forward	1ft.	9in.
Least	1ft.	2in.
Breadth—		
Extreme	6ft.	9in.
L.W.L.	5ft.	6in.
Draft—		
Extreme	0ft.	8in.
Board down	3ft.	6in.
C.E. from fore end of L.W.L.	8ft.	2in.
C.L.R. from fore end of L.W.L.	8ft.	7in.
Sail Area—Total	228 sq. ft.	

An outline specification follows:
Frame—Keel, white oak in one length. Stem, hackmatack crook. Stern post of clear white oak, all riveted. Frames, white oak, 7/8x7/8in., steam bent. Floor timbers, white oak, 1x2 1/4in., riveted to keel.

Planking—Sheer strake and garboard of clear white oak. Balance of planking clear cedar or cypress, 3/8in. thick, all screws fastened to frames.

Deck—Clamps in one length, of yellow pine. Deck beams clear white oak sawed out to proper crown. Decking of white pine, parallel with sheer, calked and finished in varnish.

Cockpit—Floor of yellow pine, painted. Coaming of clear oak, sprung to shape, thoroughly fastened with bronze screws. Seats on each side of cockpit, running fore and aft, supported on turned stanchions. Centerboard trunk of cypress, made thoroughly watertight, nicely paneled in oak, and finished off with an oak cap, and reinforced with metal knees.

Spars—Mast of spruce. Boom and gaff of spruce. All made from selected stock, nicely finished in every way with necessary fittings.

Rigging—Standing rigging of galvanized crucible steel wire rope, 3-16in. thick. Set up with gunmetal turnbuckles. Running rigging of best manila, all spliced, sized and set up in modern shape. All blocks of lignum vitæ shell with galvanized sheaves. Centerboard to be of wood, iron bound, arranged with suitable hoisting gear. Rudder of steel plate, balance type, with stock, tiller and necessary hangings.

Deck Fittings—Traveler of steel forged to shape, galvanized and securely fastened to deck, with reinforcements underneath. All chocks, cleats, fairleads, etc., to be of galvanized iron, securely and neatly fitted in their respective places. All spar fittings to be of gunmetal. Boomhanger to be of our own special type, made in gunmetal.

Sails—To be made by us in the most approved style from special yacht twill and guaranteed to fit perfectly.

Finish—Boat below the waterline will be finished in our special bronze green racing compound. Above waterline to fender will be finished in three coats of best grade marine white. Fender, coaming, seats, spars, etc., will be finished in the natural wood with the best grade of marine varnish.

Shelter Island Y. C.

SHELTER ISLAND HEIGHTS.

Mr. George Trowbridge Hollister, a member of the Shelter Island Y. C., is the possessor of a new Class N sloop which is expected to be a fast one. She is from the designs of Messrs. Gardner & Cox, and built by Gilbert M. Smith, of Patchogue, L. I.

The new boat is a 30-rater, very much after the same lines as the new 60-rater Wetamoe and Neola, built respectively for Henry F. Lippitt, of Providence, R. I., and George M. Pynchon, of New York. The smaller craft has a bit more beam in proportion to her length.

Mr. Hollister's boat is named Kalmia. She will be campaigned in all of the contests of the Shelter Island Y. C., and will also appear in regattas on Long Island Sound.

The boat was launched on May 22 last, and is now in commission at Shelter Island. She is 43ft. on deck, 25ft. on the waterline, 9ft. 3in. beam and 6ft. 6in. draft.

Kalmia was built for a cruising and racing boat, and has good cabin accommodations for four people.

Columbia Y. C.

CHICAGO, LAKE MICHIGAN.

Saturday, June 7.

TEN boats started in the regatta of the Columbia Y. C. held on Saturday, June 7. A squall struck the fleet during the race, which rather mixed matters up, and Columbia lost her bowsprit. The race of the day was between La Reta and Privateer, the former winning by about 3m. La Reta is one of the yachts which will compete in the M. Y. R. A. 21ft. class adopted by the Lake Michigan Yacht Racing Association this season. She was designed and built by Lawrence Jensen, of Gloucester, for George R. Pearce. She is a keel boat, and an improvement over Quakeress, which Jensen designed and built for Quincy Bent, of the Annisquam Y. C. last year. Quakeress did

not come out until late in the season, but in the few races in which she had a chance to sail she showed that she had speed. La Reta is 37ft. 6in. over all, 20ft. 10in. waterline, 9ft. 6in. extreme beam and 5ft. 6in. extreme draft. She has 2,060lbs. of ballast and carries 844 sq. ft. of sail. The summary:

Class 1—Schooners—Start, 2:00.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Nomad	4 11 05	2 11 05
Class 1B—Sloops—Start, 2:00.		
Neva	4 25 05	2 25 05
Class 3A—Start, 2:00.		
Columbia	Withdrew.	
Nymph	Withdrew.	
21ft. Class—Start, 2:00.		
La Reta	3 54 25	1 54 25
Privateer	3 57 30	1 57 30
Class 3B—Start, 2:00.		
Vixen	Withdrew.	
Class 4A—Start, 2:00.		
Eleanor II.	4 13 40	2 13 40
Vision	4 48 09	2 48 09
Class 5—Start, 2:29.		
Ripple	3 09 09	0 51 00

Corinthian Y. C.

ESSINGTON, DELAWARE RIVER.

Saturday, June 7.

THE third series race for the Tinicum Island cups was sailed under the auspices of the Corinthian Y. C. on Saturday, June 7. The breeze was S.W. and quite light. Bobtail got the best of the start, with Paukewis and Cherokee just behind. The course was to and around the buoy off Claymont and return. In the knockabout class Fareeda again won, beating her two competitors easily. The summary:

36ft. Class—Start, 10:27.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Bobtail, Edgar T. Scott	2 24 50	3 57 50
Cherokee, E. W. Clark, Jr.	2 59 28	4 32 28
Paukewis, C. H. Clark, Jr.	3 11 47	4 44 47
Knockabout Class—Start, 10:40.		
Fareeda, Mrs. A. Van Rensselaer	12 48 35	2 08 35
Raccoon, R. J. Koon	1 09 19	2 29 19
Rowdy, Charles Longstreth	2 05 10	3 25 10

Saturday, June 14.

The eleventh annual regatta of the Corinthian Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, June 14, in a strong easterly breeze. The larger boats sailed over the long course of thirty miles, while the smaller boats covered the club's smaller course. The summary:

36ft. Class—Start, 10:50.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Cherokee, E. W. Clark, Jr.	3 41 50	4 51 50
Grayling, E. D. & R. Tolans	3 45 20	4 55 20
Paukewis, C. H. Clark, Jr.	3 54 15	5 04 15
Knockabouts—Start, 11:20.		
Fareeda, Mrs. A. Van Rensselaer	3 53 50	4 33 50
Raccoon, R. J. Koon	3 58 35	4 38 35
Rowdy, Charles Longstreth	4 18 20	4 58 20
Schooners—Start, 2:00.		
Crusader, R. J. V. Koons	4 38 55	2 38 55
Atalanta, R. C. H. Brock	4 43 55	2 43 55

15ft. Class—Start 3:17.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Moe	4 04 30	0 47 30
Mae	4 04 30	0 47 30

The winners were Cherokee, Fareeda, Crusader and Mae.

Marine and Field Club.

BATH BEACH, L. I.

Saturday, June 14.

THE second race among the Marine and Field Club one-design knockabouts for points on the trophy offered by Isaac Snedeker was sailed on Saturday, June 14. Four boats started in a two-reef breeze from the S.E., which gradually flattened, until the close of the contest was sailed with full canvas. The course was triangular, covered three times, making in all between seven and eight miles.

Kelpie, W. K. Brown, owner, champion of 1901, was victorious, after a fine finish, in which she wrested the laurels from Vixen, belonging to Mahoney and Chandler, the leading boat during most of the race.

The next race for this class is the second regatta of the Yacht Racing Association of Gravesend Bay, which occurs Saturday, June 21, under the auspices of the Brooklyn Y. C.

Kelpie won 4 points on the Snedeker trophy, Vixen 3, Stinger and Quinque 1 each. The summaries follow:

Marine and Field Class—Start, 3:05.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Kelpie, W. K. Brown	5 04 22	1 59 22
Vixen, Mahoney & Chandler	5 04 43	1 59 43
Quinque, L. H. Smith	5 09 15	2 04 15
Stinger, A. P. Clapp	5 16 55	2 11 55

Standing to date on Snedeker trophy: Kelpie, 7 points; Stinger, 5 points; Vixen, 4 points; Quinque, 2 points.

New York C. C.

BENSONHURST, L. I.

Saturday, June 14.

THE thirty-first annual regatta of the New York C. C. was held on Saturday, June 14. The stiff breeze blowing made difficult work in the contests for sailing canoes. Seven events were run off. The summaries follow:

Three-Mile Record Sailing—Won by D. B. Goodsell. G. MacTaggart, H. F. Turtle and F. G. Palmer did not finish.

Half-Mile open Canoe Paddling, Single Blades—Won by G. MacTaggart; G. F. Morrissey, second; F. C. Moore, third.

Open Canoe, Tandem Paddling, Single Blades—Won by G. MacTaggart and A. Wilmarth; W. Carmalt and G. F. Morrissey, second; F. C. Moore and H. F. Turtle, third.

Tail End Race—Won by G. MacTaggart; H. Turtle, second; L. Jennings, third.

Half-Mile Decked Canoe Paddling, Double Blades—Won by G. F. Morrissey, who got decision of tie with G. MacTaggart.

Open Canoe Sailing—Won by A. Wilmarth; F. C. Moore, second; G. MacTaggart, third.

Water Duel, First Round—Smythe and Fayles beat Turtle and Carmalt. Final round—MacTaggart and Morrissey defeated Smythe and Fayles.

Western Yachts.

Chicago Y. C. Triumphant.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 14.—Chicago Y. C. has triumphantly won out in all the various lake front fights which have hampered it in the erection of the new club house. The structure is now practically completed, and will presently be opened for the use and enjoyment of the large membership of this club.

The formal opening of the new club house will occur on Saturday, June 28, a luncheon from 12 to 1:30 being scheduled for that day. At 2 o'clock on June 28 the architects will formally turn over the building, and after the proper salute the club burgee will be hoisted above the building. An hour later the entire fleet of Chicago Y. C. will set out for a two hours' sail, accompanied by a guest boat, which will carry perhaps 300 passengers. There will then be various evolutions and formal salutes for the fleet, from the anchorage, until 5 o'clock. From that hour until 6 there will be races between the little fellows, with possibly sculling races and races between the four cutters of the U. S. Naval Militia, as well as an exhibition by the members of the U. S. Life Saving crew. The festivities of the day will be followed by a dinner from 6:30 to 8 P. M., succeeded by music and dancing.

The above programme is in celebration of the formal opening, but there will be an informal gathering, a stein smoker, at the club house June 19 at 8:30. There will be a good musical programme at this stag affair, and each gentleman is requested to bring a stein bearing his name and the date, which will hereafter be retained by the club as part of its equipment.

Chicago Y. C. promises a season of great activity in practical matters, and the club is very much to be congratulated upon its healthy showing and its final housing in its beautiful structure, which has been erected under so many discouraging circumstances.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Hull-Massachusetts Y. C.

HULL, BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, June 14.

THE second club race of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. was sailed off the Hull club house Saturday, June 14, in a light breeze, east by south. It was somewhat of a keel boat day, and Chewink II. beat out the centerboard Calypso, but the margin was only 44s. They sailed a close race all over the course. In the Y. R. A. 21-footers Chloris won her second victory. The new Adams boat got the start, but Chloris-managed to get by her and hold a lead to the finish. There was a hot race among the 18ft. knockabouts, Malillian winning after a hard struggle. First place was exchanged several times during the race. C. C. Clapp's new Domino was disabled. The summary:

Class D.		
	Elapsed.	
Chewink II., F. G. Macomber, Jr.	1 47 48	
Calypso, A. W. Chesterson	1 48 32	
Class S.		
Cloris, B. P. Cheney and C. D. Laning	1 49 20	
Unnamed, Adams Brothers	1 51 20	
Mildred II., S. C. Moses	1 52 42	
Class I.		
Malillian II., P. S. Pemar	1 18 48	
Zaza, Alfred Douglass	1 19 42	
Nethla, Cole & Bacon	1 20 50	
Ayaya, W. P. Keyes	1 22 19	
Domino, C. C. Clapp	Disabled	
Handicap Class.		
Dabster, George A. Keith	1 18 32	
Spinster II., L. M. Clark	1 21 22	

The judges were Mr. Foster Hooper, Mr. John T. Humphrey and Mr. Chas. E. Lauriat, Jr.

Winthrop Y. C.

WINTHROP, BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, June 14.

THE Winthrop Y. C. held its second special handicap race Saturday, June 14. The wind was light from east to southeast, but, under the conditions, all of the boats made good time. The summary:

18ft. Class.			
	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Zetes, John A. McKie	1 05 30	1 05 30	
Hector, A. W. Hubbard	1 06 30	1 02 30	
Louise, N. D. Allen	1 09 05	1 05 05	
Thelma, E. K. Tewksbury	1 09 33	1 01 33	
Mentor, F. Cobb	1 10 12	1 05 12	
Favorite, F. Bird	1 13 15	1 07 15	
Martha, M. Jenkins	1 18 02	1 08 02	
15ft. Class.			
Hurst, C. H. Kelly	1 08 03	1 08 03	
Caper, W. W. Colson	1 09 55	1 09 55	
Eunice, M., D. F. Murphy	1 10 18	1 10 18	
Flash, W. H. Myrick	1 22 14	1 15 14	
Virginia, W. Traiser	1 22 55	1 15 55	

Wollaston Y. C.

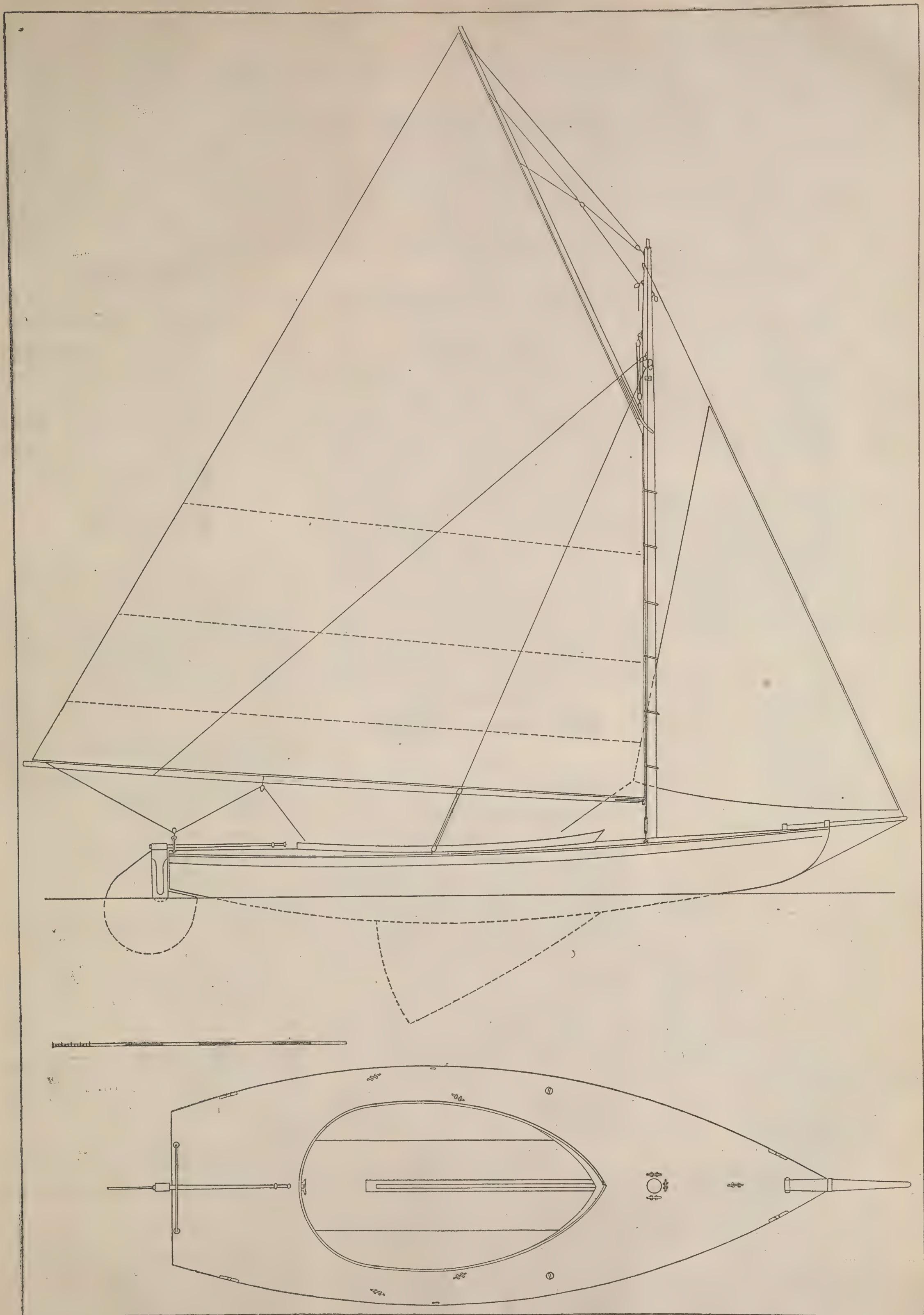
WOLLASTON, BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, June 14.

THE Wollaston Y. C. sailed its first club race Saturday, June 14, in a light easterly breeze. There was a good field, and every boat crossing the starting line finished. The summary:

Class A.			
	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Pocohontas, Dr. Merrill	31.04	1 21 11	1 02 53
Theodora, F. Burgess	28.06	1 23 17	1 03 17
Class B.			
Waweenock, W. J. Combs	21.00	1 19 12	0 53 19
Shiloh, L. Hewitson	23.02	1 23 00	0 59 04
Rover, J. Smith	21.00	1 31 20	1 05 50
Eric C., L. Lewis	20.06	1 37 10	1 10 47
Brant, J. Fenno	22.00	1 36 03	1 11 06
Class C.			
West Wind, H. Chase	16.00	1 33 15	1 21 42
No Name, W. S. Gibben	16.00	1 56 10	1 46 10

The championship in the raceabout class for the season of 1901 has just been awarded. The executive committee of the Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound has had a protest under consideration for some time past, the settlement of which gives the championship to Merrywing, now Mavis.



SAIL AND DECK PLANS INDIAN HARBOR Y. C. ONE-DESIGN SKIMABOUTS. Designed and Built by the Racine Boat Mfg. Co., Racine, Wis.

English Letter.

OUR racing season opened on May 30, and already it has been marked by the collapse of the first class. Sybarita received so many decisive beatings from Kariad in the Mediterranean that Mr. Kennedy has decided to fit out Maid Marion for handicap racing, rather than continue an uninteresting series of matches in the open class. This is unfortunate, but, when all is said and done, Kariad and Sybarita would yield but very moderate sport and give rise to no enthusiasm. Therefore our racing fleet is represented by two new 52-footers—Lucida, designed by Fife for Mr. W. P. Burton, and Camellia, by Payne, for Mr. Coats. They are nearly of identical hull dimensions, but Camellia has a slightly smaller displacement—i. e., there is less hollow in her midsection. At the time of writing they have sailed five matches, and Lucida has won them all. However, I am not by any means sure that Camellia has yet been seen at anything like her best. She is clearly the faster boat with the wind abaft the beam, but Lucida has so far shown better weather qualities. The difference between them is about a minute in twenty miles—apparently not more, and I fancy that over a square course in a steady breeze they would sail so evenly that the one getting off first would be the winner. Mr. Burton sails his own boat, and he sails her well. Beyond doubt Camellia is a vast improvement on Gauntlet, the Payne 52-footer of last season. She is a prettily sheered boat and carries her sail well.

These two sailed a sensational race in the New Thames Y. C. Channel match from Southend to Harwich on May 31. Camellia got the best of the start, and with a beam wind reached away from the other. The wind headed them half way, and Lucida got ahead, but they had a reach and a run to finish, and the Payne boat drew up until she was only 17s. astern at the finish of a whole day's sailing.

Col. McCalmont's new steam turbine yacht was launched on May 24 by Messrs. Yarrow & Co., at Poplar, Thames. She is built from designs supplied by Messrs. Cox & King, a firm of yacht agents which is fast taking a leading place in designing our finest steam yachts. She is of a purely torpedo-boat shape, and has three shafts with three propellers on each shaft. The boilers are of the Yarrow type.

The Fife-designed schooner Cicely, built by Messrs. Fay for Mr. Cecil Quentin, was launched on May 22. Much is expected of this fine vessel, which will sail her first match in the German Emperor's cup race from Dover to Heligoland on June 21. All her spars are hollow with the exception of the lower masts and the bowsprit. She is composite built, the planking being teak and American elm. At Messrs. Summers & Payne's yard, Southampton, the Emperor's new yacht, Meteor III., is fast getting ready for sea. Her new mainmast has been stepped, and Messrs. Waring are getting on with the decorations. Our daily papers ten days ago contained a glowing account of the "magnificent spectacle" presented by this vessel as she passed Dover on her way to Germany. I wonder what old hooker the scribe mistook for her.

Sir Donald Currie's new steam yacht Iolaire ran her preliminary trial on the Clyde on May 30, with great success, the mean of two runs over the measured mile showing 14½ knots an hour. She is to be under the command of Capt. Ganday, late master of the Castle liner Greek.

In the Solent racing so far, the new Fife 36-footer Nyama, Capt. J. Orr-Ewing, has proved uniformly successful. She seems to sail, or probably is sailed, rather unevenly, for Girdle at times hunts her pretty hard. Mr. Froude's new 24-footer Campanula has been unsuccessful so far, but at times she shows promise. I fancy she is rather too beamy a boat for her small displacement. However, it is early yet to form any opinion, beyond that any failing she may show is due more to an error in the selection of dimensions rather than to the design.

The North Sea cup race, from Dover to Heligoland, has fallen through, owing to want of entries. No doubt the main cause of this is the counter attraction of the Coronation Naval Review at Spithead. The German Emperor has stated his intention to enter Meteor III. for the match from Heligoland to Dover, for Mr. Carl von Buch's handsome cup, value £600. This is the sort of race in which Meteor will show up best, and it is a pity that under the conditions of this match Cicely cannot enter, or that Meteor cannot race in the Emperor's own match. A very bad easterly gale prevailed on the Clyde on May 31, in which Mr. Walter Runciman's new Fife-built schooner, Asthore, was within an ace of being wrecked. She dragged her anchors right across from Fairlie to the Cumbræ Island, and they brought her up just on the verge of the rocks. A river steamer towed her away, but two of the crew were injured and Asthore punched two holes in the steamboat's stern with her bowsprit. Many yachts were driven ashore, and the force of the gale—the worst for thirty years—was such that a large furniture van at Roblesay was lifted right into the sea. An immense amount of damage was done, including the wreck of the schooner yacht Gossamer, 45 tons.

E. H. HAMILTON.

South Boston Y. C.

CITY POINT, BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, June 14.

THE first of the sailing tender series of the South Boston Y. C. was sailed off the club house Saturday, June 14, in a light easterly breeze. The summary:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Wienman	1 08 38	0 53 38
Calson	1 02 00	1 02 00
Merrill	1 04 32	1 02 28
Gear	1 12 18	1 08 48
French	1 04 32	Not meas.

The 43-footer Effort had not filed her measurement according to the new rule when she raced against Mira in the Knickerbocker Y. C. regatta, held on June 7. In consequence, the winner of the race could not be determined until Effort was measured. The measurements of the two boats are as follows: Mira, Mr. Charles Lane Poor, 40.58 feet; Effort, Mr. F. M. Smith, 43.57 feet. The correct time for the course, 14½ miles, for the Mira was 2h. 15m. 9s.; for the Effort, 2h. 11m. 30s. This gives the race to the Effort by 47s.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

A copy of the Beverly Y. C. book has been received at this office. Special attention is called to changes made in the by-laws and racing rules.

Mr. John Pierce, New York city, has purchased from Mr. Al Hayman, also of New York, the steam yacht Sapphire. The sale was made through the agency of Mr. A. J. McIntosh.

There was launched on June 14 from the yards of Messrs. Thomas S. Marvel & Co., at Newburgh, N. Y., the house-boat Nirodha. The boat, which is one of the largest and most complete of her kind ever built, was designed by Mr. M. Hubbe for the late Mr. Pierre Lorillard, who died while the vessel was under course of construction. Nirodha remained on the stocks in an uncompleted state from the time of Mr. Lorillard's death up to the time she was purchased by Colonel Sheffield Phelps, who has had her interior completed according to his own views. Nirodha is 125 feet long over all, 23 feet breadth and 3 feet 6 inches draft. She will be used along the Sound during the summer, and in the winter will be taken to Florida waters.

Lloyd's Register for 1902 has been sent to its subscribers. The book is more complete than ever before, and is the only accurate and reliable record of American and English yachts of over ten tons published.

YACHT CLUB NOTES.

Commodore Lewis Cass Ledyard presided at an adjournment of the third general meeting of the New York Y. C. held at Delmonico's, Beaver street, New York city, on Thursday, June 12. The principal business was the electing of thirty-two new members. The club now has 2,002 members. The new members elected are: W. de Forrest Wright, Lieutenant Warren J. Terhune, U. S. N.; George C. Foster, A. H. Boarman, W. R. Fleitman, Henry R. Sheldon, Philip Mesier Lydig, Thomas E. Stillman, Charles D. Owen, Jr.; George J. Jackson, Clendennin Eckert, Asa B. Davis, M. D.; David H. Gaines, Henry S. Fairbanks, J. Price Witherill, Clifford W. Hartridge, Sheffield Phelps, Lenox Smith, Winslow S. Pierce, Edwin Hall Sneathair, Lieutenant Frank H. Brumby, U. S. N.; George McKesson Brown, Norman W. Dodge, Lieutenant Frederick R. Payne, U. S. N.; Daniel H. Kane, Robert Winsor, E. M. Farnsworth, John Hitchcock, C. H. Taylor, Jr.; R. W. Emmons, 2d; Edgar Palmer and H. Yale Dolan.

At the annual meeting of the Atlantic City Y. C. the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Commodore, Louis Kuehnle; Vice-Commodore, Emory D. Irelan; Rear Commodore, Herman G. Mulock; Fleet Captain, David R. Barrett; Fleet Engineer, John A. Manz; Secretary, Harry Wootton; Treasurer, Emory D. Irelan; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. James M. Barton; Trustees, Colonel Thomas Potter, Lewis P. Scott, Charles Fortner, John Donnelly and David Holland.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

July 7-8.—Meriden, Conn.—South New England Shooting Bund's tournament, under the auspices of the Meriden Rifle Club.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 1.—At the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club's regular shoot there were fair weather conditions, and the range was full of shooters and visitors. Fine shooting was done. Competition was keen on short range. Capt. Kuhnle, Daiss and Dr. Twist had it nip and tuck with the .22cal. rifle. The Captain and Daiss tied on 18, but the old veteran had the next best score (19) and took second place on ten best scores with 216, Daiss leading with 207, and the Doctor 221. This is the Captain's first shoot of the year, and he promises to make the youngsters hustle. Brannagan, Barley, Young and Hovey came out in the order named with the pistol after a hard struggle and fine shooting. Young tried for the record with military rifle, and came within two points of it, making 234 in 50 shots and making the Creedmoor possible on his fourth score. This pleased him very much, as he is fifty years old. He won the highest expert's gold bar in two shoots, with a score of 471 out of 500, Creedmoor count, on 22 entries. Scores, off-hand, on Columbia targets:

Rifle, 50yds.: F. O. Young 57, A. H. Cady 59, W. G. Hoffman 60, 67, Dr. Twist 99.
Military rifle, 200yds., Creedmoor count: F. O. Young, 50 shots, for record, 47, 46, 46, 50, 45—234; 45, 47, 47; the last three scores were consecutive. The possible (50) score counted 57 rings, which was high. Young fired 83 shots, 3 more than are scored above. Young used King's semi-smokeless (45grs.) and No. 4 smokeless (10grs.) in his .45 Sharps military, 6lbs. pull and open sights, no cleaning. Bullet weighs 432grs. It is the 500 Government bullet with base cut off. The shells were uncrimped.
Pistol, 50yds.: A. J. Brannagan 34, 58, 41; G. M. Barley 36, 53, 37, 45; F. O. Young 36, 44, 45; Ed. Hovey 38, 51, 55; R. Schneider 67, 70, 72, 75, 79.
Revolver: F. O. Young 47, 55, 57, 58, 59; L. C. Hinckle 50, 54, 53, 56, 57, 57, 63, 64, 73.
.22 and .25cal. rifle: Capt. Fred Kuhnle 18, 20, 21, 21, 25, 25, 25, 19, 21, 22, 24; C. M. Daiss 18, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 26; Dr. J. F. Twist 21, 22, 30, 31; W. G. Hoffman 25; E. A. Allen 33, 33, 34, 38, 38; L. C. Hinckle 41, 59.

FRED. O. YOUNG, Sec'y.

The New Springfield Rifle.

THE troops of the United States are to be supplied with a new gun, which for range and power exceeds any known weapon in military use to-day. The new gun may be said to be a developed Kräg-Jorgensen, since it possesses all the good points of that arm, coupled with ideas which experience in the field have dictated.

Five hundred of the new weapons, it is announced, will shortly be issued, and from this number the ordnance authorities hope to be fully enlightened on any defects which may develop in active service. Under existing arrangements the Navy uses the same infantry arm as the Army, hence the change is likely to affect the former, as well as the latter service.

The present weapon, the Kräg-Jorgensen, has been greatly improved since its first introduction into the United States' service. Its range and accuracy have been wonderfully increased, the former through improved ammunition and the latter by the introduction of sight attachments for drift and windage, with the net result that the general ballistic properties of the piece compare favorably with the best of foreign arms.

The new rifle, it is understood, will be called a Springfield, and will be further known by the year of its model. From the fact that it is a developed Kräg, it is necessarily a better weapon than the type now in service. It weighs less, is simpler in construction, and its range is said to be effective at 4,500 yards.

It will be recalled that when the Army of Santiago was at Montauk Point a board of ordnance officers questioned officers of

the returned troops regarding the working of the Krägs. The opinion was very generally expressed that a clip attachment was desirable to admit of greater rapidity in loading. A device of this order has been incorporated in the new design, and by providing a central magazine-fed does away with the side-box arrangement on the Kräg.

The velocities for the Kräg-Jorgensen during the war with Spain were 2,000 feet per second. The Spanish Mausers yielded 2,200 feet per second. Experiments made with the Krägs demonstrated that 2,200 feet per second could be secured without materially increasing the pressure in the barrel, and accordingly a cartridge giving an initial velocity of 2,200 foot-seconds was ordered.

Experience taught that the ordinary nickel-steel jacket of the Kräg bullets could not be depended on at velocities of 2,200 feet per second, and that the tendency was to strip. In consequence, cupro-nickel was substituted, and under velocities as high even as 2,500 feet per second at the muzzle, cupro-nickel is found to answer admirably.

For the new gun the muzzle velocities will, it is said, be maintained at 2,300 foot-seconds. It was at first proposed to employ 2,500 foot-seconds, but the resulting pressures in the gun barrel were deemed inadvisable. At 2,300 foot-seconds at the muzzle, the corresponding pressure does not exceed 45,000 pounds to the square inch.

In appearance the new weapon is very handsome, and is a marked improvement in this respect over the Kräg. The bayonet and ramrod have been united in an ingenious fashion, thus doing away with the necessity for a bayonet scabbard. In this particular our authorities seem to have taken up the Russian idea, since for many years the practice in the Russian army has been to always keep the bayonet fixed.—Lieut. Godfrey L. Carden, R. C. S., in Springfield Republican.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, at Four-Mile House, Reading Road, June 8. Conditions, 200yds., off-hand, at the German ring target. Gindele was declared champion for the day with the good score of 226. Weather fine; thermometer 50 degrees; wind 9 o'clock:

Gindele	226	222	208	207	201	18	21	24—63	23	25	24—72
Hasenzahl	222	217	207	206	204	22	21	25—68	24	21	18—62
Nestler	220	213	209	206	205	23	22	19—64	24	24	23—71
Bruns	219	208	190	186
Roberts	216	207	207	204	197	19	20	23—62	20	17	21—58
Strickmeier	215	214	207	202	199	24	19	19—62	20	24	20—64
Drube	214	185
Jonscher	208	194	197	188	185	17	18	19—54	14	23	24—61
Lux	204	200	198	188	187	21	24	15—60	11	18	15—44
Hofer	203	198	193	191	187	22	18	15—55	19	9	14—42
Odell	197	193	192	190	186	20	16	18—54	19	18	13—50
Speth	194	193	192	190
Weinheimer	194	193	185	178	173	18	21	15—54	14	22	14—50
Hoffman	189	185	173	19	19	11—49	11	9	11—31
Trounstein	188	186	177	172
Uckotter	180	163
Tauf	186	178	153	149	141	18	5	18—41

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

June 25.—New London, Ia.—Annual Midsummer tournament of the New London Gun Club. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y.

June 19.—Bellefontaine, O.—Silver Lake Gun Club's annual tournament. Geo. E. Maison, Sec'y.

June 19-20.—Fort Dodge, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Fort Dodge Gun Club. C. H. Smith, Sec'y.

June 19-22.—Denver, Colo.—Colorado State tournament.

June 20-21.—Stone Harbor, N. J.—At Abbottsford Inn, W. H. Wolstencroft's target tournament, open to all. J. K. Starr, Mgr.

June 24.—Allegheny City, Pa.—Opening tournament of the North Side Gun Club; \$25 average money. R. Henderson, A. H. Gerlach and L. B. Fleming, Tournament Committee.

June 25-26.—W. Alexandria, O.—Twin Valley Shotgun Club's 1st annual shoot.

June 25-26.—Raleigh, N. C.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Raleigh Gun Club. Jas. I. Johnson, Sec'y.

June 26.—Avon, N. Y.—Avon Rod and Gun Club's tournament. Jay Greene, Sec'y.

June 26-28.—Portland, Ore.—Eighteenth annual tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest.

June 27.—Lewiston, Ill.—Amateur shoot of the Lewiston Gun Club. H. H. McCumber, Sec'y.

June 27-28.—Wellington, Mass.—Two days' tournament. On second day, New England Interstate team matches; \$60 added. H. M. Federhen, Jr., President, 558 Columbus avenue, Boston.

June 29.—Saginaw, Mich.—Merchandise shoot of the East Side Gun Club. Herbert W. Merrill, Sec'y.

June 29.—San Francisco, Cal.—Live-bird shoot of the Union Gun Club.

July 1-2.—Jackson, Mich.—Second annual State shoot of the Michigan State Trapshooters' League, under the auspices of the Jackson Gun Club. R. W. Smith, Sec'y-Treas.

July 4.—Richmond, Va.—Annual shoot of the East End Gun Club.

July 4.—Towanda, Pa.—Annual tournament of the Towanda Gun Club; targets. W. F. Dietrich, Sec'y.

July 4.—Palmer, Mass.—Reunion of the Massachusetts Amateur Shooting Association; amateur and professional match. Dr. S. B. Keith, Sec'y.

July 4.—McKeesport, Pa.—Fourth of July shoot of the Enter-

July 4.—Rutherford, N. J.—All-day target shoot of the Boiling Springs Fishing and Gun Club. C. B. Axford, Sec'y.

July 4.—Haverhill, Mass.—All-day shoot of the Haverhill Gun Club. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.

July 4-5.—Mt. Kisco, N. Y.—Third tournament of the Westchester County Trapshooting Association. J. C. Barlow, Sec'y.

July 4-5.—Houston, Texas.—Peters Cartridge Company's tournament, under the auspices of the Houston Gun Club.

July 4-5.—Beaver Falls, Pa.—Two days' shoot of the Recreation Gun Club. W. R. Keever, Sec'y.

July 8.—Fremont, Neb.—Annual tournament of the Fremont Gun Club.

July 8-10.—Pine Bluff, Ark.—Twelfth annual meeting and tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association. Paul R. Litzke, Sec'y, Little Rock.

July 8-10.—Pine Bluff, Ark.—Twelfth annual meeting and tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association. Targets. Added money \$300. Rose system. Paul R. Litzke, Sec'y.

July 15-16.—Charlottesville, Va.—Annual merchandise shoot of the Charlottesville and University of Virginia gun clubs. G. L. Brufey, Sec'y.

July 16-18.—Titusville, Pa.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Titusville Gun Club. T. L. Andrews, Sec'y.

July 17-18.—Pensacola, Fla.—Two days' tournament of the Peters Cartridge Co., under the auspices of the Dixie Gun Club; \$150 added. V. J. Vidal, Sec'y.

July 22-23.—Winnipeg, Man.—Sixth annual trapshooting tournament of the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition Association. F. W. Henbach, Gen'l Mgr.

July 22-23.—Greenville, Miss.—Mississippi and Louisiana Trapshooters' League target tournament. C. W. Walton, Sec'y, Natchez, Miss.

July 23-25.—Bay Ridge A. A. Co., Md.—J. R. Malone's eighth annual midsummer tournament; \$200 added money; two days prize Gun Club. Geo. W. Mains, Sec'y.

July 28-Aug. 2.—Atlanta, Ga.—Peters Cartridge Company's tournament.

Aug. 5-8.—Asheville, N. C.—Tournament given by Col. J. T. Anthony and Maj. E. P. McKissick.

Aug. 6-7.—Marietta, O.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Columbian Gun Club. Chas. Bailey, Sec'y.

Aug. 12-13.—Birmingham, Ala.—Third annual Alabama State target tournament, under the auspices of the Birmingham Gun Club. R. H. Baugh, Sec'y.

Aug. 13-14.—Brunswick, Me.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Brunswick Gun Club. L. C. Whitmore, Sec'y.

Aug. 14-16.—Hamilton, Can.—Dominion Trapshooting and Game Protection Association's tournament.

Aug. 19-20.—Vicksburg, Miss.—Mississippi and Louisiana Trapshooters' League target tournament. C. W. Walton, Sec'y, Natchez, Miss.

Aug. 20-21.—Ossining, N. Y.—Two days' shoot of the Ossining Gun Club; first day, handicap and R. I. clam bake; second day, regular programme.

Aug. 26-29.—Okoboji, Ia.—Amateur shooting tournament, under management of Messrs. C. W. Budd and E. C. Hinshaw.

Aug. 27-28.—Haverhill, Mass.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Haverhill Gun Club. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.

Sept. 2-3.—Tiffin, O.—Second annual tournament of the Tiffin Gun Club; \$75 added. L. D. Arndt, Sec'y.

Sept. 3-4.—Nappanee, Ind.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Nappanee Gun Club. B. B. Maust, Sec'y.

Sept. 3-5.—Erie, Pa.—Erie City Rod and Gun Club's handicap tournament at targets. Open to all; \$200 added. A. N. Aitken, Sec'y.

Sept. 9-12.—Battle Creek, Mich.—Tournament of the Indians; open to the world.

Sept. 15-20.—Blue River Park, Kansas City, Mo.—Twenty-fifth tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. Targets and live birds. Paul Franke, Sec'y.

Sept. 23-25.—Cincinnati, O.—Second annual handicap target tournament of the Cincinnati Gun Club. Charles F. Dreih, Sec'y.

Sept. 29-30.—Lewistown, Ill.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Lewistown Gun Club. H. H. McCumber, Sec'y.

Oct. 7-8.—Greenville, O.—Handicap tournament of the Greenville Gun Club. H. A. McCaughey, Sec'y.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot, every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's target shoot, every Saturday afternoon until October. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

First Saturday of each month for a year, Burnside.—Contest for the Troisdorf live-bird and target medals; 10 live birds; 25 targets; open to all. First contest, March 1.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The sixth annual tournament of the Winnipeg Industrial Association, July 21-23, has an attractive programme. Manufacturers' agents may shoot for targets only. There are twelve events on the first day's programme, each at 15 targets, \$1.50 entrance; \$15 added to each event, except to No. 4, the Hazard Powder event, and No. 8, the L. C. Smith Gun event, each of which has \$25 added. There are twelve events on the second day's programme, of which ten are at 15 targets; \$1.50 entrance; \$15 added. No. 4 (the International Championship) is at 50 targets, \$4 entrance, \$25 added, and No. 8, the Ogilvie doubles, \$2.50 entrance, \$25 added. The third day is devoted to the International team race, for teams of not less than four men, of Canada or the United States; and the Western Canada championship, open only to residents between Port Arthur and Vancouver. The trophy was presented by the Robin Hood Powder Co., of Swanton, Vt. Distance progressive handicap will prevail. Added money, trophies and medals \$1,000. All fair targets must be accepted. Arrangements have been made with the Canadian custom officials to pass the guns and ammunition of the shooters free of duty. Targets 3 cents. F. W. Henbach, general manager.

The two-days' tournament under the auspices of the Boston Shooting Association, June 27 and 28, promises to be the best shoot ever held at Wellington, between forty and fifty shooters having declared their intention to participate. A feature will be one of the famous dinners served by the club's caterer. Special features are the New England Interstate team match between five-man teams from Maine, Rhode Island and Massachusetts for a purse of \$175 and the championship of New England; also the first shoot of a series between ten-man teams from Maine and Massachusetts for a purse of \$300, and ten events on the first day's programme at 15 and 20 targets, entrance \$1.30 and \$2.40. On the second day there are eleven events, all at 25 targets, excepting events 1, 2 and 3, which are respectively at 15, 20 and 15 targets. Events 4, 5, 6 and 7 constitute the five-man team race. Events 8, 9, 10 and 11 constitute the ten-man team race. Average money each day \$30, divided among five high guns, \$8, \$7, \$6, \$5 and \$4. Moneys in sweeps divided Rose system, ratios 8, 5, 3 and 2. Lunch served on the ground. Two sets of traps. Send shells, etc., care of Mr. O. R. Dickey, Pindar's Express, Boston, Mass.

The North Side Gun Club announces that its opening tournament will be held at Allegheny City, Pa., on June 24, and that there will be \$25 average money. There are twelve events on the programme, 10, 15 and 20 blue rocks, \$1, \$1.50 and \$2 entrance. Mr. L. B. Fleming will manage the shoot. Rose system, ratios 5, 4, 3, 2 and 1 will govern. Targets two cents each. A magautrap will throw the targets. Events 4 to 9 (100 targets) will be a contest for the bronze medal, emblematic of the championship of Western Pennsylvania, between Messrs. L. B. Fleming (holder), Pittsburg, and W. D. Berger (challenger), Allegheny City. Shooting commences at 9.30. To each three high and three low guns \$4. Lunch served free to all shooters. Tournament committee, Messrs. Robt. Henderson, A. H. Gerlach and L. B. Fleming.

Mr. Frank C. Riehl, specially famous and popular in the annals of the trap-shooting world, was a visitor in New York for a few days. He left on Tuesday of this week to begin his duties in a new field, that of travelling representative of the U. M. C. Co. His territory will be chiefly in the area north of Kansas and bounded east and west by the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains. Mr. Riehl is one of the most skillful of shooters, a member of the Indians, a writer of sterling attainments, possessed with a most thorough knowledge and extensive acquaintance of the shooting world, hence his success is a foregone conclusion.

The Dean Richmond trophy contest this year was a three-man team affair as formerly, but was at targets instead of live birds. Three teams entered, one each by the Fulton Gun Club, of Fulton, N. Y., the Rochester Rod and Gun Club and the Baldwinville Shotgun and Rifle Club. The Oceanic Rod and Gun Club, of Rockaway Park, entered for targets only. The Fulton team won by a score of 137 out of a possible 150. The members and their scores were as follows: H. McMurchy, 48; R. B. Hunter, 45; Geo. Lewis, 44. The Rochester team, Messrs. Kershner, Bonbright and Byer, scored 136, one less than the winners.

A two-day tournament under the auspices of the John F. Weiler Gun Club is announced to take place July 16 and 17, at the Duck Farm Hotel, Allentown, Pa. Two high average moneys, \$10 and \$5. Two magautraps will throw the targets. Rose system will govern the division of the moneys. There are twelve events each day at 10, 15, 20 and 25 targets; entrance fee \$1, \$1.50, \$2 and \$2.50. The members of the tournament committee are Messrs. W. F. Weiler, O. H. Acker and C. F. Kramlich.

The Enterprise Gun Club, of McKeesport, Pa., has formulated a programme for its Fourth of July shoot, which offers much sport at a minimum of cost. It provides ten events, alternately 10 and 15 targets, respectively \$1.20 and \$1.75 entrance, a total of \$14.75 for the programme events. All purses divided by the Jack Rabbit system. A magautrap will throw the targets. Those who wish may shoot for targets only. The secretary is Mr. G. W. Mains.

Mr. J. R. Malone informs us that he will hold his eighth annual midsummer tournament on July 23, 24 and 25, at Bay Ridge, A. A. County, Md. Two days will be devoted to targets, one to live birds. Added money \$200. Programme will be ready July 1. Address Mr. J. R. Malone, 2671 Pennsylvania avenue, Baltimore, Md.

The three-man team contest for the team championship of New York was won on Thursday of last week at Rochester by the New York County Gun Club's team, Messrs. Henry, Schortemeier, Floyd and Glover. The team scored 94 out of a possible 100. Three other teams were entered, namely, Fulton, Rochester and Auburn.

The fictitious case against Mr. C. M. Powers, brought by a Chicago daily, in respect to which full particulars were published in FOREST AND STREAM of last week, was dismissed when it came to trial. Mr. Powers secured a change of venue, and thereafter the case ended speedily when brought to trial.

The programme of the Indian shoot will be ready for distribution in a few days. It contemplates events whose total will be 200 targets per day for four days, \$200 added each day, and \$200 more for general averages. The competition therein will be open to the world.

Capt. A. W. Money, of the E. C. & Schultze Powder Co., arrived safe and sound on Monday of this week from his recent sojourn in the west. His capacity for shooting and good skilful shooting at that, seems to be of the things which have no boundaries.

Mr. C. B. Axford, the secretary, announces that the Boiling Springs Fishing and Gun Club will hold an all-day target shoot July 4, on the club's grounds, Rutherford, N. J. Shells and lunch can be obtained on the grounds. Targets two cents. Sweepstakes optional.

Mr. H. A. McCaughey, secretary, Greenville, O., writes us: "The Greenville Gun Club begs to inform shooters that they will hold a handicap tournament on Oct. 7 and 8. The handicapping will be by distance, which plan has proven the most equitable; details will follow."

The team race between the Richmond Gun Club and the Aquehonga Gun Club, of Tottenville, seven men on a side, took place at Silver Lake, S. I., June 14. Each man shot at 30 targets. The Richmond club won by a score of 147 to 137.

Mr. L. D. Arndt, secretary, Tiffin, O., writes us as follows: "Please give notice in your list of coming events that the second annual tournament of the Tiffin Gun Club, Tiffin, O., will be held Sept. 2 and 3; \$75 added money."

Mr. H. D. Kirkover, of Fredonia, N. Y., won the New York City Cup, emblematic of the target championship of New York. This trophy was determined by the highest average of the state events.

BERNARD WATERS.

Mr. T. A. Marshall's Alleged Statement.

The following was published in the Chicago American of June 8 as an authentic interview from Mr. T. A. Marshall. It is not presented by us as authentic. In fact, we are not disposed to give it any credence whatever. We are sure that if Mr. Marshall held such beliefs, he would not have shot pigeons from the traps through the past years, thereby violating his own sentiments and also misleading others in their judgments. In a way such expressions as those subjoined would be a rebuke to the Indians and to all other trap shooters. The interview, therefore, does not seem to us to be genuine. It is as follows:

"No sane man will advance the statement that it does not hurt a pigeon to break a leg or wing with a charge of shot. It does and every trapshooter knows it.

"If public sentiment or the laws are against the shooting of trapped birds, it should cease at once. There is no argument which can be advanced which will uphold it under such conditions.

"After the Chicago American secured the arrest, conviction and punishment of some local wing shots, the shooters down in the state realized the sport was dead, so far as Chicago was concerned.

"The Chicago members of the State Sportsmen's Association asked the boys down in the country to aid them in their local fight. This we declined to do.

"The state meet was postponed from May 20 until June 3. If the advice of the shooters outside of Chicago had been followed there would have been no meet this year. The local men assured us they could put off the shoot. We came up here, learned existing conditions and declined to have anything to do with live-bird events.

"There is absolutely no need of using pigeons at the trap and the fact that 'the Indians,' the professional shooters, have used clay targets at all of their tournaments, where \$1,000 added money is an incentive for a man to do his best, should show the feeling of the 'circuit chasers.'

"The clay pigeon is swifter in its flight and harder to hit than the live bird. It gives a shooter better practice, costs less—say two cents, as against the live bird's thirty—and is just as keen sport. There is no cruelty about breaking a target, so there is nothing inhuman in having it used at races.

"I take it that a little while will see all shooters abandoning the use of live birds for the clay targets.

"In our races with the teams of the United Kingdom last year, all of which we won, nothing was used but clay targets. King Edward assured me personally he was deeply interested in the sport, and he believed trap shooting was one of the means of educating the young men of the country to become proficient in the use of firearms.

"I think this training was pretty well demonstrated in the small row we had with Spain. There is no question but what trap shooting educates the eye, brain, nerve and muscles to act in unison; imparts a knowledge of distance, velocity, wind, light and all of the things a man must know to become a good shot.

"Personally, I believe that there is more cruelty in the field shooting than in killing birds at the trap. In the latter case you know the distance of the bird and are ready to kill. In the open you will take long chances, shooting at a bird seventy-five yards away with the hopes of getting it. It may be wounded and escape you, only to die a lingering death.

"Public sentiment in Chicago, and throughout the state for that matter, is against the shooting of trapped birds. I am glad of it, for it will make the boys use clay targets and may bring many into the game who do not approve of pigeon shooting for humane reasons."

Tiffin Gun Club.

TIFFIN, O., June 14.—Appended are the scores of the Tiffin Gun Club's tournament just closed. E. M. Stout was high gun for the two days. Every one was delighted with our beautiful grounds, which are the best in the State. Attendance was smaller than it would have been on account of rain, but we hope to do better at our coming second annual tournament, Sept. 2 and 3, at which we will give \$75 added money:

June 11, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15
Arndt	7	7	6	8	11	8	8	11	8	8	10	4	8	8	11
Stout	10	9	14	9	15	10	9	15	9	13	9	10	9	15	
Sanford	8	9	13	8	15	7	6	12	10	9	11	9	8	8	15
Swigart	7	7	11	6	12			12							
Hamilton	9	6	12	9	13	8	8		7	8	15	6	8	14	
Crabtree	8	9	13		14	8		11	9	8	12	9	9	7	
Pittenger							6		8	5		5	3	4	
Hodge	8	6													
Rodgers									8	9	10	8	6		
Myers									6	7	13	5	4	6	
Yundt												5	6	7	
Chamberlin													6	5	
*Troxel														6	
*Anway														6	
*Targets only.															

June 12, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15
Arndt	7	6	10	6	9	8	6	11	3	5	12	7	7	9	9
Stout	9	10	15	9	15	9	8	14	10	9	15	10	9	15	
*Trimble	8	9	14	10	14	9	9	14	9	10	14	9	8	13	
Schafer	8	6	14	7	13	8	7	13	9	7	12	6	10	7	14
Swigart									5	5		4	8	7	
Holenberger									5			3	9	8	
Connor												9	5	11	
Crabtree	9	8	13	9	12	6	7	11	10	7	14	9	6	9	
Benham	8	8	13	9	13	5	6	11	10	7	12				
Pittenger	7	3								4	4		7	8	7
Hayford											7	5			
Burton											7	6		6	7
Peters												2	4	5	
L. D. ARNDT, Sec'y.															

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, June 4.—The fifth serial prize shoot of the Boston Gun Club was held on their grounds at Wellington to-day, and shooters from all points of the compass were in evidence, making the shoot one of the best on the grounds this season. The long-distance men again took the honors, Leroy easily leading, making one of the two straight scores, and Spencer the other.

The scores as a whole, while not up to the usual average, were very creditable, a decidedly adverse wind for trapshooting being on hand all of the afternoon.

In the prize match Leroy held the honor position, starting in with one 12 out of the first 15, and negotiating all of the pairs to make the total of 22. Frank, Woodruff and Spencer tied with 18 for second position, two targets to the better of Campbell, who alone held third place.

Other scores as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	10	10	5p	15	5p	10	10	15	5p
Leroy, 21	10	8	7	7	12	10	8	6		
Frank, 18	9	7	7	5	10	8	7	7		
Woodruff, 17	12	8	9	6	11	7	6	7		
Fisher, 16	9	4	3	4	7	5	5	8		
Stevens, 16	9	2	5	4	5	4	5	4	7	3
Orcutt, 16	9	8	7	4	11		7			
Wood, 16	13	8	7	7	10	5	8			
Verrill, 16	9	5	6	4	10					
Windle, 16	11	5	7	5	9					
Campbell, 16	13	8	7	4	11	5	7	6		
Hawkins, 16	11	7	4	5	9	4				
Williams	11	7	9	6	8				11	7
Retwood, 14	4	3								
Spencer, 18					10	7	10	9	11	7
M. E., 14							2		2	
Wales, 16							6	5		
Linfield, 16							4	4		
Nichols, 14						1	1	6		

Nos. 1, 3, 4, 6, 7 and 10 were magautrap; Nos. 2, 5, 8 and 9 were Sergeant system.

Merchandise match, 25 targets—15 Sergeant system; 5 pairs magautrap:

Leroy, 21	1111100111101111	11	11	11	11	11	22
Woodruff, 17	1100011111101111	11	01	00	11	11	18
Frank, 18	1111100110111110	10	11	11	11	01	18
Spencer, 18	0110111011011111	11	11	10	11	00	18
Campbell, 16	1111011000111111	01	00	11	10	10	16
Hawkins, 16	0110111100110011	04	01	10	01	00	13
Wood, 16	1101001111011110	01	01	10	10	10	15
Williams, 16	1001011000101111	11	10	10	10	11	15
Fisher, 16	1010000111010110	10	10	10	11	00	12
Stevens, 16	0010110000001011	11	10	10	00	00	9

Trap at Dupont Park.

St. Louis, Mo., June 8.—The two main events shot to-day were the Dupont trophy and the Rawlings medal, the former at live birds, the latter at targets, both handicaps:

Marion Lambert won various matches on the side, doing some remarkable work on pairs, several times killing 9 out of 10.

The birds were a good lot, and as the day was cool, they flew well.

Phil Weber won the medal by killing 24 in the shoot-off. Baggerman was the runner-up, and lost his 24th dead out of bounds.

Sims was suffering from a severe headache, and went out on his 13th, a towering white bird, which sailed up against the sun.

Killed.	Score.	Killed.	Score.
Selzer, 28	12121112-8	Weber, 29	22110111-7
O'Neil, 28	02122011-6	Waldron, 28	10212201-6
Lambert, 28	12121112-8	Frederic, 28	11111212-8
Bowman, 28	12121011-7	Cornell, 28	01111100-5
O'Trigger, 28	20102101-5	Spencer, 28	10021120-5
Money, 30	11202122-7	Baggerman, 29	11112112-8
Jonah, 28	21120112-7	Orvis, 28	21122121-8
Sims, 28	12111112-8		

Rawlings medal, 25 targets, distance handicap:

	Broke.	Score.
Selzer, 19	110011111110010111110111	19
O'Neil, 18	111101111100110111101010	19
Bowman, 20	1010110110010010101111	16
Lambert, 19	1001011010111110101111	18
Clay, 21	1101111101111111111111	23
O'Trigger, 19	1100011111101111100011	18
Money, 23	11101011111101010101010	19
Bauer, 16	10001101010100100001010	11
Sims, 21	1110111111011111111111	22
Jonah, 19	00001000110001000101010	10
Cornell, 18	01110101010111100101110	16
Mermood, 18	01011111011101100101000	16
Baggerman, 21	111010100010100010001010	11
Spencer, 18	1111010111101010101011	18
Frederick, 23	1111111111011111111011	23

O'Neil, Selzer, Sims, Clay, Spencer and Mermood

Soo City Gun Club.

STOUC CITY, Ia., June 12.—The eighth annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club closed to-day. The attendance was good. They had seventy entries on Tuesday and sixty-four on Wednesday. The shooting was done from three sets of traps, Sergeant system. The targets were thrown about 50yds. The programme called for eight 15 and four 20 target events each day, with \$10 added to each event. In the 15-target events the money was divided 35, 30, 20 and 15 per cent., while the 20-target events had five moneys, 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. Six general averages of \$5 each were given to the six high guns. J. M. Hughes, of Palmyra, Wis., shooting Ballistite powder and U. M. C. shells, won first average in the amateur class.

Fred Gilbert was high in the manufacturers' class; Budd second, and Lord third.

On Wednesday Gilbert made a run of 104 straight. On Tuesday squad 8, consisting of Budd, Gilbert, Burnside, Hughes and Powers, broke 944 out of a possible 1,000.

On Wednesday event No. 7 was for the amateur interstate championship silver cup to high gun; winner to hold cup until next tournament, when he will receive 50 per cent. of the purse in this event. Mr. Guy Burnside, of Knoxville, Ill., won the cup, beating out J. M. Hughes and C. M. Powers by scoring 5 straight in the shoot-off. The cup was won last year by S. A. Smith, of Hartley, Ia., and he received a little better than \$30 for his interest in the cup this year.

The Soo Gun Club have fine grounds and a fine club house, where a nice lunch was served each day.

The weather on Tuesday was very warm, with a high wind, making the shooting quite difficult, but on Wednesday it was pleasant and an ideal day for good scores.

First Day, June 10.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Total.
Boyd	15	9	17	13	11	16	12	12	18	12	20	16	167
Hunter	12	13	19	11	12	16	15	10	19	13	14	15	169
Hawman	14	12	19	14	13	14	13	12	18	11	14	16	170
Wilson	14	13	18	14	12	15	13	13	18	13	12	17	172
Duncan	15	13	14	14	14	18	14	13	19	12	15	19	180
White	15	14	19	15	13	19	13	15	20	15	15	18	191
Hughes	13	12	19	14	13	15	14	11	15	14	15	18	173
Kortright	10	10	15	15	9	15	11	12	16	12	13	18	156
Morrill	14	12	18	12	11	17	9	12	20	14	14	18	171
Ellis	13	12	17	15	14	14	15	15	18	14	14	18	179
Otten	12	14	14	12	11	12	11	10	18	10	13	14	151
Shaw	7	11	13	13	13	19	15	14	19	13	15	19	163
Rust	11	13	19	14	12	18	14	14	16	14	19	19	178
Trotter	14	13	16	12	15	18	13	12	16	12	14	20	170
Austin	10	10	13	11	9	13	15	11	8	14	10	13	137
Baldwin	15	14	20	13	14	15	14	14	17	12	12	17	177
Huizenga	12	13	14	11	16	14	10	18	8	13	14	15	157
Blatherwick	13	12	17	13	12	16	13	11	16	15	15	18	171
Dorton	13	15	19	13	14	17	15	10	18	14	14	20	182
Moss	14	12	20	14	12	17	13	11	19	15	15	19	181
Patch	12	13	15	12	9	12	12	9	15	12	13	19	158
Redfern	12	11	16	10	13	12	10	74
Langers	13	12	18	12	12	12	13	9	14	13	10	..	143
Gray	15	9	15	11	13	15	8	8	18	13	12	16	158
Meyer	14	13	14	11	11	12	85
Slocum	11	14	19	14	12	19	14	14	19	14	14	18	181
Saylor	11	10	12	10	12	13	12	14	18	10	15	18	155
Nelson	14	14	15	11	13	17	14	14	19	13	15	18	182
Taylor	15	13	17	15	13	20	13	14	16	13	14	20	183
Agersborg	12	9	13	11	46
Pelton	13	10	14	12	15	13	11	11	16	13	13	17	163
Maytum	13	13	18	13	13	12	14	12	17	15	13	17	169
Barber	13	14	16	15	12	20	15	14	19	14	15	19	186
Veidt	10	9	15	11	11	14	70
Redhard	11	13	18	10	10	15	13	12	15	12	11	18	158
Budd	15	14	18	13	13	16	14	15	20	14	15	18	185
Powers	14	13	17	12	13	14	15	14	20	14	13	19	183
Gilbert	15	15	18	13	15	20	14	15	19	15	15	20	194
Burnside	14	15	18	15	14	18	15	12	20	14	15	19	189
Hughes	15	15	20	14	14	19	13	15	19	15	14	20	193
Schneekloth	13	14	16	9	12	16	11	13	19	15	13	18	169
Nangle	11	6	8	14	9	48
Huss	14	13	13	9	15	16	12	15	14	13	13	14	166
Grandpa	13	11	15	8	10	14	8	15	15	12	12	16	149
Hamilton	11	11
Klein	14	14	17	11	13	18	15	14	17	12	15	19	179
Norton	9	11	10	7	7	10	11	12	14	7	14	12	126
Sandy	14	13	17	15	14	16	13	12	20	15	13	18	180
Townsend	14	12	17	12	14	16	14	12	17	11	11	18	168
Steege	11	13	16	12	7	14	11	10	16	13	11	17	156
Griffin	15	12	15	8	13	9	72
Forbes	7	11	10	11	9	12	60
Ross	10	8	13	7	9	8	55
Tweddale	12	13	16	11	11	18	11	13	14	119
Winans	13	12	16	11	13	13	13	12	18	121
Brown	11	13	15	13	12	10	64
Smith	14	15	18	11	14	16	12	12	18	13	13	17	173
Meeves	14	11	13	11	12	16	77
Tamm	15	13	12	13	14	17	8	9	17	11	13	15	157
Morrill	14	13	17	15	14	16	15	13	16	15	14	19	181
Meckling Kid	15	13	16	7	11	16	78
Russell	..	16	10	17	12	12	67
Spatz	..	15	10	25
Hoberg	4	13	17
Harper	10	10	20
Blue Jay	13	11	18	14	15	19	..	90
Hart	11	12	19	10	13	13	..	78
McDonald	13	13	17	14	11	20	..	88
Cuttings	..	12	15	13	14	15	7	12	12	..	73
Hogan	13	15	12	13	18	71

Events Nos. 3, 6, 9 and 12 were at 20 targets; the others at 15 each.

Second Day, June 11.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Total.
Boyd	12	13	17	13	11	18	13	9	17	11	10	18	162
Hunter	12	13	19	14	13	19	11	13	15	15	13	16	178
Hawman	11	12	17	13	15	17	12	10	13	14	12	15	161
Wilson	10	9	16	11	15	17	10	12	19	14	14	13	160
Duncan	14	14	18	13	13	19	14	13	16	13	15	17	179
White	15	13	20	12	14	20	11	14	19	14	13	19	184
G. Hughes	14	12	20	15	13	16	13	14	17	12	15	19	180
Trotter	14	11	18	14	12	19	12	12	17	11	13	14	167
Moss	15	11	17	14	14	18	13	12	16	14	14	17	175
Redhead	14	12	17	13	11	18	14	9	11	12	11	14	156
Rust	10	13	16	14	14	16	13	15	17	14	12	19	173
Morrill	13	15	19	14	12	18	11	14	19	14	13	17	179
Smith	14	10	20	13	13	15	19	11	18	13	13	14	167
Maytum	15	15	20	12	13	17	13	14	16	15	14	17	181
Barber	15	11	20	10	11	16	13	12	19	13	14	18	171
Klein	15	13	20	15	15	20	13	13	19	15	15	17	190
Morrill	14	13	18	14	14	17	14	11	16	11	10	16	168
Sandy	14	12	20	14	12	17	12	13	18	13	11	16	172
Ellis	13	15	18	14	14	17	12	10	18	13	12	17	173
Townsend	14	12	18	14	13	19	11	12	16	9	12	15	165
Slocum	14	13	19	14	13	18	13	10	18	13	12	17	174
Saylor	13	14	15	13	9	17	13	12	17	8	12	19	162
Nelson	14	14	19	14	12	19	10	15	16	13	13	18	177
Taylor	14	14	19	13	14	20	13	14	20	14	13	19	187
Noid	8	8	14	9	8	13	7	10	14	7	11	16	124
Dorton	13	12	20	14	11	17	13	12	19	13	13	14	171
Pelton	13	11	17	11	11	14	77
Baldwin	12	15	18	8	13	19	13	14	17	14	13	16	172
White	14	14	18	11	14	17	14	12	19	13	10	17	173
Steige	11	11	13	13	12	15	12	12	13	13	12	16	153
Patch	12	10	15	11	14	17	9	10	18	13	14	14	157
Crahan	15	12	17	14	12	18	11	11	15	11	9	14	160
Blatherwick	13	13	17	13	12	18	12	13	18	8	13	19	168
Bar	10	13	13	11	11	16	10	10	16	11	12	10	143
Arff	13	8	9	30
Shaw	13	12	19	14	12	17	11	12	16	14	12	18	170
Austin	12	13	14	9	11	19	9	10	13	10	10	17	147
Grandpa	10	11	15	13	8	15	13	9	17	9	6	..	126
Tamm	14	15	20	15	15	18	14	14	17	12	14	20	141
Gray	13	9	14	14	7	19	13	10	15	12	9	13	148
Budd	15	14	20	15	15	18	14	14	17	12	14	20	188
Powers	15	15	20	13	15	19	15	12	18	12	14	19	187
Gilbert	14	14	20	15	15	20	15	13	19	15	15	19	194
Burnside	11	11	19	13	13	20	15	13	19	11	13	17	175
Hughes	15	15	19	14	14	20	15	13	19	14	14	20	192
Redfern	15	12	19	14	12	16	15	13	11	10	7	..	124
Huizenga	12	11	18	8	11	..	14	74
Howard	11	8	19
Hegl	8	7	15
McDonald	8	10	16	28

New York State Shoot.

The forty-fourth annual convention of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game was held in the beautiful city of Rochester, June 10 to 13, under the auspices of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club. The support accorded to it by the shooters of the State was not equal to anticipations, though it was both far greater and far less than that accorded to prior New York State tournaments.

Monday, June 9, was devoted to practice work. On the evening of that day the annual convention was held in the Hotel Eggleston. The president being absent, Dr. J. L. Weller, the vice-president, took the chair. The meeting being called to order, it was found that it was practically inoperative. There were no minutes of the previous meeting for the information of delegates; there were no reports of officers; there was no treasurer's report, nor, so far as could be learned, was there any treasury to report upon. Messrs. Hadley, Banks, Schortemeier and McMurphy made some speeches containing words of good counsel in respect to the organization of the Association on a substantial basis, and suggested the consideration of it giving its own tournaments. There was present no copy of the new constitution and by-laws adopted last year. A long discussion concerning the constitution and by-laws as they appeared in the programme of 1893 took place, and they were recognized. By them officers of the club giving the tournament were also officers of the Association, and under them Mr. J. W. Mann, of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club, was called to the chair. The reading of credentials followed, but as there were no records of members, it was decided that all clubs of the Association would be considered in good standing on payment of one dollar. The list of clubs which qualified is as follows: New York County Gun Club, Jeannette Gun Club, Emerald Gun Club, and Hell Gate Gun Club, of New York; Rockaway Point Gun Club, of Kings; Oceanic Rod and Gun Club, of Queens; Brooklyn Gun Club; Oneida County Gun Club, of Utica; Ossining Gun Club, Ossining; Spencer Sportsmen's Gun Club, Lyons; Elmira Gun Club, Elmira; Catchpole Gun Club, Wolcott; Baldwin S. G. and R. Club, Hunter Gun Club, Fulton, N. Y.; Kashong Gun Club, Gage; Knickerbocker Gun Club, New York; Union Gun Club of West New York, East Aurora; Batavia Gun Club of Genesee, Batavia; Rochester Rod and Gun Club, Rochester; Avon Rod and Gun Club, Avon; City Park Gun Club, Watertown; Schenectady Gun Club, Schenectady; Dansville Gun Club, Dansville; Auburn Gun Club, Auburn.

Mr. Schortemeier raised the question, annually perplexing, concerning the membership of clubs of Greater New York, and moved that that city be considered as one county. This was advanced as a year's notice, required by the constitution. Mr. Hadley explained the causes which made necessary the change of the conditions governing the Dean-Richmond trophy, and asked for the convention's approval of the new conditions governing the competition for it this year. This was granted. There was no interest manifested in bidding for the tournament of next year. Mr. C. Wagner, in behalf of the Schenectady Gun Club, stated that that club would like the tournament if it could secure suitable grounds. On motion of Dr. Weller, the next meeting was arranged in accordance with Mr. Wagner's representation. This meeting was much the same as others of recent years. The New York State Association may be said to have had therein a perfunctory existence during a few brief hours of the convention. Indeed, even under such limitations, its existence was largely theoretical. Analysis of it would bring it into the things which are abstractions. Why it should be called a New York State Association "convention" this year or for some years past is not at all apparent, nor is it at all apparent why the tournament should be called an institution of the New York State Association, since the latter in late years seems, as an organized body, to lie entirely in the domain of fiction. This is considering the matter wholly as a State event, and not at all as it relates to the Rochester Rod and Gun Club, or, for that matter, to any other club. With each passing year the convention seems to drift further away from State associations, traditions and significance. What it was and what it did for the upbuilding of State competition is largely forgotten. Its prestige of former years is almost dissipated. As run at present, it as a State Association has no mission and no powers. Its officers have no duties and no responsibilities. As an association, it neither approves nor disapproves anything. It has no standards of any kind. It has no organic existence as an independent body. It has seemingly reached the undignified stage in which it has not even record of its own doings even in its dummy existence of the few brief moments in convention. The officers of the club giving the shoot, being also the officers of the State Association, their interest in their club is permanent, while their interest in the State Association is merely incidental. In fact, the Association as run at present, being a fiction of the trapshooting and protection of fish and game interests, the officers aforementioned can do nothing of State significance even if they were so inclined. No association ever was in better condition for thorough revivification and reorganization. It should have an entirely independent list of officers; it should have entire charge of the State trophies in respect to the competition for them; it should have a representative on the grounds; it should have a standard programme for the State events. In short, it should both exist and act. The by-laws of 1898, Section 8, practically put the New York State Association out of existence. It reads as follows: "Section 8.—Special rules may be made by the club having the management of the tournament that in their judgment may be for the best interests of the Association." This practically is entire abdication. All that is left thereafter is the name.

The Rochester Rod and Gun Club was most satisfactorily equipped for holding the tournament. Three magatrapers furnished ample medium for target throwing, and under the competent supervision of Mr. Chas. North, they worked to perfection. He also made himself useful in the cashier's office, and won the gratitude of the correspondents for his kindness concerning copies of the scores. The club house and grounds are beautifully situated, and the background is favorable for good performance. A level stretch at Cobb's Hill contiguous to a wide section of the Erie Canal, contains the club house, ample in its dimensions, and affords ample room for the traps. The shooting is toward the canal, which is far enough away to be out of reach of the target flights, so that the background is of both land and water. Under ordinary conditions, the combination is favorable for excellent scores. The grounds were reached by the Lake and Monroe avenue line, and the Park avenue line. Lunch was obtainable on the grounds.

The guaranteed purses undoubtedly were a heavy obligation to the club, there being \$675 of them in the State events.

In addition to the regular State events there were sweepstakes on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday as follows: Five at 15 targets, entrance \$1.50; four moneys, 35, 30, 20 and 15 per cent. Five at 20 targets, entrance \$2; five moneys, 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. These were open to all, but paid representatives and professional experts could share in first and second moneys only. They were not permitted to participate in the merchandise event. Five per cent. in events 1, 4, 5, 6 and 8 was deducted for cash averages, of which there were four, 40 per cent. and the New York city cup, 20, 20 and 10 per cent., won as follows: H. Kirkover first with only six missed; L. H. Schortemeier with only seven missed, and Messrs. Glover and Byer alike with eight misses. Mr. Kirkover used Winchester shells and Infalible powder; Mr. Schortemeier used E. C.; Mr. Glover used Ballistite. Mr. Kirkover was barred from the State events on the ground that he was a professional, which act seems to us to have been a mistake. Mr. Neaf Apgar, of the Peters Cartridge Company, was high average for the three days in the open events, breaking 498 out of 525, nearly 95 per cent. He used all brands of bulk powders in Ideal shells.

The shoot was skillfully managed by Mr. John Parker, of the Peters Cartridge Company. The club members were courteous and obliging. Mr. Parker's staff was capable and well organized. As previously mentioned, Mr. Chas. North was mechanical engineer, having charge of the workings of the magatrapers, but so nicely were they working he had but little care. The cashier's office was ably filled by Mr. W. M. Bryant, of Elwood City, Pa., assisted by Mr. Thos. Priddis. The different sets of traps were manned as follows: No. 1—Referee, John Mann; scorer, O. Palmer; trap puller, E. H. Warner; markers, Geo. Maston and W. W. Page; squad hustler, W. Ball. No. 2—Referee, E. Hicks; scorer, C. Shrader; trap puller, C. Osburn; squad hustler, L. David. No. 3—Referee, Geo. Slick; scorer, W. J. Commangleton; trap puller, W. McCulloch; squad hustler, W. T. Lee.

The following trade representatives were present and contributed much to the success of the tournament: Messrs. T. H. Keller, Harry L. King, John Parker, Neaf Apgar, Peters Cartridge Co.; Mr. E. D. Fulford, of single-trigger fame; Messrs. S. M. Van Allen, T. W. Morley and Frank E. Butler, of the U. M. C. Co.; Messrs. W. L. Colville and B. Leroy Woodard, of the Dupont Powder Co.; Mr. B. H. Norton, of the Hazard Powder Co.; Messrs. A. H. Fox, J. A. R. Elliott and Gin, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.; Messrs. Hood Waters and W. B. Lyon, of the Lafin & Rand Powder Co.; Messrs. H. McMurphy and R. Hunter, of the Hunter Arms Co.; Mr. Ed Banks, E. C. and

Schultze Powder Co.; Mr. J. R. Hull, of Parker Brothers; Mr. Gus Greiff, of Von Lengerke & Detmold; Mr. A. H. Durston, of the Lefever Arms Co.; Col. A. G. Courtney, of D. M. Lefever & Sons.

The competition as a whole was excellent. The targets, however, on the whole, were thrown rather easy, and therefore were favorable to the making of good scores.

June 10, First Day.

The weather was stormy and distinctly unfavorable for good performance. A strong wind blew from right to left across the traps, and rain interfered with the programme, and the comfort of the shooters. There were seventy-two shooters in the different events, of whom thirty-five shot through the programme. Whitney, Elliott and Apgar led in the averages for the day. The scores in the open events follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Total
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	
Deremo	9	15	13	15	12	14					130
J. Jones	12	12	11	15	11	15	8	14	14	18	146
Mike	13	12	11	17	15	14	13	19	15	17	191
Blue Rock	8	17	14	16	9	12	12	17	11	15	155
M. B. Henry	13	17	13	18	12	19	12	19	14	18	155
Mayhew	11	17	10	18	13	14	13	15	9		138
Eschrichs	9	15	13	13							138
Jordan	11	19	11	17	10	16	12	14	10	18	159
Bonbright	14	18	12	20	15	19	15	16	13	17	159
Floyd	9	15	15	18	15	18	13	18	13	16	152
Fulford	7	18	13	18	14	20	13	17	13	19	150
Van Allen	10	17	14	19	11	15	12	19	14	19	152
Colville	8	16	12	14	12	16	12	16	13	13	132
Glover	9	16	15	18	14	20	12	19	14	19	156
J. Norton	11	14	10	16	14	15	13	16	14	17	140
Fox	14	17	15	16	13	18	14	18	13	18	156
Apgar	14	19	14	17	14	18	13	19	14	18	160
Le Roy	14	17	14	15	13	19	13	17	11	20	153
Waters	14	16	14	10	14	18	13	19	11	18	147
Hoffman	14	12	9	18	12	19	12	18	12	16	142
McMurphy	12	18	13	20	14	20	12	19	12	18	158
Banks	12	17	15	15	11	14	13	19	13	20	149
Keller	14	15	8	12	10	12	11	15	9	14	120
Kirkover	12	15	10	18	15	19	14	20	13	16	152
Kelsey	12	16	12	19	14	16	12	13	10	18	142
Bob Hunter	14	17	13	18	11	18	13	18	13	16	151
Wadsworth	12	18	13	16	12	17	13	18	11	16	146
Knapp	14	11	14	17	15	16	12	20	12	16	147
Tuttle	13	15	15	18	13	19	13	17	15	18	156
Denny	12	18	10	16	11	20	12	14	13	15	141
Hull	7	16	14	17	13	19	14	20	9	17	146
Morley	8	16	13	16	11	17	11	18	13	16	139
Elliott	13	20	14	20	12	18	14	18	13	19	161
Toll	13	14	9	14	12	20	12	19	11	14	138
King	10	14	10	17	12	17	12	19	12	16	139
Kershner	13	17	13	18	13	19	14	19	15		149
Wider	8	13	13	16	10	15	11	18	11		131
Weller	12	13	11	17	14	17	12	17	11		131
Dalley	12	16	8	16	13	18	15	17	11		131
Morris	9	15	14	18	13	20	14	18	13		143
Dutton	10	17	13								130
Burns	11	15	15	18		19	13	18	15		145
Willey	14	15	14	17	12	15	11	17	12	18	145
Bissett	9	17	13	19	9	18	14	17	14	18	148
Whitney	14	16	15	19	15	18	13	19	13	20	162
Greiff	14										14
Pumpgun	7	13			11						20
Burnett	9			17							17
Gavitt	9			12							12
Witt	7			12							12
Covert	13	13	14	13	15						52
Atwater	9										9
Myers	6			9							9
Byer	12	13		17	14	18	13	20	14	19	149
A. Green	17	15	16	18	17	13	15	13	18		149
No. 39	13										13
E. H. K.	9	11		16	11						37
Borst	7										7
Brown	14	15									29
Christian	13	15			15	15					53
Moore	11	12	13	10		9					52
Lane	20										20
Wagner	17					17					34
Fowler	13	14				10					37
Uncle Ben	12	17									39
Newton	18	14	16								48
Burns	13			13							26
Meisch	4										4
Harrison	13										13
Lund	15										15
Meagher	11										11
Shackleton	11										11

State event No. 1, 25 bluerocks, \$4 entrance, targets included; \$150 guaranteed; six moneys, 25, 20, 15, 15, 15 and 10 per cent.; all ties divided. The scores: Fox 24, Kirkover 24, Knapp 24, Kirkover 24, Kelsey 24, Morley 24, Glover 24, Apgar 23, Morris 23, Weller 22, Denny 22, Dalley 22, Morris 22, J. Jones 22, Floyd 22, Keller 22, M. Henry 21, Fulford 21, Van Allen 21, J. Norton 21, Wadsworth 21, Tuttle 21, Burns 21, Byer 21, Green 21, A. Baker 21, Christian 20, Wagner 20, Shackleton 20, Borst 20, Willey 20, Deremo 20, Mayhew 19, Knapp 19, Whitney 19, Newton 19, Eschrichs 18, Banks 17, Kershner 16, E. H. K. 15, Moore 14, Blue Rock 16.

June 11, Second Day.

The weather was good as compared with that of the preceding day. There was an improvement in the shooting of a number of the contestants. Mr. Neaf Apgar led with 163 out of a possible 175, thus losing but seven out of the day's programme. There were eighty-six contestants in the open events, of whom forty shot through the programme. The scores in the open events follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	Total
Bissert	13	13	11	17	14	19	13	17	12	15	144
Bonbright	13	17	14	17	13	18	14	19	13	19	156
Mike	12	17	14	18	13	18	11	17	12	15	147
Floyd	14	18	15	17	10	17	13	18	11	20	153
Burns	12	18	13	18	13	17	14	16	11	16	148
Wheeler	10	13	9	20	12	16	11	18	12	16	137
Jones	11	13	8	12	12						52
Jordan	12	17	12	19	15	16	12	19	12	18	152
Bronson	8	15	9	10				7	8		42
Meagher	10	14	10	17	10	16	8	18	8	16	127
Fulford	14	15	13	16	14	18	11	20	15	18	154
Van Allen	10	13	14	18	13	20	12	16	13	17	146
Colville	9	16	14	17	13	16	11	18	13	18	145
Glover	13	16	13	18	12	18	15	20	14	18	157
Morley	15	17	11	16	11	20	14	18	11	17	150
Fox	14	17	15	17	15	16	12	18	11	17	152
Apgar	15	19	14	20	13	19	14	20	15	18	167
Le Roy	13	18	13	17	15	15	10	20	15	19	155
Waters	11	17	14	18	15	19	14	20	14	17	159
Hoffman	10	19	11	19	9	16	12	19	13	17	145
McMurphy	13										13
Banks	12										12
Whitney	15	17	12	18	12	18	14	19	13	16	154
Kirkover	13	15	14	19	14	17	11	20	15	18	159
J. Norton	14	16	10								50
Elliott	13	14	13	18	14	20	12	20	14	17	155
Hull	9	18	13	18	12	20	15	16	15	16	152
Henry	14	19	14	19	13	19	15	18	15	18	164
A. Green	14	16	12	19	10	16	10	19	12	15	143
Keller	10	17	12	16	11	17					148
Kershner	11	18	12	19	12	16	13	17	12	18	148
Wride	11	9	12	15	8	12	8	19	12	14	120
Weller	9	16	14	14	10	16	13	15	14	17	138
Dalley	11	20	14	15	12	17	14	18	6	18	115
Morris	12	17	13	18	11	19	13	15	12	14	144
Knapp	15	19	13	17	13	19	14	20	14	18	162
Denny	14	17	13	15	12	17	13	17	11	19	148
Hunter	15	16	13	20	13	18	11	19	12	19	156
Wadsworth	12	16	11	17	12	17	12	16	11	12	138
Tuttle	11	17	12	19	14	19	15	13	11	18	149
Kelsey	13	18	13	19	13	20	12	18	13	19	158
Toll	14	16	14	17	15	18	14	13	13	18	152
Park	13	17	13	19	11	17	13	16	11	17	147
Pumpgun	11	15	13								46
Doremo	6										6
E. Norton	14	8	9	13	9	16	8				120
E. C. Beck	10	12	14	14	13			10	13	12	120
Greiff	12	16	13		13		10		13		120
E. H. K.	9	9	12	14	4			6	9		120
Mark	19										19

Fulton Gun Club—McMurchy 25, R. Hunter 21, Lewis 20, Chapman 19; total 85.

Auburn Gun Club—Wadsworth 20, Knapp 22, Denny 21, Tuttle 22; total 85.

State event No. 5, 25 bluerocks, entrance \$4, targets included; \$150 guaranteed; six moneys, 25, 20, 15, 15, 15 and 10 per cent. All ties divided: twenty-six starters: Bonbright 25, Floyd 25, Kirkover 25, Christian 25, Glover 24, Whitney 24, Knapp 24, Hunter 24, Dalley 24, Byer 24, Mike 23, Kelsey 23, Morris 23, Henry 22, A. Green 22, Kershner 22, Shackleton 22, Tuttle 21, Wheeler 21, Denny 20, Wide 20, Wagner 19, Valentine 19, Moore 18, Weller 18, Pumpgun 13.

State event No. 6, 25 bluerocks, entrance \$3.50, targets included; \$125 guaranteed; six moneys, 25, 20, 15, 15, 15 and 10 per cent., nineteen starters. All ties divided: Glover 25, Byer 25, Floyd 24, Whitney 24, Kirkover 24, Kelsey 24, Hunter 24, Mike 23, Bonbright 22, Tuttle 22, Dalley 22, Christian 22, Henry 21, A. Green 21, Valentine 20, Morris 20, E. C. Beck 19, Moore 18, Wheeler 18.

June 13, Fourth Day.

The weather was unfavorable. A heavily overcast sky, dark, light, and misty atmosphere indicated a rainy day. Still, the rain held off so that there was no important interference with the programme. There was a drizzle which thickened into a rain a few times, stopping the competition for a few minutes. The first event was State event No. 8, which was finished shortly before noon. The scores:

State event No. 8, 25 bluerocks, \$125 guaranteed; entrance, \$3.50, targets included; six moneys, 25, 20, 15, 15, 15 and 10 per cent.; all ties divided: Mike 25, Byer 25, McMurchy 24, Dalley 24, Knapp 24, Appar 24, Glover 23, Morris 23, Kershner 23, Denny 23, Hunter 23, Lewis 23, Johnson 23, Kelsey 22, Bonbright 22, Stewart 22, Tuttle 22, Hull 22, Fulford 22, McCord 21, Van Allen 21, J. Norton 21, Greiff 21, Wadsworth 21, Toll 21, Parker 21, Newton 21, Waters 20, Rickman 20, Wide 20, Keller 19, Meagher 18, Borst 18, Christian 18, Courtney 17, Uncle Ben C. 17.

Dean Richmond Trophy.

A call for entries to the Dean Richmond trophy contest met with tardy response. There were indications at one time that there would be no entries, and therefore no contest. Finally the Fulton Gun Club took action, then the Rochester and Baldwinville clubs entered, and the Oceanic entered for targets only. Fulton won with a score of 137. The members of that team used Peters ammunition. McMurchy scored 48, R. B. Hunter 45 and G. Lewis 44. Event No. 9, Dean Richmond trophy, value \$1,150. To be held by the winning club each year in trust, to be accounted for to the State Association, to be shot for by three members of a club belonging to the Association, such members to be residents of the county in which the club is located. Fifty targets per man, 150 targets per team. Ties to be shot off at 25 targets per man. Entrance fee \$10 per team. Targets included. The team making the highest score won the trophy and 50 per cent. of the entrance money, and the team making the next highest score received 30 per cent. and the team making the next highest score 20 per cent.:

Fulton Gun Club Team.	Baldwinsville S. and R. Club.
McMurchy	Morris
R. B. Hunter	Wheeler
Geo. Lewis	Dalley
Rochester R. and G. Club Team.	Oceanic R. and G. Club Team.
Kershner	Van Allen
Bonbright	Mike
Byer	Jones

Oceanics shot for targets only.

Interstate Tournament at Memphis.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., June 12.—Some of the foremost amateur and professional shots in America met in competition over the traps at the Memphis Gun Club grounds on the occasion of the first day of the tournament given by the Memphis Gun Club, and held under the auspices of the Interstate Association. The dates selected by the Memphis Gun Club for the tournament were June 10, 11 and 12.

Every contestant entered into the sport with his best efforts, and there was keen competition from the time the first squad took its place till the finish. The programme consisted of ten events at blackbird targets, and the rapidly with which the various events were disposed of enabled those who participated and the large number of spectators to return to the city before 5 P. M.

Weather conditions were almost perfect for good scores; the traps were in fine working order and a cloudless sky made a good background for high record shooting.

More than sixty contestants took part, which included visitors from New York, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Chattanooga, New Orleans, Nashville, Greenville, Pittsburg and other cities. Rolla Heikes, who has competed in many countries and against many champions, carried off the honors to-day with the best average. Heikes finished with a score of 156 out of a possible 165. He shot in much better form in the morning than he did in the afternoon, as a majority of his misses happened after the noon meal.

Next to Heikes in average was C. W. Phellis, of Cincinnati, who shot under the nom de plume of Phil, with 154 broken out of a possible 165. Luther Squier, of Cincinnati, finished third with a score of 153 credited to his total for the day.

Heikes, Squier and Phil are classed among the professional shots, and although they led in the average they were not included among those who competed for the purses.

Among the amateurs, Hawkins and Burke, of Baltimore, did the best work. Hawkins succeeded in breaking 152 of his possible 165 targets, and Burke scored 151.

Abe Frank, of the local gun club, made the best showing among the local shots. Frank finished with 149. J. P. Edgington was next with a score of 141.

Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association, managed the tournament, and to him is due a great deal of credit for the quick manner in which the various events were pulled off. Mr. Shaner's assistants were as follows:

No. 1 set of traps.—Referee, Geo. Rudisill; scorer, A. Watson; trap puller, Fred Hilsch; messenger, Daniel Shay.

No. 2 set of traps.—Referee, Geo. Vance; scorer, H. Graham; trap puller, Fred Hilsch; messenger, C. M. Goldbaum.

The office force consisted of Messrs. E. E. Whitner, cashier, and Geo. Hillman, compiler of scores. The work of Messrs. Whitner and Hillman was of the very best, there being no hitches or delays of any kind.

Among those taking part in the tournament were: Lewis Williams, Nashville; W. A. Baker, Griffin, Ga.; W. W. Watson, Louisville; Andrew Meaders and Frank Legler, Nashville; N. T. Baggett, Geo. Clements and W. H. Clements, Rolling Fork, Miss.; Dr. J. Darnell, Yazoo City, Miss.; W. P. Miles, Burnside, La.; O. E. Pooler, Frank Wadsworth, A. L. O'Connell, R. C. Sauls and R. M. Cleveland, Chattanooga; Maurice Kaufman, New Orleans; L. I. Wade, Nacogdoches, Tex.; Geo. Robertson and M. Starr, Paducah, Ky.; Capt. A. W. Money and J. T. Skelly, New York; H. C. Watson, Pittsburg, Pa.; I. C. Broyles, Birmingham; T. C. Clay, Jr., Austerlitz, Ky.; C. O. Le Compte, Eminence, Ky.; Ed Burke and J. M. Hawkins, Baltimore; J. E. Avery, Atlanta; H. E. Bonebrake, Weatherford, Tex.; C. C. English, Justin King, A. M. Hatcher, Jos. Berry and E. K. Bachman, Bristol, Tenn., and Messrs. Fisher, Irving, Negus, Shanahan and Blake, Greenville.

Messrs. Bennett, Frank, Edgington, Schmidt and others of the Memphis Gun Club, saw to the comfort of the visitors, and a generally enjoyable day was had by those in attendance. A genuine old Southern barbecue dinner was served during the day, and it was enjoyed by all. The scores of the first day follow:

June 10, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	165	149	
A. Frank	14	14	18	12	20	14	14	20	11		165	149	
Girard	11	13	17	12	11	17	13	14	15	11	165	134	
Brignadello	13	11	19	12	12	19	12	13	19	13	165	143	
Joiner	13	13	17	13	14	18	10	14	18	13	165	143	
Brady	11	11	18	11	11	18	14	13	16	12	165	135	
W. W. Watson	9	10	18	12	12	17	12	7	17	10	165	124	
Lang	11	12	14	11	13	18	14	11	14	14	165	132	
Le Compte	14	12	17	13	14	20	12	14	16	12	165	144	
Skelly	10	15	18	13	12	18	14	13	15	13	165	141	
Wallace	11	12	14	10							65	47	
Heikes	15	15	18	15	15	18	12	15	18	15	165	156	
Squier	14	15	18	14	15	19	12	15	19	14	165	153	
Phil	12	13	18	15	15	20	14	15	18	14	165	154	
T. Clay	10	14	16	8	11	16	12	11	17	11	165	126	
H. C. Watson	14	12	17	11	12	17	13	12	16	9	165	132	
Woodworth	12	10	16	14	13	18	12	11	17	15	165	138	
O'Connell	11	13	17	14	12	17	11	11	16	9	165	131	
Cleveland	7	12	11	12	10	11	9	9	15	12	165	108	

Avery	9	8	15	9	10	15	8	12	8	165	104
Baker	11	9	16	13	15	16	11	13	15	13	165
Sauls	13	15	19	13	12	18	12	14	15	12	165
Pooler	7	9	9	13							65
Rupel	14	14	17	12	14	20	12	14	14	15	165
Hightower	7	11	10	11	10						100
Campbell	9	12	16	13	11	14	11	11			130
English	12	13	15	12	12	16	10	10	20	12	165
King	11	13	18	11	7	14	13	13	16	11	165
Hatchie	10	11	16	10	13	17	11	12			130
Berry	11	13	14	11	8	13	14	14	12	13	165
43	9	14	16	13	13	16	10	10	17	11	165
Blake	14	13	15	13	14	17	13	11	15	11	165
Erwin	14	13	18	13	12	19	14	13	17	13	165
Negus	11	10	15	10	10	17	12	12	13	12	165
Fisher	6	7	7	6	7	8	10	14	15	11	165
Shanahan	11	11	15	14	12	16	11	12	18	11	165
Spencer	11	10	16	11	13	20	15	14	20	14	165
Kaufman	11	12	12	12	4	16	13	12	14	10	165
Burke	13	15	20	13	11	18	13	15	20	13	165
Hawkins	14	14	18	14	15	18	15	13	16	15	165
Wade	15	12	16	15	13	15	15	14	18	13	165
G. Clements	12	12	18	15	9	15	12	11	15	14	165
Bennett	12	9	15	10	10	15	7	7			130
Howard	13	11	16	12	12	16	14	14	18	15	165
W. H. Clements	12	12	19	10	12	16	13	8	18		150
Baggett	12	10	14	11	12	14	11	8	15		150
Broyles	10	14	13	12	10	15	12	15	18	15	165
A. Duncan	12	11	9	11							65
Divine	7	11	15	12	10	12	11	12	7	10	165
Myles	11	12	19	12	14	16	14	12	16	11	165
Darrington	8	11	11	13	12	15	11	13	14	12	165
Thompson	11	11	17	13	12	12	12	11	14	11	165
Capt. Money	10	12	18	15	14	19	12	15	18	13	165
Mackie	12	13	14	15	14	19	12	14	16	11	165
Starr	11	11	17	10	13	12	14	11	17	9	165
Robertson	10	15	14	12	12	16	12	8	17	10	165
Meaders	10	12	13	14	9	14	11	10	17	10	165
Wilkins	9	12	16	9	10	10					100
Legler	10	14	17	12	13	16	10	9	16	14	165
Edgington	12	14	17	13	13	18	13	17	11		165
H. B. Money	15	15	18	15	12	19	13	13	17	14	165
Park											100
Plummer											50
J. B. Duncan											15
Dr. Gragg											15
Weaver											15

June 11, Second Day.

Favorable climatic conditions continued to prevail during the second day of the tournament, and better scores were made than on the initial day.

Rolla Heikes again carried off the honors with the high score of the day. When he completed his day's work he had broken 158 of the 165 blackbirds he shot at. Phil finished second to Heikes, as he did on the previous day. Phil missed but one more than Heikes. The race for high average is a pretty one, Heikes, Phil and Squier being closely bunched.

Among the amateurs, Howard E. Bonebrake, of Weatherford, Tex., shooting under the nom de plume of Howard, did the best work. Howard scored 153, which swells his average for the two days to a total which makes him a possible winner of first average among the amateurs.

Second among the amateurs was Abe Frank, of the local club, who made a record of 152. Hawkins, of Baltimore, who led the amateurs yesterday, fell below his first day's work and finished with 148 to his credit.

In the team shoot Kentucky won, represented by Messrs. Le Compte, W. W. Watson and Clay. Frank, Brignadello and Edgington represented Tennessee and finished second. Le Compte and Watson made straight scores of 25 each for Kentucky, and Clay swelled the total to 69, which gave them three handsome gold watch charms, offered by the Memphis Gun Club. Mr. Bennett, for the local club, presented the charms to the victors. Each charm is a miniature representation of a clay target. Neater designs for souvenirs have not been seen. The scores of the second day follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	
Targets:	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15		at.	Broke.
A. Frank	15	12	18	14	15	18	12	14	20	14	165	152
Brady	11	11	17	13	14	18	14	12	19	14	165	143
Girard	8	..	17	8	11	15	85	59
Joiner	14	12	16	12	12	15	12	13	18	14	165	138
Brignadello	14	13	15	14	10	18	10	13	17	9	165	133
Avery	10	11	9	12	13	11	100	67
Capt. Money	11	14	15	15	13	14	10	14	12	12	165	130
Mackie	11	13	15	13	10	17	11	12	15	12	165	126
Robertson	14	9	14	10	11	18	11	11	18	12	165	128
Meaders	14	11	14	11	10	15	11	12	19	10	165	130
Spencer	12	15	18	8	11	17	15	13	19	11	165	139
Kaufman	6	12	16	10	9	13	13	13	18	6	165	121
Burke	15	13	20	11	13	19	12	13	18	14	165	148
Hawkins	12	15	19	14	13	19	14	13	15	14	165	148
Wade	14	13	18	14	13	17	15	14	17	13	165	148
H. B. Money	14	11	15	12	14	15	13	12	16	13	165	135
Skelley	14	13	16	12	9	19	11	13	17	14	165	138
Howard	14	15	20	13	14	20	12	13	17	15	165	163
Long	12	12	19	8	10	16	10	14	17	12	165	130
Le Compte	14	14	18	12	12	16	11	13	18	12	165	140
Sauls	14	9	18	13	13	17	12	14	17	14	165	141
Legler	12	13	15	13	12	14	13	14	16	12	165	139
Rupel	15	12	17	12	13	18	12	10	19	13	165	138
Plummer	13	13	16	13	11	13	12	13	17	9	165	132
W. W. Watson	11	10	19	9	12	13	100	74
Weaver	11	12	18	13	12	17	15	13	16	13	165	140
Campbell	9	7	15	11	13	18	13	10	14	..	150	110
Starr	8	13	15	12	12	16	10	8	15	12	165	121
English	11	12	15	14	11	20	13	11	17	10	165	133
G. Clements	14	14	15	12	12	18	11	11	16	15	165	159
Blake	13	14	18	10	15	18	15	12	13	14	165	147
Irwin	14	13	15	12	12	18	13	14	19	15	165	145
Negus	11	11	18	11	11	16	11	11	17	13	165	131
Fisher	11	9	13	12	13	17	11	11	13	12	165	121
Shanahan	13	12	15	13	8	17	13	15	16	14	165	136
Iieikes	15	15	19	15	13	19	15	15	18	14	165	158
Squier	14	13	17	14	13	18	14	14	20	15	165	152
Phil	12	15	19	15	15	17	14	15	20	15	165	157
T. Clay	11	12	16	11	10	16	13	8	14	13	165	121
H. C. Watson	12	11	15	13	9	16	12	13	15	13	165	126
Broyles	14	13	15	12	14	18	14	12	17	13	165	142
King	12	14	15	8	11	13	100	73
Berry	12	11	15	9	10	10	100	67
W. H. Clements	12	12	16	12	11	80	63
Baggett	9	11	18	10	13	80	61
Divine	10	10	11	11	13	10	95	70
Miles	15	8	16	13	10	80	62
43	13	11	8	15	15	18	14	14	20	11	165	146
Hatchie	10	9	14	12	11	5	100	61
Thompson	8	10	18	9	12	15	12	10	16	10	165	120
Woodworth	13	13	18	9	12	19	14	13	19	10	165	140
O'Connell	11	10	16	13	12	16	9	15	17	13	165	140
R. Lenoir	8	11	16	10	11	9	13	8	15	10	165	106
Baker	13	12	18	11	15	18	11	14	17	12	165	145
Edrington	12	10	18	13	13	15	15	13	17	14	165	137
Taylor	15	12	13	18	11	14	18	..	120	100
Henderson	16	11	12	16	8	14	14	14	135	105
Darrington	5	6	12	9	13	9	100	64
Bennett	12	13	9	..	50	34
Bailey	1	2	7	5	65	15
Jones	2	5	7	8	65	22
Edwards	7	10	7	9	65	33
Handy	7	8	10	6	65	31
Murphy	1	2	7	4	65	14
Crutchfield	7	..	20	7

FOREST AND STREAM.

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BITS OF TALK.

"He was a beauty, plump three pounds, and as handsome a fish as ever came out of Long Island."

"Where did you find him?"

"In my own brook."

"I thought as much. In these days one does not catch three-pound trout on Long Island waters unless he owns a stream or knows somebody else who does, and will let him in for an hour or two. It is a condition of things which has made an entirely new definition of the successful angler."

"Yes? What do you call a successful angler?"

"A successful angler is one who successfully fishes for an invitation to go fishing in a preserved stream."

"Do you call yourself successful?"

"That is for you to say."

"Well, come down next Wednesday. I guess there is another three-pounder where I got that one."

FLORIDA GREEN TURTLE EGGS.

We note with regret a certain obtuseness on the part of the Florida press with respect to the necessity of putting an end to the robbing of green turtle nests on the Florida coast. When we called attention to the subject some time ago, the Florida Times-Union and Citizen responded that our reasoning had been misapplied, because the only turtle of which the eggs were taken was the loggerhead. And the other day, when Didymus wrote in our columns that the responsibility of preventing the extermination of the green turtle in Florida rested with the press and the State authorities, the St. Augustine Record, which took the Didymus suggestion as applying to itself, made a rejoinder like that of the Times-Union, that it was only the loggerhead and not the green turtle that the eggers destroyed. "The quest of turtle eggs along the Florida coast," the Record said, "has about as much to do with the extermination of the green turtle as the consumption of hens' eggs has upon the multiplication of ducks."

In such a statement as that, of course, the Record is in error. The fact is that the taking of the eggs of the green turtle on the Florida beaches has had a direct effect upon the turtle supply. Dismissing as of no particular moment the circumstances of the particular incident which prompted Didymus to write, it is worth while pointing out that this reply to him which the Record makes shows a most unfortunate unfamiliarity with the life history of the green turtle—unfortunate, because so long as the editors of Florida papers are ignorant of the actual facts we may not expect them to recognize the reform which is demanded and which they might do so much to bring about.

The green turtle resorts to the sea beach and to the shores of inlets and rivers where it deposits its eggs in the sand, to be hatched by the heat of the sun. In former times, if not now, the green turtle, like the loggerhead and others, nested on the Florida coast, and on the shores of such arms of the sea as Bay Biscayne and the Indian and Halifax rivers. Just how far north its nesting range extended in earlier days we cannot say, but south it was found to the Tortugas. Of late years the green turtle supply on the Florida coast has decreased at such a rate as to engage the serious attention of both fishermen and Government officials. Some of the results of an investigation by the United States Fish Commission are quoted in another column. The taking of the eggs is there put down as one of the prime causes of diminution—indeed, it would seem to require no official Government pronouncement to teach us that if we destroy the egg we cannot have the turtle. An appreciation of this great truth prompted United States Fish Commissioner Brice to recommend the prohibition of taking the

eggs. "The green turtle," he wrote in the report quoted, "one of the most valuable of the State's fishery products, needs protection to prevent its extermination. For a term of years, at least, the animal should be unmolested during the period when it seeks the shores to lay its eggs. There should be a minimum limit of weight for turtles that are taken to be shipped or sold locally, in order that the destruction of immature turtles may be prevented. The pernicious and destructive practice of gathering the eggs of this and the loggerhead turtle should be prohibited."

Now it would make for good if the Florida press should address itself to the task of instructing the public on this subject, and to securing the legislation which is imperatively demanded to put an end once and for all to the foolish destruction of green turtle eggs. With the significant facts of turtle diminution to enforce the teaching, this simple primary lesson in fishery economy should not be impossible of inculcation. But first—if the Florida press is to aid in the good work—the press itself must be enlightened, and we trust that Didymus will persevere in his work of instruction.

SNAP SHOTS.

The latest freak of sentimentality and artistic street decoration in New York city consists in a number of small iron bowls affixed to lamp posts and fire hydrants and designed for use as drinking fountains for dogs and cats. The subscription raised by a newspaper for this purpose, the editor announces with enthusiasm, is already sufficient to provide seventy of the dog bowls, and the S. F. P. C. A. president expresses a hope that before the contributions cease there may be so many bowls that every street in New York will have its fountain for small animals, "for no one knows their sufferings in the hot weather." This dog and cat fountain scheme has just enough plausibility to appeal even to people who have no ulterior advertising purpose to serve; but the fact is that it is entirely wrong in principle, and if carried out will be mischievous in its effects. What New York needs is not a supply of fountains for stray dogs and cats, but some effective system of exterminating these vermin. Dogs and cats which have owners and homes should be kept at home and watered there as often as necessary. The only animals which need suffer from thirst on the streets in the hot season are the homeless waifs and strays which are public nuisances. The thing to do with them is to capture them and send them to the pound for humane destruction.

Mr. Wm. Wade, who is greatly interested in the education of blind deaf mutes and is constantly devising new ways to lighten their lives, has demonstrated that the tandem bicycle is admirably adapted to their use for exercise and pleasure. Denied the seeing and hearing which make up for others so much of the gratification of wheeling, they have yet the exultation of swift motion which the wheel affords, and they enjoy this all the more because they are deprived of the rest. With the two conditions met which Mr. Wade insists upon—that the wheel shall be perfectly sound and the rider who controls it shall be competent—the blind member of the tandem team can reel off the miles with perfect safety and unbounded pleasure; and of course for one who is blind just as much as for any other, the beneficial results of wheeling as physical exercise are very great. Recent quest by Mr. Wade for a new wheel for one of his protégés develops the fact that tandem wheels are no longer in the market. From a manufacture, which in the year 1900, according to a census bulletin just at hand, amounted to 3,640, the industry in 1902 has dropped to absolutely nothing.

As we have no dangerous wild animals in this country except the grizzly bear—and he is not dangerous if we keep away from his secluded haunts—it is difficult for us to realize the constant apprehension and terror of wild beasts which must possess the unhappy country dwellers in the tiger and panther infested regions of India. The statistics relating to wild beasts and venomous snakes in the central provinces of that country for the year 1901 have just been published by the authorities. The lists show that 213 tigers were killed, as against 357 human

beings killed by tigers. A curious effect of game extermination is noted in one province, where, because of the famine, the game in the forests had been killed for food for man, and the tigers, being deprived of their wild game food, had had recourse to human prey. In another district the gruesome theory is propounded that man-eating by tigers was stimulated by the fact that the wild beasts consumed the corpses left in the cholera-stricken villages, and thus acquired a taste for human flesh. Among the tigers whose depredations are reported are a number which, because of their record, have won special notoriety as man-eaters, one which was killed had a score of thirty-seven deaths. Of panthers there were killed 519, and the deaths of human beings attributed to panthers were 295. Jackals killed, 75. A considerable mortality is reported as the result of hydrophobia consequent upon people being bitten by rabid jackals. The total number of people killed by wild beasts in the year was 795; and when the deaths attributed to snake bite are included, the total amounts to 1,942. The conditions are said to be growing worse, instead of improving; and increased appropriations to reward the killing of man-eaters have not been effective to check the destruction of human life.

Some of the thrifty folk who make a business of being more humane than the rest of us are wont to, express their pious trust that a time will come when birds will be no longer killed for sport. It is a vain and foolish trust, and they might know it. Grouse and woodcock and quail and wild duck will be shot for sport just so long as birds are good to eat, and as there is satisfaction in "reducing them to possession" by shooting them. The world is not going to give up flesh eating, nor to turn vegetarian, nor fruitarian, nor nutarian. If the sentimentalists who decry shooting have any just cause of quarrel with the bird shooters, they must find it in the original plan of creation, in that very nature of things according to which the birds we call game were made to be eaten and man was made to eat them. The human animal has been killing and devouring other animals from the beginning; and it will go on doing the same thing to the end; and the carping of the professional humane, though kept up for a thousand years, would have no more effect on the system than the voices of so many frogs in the swamp.

Dean Hoffman, who died on Tuesday of last week while on his way from the Ristigouche to this city, was a notable example of the many-sided man of affairs, who with all his multifarious labors, finds time to indulge his taste for angling. Dean of the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church in this city, Dr. Hoffman also managed extensive city real estate holdings estimated to be worth \$10,000,000, was President of the New York Historical Society, a fellow of the American Museum of Natural History, and was a member of many learned and scientific societies throughout the country, and of numerous boards and church and charitable organizations, and belonged to the Century Association, City Club, Robins Island Club, South Side Club, Jekyl Island Club and the Ristigouche Salmon Club. He was an enthusiastic angler, and spent two or three weeks every year on the Ristigouche.

When a notorious old Wall street miser fell ill the other day so that he could not get down to his office, the papers reported that his secretary had improved the opportunity to take a day off—his first vacation in twenty-six years. We are not told how the holiday was spent; if the facts were known, probably we should find that as with the long-term prisoner who, when released from his dark cell, was overwhelmed by the sunlight and begged to be taken back again, this Wall street drudge made a sorry mess of his vacation, and was glad to get back on chain once more.

Dean Sage, of Albany, who died of apoplexy on his preserve on the Ristigouche on Monday of this week, was one of the best known anglers of the country, and of him it may be said that by his scholarly contributions to the literature of angling he did much to adorn his favorite recreation.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Five-Inch Trout.

The legal limit on trout in New York waters is six inches, as all anglers know who want to know, and thereby hangs a tale. There would seem to be a growing belief, nebulous at present, perhaps, but which may hereafter crystallize into a positive conviction, that the trout fry and fingerlings planted by the fish commissioners become dwarfed and never attain a greater length than five inches, or a possible five and a half.

The writer begs to leave the solution of this delicate problem to the scientific gentlemen who have been intrusted by the State with the destiny of the fish in its waters. It was, however, to shed some light if possible on the question as to the average size of brook trout in Eastern New York, rather than in the hope of a big catch, that three of us tickled with the fly a classic stream, distant about 125 miles from the metropolis, during the last days of May, 1902. My two companions are well-known fly-fishermen, both connected with a philanthropic institution in lower Broadway. Skill and experience had amply fitted them for the task. The name of the stream shall remain a secret here. We have no desire to deal a crushing blow at the revenues of two or three of the principal railroad systems converging on Manhattan Island; for, judging by the half-tone literature that emanates from their passenger departments, their fixed charges are paid by the ever-hopeful sons of old Izaak. "The Compleat Angler" is, indeed, the first and greatest example of railroad literature ever published, and like most productions of genius, was long ahead of its time.

The portion of the stream which received the honor of our attention lies more than a score of miles across a mountainous country, from a railway station. We chose it because of its fancied immunity from the plague of flies, of the feathered variety. Yet, upon our arrival, its banks presented the appearance of a May party in Central Park. The essential difference was that the participants were largely able-bodied male adults, waving fishing rods, and wreathed with nets and festoons of fly-bespangled gut, instead of spring blossoms. It began to look as if the railroad corporations were safe from defalcation for the current fiscal year.

"What luck?" we asked, as we slid into our positions in the parade, fresh and eager, in full panoply. "Not much; they're runnin' pesky small." We soon discovered for ourselves that both the adjective and the adverb were appropriate. When the procession was at its liveliest, about 5 P.M., one might look up and down stream and see a number of small objects rising and falling up among the tree tops, flashing in the sun like bits of mica on a hillside. These phenomena were soon explained. Upon investigation we found them to consist of five-inch trout which were continually being yanked out of the brook by the May party. The writer had one hit him square between the eye-glasses from his own rod before he got his hand down to the delicacy required for this Liliputian angling. A little later one of the paraders was obliged to sacrifice his position in the lockstep in order to climb a yellow birch and extract a five-incher from his hook, which had landed among the branches in answer to his strike. At least we had ascertained the average size of the fish; but whether this was due or not to the commissioners' alleged hoodoo, we do not pretend to say.

Seeing these troutlets practically existing in an alien element, the thought suggested itself easily that, in the slow process of time and inobedience to the laws of the origin of species, there will be evolved in the future, in some of the troubled waters of Eastern New York, a winged brook trout. We have the winged horse of mythology. Surely the *Salmo Fontinalis* of the Empire State is rapidly approaching its mythological era. There is a gleam of hope in this. It will at least furnish the fish with a double means of escape, and the fisherman of the future in order to fill his creel, or shall we say his bag? will find it necessary to carry a shotgun as well as a fishing rod.

Be that as it may, I had taken my fifteenth five-incher (he had pitched from a dizzy height on to a cluster of violets) when I resolved to question this panting specimen himself as to how he regarded the important role he was playing in nature's drama.

"Well," said I, while I sat on the bank and took him tenderly off the hook, "here you are. I hope I have not hurt you much?"

"Oh, no," wriggled the little chap. "But I 'spected you'd net me or beach me."

"You didn't give me a chance," I replied. "Does your jaw ache?"

"Nothin' to squirm about. 'Taint my jaw—it's my gills. But I'm used to it now; this is three times I've been out to-day."

"What!" I cried, astonished. "You mean to tell me you have already been caught twice to-day, young 'un?"

"Yep," gasped the five-inch, flitting his tail. "Once on chub and once on a nice fat worm—couldn't resist him when he wiggled."

"How many times," said I, "have you been out since you learned to swim alone?"

"My spots! I lost count long ago. Five times for ev'ry fin, I reckon—What fly did you take me on?"

"The professor; number 10."

"Well, well, I've met the professor often enough to learn somethin' from him," he said, "but I s'pose I ain't got good fish sense yet. Would you mind givin' me a squint at your fly-book?"

"With pleasure; it's always at the service of you and your relations," I put in, as I spread the book before him.

"Ah!" sighed the youngster, "don't jolly me, please—this is no joke book for me," and he ran his glassy eye along the gaudy rows of make-believes, quite in the manner of a connoisseur in a picture gallery.

"You've got a lot of them," he went on, "but I know 'em all. Why there's the Cahill." He flicked a number 12 with the tip of his caudal fin. "Mother went

out for good on a Cahill. She was old enough to know better, but mother was always easy—never tired gaddin' up an' down stream, flouncin' into cut-offs, cuttin' a dash in shallow pools, and nibblin' at bugs an' grasshops on a full stummick. 'Tween you and me an' the landin' net," he quivered along confidentially, "she was a' leetle fond of showin' off, like the rest of her sex. Once a rival of father's, a great swell all over polka dots, called her a 'speckled beauty.' Off she fins up stream with him, an' stayed there till a water snake snipped three or four of her spots off; then she lit out for hum an' lurked there good an' tight."

"Speaking of your other parent," I asked, "what of him?"

"Father? Oh, my fins! Father was a big fish! Had a deep hole all to himself under a mountain ash."

"How big?" I asked, expecting a whopper.

"Well, you'll hardly believe me, but pop was a good seven-inch trout! What d'ye think o' that?"

I turned round to smile, not wishing to wound his family pride.

"What a monster!" I exclaimed. "This sounds like a fish story. But what did the author of your being go out on?"

"Chub. Pop took chub on a Fourth o' July from a summer boarder."

A pathetic little spasm thrilled along his diminutive

sworn he winked at me, his mouth open as if he were about to suck in quietly a particularly silly moth.

"Don't judge all fly-fishermen by me," I begged him. "My two friends, for instance, they—"

"See here," he interrupted, "was that a friend o' yours I met, in the brown Dunlap, with flies in the linin'?"

"Yes, that's The Governor."

"What kind o' fly was that he was castin'?" Looked like a squirrel's tail to me."

"Why, he must have been trying the whirling dun," I hazarded.

"Great hooky! It took a whirl out o' me, sure enough! Scared me half to death!"

"This is not the first time the whirling dun has been used on this stream," I explained.

"Mebbe not; but I guess I was in the air; on one o' my outin' trips, when it passed by before. Ennyhow, the Guv'nor seemed to think this fishin' pretty small bugs, guess, b'cause I heard him say, 'Pshaw, I've had enough of this fry fishing; I'm going home—' an' he went."

"No wonder," I laughed, "The Governor has taken some big fish. Why, he has caught a brook trout weighing seven pounds."

"Seven pounds! A native? You mean seven inches, like's not. 'Scuse the slang, but ain't y' tryin' to git me on a string?"

"No, my dear fingerling," I demurred. "He's got



THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.
Photo by Split Bamboo.

backbone, and I thought he looked into the future with prophetic eye.

"But I don't blame pop for takin' chub!" he added.

"Chub's good! Ever had any?"

"Never," said I; "brook trout is good enough for me."

Here he collapsed utterly on his left side, his jaws agape in the piscatorial tragic mask. He gazed at me with a reproach that touched me.

"Hold me in the brook a minute, quick!" he struggled out. "I'm sinkin' fast."

"There! Now I feel relieved, thankee. But that remark o' yours was a little rough, my friend. You're as hard-hearted as a mink."

Let me confess to a feeling of shame when he called me his friend.

"Pardon me; I did not mean to be cruel," I apologized. "But I took you for a game fish."

He bristled up at this, fins and tail aflutter. His spots glowed angrily, the silver on his sides blazed in the light, and he throbbed out convulsively:

"Well, so I am! Game to my fin tips! I'm a native, I am, an' none o' your fish commissioners' spawn, either, lemme tell you!"

"So, so!" I returned soothingly. "I am sorry I offended you, Fontinalis. You're very touchy for one of your inches."

"Well, we natives are proud of our breedin'. Fact is," said he, "we don't even shake fins with those imported brown Dutchmen. We ain't on the best o' terms."

"I am delighted to hear you say so," quoth I, "my friends and I don't care a brown hackle for all the German trout in the State."

"Your friends? Is there a school of you in the party?"

"Three of us. There are two celebrated fly-fishermen with me from New York."

"Say," said the wee chap, curling himself quizzically, "I kind o' like you fly-fishermen."

"Oh," said I, throwing my chest far out into the landscape, "we're entirely different from the other kind, you know."

"Yeh, there is a big difference," he assented, as he slyly peeped into my empty creel. "You ain't so killin'."

Now, this was not exactly what I was looking for, and my chest measurement shrunk a bit. I could have

the skin mounted in his dining-room, and I've seen it."

"Well, I want to know! Pop wasn't so big after all. Did he ketch him in our brook here?"

"Well, hardly," said I. "He got him in his private pool in Canada."

"Now, honest," he asked, looking me straight in the eye, "what d'ye think o' my chances to tip the scales at seven some day?"

"Well," I answered, pointing my wisdom finger at him, "that depends greatly on your ability to control your appetite, my young gourmand. Don't let the summer boarder worm himself into your confidence, and above all, when you see my other friend, The Mathematician, on the stream, slip under a bank and stay there. Remember that!"

"You mean the tall gen'l'man with the patent fly-book? I think he has sore feet."

"The very man. His boots hurt him."

"Cricket!" said he admiringly, "he can cast a fly, he can—light as willow fuzz—an' he strikes quicker'n a kingfisher!"

"Quite so," I agreed, "and he fished this brook long before your great-great-grandmother ever lay on a fold—spawning bed, I mean."

"Do tell! I saw him pull out my big brother this morning' on a Parmacheene belle—the one that used to boast to the family, under that rock yonder, that no fisherman could ever fool him with a bunch o' feathers."

"That was the pride that went before a fall," I glibly said, rather happily, I thought.

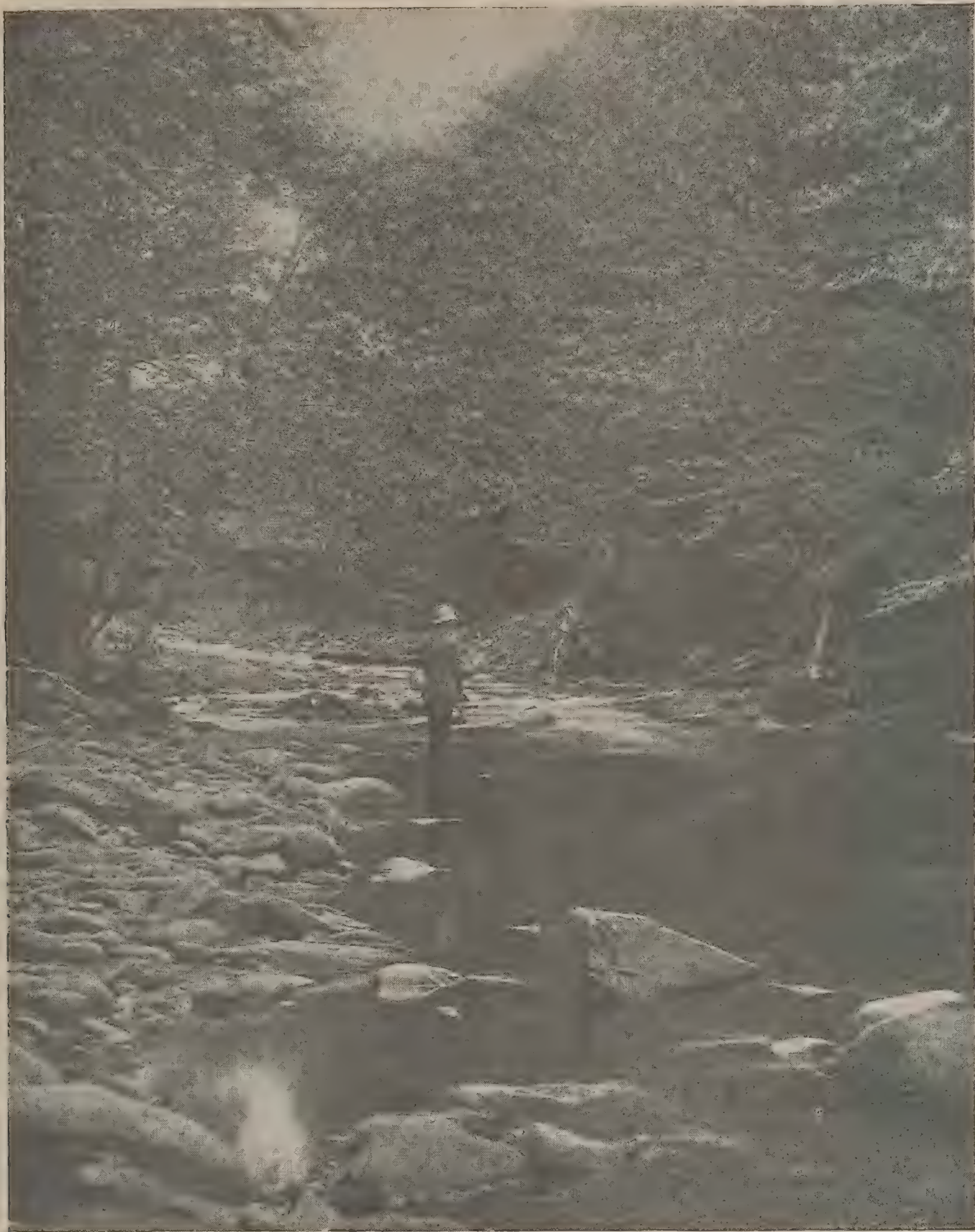
"Seems to me," he spat out, "it went before a rise." And the little fellow wriggled and twisted in his glee at his jokelet, until I feared he would literally die on my hands.

"Hadrn't I better put you back?" I asked him, in alarm. "You are only five inches, you know, and the law won't allow me to take you with me."

"Five inches," he jerked out indignantly. "I must be a full five and a half—measure me again—just this once."

He curved himself in a jiffy and glanced at the end of his tail, then straightened himself out with a snap. He looked almost the legal limit. It was evident that his personal vanity was even stronger than his dread of the frying-pan.

"It's no use," I objected. "I tried to stretch you before."



FINGERLING POOL.
Photo by Split Bamboo.

"Well," he panted, "I don't want to be funny, but I'm just within an inch o' my life, ain't I? I'm afraid I'll have a hard time to pull through to seven pounds—you see, I've got to make a livin' on my own hook. Put me back now, if it's the same to you. That otter has gone down stream, an' I'll get along swimmin'ly."

I let him slip quietly into his native element from my palm.

"Au revoir," I waved after him. "Take care of yourself, my little man." And I raised my cabbage-leaf hat politely.

Faintly, from the dubious shelter of the rock under which he had darted, quick as light, came his generous farewell, poignant with meaning.

"Goodby an' good luck!"

SPLIT BAMBOO.

A Walk Down South.—XXXV.

(Conclusion)

I WENT back to Lock Six after my boat was gone, thinking what would be best to do. I had less than \$6, I would have to pay board till the arrival of the steamboat Avalon, and the fare to Paducah, Ky., where I would get money, was \$6. That was the one thing that made the accident all embarrassing. But this was solved by Captain Curtis. He would introduce me to the captain of the Avalon, and I would be able to go to Paducah without difficulty. I telegraphed for more money than was to be sent, anyhow, so that I could go on the boats without worry as to whether the money would see me through or not. I may as well state now that the total cost of the trip up to the loss of the boat was less than \$125; for this sum I made my way over 600 miles on foot, 200 in stages, trains, wagons and other rides, and nearly 1,000 miles down the river, not counting the 414 miles down and up in the steamer N. B. Forest. From Lock Six to Paducah, 300 miles—to the mouth of the Tennessee that is—cost \$6; from Paducah to Cincinnati, \$7; from Cincinnati to Pittsburgh, \$8 (or \$9); from Pittsburgh to Utica, N. Y., \$10.80. That is less than \$150 all told for five months and twenty odd days.

The four days at Lock Six were the first really restful ones that I had on the way. I sat around or walked about, refusing the offer made by Assistant Engineer W. S. Winn to lend me his skiff to make the rest of the trip to Paducah in it. I heard of the cotton-mouthed snake, rattlers and copper heads, and was glad that I was not to be along the river when these reptiles would come from their lairs. I was an interested spectator when the old cook was catching blue and yellow cat out of the canal from a barge. I watched the flow of the water down the turbulent shoals. The second day two

men came down the canal, as I had done, in a boat on the oars. They said that they had heard of me at intervals along the river, and had been pursuing me from Chattanooga, in the hopes of overtaking me "for company's sake." One of them said he was Dr. A. E. Chamberlain, a physician and surgeon, from Kent City, Mich., and his partner, a professor of music. They had come to Chattanooga, the doctor said, with a load of potatoes in a freight car, and decided to "bum it home" on the river and from Cairo on the "bumpers of the railroad trains." He told of other experiences on the road. He was sorry that I had abandoned the river rowboat life. But I was not, though it would not have reduced the novelty to have had traveling companions. The doctor had felt the suspicion which all men who follow the river in small boats arouse. There are many suspicious characters on the large streams known as river rats, some of whom have left hard thoughts in their trail. House-boatmen, for instance, are generally thought to be thieves, especially on the main rivers. It is so easy to pick up a pig, or a few chickens, and be beyond pursuit before night or morning.

Engineer Winn is an enthusiastic quail hunter, and has many sportsmen friends. Two of them visited him at the Canal last fall and in a week killed nearly 250 of the little dandies. Mr. Winn did not hunt. In low water, especially during November, I was told, the bare rocks which make the shoals are covered with countless wild geese, in flocks of 2,000 or 3,000 or even 5,000 birds. In addition to these are the ducks, equally countless. And yet the men who knew the river twenty years ago say that the ducks are not nearly so plenty as in the old days. They have grown scarce rapidly in recent years, so everyone with whom I talked from the time I got on the Holston in Virginia said. But there was one place that I found where several of the natives said that the "blue pigeons are growing plentiful" again, and that only two years ago, thousands of them had come among the mast trees. That was in Tennessee, in a river wilderness country, where they are not likely to be rediscovered soon.

On March 10, about 10 o'clock at night, the steamer Avalon came down the canal, all aglow and agleam with electric lights. Its coming had been announced hours before from the head of the canal, for it takes long for a boat to come through the locks, and especially around the curves, which are a mystery to the later day engineers, the first ones having followed the shore line of the river, instead of cutting across, as they might have done as easily.

I went aboard the Avalon and to bed. At day break the watchman called me so that I could see the sunrise over the shoals, and to see the boat go out of the lower lock and down the shoals below. The steamer was too large to make it exciting.

I still had some notion of going down the Mississippi and home on a sailing vessel, but this faded away after a look at the map. Such a trip would be too hurried to see much, and it would be better to go up the Ohio. So I settled down to a comfortable ride in the cabin. There was a passenger who made the piano thrill the boat, as well as the listeners, in moving fashion. Like any music on a craft in motion, it sounded better than music elsewhere.

I now began to realize how tired I was after the months of steady endurance. I grew sleepy and dozed most of the hours away. I read some, but paid little attention to the river, and had little talk with any one. Yet I saw the overflowed lands, for the river was very high. In that respect I could see better from the upper deck of the steamer than from my rowboat, but day for day one sees twice as much from the small boat. There is no comparing the two sorts of lives mile for mile. One in a slow and self-manipulated craft sees far more and a great deal more thoroughly.

One fancies that Southern cities are like Mark Twain's river towns, all mud and pigs and straw-chewing house bracers, but the reality is often disappointing—Paducah, for instance. It isn't a Northern city, its inhabitants are not the kind of people one sees in Buffalo, or Brooklyn, or Utica. They walk softly, have sweet voices, and mild eyes, and the men are handsomer, and the women more willowy. There is less of the rush and hurry, as if the people had more time to live and talk and found greater interest in what was under their eyes than what they could find around the corner, or in the next township. But there was a distinct absence of straw-chewing and loutishness. A languid good nature was apparent everywhere, but this must not be mistaken. The type which looks and is capable of smilingly killing its man was there, with all its calm and yet gleaming sway of figure—the knife-like man who first struck my gaze on the east slope of the Alleghenies, back in West Virginia. To see a place where ten per cent of the men one saw on the street were of that sort—not all perfect types, but variously shaded—was an event.

I got a ticket for the City of Pittsburgh, after I was identified at the postoffice by one of the Avalon's pilots. The City of Pittsburgh was due in a few hours and would take me clear to Cincinnati. I ate a lunch in a sort of circus tent where everybody knew everybody. Soon after dark the boat for which I was waiting came, and I went aboard. Five minutes later, in the brilliantly lighted cabin, a man with several days' growth of beard and a crafty eye, asked me what might my business be? I was seeing the country, and learned that he was a tanner with ulterior motives and a desire to play cards, and proud of his prowess in that line. "Yes," he said, "I am something of a gambler." A few minutes later he was dancing a jig in competition with a man of sixty years, rather thickset and of an Italian cast of countenance, the head of a band of gypsies which was on board bound North for the summer.

There were nearly twenty of the gypsies, but I was told that as many as seventy or eighty sometimes made the trip north from Memphis on a boat. They travel first class, and put hundreds of dollars into the hands of the purser to be cared for. "They lead lives of perpetual picnic," one passenger said to me, and from what I saw of the eighteen or twenty on board, they were all smiling and happy, enjoying themselves in most undignified fashion. They had dogs that visited the cabin, to the horror of the colored porter, good horses and fine wagons.

There was music at every meal, rendered by a boy of fifteen or sixteen, whose talents are wasted on rag time and other "up-to-date" music, though he played pieces of meaning with feeling.

Among the passengers was Theodore McKay. He had been down in Louisiana for the winter and had spent twenty days trapping for pleasure. Here is what he got:

Thirteen traps set: First day, 2 coons; 2d, 2 coons, 3 mink; 3d, 1 coon, 1 mink; 4th, 3 coons, 1 mink; 5th, 2 coons, 3 mink; 6th, 3 coons; 7th, 2 coons; 8th, 3 coons; 9th, 3 coons, 2 mink; 10th, 1 coon, 2 mink, 1 wildcat; 11th, 3 coons, 2 mink; 12th, 2 coons; 13th, 1 coon, 2 mink; 14th, 1 mink, (shot 8 mallards); 15th, 2 coons; 16th, 2 coons (shot 1 turkey, 2 ducks); 17th, 4 coons; 18th, 1 coon, 1 mink; 19th, 1 coon (shot); 20th, 1 mink. Total, 38 coons, 17 mink, 1 wildcat, 10 ducks and 1 wild turkey. Beside these he killed 13 coons before he began to trap. The traps were set along bayous and were shifted from time to time. The skins of the animals sold for \$45.35 at Memphis, this including six possums. There are many trappers along the Mississippi who follow the sport as a business, but they miss stretches of good territory where the fortunate amateur can learn a thing or two about the ways of the wild animals. Judging from what I saw and heard, there is no more novel a life open to the sportsman than that on one of the big navigable rivers of the middle West. A day or two here, and a day or two there, dropping down these streams, will take one into strange lands, no matter how familiar he may be with certain sections.

On the Pittsburgh there were two young married couples who went afloat on the Ohio thirty miles below Cincinnati last fall in a house-boat store. They sold goods till they were below Memphis, then sold out for what the boat had cost them, and came home with considerable profits—more than ordinary day wages—in their pockets, and an experience that they had never dreamed of. They took banjos and guitars with them and had something doing every day. On the Pittsburgh one evening we had music of guitar, piano, auto and French harp, which was delightful. In few places is it more easy to become acquainted than on one of the river steamers. Especially is this true of the spring—April and May, I was told, for then there are crowds of pleasure-seekers who make the inexpensive trip round from up the Ohio to New Orleans. Nor does the trip often lack for excitement.

At noon on March 18 we were all standing around waiting for dinner when there was the sound of a scuffle outside, followed by a door being thrust open and the husky mate of the boat came in scrapping with a negro. The negro was hitting back, which was tempting fate,

The mate dragged the negro to the purser's window and asked for the man's time. He had refused to work. The negro, as the mate spoke, hit him in the face. The mate jumped at the negro thereat, but being hampered by a heavy overcoat, was not able to do the occasion justice. The two reeled round the curved forward end of the cabin past the doors. One of these was flung open from the outside, and I got a glimpse of a score of darkies, some of them reaching to clutch the mate and drag him outside. Also I saw the gleam of two or three revolvers. One of the gypsies came up on the run and kicked the negro in the face with a heavy shoe and stunned him. The mate jumped back and drew his revolver; passengers who gathered round scattered, one discreetly behind the big cast iron stove. But at this juncture the captain came on the scene, and as the mate drew down to shoot, the captain grabbed the gun hand. The negro was sent below, and the mate, with my .38-40 Colts tucked in his bosom, followed, and the crew went to work instantly. The trouble began the day before, when the crew thought it was so near home that they need not work any more. They broke into the locker and threw all the cotton hooks overboard so that the cotton could not be got out of the hold. The mate made a cotton hook from old iron, and then the negroes refused point blank to go to work, and refused to be discharged also. The mate had been too easy with shirkers during the trip. Moreover, the negro waiters had struck in the morning—of which the passengers did not learn till they became very sympathetic with the negro whom the mate fought. Then they had it pointed out to them that there were about three times as many negroes on board as white men, and that so long as there were white women on board, the negro hadn't better be encouraged too much. As a matter of fact, there wasn't any danger of a free fight. But I have wondered if there was not some connection between a disorderly gang of roustabouts and the fire that destroyed the City of Pittsburgh and sixty odd lives three weeks after my trip on her.

Save for the boy musician accusing the gambler of stealing a gold ring and getting the ring back again, there was little to be remembered of the rest of the trip to Cincinnati, where I caught the Keystone State for Pittsburgh.

At Pittsburgh S. J. Henderson, manager of the steamboat line, telephoned to the railroad office, and my ticket was sent down to the wharf for me at his suggestion. I was assured that my baggage would be checked by the boy who brought the ticket, but when I got to the railroad station across the river, the baggage man assured me that the basket wasn't checkable, but that doubtless I could "make it right with the baggage man on the train." I preferred to make it right over at the general office, and there the B. R. P. R. R. man told me that it would be right. When I went back to the baggage room they checked my basket with a murmur; I asked where the passenger agent could be found, and there was no more murmur. In fact, they checked my canvas bundle, my rifle and paddle, and took care of my camera till I got ready to board the train some hours later. The excuse for making me make it right was a rule to the effect that nothing save trunks and satchels, or canvas-wrapped bundles should be checked. Nevertheless, "one can make it right with the baggageman."

I got on the train at last. All night I rode homeward. In the morning, at Rochester, I changed cars and quickly I was at Utica, from whence I went to Prospect, where I left the cars for a comfortable buggy. At 4 o'clock on the afternoon of March 25, I was at Northwood. I had been going since 10 A.M. on Oct. 4—five months and twenty-one days.

It was worth making. I can think of no other way of living that would give so great a variety. Nor any one calculated to quicken one's perception more as to what constitutes "living." A man discontented with his style of life, fancying that it is pretty mean and contemptible because it is in a smaller house than his neighbor's, will find plenty of reason to be satisfied after he has shivered in the wind-swept unchinked log cabin of a mountain side, or waded through the mud to a driftwood shanty threatened by a yellow torrent. Drawn, trouble-worn faces were everywhere along my route. Once in a while there were cheeks and eyes that showed the imprint of laughter, but these were few. A mountain trapper, a Dunkard preacher, the Bogans (Virginia), the widow of Thomas Berry, in the Clinch River feud country, and Johnson and his wife—an old farmer couple in New York, for whom I dug potatoes—were about the only ones who seemed perfectly contented with their lot.

The misery of most of those that I saw was because of failure to make money. One old man with 300 or so acres on the Holston River, was in a state of mind because he couldn't lift a mortgage on a farm adjoining which he had purchased "cheap." On the rafts they trembled for fear they would tear up, or the mill owner would not give them all they expected for the logs. In only one place was there actual hunger—there it was because the son wouldn't work for the wages offered. He took oil out of the lamp to put in a lantern, and for the evening we sat in the gloom, intensified by the damp wood burning in the fireplace.

In the mountains of Tennessee the trouble was that one's neighbors had a high "sense of honor," and one could not be sure but what some offended person might shoot from behind the brush—yet they were nearer to happiness, I thought, than those in less sensitive, less primitive localities.

The ease with which a living is secured by men who are never known to work four hours at a stretch, was a cause of perpetual wonderment to me. They hunted and fished, dabbled in the garden, sat around the stove or fireplace when it rained, never six days' rations in the house, and never without a meal ahead. There were more of these the further South I got, and in the Holston River country there was no house so poor, no front yard so barren, or side hill so comfortless that fruit and pork and corn were not to be had in savory abundance. A man with a family of eight told me that he did not see 50 cents a day the year round, but his wife put up 365 two-quart cans of fruit sauce every year. The chief item of expense was sugar to put down the berries

in. That was not exceptional, but just an ordinary mountain river family. All his neighbors did likewise. To sell corn and other produce and get rich at it was what worried the people who ate good fruit and meat and bread every day in the year. Some of these men were migrating to Texas and the West, thinking life would be better there. They could not understand that contentment comes from one's own head.

In northern Alabama was the most misery. Corn and pork seemed to be the only article of diet for man and beast, and for three years the corn crop had been practically a failure. Corn was dearer than wheat, but everybody bought it. They had the corn habit and had to have it.

Probably, surely in fact, there was no other way in which one could get so good an idea of the size of the nation. The distance from Utica to Owego, N. Y., must always seem to me to be further than that from Buffalo to New York, because I walked that way, and the other I know at best only by the bicycle—and this last is much further than by the railroad trains.

I may say in closing that the idea of walking across country was given to me by reading some of the books of Thoreau, who walked further into the regions of nature than any one whose writings I have read—but he seldom went more than ten or twelve miles from Concord, Mass. I saw no country so tamed that a camping place could not have been made where there were thick woods, and on the river I traveled scores and scores of miles unseen by mankind—could have gone the whole length of the river down to Mussel Shoals without sleeping in a bed, and speaking only when it was necessary to buy supplies. But it was better to be sociable.

I was surprised at the wildness of the land.

"All good things," Thoreau says, "are wild and free." "I believe that there is a subtle magnetism in Nature, which, if we unconsciously yield to it will direct us aright. It is not indifferent to us which way we walk. There is a right way"—and each one must decide for himself whether he will go through a park, around a town, cross lots, or straight away along the side of a mountain range.

Last of all. It was not easy. There were physical hardships, and worse mental ones—for one is not always his own best companion. But a young man could not fail to profit by thus brushing along the rough sides of Nature, and he appreciates the soft places when he comes to them, as he does not fail to do at intervals.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

1 Old-Fashioned Coon Hunt with Bill Jones.

If a friend had not presented me with a full-blooded English foxhound, I probably should not have made Bill Jones' acquaintance, and in that event this story would not have been written. The dog—he was a beauty—was delivered at my suburban home, and four nights later he mysteriously vanished. I consulted the bald-headed commuter. He scratched his chin thoughtfully. "Better see Bill Jones," he said.

He was painting his front gate, but seemed to know me the instant I accosted him. I thought I detected a momentary gleam of pained surprise in his mild blue eye, but his greeting was effusive. His freckled face kindled in a smile that fairly scorched the roots of his chrome-yellow thatch, thereby calling attention to the fact that his four upper front teeth were missing, and the grasp of his great hairy paw lost nothing of its cordiality from the fact that it was copiously smeared with moist, green paint. There was six feet one of Bill Jones—mostly paint and smile. He was raw-boned and shambling; long of limb and somehow suggested that the several parts of his anatomy were strung together on wires like that amusing little toy, "the climbing monkey." As for his age, call him twenty. He had not seen my dog.

"Bill Jones," I said, "if you find that dog before tomorrow night and deliver him at my place, there is \$5 in it for you. If, on the contrary, through any unforeseen concatenation of fortuitous circumstances, that hound shouldn't reach home before my return from the city, there will be trouble. Bill Jones, big trouble—and may the Lord have mercy on your soul! Do I make myself perfectly clear to you?" Jones said he reckoned so, and when he turned up the following evening with the dog and a circumstantial story of how he had rescued it from the cow corral of a nameless Portuguese rancher out near San Anselmo, I solemnly complimented him upon his ability as a detective, handed him the half-eagle, and by so doing won the lasting regard of Bill Jones. Six months passed before I met him again. The deer season had come and gone; so too the ducks and the quail. The trout streams had been fished out; the striped bass had deserted their customary feeding grounds about the rocky points at the mouths of the sloughs. It was that uncomfortable portion of the year when the well man, eager for exercise, is reduced to a choice between golf and ping-pong. I had been passing the evening at a friend's house, and at 11 o'clock was strolling homeward down the eucalyptus-bordered avenue, lighted only by a harvest moon, when I became conscious of a slouching figure, followed by three dogs, rapidly approaching. It was Bill Jones. His smile and the missing teeth betrayed him instantly. Yes, those dogs were his—he was going 'coon hunting. "There's slathers of 'coons up around the vineyards," he remarked. "You know Mike Bass? Well, me and him and the dogs got four last night—big ones. What do I do with them? Skin 'em for their pelts; eat 'em sometimes. Don't care an awful lot about 'coons for eatin'. Them dogs is trained a-puppose. You jest oughter see that old three-legged setter work on a scent. Fun? Well, say, it is jest the funniest kind o' fun you ever seen—funnier than a three-ringed circus. Say, mister, why don't you come along some night? I'd be real proud to have you"—and before I realized what I was doing, I had pledged myself for a 'coon hunt with Bill Jones.

The rendezvous was my place, the hour 10 P. M., and after a hearty collation, for we intended to hunt until daybreak, we sallied forth into the crisp night. There

were four in the party—Bill Jones, a friend of his whom he casually addressed as Razors, a friend of mine, whom for the purpose of this narrative I shall call Bob, and myself. Bill Jones had his three dogs with him, and frowned down Bob's suggestion that the pack should be increased. "Them dogs o' mine knows their business," he remarked, sententiously; "most fool dogs don't. That Irish tarrier thar can come, however," indicating my Paddy; "he looks kinder smart."

A brisk walk of three-quarters of an hour placed between us and the slumbering town a projecting ridge of the coast range, which we crossed by a narrow gap, locally known as the Porter Swallow—doubtless Puerta Suela, a reminiscence of Spanish days. Before us lay a great salt marsh extending far out into the silver-streaked waters of the bay. This sea of shimmering tules rippled and broke at the foot of the granite bluff 'long which we walked in Indian file, the dogs quietly following. Here Bill Jones called a halt. "Hold that tarrier of yours. Here, you, Rocks, git," addressing his old three-legged setter. "Daisy, git a move on you!" This to a curious-looking mongrel, two parts terrier and the rest conundrum. To his third dog, King, a noble Virginia deer hound, displaying strong bloodhound characteristics, he gave no orders, and the animal remained passively beside us, and assumed an expression of utter boredom, as though he took not the slightest interest in the proceedings. At first sight, the appearance of Bill's curiously assorted canine live stock had awakened doubts in my mind as to their prowess, but this speedily resolved itself into admiration as we watched the intelligent animals do their work. The lame setter ranged and quartered widely through the tules, casting to the right and then to the left, and covering every inch of the ground, a silent, throbbing, thinking engine of bone, sinew, muscle and electric force. The cur on the contrary was everywhere at once and nowhere long, ki-yiing voiceferously the while, and although he was 'visible in the tules, most of the time, we had no trouble in tracing his movements by his falsetto squeaks. Suddenly, from away out near the center of the marsh, arose a short, sharp bark. It was the old setter. A second later it was repeated. "King, go see what Rocks has got," said Bill Jones in his ordinary conversational voice. King uncurred himself lazily, smoothed the deep wrinkle of chronic ennui from his forehead, stretched himself and struck a bee line for the point whence Rocks' bark had come. "It took me a powerful long time to learn him that," commented Bill Jones. "Any fool hound will follow a scent, but I learned this hound to follow his hearin' until he strikes the scent. Rocksy gits fooled on scents once in a while, but nothin' ever fools King—hark!" Across the marsh boomed the deep-chested bay of the hound and the rocks caught up and echoed it. We sprang to our feet. "Sit still, sit still!" cried Bill; "tain't no use trapezing round in them tules. Jest as likely they will tree him this side as t'other."

Like Napoleon, Bill Jones believed in destiny, and he also knew that it was no part of the duty of a great commander to throw himself into the thick of the fighting. So coolly resuming his seat upon a boss of rocks and motioning to his field marshal, Razors, to pass him the tag end of his plug of tobacco, he watched the tide of battle ebb and flow at his feet. But sitting still was out of the question for the rest of us. The dogs were now in full cry, Paddy included, and the marsh resounded with the uproar—yelps, howls, barks and bellows blended to make a doggy symphony that stirred the blood and made the pulses tingle. So it was that primeval man did his hunting, and centuries of "biled shirts," to say nothing of a decade of stalking with the camera, have wholly failed to eradicate the savage thrills which pulsate through his gentler progeny when, with glowing cheek and kindled eye, he hears his fellow hunters of the long ago pursue their prey. It was with amused astonishment that I observed that my usually placid friend Bob was hopping up and down and howling like a dancing dervish, until it dawned upon me that I too was displaying undue excitement, and that the roars, "Give it to him, Paddy," which smote my ear now and again, proceeded from my own throat. Even Razors, to whom it was an old story; caught the infection, and brandishing a long pole which formed part of his equipment, yelled his encouragement. The din of the chase swung over toward the uplands, across the marsh, and then swung back again. It was coming our way. The hound was in the lead, nose down, the others tagging after. Outward they circled around a promontory a thousand yards beyond us. Bill Jones sat up. "They'll tree him sartin' 'tween hyer and the brick yard," he remarked; "Razors, give me another chaw." Just then an obligato of howls rent the air. "Treed," cried Jones, and he began running. We all ran. Over rocks, through brush and briars that mad chase lay. Up over a hill, around the point of rocks and down the slippery slope of a well-wooded gulch, we sprawled and stumbled, the howling of the pack resounding in our ears. At the edge of the timber Razors' long pole became entangled in Bob's legs, and he shot downward twenty feet head first, bringing up in a snarl of blackberry vines. Nobody minded, least of all Bob. "Jimmiey Christmas!" he said, and was up and off again. The bottom of that cañon was as dark as the proverbial inside of a cow. Bill Jones' long legs brought him to the tree first—it was a gigantic laurel with wide-spreading limbs and dense foliage. The dogs crouched around the bole gazing upward with eager-eyed expectancy, and giving tongue for all they were worth. "Shet up," said Bill Jones. "Razors, gimme that pole and flare. Mister"—this to me, who bore the only weapon of the party, a .22-caliber rifle—"when I flash him, you shoot." While he was speaking, Razors had filled an old tin campaign torch with coal oil, and had screwed it into the socket of the pole, and Bill Jones had kicked off his boots. While these preparations were going on the pack stood around and drooled in rapture. With monkey-like agility, Jones swung himself into the tree and reached for the torch, and at that very moment a large, black body whistled past my ear and struck the ground a few feet beyond me with a thump. The next instant I was on my back, while the pack in full cry raced over me. "Ginger, that was a fox!" cried Jones, and we were immediately in hot pursuit. Up the hill, across a rocky ravine, then up it, through a beflowered mesa, and then down hill again—

whither the din led us! It was a stiffish country for a novice, and one, I know, had "bellows to mend" long before the canine chorus assured us that the fox had treed. As we straggled down a slippery incline toward the marsh, a glance assured us that this time we had him. At the very top of a scrawny scrub oak, overhanging a fetid pool that glimmered in the moonbeams, he crouched, while on a bough half-way up the tree stood Paddy, rending his soul with howling. "That dog of yours will sartin fall," remarked Bill Jones, and no sooner had he said it than Paddy slipped from the bough, fell ten feet, caught another bough, straightened out, and recommenced his howling, where it had been momentarily interrupted.

"Quick!" cried Jones; "fox is goin' to jump."

Phut! The bullet struck him, but not an instant too soon. With a magnificent bound the brave animal cleared the circle of dogs and men and was off; but he ran heavily. It was all over before we could reach him. He came to bay on a shelf of rocks in a small ravine to the left of us. We heard his shrill, uncanny bark of defiance twice, and then a growling and a snarling and a crunching. It was not pleasant. Bill Jones rushed forward to save the pelt. It seemed impossible to realize that this hideous, shapeless mass of blood and fur that the dogs were snarling and fighting over had been but a moment before that beautiful wild thing instinct with life and the love of liberty, whose eyes had glared a challenge at us from the tree top.

"Oh, hang it, Marin, let's get out of this!" said Bob. "Same here," said I.

We broke it gently to our host. He was displeased. Explanations seemed lost upon him. "Well, I dunno," he said, "I never shoot foxes nor 'coons, neither—jest shake 'em down casual-like, and them dogs and Razors does business with 'em. Howsomever, sence you feel that way, you needn't have no hand in the killin'. I'll do up the next one with a club. It was then that Bob and I realized that Bill Jones lacked soul. Toward the summit of the ridge we moved, a grumpy procession, Razors in the rear bearing the brush. "We'll go home by this trail," remarked Bill Jones, and turned into a patch of stunted pine that capped the mountain. Suddenly the old hound stopped, sniffed and raising his head, gave tongue. Paddy's red pelt bristled and he growled. A second later the entire pack was howling in unison at the root of a tall pine on a little bench a few yards below the trail. "Treed again!" yelled Jones, as he rolled down the bank. We followed. The torch was kindled and its light showed a large, round, slippery trunk, and the nearest branch twenty-five feet above us. Bill's boots were off; he embraced the tree and started to climb. "I'm gettin' thar," he said, and then—a savage snarl, a yell from Jones, a ripping sound of rending clothing, a louder yell from the stricken Razors upon whom he alighted, the swish of a heavy body projected from a height, a howl of agony from the old hound, a yelp from Paddy, a scampering, and utter darkness as the lantern thrown by the luckless Razors struck a tree trunk! Finally order was restored, and the ambulance corps got into operation. King's flank was laid open for six inches, almost to the bone; Paddy's back bore three great claw marks, Razors was suffering from a lame shoulder, and Bill Jones' frontal exposure suggested that he had been curry-combed. The rest of us, dogs and men, escaped scathless.

"What in thunder was it?" we asked.

"Lynx. I stuck my face right up ag'in him. He was settin' on that thar durned bough. Razors, gimme that plug of tobacco."

Thus ended our 'coon hunt.

SAN RAFAEL, Cal.

MARIN.

BLUE MT. LAKE, June 20.

Adirondack Notes.

Half the time one has to look twice and then stop and think to know where he is. Why? Because it has been so cold and rainy much of the time that the region scarcely looks natural, and the air certainly does not feel natural for this time of the year. Even this sunny afternoon a fire is necessary in the sitting room. Not many days is it otherwise thus far. Residents tell me March was warm and sunny, but it was the old story of the ground hog in February, spring came out only to return to its hole. April was wintry and the weather has been cold ever since.

Fishing has been very good both in the lakes and streams. Recently Mr. Bevins, a merchant here, caught a lake trout weighing 14½ pounds. Several large brook trout have been taken from the lake. Miss Gibson, of Brooklyn, caught one 11 inches long on a small silver spoon hook generally used for bass. Mr. Rufus C. Allen, of that city, is the veteran sportsman here so far. Notwithstanding his 85 years he came early to enjoy the fishing and enters into the sport on lake and stream with the enthusiasm of years ago. Moreover, he is successful and does not need help in landing his fish. Doubtless his annual visits here have not only contributed to his longevity, but to the constant, cherry sunshine of his temperament which makes him a favorite wherever known. He believes with Garfield that "every character is the joint product of nature and nurture," and that God's works in nature are among the best helps to right nurture. It is an indication that the number of such believers is increasing year by year when Adirondack hotels are booked full for August early in June. That is the case with some of the best here and at Raquette Lake. The excellent transportation facilities afforded by the N. Y. Central help both these places. Boats of the Raquette Lake Transportation Co. connect with trains, so that three times a day passengers can leave New York for this place, or the reverse, and make quick connections and good time. This, of course, relates to the summer schedule only. The old route via North Creek and the stage line, is also in operation.

So are the lumbermen.

"'Tis true, 'tis pity, and
Pity 'tis, 'tis true."

FOREST AND STREAM has stood squarely against this devastation of the forest. So have most of its correspondents. If only the people could realize the mis-

chief that is being done, it would be stopped, politics or no politics, "pull" or "no pull." Let us hope (and labor) that realization may not come too late. In this matter we need not only "line upon line," but "eternal vigilance."

Deer are said to be abundant and in good condition. The winter was favorable to them because of the comparatively short period of heavy and deep snow. Last season a well-known and reliable guide had an amusing experience while still-hunting. At moderate range he shot a doe through the neck with a .338-55. On coming up he found the deer down, but not dead, so shot her again through the head, but a little low. Then she jumped and ran. Then a fine buck, hitherto unseen, though close at hand, sprang into sight, ran off a little way, turned and came back to short range and stood still facing the hunter. Slowly the .38 came to shoulder, a bead was carefully drawn, and — click went the hammer of an empty rifle. Quick search revealed the utter absence of more cartridges, and the buck evidently enjoyed the situation more than the hunter. If the buck did not laugh he had reason to, while the guide probably felt like doing something else. He did it. Following the wounded doe, he soon found her, and as he again ran he pursued, caught and threw her down and himself on top of her. This position he had no sooner taken than she kicked him off, and when he tried it again she proved that she was as good a repeater as he was. She grew stronger with exercise and kicked most of his clothing off. Meantime the buck thought he would take a hand in the game, and came close up with his hair bristling. His aspect was so threatening that the guide seized his rifle and clubbing it, drove the buck away to a safe distance, and then returning finished the doe with a knife. The buck came back part way and watched the "dressing-out" process. This incident does not prove anything re large vs. small calibers, nor does the following experience of the writer, but it is given lest the heated discussion of that question should cool too suddenly. A few years since I shot a small deer with a .30-30. Head and shoulders were in the bushes and the deer was walking, so that a body shot was the only one possible. It was quickly taken and the deer as quickly dropped, turning almost upon its back, but immediately jumped and ran, the bushes hiding it and preventing another shot. It was nearly dark and I at once took the trail to secure my deer. Going about 200 yards I was close up and heard the deer jump up and run, but could not see it. Imprudent following cost me the deer. I knew it was shot through the body and must succumb. Had I gone quietly to camp and waited till morning, I would undoubtedly have found the deer dead where it laid down and where I started it again.

Was the rifle at fault? No. I have known of deer similarly shot with a .44 or a .45 going off and traveling a long way. Was "the man behind the gun" at fault? Not in the shooting, but in the immediate pursuit. As stated, the incident proves nothing re large vs. small calibers. Yet, perhaps proves as much as some other incidents on which strong statements are based. The fact is that often circumstances unstated and perhaps unnoted enter into a case and modify it so much as to invalidate the argument based upon it. Nevertheless, much of the discussion is good and I hope it will go on till the ideal sporting rifle is produced. And I hope it will be American—and a Winchester. We shall need it when we can hunt elk in the Adirondacks. That is coming, for the elk have been often seen and are doing well.

JUVENAL.

Second Annual of the Uneasy Club.

WHEN the Uneasy Club folded its tents last fall and the "3 Bs" began to "hike" homeward, it was with the understanding that the 1901 meeting should be at a point near the South Dakota-Nebraska boundary, where the tumbleweed rolls in the October breezes over the sand-hills reminding one of the good old days when the buffalo roamed those same oceans of grass.

A wedding, in which "Bob" was an indispensable figure, made an excuse for his failure to be on hand for this trip, which, of course, we were obliged to honor; and a nine-pound boy, an obstacle fully as insurmountable, prevented "Burt" donning his hunting togs for the occasion, but the writer, not to be disappointed in his annual outing, and not averse to going alone if he had no chance to choose his company, wrote the "Whole Thing" of the "Never Lead 'Em" society of Omaha-on-the-Missouri, for pointers as to prospects and conditions in the sand hills country, and in due time received a reply quoting the Lacey law and the Nebraska game law, which is calculated to make a non-resident "gun-shy" when he knows that the conditions there are generally favorable for the killing of the maximum number of birds allowed by law every day, but under that law he is only permitted to carry home one day's killing.

That settled it, for it is in the constitution and by-laws of the Uneasy Club that as many appreciative friends of the club as can be shall be accommodated from the bag. Even an invitation to "Come on and join our party, and we will feed the Indians on our surplus game," was not an inducement, as my acquaintance with the noble red man is limited; I might say I have not a personal friend among them—unless it be with a tribe of "Indians" who are known to all frequenters of trapshooting tournaments, who adopted me under the name of "Scalper," owing to a fondness for shooting pigeons out of bounds. With all these discouragements and the never-ending drought and the prospects of a lonesome trip, all that was left of the Uneasy Club started two weeks earlier than usual for the scenes of last year's struggles in Arkansas on the St. Francis River. Arriving at Bertig I found the river a disappointment, it having succumbed to the prevailing drought until there were shallows a canoe could not float over where a small steamer sailed a year ago. The waters, clear and sparkling as ever, were without their thousands of bass that ordinarily glide about in the depths, they having instinctively gone down stream as the season's unusual drought advanced, not to return until high

water, which will not likely materialize before early spring. Aside from the thousands of turtles, which at that time had not gone in winter quarters, and a few despicable dogfish, the river was deserted. Not so, however, with Bagwell's Lake, which under normal conditions is really a bayou, but at present a series of land-locked pools full of hungry bass, crappie, pike and catfish. The Buffalo Island Hunting and Fishing Club was full of the disciples of Izaak Walton, and I must confess that I felt a little lonesome among them, for I have been at the shrine of Diana since I was big enough to follow the dogs or carry a gun. I had, however, come prepared to fish if nothing better offered, and as everyone was on the jump to get to the lake, I began looking up a guide, but found the whole crowd engaged. A very polite and jolly old German, whose partner had got enough and gone home the evening before, saw my evident disappointment and extended me an invitation to join him, which I did, and we got along splendidly and had a delightful day of it, and what is more, had as good a string of bass in the evening as any of the others, although we took it easy, moving about very little during the day.

Packing twenty-three fine bass, my share of the catch, in a large minnow tank, they were soon on their way to the fellows in the office at home, on whom I depend for the verification of my fishing stories. Why they never reached their intended destination and how I found the empty tank at a junction point ten days later, is a story I do not like and one the boys refuse to verify, therefore I will not dwell further upon it, for I once had a similar experience with two dozen selected mallards for half as many friends, who, when they heard my explanation, reminded me that it was the same old story in a little different way.

Just at dusk in came a gentleman and his wife (of Chicago), who with the acknowledged best "game" guide in Bertig, had been camping in the woods for several days. When they displayed three wild turkeys as the result of their trip, I was ready then and there to get into my hunting clothes and be off, as I was determined to bag a turkey this trip or perish in the attempt—which I nearly did later on. I also decided I would employ this guide and at least learn a little of woodcraft, in which I was sadly deficient, having done all my earlier hunting in open country.

We arranged a trip next day to Gum Island, the scene of last year's campaign with deer and turkeys, and on the trip up the river it would have been amusing to an observer to see us try to draw each other out. The guide, a silent, confident native of the "loyal friend and dangerous enemy" type of character, seemed intent on my showing my ability as a shot before I should be taken into his confidence, and I determined to "show him" at the first opportunity. This came when a flock of mallards settled down ahead of us in the flags, and we proceeded to get as close to them as possible by pushing the canoe into the flags opposite them. The birds were in good cover and we only succeeded in flushing them after a series of Indian warwhoops. When they arose at long range and we brought down three of them, the ice was broken, and from that time on I got a goodly stock of information, and we were quite chummy during the remainder of my stay. He told me how, if his instructions were followed, a hunter unfamiliar with these vast forests might go where and when he pleased and have no fear of being lost—and I am inclined to think he is entirely right.

Pulling in a mile below the landing at Gum Island, on the "Overflow" we landed, and were walking where a year ago the water would have been knee deep, and here among the willows and spyress-knees we found deer signs, but the oozy mud and dense growth of saplings made hunting next to impossible, so we headed for the island proper, separating as we started to meet again in the middle of the afternoon. After wandering around for an hour or two I heard the report of a gun and the yipping of a dog, which thoroughly disgusted me, for if anything will start a bunch of turkeys out of the country it is the senseless barking of a mongrel pup. I thereupon sat down on a log and went to studying the birds and squirrels after the manner of a certain popular writer, but not so intelligently. Immense flocks of blackbirds would swing in from the swamps, settle in the tops of the trees and then were away again, and small flocks of robins on their way to the sunny South would take their place. A beautiful snowbird, the first of the kind I had seen for years, seemed to be paying me a visit, and he chirped and hopped about from twig to twig for a minute or more. Years ago, before the English sparrow began to monopolize the streets and city trees, these snowbirds were quite common in the Mississippi Valley. Next came the most beautiful scarlet tanager, which hopped about nearly as long as the snowbird. I am told that he has a song, but he failed to favor me, much as I should have liked to hear it. Then came a "flicker," his golden wings flashing in the sunlight, and a sapsucker, both hammering away and searching in the same saucy old way they did when we boys used to shoot them from the tops of high dead trees. With the same old spirit and anxiety to "soak" the old yellowhammer, I found myself reaching for my gun and "daring him to fly; then it occurred to me that I was not killing just then, and the flicker went on hammering until I thought his teeth would be loosened, then he said something to the sapsucker, and they both flew away in that jerky way peculiar to woodpeckers, which convinced me that I should have missed if I had shot. Then a large shadow moving past made me start, and I looked up to see an owl as big as a small turkey fly by and light near me in plain sight. Again I reached for my gun, but once more restrained myself, thinking that if the other birds had interested me, this one, noted for his wisdom, might also; and while we stared at each other, the thought of the Irishman who called the owl "a broad-faced hen," made me laugh, which evidently was not reassuring to the owl, for he flapped off the limb and was gone in a jiffy.

I was congratulating myself on the good time I was having with the birds in the capacity of visitor instead of slayer, when I was startled by the sound back of me of the pat-pat-pat of what I thought for an instant surely was a turkey, and it brought me back to business with

my heart pounding in anticipation of a shot at a big gobbler the next moment, when out of the thicket rushed two fox squirrels in a mad race, evidently at play. They scampered about in the fallen leaves, then leaped to the trunk of a tree and chased each other up one side at a dead run, and clawed and scrambled and fell down the other much like two kittens, only a great deal rougher. Several times during their chase I could have killed both of them with one barrel, but refrained, as I have yet to find the sport in shooting squirrels with a shot gun; later I saw a dozen or more, all seeming to be having a good time. The different bird notes soon had me guessing, and I spent twenty minutes trying to locate one whose peculiar and delicate whistling call was entirely new to me, although the bird may have been common enough in that latitude, which is quite unfamiliar to me.

My guide came up and disturbed my visit with the birds with the remark "The stuff is off—did you hear that dog?" I had, and had not moved a step since I heard the noisy brute.

Taking the trail back to the boat, we explored the overflow and found plenty of deer signs, but decided the walking dog was still busy on the island. We launched the boat and floated along lazily, for it was a typical Indian summer day, and too warm in the sun for comfort. We found everything dull and quiet at the club house, everyone being away on different excursions, so I scribbled a note to Burt to inform him that if he did not pray for rain or rough weather the Uneasy Club stood to get "skunked" completely.

Next morning my old German friend prevailed upon me to go fishing again, as it was his last day's outing. We started off early and were soon located at the same log where two days before we had decided we had caught about all of them. We soon changed our minds, however, for with selected minnows we landed over a dozen bass in short order, and, as usual, while I did not catch as many as my business-like friend, I got the big one, a three-pound black bass. I later thought my record spoiled when my German friend hooked what I thought must be a monster channel catfish; and what a fight was going on as I hurried up to help him, when with a leap clear out of the water an eight-pound dogfish showed himself—a fish as thoroughly disliked as a snake, but with the redeeming feature that he will fight. Convinced that my three-pounder was still the prize winner—for no true angler will string or count a dogfish—we proceeded to club the brute to death and tossed him out where the razorbacks would make short work of his ugly hulk. The guide, who had been down the lake bailing out an abandoned dugout, had secured a piece of board for a paddle, and by sitting in the stern could keep the bow, which was badly decayed, out of the water. With this ungainly craft and my steel rod, which I never supposed could be used as a fly rod, he proceeded to attach leader and bucktail flies and paddled out and began to cast. Shades of Izaak Walton! This guide was an artist! and I found myself following him up and down the pond in deepest interest and admiration, and when twice he landed doubles I was tempted to make him surrender dugout, rod and flies and let me be "it" awhile, when I remembered that I could certainly not manage the boat any better than I could cast a fly, and so I continued to be an onlooker—and right there I promised myself I would learn the art of casting before ever I claimed to be an angler. How like a pothunter I felt after taking all my catch with a gaudy bobber to tell you when to pull, and a big minnow that any fish would bite at!

That evening, while I helped my old friend pack up for his trip home, I was sincerely sorry to have him leave, as we had become extremely friendly, and he was every inch a sportsman and good fellow. However, with favorable weather I knew I would have to desert him for the strenuous task of killing enough ducks for the fellows at home, and the bagging of a turkey, which were still on the programme, and he could not have joined me on these trips as much as I should have enjoyed having him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

To the Snow Line of the Himalayas

(Continued from page 488.)

The forests on the southern slopes of the mountains contain great quantities of oak trees and a pine locally called cheer (*Pinus longifolia*). They are usually not very close together, and grass grows underneath them. On the slopes facing the north, the soil is more moist, and, in addition to oaks, there are other species of pine, some very tall, and large weeds of various kinds grow underneath, with a dwarf kind of bamboo in warm hollows. (I believe this is *Arundinaria falcata*.) There was a tree with leaves like the European holly, but it grew to a height of at least fifty feet, with a trunk two or three feet in diameter. It is probably an ilex. The most beautiful of all the trees is a cedar called deodar, a name meaning gift of God. It grows, in places, to a height of 150 feet or more, and the foliage is something like that of the American tamarack. The extremities of the young twigs curve downward in a graceful manner. Its timber is excellent for a variety of purposes. In many parts chestnut and walnut trees are common. The villagers grind the walnuts and press out the oil, which is used in cooking. In deep, hot valleys there are wild date palms of small size.

During one of the marches through a thick fir wood, we were passing round the upper end of a ravine when an enormous marten ran past us thirty yards distant. I happened to be in front, carrying the shotgun, and killed him with a charge of No. 5. Some days afterward I killed another, and S. had the skins of both of them preserved for stuffing. We were shown a cave where the hillmen said a bear lived. It had two openings, separated by a pillar of rock a few yards wide, so I went, rifle in hand, in at one hole and out of the other, but the bear was not at home. While strolling with one of the coolies in the neighborhood of a camping ground, S. saw and killed a barking deer.

Although our tents were small, the hills, even near the villages, were so steep that there was often much diffi-

culty in finding a spot sufficiently level for pitching them. Sometimes we were obliged to rest the legs at the foot of our bedsteads on large pieces of rock before we could lie in an easy position for sleeping.

The paths from one halting place to another were at times over a very awkward kind of country. On one occasion we had to climb a wall of perpendicular smooth rock, perhaps thirty feet high, by putting our hands and feet into small holes which the Puharries had chiselled out for the purpose. The coolies seemed to prefer walking over uneven ground. If the regular path went round the base of a hill to a camp on the other side, they would go straight over the top with their loads. The only time they showed signs of real fatigue was during a march where the whole road was almost level. They then straggled in, one behind the other, half a mile or more apart. Every day they stopped once or twice to refresh themselves with a smoke. S. and I were non-smokers, and the coolies, having no pipes, made a substitute for one in a singular manner, which I have never seen elsewhere. Selecting a smooth and rather damp piece of the path, they bored two holes meeting each other under the surface. In one they inserted a leaf folded in the shape of a cone, and in the other a leaf rolled so as to form a tube. Tobacco was put in the former and lighted. Then each man in turn lay flat on the ground, took three or four whiffs and drew as much smoke as possible into his lungs, holding it there until it made him cough. Fig. 5 shows how the leaves are used.

While journeying through a narrow valley at the foot of a wooded slope, I saw a large eagle sitting on the ridge of rocks above the trees. I fired the two-grooved rifle with the 200-yard leaf sight raised, but he flew away untouched. Further on, we entered a valley at right angles to this. On the side of the mountain straight in front, but separated from us by a stream of water, was a barking deer-feeding, at what I judged to be 150 yards distance. Raising the leaf sight I sat down and fired at the shoulder with the two groove. The bullet was afterward found to have struck too far back and rather low, passing through the region of the liver. The deer went twenty yards and dropped, apparently dead. Two coolies went to where he was lying and were almost in the act of lifting him, when he sprang to his feet and galloped down the mountain side. We had, by this time, all crossed the stream, and some of the coolies tried to intercept the deer, which began to ascend the mountain again in a different direction. Dropping my rifle, I raced up the slope and succeeded in heading him, when he again ran down and galloped past S., who fired with his rifle. The bullet passed through the abdomen, but had no apparent effect, and the deer disappeared among the trees which bordered the stream. Taking the Purdey rifle, I followed carefully in the same direction, and found him standing in shallow water, forty yards distant, when a bullet in the center of the shoulder killed him in his tracks.

The course from another camping place was a sandy path along the narrow and rather flat top of a grass-covered mountain. Here we found the tracks of a tiger and followed them for about two miles with our rifles ready. They led to a part where trees were numerous, and here the tiger seemed to have heard us, for the tracks turned off abruptly through a cleft in some rocks, and down a very steep part of the mountain, where we could not follow further.

In some of the valleys the flies were numerous and very troublesome. Beside myriads of the common house fly, there was a kind of very large gadfly, which came into the tent in the hot part of the day, and, if not watched, inflicted bites which caused drops of blood to trickle down the skin. I examined, with a magnifying glass, one which we killed, and found that the proboscis was surrounded with fine lancets. Then there was an insect about one-quarter the size of a house fly, which hovered in front of the skin, and, if not driven away, made a dart so quickly that the eye could not follow the motion, but suddenly a black spot appeared. If the skin were at once squeezed, an inky fluid exuded and there was no further trouble, but if left alone, the place would itch badly within a few hours. There were wild bees which built great masses of comb on the under sides of rocks projecting from the faces of precipices. There they were completely protected from rain and animal robbers. Many of the villagers kept bees, sometimes fixing the hives under the projecting portion of the ridge of the roof at the gable end of their houses.

Among the patients brought by the coolies was a man almost totally blind, owing to a white film on the cornea of each eye. I told him that this could be removed, but the medicine to be applied would cause great pain, which would last for an hour or two. He said he did not mind that, so I began the treatment at once. The next morning when we were leaving, he sent word that the pain was not nearly so great as he had expected, and did not last half as long. A few marches further on another blind villager was brought, who told me he knew I could cure him, for the above-mentioned man had sent word that he could already see much better. I found that the poor fellow had fully formed cataracts in both eyes, and was grieved to tell him that nothing could be done, unless he went to the Government hospital at Mussourie, where he would be provided with spectacles after the cataracts had been removed by an operation.

Our coolies, as well as the villagers, were liable to severe attacks of colic, caused, I imagine, by the flour which forms their chief food being imperfectly cooked. Davis' Painkiller, a patent medicine of which I had bought a bottle before starting, proved a quick and excellent remedy.

On one occasion while marching we met a party of Tartars driving some flocks of sheep, each of which carried a load contained in two bags, which were suspended by a broad cloth band passing over the back. There is a considerable trade carried on in this manner between India and Tibet, the traders coming through the mountain passes every summer when the snow melts sufficiently to let them travel. They bring borax, salt and wool, taking back sugar, rice, flour and cotton, and other kinds of cloth into Tibet. Before returning, they sell the wool off the backs of the sheep to merchants in the lower valleys. Some of the traders employ goats, or yaks, as pack animals. Yaks suffer severely from the

heat when passing from the high tablelands of the interior, but there is said to be a hybrid between them and the mountain cattle which is sometimes used for pack work, and can bear the temperature down to about 4,000 feet above the sea. The average load for a sheep or goat is ten pounds, and for each yak or hybrid 150 to 200 pounds. One of our camps was in a beautiful valley where the ground was unusually level for our tents. It was a plot covered with short grass about twenty yards wide and one hundred long by the side of a rivulet. We were sheltered by an old pine wood with lichen hanging upon the trees, and beyond this, mountain rose above mountain like a succession of enormous billows covered with grass and forests. Here we remained two days and went after a herd of a kind of wild goat called thar, which some villagers told our men they could show us. Its scientific name is *Hemiragrus jemlaicus*. The head is dark, the forequarters are of a light ash or grayish-brown color, but much darker on the hindquarters, legs and belly. The hair of the buck is long on the neck and shoulders. The legs are stout and rather short. A full-sized buck weighs over 250 pounds, while the female is only about one-third of that weight. Both sexes have horns curving slightly backward, those of the male being from twelve to eighteen inches long. The hair of the female is reddish-brown, merging into dirty white on the belly.

The favorite haunts of the thar are the steepest and most rugged parts of the mountains on their southern slopes, where there is grass among the forest trees.

Two villagers, who acted as guides, led us up and down a series of ridges and valleys ending in a long and steep slope covered with short grass and timber, terminating with a precipice fully fifty feet high and overlooking the upper end of a ravine. On the opposite side of this was a wall of rocks about 100 yards distant, covered with trees. We sat down at the edge of the precipice so as to be sheltered from observation by branches of trees behind us (which hung down over and in front of us), and waited silently. At the end of perhaps an hour, I saw five buck thar following one after the other and jumping down from rock to rock.

Standing up in order to have a clear view through the leaves, I leveled the two-groove rifle at one which paused for a few seconds. The head of the foresight showed on the center of his shoulder, but before I could press the trigger, the mass on which my left foot rested, slid suddenly over the edge of the precipice. I was falling down headlong, when I instinctively let go the grip of the stock, grasped a branch which happened to be near my face and pulled myself back. The thar had disappeared, but another had jumped onto the same rock, and I aimed at him. Before there was time to fire, that fool Jahtrou lost his wits from excitement so completely, that he seized my right arm with one hand while pointing frantically at the goat with the other. The rifle would have exploded if I had not instantly taken my finger off the trigger. By the time I had shaken Jahtrou away from my arm all the thars were out of sight, except one, at which I fired. At the instant the hammer fell he sprang behind the trees, and the bullet, of 13 to the pound, made a large white mark on the black rock, in front of which the center of his shoulder had been, a fraction of a second before. All this time S., who was sitting five or six yards away on my right hand, had been unable to obtain a sufficiently clear view of the goats to fire, or he would almost certainly have bagged one, being a remarkably quick and accurate rifle shot.

It was useless to remain there any longer, so the villagers led us back to the tents by a new route. Part of the way was along the steep side of a rocky mountain which sloped upward on our left hand, and down below us for hundreds of feet on our right. In one place there was only a path about a foot wide which had been scooped out, underneath a projecting rock. We had to crawl below this on our hands and knees for 40 or 50 yards. After proceeding a few hundred yards further we sat down to rest, and while doing so I saw a female thar jump upon a rock at what I judged to be 150 yards distance. Raising the leaf sight of the Purdey rifle I fired, but the bullet struck the ground on my side of the rock, and the thar instantly plunged out of sight. On walking to the rock I found that the distance was fully 200 yards instead of 150.

At another halting place not much further on, we again delayed our march for a day and walked all round the upper part of a mountain looking for thar. We only found a place where one had been lying down shortly before. The ground was covered with short grass and so steep that in many parts it was necessary to cling with one hand to the bushes in order to avoid sliding or rolling down hill.

On our way back I happened to be a little in advance of S. and the coolies, and while descending over some rocks, came upon a goral only twenty yards away. I was carrying the Purdey rifle and aimed at once, but the cap snapped, and before a fresh one could be placed on the nipple, the goral had run out of sight. At the foot of the mountain we were within about 200 yards of a large village, by the side of which the tents were pitched, and, saying that there was no chance of any game there, we handed our guns to the coolies.

We were walking in single file along a path at the bottom of a deep, narrow valley covered with thick bushes breast high, when I suddenly heard two leopards spitting and growling not more than three or four yards in front. I halted and silently beckoned to Jahtrou, who was carrying the Purdey rifle, to hand it to me. He had loitered several yards behind with the coolies, and while he was hurrying forward, some of the men looked underneath the bushes—saw the leopards and shouted "bagh" (tiger), making them run away before I could seize the rifle. A few moments afterward Jahtrou said that he saw one of the leopards among the rocks and bushes about seventy yards above us. Neither S. nor I could do so, and therefore told Jahtrou to fire. He took careful aim, but the shot failed to hit.

I then made a vow never to part with the rifle again from the time I left the tent till I returned to it. One naturally acquires lazy habits in a country where a coolie is always at hand ready to carry anything.

ENGLAND.

J. J. MEYRICK.

Natural History.

A Mississippi Rattler.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We have a large rattlesnake in captivity, captured by Tripod nearly four weeks ago, when surveying in the woods. The specimen is over five feet long and his tail is adorned with ten rattles.

After the capture the snake was carried about in the woods for several hours by means of a noosed string around his neck, attached to a stick; and was badly choked, so that his tongue protruded several inches. In his contortions in the effort to get away, the fangs were forced into the snake's lower jaw, so as to produce a free flow of blood; but he did not appear to suffer any harm from his self-inflicted wounds. This is a mystery, as it seems to be a well attested fact that the injection of a snake's venom into his own veins is fatal to him. The only explanation of this case that occurs to me is, that perhaps from the particular position of the fangs with reference to the snake's mouth, no venom was ejected through them; or else, that the store of venom had become exhausted for the time.

I happened to be at the planter's residence when Tripod arrived with his snake about an hour after dark. He was in a mule wagon, accompanied by several negroes.

The snake, freed from the string, was under a flour barrel in the wagon bed. Most of the hoops had fallen off the barrel, so there was plenty of room for the snake to crawl out between the staves. Tripod was keeping guard over the snake with a stick, to compel him to retire into the barrel when he attempted to crawl out, while a negro held down the barrel. In this posture he had traveled several miles in the dark.

The problem now was to transfer the snake to a cracker box. I am not acquainted with any ordinary person except Tripod, who would have undertaken the task that he accomplished on that occasion.

The wagon with mules attached was standing near the back door of the residence. Tripod, with much ado, was hunting up a cracker box and nailing slats on it for the snake's reception. The lady of the house, meanwhile, surrounded by her troop of small children and several guests, was expostulating, and expressing her indignation in no uncertain tones about the whole proceeding. One of the negroes was timidly standing guard over the snake with a stick by the light of a lamp, while the mules were so restless that another negro had to stand at their heads to prevent them from bolting for the stable. Now came the critical part of the operation—to transfer a robust rattlesnake of his dimensions from under a dilapidated flour barrel in a wagon bed, the sides of which were a foot high, into a cracker box, one of its slats being left loose at one end; the mules prancing about and jerking the wagon; and all by the flickering light of a lamp held by the writer.

After some badgering of the snake, which tried to escape from the wagon bed, he took refuge of his own accord in the cracker box, and the remaining slat was nailed fast. He was then transferred to the "gear room" for the night, about 300 yards from the residence; but the mater familias was not reconciled by this arrangement, and I believe that Tripod is still persona non grata with her.

The next day the snake was brought to Clarksdale and placed in a box with a glass top, about half the snake's length. He was on exhibition for a day or two and kept in a constant state of alarm and excitement, his rattle going almost continuously. Under these conditions a "frying-size" chicken was placed in the box. The snake lay coiled at one end of the box while the chicken squatted contentedly at the other end. After an hour or two of quietude, hearing a flopping in the box I approached and looked in, to see the chicken kicking his last kick a few seconds after being stricken. The chicken probably made some sudden movement that released the trigger of the snake's coil, with the result of an instant strike.

A box was constructed 6 feet by 3, with a wire screen for a top, in which the snake now enjoys commodious quarters on the back porch of the office. Some days ago, while escorting out of the office some lady visitors who had come to see the snake, I discovered on the front porch a pretty little garter snake, some two and a half feet long, that had crawled up from the front yard. I captured the garter snake and put it into the box as a companion for the rattler.

They appeared to get along very harmoniously together, paying no attention to one another for several days, when the garter snake mysteriously disappeared; but whether he went down the rattler's throat is a matter of doubt. I am inclined to think that he escaped from the box through a small crack left in the sliding door.

For nearly a week past two chickens have occupied the box with the rattler. They seem quite oblivious of the snake's presence, walking over and standing on him with sublime indifference.

The snake, on his part, scarcely notices the chickens, except to dodge his head out of the way of their feet. One of the chickens, flying up against the wire netting, flopped down on the snake's coiled body without eliciting any manifestation of his disapproval. It is evident that the snake and the chickens do not regard each other as natural or hereditary enemies—or in the character of conqueror and victim.

I am puzzled to know how to induce the snake to take food, what kind of a repast would awaken his appetite, and under what circumstances he would be most likely to eat. It is evident that the beef trust gives him no present concern.

A local newspaper man of waggish propensity printed an announcement that Tripod was fattening the snake with the purpose of giving a rattlesnake supper to some of his special friends. The correspondent of a metropolitan daily has written for information as to details, and particularly wishes to know how the venom of the snake is to be kept out of the pottage. COAHOMA,

Wild Animals of the North.

From Richardson's "Fauna Boreali-Americana; or the Zoology of the Northern Parts of British America."

(Continued from page 486.)

Wolves.

Richardson seems to have believed that all the wolves of the North were to be included under a single species, yet he describes a half-dozen varieties, gray, white, pied, dusky and black, the characters of which are much the same except as to color; and a man who during seven years had traveled upward of twenty thousand miles in the northern part of this continent, should certainly have seen many wolves, and have had abundant opportunity to familiarize himself at least with their external characteristics. Modern naturalists, with a far greater amount of material than Richardson had, and with modern methods of studying the osteological characters of the wolf, have reached conclusions very different from those of Richardson.

The reader of FOREST AND STREAM is interested more in the habits of the wolf than in its specific characters. Let us see what Richardson has to say with regard to the wolf as he saw it in the North:

"Wolves are found in greater or less abundance in different districts, but they may be said to be very common throughout the northern regions; their footmarks may be seen by the side of every stream, and a traveler can rarely pass a night in these wilds without hearing them howling around him. They are very numerous on the sandy plains, which, lying to the eastward of the Rocky Mountains, extend from the sources of the Peace and Saskatchewan rivers, toward the Missouri. There bands of them hang on the skirts of the buffalo herds, and prey upon the sick and straggling calves. They do not, under ordinary circumstances, venture to attack the full-grown animal, for the hunters informed me that they often see wolves walking through a herd of bulls without exciting the least alarm; and the marksmen, when they crawl toward a buffalo for the purpose of shooting it, occasionally wear a cap with two ears, in imitation of the head of a wolf, knowing from experience that they will be suffered to approach nearer in that guise. On the barren grounds through which the Coppermine River flows, I had more than once an opportunity of seeing a single wolf in close pursuit of a reindeer, and I witnessed a chase on Point Lake when covered with ice, which terminated in a fine buck reindeer being overtaken by a large white wolf, and disabled by a bite in the flank. An Indian, who was concealed on the borders of the lake, ran in and cut the deer's throat with his knife, the wolf at once relinquishing his prey, and sneaking off. In the chase the poor deer urged its flight by great bounds, which for a time exceeded the speed of the wolf; but it stopped so frequently to gaze on its relentless enemy, that the latter, toiling on at a 'long gallop,' with its tongue lolling out of its mouth, gradually came up. After each hasty look, the poor deer redoubled its efforts to escape, but either exhausted by fatigue, or enervated by fear, it became, just before it was overtaken, scarcely able to keep its feet. The wolves destroy many foxes, which they easily run down if they perceive them on a plain at any distance from their hiding places. In January, 1827, a wolf was seen to catch an Arctic fox within sight of Fort Franklin, and although immediately pursued by hunters on snowshoes, it bore off its prey in its mouth without any apparent diminution of its speed. The buffalo hunters would be unable to preserve the game they kill from the wolves if the latter were not as fearful as they are rapacious. The simple precaution of tying a handkerchief to a branch, or of blowing up a bladder and hanging it so as to wave in the wind, is sufficient to keep herds of wolves at a distance. At times, however, they are impelled by hunger to be more venturesome, and they have been known to steal provisions from under a man's head in the night, and to come into a traveler's bivouac and carry off some of his dogs. During our residence at Cumberland House in 1820, a wolf, which had been prowling around the fort, and was wounded by a musket ball and driven off, returned after it became dark, while the blood was still flowing from its wound, and carried off a dog from among fifty others, that howled piteously, but had not courage to unite in an attack on their enemy. I was told of a poor Indian woman who was strangled by a wolf, while her husband, who saw the attack, was hastening to her assistance; but this was the only instance of their destroying human life that came to my knowledge. As the winter advances, and the snow becomes deep, the wolves being no longer able to hunt with success, suffer from hunger, and in severe seasons may die. In the spring of 1826 a large gray wolf was driven by hunger to prowl among the Indian huts which were erected in the immediate vicinity of Fort Franklin, but not being successful in picking up aught to eat, it was found a few days afterward lying dead on the snow near the fort. Its extreme emaciation and the emptiness of its intestines showed clearly that it died from inanition. The skin and the cranium were brought to England, and presented to the Museum of the Edinburgh University, and a drawing from it is to be engraved for Mr. Wilson's beautiful illustrations of zoology.

"The American wolf burrows, and brings forth its young in earths with several outlets, like those of a fox. I saw some of their burrows on the plains of the Saskatchewan, and also on the banks of the Coppermine River. The number of young in a litter varies from four or five to eight or nine. In Captain Parry's and Captain Franklin's narratives, instances are recorded of the female wolves associating with the domestic dog, and we were informed that the Indians endeavor to improve their sledge dogs by crossing the breed with wolves. The resemblance between the Northern wolves and the domestic dog of the Indians is so great, that the size and strength of the wolf seems to be the only difference. I have more than once mistaken a band of wolves for the dogs of a party of Indians, and the howl of the animals of both species is prolonged so exactly in the same key that even the practiced ear of an Indian fails at times to discriminate them.

"The following notices, by Captain Lyons, of the wolves of Melville Peninsula, are good illustrations of the strength and habits of the Northern wolves in general: 'A fine dog' was lost in the afternoon. It had strayed to

the hummocks ahead without its master, and Mr. Elder, who was near to the spot, saw five wolves rush at, attack and devour it in an incredibly short space of time; before he could reach the place the carcass was torn in pieces, and he found only the lower part of one leg. The boldness of the wolves was altogether astonishing, as they were almost constantly seen among the hummocks, or lying quietly at no great distance in wait for dogs. From all we observed, I have no reason to suppose that they would attack a single unarmed man, both English and Esquimaux frequently passing them without a stick in their hands; the animals, however, exhibited no symptoms of fear, but rather a kind of tacit agreement not to be the beginners of a quarrel, even though they might have been certain of proving victorious. * * * The wolves had now grown so bold as to come alongside, and on this night they broke into a snow hut, in which a couple of newly purchased Esquimaux dogs were confined, and carried them off, but not without some difficulty, for in the daylight we found even the ceiling of the hut sprinkled with blood and hair. When the alarm was given, and the wolves were fired at, one of them was observed carrying a dead dog in his mouth, clear of the ground, at a canter, notwithstanding the animal was of his own weight. Before morning they tore a quantity of canvas off the observatory and devoured it. * * * The Esquimaux wolf trap is made of strong slabs of ice, long and narrow, so that a fox can with difficulty turn himself in it, but a wolf must actually remain in the position in which he is taken. The door is a heavy portcullis of ice, sliding in two well-secured grooves of the same substance, and is kept up by a line, which, passing over the top of the trap, is carried through a hole at the furthest extremity; to the end of the line is fastened a small hoop of whalebone, and to this any kind of flesh bait is attached. From the slab which terminates the trap, a projection of ice, or a peg of wood or bone, points inward near the bottom, and under this the hoop is lightly hooked; the slightest pull at the bait liberates it, the door falls in an instant, and the wolf is speared where he lies."

The prairie wolf, so familiar to all Western travelers, under the commoner name of coyote, is mentioned by Richardson, but at no great length, since its range hardly reaches into the country where he journeyed. He speaks of the familiarity of the animal on the plains of the Saskatchewan, and says that at the report of a gun these animals start from the earth in great numbers, and gather around the hunter, in expectation of getting the offal of the animal he has slaughtered. He speaks also of the great swiftness of the coyote, but says nothing of its cunning.

It is well known that Dr. C. H. Merriam has discovered the greatest variation in the coyotes of Western America, and has described a number of species and sub-species, for which he has specimens to show.

Potholes.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Among the peculiarities to be noticed and studied in many, if not all the older geological formations, is the rounded cavities in the rocks commonly called potholes. These are smooth, perfectly round, and vary from a few inches to many feet in depth. Here, in Western North Carolina, we have this phenomenon existing to a very remarkable extent, varying from small basins a few inches wide or deep to others many feet deep, but all narrow comparatively. Some I have measured in the Cullasaga River—which flows for several miles through my land here in Macon County, N. C.—are as much as from 10 to over 20 feet deep; how much deeper I don't know, as the bottoms are covered with small rounded gravel consisting of the hardest stones, chiefly garnets, of which in places the granite is mostly made up, so much so that these bright, red round pebbles cover the roads. Along the stream one comes across these holes, so called potholes, in process of formation, and a few inches deep. In some places these holes are a foot or more in diameter and large enough to hold a good-sized trout, which thus lives at his ease, having his food brought right to his home by the whirling water, in the form mostly of the "stick bait," so-called, and insects carried down by the water. It is very easy to understand the process. A stone is swept down the stream and lodges in a cross crevice of the rock, and is constantly moved by the current. In time a hollow is worn, and other stones and gravel collect in it, and the whirling always going on soon forms a basin which deepens as the years run on, and the process is continuous until the gravel accumulates and the bottom is protected—perhaps in some, but not in all—and in these the wearing goes on—forever, we may think.

A student—and anyone who thinks intelligently is a student—thus reads a very plain chapter in the book of nature and soon becomes an apt scholar. My first lesson in this line—it may be called rock lore—was learned in Northern Wisconsin and Michigan a good many years ago in regard to what is known as the glacial action of very ancient times in the world's history—when by some vast convulsion of nature, there was an enormous quantity of ice and rock drift passing from the present north toward the south, the masses of ice-glaciers, in fact crushing under them the fragments of the broken rocks and wearing out grooves broad and deep into the solid surface and gullying out valleys and leaving short broken-off moraines of rounded rocks, pebbles and gravel. This is especially noticeable in Northern Wisconsin and Michigan. All these appearances carry with them evidences as plain and unmistakable to the duly informed student, as well as any other intelligent person, of bygone events, as was the imprint of the man's foot in the sand to the mind of Defoe's Robinson Crusoe. They show the plainest possible proofs of events which occurred ages ago, and are even happening under our very eyes to-day, and which afford explanations of things which attract our notice. Doubtless ancient peoples learned this lesson of nature as they—and we, too, now—have noticed what was going on. And we have much to learn still from those old races and may, notwithstanding our modern skill, now find some things which existed in old times, very difficult to do. In fact, we should not be too proud of our modern accomplishments. How many of us could fashion the boomerang

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Big Game vs. Birds.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was quite surprised at such a vigorous attack on my expressing a preference for bird shooting, but I think my sporting brother of far-off West Virginia rather unfair in omitting the very part of his quotation from my article that would have given our readers the only real animus of my mild attack on big-game hunters.

I have been reading so many reports of moose hunts where the hunters frankly admitted that only now and then a dead shot was made, that I aimed a shaft at tenderfeet who know nothing about the business, but rush into the woods after trophies and who, if they could see no part of the animal except the paunch, in their buck-feverish excitement would fire at that with the only result of useless murder.

I have no fault to find with such big-game hunters as brother Carney; in fact, I confess that I'd shoot a bag full of big game myself if I could be sure of making successful shots; but I could not yield my preference for bird shooting.

"Every one to his taste." I have a brother who almost scorns a gun, and cares for nothing but fish.

I have read a few reports of moose hunts that were interesting, but I have oftener read column after column that recorded only a long tramp through the woods without an incident, and that is why I skip them now.

When Lewis Hopkins gives an account of his quail hunts with his well-trained dogs, it is a batch of interesting incident from going out to coming in, for me.

I rather like a little friendly warfare now and then; it makes life spicy; but I think brother Carney wrong in asserting that the proportion of birds that go off wounded is as great as in the case of his big beasts. I have been an enthusiastic bird shooter during a whole long life (and though time has ended my shooting career, I am enthusiastic yet), and I think that nine out of ten are instantly killed, while I have come to the conclusion that nine out of ten of the moose tribe get away in a damaged condition.

There is no doubt that greater interest is felt in the suffering of an elephant or a moose than in that of smaller game, though they suffer no more, but we may carry that idea down to our daily walks where we crush out the lives of insects by the thousand, but it can't be helped, and we give ourselves no trouble about it.

If we see a butterfly or a beetle tangled in a spider's web and his life being slowly eaten out, we take no thought of liberating it, because it is so small, but we cannot bear to see a horse or a dog abused.

If brother Carney thinks bird hunters do not find the rapturous pleasure in roaming through the fields and woods that he does in the wilder regions, he is altogether wrong. One perfectly still and lovely Indian summer day when I lived in Boston I picked up my gun after dinner, got on a Providence train and jumped off at the first station that looked wild enough to harbor a bird. I walked across a narrow meadow to a thicket, and had hardly entered it when a woodcock whistled up.

I was alone, not even a dog for a companion, as my motive was merely a delightful stroll through the quiet woods. I picked up my treasure and had hardly started when another got up and shared the same fate. I went a few yards further and bagged another, and very naturally thought I was going to be loaded down with woodcock, but I walked over every foot of that little thicket without finding another bird.

I strolled quietly on through another part of the wood, enjoying the walk as much as a poet could, feeling all the while that no bird could get away from me if he got up near enough. Suddenly a partridge boomed up, and I stopped him, and in my quiet walk I got two more, and did not make a single miss, which was quite remarkable—for me.

I went home the proud possessor of three woodcock and three partridges, killed within a few minutes' ride from Boston, and if any one ever enjoyed a moose hunt more than I enjoyed that lovely afternoon, I would have liked to see his happy face.

St. AUGUSTINE, June 18

Editor Forest and Stream:

It takes all kinds of people to make up this world! Reading the letter of Mr. Carney in your issue of June 4 regarding the remarks of Didymus upon the relative merits of quail and large game hunters, one cannot but be thankful that men differ in their hunting tastes as well as their friendships, their passions, their business, their locations, their pleasures and even their foes. Suppose we all preferred to shoot quail and would shoot nothing else; or suppose we all could afford and would shoot nothing but moose? Fortunately, it is arranged that some prefer the one and some the other. Just as it is with most everything else. Most of us think that there is only one girl in the world, and still we do not throw stones at the other fellow because he prefers some other girl to ours.

Didymus must not accuse us of "murdering a moose" while he only "drops his bird." It is hardly consistent for the "pot to call the kettle black."

There is probably more life taken in one day's hunt by Didymus among the quail than by all the moose hunters in the world together in the same length of time. Didymus goes to the field with dogs to assist him, and carries from fifty to seventy-five shells loaded with shot. He turns his shot loose and frequently kills even more than he intended, while many birds escape with broken legs or perforated intestines. The big-game hunter takes from eight to ten shells (rifle) and may be out two or three weeks without firing a shot. He cannot depend upon dogs. It is his own prowess, patience and skill which must win. Many, many the moose hunter who returns empty-handed after weeks of days and nights spent in the woods. No hunting within sight of the hotel or within sound of the farmer's dinner bell for him; no

soft bed under roof; more likely he spends the night without fire or tent in a country of bogs, swamps, mud and seemingly constant rains. What little grub he eats he has carried in his bag for days and cooks it himself. Small game he sees in abundance, but passes it by because the moose hunter never makes an unnecessary noise. Didymus is never out of sight of the chimney tops; he never gets air that is not tainted with barnyard smells and cur-dog howls. His saddle horse or his carriage follows within call or beckon. His dogs find the game and shows him within a foot or two where it lies. Didymus turns loose between 500 and 1,000 bullets as the bird rise and "drops his bird." The big-game hunter goes hundreds of miles from the railroad; he carries nothing but the most actual necessities, and these he totes on his back, perhaps together with a canoe; he takes the rain, the cold, the night, the mud, the water, the brush, the mosquitoes and flies, he cuts his own trails, starves, strains, fords rivers, lives in the solitude of the wilderness for weeks alone, or with a single companion; allows hundreds of opportunities for killing small game to go unheeded; sticks to his purpose, maybe to spend a month in the woods without even firing his gun, maybe to go home empty-handed, but sure to be back another year, and yet Didymus will gloat over his bag of twenty or thirty quail all "dropped" in a day (with many more dying and suffering in the field), and deliberately call us "murderer."

Did Didymus ever stop to think that not one in five of the men who go moose hunting get their moose, on an average, without spending two seasons at the job? What has he done in the two seasons thus spent by the moose hunter? How many quail has he "dropped"?

As I have stated, "it takes all kinds of men to make up the world." I'm glad it does. It would be an awful foolish old world if every one in it was as big a fool as I, and if they were all like Didymus—well, I like him, and want him to come again; but as long as we kill, we are all tarred with the same stick.

"The pot must not call the kettle black."

C. P. AMBLER.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., June 20.

Why I Do Not Hunt Deer.

TROY, N. Y., June 20.—Editor Forest and Stream: Having been interested in reading the article by Didymus in your issue of April 19, and the handsome reply to it by Mr. Carney, June 14, with your kind permission I would like to "shy my castor into the ring."

I think Mr. Carney gives a comprehensive and truthful statement of the case. I fully agree with him. Nevertheless, I would not shoot a deer any sooner than I would fire at a sheep in a pen, or knock over a calf in a barnyard. I will relate how this sentiment came to me. In the early sixties, accompanied by my brother, I was camped on Chateaugay Lake, late in the season. Of course we were after deer. One fine crisp morning we took our position on a runway near Indian Point. The dogs had been put out on the ridge early and there was music in the air. Sometimes things happen when you least expect them, especially with greenhorns. We were seated on the bank smoking our pipes and admiring the morning, when a fawn shot by us so quickly that the eye could scarcely follow him. He took to the water and started to swim across the lake.

We rushed for our boat, but the guide with us said "Wait."

We let the animal get fifteen or twenty rods from the shore and then started. When we came alongside we ran the boat over him a couple of times just to duck him, so that he would not be too smart; then we got him aboard, and I held his hind legs and my brother clung to the forelegs; our guide tied them. We took our baby ashore and turned him loose in an old unused shanty near our camp. We stood looking at the white-spotted little beauty, when he came to me and put his nose against me, rolled up his great expressive eyes, and with a dumb eloquence surpassing the power of words, begged me to be merciful. I walked away from him, and he followed me up and down the room several times, as though he felt that I might protect and save him. I then and there resolved never again to molest a deer, and I never have.

Well, I took my pet home with me to the city, as I had a large yard back of my house. I fenced it and built in one corner a snug house for the stranger. I kept him all winter, and my menagerie, although small, attracted much attention. My children, and in fact all the family (including a yellow dog), played with the fawn, and he became quite tame.

The following April a very curious thing happened. We had a few warm days and my house was overrun with deer flies—gray backs, about four times as large as a house fly, and they were a nuisance. Where they came from is a mystery I have never been able to solve. Can any of your readers tell? We see potato bugs and grasshoppers in the city, but never before nor since have I seen a deer fly.

I was obliged to close my show and give the outfit to a friend in the country. He kept the deer several years and let him run loose with his cattle in the pasture, and when the cows came home at night the deer came also. His experience of wild life had been so short that he showed no inclination to return to it. He would wander all over the village, and every one knew "Patchin's deer." One unlucky day he attempted to climb a flight of stairs outside the grainery; they were covered with ice; he slipped and broke his leg, so it was necessary to kill him.

Now as to the ethics of sport. It seems to me that the pursuit for sport, of anything that has life, is cruel. It cannot be otherwise. If there was no resistance or effort to escape, there would be no fun. We kill salmon and other game fish with fine tackle, and the longer the struggle the keener the delight, and more prolonged the agony. Our hunters hound deer, and our nobility hound foxes. We would not tolerate a bull fight in this country, yet the sport is so dear to the hearts of all classes in Spain, that the Government itself is powerless to stop it. Man has always been a sportsman and doubtless always will be, as long as there remains anything to be pursued. Yet, we are growing wiser and better, more humane and tender-hearted. Some persons to-day equip themselves

of the old savages, or could throw one to kill a flying bird as I have seen the Australian savages do, when, as almost a boy, I happened to be engaged in sheep ranging in Australia? Or how many could make fire by rubbing two sticks together? Those same savages could do it with ease, but we could not succeed, and had to use the old flint and steel because our modern matches had scarcely come into use. And the thoughtful person who wanders through forest and stream, and who keeps his eyes open, and will read up some of the old books, especially those of Hugh Miller's, "The Testimony of the Rocks" and "Footsteps of the Creator," and the first works of students of natural history (written, when I remember the great majority of good people considered this study was a proof of the grossest infidelity), and then thoughtfully study what they see or may see in the woods and the waters, the rocks and the trees, and keeping their eyes open to observe things (this is itself a great intellectual feat), we may find reasonable explanations of what we see without drawing on the "long bow" of our imagination.

If any reader of FOREST AND STREAM should visit the very interesting region where I am now living—living, not only existing or staying, and with all that this word living implies—it will please me to show some of these potholes made only by the hand of nature, and other things which exist within a rifle shot of my home and which afford me "sermons in stones, tongues in trees and books in the running brooks," and which, now, near my fourth score of years, delight me to think over, and look for and hope soon to know all about in the coming existence, when we shall see, not darkly, but face to face.

HENRY STEWART.

HIGHLANDS, N. C.

What Does an Otter Dig For?

LAST Friday, while on the farm, I noticed a number of holes in a sandbar in the river that looked like bass nets, but there are no bass in the stream. On the following morning after a shower, I found two more holes dug in the bar, and the fresh tracks of an otter from one of the holes up to a part of the bar out of water, left no doubt as to what had done the digging. The holes were, perhaps, three feet in diameter and a foot in depth, situated in from one to three feet of water. The otter apparently worked with its head toward the bank, as the sand was thrown out toward the middle of the river. I doubt if any lampreys can get past the two dams below my part of the river (Mianas) and I cannot think of anything beside larval lampreys that would lead an otter to dig holes in a sandbar. Who can tell what he was after?

By the way, there were mink tracks on the same sandbar, trout were jumping in the rapid above the pool, and a quail was calling from the stone wall a few yards from where I was sitting. All of this in a place that is forty-eight minutes by rail and fifteen minutes' drive from Grand Central Station in New York. I can find fox and raccoon tracks at any time on some part of the farm, and partridges, quail and woodcock breed there every year.

ROBERT T. MORRIS.

Appalachian Scrap-Books Lost.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., June 19.—One hundred dollars reward will be paid by the undersigned to any one who will furnish information leading to the recovery of three scrapbooks filled with clippings and other printed matter pertaining to the proposed Appalachian National Forest Reserve.

These books were placed by Congressman Moody's secretary on the mail box in the National Hotel in Washington, May 6; each book being wrapped separately and plainly addressed (under frank of Hon. J. M. Moody) to Dr. C. P. Ambler, Asheville, N. C. The books have not arrived in Asheville, and after the most thorough investigation by the post office authorities no trace has been found of the same.

Beside containing several thousand clippings, the books also contained records pertaining to the work done by the Appalachian National Park Association. These records are of no intrinsic value to any one except those interested in the proposed Appalachian Forest Reserve. Address either Hon. J. M. Moody, National Hotel, Washington, D. C., or Dr. C. P. Ambler, Secretary A. N. P. Association, Asheville, N. C.

Association for the Protection of the Adirondacks.

Articles of incorporating the Association for the Protection of the Adirondacks, with headquarters in New York City, were filed June 20 with the Secretary of State. It is proposed to aid, by all proper means, in the preservation of the Adirondack forests, waters, game and fish, and to maintain healthful conditions in the Adirondack region. The directors of the association for the first year are the following: John G. Agar, Edwin A. McAlpin, William G. De Witt, Henry S. Harper, Warren Higley, Henry E. Howland, A. M. Huntington, Edwin S. Martson, Edward H. Litchfield, Abraham G. Mills, J. Pierpont Morgan, William A. Read, Henry C. Potter, Whitelaw Reid, William G. Rockefeller, Charles A. Tatum, Alfred G. Vanderbilt, William G. Verplanck, W. Seward Webb, Alfred L. White, William C. Whitney, of New York City; Timothy L. Woodruff, of Brooklyn; Robert C. Pruyn and Dr. Samuel B. Ward, of Albany; Thomas S. Walker, of Long Lake; William Barbour, of Paterson; Titus Sheard, of Little Falls; James MacNaughton, of Tahawus; Henry Phipps, of Pittsburg; W. Charles R. Christy, of Stamford.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of FOREST AND STREAM. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

with the camera in place of the rifle, and claim that all the wealth and enjoyment of nature comes to them, without the blood. Our State has recently prohibited the killing of birds from a trap; probably the suffering was less in this than in any other form of bird shooting, but the exhibition was so open and bold that public sentiment pronounced it brutal.

My conclusion is that if we will go fishing and hunting, we cannot pose as supersensitive moralists.

R. D. S.

Moose.—II.

An Expedition into New Brunswick.

CAMP NORRAD is a log cabin in the wilderness, eighteen by twenty-five feet, with a large cook stove, a good floor and a roof that was much better after a few hours' work had been devoted to it. A roll of tar paper closed up a lot of sieve-like openings over our bunk, and a generous coat of clay made the whole waterproof and warm. A spring near by furnished as good water as ever passed mortal lips, and there was no danger of a coal famine. A gun rack was soon put up, shelves for provisions made, windows put in place, tents for the night put up and we were ready to respond to Wilfred's invitation to supper.

"Do you remember the big track I showed you after we crossed Rocky Brook?" said Ben. We all remembered that it was 10½ inches from the dew claws to the tip of the toes. "That was Jumbo's track." Jumbo, it soon developed, was an ubiquitous monster moose, that roamed around the headwaters of Rocky Brook, the Sisters and Clearwater lakes. Lumbermen had seen him; hunters had shot at him, but he seemed to have a charmed life. Ed said he had had a good look at him, "was handy to him," and that he was twenty-two hands high. When we laughed he responded like the old farmer, "If I said the horse was seventeen feet high, by Dave! he was."

"I must tell you," said Ben, "what Donald McKay says he saw down at Tehoe Lake. He was going through the short cut from McKay's camp to Clearwater, when near the lake he heard a great commotion in the woods ahead. Such a noise he had never heard before. Stepping quietly up, a large tree top hiding him from their view, he saw that the noise was made by two bulls engaged in a fight, with Jumbo acting as referee. The smaller and younger bull finally scored a knock-out, and with grunts of approval from Jumbo, they turned and disappeared." The story was so amusing that we had to laugh; we supposed that it was told for that purpose. Ben looked serious; he thought we were questioning his veracity. "You fellows want to know that what Donald says goes up in this part of the Province. He never draws on his imagination for facts." We did not know Donald at this time, but later met him at Lyell's spot on the Clearwater, when he was guiding two hillbillies from Maine, and later he stopped over night with us, going out to the settlement; He still maintained that Jumbo did referee the fight, and while we were willing to admit that what Ben said was in the main correct, did not allow a want of facts to stand in the way of a good story.

After a restful Sunday, on which we did nothing more than watch Ed catch a few trout for supper, Monday morning came, the first day of the open season. It was decided to hunt over southwest, two and one-half miles around the Little Sister Lake. The birchen hills sent forth the most seductive love tunes, but they were wasted on the chill morning air. At noon we met at the upper end of the lake to eat lunch. A cow and her yearling calf came into the lake just fifteen yards from us. We sat as still as statues and each of them took a good look, and seemed satisfied that we were stumps or snags. They fed down a few rods and came back, stopped and took another look. The old cow walked off into the woods, but the youngster had lots of curiosity; the cow called him, but he wanted another look at the stumps and snags that he could not remember having seen before. Finally some one must have winked, for he made a few jumps and was out of the lake; stopped and took another look, and then yielded to the calls of his mamma, trotted off after her and disappeared. Such was our introduction to the moose, and although we saw and heard many others and killed our limit, we were never again so close to any, and with so good a view, as of the cow and calf.

I heard this cow, or another, call several times during the afternoon, and could but note the difference between the genuine and the imitation. The calls on the horns were rank counterfeits of the original. The mystery to me has been, how a moose is ever beguiled within range by them, unless it be that his amorous nature overrides his natural wariness and causes him to throw caution to the winds. It is generally believed also that curiosity lures many a bull to his death and explains the efficiency of lots of poor calling.

For the sake of those who have never heard the sound of the birchen horns, its echoes and reverberations an attempt to imitate it, as far as words and sounds may do, it seems desirable our guides made a call which can be imitated by the use of the word "our"—o-u-r. Begin with the medium guttural sound of o, prolonged for ten seconds, glide gradually with rising inflection to u, still maintaining its deep guttural sound for ten seconds, then gradually glide on with rising inflection, still maintaining the medium guttural sound to r; dwell on it for five seconds up to the pitch desired, then gradually let the voice fall and the sound die away for five seconds more, and you have the moose call as we heard it from Norrad brothers. It may not be strictly orthodox, but its heterodoxy could not be proven by its inefficiency; because fifteen bulls answered it during our three weeks' stay in the woods, and were either seen by us or came so close that we could almost hear them breathe, the thick undergrowth hiding some of them from view. I have heard Ernest Seton Thompson give the calls. They may be all right, but they did not sound like any calls I heard in the woods from the animals themselves.

Any person can get an answer to the above sounds where there are moose and in the running season, but it

is likely to end with an answer, unless the bull has been left outside a tangled wood, or a hard hack or willow thicket by his cow, who has grown weary of his attentions and has slipped into a place of refuge, where his wide-spreading antlers prevent him following her. He is ready to answer any call that resembles the bawl of a cow, and he does not stand on the order of his going to it, but goes immediately right to the source from whence the sound comes. It is such a charge as this, one is almost certain to get a shot if around a lake or out in a barren, where the moose will have to come out of cover to reach the source of the sound, and he does not often hesitate to do it. They tell of guides and hunters having been treed and lives endangered by them. Sometimes the bull is wary and shy; he will grunt and let you know that he has heard the call, but will come slowly and cautiously or not at all. Here is where a good caller comes in. The game may have a cow with him or be tracking one, and he so entirely satisfied with his surroundings that it will require a high degree of skill in the use of the horn to get him to come on, and especially to get him out of the dense cover, where he can be seen. At this season of the year the leaves are all on, and it seldom happens that one can see fifty yards in any direction, except on the hardwood ridges and in the barren or across lakes. The dried leaves and twigs render still-hunting out of the question. Fortunately one does not need to tramp far now if he has a good caller; he only needs to be well-concealed and sit still, and the moose will do the tramping. It's a lazy way of hunting, and none too scientific. You do not put your superior intelligence and knowledge against his keenness of sight, hearing and smell. These three, but the greatest of these is smell, as in still-hunting, but you take the poor brute at a disadvantage, deceive him when the one thing uppermost in his head is to obey the behest of nature, "Be fruitful and multiply."

On the second afternoon Ben and I ran right on top of a big bull in a low wet place in the thick woods east of the large Sister Lake. Ben saw him get up, out of the grass just twenty steps ahead. I was looking in another direction and did not see nor hear him until he turned at a right angle and was broadside to us. One long stride put him behind a tangled thicket. I shot at what looked like a portion of his anatomy, but scored a clean miss. While looking to see what effect the shot had on him, we saw the beds and tracks of two others, and further on saw more beds and tracks. It was an ideal place for a mid-day siesta, which we had interrupted.

The next morning, Wednesday, going down the large Sister Lake with Ed in a dug-out, we heard a great commotion in the thick woods on the hillside to our right. Landing quickly, we saw the tracks of three moose. One was a bull; the bark knocked off of trees showed where his antlers had gone through between them. The beach at the upper end was beaten down with tracks, but we could not get an answer until late in the afternoon, when we got one northeast toward the Little Sister Lake. A very unusual thing happened just at this time. We left King and Ben at the head of the Little Sister Lake early in the morning. They were to hunt southwest in the barrens, but did not get an answer during the morning call. After lunch they retraced their steps and came up the lake opposite us, and about a mile away. About this time we heard the answering grunt of a bull out of the dense woods between the lakes, and further away heard what I took to be the call of a cow. Ed said, "That is Beniah calling." We did not know he was within miles of us. The moose was between us, and we had him guessing which way he wanted to go. He settled the matter by remaining where he was. On supper we found on comparing notes that they had each been calling the same bull.

It rained hard during the night. We were in the cabin better off than the men in the tent outside. There are several nice things about hunting in New Brunswick. One is that all the first-class guides have their own hunting territory and a comfortable cabin or tent at every lake. It is an ideal hunting preserve and will always remain one. Almost the whole of the country we saw was covered with niggerheads and other evidences of the glacial age. The timber is valuable, but it has been killed over for more than fifty years; so that not much heavy timber is left, but what is there and the second growth coming on, are worth more now than the land. The season is too short for most cereals to grow, so there is no inducement to clear the land, even if there were people enough there to demand it. We hunted in territory said to be eight miles square, and did not see a hunter or hear a shot, except from our own guns. I did not hear of any hunter ever having been mistaken for game and shot. How different is the story from Maine; in a territory about the size of New Brunswick, upward of fifty men were shot by mistake last fall. The truth is that comparatively few hunters know what a paradise for big game is found around the lakes and headwaters of the Miramichi, Dungarvin, Tobique, Nepisiquit and Ristigouche. Few men care to make the trip to these inaccessible regions, which take days from the railroad with sled and packs, and when it comes to putting up thirty dollars for license, and one is only allowed one bull moose, one bull caribou and two bucks, and then must have a guide at about 3.50 per day, one is apt to do some figuring and see if he can make the account balance, compared with the army of hunters that go to Maine. Few go to New Brunswick for the reason above given, and the additional reason that there are comparatively few deer. We did not see any.

The following day, Thursday, the 19th, Ben took a lean-to tent, provisions for two days, and bedding, and we went south two and one-half miles to O'Brien's old lumber camp, so as to be near the Sister Lakes, where we had seen lots of moose and caribou signs, and had already seen three moose, but we were disappointed in finding game, and got no answer to the horn.

The next morning, after an early breakfast, we went down to the lakes, and just about sun up heard eight shots, which came from the direction of Brown Lake, five miles away. The morning was clear and cold, a hoar frost covered everything. From the sound we judged that they came from Will Chestnut's .45-90, which we knew King and Ed had with them, and the sound was from a heavy black powder gun. Smokeless powder

would not awaken such echoes and reverberations among the hills. In the dim twilight, as we crossed the lake, Ben's eagle eyes caught sight of something moving in the edge of the water down near the outlet. Hastily pulling to shore, we worked our way down through the hard hack and willows. We craned our necks trying to make out what they were, but the shades of night were falling fast, and we had to content ourselves with hearing two moose tramp around in the water and chew lily pads. With the aid of birch torches we found our way to the tent.

Next morning, Saturday, the 21st, we were not able to get an answer to the horn, nor did we see any game of any kind, except squirrels and pheasants, which are to be seen on every hand. Our stock of grub was running low, and the next day would be Sunday, so we decided to go in to the cabin in time for dinner. About 3 o'clock we went south a mile or more to a large barren, having selected a hiding place twenty steps from the edge of the woods for myself. Ben went a little way above and began to toot the horn. The first echo had hardly died away, when up on the ridge to the west of us the answering grunt of a bull greeted our ears. We had not heard one for several days. We were on the qui vive, and were not kept waiting long. I have heard a good many moose come to the horn but have never heard one come as fast and make as much noise as this fellow. He must have been a good one, the dull thud of his feet, the cracking of brush and slapping of his horns against trees and the tracks he left behind evidenced this. As he came close to the edge of the barren I got up, so as to see better; just at this moment a noise to my right caused me to look in that direction, and here came Ben through the tall grass, jumping high, wide and quick, like a little dog in high oats. As he passed he whispered that he would go behind me and coax him on. He was a sight, his long white hair flung to the breeze and his long shaggy beard played hide and seek with his ears. We sometimes called him Santa Claus. He seemed not to like it, so we did not rub it in on him. The man behind the gun is a very important fellow in battle. We have heard much of him in the last few years, and if he is cool and collected is just as important when a crazy, frenzied moose comes to the horn. Ben said I had scared him by putting my head out from behind the tree, trying to get sight of him. He would not admit that he had done anything that the most orthodox moose hunter would not approve of. If I had done as he advised, the next morning would have found me on the way to the settlements, homeward bound. I think he fixed the limit of time that it would take me to get a moose at a thousand years. I did not blame him for getting out of the way; I would not have taken chances of being run over myself by the big brute. Our trouble began right here, when I missed the bull referred to on the 17th inst. Ben said some things not altogether complimentary to my ability as a marksman. This time it was my ability as a hunter that he criticized.

When we got back to the cabin, King and Ed had just come over from Brown Lake; they had only seen one moose, but he must have been the daddy of them all. Ed said he was the largest one he had ever seen, except Jumbo. He came out of the wood across the end of the lake and started across directly toward them, and they watched him through a glass for several hundred yards. When they thought the distance about right, King laid the .45-90 across a stump, took careful aim and fired. He paid no attention to the shot, but kept coming. Again and again and again the big gun spoke, but the moose paid no attention to it, and kept coming. Ed put up his glass and saw the next bullet strike several rods short. The next two shots were aimed over his back. They struck between his legs, where the next two went as he left the water, could not be determined. King thought he was shooting about 150, but the distance proved to be much greater, about 300 yards. His splendid exhibition of marksmanship was the subject of the evening conversation. He was so indignant over it that he said he was sorry that he had not taken his .30-30 along, because he could have tickled him with it. We could not understand why he had not hit the bull. Some blamed the gun, others the ammunition. We knew the gun was accurate. We had seen pheasants without heads that testified to its accuracy. Just two weeks to the day from the experience at Brown Lake, Jim Moore, one of our packers, and said to be one of the best shots in the Province, fired four shots with it at the big white-legged moose known as the brother of Jumbo, at less than 200 yards, and failed to connect with him. After this experience we were ready to accept King's explanation that the ammunition was poor. I had urged him in Fredericton to get smokeless powder, metal-patched ammunition, but Chestnuts did not have it. We all went to bed with the blues. Our experience in getting a moose had been so bad that we were ready to halloo enough. The sun rose bright and clear on Sunday morning, and as we did not hunt on Sunday, there was plenty of time to rest and plan for the coming week. We had only hunted over a small part of our territory—that nearest the cabin.

D. W. GREEN, M. D.

DAYTON, Ohio

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Rev. C. R. Moses, of Virginia, once spent a Sunday in Richmond, soon after he had visited the beautiful regions around Mountain Lake in Giles County, Va. Being invited by one of the city pastors to preach, toward the close of the sermon he gave as an illustration a vivid description of the wonderful landscape scenes which he had just beheld, and as he closed called on the choir to sing something of their own selection. They struck up the old hymn beginning, "There is a land of pure delight," but when they reached the fourth stanza these words confronted them:

Could we but stand where Moses stood
And view the landscape o'er,

They tried to sing, but broke down. The congregation followed their example, and the service closed in general merriment.—Springfield Republican.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Wild Rice.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 21.—Mr. Frank McFarland writes from New Orleans that, pursuant to advice received in these columns, he has written to Mr. Charles Gilchrist, at Port Hope, Ont., with the result that he has received full instructions for the planting of wild rice, and has ordered two barrels of this much-prized duck food from the above dealer. I hope that any reader who may be interested in sowing wild rice for duck preserves may cut this out and retain the address given, as the matter is one which frequently comes up.

Bears in the Water.

Every once in a while we read an article in the sporting press which tells us conclusively of some trait of this, that or the other wild animal. An article in the *FOREST AND STREAM* stated that a black bear in the water never changed its course, but would climb over a log, a boat, a man or anything else that happened to be in its way. I put this matter before my friend, Capt. R. E. Bobo, of Mississippi, the best-posted man on black bear in America, who is, as it happens, stopping for a portion of this summer in Chicago undergoing medical treatment. The valiant bear hunter gave a snort as I sprung my bear story on him.

"A black bear in the water is the same as it is on the land," said he, "and the man who says it always holds a direct course simply does not know what he is talking about. I presume I have killed fifty bears in the Sunflower River of Mississippi, and many a time I have seen a bear swing plumb around when we started for him in a dug-out. They will turn as quick in the water as on land from any danger which they think they see."

"A swimming bear is a hard thing to hit," continued Bobo. "I have seen many a one missed by a fellow shooting from a dug-out. I never had much trouble in getting in an effective shot, but I always waited until the bear got close enough in shore to begin to lift his neck and shoulders out of the water. I would follow along until I could see his back beginning to show over the water, and then cut loose at his shoulders. Of course a shot as much as eight inches too short would get the bear all right, just the same."

A little practical knowledge of natural history like the above might have saved trouble to a boatload of pick-nickers in Washington Park this week. They saw a bear swimming in the lake, but instead of raising an umbrella and poking him in the eye, or taking some other means of scaring the creature away, these young gentlemen and ladies seemed to consider it more expedient to fall out over the far side of the boat. The water was scarcely more than waist deep, so nothing fatal happened. A policeman took hold of the bear and led it over toward the Midway, where it was later arrested and taken in the patrol wagon to a near-by police station. Its owner came along a little later and rescued it from this disgraceful situation. Chicago is growing in attractiveness as a big-game resort.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in *FOREST AND STREAM*.

Michigan Trout Fishing.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Mr. Merston's suggestion of a reasonable rod license in Michigan for trout fishing, which should carry with it the privilege of taking a moderate number of fish out of the State, is seconded in Ohio. The "resorters" from this and the adjoining States of Indiana and Illinois are already spending their money quite liberally in their summer outings in Michigan, and a few dollars more would not make any material difference—provided always they got some return of this kind for it.

But when the Michigan legislature next undertakes an overhauling of the fish laws, we commend to their careful consideration the case of the native residing in the immediate vicinity of many of her best trout streams, the ever-present, ever-active local fisherman for home (and foreign) consumption, who, like Death, has all seasons for his own—and takes them. Likewise, his disreputable relative, the half-breed Indian, who has all the vices and few of the virtues of the two races from which he has descended. When the latter and his numerous progeny are not prowling along the trout streams on their own account, they are frequently the willing tools of some unscrupulous white man who uses them in a wilful evasion of the law forbidding the sale of trout by hiring them to fish for wages and turn in their catch. Of course, this category cannot be made to include the honest, intelligent and law-abiding residents of Michigan, either Caucasian or Indian, and no apologies are tendered them because none are needed.

The indictment against the creatures first mentioned in the preceding paragraph sets forth in its various counts that they do not delay their operations till the beginning of the season, nor discontinue them at its close. During the open season they are on the stream most of the days of the week, and invariably on Sundays. But open season or closed season, they do not scruple to employ in the taking of trout any and all methods, legal and illegal, that human ingenuity has been able to devise. If this typical poacher works the stream in a boat, ten to one it will be found to contain both spear and grap hooks, and he is equally at home in other unlawful methods. Let me cite a case in point:

In the latter part of August, 1900, the writer, with several other Ohio men, was staying at a Michigan summer resort in the lower peninsula. One Saturday evening two local fishermen brought into the hotel—for exhibition—a string of brook trout taken by them from a neighboring stream. There were nineteen trout in the lot, and their total weight, after having been out of the water

more than twenty-four hours, was thirty-eight pounds, or an average of two pounds each, while several of the number would weigh nearly three pounds each. Every one of these fish had the marks of the gill net across his shoulders, and they had simply been trapped at the mouth of the stream on their way to their familiar spawning grounds.

Complaint was at once made (by the outsiders) to the nearest justice of the peace, who sent a constable and took the fish into his possession. The justice communicated with the county prosecuting attorney at the county seat, and the latter returned word that the county fish and game warden had resigned, and his office was temporarily vacant. The outcome was that nothing was done, and the fish were returned to their captor. The year before that an Ohio fisherman on the Sable paid \$5 and costs on a complaint lodged by a game warden, for a three-inch brook trout, which was found in the well of his boat at Grayling, and which had probably made its way there through one of the numerous inch auger holes which supply the well with fresh water. But the Sable is well protected and honestly policed, as a rule, and this case was probably one of the unforeseen accidents which sometimes happen.

During the present month and in the current year, a prominent Michigan merchant, who resides a few miles from the stream in question, hired a gang of seven men to go upon a certain trout stream and "get" trout for the avowed purpose of supplying a party of Cleveland friends. It is some consolation to know that they succeeded in furnishing him only some thirty or forty pounds. Perhaps this is legal, but if I were a Michigan fisherman I would like to help in bringing about a test case.

These few observations are respectfully submitted to friends Morse, Merston and other Michigan men who have a desire to promote and strengthen the protection of the Michigan trout from unlawful forays, both by her own citizens and by people who come from outside the State.

JAY BEEBE.

TOLEDO, Ohio, June 21.

Trout, Salmon and Ozone.

PLEASANT ISLAND CAMPS, Me., June 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: "Report your luck with rod and gun to *FOREST AND STREAM*" was the first thing that met my eye when I reached the piazza of the office camp at Billy Soule's.

Just a few points regarding the trip and our own and others' luck may interest some of your readers who desire an outing but are not sure where they would find just what they wish for.

Mr. Nathaniel LeRoy and daughter Annie, a miss of eight years, and the writer, left Boston on the Gov. Dingley for Portland on the evening of June 3. After a breakfast at the Preble we boarded the train at 8.30 at the Union Station for Bemis. On entering the Pullman we were greatly pleased to find our friend, Col. Charles E. Billings, and his son Louis, of Hartford, Conn., who were also bound for Billy Soule's Camps. The colonel, by the way, is just the kind of man one likes to meet on a trip of this sort. He is always doing something to make things go and he is never so happy as when he sees everybody having a good time.

A trip to the Little Falls, four miles from camp and on the Cusuptic Stream, was one of the pleasant things the colonel mapped out for us, and we liked it so much that it was repeated, and on the second trip the colonel and I remained overnight to get sunset and sunrise fishing.

[The Hermit of the Woods.]

Mr. Dodge, in the employ of a lumber company, who lives in a cabin by himself the year round, very generously allowed us the use of his cooking utensils, and in fact, cooked our meals, and we slept on his beds, of which he has three. I call it great "luck" to fall in with such a man. He says he enjoys himself every day, even in his seclusion. Urbanites may well envy him. The stream in front of his cabin, the forests, the "everlasting hills" are his constant companions. I noticed a small library of choice books with which to while away his spare hours.

On Tuesday evening, June 10, Mr. Silas Chapman, of Hartford, arrived, and next day our colonel and son went with him to Tim Pond. One more trip to the Falls, this time, Billy and Mr. LeRoy, who is something of an athlete, paddled me in a canoe. My luck in fishing was good enough to have plenty for dinner, but Mr. LeRoy had genuine "tenderfoot" luck, taking a 4-pound trout in quick water. Billy cooked us a dinner fit for the gods. On reaching Pleasant Island at night, we were ready for another good meal. Three hearty meals a day do not disturb one's digestion in the woods. How the "chef" can provide such meals as we had almost 100 miles from the base of supplies (Lewiston), is a mystery to me. I think I never tasted finer trout than those we took and, besides, we were not without salmon now and then. The clerk, Mr. Jacob C. Hartshorn, of Wakefield, a veteran angler, took a few trout or salmon from the wharf in front of the camp almost every day. Mr. James Stewart, of South Weymouth, captured a trout weighing 6¾ pounds the day after his arrival. This was the largest fish brought in during our stay in camp. Capt. Charles H. Beaton and wife, of New Britain, Conn., have caught a good number of fish, the largest weighing 5 pounds. Mr. Hargreaves, of North Adams, took out several 3½-pound trout and salmon, when he left a day or two since. Mr. LeRoy S. Sanborn and Mr. George E. McGowan, of Portland, who were accompanied by their wives, took a good number of fish during their stay of three days, and are going out to-day by way of Bemis. Mr. and Mrs. B. Frost and daughter, of Brooklyn, are to remain for a few weeks. They are greatly delighted with the camps and surroundings.

We are returning to-day with great reluctance, and have had so much real pleasure and solid comfort all the time that we cannot do otherwise than express our high appreciation of Billy Soule and his camps at Pleasant Island.

Surely the Maine wilderness is the great Sanitarium of New England, and if all the nervous, over-worked,

half-invalid clerks, salesmen and professional men could avail themselves of the rest and recreation afforded on the lakes and streams and breathe the ozone of the forests for a few weeks every year, they would avoid doctors' bills and add years to their lives. Very truly,

HENRY H. KIMBALL.

New England Waters.

BOSTON, June 23.—Mr. Nathaniel Wentworth and the other New Hampshire Fish Commissioners have been certain for a long time that there were some very large landlocked salmon in Dan Hole Pond, Ossipee. Last season that fact was demonstrated by a very large one being taken by C. F. Danforth, of this city, and this year still further demonstrations have been made. Mr. Danforth has been at that pond the past week, accompanied by Mr. J. N. Landers and Mr. Joseph Gridley. Mr. Gridley brought out a salmon weighing 13¾ pounds, and showed it in his window on Washington Street, Saturday, where it attracted a good deal of attention. Many anglers went to see the fish. But Mr. Danforth has beaten that record this trip. He has landed a salmon weighing 14½ pounds, and is trying for a bigger one. Mr. Gridley's salmon proved to be a remarkably gamy fish. On a strong rod it took two hours and forty minutes to conquer him. He was well hooked, and the rigging throughout was first class. Not so another salmon angler the same day. His fish was apparently well hooked and had been played for some time. It made a run and came out of the water toward the angler, and kept on rushing that way. The reel, a multiplier, finally stuck, with the crank immovable. Not an inch of line could be taken. The salmon came out of water again, this time twenty feet nearer the boat. With a masterly shake the hook went one way and the salmon the other. The angler says he wants no more multiplying reels; "they generally stick."

Mr. L. O. Crane has returned from the Megantic Preserve, much pleased with the fly-fishing, which had got well under way when he left. He caught thirty-six trout at Big Island Pond, on the fly, the largest weighing 3 pounds 6 ounces, of which fish he is justly proud. All his trout were returned to the water. Mr. Wells, on June 11, took from the same pond twenty-six trout, all on the fly. The fish were all carefully weighed and put back. The largest weighed 2 pounds and the smallest 1 pound. There were a number of 1¼ and 1½ pounds. Mr. Crane took, on the way out, at some of the ponds, two trout of 1¼ pounds, and several from ¾ to 1 pound. He had another buckboard adventure on that trip, coming out by way of Kennebago and Cusuptic Stream. The corduroy road was afloat on three or four feet of water over a swamp, clear to the bridge. The bridge seemed to be all right. The driver attempted to put the horses through the floating timber. Quickly they were both down, with heads under water, where they would have quickly drowned. But the drivers—there were two of them—jumped into the cold water to their hips, and held up the horses' heads till they could be unhitched from the buckboard. Then they were led along and finally urged to mount the bridge. On the other side of the bridge the shore was easily reached. A long rope was hitched to the pole of the buckboard, by means of which it was drawn to the bridge; and finally up on to it, by the aid of levers of timber put under the forward axle and over the edge of the bridge. Mr. Crane says that a number of snap shots were taken of different phases of their predicament, and that the pictures will be worth seeing.

SPECIAL.

Fish and Fishing.

Salmon in Ouananiche Waters.

I HAVE just returned home to Quebec from a visit to the Grand Discharge, which was undertaken for a double purpose. Mr. Louis Rhead, the New York artist and author of "The Speckled Brook Trout," has another important work in course of preparation, and we had arranged to meet at the Discharge for the purpose of improving our acquaintance with the ouananiche and its Canadian environment, and of obtaining further material both for the literary portion of the forthcoming book and for its illustrations. I had also set myself the task of making a thorough investigation, for the benefit of the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM*, of the many stories of the occasional existence of salmon in the ouananiche waters of Lake St. John, and of the result to date of the experimental planting of *Salmo salar* in some of the feeders of the lake.

For three years past a portion of the product of the salmon stripped at the Tadoussac hatchery has been planted in the Salmon and Metabetchouan Rivers, and 200,000 more of the fry have just been received from Tadoussac at the Roberval hatchery, where they will be kept until the approach of winter, when they, too, will be planted in order to make room for the annual supply of ouananiche spawn. At the same time, there will be planted from the same hatchery, nearly 600,000 young ouananiche, hatched nearly two months ago. It was mentioned some time ago in this column that a few samlets were found in Lake St. John last year, the product of the fry planted two or three years before. It is pretty well authenticated that net fishermen in Lake St. John took several smolt this spring weighing nearly half a pound each. The most careful inquiries made on the spot leave no doubt in my mind on the subject. As the annual rush of American anglers to Lake St. John has now commenced, it may be well to repeat what was said in this column a few weeks ago, that a close watch should be kept for the young salmon this year, and that it would much add to the interest of the experiment, if anglers, competent to identify salmon smolt from the young of the ouananiche, and fortunate enough to catch any of the former this season in these waters, would report the circumstances, fully, through the columns of *FOREST AND STREAM*. It should scarcely be necessary to add, as I then stated, that no good sportsman capturing salmon smolt will fail to return them to the water.

Whether these fish will descend to the sea after the

manner of their kind, remains, of course, to be seen. Like the salmon which formerly inhabited the rivers flowing into Lake Ontario, they may simply retire into the depths of the lake itself. Should they run down to salt water from Lake St. John, I am perfectly convinced that they can readily ascend if they choose to do so, for I now have satisfactory evidence that the salmon of the sea has already been captured, in a few instances, in the upper waters of the Grand Discharge. One of the most reliable guides of Lake St. John, who some ten years ago was with a Montreal angler when he caught a supposed salmon in Griffiths pool only two miles below Lake St. John, has been interviewed by me and is positive that the fish in question, which weighed nine pounds, was from the sea. By a strange coincidence, I had only arrived home a few hours from Lake St. John when I was called on by Dr. Tripp, of Auburn, N. Y., who with Mr. Osborne and others, was on his way to the Saguenay Club waters opposite the lower end of the island of Alma in the Grand Discharge. The doctor assures me that Mr. Chamberlain, a well-known member of his club, caught a true sea salmon some years ago in the club waters, which weighed eleven pounds, and that he himself had hooked another, which upon feeling the hook, had immediately started off upon a run, taking off all the line at a single spurt, and leaving only the empty rod and reel in the hands of the doctor. No ouananiche, as all who have angled for them know, ever make a run of this kind.

Incidentally, I may remark that the ouananiche season has opened more favorably this year than for many years past. Mr. Rhead and a friend took over fifty pounds of fish in one day this week and might have taken many more had they wished to. Mr. Gus Andrews, of Denver, Col., had four fish exceeding three pounds in weight, among one day's catch, and Mr. Rhead had two. Out of five doubles hooked in the course of one day's fishing, I was fortunate enough to save four of them, and one of the other pair. Most of the credit of this performance belongs, naturally, to the guide, who did the netting—John Lessard—and how he did it I will tell on some other occasion, for just now I must hurry to catch the mail.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The San Francisco Fly-Casting Club announces a scientific angling tournament to be held at Stow Lake, in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, Cal., on Aug. 8 and 9, 1902. The contests will be for the world's championships in fly-casting and in lure-casting, and will be open to the members of all recognized angling clubs. The events will be:

1. Long-distance fly-casting with light rod. Rods not to exceed five ounces in weight, with three-quarters of an ounce allowance for solid reel-seat.
2. Long-distance fly-casting with heavy rod, weight unlimited.
3. Accuracy fly-casting at buoys 50, 55 and 60 feet; rods not to exceed 8½ ounces.
4. Combined delicacy and accuracy fly-casting at buoys 35, 40 and 45 feet. Rods not to exceed 5¾ ounces.
5. Lure-casting at buoys 60, 70, 80, 90, and 100 feet. The lure will be a half-ounce rubber frog.
6. Team contest between clubs. Two men constitute a team. The events included in the team contest will be those above described under the heads 2, 3, 4 and 5. No rod shall exceed eleven feet in length. All casting to be done single-handed. Leaders are to be of single gut, and shall be between 6 and 9 feet in length. Fly shall not be larger than No. 5 (American size). No restrictions on line or reel, except that in lure-casting, reel shall be absolutely free running. No effort or expense will be spared to make this tournament a memorable one.

Medals and Prizes.

The winner in each of the first five contests will receive a diamond championship medal. In addition to the medal, there will be many valuable merchandise prizes awarded in each event.

The trophy for the team contest will be a silver loving cup, which shall become the property of the club whose team shall win the contest.

Transportation.

At the time of the tournament the Knights of Pythias, 60,000 strong, will be holding a conclave in San Francisco. Special rates on all lines of travel to San Francisco will be made. There will be a \$50 rate from Chicago to San Francisco and return, and from other cities in the East and the Middle West proportionately low rates will be in effect.

A National Organization.

In order to more effectively serve the interests of those devoted to the "gentle art," it is proposed that at the time of the tournament in San Francisco, a national organization of fly-casting and angling clubs be established. The advantages to be derived from such an organization are many, some of which are:

The adoption of a uniform code of laws and rules to govern contests and tournaments; the influencing of legislation for the proper protection of fish; the promotion of scientific angling; the formation of clubs throughout the Union, and the promotion of good fellowship among anglers.

At the preliminary meeting any recognized club in the United States may be represented by proxy, if it be impossible to send a member as a delegate.

Fishing.

August is about the best month for fly-fishing in California, and it is our purpose to give the visiting brother anglers some fishing trips that they can talk about. The salt-water salmon fishing along the coast of central and northern California, and the tuna and yellowtail fishing at Catalina Island and along the coast of southern California, afford kingly entertainment. The rivers and the

lakes of the Sierra Nevadas abound in trout, and the angler plies his art in the midst of grand scenery.

Fuller particulars regarding the rules and other matters pertaining to the tournament will be furnished on application to the undersigned.

T. W. BROTHERTON, Secretary-Treasurer,
Room No. 27, Wells Fargo Building,
San Francisco, Cal.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Derby and the Anglers.

CHICAGO, ILL., JUNE 21.—"If I knew which horse was going to win the Derby to-day," said a newspaper man who lives across the street from here, "I would tell the managing editor of this paper a good many things which I have been thinking of him for a number of years."

There are a great many people in Chicago to-day who entertain a frame of mind somewhat similar to that expressed above. There are about 60,000 people at this writing headed south toward Washington Park. A good many of them think they know who is going to win the Derby, and they all of them wish they knew they knew it. There will be temporary luxury in town for a gilded few for a short time early next week, and there will be an extensive gloom for a good many others.

One can only deprecate this extensive and deplorable interest in the depraving sport of horse racing. It is wrong, as every one knows, to lay wagers upon the results of horse racing, and I deeply regret to see so many of our fellow citizens thus abandoning themselves to the allurements of vice. At the same time, this being written an hour or so before the start of the horse race, I cannot avoid feeling a certain interest as to the chances a certain horse I could mention will have in this particular race.

The special bearing of the American Derby upon field sports lies herein, that pretty nearly all Chicago, being for the day race horse mad, has abandoned its plans for going fishing and has concluded to invest its spare funds in the giddy whirl of Derby Day. A great many of our young men wish to go out to see the automobiles and the tallyhoes and the divers other methods of conveyance; they wish to see the serried rows of the amphitheater. One does not blame them. There will certainly be a large number of good lookers there to-day.

And, as has been indicated, there exists that deplorable curiosity as to the running chances of a certain horse in the Derby.

It might have been much less expensive for many of these good folk had they taken a family lunch basket and headed north into Wisconsin instead of south into Washington Park. The weather after the late rains is cool, but very bright and invigorating. To-morrow will be another pleasant day in all likelihood, and also the day following, if we are to believe the weather reports. The fish ought to bite, indeed probably would bite were there any anglers to pursue them. As it is, the tackle stores to-day report an unprecedented dullness in sales. "All gone to the races," say the salesmen.

Among those who remain true to the ancient art of angling and who start to-day for an outing in the lake region of Wisconsin, mostly on the Fox Lake chain near Lake Villa, are Messrs. R. E. Kimball, Tom Walters, M. P. Riley, H. Miner, L. S. Pritchell, Messrs. Ingraham, McKinster, Messrs. Winfield, Jarvis and Charles Lawrence. It required a certain hardihood for these gentlemen, equipped with rod cases and frog baskets, to set their course toward the railway depot, averting their faces from the scornful glances of the fair occupants of the lines of tallyhoes that blocked the streets this afternoon. These are the wise men of Chicago. They will lay up money if they don't get a bite. How much better it is to go fishing than to entertain a curiosity in regard to the chances of a certain horse which I might mention. As to my friend's managing editor—well, he will see what he will see.

Later.—One may as well admit that the certain horse was one known as Wyeth. How sad that men have curiosity as to the relative speed of horses. Still, if by staying home from fishing one has made enough fishing money to last all summer, he may perhaps be forgiven for not going fishing to-day. It was a little cool, anyway. Wyeth is a very pretty name for a horse to have. But how deplorable it is for men to indulge in idle curiosity!

Big Muscallunge.

A big muscallunge came down this week from Minocqua, reported to be caught by A. E. Coon. It weighs thirty-five pounds, and has been mounted for display. This is the heaviest muscallunge I have heard of for some little time; although on the whole our muscallunge season in Wisconsin this year seems to have picked up and shows rather better than the average amount of fairly good fishing.

Wants to go for Muscallunge.

Dr. Robert T. Morris, of New York city, is desirous of separating himself from some of his money in return for experience in catching, or undertaking to catch, the wary Western muscallunge. Dr. Morris writes as below:

I would like to think of some good reason for claiming the right to ask you a question, but the only thing that I can offer in excuse is that I am a reader of FOREST AND STREAM, and that I always read it backward, beginning with your letter first. The only compensation that I can think of will be to ask you to catch some of the trout in my preserve when you are in New York.

I want to catch a muskellunge somewhere in Wisconsin or Minnesota, and to take my wife along. We want to take the "Lakes trip" to Duluth, and to go to some good point from there. We do not want anything easy. We camp out, and live on the country, and the rougher the trip the better. We do not want to go where there are other people, because New York furnishes enough of that in the open season. What we want is to hide somewhere with an average guide. We do not want the best guide nor the biggest muskellunge, nor the surest bass fishing. We have caught everything—or samples of everything—in the East, from salmon to clams, and have never been in a muskellunge country. If we can only look at that sort of water, it will pay us for the trip, and if we can catch enough fish to lower the water ever so little, we shall rejoice. Can you tell me where to go, and give me the name of some guide?

I have not any information which makes me think there is a surer point right now than Minocqua, Wis.

Friends of mine who have been in Minocqua Lake, Carl Lake (I think this is the name of the water), Arbor Vitae Lake and other waters near that point have had very good luck this spring, and I have heard of others who have been in there and who nearly all have had good results. I would mention also John Hebden's place on Squirrel Lake, a dozen miles or so from Minocqua. Hebden can furnish a guide. At any rate, this point is at the edge of the fishing country, and one could there without any difficulty get into certain chains which ought to produce very good results. It is getting just a trifle late for muscallunge fishing, but should the weather not turn too hot and bright, Dr. Morris ought to be able to gratify his curiosity regarding these big Western fish. I am sure he will get a thirty-pounder at least to carry home with him, and a pleasant recollection of our country. A dozen years ago one could have guaranteed him success. We have changed much of that, but still have a few fish left for the patient and the lucky ones. There should be fair camping in any of very many localities near there.

Mississippi River Bars.

Mr. Charles Cristadoro, of St. Paul, is good enough, in answer to an inquiry in regard to the bass fishing along the Mississippi River, to send me the following letter from a fisherman by the name of Charles Stapf, of Prescott, Wis. The latter writes: "The fly-fishing is fine now. I was out the other evening and caught a nice bunch just below town at the first and second wing dams. If you have any one who wants to go fly-fishing, please send him down, or if you want to go, let me know and I will be ready for you. Our fly-fishing starts as soon as the shad flies begin to hatch. They are a very large fly which come from the water, and do not live very long. The bass and sand pike were jumping for them in fine shape. Come to-morrow or Saturday if you can, as it is all right now."

The foregoing letter was written on June 12, and I have not heard from Mr. Cristadoro since that time. As the water was very high at that time, the fishing ought to be better this week, provided that the hatch of the sand fly has not been exhausted. Mr. Cristadoro incloses one of these flies in his letter. It is what we call the sand fly here, or more properly speaking, the green drake, a large, delicate winged fly with upturned body, the same that is known as shad fly, sand fly, soldier fly, etc., in different parts of the West.

This green drake hatch suggests a different sort of fly-fishing for these Mississippi River bass from that which has been so long practiced along the cut banks. Mr. Cristadoro says he finds the fishing better along the ends of the wing dams. My old La Crosse guide, Ash, always thought it was better along the cut banks, where he believed the bass were feeding on crawfish. For this cut-bank fishing, a large, dark fly of the pattern known as the Onondago was thought to be best, but for the wing-dam fishing, on fish which are rising to the shad fly, I should think some mallard-winged fly like the professor, grizzly-king, etc., might be fully as good, or possibly much better. If I have luck I want to give them a try on both propositions.

For Camping Out.

Mr. Frank B. Robinson writes from Lafayette, Ind., as follows:

There is a party from this city looking for a camping place in northern Wisconsin; and we were thinking of Pelican Lake. We want a nice, quiet place, and write you for information regarding this lake. Would like to know about the fishing there, and what kind are caught. And do you know anything about the cottages there? And what is the size of the lake? Any information you can give me will be thankfully received.

I think Mr. Robinson will find Pelican Lake all right. It is one of the older waters, and has been fished pretty steadily, but once in a while it turns out a muscallunge, not to mention bass and pike. I cannot advise regarding the cottages there, but believe that in general terms he will be safe in heading for that point. A young friend of mine who was up there early in the season had some very good fun with bass and pike, and also got some muscallunge, although no large ones. He reported the accommodations very good.

Exporting Michigan Bass.

Mr. F. Keppen, of this city, writes the following letter of inquiry:

In a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM you recommended a Michigan lake to Chicago fishermen, where black bass were plentiful. Kindly inform me how to get there, and give railroad fare and accommodations that can be obtained; also please state whether I can take a mess of bass back to Chicago with me should I be lucky enough to land them. I have the Game Laws in Brief, but do not understand same in regard to bass.

I must mildly protest that I am not a tourist association, but only a newspaper man. I cannot always give railroad and hotel rates, though I am always glad to give any authentic information as far as possible. I have sent Mr. Keppen the literature of a hotel which I find is on Hamlin Lake, and hope that the fates may prosper him.

As to bringing black bass out of the State of Michigan, it is illegal, and should not, of course, be undertaken by any sportsman. The attitude of the State warden was surely plainly expressed in his recent communication printed in these columns, in regard to the exporting of brook trout. Black bass come under the same inhibition.

Train Accommodations for Wisconsin Fishing.

My friend, Mr. John D. McLeod and his wife and family, have gone up to Star Lake, Wis., for the summer. This place is gaining in popularity and gathers in quite a bunch of anglers every season.

By the way, commencing on Friday, June 27, and every Friday thereafter during July and August, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway will attach to their west-bound limited train sleeping cars, which run straight through to Star Lake, Wis. This train leaves Chicago at 6:30 P. M., and arrives at Star Lake at 7:20 A. M. Saturday. Coming back, the sleeping cars leave Star Lake at 8 P. M. on Sunday, arriving at 9:30 A. M. Monday. The city offices of this road would give any further information. The establishment of this sleeping

car service shows the dimensions which the north-bound week-end angling traffic amounts to nowadays.

The Chicago & Northwestern Railway also have a sporting service of a similar nature between Chicago and Gogebic, on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday of each week, beginning June 28. The Northwestern train leaves Chicago at 3 P. M., reaches Watersmeet at 6 A. M., and Gogebic at 6:40 A. M. The through sleeper leaves Watersmeet for Chicago on Sunday only, at 9:15 P. M., reaching Chicago at 9:45 Monday morning.

Taking the above railway accommodations in connection with the growing luxury of our Western summer resorts, we may point with pride to our angling facilities in this part of the world.

Fly Dope.

Mr. Oswald von Lengerke, with his friend Charles Lester, start July 8 for the Nepigon. Mr. Von Lengerke asks me if I can give him a recipe for the famous Fox fly dope, which he thinks he is going to need in the North Shore country. Unluckily, I have misplaced this formula, though it has been printed a couple of times in the FOREST AND STREAM. The best I can do is to refer Mr. Von Lengerke to Col. E. Crofton Fox, of Grand Rapids, Mich., who has probably wished a dozen times that he never invented this fly dope, since he does not sell it, and only suffers himself to be persecuted by his good friends. Good trout fishing and good fly dope will be the portion of these gentlemen if they make their Nepigon trip as they plan it in detail.

His Vacation.

Mr. A. Hirth is to be the guest to-morrow, and longer, if necessary, of Mr. F. E. Coyne, Postmaster of Chicago, at Mr. Coyne's summer cottage on a near-by Wisconsin lake. Mr. Hirth to-day was making preparations for this event, and had at last accounts secured his fishing lunch for to-morrow, which consisted of two bottles of beer and a package of chocolate creams; rather an unique combination, but one against which we ought not to pronounce censure, since I imagine but few of us could pronounce as to its virtues or its evils.

Carp

Most of our good bass waters in this part of the country are infested with that beastly nuisance, the German carp. In few localities has this fish gained greater size than in the Fox Lake waters. There is shown at Otto Muercke's place a mounted carp taken in Fox Lake which observers declare must have weighed seventy pounds. It is a foot or so in depth of body, and many inches in thickness at the shoulder. Specimens of this hogfish have been taken weighing 48, 50 and 52 pounds in the Fox Lake waters, if reports come to hand correctly. There is no doubt that it has done very much to ruin the angling in the Fox Lake Chain and in the Fox River itself. It may be seen from the above weights that it seems pretty well able to hold its own.

Two Days at the "Woodpile."

The "Woodpile" is the somewhat unepithetous name possessed by the beautiful little lodge of Mr. B. K. Miller, of Milwaukee, and his friend, Mr. John D. McLeod. This, as I need not tell earlier readers of the FOREST AND STREAM, is situated on their preserved stream, the Pine, which is in the same district above described along the new branch of the Northwestern Road, and reached now via Wild Rose station. They once used to go in at Waupaca, but it is only a five-mile drive from Wild Rose, whereas it is about eighteen miles from Waupaca. It should be remembered that this is not open fishing. As to its excellence, there is no stream in the State of Wisconsin, open or closed, which approaches this one in the unvarying excellence of its trout fishing, and its great natural adaptability to support a fine stock of trout.

Something of the facts mentioned above I learned on a trip in acceptance of the kind invitations of the owners of the Pine preserve to join them on the stream. Mr. Miller, at the time of the invitation, was up himself, and Mr. McLeod was to go in later. Of course, business kept me from going until still later. It was 11 o'clock at night, and twenty-four hours after I was due, before I finally arrived at the "Woodpile." My reception was a bit mysterious. Not a sound was heard, not even a funeral note, when my driver and I pulled up at the door. Finding the latter unlocked, I went in. The door of Mr. Miller's room was open, and the bed held no occupant.

"Perhaps they are up to the farmhouse," said the driver, "or maybe they are out fishing."

There was no reason for them to be at the farmhouse, and their rods hanging on the wall showed that they were not out fishing. I knocked at the door of Mr. McLeod's room and got no answer. Opening it, I observed that gentleman wrapped in peaceful slumber. We might have carried off the whole outfit, "Woodpile" and all, and he would have been none the wiser. Therefore I dismissed the driver, and in the morning surprised Mr. McLeod by telling him that he had company.

Mr. Miller's absence was explained by Mr. McLeod, who said that his friend had received news from Milwaukee that his business block was on fire, in which was the superb law library of Miller, Noyes & Miller, and that the library in all probability was quite destroyed. It is very pleasant to be able to add that the loss was not quite so serious as was dreaded, and that the library and records are reported safe.

After sending out proper inquiries to learn of matters at Milwaukee, Mr. McLeod and I, thus abandoned on the stream, turned ourselves to its resources as best we might. The day was warm, with a light wind, and just sufficiently overcast to offer good fishing. We started late, but I soon saw that the fishing was to be good. When lunch hour came I had a nice little start toward a basket of trout. I was using small and dark flies, Cahill, Carleton and the like, tied on No. 12's, and I had small trout rising continually, being obliged to put a great many of these back into the stream. At lunch Mr. McLeod advised me to try nothing smaller than a No. 6 fly. William Wood, the veteran keeper of this stream, went out with me after luncheon, and then we had as beautiful a bit of trout fishing as often falls to the lot of man. William seconded Mr. McLeod's advice.

How to Catch Them.

"Your flies are too small," said he. "Let me fix you up one."

He rigged on a big No. 6 silver-doctor and then we began to do business. I had always known the Pine to be a good stream, and had never failed to make a basket there, but something seems to have happened to the stream this year. All the trout seem to have grown to double the size they were last year. In truth, I never had an idea, much as I admired the stream, that it was any such a trout water as it proved to be on this day. They began to come and kept on coming. An eight-inch trout was a rarity, and a seven-inch we put back into the water. Of ten-inch trout we had in abundance, one over sixteen inches, and a lot in the one-foot neighborhood. I had Mr. Miller's big bass creel, a fifteen-pound basket, and we took that into camp that night full of trout. During the day I retained only twenty-six trout, but Mr. Miller said it was the biggest average of trout he had ever seen taken on the stream. We had a lot of good fights, and naturally lost some fish, though none of them so large as the biggest one I brought in. The trout rose beautifully, and they were great, thick, fat fellows, full of flaming reds and orange colors, such as fairly set the pools afire when a big trout breaks for the fly. It was truly a grand day on the stream.

William Wood gave me a few lessons in the art of trout fishing as we went along—lessons which I think would be of value to many a trout fisherman who thinks he is something of an angler. I let him take my rod, a powerful 6½-ounce tool, and I saw at once that his method of fishing was different from my own. I had been using a long line, letting the fly sweep diagonally across the current, and allowing it, more or less by reason of the length of the cast, to sink at times a little below the surface of the water. William used a shorter line and kept his flies always on the top of the water.

"You want to make a ripple always with your flies on the surface," said he, "and you want to keep them moving. A trout will always run after a fly if it thinks it is going to get away. If you allow it to sweep down across the current and then let it rest suddenly for a moment, the trout has a chance to size it up. If you keep it going, covered up to some extent by its own ripple on the surface of the water, the trout does not know exactly what it is, and he just takes a fly at it in order to find out."

William is a trifle more strenuous in his notions of striking trout than I am myself. He parted two or three leaders, and lost several of our precious silver-doctors, until at last he gave me the rod and told me he would fish no more. "I have to have a strong leader when I fish," said he. "If I see a trout moving anywhere near the fly, I strike, and strike plenty hard."

This I believe is practically the only fault in William's fishing, although he does not make any boasts of being a fly-fisherman. As a matter of fact, he can always go out and catch a basket of trout, even when others are failing. He thinks Mr. Miller and myself are not careful enough to keep the fly on top of the water. For this kind of fishing one does not want too heavy a rod, nor too long a line. At least, when the trout are rising, as we found them, one can walk directly down on them and take them at comparatively short range. That is not to say that one cannot take them at long range or with the sunken fly, but after being out with William and trying his system, I thought part of our success was due to his own instructions.

Trout and Rain.

On the following morning Mr. McLeod felt a trifle indisposed, and as the weather looked threatening, he said he did not care to go out for the time. He wanted to take home some trout with him this time, however, and asked me to catch him a basketful if I could. This morning was warm and threatening with black clouds gathering in the sky. Acting on William's advice, I went down stream, well toward the end of the preserve, and fished a water where a rod had not been in this season, unless it had been Mr. Miller's on one or two days at most. I was alone this time, and what a pretty time I did have with those trout! Pushing my way through the forest into a little open glade, where a bit of grass bank lined the stream, I just dropped the fly out of sight over the grassy edge. There was a double flash quick as lightning, and the tip of the rod was jerked suddenly downward. I hooked one fish of the double rise, a beauty of over half a pound. Then I did the trick directly over again, and was lucky enough to land his mate. Then I began to work down the grassy bank of the stream, casting short in order to avoid the bushes back of me. In brief, I took six noble trout in this little bend, one of them nearly three-quarters of a pound, and all of them over ten inches. I found the fish equally obliging as I went on down stream, and soon the basket began to get heavy.

Do not believe those who tell you that trout will not rise while it is thundering. There was a thunderstorm coming apace back of me, but the closer it got the more avid the trout seemed for the fly. The conditions were simply perfect, and I lacked only a companion to make the sport ideal. When at last the rain caught me my basket was full. The storm itself broke with a perfect torrent of rain, and although I made a bough house with my hunting knife and sheltered myself as well as I could back of a clump of alders, I was drenched to the skin. That made no difference whatever, for when at length I got into the club house I had twenty-two grand trout to add to those we already had in the ice house.

We lay indoors and read and chatted until at last, about 4 o'clock, the storm broke away. Mr. McLeod then said he could not think of going home without at least having one more bout with the trout. He went down stream a little way, and William took me up stream into the woods, on a reach which I had never loved particularly, but which he told me had more trout than I thought. We found the sweet little Pine very angry and disturbed, and running nearly bank full. This freshet, so far from disturbing the fishing, was the best thing in the world for it. All the big trout in the river seemed to be out moving around, and we began to take them one after another, as quickly as we struck the stream. William knew all the good places, and under his coaching our basket soon began to get heavy once more, the trout running here also fat, lusty and big as they had below.

A Big One.

One incident of our afternoon's fishing I think I shall remember forever, it was so very beautiful and vivid. I had believed the fish were feeding on the edge of the bar on the shallow sides of the bends, and was working along among the alders, the wind drifting my flies a little bit further out toward midstream than I wished them to land. One cast was thus blown aside nearly a dozen feet, and as the fly struck we saw a sudden rush and a great trout cut the water from the edge of the alders, directly for the fly. We could see his dorsal fin sticking out of the water like a shark's as he made his rush. The fish was nearly as wide as one's four fingers. A startled exclamation broke from William as I struck at the rush. There was nothing fastened, and the line went back of me into the grass. We stood quiet for a couple of minutes or so before I ventured another cast. This time the fly landed in very nearly the same place. At once there came a rush from the opposite side of the stream, out of the deep water, and we saw the fish break the water into a deep swirl as he struck a second time. This time I just felt something touch the fly, but it might have been the passing of the line over the fish's shoulder. William thought I struck too slowly, and declared that had he been holding the rod something would have been doing. I did not think the big trout really had the fly in his mouth at all. At any rate, we missed him, and although we cast as nicely as we knew how thereafter, we could not raise him again. William said it was the biggest trout he had seen this spring, and he placed its weight somewhere between two and three pounds. My biggest fish upon the day previous was about a pound and a quarter. This one which we saw was apparently twice as large. Any angler knows that a trout looks much bigger out of the water than it does in the water, contrary to the ordinarily accepted belief.

We grieved over the loss of this big one, but nevertheless worked on down through the woods toward the club house, not with very much time to spare, and yet not hurrying unduly, for we knew we were taking all the trout we needed.

"How many do you think you have in the basket?" said William, when we got back to the club house.

"About a dozen," I replied.

He smiled. When we counted them out we had just twenty-two. Mr. McLeod, who had not been gone as long as ourselves, turned out an equal number from his creel, after his universal fashion of taking more trout than anybody else on the stream in the same amount of fishing. Thus it may be seen that we had to two rods about ninety trout, and I must say that never in all my fishing have I seen so grand an average gotten together on any stream in the West. Of course our trout in this country do not run as heavy as those of Maine or Canada, but I have been fishing for these small fellows for many years and never have taken as good a basket as the above in any of my trips.

While going up to the lodge on this trip I met Mr. G. A. Buckstaff, of Oshkosh, and his friend, Mr. Hooper. Mr. Buckstaff stopped at Benjamin's, but remained only for one day, so that I did not learn what success he had on the White. Mr. Hooper went in at Ingleside, a little cross roads station some way out from Wild Rose, where he did bait-fishing. He came down on the train with us when we came out, and said that he took thirty handsome trout. His part of the stream could not be fished with the fly. A resident at Ingleside caught nineteen fish in one day. In short, all along that country everybody seemed to be having good luck and a good time.

William Woods hopes I will come up next fall and help him with his hatching operations on the Pine. I wonder if Mr. Miller and Mr. McLeod realize how splendid a possession they have in this little stream? It has certainly afforded delight to more than one city person on more than one occasion.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Angling Near New York.

The news that bluefish have begun to bite in nearby waters will be hailed with delight by all salt water anglers in this vicinity. The first bluefish to be taken this season were caught last week, but they are already being brought in in large numbers and are of good size. The fish are in large schools off Rockaway and Manhattan Beach, and some large catches have been made here, one boat bringing in about fifty last Friday, the fish weighing over 6 pounds each. Bluefish have also begun to bite at Fire Island Inlet, where some large fish have been taken. At Long Beach a few have been caught, but they have not yet appeared in any numbers here.

Weakfishing is better now than it has been at any time this season, although the storm of Saturday spoiled the fishing for a few days. The fishing in Jamaica Bay is at its best. Catches of fifty weakfish in three or four hours' fishing are not rare. The bay is full of weakfish, and anyone can get a mess at Broad Channel, The Raunt, Goose Creek, or at any other of the fishing stations. The same is true of the Staten Island waters. At Gifford's Station, weakfishing has been good for some time, and at South Beach some big ones have been taken.

Fluke are biting freely, but they are not yet as numerous as they should be at this season. Some large ones have been caught in the Rockaway Inlet and in Jamaica Bay. At Queenswater and Long Beach they are plentiful. Surf casting for young sharks and kingfish has been carried on at Long Beach, and some fish have been taken in this manner.

Passengers on the fishing banks steamers have brought in large catches of sea bass, blackfish and ling and some fluke.

G. F. DIEHL.

A Stray Line with Something on It.

CHERRY HILL, Pa., June 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While fishing for pike in Lake Erie, off Conneaut Harbor, last week, one of our party, upon reeling in his line, found he had a stray line on his hook, and from the stray one was taken a good-sized blue pike. The line had for a sinker a ten-ounce iron burr, so I think the fish was safely anchored. A shade darker was all the difference we could see from the rest of the catch.

F. R. I.

Destruction of Florida Turtle Eggs.

Editor Forest and Stream:
All sea turtles lay their eggs in the sand, for there is no other possible way by which they could be hatched. If the green turtle has ever made its home in Florida waters in greater numbers than at present, it has had no reason for migrating to other coasts, unless it has been molested in its breeding, and frightened away. There is no question that its numbers have been tremendously depleted by the thoughtless hordes of egg robbers.
If any of its tribe have escaped destruction along our coasts, they must, of necessity, lay their eggs in the same way as the worthless plebian loggerhead, and when the egg robber comes along he digs up all together. He may destroy a wagonload of green turtles, but about that he neither knows nor cares.

He is after a cheap, coarse dinner that an epicure would scorn to touch. I tried the experiment once, and, like others who have expressed their opinions to me, I would have to be very hungry if I dined on them the second time. Meanwhile, the delicious green turtle is being exterminated and it's time our authorities and editors tried to stop it.
DIDYMUS.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla., June 18.

The following paragraphs have a bearing on the subject. They are from a "Report on the Fish and Fisheries of the Coastal Waters of Florida," by John J. Brice, United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, sent to the Senate Jan. 28, 1897:

"The green turtle (*Chelonia mydas*), the most highly esteemed of the marine turtles, is found on the Atlantic seaboard from Long Island to Brazil, and hence along the entire length of the Florida coast, where it is especially common among the Florida keys. Over-fishing and the destruction of its eggs have greatly reduced its abundance in this State, and the annual catch is now much less than formerly.

"The green turtle breeds on the coast of Florida from April to July, during which time the female seeks the sandy shores of keys or the mainland in remote situations."

"The capture of green turtles is the most important fishery in which the people of the bay [Biscayne] are engaged. According to the fishermen's testimony, this fishery is much less remunerative than formerly, because of the increasing scarcity of the turtles. The green turtle, which is one of the most valuable of the water resources of Florida, has undergone a noteworthy diminution in abundance in this region within a comparatively few years, and it is generally thought that some protective legislation is necessary in order to preserve it from practical extinction. Mr. Ralph M. Munroe, of Coconut Grove, one of the best-informed persons on the bay, states that green turtles are now very scarce, and if their extermination is to be prevented they will have to be artificially propagated if the present indiscriminate methods are continued. Formerly they bred in large numbers in the bights of the keys forming the eastern boundary of the bay [Biscayne] and young could frequently be seen. Now, but few resort to this place to breed, and the supply is practically exhausted."

"The fishermen comment upon the fact that for the past few years the green turtles have not been depositing their eggs on Key West and the adjacent keys. It is very probable that this is owing to the excessive hunting of this species, and that they now deposit their eggs on the more distant and inaccessible keys. This has cut off quite an important and profitable business, as the gathering of green turtle eggs—which are better liked than those of the loggerhead—was carried on by a number of people."

The Schoodic.

CAMP MOOSEHORNS, Schoodic, Me., June 15.—I beg to report exceptional fishing from this camp. About nine miles away is Cedar Pond, and fishing there a few days ago I caught over a hundred fish. The total catch of my friend and myself must have been very nearly 200. This is quite a common catch, as I have found out on the most trustworthy testimony. Before going myself, I saw one man come in with 120 fish. The fish do not run large, the largest being about three-quarters of a pound, but are beautiful trout and most delicious eating. They take bait or fly, and several times I hooked one on bait and one on fly at the same time. They are good fighters. If anglers are disappointed elsewhere, they should try this, and they will feel good after landing a hundred fish or so, I feel sure.

Bear Brook also provides good fishing for trout, and Northwest Pond is full of the largest white perch and pickerel I have seen.

I. W. HUNTER.

Good Wrinkle for a Fly-Rod.

UNDER this heading Mr. Leod says in your issue of June 21: "My friend Mr. McLeod, of Milwaukee, sends me a little contrivance of his own. It is a flat steel spike, dull pointed, but strongly made, built into a screw to be screwed into the butt end of a fly-rod." It is said that "history repeats itself." Certainly in this case it is but a repetition of something in use over half a century ago. When I was a small boy nearly sixty years ago I had a fly-rod given me by Count Karl Luther, of Prussia. This rod is of Dublin manufacture, and screws together inside of the ferules. It has a flat piece of steel which screws into the butt. This spike is (including the screw) 4½ inches long, ¾ inch wide at the top and ¼ inch at the point, is thick in middle and bevelled on sides, and fits into a pocket on the outside of the rod case. I have both the rod and case in as good condition as when first given to me.
M. HARDY.

A little advertising is better than none, but often a little advertising is wasted where a great deal would show a decided profit.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company,

The Kennel.

Brandon Kennel Club.

THE Brandon Kennel Club has issued a circular letter as follows:

BRANDON, Manitoba, June 12.—The trial grounds have not as yet been permanently decided on. Two districts are already being looked over—Douglas and Martinville. Either place can be reached within ten miles of this city.

Around Brandon there are various first-class training grounds, and the club would be pleased to assist any handler of a string in going over and choosing a ground. This city is about fifty miles from Carman, where Manitoba field trials are to be held.

I am pleased to say that we have secured the services of W. W. Titus, of West Point, Minn., to judge our trials.

I hope to have the pleasure of recording one or several entries from you.

H. JAMES ELLIOTT.

Points and Flushes.

The Brandon Kennel Club, of which Dr. H. James Elliott is Honorary Secretary-Treasurer, Box 215 Brandon, Manitoba, has arranged for three stakes at its forthcoming trials, commencing Sept. 11, a Derby, an open all-age stake and the Manitoba Stake. Entries for the Derby close on July 1. The purse is \$175, divided as follows: First, \$85; second, \$60; third, \$30. July 1, \$5 forfeit; \$10 additional to start.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures, 1902.

Secretaries and members of race committees will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list and also changes which may be made in the future.

JUNE.

26. Royal Canadian, Prince of Wales cup, Toronto.
- 26-28. Seawanhaka Corinthian, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
28. Beverly, club, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
28. New York C. C., Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
28. Royal Canadian, Mail and Empire trophy, Toronto.
28. Penataquit-Corinthian, spring regatta, Lighthouse cup, Bay Shore.
28. Quincy, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
28. Kennebec, club, Bath, Maine.
28. Indian Harbor, club, Greenwich, L. I. Sound.
28. Corinthian, club, Essington, Delaware River.
28. Duxbury, club, Duxbury, Massachusetts Bay.
28. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
28. Boston, Y. R. A., open, City point, Boston Harbor.
28. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
28. Wollaston, Y. R. A., open, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
28. South Boston, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
28. Old Mill, J. B. Y. R. A., open, Jamaica Bay.
30. Bridgeport, Trial races for selection of representative for Seawanhaka cup contest, Bridgeport, Long Island Sound.
30. Royal Canadian, cake walk cup and L. S. S. A. regatta, Toronto.

JULY.

1. Royal Canadian, Queen's cup race, Hamilton and Walker cup race and L. S. S. A. regatta, Toronto.
- 1-3. Bridgeport, trial races for selection of representative for Seawanhaka cup contest, Bridgeport, Long Island Sound.
4. City of Boston, M. Y. R., open, City Point, Boston Harbor.
4. Beverly, open sweepstakes, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
4. Larchmont, annual, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
4. Hartford, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Saybrook, L. I. Sound.
4. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
4. Corinthian, open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
4. Columbia, annual open regatta, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
4. Milwaukee, club regatta, Milwaukee, Lake Michigan.
4. Duxbury, club, Duxbury, Massachusetts Bay.
4. New Bedford, club, cruise, Buzzard's Bay.
4. Kennebec, club cruise, Bath, Maine.
4. Jamaica Bay Y. R. A., open, Jamaica Bay.
- 4-5. Shelter Island, club race, Lochrke cup, Shelter Island Heights.
- 4-5. Eastern, open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
- 4-7. Manchester, Quincy Y. C. challenge cup races, West Manchester, Massachusetts Bay.
5. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
5. Royal Canadian, 30ft. class, Toronto.
5. Penataquit-Corinthian, summer regatta, Lighthouse cup, Bay Shore.
5. Mosquito Fleet, M. Y. R. A., open, City Point, Boston Harbor.
5. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club race for Centre Island Cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
5. Beverly, first Corinthian, Mon. Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
5. Riverside, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Riverside, L. I. Sound.
5. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
- 5-14. Atlantic, annual cruise, rendezvous Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
- 10-12. Indian Harbor, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
- 10-12. New York, Newport series, Newport.
- 10-12-14. Newport Y. R. A., open, Newport.
12. Duxbury, club, Duxbury, Massachusetts Bay.
12. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
12. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
12. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
12. Beverly, second Corinthian, Mon. Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
12. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
12. Marine and Field, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
12. Squantum, M. Y. R. A., open, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
12. Royal Canadian, 25ft. class, Toronto.
12. Kennebec, club, Bath, Maine.
12. Canarsie, J. B. Y. R. A., open, Jamaica Bay.
12. South Boston, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
- 14-16. Newport Y. R. A., Newport.
19. Penataquit-Corinthian, Lighthouse cup, Bay Shore.
19. Shelter Island, club race, Lochrke cup, Shelter Island Heights.
19. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club race for Centre Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
19. South Boston, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
19. Stamford Corinthian, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Stamford, Long Island Sound.
19. Duxbury, club, Duxbury, Massachusetts Bay.
19. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
19. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
19. Beverly, club, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
19. Manhasset Bay, club, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
- 19-26. Larchmont, race week, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
- 19-31. Royal Canadian, L. Y. R. A. circuit, Toronto.
- 21-26. Interlake Y. A., an. regatta, Put-in-Bay, Toledo, Lake Erie.
- 24-26. Hull-Massachusetts, midsummer series, Y. R. A., open, Hull, Boston Harbor.
26. Quincy, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
26. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
26. Duxbury, club, Duxbury, Massachusetts Bay.
- 26 to Aug. 2. Corinthian, annual cruise, from Delaware River to Long Island Sound.
26. Beverly, third Cor., Mon. Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
26. Manhasset Bay, club, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
26. Beverly, third Corinthian, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
26. Mosquito Fleet, club, City Point, Boston Harbor.

26. Atlantic, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
26. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
26. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club race for Centre Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
26. Norwalk, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, So. Norwalk, L. I. Sound.
26. Hartford, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Saybrook, L. I. Sound.
26. Wollaston, M. Y. R. A., open, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
- 28-29. Boston Y. R. A., open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
- 29, 31 and Aug. 2. Kennebec, commodore's cup series, Bath, Me.
- 30-31. Corinthian, Midsummer Invitation series, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.

AUGUST.

1. Manhasset Bay, race for 18ft. one-design classes, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
1. Corinthian, Midsummer Invitation series, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
2. New Bedford, club, South Dartmouth.
2. Indian Harbor, club, Greenwich, L. I. Sound.
2. Royal Canadian, dinghy, 16ft. to 25ft. classes, Toronto.
2. Penataquit-Corinthian, open regatta, Bay Shore.
2. Shelter Island, club race, Lochrke cup, Shelter Island Heights.
2. Duxbury, club, Duxbury, Massachusetts Bay.
2. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
2. Corinthian, annual, open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
2. Columbia, race to Macatawa Bay, Lake Michigan.
2. Manhasset, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
2. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
2. Brooklyn, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, N. Y. Bay.
- 4-5. Manchester, M. Y. R. A., open, West Manchester, Mass. Bay.
5. New York, cruise, rendezvous at New London.
6. New York, cruise, run to Newport.
- 5-6. Misery Island, open, Salem Bay, Massachusetts Bay.
7. New York, cruise, Astor cup races.
7. East Gloucester, M. Y. R. A., open, Gloucester, Mass. Bay.
- 7-9. Seawanhaka cup races, Dorval, Lake St. Louis, Canada, between representatives of Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. and Bridgeport Y. C.
- 7-9. Macatawa Bay, Lake Michigan, Y. A. open races.
- 8-9. Annisquam, M. Y. R. A., open, Annisquam, Mass. Bay.
9. Hempstead, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Glen Cove, L. I. Sound.
9. Northport, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Northport, L. I. Sound.
9. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club race for Centre Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
9. Knickerbocker, annual cruise, rendezvous College Point, L. I. Sound.
9. Kennebec, open, Bath, Maine.
9. New Bedford, club, South Dartmouth.
9. Quincy, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
9. Royal Canadian, first class, Toronto.
9. South Boston, sailing tender race, City Point, Boston Harbor.
9. Duxbury, club, Duxbury, Massachusetts Bay.
9. Beverly-Van Rensselaer cup race, Marion, Buzzard's Bay.
9. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
9. Wollaston, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
11. American, M. Y. R. A., open, Newburyport, Massachusetts Bay.
15. Penataquit-Corinthian, annual cruise, Bay Shore.
16. Royal Canadian, 30ft. class, Toronto.
16. Shelter Island, open regatta, Shelter Island Heights.
16. Horseshoe Harbor, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
16. Huntington, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Huntington, L. I. Sound.
16. Hartford, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Saybrook, L. I. Sound.
16. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
16. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, race for Centre Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
16. Duxbury, club, Duxbury, Massachusetts Bay.
16. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
16. Beverly, fourth Corinthian, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
16. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
21. Plymouth, M. Y. R. A., open, Plymouth, Massachusetts Bay.
22. Kingston, M. Y. R. A., open, Kingston, Mass. Bay.
23. Bridgeport, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Bridgeport, L. I. Sound.
23. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
23. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
23. Huguenot, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
23. Royal Canadian, 16ft. class, Toronto.
23. Penataquit-Corinthian, Lighthouse cup, Bay Shore.
23. Shelter Island, ladies' race, Shelter Island Heights.
23. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
23. Beverly, fifth Corinthian, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
23. Wollaston, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
23. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
23. South Boston, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
23. Duxbury, M. Y. R. A., open, Duxbury, Mass. Bay.
23. Marine and Field, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
24. Mosquito Fleet, club, City Point, Boston Harbor.
- 25-26. Wellfleet, M. Y. R. A., open, Wellfleet, Massachusetts Bay.
- 28-30. Cape Cod, M. Y. R. A., open, Provincetown, Mass. Bay.
30. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
30. Beverly, sixth Corinthian, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
30. Columbia, race to Waukegan, Lake Michigan.
30. Manhasset Bay, club, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
30. Larchmont, club, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
30. Atlantic, club, Fire Island and return, New York Bay.
30. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
30. Indian Harbor, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
30. Royal Canadian, dinghy and 25ft. classes, Toronto.
30. Kennebec, club, Bath, Maine.
30. Hartford, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Saybrook, L. I. Sound.
- 30-31. Corinthian, annual cruise, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.

SEPTEMBER.

1. Indian Harbor, club, Greenwich, L. I. Sound.
1. Quincy, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
1. Corinthian, club, Essington, Delaware River.
1. Corinthian, annual cruise, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
1. Larchmont, fall regatta, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
1. Sachem's Head, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Guilford, L. I. Sound.
1. Norwalk, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, So. Norwalk, L. I. Sound.
1. Lynn, M. Y. R. A., open, Nahant, Massachusetts Bay.
1. Beverly, open, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
1. Royal Canadian, first class, Lorne cup cruising race, Toronto.
1. Shelter Island, club race, Lochrke cup, Shelter Island Heights.
2. Penataquit-Corinthian, fall regatta, Bay Shore.
- 4-6. Seawanhaka Corinthian, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
- 5-6. Eastern, open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
6. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
6. Boston, club, City Point, Boston Harbor.
6. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
6. Beverly, open, Mattapoisett, Buzzard's Bay.
6. Wollaston, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
6. Quincy, M. Y. R. A., open, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
6. South Boston, sailing tender race, City Point, Boston Harbor.
6. New York C. C., Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
6. Penataquit-Corinthian, Lighthouse cup, Bay Shore.
8. Eastern, open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
17. New York, autumn regatta, New York, Lower Bay.
17. Knickerbocker, ladies' day race, College Point, L. I. Sound.
17. Kennebec, club, Bath, Maine.
17. Beverly, seventh Corinthian, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
13. Atlantic, fall regatta, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
13. Larchmont, club, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
20. Manhasset, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
20. Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
- . Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
27. Riverside, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Riverside, L. I. Sound.
27. Manhasset Bay, club raceabouts, Port Washington, L. I. Sound.

Canada Cup Races.

On June 16 members of the Rochester Y. C. and Royal Canadian Y. C. met in Toronto and settled upon the dates for the Canada cup races—Aug. 15, 17 and 19, 1903, were the days selected. The races will be between boats of the 40ft. class, to be built under the new regulations, a copy of which appear elsewhere in this issue.

We are indebted to Mr. William Avery Cary, secretary of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C., for a copy of their club book.

For Cruising Yachtsmen.

WITH the purpose of stimulating the interest in cruising, and the keeping of a detailed log by cruising yachtsmen during the season of 1902, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer prizes for the best stories of cruises submitted to be published in FOREST AND STREAM. It is believed that these will form not only entertaining records of pleasant summer days spent afloat along our coasts and waterways, but will furnish information of practical value to other yachtsmen making subsequent cruises on the same waters.

Prizes will be awarded to the three best stories as follows:

First prize, \$50.00.

Second prize, \$30.00.

Third prize, \$20.00.

Contributions are invited under the following conditions:

1. The cruise must be made in waters of the United States or Canada in the season of 1902.

2. The cruise must be made in a sailing yacht, power to be used only as an auxiliary, if at all.

3. The story must be prefaced by a description of the boat. Cruises should be treated in as interesting and readable a way as possible, but should be practical and contain all possible information and data that would be of value to men going over the same route. A description of the handling of the ship in all weathers will be regarded very favorably in making awards, and it is suggested to writers that an accurate account be kept of all incidents happening while under way.

4. An outline chart suitable for reproduction, showing the course taken, must accompany each article. When possible, articles should be accompanied by amateur photographs taken on the cruise, including one of the boat. Good photographs will be considered in making the awards.

5. The story should contain about seven thousand words, written on one side of the paper only, and must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York city, on or before Nov. 15, 1902.

Mr. T. C. Zerega has very kindly consented to act as judge and to make the awards.

How to Build a Launch from a Set of Plans.

BY C. G. DAVIS.

Motor Bed.

We will now take up the question of motor, etc., and look into the manner of its installment into the launch. Many of the auxiliary parts, such as motor beds, outboard and inboard stern bearings, sleeve, tank, bulkhead, etc., can be more easily fitted into place if they are at hand when the boat is being constructed before the joinerwork is put in.

The motor bed is the most important part of the construction of the hull. All motors vibrate; some more, some less, than others, according to the design. Even a steam engine vibrates, and so to prevent this vibration working the motor loose and doing damage, the bed should be built as strongly as possible of quite thick oak and securely bolted to keel, frames, etc.

Two things determined the position of your motor in the launch; the diameters of the propeller aft and the flywheel forward. If you know these, which you should, before the boat is planked, stretch a chalk line alongside the deadwood to come to the center of your propeller aft and to the center of a dummy or pattern of a flywheel put in the position it will be when the motor is set up forward. Mark this line across the deadwood as a guide by which to bore the shaft hole, then when the hull is completed and you are ready to put on the metal fittings, bore the hole along this line.

There are various ways of boring a shaft hole. But whatever you do, be sure you bore it perfectly straight. One simple way of doing this is to take two pieces of oak about 18 in. long by 1 1/4 x 4 in., with their top edges planed perfectly straight, screw these temporarily on to each side of the deadwood, so their top edges follow the mark indicating the line of the shaft and extend aft of deadwood 12 in. As the deadwood is 3 in. thick, they will be that distance apart. Take two pieces of inch oak 5 in. wide by 6 in. long, and cut them as shown in diagrams A, B, C. Fig. 39. The block marked A has a hole just the

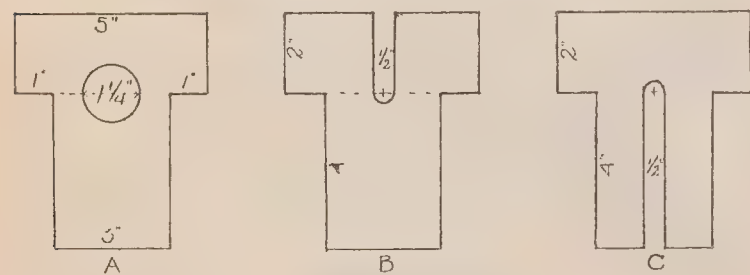


FIG-39.

size of the auger—that is to bore the shaft hole, and this block you slide between the side guides you have screwed on and nail it fast on to the after face of the deadwood and screw to the guides also.

To bore with you want an 1 1/4 in. long eye auger, as you have 16 in. of wood to bore through, and in many launches this is 3 or even 4 ft. long. To bore as long as that a blacksmith must lengthen the handle of the auger by welding on a piece to the handle. Block B you put between the ends of the guide pieces and screw it fast;

the shoulders of all blocks must be carefully cut, so as to be exactly in line with the center of the holes. Put your auger in place ready to bore and then slide Block C down over the auger handle as it is firmly clamped between the two and held in perfect alignment.

Then turn away on the auger, keeping as even a motion as possible, so as not to strain the auger into cutting unevenly.

It would be comparatively easy if this were all there were to shaft boring, but nine times out of ten you will fetch up on some nail end or bolt. So here you want to remember the importance of not putting any nails through the plank, so they will come into the shaft line. But if you do get caught and strike a fastening, there are two remedies. One is to locate which nail it is and pull it out; the other to take a long cold chisel and cut it off. Either will provoke you to such an extent it will teach you the lesson far better than words in cold type can impress it upon your memory. The practice of putting on the plank with brass screws just where they cross the shaft line is good, as any intruding screw can more readily be removed than a nail.

When you have a hole to see through you can line up the engine bed by stretching the chalk line not alongside as before, but through the hole. Center it accurately from the after side of the hole to the center of the dummy flywheel.

By measuring the distance from the center of your motor shaft to the base, you can cut your engine bed accurately to the required slope.

About the best form of bed for explosive motors is one made of a series of heavy oak floors crossing the launch, so spaced as to receive the lag screws that hold the motor in place. Suppose there are three bolts on each side of the motor base. Measure the distances they are aft of the flywheel and cut thin wooden templates to fit the inside shape of the planking and rest on the keelson. Cut these shapes out of 2 in. or 2 1/2 in. oak, bevel them and bolt them down to keelson, frames, and fasten to the planking from the outside. Stiffen these floors by jogging an oak piece fore and aft over the ends, touching the frames for a couple of feet past each end of the engine bed.

You can't buy bolts long enough to fasten through bed and keelson. Take 3/8 in. galvanized iron rod and with some 3/8 in. rings for same, rivet one end and use them as drift bolts. Where they fasten to a frame, rivet over the ends. There are two bearings for the shaft to be fitted to the deadwood, outboard and inboard.

The outboard bearing in most launches is lined with a lead-like metal called Babbitt metal, as it is an excellent anti-friction or self-lubricant. It will stand the wearing of the revolving shaft without oiling or becoming overheated, which in any other metal would cause it to expand and bind. When you fit this bearing to the deadwood, put the shaft through it and see that it lines up true with the motor. One or two turns of the flywheel will discover any wobbling, which must be overcome. When all is true, lag screw this casting in place. Then slip the inboard bearing over the shaft on the inside of the boat and lag screw that in position against the inner face of the deadwood. This one is called the stuffing box, as besides acting as a guide for the shaft, it is so made that one part can be unscrewed and wrapped with lamp wicking covered with oil and graphite. By screwing the cap back this wicking is compressed against the shaft, forming a water-tight pocket, past which any water that leaks through the outer bearing and shaft hole, cannot flow. A leak in the stuffing box, due to the wicking wearing away, is readily stopped by a turn or two of the screws that compress the cap.

The engine shaft is attached to that of the motor by what is called a coupling. There are two kinds principally used on launches—the split coupling and the flanged coupling; each have their own particular advantages.

The propeller shaft is beveled on its end, where it goes into the propeller "boss" or hub; a key driven in between shaft and propeller prevents the latter from turning, and a nut screwed on behind the propeller prevents its slipping back. A pin is often inserted back of the nut as a double precaution against its unturning and letting the propeller off.

The tank that holds the naphtha or gasoline is usually put away up in the bow, for two reasons—to keep it away from the heat generated by the engine, and to counter-balance the weight of the motor that is aft. Support the tank on cross beams nailed to the frames with a flooring laid over them. Do not let the tank itself wear on the edges of the beams. Take every possible precaution to prevent leakage, and as a safeguard just aft of the tank build a water-tight bulkhead.

Leave a removable hatch in the deck to fill the tank by, and one in the bulkhead to get at the valves.

The piping of the exhaust and water circulation is usually done by the motor people. In fact, they usually do a good part of what I have just told you. But many may want to do it themselves. The exhaust and circulation, however, varies with each motor, though the principle is practically the same in each. The motor sucks in water through a pipe that extends out though the side planks below water on one side, with a perforated screen to prevent any sticks or dirt clogging it. This water circulates about the explosion chamber between the double thicknesses of metal, and helps to keep them cool, and is discharged out through a pipe on the other side of the launch near the waterline. In some it goes out with the exhausted hot air into an iron can, or muffler, as it is called, way aft in the stern, and from this out through a pipe above the waterline.

List of Boat Builders' Tools.

Here is a list of the tools actually needed, and others that will greatly aid you.

Hammer.

Rip Saw.—A saw with large teeth to cut with the grain of the wood.

Cross Cut.—A saw with small teeth staggered one, one side next the other, or as it is called, a "set" to the teeth.

Jack Plane with Double Iron.—This plane is used to true up the rough surface. It is long and heavy, so as to make a true, even surface, and heavy enough to carry its blade through the chips.

Smoothing Plane.—A smaller wooden plane, also with double irons. This plane being shorter, can fit into any

uneven place and smooth them up so the surface is finished. The double iron is a big improvement over the old single iron planes, as it does not choke up with chips, the upper iron turns the chips off and keeps the score clear.

Thumb Plane.—A small cheap iron plane that can easily be used in one hand.

Drawknife—to bevel off the frames and cut the edge of the planks to shape before the plane is used.

Chisels of two or three different widths—one 1/2 in., one 1 in. and one 2 in.

Mallet as a hammer will soon split all the chisel handles; it is a handy thing to have, although you can easily make one yourself instead of buying one.

Brace and Bitts.—The one brace will hold any one of them. A ratchet brace for boat work is preferable to the old style, as there are many places in a boat where you cannot turn an old-fashioned brace around.

Bitts.—Screw driver; 1/2 in., 3/4 in., 1 in., and 1 1/2 in. bitts, for boring plug holes and holes through the keel and deadwood; 3-16 in., 1/4 in., 5-16 in. and 3/8 in. bitts, for boring holes for all fastenings for plank, deck, etc.

Hack saw for cutting deadwood bolts off; instead of this you can use a cold chisel, but the latter is not so handy.

Nail set for punching the nails down into the holes.

Top Maul, or holding-on iron. The small tip is to go into the hole, where the bung goes, and the weight of the whole iron keeps the nail snug in place while being riveted.

Burr Set.—This is to slip over the end of the nail and drive the copper burr on to the nail before it is cut off and riveted up.

Cutting pliers to nip off the ends of the copper nails before they are riveted over, and after the burrs are driven on tight.

Spoke Shave.—To dress off the face of the frames and floors.

Adjustable Plumb and Level.—To use in setting up the hull.

Plumb bobs cost so little and are used to see the hull keeps true on its stocks.

Try squares.

Back saw is very handy for cutting off decking, etc., all light sawing.

Boat Clamps.—To draw the planks up to the frames. Used anywhere and everywhere in boat work to hold one piece of wood to another.

Eye Augers.—For boring shaft hole through deadwood.

Caulking Iron.—For driving cotton into the seams of the planking to make them water tight, unless you use the rollers mentioned in article.

Modern extension clamps are not exactly needed, but are handy to squeeze the planks together when planking up the hull.

Wedges of oak can be made by yourself as you need them.

Reamer for boring out knot holes.

Keyhole saw.

Bevel square.

Cabinet scrapers.

Brace knife.

Plugs.

Carpenters' dividers.

Scratch gauge.

Cold chisels.

Adze (lipped).

Brad awls.

Bench vise.

Gloucester Y. C.

GLOUCESTER, DELAWARE RIVER.

Sunday, June 15.

THE third annual regatta of the Gloucester Y. C. was sailed on the lower Delaware River on Sunday, June 15. The course was from Market Street Wharf to Chester buoy and return. The breeze was light from the S.W., which made the race almost a drifting match. On the leg home the wind freshened a little, and as the boats had a fair tide, better time was made and some of the finishes were fairly close and interesting. The summary:

Third Class Duckers—Start, 12:13.

	Outer Mark.	Finish.
Martha C. F. Kurtz.....	3 38 00	6 16 00
Baby Ruth C. J. Bennett.....	3 34 00	6 18 00
May, G. Ritter.....	3 49 30	6 24 00
Emma C. W. Christie.....	3 44 30	6 27 00
Lillie C. J. Christie.....	3 43 00	6 27 00
Edna F. J. Murray.....	3 58 00	Withdrew.

Second Class Duckers—Start, 12:22:15.

Catharine C. B. Wilson.....	3 34 00	6 06 00
Woodman and Florrie, G. Smith.....	3 27 30	6 08 00
John Hirst, J. Hirst.....	3 40 00	6 09 00
Lottie N.....	3 31 30	6 08 15
F. A. Wilkinson, E. James.....	3 37 00	6 17 00
Annie T., C. Dunley.....	3 28 00	6 18 00
John Brewer, J. Messig.....	3 35 00	6 22 00
Howard G. W. Gaun.....	3 44 30	6 26 00
Lillie B., H. Quinn.....	3 34 30	6 27 00

First Class Duckers—Start, 12:25:30.

John M. Crane.....	3 40 00	6 02 15
James McGinn, A. Henry.....	3 37 30	6 10 00
Jennie F., A. Eastwick.....	3 34 30	6 19 00
Minnie C., H. Kane.....	3 43 15	6 28 00
Lillie H., B. Hudson.....	3 49 00
Eva, J. Chambers.....	3 40 30
Iona, J. Phillips.....	3 54 00

Whitehalls—Start, 12:57.

Admiral, H. Wolfinger.....	3 25 30	5 52 00
Defender, J. Young.....	3 27 00	6 05 00
Marion, N. Nolan.....	3 30 00	6 16 30
Maggie, J. Duffy.....	3 31 00
James J. Young.....

Fourth Class Tuckups—Special—Start, 12:34:30.

Emma F., J. Erne.....	3 35 30	6 02 00.
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Open Yachts—Start 12:34:30.

James Hulley, N. Flick.....	3 29 00	5 44 00
Col. Jas. O'Neil, C. O'Neil.....	4 08 00	6 17 00.
Special Class—Decked Duckers Carrying 40ft. Bolt Rope Sail—Start, 12:18:30.		
Bertie S., W. Clauson.....	3 30 00	6 11 00
Marie, N. Collom.....	3 38 30	6 12 00
Albert S., C. Shallcross.....	3 36 30	6 20 00
McGinty, G. Le-Sage.....	6 20 00
Florence, W. Maurer.....	3 39 30	6 20 30
Yahs Me, G. Pass.....	3 42 00	6 30 00

Judges—William Bell, Robert B. Murphy, James Fagan. Timers—William C. Hawkins, Oliver J. Stetsed. Measurers—Thomas Plotz, Robert Murray, George Kurtz. Regatta Committee—John Casnet, F. Dunn, John Gest.

Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes.

SEVERAL articles have appeared in Detroit and Chicago papers, purporting to express the fact that the Royal Canadian Y. C. of Toronto are opposed to the measurement rules recently adopted by the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes.

Instead of this being the case, an overwhelming majority of the club members are in favor of the restrictions, as they are satisfied that a much better class of yacht will be developed under these restrictions than under a formula.

In order to set at rest any question in the minds of their brother yachtsmen on the Great Lakes, it has been decided to publish the following resolution of the Sailing Committee:

"Whereas the Sailing Committee of the Royal Canadian Y. C. are unanimously in favor of the proposed new restricted measurements for measuring racing yachts, and the amendments to the "scantling table," as submitted by the Y. R. U. of the Great Lakes at their meeting, held in Detroit in April, 1902,

"Resolved, That the Royal Canadian Y. C. delegates to the Lake Yacht Racing Association meeting, to be held at Toronto on June 23, 1902 (or adjournment thereof), be instructed to vote in favor of the amendments, as per the attached report, and that each delegate be furnished with a copy of this resolution."

(Signed) F. PUMB, Sec'y.

Copy of Resolution Passed at the Meeting of the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes held in Cleveland, Ohio, Oct. 11, 1901.

Resolved, That Messrs. Jarvis, Warner and Radder be a committee to draft building restrictions for each class in the Union, having in mind the adoption of restrictions which would be equally fair to both centerboard and keel yachts and the development of a type of yacht with more living room, and that this committee be given power to engage such professional assistance as they deem proper, and to report at a meeting to be called by the chair.

Carried unanimously.

Report.

The committee named in the above resolution beg to report that in accordance with its terms they placed themselves in communication with the following naval architects, furnishing them with a copy of this resolution, and asking them for suggestions to bring about the desired result: William Gardner, of Gardner & Cox, New York; C. D. Mower, of New York; W. P. Stephens, of New York; Louis M. Clark, of Boston; B. B. Crowninshield, of Boston; Small Bros., of Boston; Starling Burgess, of Boston; George Owen, of Hamilton, Ont.; William Fife, of Fairlie, Scotland; A. E. Payne, of Southampton, England, and Linton Hope, of Greenlithe, England.

Mr. Gardner approves of the idea of restrictions and has furnished us with a schedule, and has written a letter expressing his views.

Mr. Mower, being absent in the South, did not receive our letters for several weeks. When he returned to New York, he wrote that he approved of the idea of abandoning a formula and adopting restrictions, but that he was too busy to work out figures.

Mr. Stephens, of New York, said that he disapproved of restrictions, as they tended to produce one-design classes, and thought that we should, if possible, devise some new and better formula for measuring yachts than the one we now use.

Mr. Louis M. Clark, of Boston, approves strongly of the movement, but was too busy to work up details.

Mr. Crowninshield, of Boston, approves of restrictions and has supplied us with a schedule and written a letter favoring restrictions.

Small Bros. approve and have supplied us with a schedule of restrictions.

Mr. Starling Burgess, of Boston, approves of restrictions, and promised to supply us with a schedule, and also a design showing his idea of the type of boat he thought would likely be developed, but, we regret to say, neither have come forward before going to press.

Mr. George Owen, of Hamilton, has supplied us with a schedule of figures and has worked up several designs.

Mr. William Fife, of Fairlie, was unable to give any attention to the matter, but recommended that we adopt the British Y. R. A. amendments to our present formula.

Mr. A. E. Payne, of Southampton, has sent a schedule, which, however, only can be applied to keel yachts, but comparing it with the figures suggested for keel yachts by the other designers, it is very similar.

Our letters to Mr. Linton Hope have been returned undelivered.

In consequence of the ideas and opinions of the above named gentlemen having to be drawn out first by correspondence, naturally a good deal of delay occurred before any of them placed their opinions in writing, and it became evident that no great progress could be made without a personal visit. Consequently a member of your committee went to New York twice, and Boston once, with the result that the schedules of restrictions from William Gardner, B. B. Crowninshield, Small Bros. and Mr. Owen have been received.

The restrictions suggested by these designers have all taken form as follows:

- To classify by L.W.L.
- To fix a maximum sail area for each class.
- To fix a minimum area of largest cross section for each class.
- To fix a minimum beam at the L.W.L. for each class.
- To fix a minimum freeboard for each class.
- To fix a maximum draft for keel yachts for each class.
- To fix a minimum draft for centerboard yachts for each class.

All are unanimous in fixing—

- A maximum sail area.
- A minimum area of largest cross section.
- A maximum draft for keel yachts.

Mr. Gardner has thought it unnecessary to restrict beam in any way.

Small Bros. have thought it unnecessary to restrict free-

board in any way, but have thought it necessary to fix a minimum draft for centerboard yachts.

Generally speaking, the recommendations for the dimensions and areas are very similar, and your committee have made a schedule, the figures in which are compiled from the average of the figures in the schedules supplied by the designers, equalized in a logical way. This schedule has been submitted to the designers and received the seal of their approval as expressed in the certificate attached to the schedule marked "A," and we now submit, for your adoption, the class divisions and dimensions to be restricted and table of these restrictions:

(a) Class divisions to be: 20, 25, 30, 35, 40, 45ft. l.w.l. length measured as at present, only without the crews or equivalent weight on board. These divisions we find will permit of the yachts that now sail in

- 25ft. class (girth rule) to sail in new 20ft. l.w.l. class.
- 30ft. class (girth rule) to sail in new 25ft. l.w.l. class.
- 35ft. class (girth rule) to sail in new 30ft. l.w.l. class.
- 40ft. class (girth rule) to sail in new 35ft. l.w.l. class.
- 45ft. class (girth rule) to sail in new 40ft. l.w.l. class.
- 50ft. class (girth rule) to sail in new 45ft. l.w.l. class.
- (b) A maximum sail area for each class.
- (c) A minimum area of largest immersed cross section for each class.
- (d) A minimum beam at L.W.L. for each class.
- (e) A minimum freeboard for each class.
- (f) A maximum draft for keel yachts for each class.

Schedule A—Table of Restrictions.

Class.	Minimum Area of Largest Sail		Minimum Beam on L.W.L.		Minimum Freeboard.		Maximum Draft
	Maxim.	Immersed Cross Section *	Keel.	C.B.	Keel.	C.B.	
20	550	9.25	6ft. 10in.	7ft. 9in.	19in.	18in.	5
25	1050	15.75	8ft. 3in.	9ft. 2in.	23in.	22in.	6
30	1550	22.25	9ft. 6in.	10ft. 6in.	27in.	26in.	7
35	2050	28.50	11ft. 1in.	12ft. 3in.	31in.	29in.	8
40	2600	35.	12ft. 6in.	14ft. 3in.	34in.	32in.	9
45	3200	42.	13ft. 5in.	15ft. 8in.	36in.	34in.	10

* Sectional area of centerboard yachts to be measured, exclusive of sectional area of the centerboard when lowered. Sectional area of centerboard opening is not to be deducted from sectional area of the yacht at the point of measurement.

To the Council of the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes:

Gentlemen—We are of the opinion that the restrictions set out in the above schedule will produce a wholesome type of yacht, and afford much more interior accommodation and better cruising qualities than the class of yacht now being built for racing under your girth rule formula, and at the same time we are of the opinion that properly designed yachts built under these restrictions will have little, if any, reduced speed, and that both keel and centerboard yachts will race on approximately even terms.

Yours truly,

B. B. CROWNINSHIELD, Boston.
SMALL BROS., Boston.
GEO. OWEN, Hamilton, Ont.
C. D. MOWER, New York.
GARDNER & COX, New York.
STARLING BURGESS, Boston.

In addition to the restrictions mentioned in the schedule many suggestions have been made with respect to cabin accommodation, but your committee feel that it is not prudent to bind down owners in too arbitrary a way, and feel that as much liberty as possible, consistent with the production of a suitable type of yacht, will work the best results, and your committee recommended only the following cabin and other requirements for consideration.

Cabin Trunk—The height of cabin trunk, measured from the level of top side of covering board to highest point of cabin trunk (exclusive of skylight), shall not be less than 2in. for every foot of extreme beam, for the 20, 25 and 30ft. l.w.l. classes. The maximum width of cabin trunk shall not exceed 60 per cent. or be less than 40 per cent. of greatest beam on deck in the 20, 25, 30 and 35ft. classes.

Freeboard—Freeboard shall be measured from the top of the covering board to the surface of the water. Any excess of freeboard over the minimum required may be deducted from the required height for cabin trunk.

Sails—The total area of the sails abaft the mast shall not exceed 75 per cent. of the total allowed sail area.

Scantling Table—In consequence of the amended classification, the headings of our table of scantling will have to be altered, so as to make the sizes now applied to The 25ft. class (girth rule) apply to the 20ft. class l.w.l. The 30ft. class (girth rule) apply to the 25ft. class l.w.l. The 35ft. class (girth rule) apply to the 30ft. class l.w.l. The 40ft. class (girth rule) apply to the 35ft. class l.w.l. The 45ft. class (girth rule) apply to the 40ft. class l.w.l. The 50ft. class (girth rule) apply to the 45ft. class l.w.l.

We also would suggest some amendments in the scantling table itself. We feel that the present areas required for the deck beams contemplate the use of spruce or some light material. We also think that some reductions might be made in the areas of the clamps and bilge stringers, but we recommend that if this be done, the deck beams be required to be made of oak and the clamps and bilge stringers of either oak, elm or hard pine; and with the above object in view we recommend the following amendments to the scantling table:

Schedule B—Amendments to Scantling Table.

Class.	Oak.					
	20	25	30	35	40	45
Deck beams, main.....	3	4½	5½	6½	7½	9
Deck beams, auxiliary.....	1½	2½	3¼	3¾	4½	5
Deck beams, half.....	1½	1¾	2¼	2¾	3½	4½
Oak, Rock Elm or Hard Pine.						
Clamp, middle.....	3	5	7	9	11	15
Clamp, ends.....	2	3¼	4	5	7½	9
Bilge stringer, middle.....	3	5	7	9	11	13

The correspondence between the naval architects mentioned in this report and the committee will be handed to the secretary to be filed with the records of the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes.

We also wish to point out that, if the changes recommended by your committee take place, it will be necessary to revise the book of rules, and it will also be necessary to provide that all of the present fleet, if not altered, be entitled to sail in the respective classes as designated

in clause (a) of this report, whether they exactly fit or not; the intention being that all the present contestants remain together and that all new boats must comply with the new restrictions.

All of which we respectfully submit,

We are, Gentlemen,

Your obedient servants,

E. P. WARNER, Chicago.
E. W. RADDER, Cleveland.
ÆMILIUS JARVIS, Toronto.

Larchmont Y. C. Spring Regatta.

LARCHMONT, LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, June 21.

For the last two years the Larchmont Y. C. has been most unfortunate in the matter of weather on the day of their spring regatta. Last year an easterly storm made it necessary to postpone the race until the following Monday. On Saturday, June 17, the day set aside for their spring race this year, the weather was hardly good enough in which to have a successful race in all the classes.

In the early morning there was but little breeze, and about 5 o'clock it began to rain. Shortly after 9 o'clock it began to blow from the S. and W., gradually increasing in force until it was blowing half a gale. Quite a sea had been kicked up, and when 11:30 came, the hour scheduled for the race, it was deemed advisable to make a postponement. The club's tug had considerable difficulty in putting out the turning marks owing to the sea that was running.

Shortly after noon the weather gave signs of breaking, and it was decided to send the boats away at 2 o'clock, when the preparatory signal was given and the courses signalled. The wind at this time was S. by W. Muriel and Elmina were the first to start, as Vigilant did not have a competitor in the yawl class. The wife of the owner of Ailsa being ill, it was not deemed advisable to race her.

Muriel and Elmina were sent away at 2:05. The course over which they were to sail was six miles east, three-quarters north, then six miles southwest, five-eighths west and then three miles north-northwest. The first leg was a reach. Both boats crossed on the starboard tack, Elmina being in the lead. Both boats were carrying all their lower sails, but soon after the start Elmina sent up her working main topsail and Muriel following suit a little later. The boats made a grand picture as they crossed, everything being hidden in a smother of foam. Irving Zeraga, one of the amateur crew on Muriel, was struck by a sea while trimming a sheet on the lee side and was washed almost clear of the boat, but fortunately he caught the end of a rope and pulled himself aboard again. The second leg was on the wind, and Elmina seemed to improve her lead a little. From the second mark home it was a broad reach with booms well off.

Muriel allowed Elmina 8s. over a fifteen-mile course under the new rule.

In the 43ft. class there were three starters, Dorwina, Effort and Mira. None of the owners of the boats was aboard, and Mr. Addison G. Hanan sailed Dorwina, while Mr. A. H. W. Johnson was at the stick on Mira. Mira got the best of the start, being in the windward berth and right on the line on gun fire. Dorwina was a good second, but to leeward, while Effort was some distance astern. Mira had a single reefed mainsail, while Dorwina and Effort each had on full mainsail. Dorwina drew into the lead on the first leg, which was a reach of four miles due E. Effort drew slowly through Mira's lee. Mira was badly handicapped by not having on full mainsail. The second leg was four miles S.W., and the boats could lay their course nicely. The last leg was three miles N.N.W., a run back to the finish line. Spinnakers were set and carried for a time, but the wind was slowly heading all the while, and gaff topsails and jib topsails were set and spinnakers doused. When nearing the finish line the wind was very light, and dead ahead. Effort crossed the line wrong again, and had to return and finish correctly; this lost her some little time. Mira was almost becalmed a couple of hundred yards from the finish line, and was some time getting across.

Two boats started in the 30ft. class—Alerion and Mimosa. Mimosa finished first, but was protested by the owner of Alerion because she did not round the outer mark, it having sunk.

Snapper had a sailover in the raceabout class. She started the race with trysail, but finished with a two-reefed mainsail and jib.

Houri did not have any competitor in her class. When crossing the starting line one of her amateur crew, Mr. Frank Mitchell, slipped overboard and he swam to the committee boat, where he was dried out in the engine room.

The owners of the New Rochelle one-design boats that started and finished deserve much credit for their pluck. It was a nasty day for such small boats, but four of these craft covered the course. Their course was five and one-half miles in length. Phil Howard brought his boat Caper home a winner by a wide margin.

Three of the Seawanhaka cup trial boats turned up, but they did not race. The summary:

Schooners—Class D—Start, 2:05.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Elmina, F. F. Brewster.....	3 37 11	1 32 11	1 32 03
Muriel, C. M. Smithers.....	3 38 42	1 33 42	1 33 42
Sloops—Class L—Start, 2:15.			
Dorwina, Clifford Brokaw.....	4 03 54	1 48 54	1 48 54
Mira, C. L. Poor.....	4 14 15	1 59 15	1 56 48
Effort, F. M. Smith.....	4 05 28	1 50 28	1 50 20
Sloops—Class M—Start, 2:25.			
Alerion, A. H. Alker.....	4 59 25	2 34 25
Mimosa, T. L. Park.....	4 39 08	2 14 08
Larchmont 21ft. Class—Start, 2:30.			
Houri, J. H. Esser.....	3 48 05	1 18 05	1 18 05
Raceabouts—Start, 2:30.			
Snapper, A. Bryan Alley.....	3 45 42	1 15 42	1 15 42
New Rochelle One-Design Class—Start, 2:35.			
Caper, P. L. Howard.....	4 45 49	2 10 49	2 10 49
Knave, R. N. Bayer.....	4 50 38	2 15 37	2 15 37
Me Too, H. T. Foote.....	4 50 48	2 15 48	2 15 48
Alga, Alfred Mestre.....	4 52 33	2 17 33	2 17 33

Mr. Howard W. Coats and Mr. Frank Hardy served on the Regatta Committee.

Atlantic Y. C.

SEA GATE, L. I.

Tuesday, June 17.

THE thirty-sixth annual regatta of the Atlantic Y. C. was sailed on Tuesday, June 17, over the courses in the Lower Bay. Nineteen craft started and finished the race. The winners were Elmina, Mineola, Eelin, Hester, Ondawa, Narika, Cockatoo, Wraith and Ethel. The feature of the contest was the reappearance of the Herreshoff 70-footers Yankee and Mineola, both of which have been out of active racing since the season of their launching in 1900.

The morning of the 17th dawned bright and clear after the severe rain and wind squall of the night before. There was plenty of wind blowing from the northwest, which at times reached a velocity of twenty-five to thirty miles an hour. The big sloops and schooners did not mind such a breeze. It was, however, a bit too much for some of the smaller craft to venture out in, and consequently the entry list was considerably reduced.

It was expected that the goft. yawls Ailsa and Vigilant would make their debut for the season of 1902 at this regatta, but they were unable to compete. At the last moment, Vigilant had trouble with her centerboard. Ailsa was to be hauled out for a general overhauling and was to receive a new and larger suit of racing sails.

Isolde, Fred'k. M. Hoyt's Fife-built cutter, was ready to sail in class I, but an unfortunate accident to the boat's steward, which necessitated medical attendance and final removal, made a race out of the question.

The preparatory gun was fired at 11:30, and five minutes later the larger sloops and schooners and the class I boats were sent away. Muriel crossed the line ahead and to the windward of Elmina, while Mineola, with Capt. Charles Barr at the wheel, followed the sister schooners closely. At gun fire Yankee was barely under way, and she went over the line some 38s. after Mineola, with fore staysail and gaff topsail unset. It took some time to get these in position and drawing well. Mineola must have been over a minute ahead of the Maxwell boat before they had sailed ten minutes of their twenty-six-mile journey.

This course took them out to a buoy off Southwest Spit, a good reach with the breeze from the northwest, thence on a spinnaker run to Scotland Lightship. Rounding this outer mark, they had a few windward boards, followed by a close reach into the Spit again, and another reach home. This was also the course for the schooners and class I boats.

Eelin went over a bit after Yankee, without a competitor. Hester did not start until 11:57, and it was previously understood that the two were not to race, but that Hester was covering the course on time. With a new, light and larger rig than heretofore, Mr. Dodge's craft covered the twenty-six miles in three hours and thirty-two seconds, nearly twenty-three seconds better time than did Eelin.

The three Burgess cutters, Mariquita, Ondawa and Chispa, started in class K. By common consent, because of an accident to Mariquita, these boats waited until 11:50. Mariquita got away twenty seconds before the gun, which eventually disqualified her, and gave the race to Ondawa. Chispa did not start until long after the others.

These craft had almost no windward work going out to Southwest Spit, thence to the bell buoy off the point of Sandy Hook, and home, an approximate distance of eighteen miles.

Class M boats, Narika and Bonito, got the starting signal at 11:45 for their fourteen-mile struggle to and around Southwest Spit buoy. They got away well, Narika in the lead, both reefed.

Cockatoo, Song and Dance, Karma and Streak, class P boats, and Trouble and Wraith, sailing in class Q, were sent away on a twelve-mile trip to Orchard Shoal Light and return at 11:50. Open catboats Ethel and Rascal started at 11:55 on the same course.

When the first of the larger craft rounded Scotland Lightship, the half-way mark of the race, Mineola still lead Yankee by a good margin, and Muriel was ahead of Elmina.

In the few tacks necessary to enable her to lay a course by the Hook to Southwest Spit, Mineola spread the jaws of her gaff, making it necessary to favor the spar during the remainder of the race. Yankee began to pick up at this stage of the contest, and gained nearly a minute before the finish. Mineola won by 2m. and 31s.

The struggle between the two schooners was a bit different. Elmina took a decided brace as soon as the two got on the wind and beat out her rival at the finish by 2m. and 26s. Elmina sprung her main boom in gybing around the Southwest Spit mark on the outward passage, and came over the finish line with the spar in "splints."

Mariquita and Ondawa crossed the finish line only 17s. apart, but the race went to Ondawa on her allowed protest that Mariquita had started 20s. before gun fire.

Among the class Q boats, Song and Dance lead Cockatoo at the home mark by 2m. The two had come together shortly after rounding Old Orchard Shoal Light, however, and as Song and Dance was declared by the Regatta Committee to have been in the wrong, the race went to Cockatoo.

Wraith had no trouble in defeating Trouble and the speedy open catboat Ethel, belonging to Com. C. R. Fry of the Sewaren Land and Water Club, of New Jersey, carried off the honors of her class from Rascal. Eelin and Hester were each credited with sailovers. The breeze held steady and strong throughout the contest. The race was in charge of Chairman George Hill and Frederick Vilmar, representing the Regatta Committee of the Atlantic Y. C. The summaries follow:

Schooners—Class D—Start, 11:35.		
	Finish.	Elapsed
Elmina, F. F. Brewster.....	2 27 00	2 52 00
Muriel, C. M. Smithers.....	2 29 26	2 54 26
Sloops—Class H—Start, 11:35.		
Mineola, August Belmont.....	2 17 51	2 42 51
Yankee, J. R. Maxwell.....	2 20 32	2 45 22
Sloops—Class I—Start, 11:35.		
Eelin, Fred J. Rodewald.....	2 58 03	3 23 03
Class I—Special—Start, 11:57.		
Hester, C. H. Dodge.....	2 57 32	3 00 32

Sloops—Class K—Start, 11:50.		
Mariquita, H. B. Shaen.....	2 12 56	2 22 56
Ondawa, Henry J. Robert.....	2 13 13	2 23 13
Chispa, Charles M. Hall.....	2 24 41	2 34 41
Sloops—Class M—Start, 11:45.		
Narika, F. T. Cornell.....	1 49 42	2 04 42
Bonita, Haviland Brothers.....	1 51 08	2 06 08
Sloops—Class P—Start, 11:50.		
Song and Dance, E. F. Luckenbach.....	1 33 00	1 43 00
Cockatoo, Hendon Chubb.....	1 35 00	1 45 00
Karma, J. C. Erskine.....	1 42 30	1 52 30
Streak, Speidel Brothers.....	1 43 30	1 53 30
Sloops—Class Q—Start, 11:50.		
Wraith, Calvin Tomkins.....	1 35 45	1 45 45
Trouble, W. H. Childs.....	1 38 00	1 48 00
Catboats—Class T—Start, 11:55.		
Ethel, C. R. Fry.....	1 49 35	1 54 35
Rascal, D. G. Whitlock.....	1 55 32	2 00 32

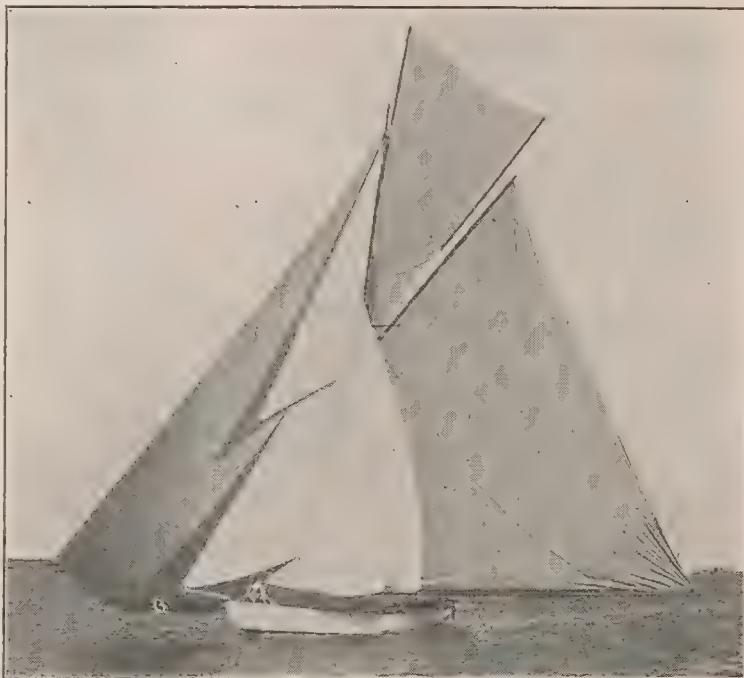
The winners were Elmina, Mineola, Eelin, Hester, Ondawa, Narika, Cockatoo, Wraith and Ethel.

Yacht Racing Association of Gravesend Bay.

Saturday, June 21.

WRETCHED weather conditions seriously affected the second regatta of the Yacht Racing Association of Gravesend Bay, which was sailed on the afternoon of Saturday, June 21, under the auspices of the Brooklyn Y. C. From an array of twenty-five starters in the initial contest of the associated clubs on June 7, the list of entries in the second race dwindled down to the small number of five.

Caribou, Song and Dance, Cockatoo, Kelpie and Stinger were the only craft to brave the torrents of rain and threatening wind clouds. Song and Dance and Kelpie



CAMELLIA.
Designed by A. E. Payne.



LUCIDA.
Designed by Wm. Fife, Jr.
Two new British 52-footers. Photos by O. G. Coates, Dovercourt.

scored victories. Caribou was credited with a sail over.

The preparatory gun was delayed half an hour in hopes of more starters and better weather. The race of the day was between the old rivals, Song and Dance and Cockatoo. These boats had it nip and tuck throughout their struggle, a knowledge of local tide and wind conditions at the end giving Song and Dance the victory by 50s. Kelpie lead Stinger a stern chase of it all the way.

The smaller craft twice covered the regular quadrangular Association course, aggregating about six miles in extent. Caribou went to West Bank Light and return, half of the usual journey for the larger craft.

Caribou scored a sailover and 5 points on the Association series. Song and Dance and Kelpie each got 10 points in their respective classes, while Cockatoo and Stinger scored 8 points each.

On the series for the Snedeker trophy, for the Marine and Field class, Kelpie scored 4 points and Stinger 3. The summaries follow:

The winners were Caribou, Song and Dance and Kelpie.

A special meeting of the Association was held on Friday evening, June 20, at the house of the Brooklyn Y. C., Bensonhurst. It was called for the purpose of considering the objections that have been expressed regarding the entry of class R boat Opossum, in class Q, as was done in the first regatta on Saturday, June 7.

Opossum won the race and as no formal protest was made until after the prescribed time, the records of that contest will stand. The delegates present, however, recommended that the several regatta committees of the different organizations making up the Association, hereafter refuse the entry of Opossum in class Q.

The next regatta of the Yacht Racing Association of Gravesend Bay occurs Saturday, June 28, under the auspices of the New York C. C. With anywhere near good conditions a large number of craft will start. Thus far this season there has been no satisfactory demonstration of the relative merits of the Association boats. The records follow:

Sloops—Class N—Start, 3:36.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Caribou, F. Nicholson.....	6 24 13	2 48 13
Sloops—Class P—Start, 3:39.		
Song and Dance, E. F. Luckenbach.....	4 57 33	1 18 33
Cockatoo, Hendon Chubb.....	4 58 23	1 19 23
Marine and Field Class—Start, 3:48.		
Kelpie, W. K. Brown.....	5 29 18	1 51 18
Stinger, A. P. Clapp.....	5 50 19	2 02 19

Points to date on Y. R. A. G. B. series—Mariquita, 5; Bonito, 10; Sunol, 8; Kangaroo, 6; Vivian, 5; Caribou, 15; Squaw, 8; Karma, 10; Song and Dance, 18; Cockatoo, 14; Opossum, 10; Trouble, 8; Wraith, 6; Bronco, 4; Spots, 2; Kelpie, 20; Stinger, 16; Martha M., 10; Rascal, 8.

Points to date on Snedeker trophy, Marine and Field class—Kelpie, 11; Stinger, 8; Vixen, 4; Quinque, 2.

New York Y. C. Annual Regatta.

NEW YORK LOWER BAY.

Thursday, June 19.

THE fifty-sixth annual regatta of the New York Y. C. was to have been sailed on Thursday, June 19, but lack of wind compelled the Regatta Committee to postpone the race. The number of starters was very small, only thirteen boats crossing the starting line.

In the early morning there was but little breeze, and the drenching rain that followed drove what little air there was away. Most of the competing yachts had laid the high previous off the Atlantic Y. C. anchorage at Sea Gate, and as soon as the rain let up a little sail was made and the boats worked slowly out toward Navigator, the Regatta Committee's tug. Just before 1 o'clock a little southerly air came up, which enabled the boats to buck the ebb tide and get down near the starting line. Ailsa and Vigilant came down in tow from the Morse Iron Works, where some repairs and improvements had been made to put them in the best possible condition.

The preparatory signal was given promptly at 1 o'clock, and ten minutes later Effort and Syce started. Mira owned by Charles Lane Poor, did not start, owing to a misunderstanding with the Regatta Committee. This left Effort without a competitor, but she was sailing fast and kept in the lead of the fleet up to the time the race was abandoned. The big yawls and the 70-footers were the next boats to start. Ailsa, cleverly handled by Capt. Rhodes, who was on Constitution last summer, got the best of the start, and was in the weather berth. Ailsa has received a new and larger rig during the winter, and a new suit of English sails. These changes have been most beneficial, as was shown in her sailing against Vigilant in the light airs that prevailed during the race. Humma was late in starting, and got to the line just as Ailsa did. The boats were on opposite tacks and bearing down on each other. Ailsa had the right of way and held her course. At the last moment Humma gave way and was forced to go outside the mark boat. This cost her considerable time. Among the English boats, Eelin was first across, but she got pocketed between Ailsa and Vigilant. Isolde was second to start and Hester third.

Mineola got the best of the start in her class. In the jockeying with Yankee before the start Capt. Barr had the best of it. Yankee jibed under Mineola's lee and was forced around the committee boat and lost considerable time in starting.

Only three schooners started, Muriel, Elmina and Katrina. Muriel was first to get away and well on the weather end of the line with Elmina under her lee. Capt. Dennis did not care for this berth, so he jibed Elmina over and went back and recrossed, taking his two minutes allowed for this move. Katrina was in cruising trim, but she had no competitor.

Effort had drawn well into the lead, and Ailsa was drawing away from Vigilant. Yankee had split tacks just after the start, and after a short time had managed to get on Mineola's weather. Muriel had opened considerable water between herself and Elmina, when the wind began to leave them and their progress was very slow. Finally they were entirely becalmed and rolled lazily around in the hot sun. After a couple of hours of this unsatisfactory work, the Regatta Committee went aboard Scout, one of the fast 80ft. steam yachts, and ran through the fleet, asking the different owners if they would agree to postpone the race. All were more than willing to do this and the boats were towed back to their various anchorages by some tug boats that happened to be in the vicinity.

The club members and their friends followed the yachts on the steamboat Pegasus which had been chartered by the club. Among the steam yachts on hand were: May, One'da, Celt, Duchess, Susquehanna, Vixen, Amoureuse, Parthenia, Aloha, Halcyon, Anemone, Enterprise, Tuscarora and the topsail schooner Thistle.

The Gas Engine and Power Co. and Charles L. Seabury & Co. are building for Mr. A. E. Austin, of Providence, from designs by Messrs. Gardner & Cox, a steam yacht 117ft. on the waterline. The yacht is of steel and will be launched in August.

Western Yachts.

Fatal Accident in the Michigan City Race.

MR. GEORGE M. FINNEY, a member of the crew of the schooner yacht Tartar, was knocked overboard by the gybing of the boom on the boat Sunday morning at Michigan City, at the time of the start home of the fleet in the annual Michigan City race of the Columbia Yacht Club. Mr. Finney sank and did not rise after he was thrown overboard by the boom, which struck him in the back of the neck. Within five minutes the life-saving crew recovered the body, but physicians thought that death would have ensued from the blow of the boom even if Mr. Finney had not been thrown into the water at all. It is reported that his neck was broken.

Life had departed when the body was recovered. This unfortunate accident naturally caused great depression among the yachtsmen who had participated in the very pleasant affair.

The Tartar carried ex-Commodore E. J. Baker as skipper, and with him were Mrs. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Eastman, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Farwell, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Nicholson, ex-Commodore Thomas H. Boyle, with Mr. Finney, the victim of the accident, and several young people, residents of Chicago. The yacht at the time of the accident was starting out. The foresail was hardly half hoisted. A shift in the wind caused Commodore Baker, who was at the wheel, to call out a warning. Mr. Finney did not get out of the way in time and the big boom caught him at full swing.

Vencedor Wins Michigan City Race.

Vencedor, the crack 50-footer of the Columbia Y. C., on last Saturday defeated its ancient rival Siren, making it two out of three, and thus winning permanently the trophy which is the prize of this annual event. La Rita, with a time allowance of 52:30, made a close bid for first place.

The race was sailed under a 15-mile breeze, reaching practically all the way, the boats being held on the starboard tack and carrying straight on down the lake.

There were thirty-one starters in the race, which was a spirited matter throughout. There was a hot duel between Vencedor and Siren, and the two 50-footers kept hand in hand until well below South Chicago, when Vencedor began steadily to pull away. The guest boats carried a crowd of race followers and the town of Michigan City had much ado to accommodate them. Following are the times:

Class A—Schooners.		
	Start.	Elapsed.
Alice	1 00 00	3 52 45
Nomad	1 00 00	4 29 29
Tartar	1 00 00	4 42 10
Class A—Sloops.		
Vencedor	1 00 00	3 38 55
Siren	1 00 00	3 46 30
Neva, not classified.....	1 00 00	3 46 30
Class 2A—Sloops.		
Josephine, no measurement.....		4 45 05
Class 2B—Sloops.		
Pinta	12 35 00	5 08 47
Jeanette	12 35 00	4 43 59
Zephyrs	12 35 00	5 47 43
Peri	12 35 00	4 46 47
Wizard	12 35 00	5 57 43
Mawaja	No measurements.	
Orpheus	No measurements.	
Class 3A—Sloops.		
Columbia	12 30 00	4 56 40
Nymph	No measurements.	
Widsith	No measurements.	
Class 3B—Sloops.		
Vixen	12 10 00	6 14 01
Class 4A—Sloops.		
Snapshot	12 10 00	6 14 01
Eleanore	12 10 00	5 26 46
Vision	12 10 00	5 27 41
Bull of the Woods.....	12 10 00	6 14 01
Class 4B—Sloops.		
Imp	12 00 00	6 01 15
Marie	12 00 00	6 26 33
Zamona	12 00 00	6 43 11
21ft. Class.		
Larita	12 30 00	4 43 08
Privateer	12 30 00	4 47 18
Spray	Unclassified.	
Myrene	No competition	

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, June 21.

THE second series race of the Seawanhaka knockabouts for the Center Island cup and for prize offered by Mr. Johnston de Forest, was held on Saturday, June 21. The wind was strong from S.E. at the start hauling to S. at finish and moderating. Bobs tore her mainsail and had to sail with two reefs in, this accounts for her slow time over the course.

Mr. De Forest's boat finished first and the prize offered by him went to the second boat, Gowan. The summary, start 3:20:00:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Marcia, Johnston de Forest.....	5 24 03	2 04 03
Gowan, Francis G. Stewart.....	5 25 05	2 05 05
Heron, F. R. Coudert, Jr.....	5 27 41	2 07 41
Bobs, W. A. W. Stewart.....	5 36 20	2 16 20
Lucille, Henry H. Landon.....	Disabled.	

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Messrs. Swasey, Raymond & Page, the Boston firm of naval architects, engineers and yacht brokers, have opened an office at 17 Broadway, New York City. The New York office will be in charge of Mr. A. B. Raymond, M. E.

A copy of the New York Y. C. book for the year 1902, has been received at this office. The book is larger and more complete than ever before. In previous years the book has been bound in white cloth, but this time it is bound in navy blue—a more serviceable color. Half-tone reproductions of the club's town house and also of the different club stations are shown. At the time the book went to press there were in the club fleet 475 vessels, made up as follows: 76 schooners, 14 auxiliary schooners, 128 single-masted vessels and yawls,

10 auxiliary single-masted vessels and yawls, 223 steam yachts, 8 naphthas and 16 launches. The club has added many members since moving into its new home on Forty-fourth street, and it is to-day the strongest yachting organization of the world.

The following sales and charters have recently been made through Manning's Yacht Agency: Schooner Columbia, owned by Mr. Joseph H. DeF. Junkin, of Philadelphia, chartered to Mr. W. Gould Brokaw, of New York; steam yacht Telka, owned by Mr. James Seaman, of Boston, sold to Mr. Gustav E. Kissell, of New York; launch Venezia, owned by Mr. John H. Ware, of Chicago, sold to Mr. H. C. Baxter, of Brunswick, Me.

Iroquois, the new 75ft. steam yacht designed and built by the Gas Engine and Power Co. and Charles L. Seabury Co., Morris Heights, for Mr. Le Grand C. Cramer, was launched on June 19. The yacht is lighted by electricity and is fitted with a triple expansion engine and a Seabury boiler. She will be taken up the Hudson as far as Albany and then up the canal to a point only two miles distant from Lake George, where she is to be used. The yacht will then be taken overland to the lake.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

July 7-8.—Meriden, Conn.—South New England Shooting Bund's tournament, under the auspices of the Meriden Rifle Club.

National Rifle Association.

ON June 12 a meeting of the directors of the National Rifle Association was held in New York city. Gen. Bird W. Spencer presided. Concerning it the press dispatches present the following:

Lieut. Jones read a letter received from Lieut.-Col. W. E. Hodgins, secretary of the Dominion Rifle Association, in which it was stated that the date suggested for the international match between the Canadian and American teams for the Palma trophy, Aug. 26, was satisfactory to the Canadians. This match will be shot on the ranges at Ottawa. The Palma trophy was won by the Canadian team last year at Sea Girt. Lieut.-Col. Hodgins also stated that the American riflemen would be welcome to shoot in all the matches of the Dominion Association, except those which are exclusively for members of the British forces.

Gen. Bird W. Spencer announced that candidates for the Canadian team could shoot at Sea Girt on July 4, 5, 11 and 12, and Aug. 1, 2, 9 and 10. They can also shoot at other State ranges, and score cards will be furnished by the National Association. These cards will be examined by a committee of three, which will select the team. The question of raising money to pay the expenses of the Canadian team was referred to a special committee.

The meeting at Sea Girt will open on Aug. 26 and last until Sept. 6. It was decided to give a trophy for a match between teams of West Point and Annapolis; and the Association will try to secure a perpetual trophy for this contest, so that the teams can meet each year. There will also be an intercollegiate match for teams of four undergraduates of any college or university. The colleges or universities allowed to enter this competition will be those recognized by the University Club. The Leach cup, which has not been competed for since 1882, will be shot for this year. This cup is for the long-range championship. The affiliated organization match will be shot on local ranges of affiliated clubs throughout the United States on the same day as the match is shot at Sea Girt. This will be Labor Day.

The conditions of the president's match have been changed from 5 to 7 shots on all ranges. This is the most important match in the United States. It really decides the military championship, and is open to any member of the Army or Navy or National Guard. An effort is to be made to get President Roosevelt in some way to recognize this match. A committee will go to Washington to see the President and invite him to visit Sea Girt and present the prizes.

The question of reorganizing the Association, with a view of making it what its name implies, a national organization, was fully discussed.

A committee will wait on President Roosevelt to get his views, and then report to the directors.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 15.—At the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club's regular shoot to-day there was fine shooting in a fickle wind. L. C. Hinkel broke the record with the revolver. He is a new member, and his shooting ties the club's clean target record with pistol made last shoot by Ed Hovey. The previous record was 31, by Tom Anderton, of Walnut Hill, Mass. Hinkel used a .32-20 S. & W., and Walsrode powder. Brannagan tied the club's previous record of 35 with revolver, all shots being in the 5in. ring. Daiss and Dr. Twist had a red-hot race for first place with .22cal. rifle, Daiss winning by one point; but the Doctor gained three points on his ten best scores over Daiss, and felt like a winner. Pape and Young had it on the rifle matches, Young winning on the three-shot and Pape on the ten-shot, and honors were easy. There are signs of a revolver match with the police team. Scores, off-hand, on Columbia target:

Rifle, 200yds.: A. H. Pape 43, 50, 62; F. O. Young 53. Three-shot match, Young, 8, 10, 11, 12, 12, 14, 15, 16, 16, 18; Pape, 9, 10, 12, 13, 14, 13.

Fifty-yard range; pistol: G. M. Barley 42, 44, 46; F. O. Young 49, 52, 54.

Revolver: L. C. Hinkel 30, 43, 48, 49, 49, 52, 53, 55, 55, 57; A. J. Brannagan 35, 48, 50, 52, 52; F. O. Young 44, 51, 55.

.22cal. rifle: C. M. Daiss, 13, 20, 26, 19, 21, 26, 19, 21; Dr. J. F. Twist 19, 21, 22, 24, 20, 21, 23, 26; A. H. Pape 23.

Mr. Hinkel will receive a gold Columbia button for his record. He was congratulated by all for his splendid work.

Hinkel's 30 and Brannagan's 35 would be a tie on Standard target.

FRED O. YOUNG, Sec'y.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

June 25-26.—W. Alexandria, O.—Twin Valley Shotgun Club's first annual shoot.

June 25-26.—Raleigh, N. C.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Raleigh Gun Club. Jas. I. Johnson, Sec'y.

June 26.—Avon, N. Y.—Avon Rod and Gun Club's tournament. Jay Greene, Sec'y.

June 26-28.—Portland, Ore.—Eighteenth annual tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest.

June 27.—Lewiston, Ill.—Amateur shoot of the Lewiston Gun Club. H. H. McCumber, Sec'y.

June 27-28.—Wellington, Mass.—Two days' tournament. On second day, New England Interstate team matches; \$60 added. H. M. Federhen, Jr., President, 558 Columbus avenue, Boston.

June 29.—Saginaw, Mich.—Merchandise shoot of the East Side Gun Club. Herbert W. Merrill, Sec'y.

June 29.—San Francisco, Cal.—Live-bird shoot of the Union Gun Club.

July 1-2.—Warren, Ind.—Warren Gun Club's amateur target tournament.

July 1-2.—Jackson, Mich.—Second annual State shoot of the Michigan State Trapshooters' League, under the auspices of the Jackson Gun Club. R. W. Smith, Sec'y-Treas.

July 4.—Richmond, Va.—Annual shoot of the East End Gun Club.

July 4.—Towanda, Pa.—Annual tournament of the Towanda Gun Club; targets. W. F. Dittich, Sec'y.

July 4.—Palmer, Mass.—Reunion of the Massachusetts Amateur Shooting Association; amateur and professional match. Dr. S. B. Keith, Sec'y.

July 4.—Ilion, N. Y.—The Remington Gun Club's all-day open shoot.

July 4.—Monticello, Ill.—Monticello Gun Club's tournament.

July 4.—Shelbyville, Ill.—Shelbyville Gun Club's amateur target tournament.

July 4.—Swanton, Vt.—Amateur tournament; open to New England and Canada.

July 4.—Watertown, Mass.—One-day target tournament of the Watertown Gun Club. H. A. Philbrook, Capt.

July 4.—Rutherford, N. J.—All-day target shoot of the Boiling Springs Fishing and Gun Club. C. B. Axford, Sec'y.

July 4.—Haverhill, Mass.—All-day shoot of the Haverhill Gun Club. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.

July 4-5.—Cripple Creek, Colo.—Cripple Creek Shotgun Club's tournament.

July 4-5.—Mt. Kisco, N. Y.—Third tournament of the Westchester County Trapshooting Association. J. C. Barlow, Sec'y.

July 4-5.—Houston, Texas.—Peters Cartridge Company's tournament, under the auspices of the Houston Gun Club.

July 4-5.—Beaver Falls, Pa.—Two days' shoot of the Recreation Gun Club. W. R. Keever, Sec'y.

July 8.—Fremont, O.—Annual tournament of the Fremont Gun Club.

July 8-10.—Pine Bluff, Ark.—Twelfth annual meeting and tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association. Paul R. Litzke, Sec'y, Little Rock.

July 8-10.—Pine Bluff, Ark.—Twelfth annual meeting and tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association. Targets. Added money \$300. Rose system. Paul R. Litzke, Sec'y.

July 15-16.—Charlottesville, Va.—Annual merchandise shoot of the Charlottesville and University of Virginia gun clubs. G. L. Brufey, Sec'y.

July 16-17.—Allentown, Pa.—Two days' target tournament under the auspices of the John F. Weiler Gun Club.

July 16-18.—Titusville, Pa.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Titusville Gun Club. T. L. Andrews, Sec'y.

July 17-18.—Pensacola, Fla.—Two days' tournament of the Peters Cartridge Co., under the auspices of the Dixie Gun Club; \$150 added. V. J. Vidal, Sec'y.

July 21-23.—Winnipeg, Man.—Sixth annual trapshooting tournament of the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition Association. F. W. Henbach, Gen'l Mgr.

July 22-23.—Greenville, Miss.—Mississippi and Louisiana Trapshooters' League target tournament. C. W. Walton, Sec'y, Natchez, Miss.

July 23-25.—Bay Ridge A. A. Co., Md.—J. R. Malone's eighth annual midsummer tournament; \$200 added money; two days prize Gun Club. Geo. W. Mains, Sec'y.

July 28-Aug. 2.—Atlanta, Ga.—Peters Cartridge Company's tournament.

Aug. 5-8.—Asheville, N. C.—Tournament given by Col. J. I. Anthony and Maj. E. P. McKissick.

Aug. 6-7.—Marietta, O.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Columbian Gun Club. Chas. Bailey, Sec'y.

Aug. 12-13.—Birmingham, Ala.—Third annual Alabama State target tournament, under the auspices of the Birmingham Gun Club. R. H. Baugh, Sec'y.

Aug. 13-14.—Brunswick, Me.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Brunswick Gun Club. L. J. Whitmore, Sec'y.

Aug. 14-16.—Hamilton, Can.—Dominion Trapshooting and Game Protective Association's tournament.

Aug. 19-20.—Vicksburg, Miss.—Mississippi and Louisiana Trapshooters' League target tournament. C. W. Walton, Sec'y, Natchez, Miss.

Aug. 20-21.—Ossining, N. Y.—Two days' shoot of the Ossining Gun Club; first day, handicap and R. I. clam bake; second day, regular programme.

Aug. 26-29.—Okoboji, Ia.—Amateur shooting tournament, under management of Messrs. C. W. Budd and E. C. Hinshaw.

Aug. 27-28.—Haverhill, Mass.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Haverhill Gun Club. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.

Sept. 2-3.—Tiffin, O.—Second annual tournament of the Tiffin Gun Club; \$75 added. L. D. Arndt, Sec'y.

Sept. 3-4.—Nappanee, Ind.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Nappanee Gun Club. B. B. Maust, Sec'y.

Sept. 3-5.—Erie, Pa.—Erie City Rod and Gun Club's handicap tournament at targets. Open to all; \$200 added. A. N. Aitken, Sec'y.

Sept. 9-12.—Battle Creek, Mich.—Tournament of the Indians; open to the world.

Sept. 15-20.—Blue River Park, Kansas City, Mo.—Twenty-fifth tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. Targets and live birds. Paul Franke, Sec'y.

Sept. 23-25.—Cincinnati, O.—Second annual handicap target tournament of the Cincinnati Gun Club. Charles F. Dreihls, Sec'y.

Sept. 29-30.—Lewistown, Ill.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Lewistown Gun Club. H. H. McCumber, Sec'y.

Oct. 7-8.—Greenville, O.—Handicap tournament of the Greenville Gun Club. H. A. McCaughey, Sec'y.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot, every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's target shoot, every Saturday afternoon until October. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

First Saturday of each month for a year, Burnside.—Contest for the Troisdorf live-bird and target medals; 10 live birds; 25 targets; open to all. First contest, March 1.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM goes to press on TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

The following, taken from "The Sportsman," was sent to us by a contributor: "Writing of the Memphis shoot, a Scimitar man says: 'Among the better known shots may be mentioned Capt. A. W. Money, Oakland, N. J., owner of the American E. C. powder mills, and one of the most enthusiastic sportsmen in the United States. Capt. Money, though seventy-three years of age, made good scores throughout the morning shooting, and broke more targets than many a younger man. He attends almost every shoot of consequence in the country, and his presence at Memphis shows that the opinion was abrad in the North that the tournament would be well worth attending.' He has probably hunted more different kinds of game, and in more different latitudes, than any sportsman in the country, and his record for killing live birds over the trap and in the field is very well known.' Captain Money is not seventy-three yet, but with his wonderful vitality, there is no doubt that he will live to be twice seventy-three, and shoot well then."

Mr. E. C. Fort, of Swanton, Vt., under date of June 21, writes us as follows: "At the Fourth of July shoot to be given by the Robin Hood Powder Company, at Swanton, Vt., there will be seven 15, three 20, and one 25 target events, with a total of \$18 for the day. Special feature of this shoot is the contest for the Robin Hood cup, \$25 added, which represents the five-man championship of the New England States, New York and eastern Canada. The cup was last contested for at Champlain, N. Y., May 30, five teams contesting, and was won by Fort, Wiseman, Head, White and Richardson, of the Robin Hood team, by a score of 91 per cent.; Champlain second with 90 per cent., at 100 targets per team. The shoot is open to amateurs only, with

three events open to all. In the merchandise event there is \$125 in prizes, with \$15 in gold, donated by the Robin Hood Powder Company, as first prize, and a Bristol steel fishing rod and reel, value \$14, second."

The programme of the Interstate Association's trapshooting tournament given for the Titusville (Pa.) Gun Club, July 16-18, presents similar events for each day; that is, seven at 15, two at 20 and at 25 targets; entrance based on ten cents per target. Lunch can be obtained on the grounds. Targets, two cents. Guns and ammunition forwarded to P. O. Blue will be delivered on the grounds free. The Rose system will govern the division of the moneys. Each day there are open to all two average prizes—first, \$5; second, \$3.50; for the three high averages of the three days, open to all, a silver cup to first, \$7.50 to second; \$5 to third. Shooting commences at 9:30 o'clock. Titusville is situated on the Pittsburgh & Buffalo Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad. For further information concerning this tournament, address the secretary of the Titusville Gun Club, Mr. T. L. Andrews, 111 N. Kerr street. Mr. Elmer E. Shaner is the manager.

The programme of the third tournament of the Westchester County Trapshooters' League will be held under the auspices of the Mt. Kisco Rod and Gun Club, Mt. Kisco, N. Y., July 4 and 5. Shooting will commence each day at 10 o'clock. There are twelve events each day, each at 15 bluerocks, \$1.30 entrance. A magnum trap and Sergeant system will be used. There are \$5 and \$3 for first and second averages of the first day, and \$10 for the best general average of both days. Professionals and agents may shoot for targets. Loaded shells and lunch obtainable on the grounds. Guns, etc., forwarded to the club by express will be delivered at the club house free. For further particulars address Mr. A. Betti, manager-Mt. Kisco G. C.

Mr. R. S. Waddell took charge of the General Sales Department of Messrs. E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Wilmington, Del., on June 15. This is a new feature of the company's business. Mr. Waddell had headquarters at Cincinnati during many years past, as an eminent executive agent of his company. On the evening of July 4 Messrs. du Pont & Co. will give a fine fireworks display to celebrate Independence Day, and to commemorate the one-hundredth anniversary of the establishment of their business. A very elaborate programme is in preparation for this double event. Invitations and programmes will be issued this week.

The sad news reaches us that Mrs. M. F. Lindsley (Wanda) died on Saturday of last week in Cincinnati, and that the interment took place on Tuesday, June 24, at Binghamton. She has been an invalid for many months past. She was well known in the trapshooting world, having participated in the competition at tournaments and club shoots East and West. Her gentleness, modesty and skill won for her the esteem of all.

"Shoot targets at Holt, July 4," is on the first page of the programme issued by the manager, Mr. R. C. Thorburn, Mason, Mich. There are eight events provided, at 10, 15 and 20 targets. To the highest average, \$3; to the lowest, \$2. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock; regular events at 10:30. Class shooting, five moneys. Targets, two cents.

The programme of the Lewiston (Ill.) Gun Club's ninth annual tournament provides for strictly amateur competition. There are fifteen events, of which five are at 15 targets, the remainder at 10 targets; entrance \$1 and \$1.50. Magnum trap and Sergeant system. Lunch and shells on the grounds. Shoot rain or shine. Competition commences at 9 o'clock. Interstate rules govern.

In our advertising columns this week, the Lefever Arms Company call attention to the extraordinary performance of Mr. C. W. Floyd, who, shooting under the name of Dudley, broke 230 out of 240 targets on the grounds of the Brooklyn Gun Club, June 7. Mr. Floyd had been using his new Lefever but a short time when he made the excellent score mentioned.

The flight of the trotter and pacer, in racing and training, now takes place regularly at Interstate Park, L. I., where erstwhile shooters congregated to engage in contests of skill at the traps. The track is said to be excellent, and already some low records have been made. Target shooting also will be a feature.

The New Utrecht Gun Club, of New York, will store all its belongings for the present and remain inactive till Labor Day, of September next, when weekly shoots will commence. This action is the result of the repeal of the act sanctioning pigeon shooting in the State of New York.

The hosts of friends of Annie Oakley (Mrs. F. E. Butler) will rejoice to learn that she is convalescing nicely after a surgical operation of some seriousness, consequent to the injuries received in the Wild West train wreck of some months ago at Linwood, N. C.

We are informed that at the Cincinnati Gun Club's shoot, July 4, "a solid silver cup, given by Theo. Foucar, will be contested for in seven 15-target events, \$1 entrance in each event, Rose system, 7, 6, 5, 4. The high score in the 105 targets wins the cup. Distance handicap."

Mr. J. S. S. Remsen, the popular president of the Brooklyn Gun Club, is again in evidence in New York, after an absence of some months' sojourn in other States.

The Watertown (Mass.) Gun Club announces an all-day target tournament, to be held on July 4. Mr. H. A. Philbrook is the captain.

The Remington Gun Club, of Ilion, N. Y., announces an all-day shoot to be held on the club's grounds, July 4.

BERNARD WATERS.

Chicago Gun Club.

Chicago, Ill., June 21.—In the Chicago Gun Club's trophy handicap shoot at 25 targets, held to-day, the winners were: First, F. P. Stannard; second, Mr. Weart; third, Mr. Boroff.

Kuss	11111111011011011111	21
F. P. Stannard	1111111100110111111111	25
Cop	1111111111010111111110	25
Patrick	111010011000101100001101001110011	19
Weart	011001111111010100101011110100101	24
A. W. Morton	1011111110111111001111111111	25
Boroff	011010011011010100111110111100	23
L. Willard	1010111111101111111111	25
Dr. Burcky	01110110000110010111010100101	19

Three ties were shot off as follows, at 10 targets per man:
Stannard, 1 10 10 10 Morton, 3 10 10 9
Willard, 1 9 9 9 Cop, 2 10 9 9

No. 2, weekly shoot, 15 targets, added targets to shoot at:		
Kuss, 1	1101101111111111	-14
F P Stannard, 2	1101111111111111	-15
Cop, 3	1111111101011111	-15
Patrick, 6	01010111101101100111	-14
Weart, 9	10101101101010101011000114	-14
A W Morton, 5	101011100111111111	-15
L Willard, 2	1111111111111111	-15
Dr Burcky, 5	01100100100011101111	-11

Sweepstakes:						Events:					
Events:	1	2	3	4	5		1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	25	20	10	15	25	Targets:	25	20	10	15	25
Patrick	16	9	Morton	8	14	..
Stannard	23	19	..	14	..	Willard	10	14	24
Cop	22	18	..	13	..	Boroff	9
Kuss	..	18	9	12	23	Burcky	13
Weart	..	15	..	11	..						

Southern Interstate Tournament.

WARM SPRINGS, Ga.—The scores made at the annual Interstate tournament, June 17, 18 and 19, are as follows; the first two days were devoted to target shooting:

June 17, First Day.

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11	
Targets:	15 20 15 20 15 20 15 20 15 20	Broke.
Nowell	15 19 18 12 19 20 14 17 13 18	178
Hall	13 18 14 16 13 17 25 14 19 13 20	182
Heidt	14 17 13 19 12 17 20 10 14 16 16	172
Huff	13 19 14 17 15 19 24 15 20 15 20	191
Ethridge	12 15 11 12 13 14 21 12 14 8 15	147
Du Bray	12 15 13 13 6 13	102
Bailey	12 15 13 13 6 13	72
Pierce	8 12 8 13 8 9	58
Holland	10 16 11 17 10 9 16 10 11 14	121
Frazier	10 16 10 15 10	61
Money	14 19 15 16 14 16 23 15 19 12 19	182
Harris	13 20 12 13 9 11 17 8 17 10 16	147
Lawrence	13 16 15 18 14 16 23 11 17 11 19	173
Wilson	13 19 13 17 13 16 23 12 19 13 16	174
Eick	13 17 15 18 12 18 22 13 19 15 18	180
Lee	14 13 13 19 11 16 24 13 17 11 18	172
McClesky	12 13 12 15 17 15 19 13 14 13 15	158
Bray	13 17 13 13 13 16 22 11 13	133
Cope	12 17 13 14 14 19 22 11 17 15 18	172
Corran	15 18 9 19 12 11 17 12 13 12 15	156
Burke	15 20 13 18 14 14 24 15 20 13 18	184
Dunn	15 18 11 18 14 18 18 12 17 10 18	169
Winters	13 13 11 16 9 15	123
Mills	11 15 15 18 14 18 23 15 20 11 17	177
Walker	14 19 14 18 14 19	144
Hightower	14 17 10 15 15 15	139
Foster	13 17 11 18 13 16	130
Green	13 11 11 14 11	120
No Name	15 17 15 17 9 18 23 12 18 11 17	172
Lemke	9 15 11 18 12 15 19	102
Avery	9 17 10 16 15 19 20 14 12 11 15	158
Collins	11 19 12 17 10 11 19 12 15 6 15	147
Arnold	16 17 14 12 12 16 17 10 16 10 15	149
T. S. Frazier	16 11 13	40
J. D. Little	14 12	26
E. Jones	14 12	10

June 18, Second Day.

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11	
Targets:	15 20 15 20 15 20 15 20 15 20	Broke.
Nowell	11 15 11 19 12 15 18 12 16 12 17	158
Hall	13 19 13 15 13 19 17 7 19 11 16	162
Heidt	13 19 14 18 15 18 21 11 15 9 19	172
Huff	11 18 13 14 9 14 17 9 18 13	136
Ethridge	9 19 12 8 11 20 19 11 15 10	134
Du Bray	9 15 13 14 8 16 12 10 11 7 14	115
Bailey	6 17 12 11 11 12 22 10 15 12	128
Pierce	13 18 12 16 12 16 11 13 13	142
Holland	13 15 12 16 13 13 17 9	108
Frazier	12 19 14 19 13 19 19 13 16 12 15	171
Money	12 18 8 16 8 17 13 8 10 12 16	138
Harris	13 19 14 19 13 20 18 12 18 10 13	169
Lawrence	14 19 14 18 15 20 22 12 18 11 17	180
Eick	13 20 13 18 14 19 22 13 17 13 17	179
Wilson	7 15 11 16 11 16	84
Lee	10 17 10 13 9 17 19 9 17 9	130
McClesky	14 17 15 17 12 17 16 11 16 14 15	164
Cope	11 11 10 16 5	53
Corran	13 19 14 17 13 20 20 11 17 14 17	175
Burke	12 17 13 10 14 17 16 15 18 11	143
Dunn	11 18 13 17 10 18 19 12 16 13	147
Mills	8 19 14 17 12 17 19 13 18 14 18	169
Hightower	14 17 11 17 8 18 19 9 16 12	111
Walker	10 17 10 16 10 18 22 13 17 10 13	156
Foster	11 18 14 16	130
Green	13 18 14 19 10 20 19 13 18 11 14	169
Lemke	10 16 13 16 13 17 12 7 13 12 13	142
Avery	10 17 14 10 7 13 19 6 14 8 13	131
Collins	12 19 11 14 13 17 19 9 14 14 13	155
Arnold	9	17
T. S. Frazier	7 12 8 10 6 13 12 12 11 10	101
E. Jones	8 19 8 11 15 12 15 9 14 7 11	129
Travis	14 13 9 13 9 12 20 8 12 13 17	140
Porter		

June 19, Third Day.

Three events were shot. No. 1 was at 7 birds; No. 2 was at 10 birds; No. 3 was a miss-and-out:

Events:	1 2 3	Events:	1 2 3
Targets:	3 9	Targets:	6 8 1
Nowell	3 9	Nowell	6 8 1
Harris	5 9 3	Du Bray	6 10 8
Dunn	6 9 6	Money	7 10 3
Heidt	7 10 1	Tobin	7 10 8
Burke	5 7	Eick	7 8 9
Pierce	5 7 1	Collins	5 10 8
Pea Ridge	5 8 4	Frazier	7 10 8
Corran	6 6 2	Holland	5 9
Martin	7 10 8	Huff	3 9
Bailey	5 9 7	Lawrence	4 10
Arnold	5 10 2	Little	8 8
Ethridge	7 9 8	Hall	7
Avery	6 7 2	McClesky	8 0
Travis	7 7	Frazier	10
Hightower	6 10 0	Foster	7 0
Wilson	7 10 8	Walker	7

June 20, Fourth Day.

The event of to-day was a handicap at 25 live birds. The handicaps and totals follow. Martin, at 32yds., killed straight: Harris (29) 23, Dunn (28) 23, Heidt (30) 22, Burke (26) 16, Pierce (26) 20, Pea Ridge (27) 18, Martin (32) 25, Arnold (27) 23, Ethridge (30) 17, Avery (30) 7, Hightower (27) 22, Wilson (28) 13, Du Bray (31) 17, Money (32) 12, Eick (31) 24, Tobin (28) 13, Collins (30) 17, Frazier (28) 24, Holland (28) 22, Huff (27) 23, Lawrence (30) 25, Little (26) 22, Walker (29) 18.

Concord Gun Club.

CONCORD, N. H., June 24.—Herewith find scores of the Concord Gun Club, of Concord, N. H., made on June 18. In the morning the wind was high and no very good scores were made; in the afternoon the wind let up a little, and better results were obtained. Merrill was easily the high man, with Morris and Stark close after him.

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13	
Targets:	10 10 10 15 20 20 15 10 10 10 10	
Morris	8 8 6 11 6 17	13 9 9 9
Kirkwood	5 7 7 12 5 14 15 13	8 9 8 7
Merrill	8 10 15 6 16 15 15 10	8 8 8
Goss	9 11 6 13	14
Clough	3 4 3 8	14 14 12 7 9 7
King	5 12 3	10
White	6 3 5 11	11 9 7 4 7 5
White	2 4 6	7 10 1
Martin		15 11 8
Nardini		14 14 14 9 7 8 6 7
Stark		15 16 14 9 7 10
Chadwick		9 14 12 8 8 6
Sanborn		17 8 9
Odekirk		11 9 7 5
Greer		7 5 6

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., June 21.—The scores made at the weekly shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club follow. Events 4, 5, 6 and 7 were at 100-target handicap, distance allowance, which was won by Dudley. The prize was a combination knife. The weather was cloudy and rainy.

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 *	
Targets:	15 15 10p 25 25 25 25 100	
Welles	13 12 15 22 19 22 21 84	
Dudley	14 15 15 21 23 22 23 89	
Wright	8 9 13 12 20 18 20 70	
Koushoven	9 10 15 17 23	
Bergen	9 7	21 19 17
Newton	6 8	
Frost		9 13 14
Hitchcock		15 18 17

* Total of Nos. 4, 5, 6 and 7.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Emerald Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., June 17.—The Emerald Gun Club held its monthly shoot on Smith Brothers' grounds to-day. The scores follow:

W. Joerges	28.....1010*20000-3	W. Catton	28.....200011*211-6
F. Krall	28.....2000110100-4	Dr. Hudson	28.....1012212200-7
Dr. O'Connell	32.....121212220-9	T. Short	28.....0211200222-7
A. Schoverling	30.....2222222*20-8	W. A. Sands	28.....2*22012202-7
H. Koegle	30.....0201222111-8	E. J. Roberts	28.....2012121011-8
J. Henry	28.....0211101021-7	H. Hassenger	30.....1112121110-9
J. Moore	28.....0101211211-8	Ironsides	28.....212*0w
W. Corbett	25.....02*1112102-7	George	28.....02020w
J. Fischer	28.....2002121121-8	F. Hansman	25.....2202121121-9
P. May	28.....0221112202-8		

New York German Club.

Carlstadt, N. J., June 18.—The club shoot of the New York German Gun Club had sixteen contestants in the club event, the scores of which are as follows:

Kattengall	30.....211211110-9	C. H. Gow	28.....120222222-8
P. Gams	30.....2112011112-9	A. Dietzel	28.....220222222-8
D. Schlicht	28.....1022110020-6	J. H. Voss	30.....1110211111-9
E. Steffens	28.....2201111111-9	E. Radel	28.....111222120-9
C. Lang	28.....2*20010211-6	P. Dannefelser	28.....0121120122-8
Dr. Hudson	28.....11011212-9	Hayersol	26.....1020000200-3
C. F. Lenone	28.....0101001010-4	R. Baudentoste	28.....1112100012-7
A. Schuberger	28.....2001020012-3	P. Albert	28.....120211210-8

Hudson Gun Club.

Jersey City, June 15.—This was the regular semi-monthly shoot of the club. There was a good attendance of the members, the day was as fine as could be desired, and some good scores were made. The club has built a new blind and trap stand, which gives good results, as shooters can see the targets within 10 feet after leaving the traps. The next shoot will be held on June 29. Scores:

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8	
Targets:	25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25	
Banta	19	18 19 19 16 18 9 18
C. V. L.	19	20 20 18 22 20 9 21
Van Dyne	19	22 17 18
Gillie	16	5 3
Hughes	19	16 18 17
Heritage	17	19 13 17
Welles	19	22 18 21 20 22 13 23
Blitner	17	6 6 13 10 10 6 10
Hines	17	17 13 12 14 14 9
Gilbert	17	15 15 18 17 17 9 18 18

Clarence Rod and Gun Club.

CLARENCE, Pa., June 21.—The second annual tournament of the Clarence Rod and Gun Club commenced on the third Wednesday in June with fine weather, which lasted through both days. There were shooters present from Williamsport, Tyrone, Dunlow, Philipsburg, Snowshoe, Clarence and other points. The trade was represented by B. Le Roy Woodard, of the Dupont Powder Co.; J. R. Hull, of the Parker Gun Co., and Frank Lawrence, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.

Leroy made the remarkable score of 113 straight, not missing a bird from the first one in event No. 11 until the fifth in event 18, including three extra events of 10 each, in which he broke straight. There were others who made very good scores. The following is a summary of the two days' programme:

June 18, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	10	10	10	15	15	10	15	10	15	15	10	5p		
Leroy	8	9	8	14	14	9	14	9	14	13	9	10	131	.903
Chambers	7	9	8	15	15	9	11	9	14	14	9	9	129	.889
Trego	9	8	9	13	11	9	13	8	13	13	10	6	122	.841
Hull	8	9	8	14	13	9	13	9	12	15	8	7	123	.848
Mullholland	8	8	8	13	11	7	11	7	13	14	9	9	118	.813
Everett	10	8	9	14	14	8	12	10	12	13	6	7	123	.848
Dimick	9	7	7	12	14	10	11	8	14	12	9	6	119	.820
Frank	8	8	8	13	9	8	11	7	13	7	7	7	67	.788
Beach	8	7	10	12	9	7	9	7	11	12	9	6	107	.737
C. H. Watson	7	9	5	13	12	9	7	9	11	12	9	6	46	.766
Geo Uzzell	7	7	9	11	9	8	7	13	12	5	5	5	84	.700
Haynes	7	7	9	11	9	8	7	13	12	5	5	5	6	.600
J. Uzzell	5	8	8	11	9	8	7	13	12	5	5	5	36	.654
Goss	7	7	9	11	9	8	7	13	12	5	5	5	21	.600
Gross	7	7	9	11	9	8	7	13	12	5	5	5	14	.560
Davis	7	7	9	11	9	8	7	13	12	5	5	5	16	.533
Kesling	7	7	9	11	9	8	7	13	12	5	5	5	5	.500

June 19, Second Day.

Events:	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	10	10	15	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	5p		
Leroy	10	10	15	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	14	155	.933
Chambers	8	9	13	13	10	14	14	13	12	8	12	7	135	.818
Trego	9	7	13	13	10	14	14	13	12	8	14	9	141	.854
Hull	5	7	12	12	8	17	14	18	15	8	13	7	136	.824
Mullholland	9	5	15	10	7	11	18	14	9	11	9	11	109	.807
Everett	9	5	15	10	7	11	18	14	9	11	9	11	118	.813
Dimick	9	5	15	10	7	11	18	14	9	11	9	11	118	.813
Beach	9	5	15	10	7	11	18	14	9	11	9	11	118	.813
Platt	7	5	10	10	7	15	13	16	10	7	11	7	118	.715
Geo Uzzell	7	6	13	8	6	9	11	10	8	3	5	5	51	.637
Haynes	7	6	13	8	6	9	11	10	8	3	5	5	31	.680
J. Uzzell	6	6	13	8	6	9	11	10	8	3	5	5	17	.566
C. Watson	8	8	13	8	6	9	11	10	8	3	5	5	10	.500
Kesling	4	4	13	8	6	9	11	10	8	3	5	5	7	.350

C. H. WATSON, Sec'y.

Oil City Gun Club.

OIL CITY, Pa., June 14.—C. H. Oles won the 20yd. medal Saturday afternoon with a score of 23 out of 25. C. H. Lay, Jr., from the 19yd. mark, captured the handicap medal with a score of 21 out of 25, after shooting off two ties with A. Smedley, an 18yd. man. The first tie was 22 out of 25, and the second was 19 out of 25.

The afternoon's enjoyment was greatly increased by the presence of Mr. Kellogg and Dr. Peebles, two of the best shots of the Titusville Gun Club.

Next Saturday will be a shoot for the J. R. Campbell trophy between C. H. Lay, Jr., the present holder, and L. L. Graham, the challenger. The scores:

Twenty-yard medal:																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																	
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Handicap medal:		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
R C Lay,	22	11	10	11	11	00	11	10	11	11	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Graham,	20	01	11	11	10	11	10	10	00	00	00	10	00	01	10	11	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Bolton,	20	01	11	11	11	10	11	10	11	10	11	10	10	11	10	11	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Lay, Jr.,	19	10	11	10	01	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Smedley,	18	11	11	10	01	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
L E Dinsmoor,	18	01	10	10	10	10	01	01	01	01	01	01	01	01	01	01	01	01	01	01	01	01	01	01	01	01
Oles,	17	11	11	10	11	10	11	11	11	11	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Loomis,	15	10	11	11	11	11	10	10	01	01	01	01	01	01	01	01	01	01	01	01	01	01	01	01	01	01
Kellogg,	15	00	11	10	11	10	11	01	00	00	01	01	01	01	01	01	01	01	01	01	01	01	01	01	01	01
Peebles,	15	10	01	10	11	10	11	10	11	10	11	10	11	10	11	10	11	10	11	10	11	10	11	10	11	10
Kimber,	14	11	10	01	10	11	10	11	10	11	10	11	10	11	10	11	10	11	10	11	10	11	10	11	10	11
McLouth,	14	11	10	10	11	11	11	11	11	10	00	01	11	11	10	00	01	11	11	10	00	01	11	11	10	00
McClintock,		00	01	10	10	01	10	10	01	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Davis,	14	00	11	10	01	10	10	01	11	10	01	10	10	01	10	01	10	01	10	01	10	01	10	01	10	01
Knabb,	14	01	01	11	10	11	10	00	01	10	10	01	10	10	00	01	10	01	10	01	10	01	10	01	10	01
Kirkwood,	14	01	01	01	10	00	01	10	11	10	01	10	00	01	10	01	10	01	10	01	10	01	10	01	10	01
Eaton,	15	11	10	10	10	10	10	11	11	11	10	00	01	11	10	00	01	11	10	00	01	11	10	00	01	11
Crozier,	15	11	10	10	10	10	10	11	10	01	11	10	01	11	10	01	11	10	01	11	10	01	11	10	01	11

Shoot-off of tie:																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																		
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Shoot-off of second tie:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
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Trapshooters' League of Indiana.

MUNCIE, Ind., June 16.—The annual tournament of the Trapshooters' League of Indiana, which was held at Muncie, June 10 and 11, was one of the best attended tournaments that the Association has ever held.

On the first day the attendance was larger than at any previous State shoot, the entries in some events running well over seventy. Two sets of traps were used, a magatrap and a Sergeant set. The magatrap flights proved to be the stumbling block for most of the contestants.

The annual business meeting of the League was held on Tuesday evening. Lafayette was chosen as the place of the next annual shoot. M. W. Thompson, of Lafayette, and Al. Livenguth, of the same city, were chosen respectively President and Secretary-Treasurer of the League; M. H. Clark, of Wabash, was elected Vice-President. The five members chosen for the Executive Committee were: Thos. Parry, of Indianapolis; Frank Dunbar, of Peru; M. H. Forbis, of Muncie; Chas. Lamb, and M. L. White, of Elwood.

E. H. Tripp, of Indianapolis, won the individual championship diamond badge of the League, scoring 92 of the targets in the particular events comprising this race. The team badges returned to the Bedford pair who won them last year, Messrs. Stipp and Sherwood, they each putting up the good, consistent scores of 23. Indianapolis and Muncie both had more than one team in the race, but the individual members were not paired in this instance to the best advantage. Tripp, of Indianapolis having his 25 broken straight; and Spencer, of Muncie, scored 24, but their team mates lost them out.

Kirby, of Greenville, O., made the best average for the two days; Clark, of Wabash, Ind., was second, and Shepardson, of La Grange, Ind., was third. Kit Shepardson, of La Grange, Ind., with a Marlin repeater, Arrow shells, infallible powder, one good eye and a lovely disposition, broke 115 straight on the second day. He was a very destructive piece of furniture while in motion.

June 10, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Gamble	6	13	12	13	11	18	8	12	15	11	14
Kirby	9	12	12	15	14	20	14	13	18	14	14
Higgins	8	12	10	14	13	16	14	12	16	11	10
Clark	8	12	13	14	15	20	14	15	16	15	14
Gross	10	14	13	13	15	19	13	13	18	14	13
Fisher	10	10	10	13	12	17	13	11	17	14	13
Fouts	7	11	9	12	10	15
Riser	7	9	9	10	10	14	10	13	13
Koonts	10	10	12	13	12	19	12	11	15	12	..
Glunt	10	13	13	13	14	19	12	14	15
McLain	8	15	10	11	13	18	13	12	11	10	..
Russell	6	13	11	11	13	17	11	13	16
Long	7	14	13	15	12	16	12	11	14	13	..
Shurt	10	13	10	14	12	13	9	14	14	11	12
Ousler	10	10	11	12	11	15	12	13	12
Stipp	8	14	12	15	10	20	13	11	19	13	10
Wiggins	7	14	6	15	13	18	13	15	17	14	12
Stillwell	8	13	4	15	13	17	11	12
Sherwood	7	13	11	14	12	17	12	10	17	13	10
Flynn	8	13	9	14	13	19	11	11	17	11	8
Davis	8	12	11	14	13	16	11	11	15	13	13
Bell	9	14	13	12	9	17	15	10	18	14	10
Lewis	9	14	10	13	11	17	11	13	18	14	..
Hart	6	11	12	15	13	18	13	12	15	11	8
Bender	4	..	5	7	..	9	14	10
Shepardson	6	15	11	14	12	19	14	14	19	14	15
Spencer	10	13	12	13	12	18	12	12	17	11	15
Farrell	8	10	10	12	10	16	12	12	20	13	12
Williamson	7	12	10	13	13	16	10	13	18	12	15
Fogbis	7	14	11	13	11	17	14	13	14	15	13
Shumack	7	10	12
McGrath	3	5	9	5
Cole	5	11	9	10	..	14
Haverstick	8	14	11	11	13	14
French	8	12	10	14	11	11
W H Davis	6	10	11	13	11	17	6
O L Davis	7	12	10	9	9	13	13
McDonald	4	12	12	14	13	17
Rales	9	12	10	10	12	18	14	13
Smoke	7	11	6	10
Head	8	14	11	11	12	16	14	14	19	14	13
Cooper	8	14	11	12	14	20	13	13	18
Britton	9	14	12
Whetsell	8	11	12	12	13	11	11	13	14
White	8	12	11	14	10	16	13	12	19
Gibson	9	12	9	13	13	18	15	8	16
Perry	8	12	10	13	13	18	13	14	20	13	..
Tack	8	..	13
Adamson	9	13	13	13	15	17	13	13	13	13	..
Grube	8	14	11	7	9
Delmick	10	12	10	12	9	20	12	15	15
Tripp	5	15	14	13	14	17	14	13	19	14	14
Comstock	8	10	11	11	12	19	13
Meredith	6	12	..	14	13	17
Berkheimer	4	8	..	13	..	18	..	11	11	12	..
Buskirk	1	11	12	13	13	16	6
A N Davis	8	12	..	11	11	18
Weldon	9	11	9	9	12	18	13	15	14	14	10
Thompson	10	14	14	11	15	19	15	10	17	13	13
Dunbar	10	15	14	11	15	15	14	15	17	15	14
Butler	8	13	..	14	13	20	11	11	15	14	15
Slow	6	11	11	15	13	18	14	13	17
Littler	7	13	8	13	..
Chamness	6	12	..	14	14
Nichols	10	13	..	15	11	15	12	13	14
Smiley	2	8	..	8	7	10	9	7	10	7	..
Mark	..	11	8	5	..	13	8	7	10
Butler	9
Partington	12	8	19	11	11	15
Little	8
Pierce	8	4	3
Martin	13	..	15
Stephens	10	..	8	10
Webb	11
Douglass	12	..	13	13

June 11, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	15	15	15	15	25	15	10	15	15	15	15	15	15
Gambell	13	11	15	13	8	20	15	9	12	9	15	11	12
Kirby	15	13	15	15	14	24	15	10	15	15	15	14	13
Higgins	14	14	15	14	15	22	15	9	14	14	15	14	13
Clark	14	15	15	14	13	23	14	7	14	15	15	12	15
Gross	15	14	13	14	15	24	12	9	14	13	13	14	15
Head	13	15	14	13	13	21	14	9	15	12	15	13	10
Tripp	14	11	14	15	12	25	13	8	14	10	13	15	15
White	14	13	11	12	15	21	12	8	12	13	13	12	12
Howard	14	11	15	13	15	24	14	10	12	15	13	12	13
Perry	12	14	13	11	14	18	15	10	13	12	13	13	15
Shepardson	13	15	15	15	25	15	8	15	15	13	13	13	15
Farrell	11	11	13	9	11	17	13	8	13	12	14	11	13
Williamson	..	13	13	14	23	14	10	13	14	12	10	11	11
Hart	14	13	12	14	14	21	15	8	14	12	12	13	15
Wiggins	14	13	14	15	15	23	15	10	15	14	15	14	15
Slipp	14	14	15	14	13	25	15	9	13	14	13	15	14
Davis	12	10	12	14	12	22	14	9	13	11	15	12	13
Sherwood	14	12	12	14	13	23	13	7	13	12	15	14	14
Flinn	10	11	12	10	14	23	13	9	12	7	11
Snell	12	11	12	13	12	20	7	13	11
Weldon	15	10	12	9	12	23	14	8	15	11	13	15	13
Partington	14	13	11	14	15	22	12	9	14	12
Bell	13	13	15	11	14	18	11
7 1/2	13	13	13	10	11	17	13	7	15	13	12	7	13
D W	14	11	12	13	12
Short	12	10	14	14	14
Miller	13	12	13	7	11	18	11	7	14	10	15	10	11
Gregory	11	14	15	12	14
Thompson	14	12	14	13	13	18	13	8	13	14	10	12	15
Dunbar	14	14	11	14	13	23	14	8	14	10	14	13	14
Butler	11	15	14	12	12	17	15	9	14	11	13	12	14
Stillwell	10	11	12
DuPont	12	11	14	9	..	16
Leason	13	12	14	11	12	18	14
Schumack	15	10	11	11	13	..	12	9	11
Cole	11	5	14	8	13	15	10	9	9
Reed	12	14	13	15	15	19	14	10	15	12	14	12	15
Riser	9	11	11	10	12	18	14	5	14	7	13	10	12
Forbis	14	14	14	13	15	20	15	6	15	13	15	13	13
Cooper	13	13	15	19	14	7	14	12	13
McLain	14	..	16	12
Adamson	13	14	..	15	7	15	12	14	10	13	..
French	14	21	..	8

Bender	22	13	11	13	13	
Gibson	18	7	14	11	12	13
Haverstick		6		9		
Spencer	12 11 15 13 14 24 13	9	13	11	10	14 10

Fort Dodge Gun Club.

